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*Elijah Come Again* is one of two new books by Robert Powell. The other new book (co-authored with Kevin Dann) is *Christ & the Maya Calendar: 2012 and the Coming of the Antichrist*. Both books appeared in March 2009, published by Lindisfarne Books (Steiner Books). See next page regarding *Elijah Come Again*, and see page 33 for Kevin Dann's letter concerning *Christ & the Maya Calendar: 2012 and the Coming of the Antichrist*. "The theme of 2012 and the Mayan Long Count Calendar is explored, and then cross-examined and referenced with Hindu prophecies and calendars of time-cycles, as well as the Book of Revelation (Apocalypse). These are finally synthesized with Rudolf Steiner's indications on the current times. Despite such rich research, the book is surprisingly easy to read and digest for the layman." (from a review by Vitalis – see page 33 of Starlight).

## *Elijah Come Again: A Prophet for Our Time*

The research presented by Robert Powell in this book shows that a new science of the stars is possible, based on a study of reincarnation and karma. Willi Sucher did much to pioneer the development of a new star wisdom, or astrosophy, as a scientific tool for the investigation of karma. Robert has discovered that applying the science of astrosophy to the findings of karma research reveals – through the discovery of astrological reincarnation rules – the foundations underlying star wisdom. Once these foundational findings relating to astrological reincarnation research have been assimilated, a reformation of traditional astrology will inevitably take place. Once the new astrology is established, there will be a similar feeling in looking back upon traditional Western astrology that modern astronomers have when looking back upon the old geocentric astronomy.

The purpose of this book is to contemplate the incarnations of the prophet Elijah, with the goal of laying the foundation for a new ‘science of the stars’ as the ‘science of karma.’ At the close of his last lecture, after discussing the sequence of incarnations of Elijah–John the Baptist–Raphael–Novalis, Rudolf Steiner spoke of this individuality as ‘a

radiant and splendid forerunner...with whom you are to prepare the work that shall be accomplished at the end of the [twentieth] century, and will lead humankind past the great crisis in which it is involved.’ These words indicate that, from the end of the twentieth century and into the twenty-first century (that is, now), the Elijah-John individuality is to be a ‘radiant forerunner’ for humanity in the next step underlying our spiritual evolution.

*Elijah Come Again* presents a scientific approach toward unveiling the mystery of human destiny. This theme is timeless in nature—yet timely, nevertheless, in the recounting of the unfolding destiny and mission of the Old Testament prophet Elijah. This individuality, whose various incarnations are explored in this book, is of such spiritual weight and stature as to call forth both rain and fire from heaven in the service of humanity’s evolution toward communion with the spiritual forces of love and morality that live in the human heart as the abiding presence of the living Word. ‘Elijah does come first to restore all things’ (Mark 9:12). These words of Christ apply now—in relation to the ongoing fulfillment of Elijah’s mission in the world at the present time toward the peoples of the Earth.

### Introductory Note to *The Path of Spritual Knowledge* by Valentin Tomberg (see next page)

Translated by Robert Powell from German notes of lectures held in Amsterdam and previously unpublished in English. Footnotes and words in brackets [ ] added by the translator—it needs to be borne in mind that these are notes, not a complete transcription of the lectures. This is the first in a series of five lectures held in 1939/1940 which will be published in future issues of *Starlight*. On account of the lack of published materials, few people are in a position to gage the full significance of the Russian esotericist and Sophiologist Valentin Tomberg (1900-1973). The publication of these lectures for the first time in English is intended to help remedy this situation, to give a glimpse of the spiritual treasures living in this great spiritual individuality, who said in a private conversation in 1951 that he had held hundreds of lectures in order to forge a path through Anthroposophy to a living experience of Christ—and that he himself had traveled this path.

# THE PATH OF SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE

Valentin Tomberg

## LECTURE I

### *Sleep and Death*

Belief that furthers moral consciousness is the foundation of pure faith. Voltaire said, 'If God would not exist, it would be necessary to invent him.' There are three kinds of knowledge:

1. [Knowledge through] faith
2. Knowledge through experience (experiment)
3. Knowledge through philosophy—through logical speculation. Idealistic philosophizing such as, for example, Hegel's philosophy compels the human being to grasp something.

For each of these three ways there is, if one wishes to arrive at knowledge concerning death, something unsatisfactory:

With respect to 1: human morality is not divine morality.

With respect to 2: [normal] experience does not know life after death.

With respect to 3: life shows that for every solution there are three or four possibilities. It [knowledge through philosophy] lacks experience.

Anthroposophy is a method of experience in which world logic is perceived. At night, when one sleeps, the soul body leaves the physical body. Then the soul can experience itself free of the body. One can effect this through meditation.

### *Meditation*

One must try to experience a thought that one has understood—to practice this in the clarity of waking consciousness. Energy is necessary for this. For one should be more awake than usual. Thus toil is necessary.

Human beings are all at different stages of awareness [and] interestedness in existence. One person falls asleep during a philosophical conversation, while others are stimulated and become fiery [fired up]. Thus, in day-consciousness people are awake to different degrees. It is a matter of shifting the boundary of one's awareness. If in this way one practices being awake and aware, gradually – perhaps it takes years – a change in one's dream life occurs. The confused and chaotic dreams cease and instead – perhaps after initially not having any – later clear, significant, symbolic dreams arise.

To be awake and aware – [normal consciousness]: human being at (1), object at (2) [see figure].

### *Level of Imagination*

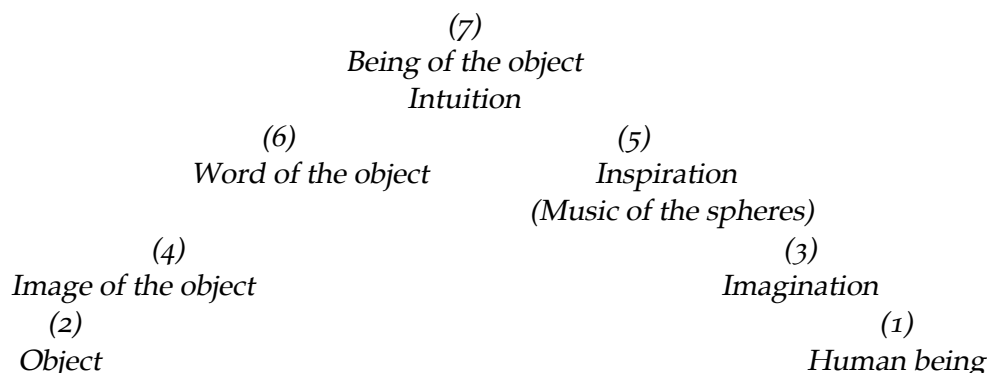
Human being (1) to (3), object (2) to (4)—images

### *Level of Inspiration*

Human being (3) to (5), object (4) to (6)—stream of inspired thought

### *Level of Intuition*

Human being (5) to (7), object (6) to (7), [converging at 7, at which level] the human being and the object are at one: direct knowing—the human being is one with the being of the object.



[*Level of the physical body*]

Thoughts are shadowy as long as they are only experienced in the brain; [they become living if it is recognized that] they are reflections from the spiritual world.

*Etheric body and physical body*

The life body or etheric body is a body of forces (by way of analogy, think of an electro-magnetic field of forces) which penetrates [permeates] the physical body. My life body is the sum of forces which support and maintain my physical body.

*Soul body or astral body*

This penetrates [permeates] the life body and the physical body. The human being would always be asleep if the astral body were not there. The animal is totally absorbed by life. The human being, however, is able to hold it [life] in memory and speak of it. Thus the fact of the remembering and forgetting of the 'I' is revealed.

Forgetting, sleep [and] death are related to a certain extent. Thus we know:

The physical body  
[through normal consciousness],

The life body or etheric body  
[through] Imagination,

The soul body or astral body  
[through] Inspiration,

The 'I'  
[through] Intuition.

The level of Intuition is the highest which the human being is now able to attain. (Later the human being will be able to be a creator.)

Knowledge: Moral-logical experience satisfies the human being in his thirst for knowledge.

Forgetting: separation of the 'I' from the other members (soul body plus life body plus physical body).

Sleep: separation of the 'I' plus soul body from the life body plus physical body.

Death: The 'I' plus soul body plus life body are separated from the physical body. The physical body [then] becomes a corpse. As the life body

no longer holds it together, the body disintegrates. Just as we consist of body (physical plus life body), soul and 'I', so also the world consists of body, soul and spiritual world.

Thus we live in four worlds:

In the world of the senses to which our physical body belongs;

In the etheric world to which our etheric body belongs;

In the soul or astral world to which our soul body belongs;

In the spiritual world to which our 'I' belongs.

These four worlds are distinguished from one another [as follows]:

The physical world is determined by measure, weight, and number.

The life world, the world of the etheric, is qualitative, in which there is intensity, direction, and organic functions. It is functional and qualitative.

The soul world is purely moral, in which space is also purely moral. In the soul world 'near' and 'far' are different from what they are in the physical world. In the physical world one can stand close to someone and yet be far removed from them on a soul level.

In the spiritual world space is not only moral. There are also spiritual affinities. There are certain configurations of destiny and qualities of being which are near or far from one another and remain so. Near is what is eternally near. Far is what is eternally far, like the stars.

The parts of the body follow the laws of the mineral world.

*The Activity of the 'I'*

The goal of the 'I' is to so penetrate [permeate] the soul body that it becomes the Spirit Self (Manas).

If, in addition, the life body is wholly penetrated [permeated] by the 'I', then the life body becomes the Life Spirit (Buddhi) and life becomes purely moral.

If, in addition, the physical body is penetrated [permeated] by the 'I', then the human being becomes the Spirit Man (Atma). When the 'I' penetrates [permeates] first the soul body, then also the life body, and finally also the physical body, then the human being becomes the Spirit Man, who feels the happiness, suffering, and omissions of the whole of humanity as his/her happiness, his/her suffering, and his/her omissions. He/she feels himself responsible for what takes place in the world and for the mistakes of humanity. The Spirit Man is sevenfold: the body is threefold (physical body, etheric body, soul body), the soul activity is threefold, and the 'I' is the seventh. In future, the spirit will also be threefold, so that a ninefoldness will arise—corresponding to the nine Beatitudes from the Sermon on the Mount. Here the Trinity of the Father, the Son, and the Spirit comes to expression.

Soul body–Spirit Self (Manas)–level of the Holy Spirit

Life body–Life Spirit (Buddhi)–level of the Son  
Physical body–Spirit Man (Atma)–level of the Father

One comes to the Father only through the Son.

*Give us this day our daily bread*

There are two texts for this:

*Panem supersubstantialem* – our supersensible bread  
*Panem substantialem* – our substantial bread

There had been a great deal of discussion concerning this [these two formulations].

The human being is dependent upon nourishment (bread, water, air, etc.). The world bestows nourishment. It is the life body which keeps the body healthy. This comes from within; substance comes from outside. Thus, from two sides the body is part of the whole.

The human being is taught by the body that egoism is impossible, a teaching which makes the human being humble—also a teaching of sacramentalization of the connections of the cosmos with the body. Thus the physical body is a channel which is able to connect us with the Godhead.

*Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us*

The life body is a time body. It fights against the destructive nature of space. It also bears the content of time: memory.

At the moment of death there is an inner beholding of one's own life body. The life body does not forget anything. The World 'I' writes on the 'tablet' of the life body and the human 'I' reads the script (conscience).

The moral significance of memory is that the human being arrives – through erring and trespassing – at the truth. Only someone who brings this trespassing to consciousness can make progress. Therefore, to be conscious of one's trespasses is the foundation for all progress in moral development. Through consciousness of one's trespasses the life body is united with the Godhead. Only someone who is conscious of their trespasses is able to forgive.

*And lead us not into temptation*

Only if the human being is awake can there be consciousness of trespassing. Thus the human being needs the soul body, which is shared in common with the animal. No moral progress would be possible without temptation. Later, temptations become trials. Overcoming oneself: the human being begins this by becoming aware of temptations, and is then able to fight them and ultimately overcome them. When the human being has overcome his/her own temptations, then he/she no longer fights against himself/herself, but [rather] against evil in the world, against the temptations that assail humanity in the unfolding of world history.

*But deliver us from evil*

The battle with evil is only possible if the human being recognizes it in his/her [own] being, if he/she finds the point from which it streams out.

Deliverance from evil is deliverance from the evil of the illusionary, false principle of the 'I'. Egotistical deeds are not deeds of the 'I', but [rather] of the mirror of the 'I' in the soul body. The moral foundation in the 'I' is freedom [freedom in its es-

sence, and] also freedom from that which darkens the 'I'—egoism. The striving for freedom leads to the petition: Deliver us from evil.

The first three petitions of the Lord's Prayer relate to the Spirit.

*Hallowed be thy name:* the Spirit Self (Manas).

What is a 'name'? In ancient times it was something quite different from today. It was an expression of the inner being, the mission—it was a task. For example, the name Peter ('rock') signifies a task for the future and so does the name John ('spiritual human being'). The name is what the human being is to accomplish in the course of centuries.

If we attain to knowledge of everything and to esoteric knowledge of everything, what would we know?—the name of God. For all things in the world are 'letters' [of God's name].

Thus, *Hallowed be thy name* means 'May all striving for truth be directed to the name of God'—*sanctificetur nomen tuum*.

Reverence [holy awe] is the foundation for all knowledge. Lack of piety makes higher knowledge impossible. Piety means 'looking up with the soul'. On this account human beings of today are so blind, because they lack piety. The name of God, the meaning of the world, can only be grasped through the necessary seriousness. Someone lacking piety cannot be truly serious. All other knowledge which is not directed toward God is, in the last analysis, meaningless.

*Thy kingdom come:* Life Spirit (Buddhi).

The basis of Life Spirit: knowledge by itself is not yet realization [enlightenment]. The content of the Spirit Self becomes Life Spirit when the human being acknowledges that which is 'above'—what is there as a task for the future, and shapes and creates it here 'below'. This is *regnum tuum* ('thy kingdom'), whereby the word *regnum* ('kingdom') is to be understood in the sense of, for example, the plant 'kingdom', i.e. a basic idea which comes to expression in definite forms in space—as far as the plant kingdom expands spatially.

*Thy kingdom come* (*adveniat regnum tuum*) signifies that the name, recognized as world idea, is brought to realization in the forms of life which adequately correspond to the idea.

This is also the essence of all artistic activity: it is the 'life' of the Life Spirit.

*Thy will be done:* Spirit Man (Atma).

Here not only form and content correspond to one another—also the will is brought to realization. [This is] the transformation of the physical body into Spirit Man, which is the essence of all religion. *Thy will be done* (*fiat voluntas tua*). The whole Bible is a *fiat* ('let it be done'): the Fall – illness – healing – new world.

The ideal of Christ is not liberation from the earth, but [rather] alchemy [in the course of] world history—[that of] transformation of impure metals into gold: the ennoblement of all substance. Therefore it is not the separation of spirit from matter, as in India, but the arising of the new heaven and the new earth: the Apocalypse of St. John.

The seven members of the human being correspond to the seven colors of the rainbow (Noah).

In the Gospels, love and morality are taught—not world outlooks.

*Afterword—by Robert Powell*

Here in this lecture it is clear that the Lord's Prayer is central to Valentin Tomberg's path of spiritual knowledge. Shortly after giving this lecture, he began the Lord's Prayer Course for a small group of people in Amsterdam—now available in English translation as a 14-year study course through the Sophia Foundation. Valentin Tomberg's path of knowledge and also working with the original Aramaic version of the Lord's Prayer as spoken by Jesus, as well as study of the spiritual classic *Meditations on the Tarot*, will be the focus of this year's Sophia Foundation retreat at the Santa Sabina Center—see Choreocosmos 2009 schedule in this issue of the newsletter: June 15-19 at the Santa Sabina Center, San Rafael, California, or visit the Sophia Foundation website.

