

Rosicrucian Digest

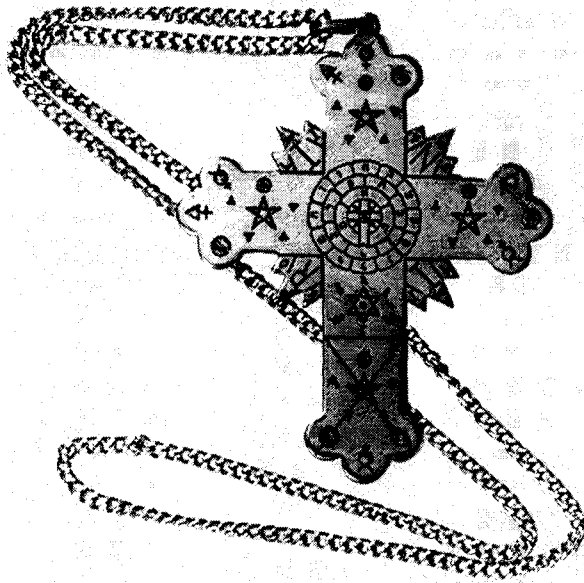
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Rosicrucian Digest

Published Monthly by the Supreme Council
of the ROSICRUCIAN ORDER, AMORC
Rosicrucian Park, San Jose, CA 95191

Robin M. Thompson, Editor

Official Magazine of the
Worldwide Rosicrucian Order

May 1986

Vol. 64, No. 5

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Subscription: \$18.00* per year, single copies \$1.50
ADDRESS: *Rosicrucian Digest*, Rosicrucian Park, San Jose, CA 95191, U.S.A. Changes of address must reach us by the first of the month preceding date