# PIERCING THE VEIL OF LANGUAGE

## HOW TO ACHIEVE INTUITIVE KNOWLEDGE IN MEDITATIVE READING PART II

*Bill Trusiewicz*

*This is the very essence, the secret of modern Initiation: to get beyond words, to a living experience of the spirit.*

Rudolf Steiner,  
*The Tasks of the Michael Age,*  
Dornach, 13 January 1924

In Part I of *Piercing the Veil of Language*, I introduced my readers to an inner path of knowledge, which we all have already trod with *some* awareness, a path that leads through deeper and deeper waters, so to speak—through study and meditative reading. This is, of course, not the whole path but a very important part of the path in which we exercise ourselves, exercise our faculties of hearing, sight and judgment that are the means by which we may ‘steer’ ourselves on our journey through life. These deeper waters are the life-blood of our spiritual life; they are the waters of the etheric world: the ‘springs of living water’ that Christ Jesus spoke about. In Part I, we looked at two prerequisites to entering the temple of higher knowledge in order to pierce the veil of language and then eight suggestions that were given as guideposts along the path, as signs to help guide us away from the superficial, the ‘glitter’ of spiritual ideas, that distract us and may even flatter our spiritual pride, or help guide us away from the banality of repeating empty spiritual phrases—towards the deeper springs of spiritual knowledge that can sustain us and ground us in the humble soil of true understanding.

We made reference, in Part I, to the Sophianic community of the future that takes its imperative from Archangel Michael, the spiritual being who has been called the *Fiery Thought King of the Universe*. We saw how we must learn to think without words, without language. I quoted a verse from the Gnostic text *The Sophia of Jesus Christ*, in

which Sophia is named Silence. We saw that She operates in the pre-verbal sphere and that her power in that sphere is ‘perfect.’ There is a perfect reflection of spiritual reality in the silent realm of Sophia—before words. And the verse tells us, as well, that immortality may be attained within the ‘continuity between the immortal man [Christ] and his consort...Sophia.’ It is this marriage of Christ and Sophia that gives birth to the new Sophianic community which is the temple of humanity, an ideal community where Wisdom and Love meet, where divine and human love are mingled and become one. In this we can begin to see something of the meaning and significance of the Word, in respect to language, the Logos, the second person of the trinity of the *Creator* and His relationship with Sophia who is called Silence, the second person of the divine feminine trinity of *creation*.

Now, let us proceed from the earlier indicated suggestions in Part I, to an attempt to elucidate the *goal* of meditative reading, ‘*where process and content are one,*’ as stated by Christopher Bamford in his original question that this two-part article attempts to answer. That goal being, if I may reword it: to break through the barriers of subject and object, to experience the world *in-participation-with-it* instead of *over-against-it*. To feel oneself to be *over-against* the world, is the experience that is fundamental to the analytical mode of perception, which has its basis in literal thinking. By an unremitting fixation on words, an over-reliance on the discursive intellect we perpetuate the curse of our age—the experience of alienation, of separation from the essential nature of the world around us.

Analytical or discursive thinking serves a good purpose. It is an essential and useful tool for manipulating and negotiating the physical world;

by it we have achieved great things in technology, for instance; but it must not be the last word in our thinking. We must not let it become the ruling impulse of our philosophy, or our approach to life. It is not adequate, or suited to the art of living or the spiritual dimension of life. Our age is deeply entangled in a struggle to free itself from the stranglehold of abstraction that results from the unyielding rationalism of the discursive intellect. In order to free ourselves, we must ask: How is it possible to transcend the curse of always thinking in terms of the self and the not-self, the sacred and the profane—the fragmental view of the world? How can we reach the sacred land of no judgments, where triumph and abasement can meet, and become the bread and wine of our spiritual life? To answer this, I would like to clarify *the goal*, which is a *process* rather than an end-in-itself. To do so we will explore the *process* of cognition to gain a more concrete sense of what it means to pierce the veil of language.

It is true that if we can make a heart-connection to our world, to the things in our world, we can unite ourselves to the cause of things, to the essence of things, and break the stranglehold of abstraction. It has been said by teachers of spiritual science, that the goal of uniting with the essential nature of the world around us can only be achieved when our strengthened thinking-heart forces can penetrate the objects of perception in our everyday world and transform them. This is an inaccurate way of saying something that does not occur *spatially* as a penetration but rather in *time*—as a fusion. Actually, once the thinking-heart is active, objectness (or otherness) in perception disappears in the archetype that one perceives as the luminous subject that is self-remembered in one's awareness. Not intending to be obscure, the previous sentence seeks to overcome conventional verbal limitations. It may not be readily understandable because it describes an experience that has largely escaped analysis and description, and therefore requires new terms and language constructs. This manner of speaking points to future poetic language that can speak of such things. The foregoing is not poetic, *per se*, but is unconventional since the experience it describes is unusual.

An illustration might serve to ground the abstract quality of the above attempt to describe higher cognition in concepts alone. To this end, I would like to echo Thomas Aquinas' identification of the three requirements for beauty. I quote:

*Ad pulcritudinum tria requiruntur. integritas, consonantia, claritas.* For beauty, three things are required: wholeness, harmony, and radiance.

The first two, wholeness and harmony, which lie in the realm of space, require us as observer. To see wholeness and harmony, we must stand over-against those qualities which represent the parts of the beautiful thing. Even in wholeness or *integritas*, one is *separate* from the object of beauty when one sees the parts as contributing to the whole. It is only with the third requirement, *claritas* or radiance, that we are able to unite with the object of beauty as it expresses itself fully—radiating its *inner* quality. The former qualities may be reflections of the inner quality, but they are essentially *outer* characteristics—and are observed *externally*. The expression of the *inner* quality of the beautiful object is different in this respect: the radiant aura of beauty embraces and includes the observer, who is an active perceiver—thereby bridging the self-other dichotomy. What is spoken of here is not a *given* experience, as the appearance of a merely physical object is to our sight. The subtle experience of inner beauty does not force itself upon us in the same manner as our normal sensory experience, which impinges upon our consciousness such as when physical light falls upon our eyes. We might say that the beautiful object that we observe (a flower for instance) gives us *an opportunity* to remember the essential nature we share with it. That would be another way of explicating the abstract, and admittedly obscure formula for higher perception that I stated in the previous paragraph.

The spiritual scientist knows that the etheric realm, the realm of life out of which unfolds the plant nature we observe, is also part of the human constitution—we have an etheric body identical *in nature* to the etheric body of plants. Spiritually perceived, the luminous *claritas* of beauty is a



primal memory of our plant nature; it is a conscious participation in the creative forces of the etheric world. Seeing this we can begin to understand what Plato meant when he said that: *Beauty is the spirit manifest in the sense world—materialized* (my paraphrase). We learn, also, from spiritual science that the etheric world is the world of time, that its luminosity is transparent to time and that it is a sort of repository of memory. So we can see that this process of perceiving, that is a participation in the creative forces of a flower's beingness, does not take place in space, but in time—as a synthesis, or as stated above—as a fusion. Perhaps an example of poetic intuition that is a memory of the pre-Fall watery state of Lemuria would be helpful here. In this poem, one can begin to sense the paradisaical participation in nature that was the human experience at that time in contrast to the dry abstract quality of modern cognition that is generally *not* a participation:

#### SONGS OF ANCIENT CHILDREN

Stream sands rustle  
Pebbles roll over-and-over;  
Stones, friendly, clatter-bounce,  
    downstream together washing softly.

Bone creaks scrape up ancient songs  
Buried below,  
When wonder had no name,  
When breezes floated  
    in-one-ear-and-out-the-other,

Remembering when we floated  
On our own body's fluid,  
Sounding like the brook itself.

Written by the author in 1976

This poem speaks out of an intuitive experience that is made possible by holding a balanced tension between blissful serenity and a crystalline, almost painful alertness. In a serene mood one bathes in the luminosity of the scene beheld; while one's alertness focuses and concentrates consciousness to shape the verbal expression.

The experience of *claritas*, of luminosity, is actually not so uncommon—but is an experience that is usually not adequately accounted for. We are embedded in and live in the etheric realm that is glowing with this radiance; we experience it but are usually not conscious enough to recognize it. When we 'awaken,' and 'remember' these luminous moments, we acknowledge them by calling them epiphanies—we are moved by them; we feel their importance. A poet, typically, moves from epiphany to epiphany; he or she is entranced by the etheric luminosity of things, the ingenuity and brilliance of Life. Like poets, we must catch these ephemeral beings in our nets, become 'chasers of butterflies,' so to speak. We can do this by committing ourselves to further concentrate our attention on Life, to be more present so that our epiphanies will become more commonplace and also by learning to focus our attention on the *memories* of our luminous moments. The more we can recollect these events with precision and inquire into their meaning, the more we will be able to draw out the spiritual riches embedded in them. Working with these remembered experiences provides a bridge to further experience. Also, and more importantly, we acquaint ourselves with a developing process and thereby strengthen and nourish that process to produce similar experiences in the future.

Inevitably, through attention to our experiences, we begin to feel the power behind these epiphanies and realize that what we have encountered is not merely a very important *thing* but instead, a *heightened mode of perception*. Eventually, the conviction arises that this mode of perception yields a higher, more convincing reality than what we normally experience, that the knowledge attained thereby is somehow, incontrovertible and inviolable; it stays with us—it does not diminish but endures. Rudolf Steiner characterizes Michaelic

thought as iron-like. Spiritual thoughts and ideas that rise up in importance above everyday ideas, spiritual thoughts and ideals that we believe with great conviction—are carried to completion by Archangel Michael. Spiritual thoughts and ideals that are felt deeply, that grip us with such power that we can't imagine them *not* manifesting in action on the physical plane, even against all odds, even if it must be in a future incarnation—if we have spiritual ideals that grip us like that, these living thoughts and ideals are carried out by Michael. We feel *his* power in such thoughts; such ideas that have become *ideals*, realizing Rudolf Steiner's often repeated statement: 'Every idea in us that does not become an ideal slays a force within us.' The force that is slain thereby is potential Michael force.

It is essential to recognize that within our language, within our texts, as we seek for illumination in our reading, if we apply sound judgment and logic—we will always find discrepancies, half-truths, and inconsistencies. This should not alarm us. Any text that is examined thoroughly will reveal this characteristic. It is the very nature of symbolic communication. Even mathematics, which seems so precise and faultless does not stand up to the strictest logic and judgment; this higher logic takes into account the whole as well as the parts and does not exclude Life. Albert Einstein has seen this; and we see it in his statement: *As far as the laws of mathematics refer to reality, they are not certain; and as far as they are certain, they do not refer to reality.* This points to a higher logic and judgment than that with which we are familiar. And only rarely have these higher laws been clearly elucidated. They are the laws of Life, of the etheric plane; and they are characteristically good, true and beautiful—together. These three never break ranks in this world. Rudolf Steiner knew this higher logic and expressed it thus: 'Contradiction is inherent in reality' and 'Contradiction is everywhere at the basis of all being.'<sup>1</sup> To find higher truth, we must learn to live with contradictions, we must seek out the contradictions and let them live in us. This is one of the most important ordeals of the modern soul

<sup>1</sup> Rudolf Steiner, *Wonders of the World, Ordeals of the Soul, Revelations of the Spirit*, Lecture 6, 23 August 1911

## THE POET'S DILEMMA

*'If anyone would become immortal it must be from the continuity between the Immortal Man and his consort the fallen Sophia who is called Silence for in the perfect reflection before all words her power is perfected.'*

Eugonostos The Blessed and The  
Sophia of Jesus Christ III, 4:1-11

Oh sweet abyss behind the words  
Where Sophia lies luxuriant,  
My Lover, of the mystic shade  
Who allays the pain of knowledge—  
The wretched edge of representation,

My Goddess,  
Must I, your pleasure's pawn,  
Squander the treasure of your trove  
On the pale of paltry verse—  
The brazen clash and tinkle of lexiculation?

Or, shall I spurn the continuity  
Between holy Silence and her Consort?

God forbid; I shall break the spell of still exactitude,  
The sweet cell of circularity  
And give air to the ineffable,  
Die the death—  
Flame-out in fragmentation.

Mother, Daughter, Wife of my youth  
Preserve, will you, in this undazzling death  
The aura of your luxuriant repose  
And let blaze from gray ash 'scriptions—  
The Immortal light in Silence.

*'Whoever knows immortal spirit of Light in Silence, through reflecting and consent in the truth, let him bring me signs of the Invisible One, and he will become a light in the Spirit of Silence.'*

*The Sophia of Jesus Christ 117:15-21*

Bill Trusiewicz  
3 September 2000

seeking initiation—to press beyond contradictions. Only so are spiritual realities illuminated.

Another way of saying this is: riddles, paradoxes and conundrums are ever present to anyone who is determined to know what stands behind appearances, behind life. When one is determined to know absolute truth and reality, the phenomenal world itself is a conundrum; life is an enigma. Modern scientific knowledge is handicapped, completely incapacitated, in the realm of Life—it cannot define Life. The phenomenal world presents itself to our understanding in language but life evades the categorical nature of language. Life is a mystery. Life stands *over against* our understanding—it appears as impenetrable to the intellect. That is why, for instance, Zen masters use paradoxes and riddles to provoke a deeper understanding in their students. These teachers are aware of the fact that it takes a bold stroke to untie the so-called ‘Gordian knot’ of the intellect—the riddles, paradoxes and conundrums of life will not yield to the discursive mind, to conceptual thinking— nothing less than illumination, clairvoyant seeing can ‘do the trick.’ The Zen koan, for instance, is a linguistic device employing paradox to urge the student to a higher level of perception. A typical koan is a seemingly nonsensical verbal construction often in the form of a question like: *What is the sound of one hand clapping?* Or: *What is the name of the nameless?* In the Zen tradition the master gives such koans to his students as subject matter for meditation. The question is to be taken very seriously and the master wants to hear the student’s answer. It is given as an impetus to illumination for which the student must take a leap beyond mere intellect to higher knowledge. The following koan-like epigram which I believe is from the Chinese Taoist sage, Chuang Tsu points to the possibility that opens up in sense-transcending, word-transcending perception: *Once a person has heard the sound of crystals growing in a mountain cliff he will no longer be satisfied with verbal explanations.* (My paraphrase, reconstructed from memory.)

Many of us are familiar with the view of initiation given by spiritual science, the three tiered schema of imagination, inspiration and intuition. In order to pierce the veil of language it is essential to

develop intuition. Without an understanding of intuition, what makes it worthy of our aspiration, it is difficult to gauge our progress towards achieving the goal of piercing the veil of language. Imagination and inspiration are indispensable, but they are primarily indicative of phenomena of the soul world and not the spiritual world proper. This is because imagination and inspiration rely on representations, symbolic phenomena to communicate their message: pictorial or image representation and verbal or spoken representation. Representations ‘re-present’ or ‘present again’ something in a different form. Intuition differs fundamentally from the first two levels of initiation by the fact that it reveals what lies completely behind the veils of representations. At this point we transcend the symbolic gestures of both image and word that are inherent in imagination and inspiration. Here we move from symbol to reality, from representation to presence. Entering into the presence of a thing is intuition. This is not achieved through any medium such as spiritual light or sound but by spirit itself. In intuition, our spirit lives within the spirit of the other and *visa versa*.

Only with intuition can we properly say that we ‘break down the barriers of subject and object.’ Many teachers of the path to higher knowledge claim that there is no way to speak of the experience of higher intuition, just as some artists refuse to speak about their work—in recognition of the limitations of language. Certainly, ordinary language is inadequate, as we indicated earlier; but poets and artists through the ages have managed to express such things, albeit without the demand for attention that usually accompanies the scientific approach. Science, by definition, claims validity and demands universal recognition. Poets and artists, on the other hand, expect their meaning to remain somewhat hidden; they rather enjoy having a secret since they know there are good reasons that such things are withheld from the uninitiated. If we acknowledge the transcendental qualities of language, the ability of language to surpass itself (something poets have always understood), then we can begin to speak the unspeakable. Incidentally, a time will come when this new language we are developing will have the same respect that science

has today and the sort of science we have today will be considered superstition.<sup>2</sup>

So, in our meditative reading we must learn to read between the lines, so to speak. We must enter into our texts with our radiant spirit glowing and meet the radiance that lies behind language—the genius of language itself. We must stop the world; end all movement in space and enter into the quiet, still, silent womb of creation, the timeless sphere that gives birth to time—the etheric world. By doing this we will penetrate, with our cognition, the world of appearances, the sensible world, the world of paradoxes that crave illumination—and enlighten them. ‘But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty.’<sup>3</sup> —says St. Paul. What today is considered to be something of a feeble voice in the world: the voice of poetry, the voice of spiritual science; they are the voice of one ‘crying in the wilderness.’<sup>4</sup> These are voices that confound the wise of this world. Voices such as come from this writing, are feeble, are tentative, are uncertain, compared to the great voices of modern science and academia which have such wide acceptance. Though we might like to consider our voice to be a clarion call, and indisputable, and it is that, we must admit that it is a mere stammering, a very young and tentative effort at speaking the truth of Sophia, the Wisdom of a coming age that has barely yet been born. Hence we move from silence to first speech, to tentative declarations, from wordless wonder to a stammering, broken, wounded expression of the highest, the most sublime, the unspeakable. ‘And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.’<sup>5</sup> Wounded and bruised,<sup>6</sup> crowned with thorns—He, the singular expression of the divine Logos.

Here we approach the threshold of a deep mystery

<sup>2</sup> Refer to: *Preparing for the Sixth Epoch*, Rudolf Steiner

<sup>3</sup> New Testament, 1 Corinthians 1:27

<sup>4</sup> New Testament, Matthew 3:3; Mark 1:3; Luke 3:4; John 1:23

<sup>5</sup> New Testament, John 1:14

<sup>6</sup> Old Testament, Isaiah 53:5 But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

which I will attempt to elucidate briefly as a final word. It is the mystery of the wounded healer. It is the mystery of the wounded *Word*. I have attempted to show how the genius of language reveals itself most clearly at the point at which language breaks down, where it clearly fails to maintain its *outward* integrity, in what seem like errors and inconsistencies, in contradictions and paradoxes. I have endeavored to show that the greatest clarity is bound to appear where the philologist and the scientist have the most trouble, where earthly logic simply fails. Those who are most likely to dismiss poetry as imprecise, obscure or irrelevant, are those who are judging strictly from the standpoint of earthly logic.

I would like to invite my readers now to look even more deeply with me into the Word—Christ the living Word, and to ponder the following questions. At what point in his journey on earth was this Word most expressive? At what point do we discover the power of the Word most clearly manifested? At what point does the Word speak most eloquently? Was it when He gave sight to the blind man or when He made the lame man walk? When He commanded the elements and they obeyed Him? Was it when He raised Lazarus or the son of the widow of Nain from the dead? Although these outward signs and miracles are indeed expressions of His compassion, His wisdom and His might, His true glory is nevertheless revealed in His wounds. It was in the scourging, the wounding with the crown of thorns, the piercing of His hands and feet and side, and His heart, that we are able to see the light of his inner being streaming out, pouring out of Him—and through His resurrection. In His wounding and Death, He is most radiant, most glorious.<sup>7</sup> ‘By His *stripes* we are healed.’<sup>8</sup>

There is a deep mystery to language, to the Word. We must learn to use the Word, to understand the power of the Word, to wield the sword of the spirit that is the Word. One of the greatest treasures of

<sup>7</sup> This streaming out of healing from the wounds of Christ Jesus has been illustrated by numerous painters such as in Giotto, *St. Francis of Assisi Receiving the Stigmata*; Lucas Cranach the Elder, *Damnation and Salvation*, Matthias Grunewald, *The Resurrection of Christ*.

<sup>8</sup> Old Testament, Isaiah 53:5

the future Sophianic Community, the Philadelphia towards which we strive, is hidden in the mystery that enfolds the Word. According to Rudolf Steiner, in the middle of the sixth epoch, the time of the flourishing of the church of Philadelphia, (about 5000 AD) there will be a manifestation of the Word, the likes of which the world has not yet seen. The Maitreya Buddha as emissary of Christ in the renewed Pentecost of the divine feminine will demonstrate the miraculous creative power of the Word for all to see. The Maitreya will speak things into existence.<sup>9</sup>

The great cosmic being of the Christ, the Word, was only revealed fully—when He was pierced. It was then that the veil of the temple was ripped open, that the way was open to the Holy of Holies. Everything was transformed in the wake of this piercing. The Law gave way to Grace; that supernal Light entered the world for the first time since paradise; Love erased all the divisions and distinctions that divided human beings from each other. St. Paul says that in Him was contained ‘the fullness of the Godhead bodily.’ In Christ, *we also* can be filled with the fullness of the Godhead. When we are so filled with the spirit that language cannot contain what we must express, when we are so imbued with enthusiasm—that it hurts, that the world around us is like thorns that we gladly wound ourselves on, just to let out some light, some love—then we are at the heart of this mystery. Novalis knew this secret—the secret of Love incarnate. He writes of this twice:

Whoever flees pain will love no more. To love is always to feel the opening, to hold the wound always open.<sup>10</sup>

Who flees pain no longer wishes to love. The lover must feel the gap eternally, must hold the wound open. May God ever maintain in me this indescribably beloved pain—this sadness and memory—this brave longing—this manly resolution and faith strong as a rock.<sup>11</sup>

9 Refer to: Valentin Tomberg, *Christ and Sophia*, p. 345, Steiner Books 2006; Rudolf Steiner, *Esoteric Christianity*, p.126

10 Novalis, *Notebooks*

11 Day 80, From Novalis’ journal that he began on April 18 dating it from the day of his beloved

## THERE YET ABIDES PAIN

There will always be pain—  
At least a memory of earth’s tragic deaths.  
Even in the pristine moment of petal-white-beauty,  
In that bright festoon of life’s relaxed and generous hold,  
There is a stab of cold steel concealed,  
Like that which rent the ancient veil.

There is no excellent beauty  
but that cruelty has pierced its hands,  
Nay, nor peace, nor rest, nor place to lay the head be found.  
For what ore that lay idle and uncut by sharp implements  
shall see the light of day?  
And shall that ore which has *not* been heated hot  
be shaped to serve a noble task?

Bill Trusiewicz  
Circa 1987

Piercing the veil of language in meditative reading is a matter of no small importance in our time, in the time in which the first seeds of the community of the sixth epoch must begin to sprout.<sup>12</sup> As we have seen, it is only in the highest sphere, that of intuition—that one fully transcends the subject/object dichotomy. It is here that the very idea of knowledge, as we know it, also breaks down; here we put away what we may call our childish *representations*; here we transcend the curse of always thinking in terms of the sacred and the profane, the self and the not-self, the fragmental view of the world—and reach the sacred land where reason no longer flies in the face of amazement. This, I believe, is what St. Paul was referring to when he wrote to the Corinthians speaking of *love*<sup>13</sup> as the goal of knowledge—that ‘when the perfect has come, the imperfect would be done away with.’ In this context he speaks of knowledge as ‘childish.’ And of knowledge again: ‘It shall vanish away’—when love is attained. So the idea of the path of the heart, of love, is only

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Sophie’s death.

12 A law of spiritual economy states that the middle point of a previous epoch is the starting point of the impulse of the following epoch.

13 I Corinthians 13

correctly valued when we realize that it subsumes knowledge within itself. It is no longer a question of knowledge or wisdom as a ‘heady’ intellectual matter nor of love as merely a powerful sentiment—but of the marriage of the two in a dance that is a process of enfolding and unfolding in which there is no object or subject but two *beloveds* who are partners in a revelatory dance that is a mutual awakening. Here we see Christ and Sophia, Love and Wisdom, the Word and Silence in this revelatory dance in which they are difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish from each other. They each take on characteristics of the other in a whirling that dissolves Knowledge in Love to create Wisdom and which pulls Light out of the Silence to create Words. The following verse taken from the same Gnostic text I quoted earlier (*The Sophia of Jesus Christ*), illustrates this last point:

Whoever knows immortal spirit of Light in Silence, through reflecting and consent in the truth, let him bring me signs of the Invisible One, and he will become a light in the Spirit of Silence.<sup>14</sup>

The *signs of the Invisible One*, referred to above, are nothing more than language, the Word, speech—speech out of Silence. So we move from silence to speech, from wordless wonder to the dance of the Word and Silence. It is not only a dance for Christ and Sophia, for the immortal Word and his consort Silence—It is a dance for us. We are called into this dance by Him, our Bridegroom—as His Bride. ‘...who does not enter into the dance does not know what is happening.’<sup>15</sup> We are called to a Holy Marriage where Wisdom becomes Love and Love, Wisdom, where the Sun and the Moon are united, where neither one has an objective outline that divides the two but both have become One.

As we, His partners, enter into the mystery of this cosmic dance of Christ and Sophia, as our means of access to the spiritual world, as our path to knowledge of the spiritual world, what we gain is awesome beyond measure, infinitely complex, true, beautiful and good—and I would be remiss not to mention—also terrifying. To discover such riches, that are of inestimable value, is a path that requires a continuous dedication of thinking-heart forces—uniting Wisdom and Love. The way to cultivate this aptitude? Feed your thinking-heart through meditative reading and other soul strengthening exercises and make its revelations your everyday reality.

To that end, again, the words of St. Paul are apropos: ‘For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as I am known.’<sup>16</sup>

## MARRIAGE OF JOACHIM AND BOAZ

Having reached  
Un-anguished shores,  
Reason no longer  
Flies in the face  
Of amazement.

Ocean waves that  
Kiss the shore:  
Celebrate the marriage  
Of triumph  
And abasement.

Shocks of beauty  
Cacophonous  
Sound—

Like wine spilled  
And bread broken—

Life giving.

Bill Trusiewicz  
Circa 1982

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<sup>14</sup> The Sophia of Jesus Christ 117:15-21

<sup>15</sup> The so-called ‘Round Dance of the Cross’ from The Acts of John, 95

<sup>16</sup> I Corinthians 13:12

# OBEDIENCE, POVERTY, CHASTITY

## THREE VOWS FOR DAILY LIFE TODAY

*Philip Mees*

Obedience, poverty and chastity are the three vows a person made in the Middle Ages when he or she entered into the monastic life. They were a symbol of the fact that the person had said farewell to the life of an ordinary citizen with its daily toil and pleasures, and entered into a life that was completely dedicated to God. In practice this usually meant no less hard work but it also meant the abdication of the ownership of anything, carnal pleasure and freedom. It is interesting to try and place this kind of step in the context of life at that time.

The Middle Ages were the time when in Europe the intellectual soul developed its full capacities. Rudolf Steiner described how the human being evolves his soul capacities in stages over long periods of time. The ability to think as an independent being is not something we have always possessed. In ancient Egypt, for instance, this was a capacity that needed to be learned and developed in special places called mystery centers where the leaders of the people were prepared for their task of guiding the people. Their thinking was not personal; they thought for the people as a whole, they truly represented the people in their thinking. And the people accepted these thoughts as their law.

This changed with the beginning of Greek civilization in the eighth century BC when we see for the first time that people start wondering what the world is all about. These were the first Greek philosophers who were no doubt also trained in mystery centers, but their questioning came out of an inner need. The soul had evolved to a point where the wisdom taught in the mystery centers no longer sufficed to satisfy the need to know what the human being's place was in the world and how this world came to be in the first

place. From then on this capacity to ask questions and to think logically about them slowly spread throughout the population. One result was that it became more and more difficult for people to accept the authority of another person, for as soon as a person thinks on his own he experiences a sense of freedom and independence. One then starts acting out of a sense of ego that sees itself as separate from others and quickly experiences others as infringing on its freedom. This is at the basis of the curious historical development in Greece of the many small, sometimes tiny, city-states that were in constant conflict with each other. In principle, the ego at this stage of evolution saw itself as the center of the universe and everyone else as standing in its way and therefore needing to be treated as an enemy.

It was still much the same in the Middle Ages. However, one great difference was the rise of Christianity. Christianity replaced the ancient mystery centers and temples as the source of divine wisdom. It introduced for western humanity the concept of the will of God which we need to follow in daily life. For most people this was an impossible thing to do for it presumes that we recognize others as just as important as ourselves, and love them. But some people did indeed long for this, and they then found their way to the monasteries and convents where, under strict leadership and close supervision, they were able to develop this longing into a certain practice that was designed to transform the natural egotistical tendencies of the ego into a capacity to love others and dedicate themselves to the service of others.

Living in accordance with God's will requires overcoming the natural egotistical tendencies of the ego. It requires the three vows which have exactly this purpose. In the Middle Ages the ego

was strongly developed—it strove to express itself and fought to make a place for itself against others. Obedience is the opposite of this. The monk and nun had to strive to silence their personal desires and emotions in the face of a higher authority. It involved the recognition that there were others who were better than they were—that these people were not their enemies but loved them and meant the best for them. This kind of obedience is not slavery. As Valentin Tomberg expressed it, it is order, peace and the opposite of slavery because its root is in the love that comes from mutual trust and confidence. In the monasteries obedience took place within a hierarchical structure in which the monks obeyed the abbot and the abbot served the monks, an appropriate structure for that phase of soul development. It reflected the order in the spiritual world where the lower beings obey the higher and the higher beings serve the lower.

We can easily transfer this picture from the monastic scene to that of our own lives today. We have no abbot to obey, but there are countless influences on us that help us recognize what our correct place is in the world. True, some of those are of questionable value but, when looked at objectively, most of our laws and generally accepted rules of behavior and morality are pretty sensible and practical. When we trace those back to where they came from we will see that ultimately they all originated from divine will and divine law. One of the ways in which this divine law expresses itself in human life is through our karma, which continually places us in the positions we need to face for our spiritual development. While we are confronted with divine law by our karma, we are also free to ignore it, fight it or avoid it, which will then have new karmic consequences. Obedience today, therefore, demands of us to recognize the position in which we are placed through divine will, our karma, and respond in the way that best serves our spiritual development. It has nothing to do with blind obedience to some human authority; rather it is the realization that we have the freedom to make of ourselves and our karmic position in life what we choose to. Once we recognize that something we face is part of our karma we become better able to try and ‘obey’ it.

In the monasteries there were no personal possessions. This was extremely significant because an important way for the ego to express its exclusivity is through the possessions it acquires in the course of life. Now the ego had to become ‘empty.’ It had nothing with which to assert or defend itself. It had to become vulnerable and open to what may come from the outside instead of treating everything coming from outside as an infringement against which it had to defend itself. But while the monk and nun owned nothing, they had at their disposal all they needed for their monastic life. They had shelter, clothing, food, and the tools for their work, be it that everything was at the level of basic necessity.

How does that relate to our day when, compared with medieval monks, most of us live in a kind of paradise? Today a relevant question might be: what do we need? Do we need a five-bedroom house for a four-person family? Do we need television and ipods in our cars? Do we need twenty-five suits? Perhaps our challenge today is to determine freely what kind of lifestyle we think is right for our karmic place in the world so we can express ourselves in an appropriate way and foster our spiritual development. This requires great ego strength and independence in the face of enormous pressure from the world around us to do what it tells us to do. What have the Joneses we are supposed to keep up with to do with our spiritual development? What business do General Motors or Kellogg have telling us to buy their products? Do we need them? Perhaps we do; then we should buy them in accordance with our need. Perhaps we don’t; then we should not feel tempted. The vow of poverty then becomes one of recognizing what our proper place is in the world and acquiring only those possessions that will affirm us in that place. This doesn’t mean we cannot have any luxuries—it means we should make conscious choices within the framework of what we recognize our karmic place to be and not on the basis of what we see other people do.

And finally, there is chastity. The greatest temptations in the Middle Ages were those of gluttony and sex. For most people life was still pretty basic back then, and so were its pleasures.



In the monasteries and convents, if they were true to their mission, food was meager, and sex between men and women impossible. But chastity really goes well beyond sex. Valentin Tomberg describes chastity as the practice of living without covetousness and without indifference. That means that when we see something we admire we do not want it for ourselves, yet we do not dismiss it or stop admiring it. We feel joy at the fact that this thing exists in the world, without wanting to possess it. This takes real inner effort. It is so natural for us when we see something beautiful or useful, and we can afford it, to decide we want it whether we need it or not. And of course this is even more important when the item is not for sale but belongs to someone else. We can be happy for the person who owns it without becoming jealous.

Even more important, chastity also has to do with the relationship between two individuals. It is the practice of cultivating the appropriate relationship between two people out of the love of the one human individual for the other. Of course, this is seen most clearly in meetings between men and women where, although what is appropriate may be determined by social circumstance, in

many cases it needs to be created voluntarily by both parties. A husband and wife may share their daily lives with each other, but what aspects of their lives do they keep to themselves—and do they do this by mutual agreement? Creating an appropriate relationship is equally important for every other type of interaction we have with another person. When we are in a store, the clerk is a fellow human being who receives our momentary friendship and gratitude; then we leave and forget about the person. When we buy a car, we can remember that the income of the salesman depends on his commission, so we don't try to force him into an unreasonable discount. Countless situations of interacting with people occur to us each day. The love for these neighbors as fellow human individuals will lead us to chaste relationships with them in which we can each find our appropriate place vis-à-vis the other.

Today the world is our monastery; we are all in it. The three vows have never lost their significance. They have changed with the changes in the evolution of our soul life. Let us not ascribe to them the character they had in the Middle Ages and dismiss them as atavistic. Let us renew them as we renew ourselves throughout our lives.

*Book Announcement by Robert Powell*

Harrie Salman, *Europe: A Continent with a Global Mission. The Illustrated Spiritual Biography of Europe* (Sofia/Bulgaria: Kibea Publishing House, 2009)

I am very touched by this magnificent book. It is – I believe it is true to say – Harrie Salman's magnum opus, a great life's work! He deserves to be congratulated on this wonderful publication, which comes at a time when Europe truly needs a new spiritual orientation. And this can only come through a thoughtful appraisal of the past history of Europe, leading up to the present day, which is what this book accomplishes. I hope that it will find many readers. And I hope that those who would like to order this book will find it easy to do so directly from <http://www.amazon.co.uk/> and then – under 'books' – typing in the title. The book is in large format (8½ x 11½ inches), nearly 350 pages, with an index, and is richly endowed with illustrations, most of them colored, on virtually every page. A review of this book will appear in the next issue of the newsletter.

VISION RELATING TO MARY MAGDALENE  
JOHN THE BAPTIST APPEARS TO MARY MAGDALENE  
MY GOD, MY GOD, WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME?  
MARY'S TEMPTATION  
IT IS FULFILLED

*Anonymous Seer – from a vision on August 8, 2008*

Prior to the following scene, Mary Magdalene was subject to a barrage of attacks on the road to Golgotha as she was trying to catch up with Jesus who was carrying the cross ahead of her and her friends Joanna and Miriam. Cutting accusations as well as stones and dirt were hurled at her. She had fainted, crumbling in the street, broken by the cruel attacks of the bystanders who lined the way.

JOHN THE BAPTIST APPEARS TO MARY  
MAGDALENE ON GOOD FRIDAY

John the Baptist then appeared in spirit, his head bent over Mary while she lay there in the street. He said to her, 'Mary, you are the crown of His head. This is why you were allowed to anoint His head, because you are His crown. The Crown of Thorns is the crown of fallen humanity. You fell to the depths so that Christ could work redemption in you; so that you could then become the guiding light—the 'beacon of light on the hill'—bringing lost souls to the Lord. For sinners who suffer deep remorse—you may appear to them and lead them to Christ when they cry out in the night. This is so because you understand the sinner's heart. Not even the Lord Himself has had a sinner's heart. Neither has His Holy Mother carried a sinner's heart. You, Mary, have carried this heart and are being made new in Him. You are being made whole. You will show others this glorious redemption also.

You must be with Him to the very end of His earthly life. Do not fear. Angels shall attend; I will walk with you. Let us go now to be with our Lord. Arise. You shall have new strength—and none shall take it from you. You shall have enough strength that you may even give it to others.'

I saw John, in spirit, give a golden cross on a long staff to Mary, referring to it as her 'scepter'. He bade her carry it as they walked with the Lord.

Three men were with her and the two Holy Women. She gave them her strength, upon seeing their own distraught and worried faces. She told them, 'Let us go.'

They pressed forward, through the crowds, falling into step a few paces behind Jesus, who was walking quite slowly. Walking behind Him, Mary sobbed quietly beneath her veil, trying not to attract any further attention. She began speaking to Him, mind-to-mind. 'My dearest Lord, I am with you. I am walking behind you. Oh my Dearest Lord, I am helping you to carry your cross!'

He answered her: 'Yes, Mary, I feel you with me. Thank you for helping me to carry this Cross.'

'Master, give unto me some of your pain. I would gladly take some of your pain for you!'

'Mary, you have pain enough—I feel your pain. I felt what they did to you. I felt every stone—every slap—every kick.<sup>1</sup> Do not fear, Mary—your pain does not add to my pain. But Mary, you must know that I also felt the pain of each person who was hurting you. They would not have done what they did if they had not hearts full of pain also.'

<sup>1</sup> Referring here to the physical harassment of Mary Magdalene by some of the crowd on the way to Golgotha as indicated in the introduction to this vision.

They were acting from their own abuses. They could not see their own abuses; they could only see you. Because you radiate with my Light, you brought to their consciousness their darkness. They could not abide in that Light—for in that Light, they must face their darkness. They are angry with me for the same reason.

Mary, let us forgive them now, for they suffer also.'

As Mary searched her own heart for the ability to forgive, I saw a dark evil being that had draped itself around her shoulders—the collective evil flung at her by her accusers—which she allowed to be cast upon her by succumbing to their darkness, because she believed in it. I was in awe as I watched her go through the process of forgiveness while simultaneously watching her Lord carry His Cross of torture! A miracle was wrought in Her at that very moment—while walking behind the Lord, she was able to forgive the ones who had hurt her. The evil being lifted itself from her shoulders and flew towards the light of the Sun. In return, a beautiful being of Light, who I understood to be a being of service to the Divine Feminine—appeared over her. As I saw this being over Mary, I also became aware that this beautiful being was hovering over us, watching over our hearts. She comes upon us when we forgive. She helps us to be freed from the darkness that has been over us when we choose to forgive. She then gazes upon us with her redeeming Light and purifies our hearts and makes a new space for us in our hearts where the Lord can then walk and talk with us—and our hearts become temples. If Mary can forgive her tormentors while watching the One she loved in the process of being tormented, then can we not forgive also those little splinters we have gathered in our feet, as we have walked down the paths we have walked? The greatest gifts come when one forgives.

I then heard Christ say, 'Mary, you have felt this forgiveness. But I am going to ask you to forgive something even more difficult. I know, Mary, that you are capable of forgiveness towards those who

have hurt you. You are also capable of forgiving those who are hurting Me in this very moment as I carry this Cross, and even capable of forgiving those who will murder Me. But Mary, I am now asking you to find it in your heart to forgive the Father and also Me. You will not be able to do this yet—you will have to wait until the sacrifice is complete, but I am asking you to be careful and watchful of what you do with your heart as you go through this experience with Me. You will be tempted to betray Me within your heart. This will be the greatest temptation of all temptations you have ever had to pass through from all of your previous incarnations.'

Mary inwardly cried out, 'Lord, my Lord! I am not strong enough! What shall I do? Who shall support me? Even thine own mother is weak, and she is the strongest Heart I know!'

He answered her: 'Do not fear. Strength will come to you. You will have to find this strength from within your own self.'

'No, Lord! I am afraid! If I betray you I will be taken to hell that very instant! Do not test me in this way!'

Christ then said, 'It is not I who is testing you, Mary. Do you not realize that it is your own Divine Self that is calling for this test? You can pass this test. Oh, Mary!'

'My Master! I will walk with you! I will go through this trial if it be the will of God!'

'Mary, oh Mary! You know I have loved you more than all of the other Apostles. This is not spoken to give you pride, but because you must feel that Love. You must take it into your whole being! Know, Mary, that this Love is for you—drink it in—fill yourself with it; because only this love and your love for Me will get you through what lies ahead. Let us walk together in this Love. I am also receiving your love, for it is a great strength to me. Let us walk in this love.'

## MY GOD, MY GOD, WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME?

And then I am at the foot of the Cross. It is dark; a storm is gathering. The ninth hour is upon us. The Lord is left alone in darkness, and I experience utter aloneness through Mary Magdalene. The Lord is left alone! Can there be anything more frightening than to see a God abandoned by His own heavenly hosts? I feel myself being torn open, in a horrific panic, and then nothing exists for several moments. I am nothing and nowhere, there is only a void. We are utterly alone, completely surrounded by the dark void. I hear the Savior cry out, 'My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?' And I join Him with 'My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken us? But I am only crying out to the void. I feel as if I am losing my very self in the void. I am nothing but heart-wrenching sobs.

Christ then lifts His weary head and says, 'It is fulfilled.' His voice is at peace, and resounds through my entire being, as if every cell in my own body stands at attention in agreement that it is truly fulfilled. But even so, I am wracked with grief, turned inside-out completely. It feels as if there is no receptacle large enough to contain my grief. In fact, I split open and merge with the Universe and feel the universal grief—but not in its entirety; I am sure that would have caused my death. But I could not contain this grief—it felt as if it was spilling out of me into the Universe. While lost in grieving, I heard a voice say, 'Mary, look up!'

I looked up, (seeing through the eyes of Mary Magdalene) and saw Him in the Heavens, surrounded by angelic beings. He was draped in a white robe; His face looked triumphant. He said, 'Mary, I want you to behold Me before I begin my descent into the depths, that you may first see Me and know that all is well. See the angels with us! I will leave these angels with you to watch over you. I must descend into the depths! You passed the test, Mary. My love will abide with you forever, and never leave you; this love will be a strength to others now, for they do mourn!

My dear Mary, I go now.' Mary watched Christ gather himself together to descend and saw Him pierce into the Earth, a beam of light all around Him as he penetrated into the depths. She looked down into the Earth below the Cross and held to the ground, weeping.

'Oh my Holy, Holy Lord! Oh My Master, Almighty Lord! I wish I could follow you! I would go to the depths with you! I would go, but I know I must stay. I must take care of the living. But my love goes with you, Lord. I feel your descent. Oh Lord, my hands and feet are pierced! Lord, my hands are your hands, and my feet are your feet! Use them as you will! My heart is also yours, Lord! Use my heart! Make it sacred and holy like your Sacred Heart! This holy, holy Earth is now sacred ground. I love you, Earth, for you now hold the spirit of my Lord!'

As I returned from this vision in Jerusalem, to the park where it began in present time, the Nature Beings who beheld me began to praise God. I acknowledged the beings who had come: the beings of air<sup>2</sup>—I saw them rejoicing and flying around us, glimmering with the light of Christ. The beings of fire<sup>3</sup> danced and kissed us with their warmth. The beings of water<sup>4</sup> became living water, and the earth beings—the gnomes and fairies and the tree spirits—I acknowledged the great work they were doing, and they bowed their heads in reverence. I said to them, 'Please accept the gift of the Master's love into your beings! You bless this Earth, and we love you all!'

### MARY'S TEMPTATION

Now I would like to explain what happened to Mary in her temptation to deny Christ, which came during the moment of darkness when the Father and the hierarchies had withdrawn from

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<sup>2</sup> Sylphs

<sup>3</sup> Salamanders

<sup>4</sup> Undines

Him. When Christ was left alone, Mary was also left alone. She was left open to all forms of evil—the most powerful forms of evil, which I do not want to describe, not wanting to give them too much attention. I could not experience at this time the full experience of what she went through. I was aware of all that was happening, but did not have to allow it to fully enter into my own body. The evil forces descended upon her and began trying to convince her that Christ was not Divine, that he was nothing more than a human. The same temptation still exists today, of course. Many books have been written to denounce the Christ. If Mary had succumbed to this temptation—if she had fallen and denied His Divinity, she would not have been present at the Resurrection—she would not have been the first to behold Him in the garden. She would not have been the one to declare His Resurrected Presence to the disciples! She would have lost her eternal place as being one who brings souls to Christ. Essentially, she would have been taken back to start over; her spiritual progress would have been greatly thwarted. This would have been a severe fall, indeed. But while being tempted, she used all her power to focus her mind upon an image—a memory of a moment that she had experienced with the Lord when he walked as Jesus Christ:

One day they were in communion—alone with one another on a hillside. He had pulled a lavender-colored flower from the ground next to him, which was in the bud stage, not yet bloomed. He told Mary that He had a gift for her, and held up the flower saying, ‘Look, Mary.’ Then he said to the bud, ‘Bloom.’ And it opened up and blossomed to its full measure before her very eyes. Then he took her head in his hands and speaking into her crown chakra said, ‘Bloom!’ He then told her, ‘You shall do likewise! For I can take a little bud and command it to bloom, and it obeys. I know every flower within every person. Every human is a flower to me, and if I touch that flower and command it to bloom, so shall it blossom.’

Just before this conversation, Mary was suffering complete rejection: her former crowd ridiculed

her; she was being shunned and judged by the disciples. The women who followed Jesus were keeping her at arms’ length out of jealousy for her relationship to Him. She was feeling no love or acceptance from anyone, other than from Jesus Himself. It was not until at the foot of the Cross, when the darkness came over her, that she saw the little flower come into her mind’s eye—and she then felt Christ’s love for her throughout her entire being. The darkness was conquered; at the moment His love permeated her being, nothing else mattered. The love overcame her fears; she humbly accepted His love for her, and His sacrifice.

#### IT IS FULFILLED

Now this was a very important moment also for Christ Himself. For when the Father and the hierarchies withdrew from Him and left Him utterly alone, the next thing that He knew was the human love of Mary Magdalene. The Father and the hierarchies had to step aside and leave Him alone so that He could experience human love, isolated and separated from the Divine Love—and not just any human love, but the love of someone who had accepted His redeeming love. And it needed to be the love of one who knew the depths of sin, who would never ascribe any righteousness to herself. Mary Magdalene was destined to be such a one—so abased was she, even willing to be abased above all others. Of course He had experienced human love during His life as Jesus Christ, but not separate from the Divine Love that was always around Him. But now the human love of Mary Magdalene reached through His distress and touched Him while the Divine was absent. After taking this human love fully into His being, he was able to say, ‘It is fulfilled’. He had to embody human love from a source outside of Himself, to take pure human love and descend with it into the center of the Earth, which would plant the seed, allowing human love to be the redemptive force for nature in the future. If we can fully love the Lord, we can work to consciously redeem nature, by meditating on His goodness, radiating out His goodness directly into Nature. This is just one of the mysteries of the saying: ‘It is fulfilled.’

# ATTENDING THE BODY

*Christine Holmstrom*

It is 6 PM on an April Friday when my friend Siobhan and I get the call. Siobhan looks up from her cell phone and says, 'That was Bia. Dusan has just died.' We had known it would be soon; now the reality hits us. Two days ago, we volunteered to help prepare Dusan's body after death. As I drive Siobhan reads aloud from Nancy Jewel Poer's indispensable guide, *Living into Dying, A Journal of Spiritual and Practical Deathcare for Family and Community*.

Dusan and Biljana Kozarac are dear friends, and we had vowed to help them in death as well as life. Dusan, who has been training as a Serbian Orthodox priest, was diagnosed with liver cancer just three weeks earlier. Unable to eat, he spends his last days on a hospital bed in the guest room of my home, sinking into death. His wife Bia is at his side when Dusan's spirit exits his wasted body.

We had talked with Bia earlier in the week. Dusan is unable to communicate with us, but Bia is quite clear.

'We want things simple, no embalming or fancy coffin.'

A friend has crafted a handsome casket with less than a day's notice. Dusan will be buried in this plain pine box in the red dirt of the graveyard at the St. Herman of Alaska Serbian Orthodox monastery in Platina, near California's Trinity Alps. He had yearned to be there in life, now he is at the monastery in death.

Dusan studied to become a priest but his real calling was as a monk, living a simple life devoting himself to God. The materialist society he found in the United States pained him. Dusan asked his wife to become a nun since he would have to leave her to enter St. Herman's. Bia felt her husband's longing, but said simply 'That is not my path.'

In passionate tones, Dusan would exhort us to live a spiritual life. Bia translated, since Dusan never mastered English.

As my car idles in San Francisco rush hour traffic,

I begin to recognize the enormity of the task that Siobhan and I volunteered to undertake. I want to be of service but feel woefully unprepared. Siobhan continues to read from Nancy Poer's book, noting what must be done immediately.

She calls Bia, telling her to close Dusan's eyes and mouth. Siobhan suggests that Bia remain with her husband until we arrive, as his spirit will be hovering near the discarded physical body. It may take several hours for us to get back home.

As we drive, we discuss what we will need to do. Neither of us has ever prepared a body after death; *Living into Dying* is our guide. At the moment, I'm too jittery to think clearly or ask for spiritual help.

Siobhan reads the pertinent sections, her voice quavering. She looks up.

'I've never been near death before,' she says softly.

I have seen both the dead and the dying but that provides no self confidence about actually handling a corpse. Somehow, we will have to muddle through this.

'Let's make a list,' I suggest. 'It will take awhile to get back and we should figure out what we need.'

It's 9 PM when we arrive at the house. Bia greets us at the door. Her weary face, etched with sorrow, brightens as we walk in. Her sense of relief is palpable. I know there is no backing out. We have a sacred task to perform.

The house is quiet as we walk towards the guest bedroom. Siobhan clasps *Living into Dying* in her hand. This will be our guidebook into what, for us, is unexplored territory.

The air is motionless, warm and strong with the scent of illness. Classical music floats softly through the thick air, like seaweed swaying in the calm ocean waters beyond the breakers. A honey-hued beeswax candle flickers on the nightstand, surrounded by small gold tinted print icons of the Virgin and baby Jesus. Siobhan and I stand transfixed, staring at the stern hospital bed, past

the gleaming steel rails. Dusan lays there, vacant eyes staring into infinite space, placid now. I nearly laugh; the sash from his charcoal and blue plaid robe is looped under his chin and tied in a large knot atop his head. He looks like a man with a bad toothache.

For a moment, I regret volunteering. What seemed like a noble deed now appears foolhardy as I stare at Dusan's waxen face. My brain seems empty; my will forces have retreated. I have no idea what to do. I feel like a schoolgirl who's forgotten her lines in the class play.

I force myself to turn away from my fears and focus on Bia. I sense her sorrow and relief. She stands beside us, her back erect, shoulders folding forward. Her strawberry blonde hair is pulled back; a lavender band secures the wavy locks at the nape of her neck. We hug.

'He's finally at peace,' murmurs Bia.

We look at Dusan—his bony yellowish hands are folded over his heart, a wooden cross rests on the pillow above his head. The final stages of liver cancer ravaged his once healthy body—robbing him of hunger, clear thinking, strength and finally of life itself.

Bia hands us the protective gowns provided by hospice – thin lemon yellow tissue with ties at the neck and waist – and leaves the room. Siobhan slips the nearly transparent gown over her clothes – persimmon top and cerulean blue boating pants with white trim. We push our nervous hands into ivory rubber gloves, wriggling each finger into the reluctant tubes.

I examine Dusan's motionless face. I see two weeks worth of beard; evidence of fading strength. Dusan was clean shaven in life; he should be so in death. Siobhan gingerly holds a thrumming electric razor against his sunken cheek. The spinning blades clog quickly. It's like trying to cut down a forest with nail clippers. We decide to wait for Gregory, her husband, to shave Dusan's face.

Overwhelmed by anxiety, I have difficulty staying in the moment. I imagine Dusan's spirit nearby. Is he grateful for our service, however inept?

I start praying out loud. 'Lord Jesus Christ, Son

of the Father, send now thy spirit over the earth.' This focuses me; every aspect of my being becomes intent on the work at hand. Siobhan recites the Lord's Prayer with me. I go through the entire prayer sequence, then say the *Hail Mary's* in Latin. We are doing spiritual service. An amethyst-hued glow infuses the region of my sacred heart. Invisible hands clasp my shoulders, radiating strength. I am at peace.

We wash the body, swabbing gently at the still-warm flesh with washcloths soaked in lemon and clary sage soap-infused water.

Gregory arrives and shaves Dusan with the practiced air of an experienced barber. His calm self-confidence is contagious. Siobhan and I relax.

Now Dusan is clean and ready to be dressed. First we will anoint him. I find a bottle of Rose Aurum oil in my bathroom. Gently we spread a thin film of the fragrant oil over the body. I am a holy woman, anointing the body of the crucified Jesus.

The experience of caring for Dusan's body is a roller coaster ride of emotions. I must keep reminding myself that we are performing a sacred service. Yet each time I pray and reach out for spiritual help it is there. I imagine Dusan, wrapped in his guardian angel's protective embrace, watching the proceedings with amusement and gratitude.

We lay out Dusan's black Sunday clothes. We cannot get the long-sleeved shirt over Dusan's stiff folded arms. Compelled by necessity, I climbed onto the bed, tugged Dusan's arms forward, pulling the torso up off the mattress. His head lolls back.

'Good thing I'm not running for political office,' I joke, 'Can you imagine trying to explain a photograph of me in this position?' We roar. Our laughter is like a valve—allowing pent-up emotion to dissipate.

Gregory and Siobhan push the sleeves over Dusan's slightly crooked arms and pull the shirt up so the collar rests against his neck. Finally, the job is finished. Dusan looks dignified and peaceful, ready to preside over Sunday service.

Siobhan frets that Bia will have been hurt by our outbursts of laughter, and finds her sitting on the

deck. Bia reassures Siobhan that Dusan's spirit was probably chortling along with us.

'He would have enjoyed your laughter.'

Now we must move Dusan. Carefully, we slide his body towards the edge of the bed and position ourselves to lift Dusan and carry him to the casket in the living room. We struggle, unable to properly balance the body.

'Wait,' I say, 'I'll get my son to help.'

Phillipe, on the cusp of adulthood at nearly 18, has been steering clear of Dusan and his terminal illness. He avoided looking into the guest room where Dusan lay dying. Now he must face death square on.

Phillipe strides into the room, gives all of us a pained look that says, 'You adults are so incompetent; it's a good thing that I'm here.'

He lifts Dusan's shoulders and cradles his head against his torso as we shuffle towards the casket. We lower the body into the pine box and arrange Dusan's corpse in a peaceful pose.

Bia enters the room. She looks down at her husband, a slight smile on her face. She places a cross under his folded hands and small icons atop the pillow under his head.

'It is good. Thank you,' she says quietly.

Our task is complete. Through community and prayer we have received help from the spiritual world. With humor and love we overcame our anxiety and inexperience. We have been of service to our beloved friends and privileged to share in a sacred event.

Shortly after her husband's death, Bia discovers that the constant abdominal pain she silently suffered for several weeks is due to three large tumors. She was an angel of devotion for Dusan, now she needs her own angel to comfort and strengthen her. She decides to return to her native Serbia for medical treatment and to be in the embrace of her family.

I remember Bia's gentle generosity, her melodic laugh, and her dedication to her husband. She was by his side during his last days when he was awake throughout the night—struggling with fear of death and the regrets of a lifetime. Bia, the

faithful midwife, comforted Dusan as his spirit and soul slowly separated from his deteriorating physical body. Bia smiled through her own physical and emotional pain, never wanting to burden her husband or her friends.

In Serbia, Bia discovers that her condition is untreatable – too far advanced – but she says nothing. During our weekly phone calls she strives to be cheerful, even when there is nothing positive to report. The most she says is, 'You wouldn't recognize me, I'm down to 43 kg (90 lbs) but I was able to eat today and I'm taking herbs.' Despite her suffering and despair, Bia isn't a victim but an angel who treads upon the earth, a shining example of how to live one's life in service to others and the embodiment of truth, beauty and goodness.

Bia departed from this world on August 11, 2008. Yet I still feel her presence, and that of Dusan, from beyond the earthly plane.

I look at their photo sitting on my desk. It was taken last year and shows the smiling couple in the prime of their lives—Bia just 42, Dusan barely 50.

As I regard their bright faces, I can hardly recall Dusan in death—the waxen yellow face or the bony fingers clasped around a crucifix. I don't think of Bia's emaciated, pain-riddled body. I realize I am left with more than memories or pleasant photos. The connection I have with my friends transcends earthly boundaries. I see the light and feel the warmth that emanates through them from the spiritual world.

Bia and Dusan are still alive for me—not because I have denied the death of their physical bodies but because I can sense their eternal selves. They touched me on a deep level. In life, they embodied spousal devotion and spiritual commitment and brought warmth, love and kindness to our household. In death, they bless us from above.

Daily, I pray for Bia and Dusan. This provides satisfaction and peace. I feel the love of their soaring spirits; their gift from the world of spirit.

Note: *Living into Dying* is published by White Feather Publishing Company ([whitefeather@directcon.net](mailto:whitefeather@directcon.net)) and is available through the bookstore at Rudolf Steiner College ([bookstore@steinercollege.edu](mailto:bookstore@steinercollege.edu)) or through White Feather.



## UNDERSTANDING FINDHORN

Charles Lawrie

*'I shall be as the dew unto Israel' (Hosea 14:5)*

From its beginning on a derelict caravan site by the shores of Scotland's Moray Firth in November 1962, the culture of meditation underlay the foundation of Findhorn, united with the will to serve the insight so gained in practical deeds. Those who grouped to form the core community showed a clear orientation to thinking (Dorothy Maclean), to feeling (Eileen Caddy) and to willing (Peter Caddy). Through their moral human ripening, these soul capacities were gradually transformed into qualities of spiritual imagination, inspiration and intuition.

When David Spangler joined Findhorn between 1970-73, it was as if the true self who united these three in conscious harmony became more present and active. He expressed two key conceptions or laws of functioning which continue to voice the essence of the community today: *attunement* and *manifestation*. Attunement concerned a process of stilling the mind and emotions to reach a deeper level of harmony with the moral universe within the human psyche. Through the art of attunement one could become musical with a higher identity, at a higher scale or octave of being, and consequently become a centre for manifestation, the law of evolution from within—out of union with the Being of Evolution.

Thus while Dorothy gradually reached to the Landscape Angel and the Angel of Findhorn in her consciousness – no less than to the beings of the species who inhere the individual plant, tree, mineral and animal – David attuned to the inspiring Source of the whole community-enterprise of Findhorn, for which Peter, Eileen and Dorothy's long training had prepared them ... connected with the Presence of Limitless Love and Truth—an aspect of the Being of the Etheric Christ ... David was constantly active with the others to secure the right equilibrium of individual and community life-forms within the vital expansion which greeted Findhorn's second seven years.

While the sanctuary formed the space in which the meditative focus of the individual and community could be exercised and shared, the garden, the land, the seashore, the workshops, cabins, caravans and universal hall formed the room for expression. A law beloved of Peter Caddy concerned: 'Be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect'. Findhorn sought to practice this law of wholeness, of self-completing initiative, in a wide range of functions—right down to the folding of the newsletter, the art of photographic presentation, the energising of the compost and the care of tools. Spirit was made to penetrate the deeds, so that they stood wholesome and pure.

It is not surprising that this methodic style excited many Americans to its company, for it is a style of true American being to penetrate the material with spirit, to revel in the free mastery of the self, to exercise Being. This is likewise a love of European spirits—in company.

Who can forget the three-fold pledge the founding fathers (and mothers?) of the United States made to each other in their Declaration of Independence? When the 200th Anniversary of this founding-deed of the community of the Western World rang its rhythmic potential anew in 1976, I was in the US, visiting. Long I sought for a statement, a deed commensurate with that potential. In downtown Austin, we celebrated with music, eurythmy, conversation and B-D tomatoes! Wet weather bedraggled the colourful 'Stars and Stripes' hanging from the flagpoles of the wooden houses by the sidewalks. In New York harbour, the great ships sailed through in their splendour. Fireworks shone. Archibald Macleish, as Poet Laureate, tried to utter an appropriate work. Uncle Sam dispensed popcorn in the streets of San Antonio to the drums and pipes of a marching band. Presidents and politicians spoke up. It was all to no avail. I had to judge: no-one here really knows what the spiritual continuity of the Declaration of Independence invites and means today.

The question lingered, and at last, answer came. It was David Spangler's little article in Findhorn's 'One Earth' magazine (issue 2, 1976) entitled: '1776: Mirror of a New Age'. It voiced the knowing my heart was seeking. I had to acclaim him as a representative of America (just as Krishnamurti was a true representative of India). Affirmation of this view came in a later dream. Its detail I shall not recount, but share the conclusion: from a various, serious company, David Spangler rose, lifting a trumpet-trombone, and began playing music of cosmic impact and dynamism. Beside the soul-stirring majesty of the Michaelic music pouring through, a voice spoke clearly: '...the American trumpeter.'

Yes, David Spangler is a genuine herald of the New Age. To walk in his company is to experience the life-regenerating power of the Etheric Christ, whose being he learned to perceive from quite an early age.

David Spangler was born, I have been told, premature, and if so, like St. Paul had a special etheric openness to the etheric universe through this fact. His early spiritual experiences point to this. To Paul Hawken (*The Magic of Findhorn*, p.186), he recounted:

... I remember when I was seven looking out of the back window of the car, and the next moment, the car and my body and everything around me was inside me. That state then changed into another which had no visual Impression to it—it was a sense of total identification with everything in the Universe. David Spangler ceased to exist: an entirely different consciousness took over. In that moment I knew who I was. I had a sense of the eternality of my existence, the fact that I was everything else as well. There was no limit to my identity; both the stars and the grass were me. It was one of those very cosmic experiences; it may not have lasted very long, but it had a tremendous impact. I didn't talk about it, but it completely altered my frame of reference. It was an experience of waking up. I couldn't translate it into my seven-year-old consciousness easily. And from that point on,

I have had a sense of being in two different dimensions simultaneously, of being in this one... and another one.

Anyone who recalls the manner of self-perception which announces itself with the first conscious memory, can observe elements which this experience (at a later age) unfolds more fully. It is an experience of living in the unity of the etheric Universe, which a poet like Christian Morgenstern could communicate in riper years (c.1897):

## EINS UND ALLES

Meine Liebe ist gross  
wie die weite Welt,  
und nichts ist außer ihr  
wie die Sonne alles  
erwärmt, erhellt  
so tut sie der Welt von mir!

Da ist kein Gras,  
da ist kein Stein,  
darin meine Liebe nicht war...

Meine Liebe is weit  
wie die Seele mein,  
alle Dinge ruhen in ihr,  
Sie alle, alle,  
bin ich allein,  
und nichts ist außer mir!

'Gedichte' Piper Verlag 1961

My love is great  
as the whole world,  
And nothing is beyond it;  
As the sun bestows  
light and warmth on all,  
So it does upon my world!  
There is no grass,  
There is no stone  
in which my love is not.  
My love is as wide  
as my soul,  
All things rest in her;  
All of them, all—  
I am alone,  
And nothing is beyond me!

David Spangler was born in the aptly named Columbus, Ohio, on January 7 1945. From age 6-13, he lived with his American family in Morocco, where his father worked for the U.S. Government. Returning to High School and College in the USA, he studied natural science and genetics at the University of Arizona. He recalled

While I was in College I discovered that the natural processes of mental expansion due to the intellectual exercise of my studies was bringing my conscious mind into a new and clearer alignment with this other, more transcendental process. Over a period of time, I realised I could become inwardly still and establish a flow of communication with a different level of my identity... Through this more precise contact, I began to inwardly discern processes taking place in our world of a transformative nature, and became aware of a planetary presence, a new consciousness or life-energy, a Spirit of a New Age, seeking to externalize itself through humanity.

(*Revelation 1976*, Rainbow Bridge, p46).

He was learning the art of meditation, of communion with the spiritual world, and through this activity, the perception of the New Age began to dawn in him, in the early 1960's.

Aged 20 in 1965, David Spangler set out to share his developing awareness with others, teaming up in an educational initiative with Myrtle Glines: 'a professional human relations counsellor and an accomplished lecturer'. She helped him understand his personality, while he helped her towards the new perspectives which his individuality was attaining.

Yet he felt inadequacy in this work. Was there not a fuller way to realize the life-potential of the Being of the New Age than by writing and speaking? Answer came. In 1969, when Findhorn was nearly seven years old, a copy of *The Findhorn Garden* (1968) came into his hands with a telling foreword by a pioneer of adult education in England: Sir George Trevelyan. Wrote David:

In the light of past experience, I was immediately struck with the importance of

this experiment in the co-operation between the kingdoms of nature and of the community behind it. Here seemed to be proof that the New Age and the spiritual principles which express it are not simply nice abstractions for meditation. Here was living, practical demonstration that lifted the concept of the New Age beyond the level of debate and discussion, giving it a powerful, creative reality. It immediately strengthened the work I was doing, for I could see a more positive and encouraged attitude arising in the people with whom I worked as we discussed Findhorn and its implications. Yet there was so little we really knew about Findhorn...

In June 1970 David Spangler and Myrtle Clines visited Findhorn. They met the Caddies and their three sons. 'By their fruits ye shall know them'—but also by their cabbages! In a recent radio interview, Christopher Caddy, oldest son of the family and now a plastic surgeon, recalled how for him at that time, 'it was normal that cabbages should weigh 40 lbs.', and that 'Mums should sit in the public toilet in the middle of the night' (the only place where Eileen could find sufficient quiet from her caravan family, and meditate for guidance). In *The Vision of Findhorn Anthology* (1976) David recounted:

Literally within hours I knew that I had arrived in a place manifesting the most powerful vibrations of new direction and creativity that I had ever experienced, vibrations that were anchored and balanced in a most practical fashion. Here was living proof of communication with other realms of life. Here, too, was proof of the presence of God as a living, guiding, reality; the power and vibration, the beauty and growing balance of the community were too tremendous to be denied or explained away as some kind of psychic manifestation. Here was a demonstration of a new way: man worshipping God, the beloved, by joining in creative partnership and oneness with Him and working to build a bit of heaven on earth for His glory and the upliftment of all. The five-day visit became a five-month stay, during which time the realization of

the significance and value of this community continued to grow in my consciousness.

For Dorothy, Canadian-born free spirit who was truly able to experience the spiritual presence of the species, the higher Beings of nature, and so help Peter with his gardening work; for Eileen whose selfless listening in her heart to the Word of the spirit became a source of guidance for the community; for Peter with his intrepid readiness to carry out whatever guidance made clear, and whose will was schooled to perceive the path of Right Action—David's contribution proved a turning-point in Findhorn's evolution.

Between July 31st and September 3rd 1970, within the meditative community of Findhorn, David Spangler was able to communicate in idea and word, seven great 'inspirations' of the Presence of Limitless Love and Truth. The event of these seven 'revelations' represented a baptism of the Findhorn community. Concomitant with this baptism in the soul-sphere, a dynamic expansion took place in the life and work of the community. When Myrtle and David finally left for America in 1973, it had grown from some 12 members to over 150. Findhorn was on its way—and it began to share its impulse far and wide.

At Acacia House in London c.1972, the Findhorn community came south to present their impulse in public. I went to test it for myself. Having read *Revelation: the Birth of the New Age* (1970) by David Spangler, I wanted to contribute to his concept of the function of the Anthroposophical Society, to which he had referred accurately, but incompletely:

On the esoteric side, there has been the release of information and concepts held confidential for centuries within select occult groups. This general release to the lay public of the mystery teachings has come through such avenues as the Theosophical Society, the Anthroposophical Society, New Thought movement and others.

Spangler was speaking from the platform as I entered. The large audience was attentive. He was describing with some love the room in which we

were seated. He spoke gradually, at ease, good-humoured, alert. A slide-show was to follow. Spangler worked the projector capably, and pictures of Findhorn life merged and emerged in metamorphic sequence. Now it was over. Peter Caddy walked briskly forward, and bent to some flex-wires in front of the stage. I waited. Suddenly I felt a life-filled spiritual presence behind me and passing to my right. The thought flashed in my consciousness: 'The Waterman is walking past me'. I looked right. A figure passed. It was David Spangler. He walked over to Peter Caddy and put his hand on his shoulder with what I could only feel as all-permeating gentle love. Yes, I could say to myself, they really do live what they say.

Years later I met Eileen Caddy at a crucial time in her life. Peter had parted from her, but through her pain, she had learned the value of unconditional love. So she made herself accessible at the Findhorn corner at the Body, Mind, and Spirit Festival at Olympia (London), seated quietly in a floral green armchair, for those who wanted a word. She seemed immensely vulnerable, for her suffering had been great—but the suffering was already transmuting into truly human love. Again I felt the human dignity of this generous and courageous woman, without whose unquestioning obedience to the spirit, Findhorn could not have been born.

What then is the essence of Findhorn and its inspiration? I can give one small part of a reply. My friend Robert Powell opened a door when he advised me to consider the Findhorn Foundation as a kind of modern metamorphosis of the Society of King Arthur, whose members sometimes gathered on the Western British shores.

There is truth in this view. Findhorn was founded on Eileen's communion with the spiritual world, which began for her in a small meditation sanctuary in the little town of Glastonbury in 1953 at the age of 36, when she heard in her heart (as in Psalm 46:10) 'Be still and know that I am God'. In Glastonbury in 1190, the reputed tomb of King Arthur and Queen Guinevere was discovered, putting an end to the legend of Arthur's return. But just as the higher graduates of the late Hibernian mystery school of the Arthur centres used to commune with the

spiritual beings of Nature—so Dorothy Maclean, her colleague R. Ogilvie Crombie and sometimes Peter Caddy learned to perceive and commune with different levels of beings working in the flow of the ethers, in the interweaving of living Nature. Sir George Trevelyan, meanwhile, who was focal in Findhorn's public recognition and who once embodied the soul of New Age culture as this tends to expression in England's West country, has stood, as he himself acknowledged, like a latterday Arthur in the community of Britain, lifting the sword of living thinking from the dark stone of the physical man, and wielding it with energy and enthusiasm for a new human ideal, for the Christification of the earth. Then there is David Spangler – a new troubadour – who has stood by, ready to hymn the melodies of the New Age in conscious manifestation of the new Etheric Christianity. These are the brave founders of Findhorn—and their deeds can nourish us all, even if more modest achievements followed and unfold today.

From small beginnings, great things can grow—if they are nourished by the sap of the Tree of Life. Tolkien's work was nourished from this source. Anthroposophia may also be envisaged as the Tree of Life—and now is the New Age for its fuller unfolding. Friendship enduring, but honest; this we should aspire to in the dawn of the New Age, for all the winter shadows which yet deepen and surround.

### *Postscript*

It was encouraging to find confirmation of the main directions of this essay (completed November 23, 1993) in Peter Caddy's *In Perfect Timing—Memoirs of a Man for the New Millennium* (Findhorn 1996).

The 'perfect 'timing' of Findhorn's birth appears in direct demonstration of the culmination – i.e. the last three years – of the second 33 1/3 year rhythm of Christ's renewed Ether-Presence in the 20th century (cf. *Chronicle of the Living Christ* by Robert Powell, Anthroposophic Press, 1996, p421): namely between October 27, 1962 and May 9, 1966. Peter drove on to the Findhorn Caravan Park on November 17, 1962. Students of Findhorn have observed this relationship to the Second Coming in the ethers of the place and in the ethos of the

community, wherever it spread abroad in the world (especially in those early years). Eileen's guidance of July 18, 1973 confirms this:

This is the Cosmic Christ Energy which has been released here. Now it is a question of learning how to handle this tremendous Love Energy with great wisdom and understanding. It is all happening, but imperceptibly, like a rosebud.

The Christian Rosicrucian inspiration of Findhorn is confirmed, not only by Peter's preparatory training with a gifted Rosicrucian teacher, Dr. Sullivan, but factually by the independent views of a number including Eileen, Naomi, Liebie, Peter, R. Ogilvie Crombie and David Spangler. They recognized the inspiring influence of the Master of Civilization known as 'St. Germain' (from an earlier time), through whose suggestions and advice 'the whole operation was being guided' (Peter Caddy). Clearest testimony to this comes from David Spangler in the late 1970's or early 80's:

When I was in the U.S. in 1969 or 1970, I was told inwardly that the next step in my own work was to travel to Europe and find a centre there that was carrying on the Rosicrucian tradition (or more accurately the inner Spirit of the Rosicrucian Order) in a new way. I thought, I would be looking for a place in Switzerland or Germany, and half expected it would be at Steiner's headquarters. Yet when I arrived at Findhorn, I knew immediately that it was the place I had been told about, because I recognized the inner signs that I had been told to look for. So for me, I always saw, and continue to see, Findhorn as a new centre of that particular Spirit that gave birth to the Rosicrucian Order and its tradition.

The trained physicist R. Ogilvie Crombie, whose spiritual vision of Nature opened strongly in Edinburgh Royal Botanic Gardens in March 1966 – and who visited Findhorn for the first time at Easter that year (April 8-10) – wrote afterwards to the founders: 'There is such a sense of being close to the presence of God which is very wonderful, and I thank you all for the wonderful experience.' Eileen's guidance concerning his consequent

service to Findhorn was: ‘Ogilvie’s work is to spotlight the evil, the darkness and to vanquish it.’ This somewhat Arthurian characterization accords with Peter Caddy’s words to Sir George Trevelyan following the latter’s first visit to Findhorn in April 1968: ‘I shared with Sir George a vision that Eileen had of him on a white horse, clad in armour with a sword in his hand.’ This vision can be interpreted on more than one level. According to Peter also: ‘Eileen had always seen David as a happy troubadour!’ (In 1995, David

wrote, ‘When I was eight years old, my father gave me a book called *The Adventures of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table*, and of its influence on his imagination). But let us close with Peter Caddy’s own insightful conclusion:

Findhorn could be seen as a community, as a spiritual community, as a University of Light, as a Mystery School. It was often a mystery how it worked, but it did! I feel above all that it was a graveyard of egos.

*A Postcard from Rudolf Steiner \**

King Arthur’s Castle Hotel  
Tintagel, Cornwall  
Sunday August 17 1924 PM

My dear Herr Steffen,

*From eloquent castle-ruins do we come.  
Here sat once the demon-vanquishers of old  
Strengthening the leader’s force through the starry twelve.  
The castles lie in ruins.  
The astral morale has gone dumb.  
But spirit-power quickens round the crag  
And soul-forming-power storms from the sea.  
Magically changing, light and airs here wrestle  
Piercing the soul to its depths even today  
After 3000 years—  
And from the elements’ rememberings  
We send you, in constant regard,  
With heart’s warmth, loving greetings.*

—Rudolf Steiner

Who then handed the card round to be signed by:

Dr. Ita Wegman, Marie Steiner, Dr. E. Vreede, Guenther Wachsmuth, M.  
Walter Pyle, Eleanor C. Merry, W. Scott-Pyle, Marina Pease, Mabel Cotterell,  
D.N. Dunlop and Annie Viehoff.

\*Translation by Charles Lawrie © 2002

## TRIBUTE TO A PRIEST AND POET

*Andrew Elliott*

January 3, 2009

—The first anniversary of John O'Donohue's death

Some days, some weeks, the world seems to have dimmed to black and white, then gray. I carry on, do good or fail to do so, pray or forget to pray, ask for redemption and homecoming, yet with dry words, not pleas, and not on my knees.

Then, unexpected, a soft wash of living color breaks though. It could be a bird, fluttering her wings to bathe in an alley puddle, an infant's gaze in the checkout line, a dog's sweet urging to play, or, if my soul is quiet, poetry.

Some years back, by a gift from a dear friend, I encountered a recorded series on Celtic spirituality, by Irish former priest and poet, John O'Donohue. As I listened to John's lyrical Gaelic-toned brogue, for a time the grayness vanished, my poet soul awoke and I saw again with an angel's eyes. I loved the human and mundane again.

Yet, as ever, the tide of routine rose again, and again I forgot.

Years later, on a blustery fall night along the Oregon coast, traveling to a men's group retreat weekend, the same friend suggested we stop in to say hello to John, who was leading a retreat at a nearby inn. I was carrying my copy of *Meditations on the Tarot*, and knew instantly that I must give my copy to John. Since John was in the midst of a talk, I was only able to leave it for him, accompanied by a note from this 'unknown friend.'

Within two months, this dear man, whom poet David Whyte described as 'a love-letter to humanity from some address in the firmament we have yet to find and locate,' was dead. John had walked on the earth for 52 years. Not time enough. Amidst my great sorrow, I wondered if John had ever received the book and made the connection to another unknown friend.

Around the world, memorials were organized to celebrate John's life. My friend and I were

already scheduled to attend a seminar, at St. Mary's Episcopal Church in Portland, on the divine feminine in Celtic spirituality. At a 'chance meeting' over lunch we met a close friend of John's who had been with him that stormy night on the Oregon coast. I asked her if she might know if he had received the book. Her eyes widened and she said 'yes!' he had, and that he was ever so grateful. Tears came to my eyes knowing that two unknown friends had 'met' over our wonderful *Meditations on the Tarot*. That Saturday night we dedicated our songs, our stories, our dance and our tears to John.

Gareth Higgins, reflecting on John's blessing in his life, said 'In his activism, as well as his writing and speaking, and most of all, in his life, he wanted people to have shelter from the storms their lives would bring; when I once told him of my own struggles with serious depression and anxiety he clapped his hands together in a gesture of defiance and almost shouted at me: 'May those devils stay far from your door and NEVER TOUCH YOU AGAIN. You are worth far more than you think.' His presence in my life made me believe it.'

John, in the tradition of the ancient Celtic Christian saints – Patrick, Columba, Bridgid and all – wedded the spirituality of love and grace for ourselves and our fellow travelers, with a deep caring for the environment. He helped to prevent the corporate 'despoilment of the Burren, one of Ireland's most stunning natural landscapes. He put his reputation on the line to save something worth preserving, even being prepared to go to prison to do so.'

Those who know John's work will agree with Gareth's appraisal that 'he had a way with words that made you feel whole again. He created a space with language that ... felt like the home you never knew you were missing, but now never wanted to leave.'

John's life was and is a profound gift to me. I want to pass along this gift to anyone called to Christ and Sophia. He is a kindred soul. I urge you to look at his website – [www.jodonoehue.com](http://www.jodonoehue.com) – to find access to the treasures he left us, treatises on beauty and blessing, prayer and true purpose.

I leave you with this blessing from his CD set, *Beauty; The Invisible Embrace* (SoundsTrue, Boulder, CO).

### *A Blessing for Beauty*

May the beauty of your life become more visible to you, that you may glimpse your wild divinity.

May the wonders of the earth call you forth from all your small, secret prisons and set your feet free in the pastures of possibilities.

May the light of dawn anoint your eyes that you may behold what a miracle a day is.

May the liturgy of twilight shelter all your fears and darkness within the circle of ease.

May the angel of memory surprise you in bleak times with new gifts from the harvest of your vanished days.

May you allow no dark hand to quench the candle of hope in your heart.

May you discover a new generosity towards yourself, and encourage yourself to engage your life as a great adventure.

May the outside voices of fear and despair find no echo in you.

May you always trust the urgency and wisdom of your own spirit.

May the shelter and nourishment of all the good you have done, the love you have shown, the suffering you have carried, awaken around you to bless your life a thousand times.

And when love finds the path to your door may you open like the earth to the dawn, and trust your every hidden color towards its nourishment of light.

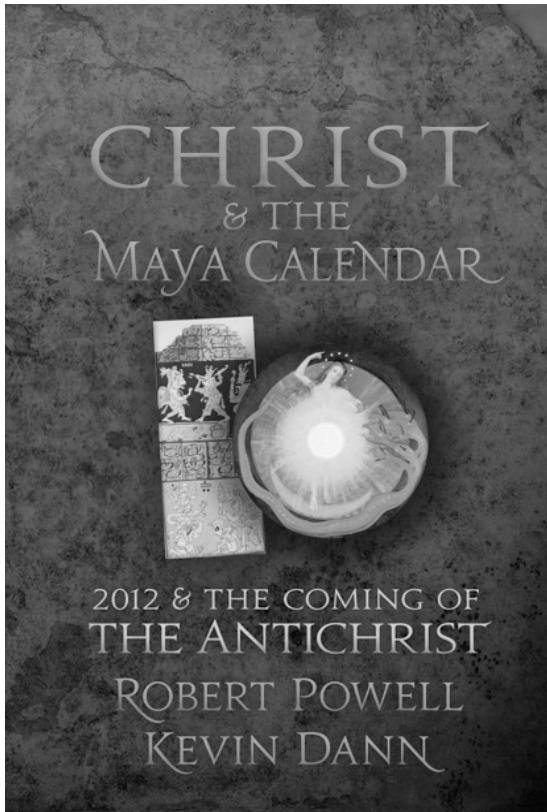
May you find enough stillness and silence to savor the kiss of God on your soul and delight in the eternity that shaped you, that holds you and calls you.

And may you know that despite confusion, anxiety and emptiness, your name is written in Heaven.

And may you come to see your life as a quiet sacrament of service, which awakens around you a rhythm where doubt gives way to the grace of wonder, where what is awkward and strained can find elegance, and where crippled hope can find wings, and torment enter at last unto the grace of serenity.

May Divine Beauty bless you.





Dear Sophia Friends,

Robert Powell and I have recently published *Christ and the Maya Calendar: 2012 and the Coming of the Antichrist* (Lindisfarne/Steiner Books), and hope that you will join us in inviting friends and neighbors to read the book, which had its birth in April 2008 in a workshop at the ancient Maya site of Tulum in Mexico.

There are brief excerpts of the book at:  
<http://www.realitysandwich.com/blog/kdann>

There is also a general description of the book here:  
[http://www.evolver.net/user/kevin\\_dann/blog/christ\\_and\\_maya\\_calendar\\_2012\\_and\\_coming\\_antichrist](http://www.evolver.net/user/kevin_dann/blog/christ_and_maya_calendar_2012_and_coming_antichrist)

For a review by Vitalis, go to: <[http://www.thenetworkm.net/core/component/option,com\\_comprofiler/task,userProfile/user,468/](http://www.thenetworkm.net/core/component/option,com_comprofiler/task,userProfile/user,468/)>

You can order the book from Steiner Books: <http://www.steinerbooks.org/detail.html?id=9781584200710>  
or from Amazon:  
<http://www.amazon.com/Christ-Maya-Calendar-Robert-Powell/dp/1584200715>

Robert and I are hoping that we will find a wide readership for our research, and appreciate any ideas you might have to help us get the word out. One simple but very effective way to help: write a brief review on the Amazon site for the book.

Best wishes,  
Kevin

## SOPHIA GRAIL CIRCLE

*Dear Community,*

*I am addressing this to you anonymously, and I have an experience to share with you, with the hope that it inspires you.*

I was speaking part of the text for the Celebration of Sophia. I was in a very deep space and I was very familiar with the words I was speaking, having worked extensively with them. They were living in me.

As I stood to speak, I felt firmly in the vertical dimension. It was very different, however, this time. Often in these Sophia Grail Circles I feel firmly held in the vertical, which, I learned after several such experiences, was due to being in the presence

of an Archangel. I recount this with reverence and great awe. In my experience, being united with an Archangel usually feels like an external force is acting upon (with) me, and there is a profound holding – a lack of movement – in this experience of verticality. And my breathing usually changes. It seems as if I am being breathed, or perhaps it is more accurate to say I enter a stream that reorients my *being* in space and time such that inner and outer, above and below, begin to harmonize.

This recent experience, however, was different. The rootedness of my legs and feet deep into the earth caused my Self to experience great height and pillar-like fortitude. The force seemed to come from within rather than without. And there was such incredible stillness that I could barely speak. Perhaps it is more true to say my speaking was so fully formed from stillness that the words came very, very slowly, yet effortlessly.

The periphery of the circle – behind each of us and beyond – was very dark. In fact it was pitch black and was of immense power. This powerful force wove Grace in between each of us, carefully, but intentionally. It did not come into the circle very far, but remained mostly behind and between, as far as I could tell.

In the circle there was some light from the candles. Much of the time I saw and felt people fidgeting here and there around the circle. And then I noticed flashes of lightning! Flashes of lightning lit up different people at different times. There would be two, three, or four people at a time brilliantly illuminated by the lightning, in no apparent order. The contrast between the very dark periphery and the blinding flashes of lightning was extraordinary, to say the least.

Due to the fidgeting I wanted to speak more quickly, but it was not to be.

When I finally finished speaking, it took a moment for my personal will to activate so I could come out of the pillar-like experience and sit down. (I didn't want to give it up.)

A while afterward I briefly shared with Robert that this was much more than an experience of the deep heart, but one of what seemed like Primal Life Will, and through this Primal Life Will Her, Sophia's, Grace was weaving powerfully the circle of us.

When I have experiences through what the Sophia Grail Circles facilitate, I usually do not come to understand them for years. It is often the teaching of Valentin Tomberg that reveal the truths behind my experiences, for instance in the Our Father Course/Our Mother Course. In this case, however, the truths of this experience appeared in *Starlight*,

Fall 2008, in the pages containing Valentin Tomberg's notes titled *The Spiritual Hierarchies*. In these notes, which are a most amazing sharing of the higher truths of existence (in part because they are so very specific) Valentin Tomberg elaborates the activity of the Spiritual Hierarchies, and his elaboration validated and explained my experiences in a beautiful, meaningful way.

In the last paragraph of page 9, for example, he writes that the highest concept of will-power is that of immobility: 'To stand in the Temple as a column without moving.' These columns or pillars of existence he calls the *Thrones*, and he refers to this experience as one of a 'self-contained force unsupported by anything outside our being.' This is a very clear and articulate way of describing my experience.

One more description Valentin Tomberg gives that so beautifully validates my experience is that between the cosmic inhalation of the Cherubim, the Spirits of Harmony, and the cosmic exhalation of the Seraphim, the Spirits of Love, there is the 'holding of the breath, which may be likened to the activity of the Thrones.' And a few lines later, '...the Thrones (are) the primal Power of Will.'

I was comforted to have read these newly published notes from Valentin Tomberg, which put my head to rest in one respect—I stopped doubting the truth of my experience. In addition, I am invigorated by the truth of the activity of the Spiritual Hierarchies in our Sophia Grail Circles!

This experience was part of a greater experience of a community striving in the names of Christ and Sophia. In the transition from the depth of this community experience to my daily life, I was able to maintain an elevated state of consciousness for a few weeks. It was actually more than an elevated state of consciousness—it was an elevated state of *being*. Gradually, through work, teenagers, driving, etc., the blessing of this elevated state of *being* proved difficult to maintain.

However, something remained. By Divine Grace (and all of my past inner effort—*Ora et Labora*), and through the incredible service of the Great Teachers of Humanity, and through the activity

and community of John the Baptist, I have received a very special gift. I hope I can continue to deserve this blessing, and I am brought to words from the celebration of the Beatitudes, 'Fulfill your mission...' and 'To bring the future to realization, Christ sends the Holy Spirit, the Paraclete, the

Comforter, into human beings.'

So now I can live with the questions around my newly received gift—what is it? Why is it? And spend many more moments living it rather than trying to figure it out. Living it. Living it.....

*Thank you for receiving my sharing. May you be served by it, as I am served by sharing it with you.*

## CHOREOCOSMOS NEWS

This part of the newsletter is devoted to bringing news of the Choreocosmos School of Cosmic and Sacred Dance. For information concerning the 2009 Choreocosmos workshops in Europe and North America, please contact the administrative office of the Sophia Foundation, or see the Events Calendar on the Sophia Foundation web site: [www.sophiafoundation.org](http://www.sophiafoundation.org). See also the overview of the 2009 workshops given on pages 40-42 of this issue of *Starlight*.

## CHOREOCOSMOS WORKSHOP IN MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA DURING THE HOLY HIGHTS 2008/2009

*Lynne Klugman*

Our community here in Melbourne felt very blessed to have Robert bring his profound work to us in Australia. He was accompanied by his wife, Lacquanna Paul. A group of over forty people arrived to take part in the weekend workshop on the Signs of the Zodiac. On the Saturday evening we had a most profound meditation on the Twelve Holy Nights and the Zodiac Signs, accompanied by meditative verses (written specially by Robert) with piano music played by Marcus Cox (from our own community). This was a really remarkable event for those of us fortunate enough to experience it.

We had a group of about 25 people for the deepening of the work on the Signs of the Zodiac, from Monday through Thursday. That the initial registration number for this week doubled after people had experienced the weekend workshop is a testimony to how deeply this Sophia impulse touched people, answering a real hungering in our souls. The combination of Astronomy, Astrology and Eurythmy, along with the Sacred Dances,

offered us a living experience of the interface that can be possible between Science, Art and Religion. We were also deeply moved to experience the presence of Sophia as an Inspiring Being bringing ongoing revelation and support for our times.

On the Tuesday evening Robert presented a public lecture on the theme of the Maya Calendar. This was a true clarion call to our consciousness, not to sleep through the significant events of our times. Robert's description of the increased activity of the Etheric Christ, and the imminent incarnation of the Antichrist provided a sobering and challenging picture of where we stand today in relation to the mighty unfolding of cosmic and earthly relationships.

As a result of our deeply moving experience of the Sophia impulse and work, we met around a communal meal on the final evening to consider future possibilities. We felt that the work was too precious to be confined to a single workshop—we need to be able to continue it and to work together

on a regular basis. We therefore set a meeting of interested persons ten days later, gathering back at the Michael Centre, in the beautiful Movement Room which housed our Choreocosmos work.

At this next meeting, while no longer blessed by the physical presence of Robert and Lacquanna, we nonetheless felt that from a spiritual perspective they were with us. First we gathered in a circle to share the impressions of the workshop, which had been potent and life transforming. We also outlined our future work—to meet monthly around the first Saturday (whenever the Movement Room would be available) and weekly on Monday afternoons. We decided that on Saturdays we would meet for three hours so that we could study as well as dance together, and on Mondays we would dance for one and a half hours. Once this was in place we then began with the Virgo dance (in honour of Maria-Sophia), after we'd opened with expansion and contraction.

We were amazed by how much the memory of the group could collectively piece together, so that with the help of a couple of eurhythmists we were able to recreate many of the Zodiac dances and also engage in the Lord's Prayer and the AUM meditation. At the time of writing this report, since then we have met for one more Saturday gathering (in extreme heat) and four Monday afternoons. It feels as if the work is really establishing itself here in the 'South of the Earth'. At the end of our workshop Robert recited part of Valentin Tomberg's meditation on the Etheric Christ which begins... 'Christ is already here: from the South of the Earth waves are proceeding from Him across the world'... For us Southern Hemisphere dwellers this was a riveting moment, in which we could find a new relationship to our 'Southern' context.

Our work here has been enormously blessed by this most wonderful work. Whenever we meet, such as last night for our study of Karmic Relationships, we find that we're gaining new and living insights as a result of the Sophia impulse and the Choreocosmos work. One of our members turned seventy this week, and we celebrated her birthday prior to commencing our karmic studies. She had declared that 'her life was just beginning' as a result of the workshop with Robert Powell (during our communal meal). Now, some weeks later, that is still her experience, and it was wonderful to be with her and know what a gift this work really is, and that it is there for all ages—especially as a young man in his early twenties was also seated with us for the study, and he has had a similar experience to our (slightly!) older member.

The work has also given us a container in which to pour and explore our experiences of the bushfires during the past ten days. These fires have enormously impacted the soul of our community here in Victoria, as they have been unprecedented in the extent of their ferocity, destruction and loss of life. We have danced Choreocosmos for the healing of the land and its inhabitants, and now as we study together we're slowly beginning to gain some deeper insights into what this phenomenon of the fires might be bringing to us—certainly there is an element of trial, of awakening, purging, compassionate opening of our hearts and a great call to community.

We are deeply grateful to Robert and Lacquanna for having made their way to the South of the Earth, and also for making a commitment to return to us again. We are also grateful to the Sophia Foundation for providing a chalice for this wonderful work, from which we have benefitted so deeply.

On behalf of our new Choreocosmos group,  
we extend our thanks and close with acknowledging  
*Michael – Sophia – In nomine Christi*

*International Choreocosmos Week in Roncegno, Italy from April 8-14, 2009*

## THE 100<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY OF THE PROCLAMATION OF THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST

*Robert Powell*

This is just a short report of our gathering. This Easter was of great significance, as I wrote in Appendix II of my new book *Christ and the Maya Calendar: 2012 and the Coming of the Antichrist* (co-authored with Kevin Dann), mindful of the significance of the 100-year ( $3 \times 33 \frac{1}{3}$  year) rhythm relating to this year's Easter festival.

When did Rudolf Steiner begin his proclamation of Christ's second coming in the etheric realm?

This proclamation is generally believed to have begun on January 12, 1910, since this was the first time that he spoke about the dating of the onset of this event in the twentieth century. For example, the book *Rudolf Steiner: A Chronicle* by Christoph Lindenberg indicates: 'Rudolf Steiner spoke in Stockholm for the first time about the reappearance of Christ in the etheric in the course of the twentieth century.' However, in 1917 Steiner indicated that the proclamation of Christ's second coming began already in 1909. In occupying myself with this indication concerning the year 1909, I came across two lectures Steiner held at Easter 1909 called *The Spiritual Bells of Easter*. The 100th anniversary of this proclamation on Easter Saturday/Sunday, April 10/11, 1909 is at Easter 2009 (Good Friday falls on April 10 in 2009). Beginning with the proclamation at Easter 1909, there follows the possibility one century later – this is the 'good news' – of a widespread manifestation of Christ's reappearance in the etheric realm beginning at Easter 2009. This event, prepared in advance by the powers of Good, is on the positive side of the scales of world destiny.

Rudolf Steiner (from the April 11, 1909 lecture): 'Resurrected in the spiritual fire—the Christ Whose coming has already been predicted. The Easter festival can always be for us a symbol of the Risen

One, a link reaching over from Christ on the cross to the Christ triumphant, risen and glorified, to the One Who lifts all human beings with Him to the right hand of the Father. And so the Easter symbol points us to the vista of the whole future of the earth, to the future of the evolution of humanity, and is for us a guarantee that human beings who are Christ-inspired will be transformed from 'Saul' into 'Paul' and will behold with increasing clarity a spiritual fire. For it is indeed true that as the Christ was revealed in advance to Moses and to those who were with him, in the material fire of the thorn-bush and of the lightning on Sinai, *so He will be revealed to us in a spiritualised fire of the future.* He is with us always, until the end of the world, and *He will appear in the spiritual fire to those who have allowed their eyes to be enlightened through the Event of Golgotha. Human beings will behold Him in the spiritual fire. They beheld Him, to begin with, in a different form; they will behold Him for the first time in His true form, in a spiritual fire.'*

Against the background of this proclamation by Rudolf Steiner at Easter 1909 of Christ's second coming – *in His true form, in a spiritual fire* – it is worthwhile to consider the following account by Martinus of his cosmic baptism by fire on the evening of March 22, 1921, when Martinus was thirty years old. (This was just one of many themes that we discussed in Roncegno).

*Martinus*

Martinus was born on August 11, 1890 [about one hour before midnight, according to astrological information—at 11:00 pm] in Sindal, a small provincial town in the north of Jutland, Denmark, where he spent his childhood in humble circumstances. His schooling was limited to a few years in the village school, where there was

teaching twice a week in the summer and autumn. At the age of twelve he became a herd boy, and four years later he began his apprenticeship as a dairyman. He worked in various dairies in different parts of Denmark. In 1918 he became a watchman, and in 1920 he became an office clerk at Enighedens Dairy in Copenhagen.

The background for Martinus' writing was the experience of a profound transformation of consciousness that took place in March 1921 [evening of March 22, 1921 according to the German biography of Martinus by Uwe Todt]. Martinus comments on this event in *On the Birth of my Mission*, Chapter 16:

Following the direction given in the borrowed book, I tried one evening to meditate on the concept of God. And suddenly, without knowing exactly how, I found myself in a condition that made me feel in the presence of something immensely sublime. A small luminous point appeared in the distance. For a moment it disappeared. But a second later it became visible again, this time much nearer. I could now see that the light emanated from a Christ-like being, whose every detail was made of dazzling white light spangled with blue. The light was so intense and vivid that it reminded me of those sparklers we used to put on Christmas trees. The sparks in my revelation, however, were much, much smaller, but also much more numerous.

There was again a pause, during which I found myself in darkness. But then the figure again illuminated the plateau. I looked directly into a figure made of fire. A Christ-being of dazzling brightness now moved straight towards me, raising its arms as if about to embrace me. I was totally paralyzed. Unable to make the slightest move, I gazed straight at the radiant being's waist, now just in front of me and on a level with my eyes. But the figure kept moving forwards; and in the next moment it entered my own flesh and blood. A sublime feeling thrilled me. The paralysis left me. The divine light that had thus taken up residence within me enabled me to take a sweeping look at the world.

And I beheld continents and oceans, cities and countries, mountains and valleys—all bathed in

the light now emanating from my own mind. In this white light the earth was transfigured into 'the kingdom of God'...

When on the following morning I seated myself in the chair in which I had meditated, I was again at once enveloped in the divine light. I looked into a bright blue sky, which seemed to be drawn aside, so that another, still brighter sky appeared. And thus it continued until a sky appeared so exuberantly dazzling in its golden light and vibrating at such a velocity that I felt myself at the limit of what my organism and consciousness could endure. A single step, a single fraction of a second, more and the celestial oscillation, with the immense power of lightning, instantaneously would have put an end to my physical existence.

But during the fractions of a second that the revelation lasted I experienced a world of holiness, purity, harmony and perfection. I found myself in an ocean of light. This was not, as in my first revelation, white as snow, but the color of gold. Everything in every detail was fire of a golden lustre. Throughout were vibrating thin, golden filaments, glittering here and there, within and without. I felt that this was the very consciousness of God, his own sphere of thought. It was the substance, the omnipotence, the supreme power, through which the divine 'I' ruled and directed oceans of worlds, galaxies and nebulae, in the microcosmos as well as in macrocosmos. I was spell-bound. The divine fire vibrated within me and without, above and below. 'The spirit of God', which according to the Bible 'moved upon the face of the waters', the 'fire' that Moses saw burning in the thornbush, the 'fire' that took Elijah into heaven, the 'fire' through which Jesus was transfigured on the mountain, the 'fire' that appeared above the heads of the apostles and subsequently changed Saul into Paul on his way to Damascus, the 'fire' that throughout all times has been the 'alpha' and 'omega' in every form of sublime creation, manifestation or revelation blazed here before my own eyes, vibrated in my own breast, in my own heart, and enveloped my whole being. I felt I was bathing in an element of love. I was at the origin, the very source, of everything warm in a father's and mother's affection for their offspring, of

mutual devotion in the amours of a young couple. I saw the power that made the hand sign the letter of pardon, abolish slavery, protect life's weaker ones, whether it be a little animal or a frail human being. I saw the sunshine that can melt the ice and remove the cold from every mind, transform the barren deserts of hopelessness and pessimism into fertile and sunny regions of consciousness, warm the heart, inspire the brain, making the individual forgive injustice, love his enemy, and understand the criminal. It was as if I was resting in the bosom of the Almighty. I was resting at the fountainhead of universal love, seeing divine perfection, seeing that I was one with the way, the truth and the life, and one with the great Father.

Comment: Here one may with some justice ask what significance these experiences have for other people. Martinus answers with the following from Chapter 20 of *On the Birth of my Mission*:

Of paramount importance to the reader is not my spiritual experiences as such, but the effects they have had, for these can be more or less verified by anyone ethically disposed and sufficiently impartial and open-minded. These effects constitute my collective manifestation: the creation of a truly mathematical world analysis, an absolutely incontestable spiritual science and

the ensuing incipient genesis of a new mentality, a new culture, in which the true understanding of life, its finely-drawn laws of love and culminating global logic and highest solution, 'Everything is very good', from being utopias may pass on to be real life, tangible facts, accessible to everyone whose reason and emotions have matured sufficiently.

The cosmic baptism of fire through which I had passed – the closer analysis of which I cannot specify here – had thus released in me entirely new sensory abilities, abilities which enabled me – not in glimpses – but on the contrary in a permanent state of awake day-consciousness – to apprehend all the main spiritual forces, invisible causes, eternal world laws, basic energies and basic principles behind the physical world. The mystery of existence was therefore no longer a mystery to me. I had become conscious in the life of the whole Universe, and had been initiated into the Divine Creative Principle.

[Martinus died in Copenhagen on March 8, 1981 at about 1:15 am.]

From: [http://www.martinus.dk/layout\\_pages/index.php?lang=uk](http://www.martinus.dk/layout_pages/index.php?lang=uk) – this link is to the *Martinus Institute* website. Comments in brackets [ ] added by RP.

### *In memory of Vita*

#### *(graduate of the Choreocosmos School)*

Vita Leicht, who was a eurythmy therapist (born on January 29, 1941), after a bout of cancer, crossed the threshold of death on Friday, September 5, 2008, at the age of 67.

Vita attended many Choreocosmos workshops and then graduated from the Choreocosmos School in September 2006, after having been on the Sophia Foundation pilgrimage to Egypt in March of that year. She loved the following meditation, which we worked with in eurythmy in the temples and pyramids of Egypt, and through which we may fondly recall her and her great love of the Choreocosmos work.

*O Self, from whom all originated,*

*O Self, dwelling in me,*

*O Self, to whom all returns,*

*Toward Thee I strive.*

*Peace – Peace – Peace*

# CHOREOCOSMOS

## SCHOOL OF COSMIC AND SACRED DANCE

### SCHEDULE 2009

May 8-10, 2009 'The Apocalypse Code'

A weekend workshop with Robert Powell. Choreocosmos: Cosmic Dance – Planets in Signs (Sophia Grail Circle) at the Waldorf School of the Peninsula, 11311 Mora Drive, Los Altos, CA 94024 (for directions, see [www.waldorfpenninsula.org](http://www.waldorfpenninsula.org)) Information and registration:  
Cecille Greenleaf: Tel: 650-533-0074 or 650-948-4536. E-mail: [cao@greenleafmed.com](mailto:cao@greenleafmed.com)

May 15-17, 2009 'Sophia and the Foundation Stone'

A weekend workshop with Robert Powell. Choreocosmos: Sacred Dance (Sophia Grail Circle) at the Summerfield Waldorf School, 655 Willowside Road, Santa Rosa, CA 95401 (for directions, request information from [info@summerfieldwaldorf.org](mailto:info@summerfieldwaldorf.org)) Information and registration:  
Contact Tracy Saucier: Tel: 707-575-7194. Email: [info@summerfieldwaldorf.org](mailto:info@summerfieldwaldorf.org)

May 17, 2009, 6:00-9:00 PM 'Meditations on the Tarot' (Christian Hermeticism meeting)

Meeting and lecture with Robert Powell, at the Barn, near Petaluma, California.  
Contact: Anastasy Tynan. Tel: 707-696-4408 E-mail: [evlogite@yahoo.com](mailto:evlogite@yahoo.com)

May 22-26, 2009 'Sophia Grail Circle Training for Facilitators' starting on May 22 at 7:00 pm.

A 4-day training at the Barn, near Petaluma, California, starting Friday evening and ending at noon on Tuesday.

Registration: contact the Sophia Foundation of North America.

Information: Karen Rivers: Tel: 415-662-2147 E-mail: [karen@karenrivers.info](mailto:karen@karenrivers.info)

June 8-12, 2009 'Cosmic Dances of the Beatitudes' (Sophia Grail Circle)

A 5-day workshop with Robert Powell. Choreocosmos: Cosmic Dance – Planets in Signs of the Zodiac. At Kelly's Barn, Boulder, Colorado. Musical accompaniment with pianist and composer Marcia Burchard.

Contact: Cheryl Mulholland. Tel: 303-516-0606 E-mail: [kinterra@gmail.com](mailto:kinterra@gmail.com)

June 12-14, 2009 'The Apocalypse Code' (Sophia Grail Circle)

A weekend workshop with Robert Powell. Choreocosmos: Cosmic Dance – Planets in Signs of the Zodiac. At Kelly's Barn, Boulder, Colorado. Musical accompaniment with pianist and composer Marcia Burchard.

Contact: Cheryl Mulholland. Tel: 303-516-0606 E-mail: [kinterra@gmail.com](mailto:kinterra@gmail.com)

June 15-19, 2009 'Lifting the Veil of Sophia: Spiritual Guidance For Our Time given by the Russian Sophiologist and Esotericist Valentin Tomberg'

Biannual Retreat of the Sophia Foundation of North America at the Santa Sabina retreat center, San Rafael, California. Arrival on the afternoon of Monday, June 15; the retreat closes at lunchtime prior to the start of the weekend annual conference that evening of Friday, June 19.

Information and registration: contact the Sophia Foundation of North America

June 19-21, 2009 'Sophia and the Rose of the World: our task between now and 2012 during the 3½ years leading up to the end of the Maya calendar on December 21, 2012'

Annual conference of the Sophia Foundation of North America (Sacred Dance and Sophia Grail Circle) Musical accompaniment with pianist and composer Marcia Burchard. At the Santa Sabina retreat center, San Rafael, California.

Information and registration: contact the Sophia Foundation of North America



June 24, 7.30-9.00 PM 'St. John and the Present Time'

– Robert Powell (Wolfgang Wortberg at the piano)

At the Olympia Unitarian Universalist Church, 2200 East End Street NW, Olympia, WA

Contact: Kathy Fraser, 2103 Harrison Ave. NW 2355, Olympia, WA 98502. Tel: 360-359-5053

Email: [kathleenmarie@earthlink.net](mailto:kathleenmarie@earthlink.net)

June 24-26, 2009 'What constitutes the Feminine Divine in Culture and Ecology?'

A 2-day workshop with Robert Powell. Choreocosmos: Cosmic Dances of the Elements

(Sophia Grail Circle: Liturgy to the Earth, with texts from Rudolf Steiner's Misraim Service)

At Evergreen State College, 2700 Evergreen Parkway NW, Olympia, WA

Online registration for Summer Session at the Evergreen State College begins on May 18, 2009

– <http://www.evergreen.edu/summer/>

Musical accompaniment with pianist Wolfgang Wortberg.

June 26-28, 2009 'The Seven Planets and the Chakras'

A weekend workshop with Robert Powell. Choreocosmos: Cosmic Dances of the Planets (Sophia Grail Circle). At the Waldorf School, Seattle, Washington. Musical accompaniment with pianist and composer Marcia Burchard.

Contact: Katherine Hitchcock: Tel: 206-851-1588 E-mail: [kit@gmn-usa.com](mailto:kit@gmn-usa.com)

June 29–July 3, 2009 'Cosmic Dances of the Beatitudes' (Sophia Grail Circle)

A 5-day workshop with Robert Powell. Choreocosmos: Cosmic Dance – Planets in Signs of the Zodiac. At the Waldorf School, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada. Musical accompaniment with pianist Marcia Burchard.

Contact: Randall Scott, 152 West 15<sup>th</sup> Street, North Vancouver, B.C.,

Canada V7M 1R5. Tel: 604-988-8424/604-988-4600 E-mail: [RosaMundi@shaw.ca](mailto:RosaMundi@shaw.ca)

July 3-5, 2009 'Sophia and the Rose of the World: our task between now and 2012 during the 3½ years leading up to the end of the Maya calendar on December 21, 2012'

A weekend workshop with Robert Powell. Choreocosmos: Cosmic and Sacred Dance (with Sophia Grail Circle). At the Waldorf School, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada. Musical accompaniment with pianist Marcia Burchard.

Contact: Randall Scott, 152 West 15<sup>th</sup> Street, North Vancouver, B.C.,

Canada V7M 1R5. Tel: 604-988-8424/604-988-4600 E-mail: [RosaMundi@shaw.ca](mailto:RosaMundi@shaw.ca)

July 6-10, 2009 'Seeking Isis-Sophia: A Modern Path for the Human Soul' (Sophia Grail Circle)

A 5-day workshop with Robert Powell. Choreocosmos: Cosmic Dance – Planets in Signs of the Zodiac. Musical accompaniment with pianist and composer Marcia Burchard.

At the Eugene Mennonite Church, 3590 West 18<sup>th</sup> Ave, Eugene, Oregon

Contact: Deborah Aikens or Renee Taylor: NW Center for Health Promotion, 90 East 27<sup>th</sup> Avenue, Suite A, Eugene, Oregon 97405 Tel: 541-343-0536, Email: [deborah@renewinglife.com](mailto:deborah@renewinglife.com)

July 10-12, 2009 'Sophia and the Rose of the World: our task between now and 2012 during the 3½ years leading up to the end of the Maya calendar on December 21, 2012'

A weekend workshop with Robert Powell. Choreocosmos: Cosmic and Sacred Dance (Sophia Grail Circle) at the Eugene Mennonite Church, 3590 West 18<sup>th</sup> Ave, Eugene, Oregon

Contact: Deborah Aikens or Renee Taylor: NW Center for Health Promotion, 90 East 27<sup>th</sup> Avenue, Suite A, Eugene, Oregon 97405 Tel: 541-343-0536, Email: [deborah@renewinglife.com](mailto:deborah@renewinglife.com)

July 13-17, 2009 'Cosmic Dances of the Seven Seals of the Apocalypse'

A 5-day workshop with Robert Powell. Choreocosmos: Planets in Signs (Sophia Grail Circle)  
At the Barn, near Petaluma, California. Musical accompaniment with pianist and composer Marcia Burchard, with singing led by Karen Rivers.

Registration: contact the Sophia Foundation of North America.

Information: Karen Rivers: Tel: 415-662-2147 E-mail: [karen@karenrivers.info](mailto:karen@karenrivers.info)

July 24-26, 2009 'The Apocalypse Code'

A weekend workshop with Robert Powell. Choreocosmos: Cosmic Dance – Planets in Signs (Sophia Grail Circle). Chapel Hill, North Carolina. Musical accompaniment with pianist and composer Marcia Burchard.

Contact: Kelly Calegar, 18 Haycox Court, Durham, NC 27713

Tel: 919-361-0691 Email: [kcalegar@earthlink.net](mailto:kcalegar@earthlink.net)

July 27-31, 2009 'Cosmic Dances of the Seven Planets in Libra, Scorpio, and Sagittarius:

Correspondences between Macrocosm and Microcosm'

A 5-day workshop with Robert Powell. Choreocosmos: Cosmic Dance – Planets in Signs (Sophia Grail Circle). Chapel Hill, North Carolina. Musical accompaniment with pianist and composer Marcia Burchard.

Contact: Kelly Calegar, 18 Haycox Court, Durham, NC 27713

Tel: 919-361-0691 Email: [kcalegar@earthlink.net](mailto:kcalegar@earthlink.net)

For German language information visit the Choreocosmos website:

[www.choreocosmos.info](http://www.choreocosmos.info)

Choreocosmos School of Cosmic and Sacred Dance

August 9-16, 2009 'St. Francis and St. Clare: Messengers of Sophia'

Musical accompaniment with violinist Daniela Rossi.

Choreocosmos: Sacred Dance (Sophia Grail Circle). One week Sophia workshop at Sant'Antonio – accommodation at the retreat center Citadella in Assisi, Italy. Arrival on August 9 for dinner; departure on August 16 after breakfast. (English/German with Italian translation)

Information: Uberta Sebreondi, Tel: +39-06-86904627/+39-335-6749935

E-mail: [usebreondi@gmail.com](mailto:usebreondi@gmail.com)

October 1-11, 2009 A Journey to Turkey with Robert Powell



Photo: Hagia Sophia in Istanbul

An 11-day tour 'The Eternal Feminine' is planned for October to the cradle of western culture in Turkey.

This journey is an independent initiative arising in response to requests from Sophia friends in Germany and Italy. The language of the tour will be English and there will be translation into German and Italian for the friends from Germany and Italy. Already a large number of people in Europe have expressed interest in this tour. A very accomplished English-speaking Turkish guide, who is a university-trained

archeologist, will accompany the tour. His contributions will complement those of Robert concerning the spiritual significance of the various places we shall be visiting. Visit [www.astrogeographia.org](http://www.astrogeographia.org) and look under 'Activities: 2009 Journey to Turkey' for an outline of the itinerary, or contact Bernt Rossiwall (email: [bernt@rossiwall.com](mailto:bernt@rossiwall.com)) for a colour brochure.



*Starlight*, the newsletter of the Sophia Foundation, appears twice a year—in May and December. If you are intending to send a contribution to the next issue, please do so by the end of September 2009.

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Karen Rivers of Chrysalis Productions, composer Marcia Burchard, and all the performers put their hearts and souls into a production of *Parzival* – performed in Santa Rosa, California, on April 25 and 26 – which left a deep impression upon all who experienced it. Congratulations to Karen, Marcia, and everyone involved in this inspiring performance!

*Parzival* has profound significance as a message for our time, as is evident from the words spoken to the one who became king of the Grail:

Mark now, Parzival:  
The highest of the planets, Saturn,  
And the swiftly moving Jupiter.  
Mars, and the bright Sun,  
All show good fortune for you here.  
The fifth is named Venus.  
Under these the sixth is Mercury,  
And the nearest to us is the Moon.  
Whatever the planets' orbits bound,  
Upon whatever their light is shed,  
That is destined as your goal  
To reach and to achieve.

Wolfram von Eschenbach, *Parzival*, 782 (trsl. Helen M. Mustard & Charles E. Passage; New York: Vintage Books, 1961), p. 406. See also Note 5 on p. 435: in the above quote, the English names of the planets have been substituted for the Arabic names according to Note 5.

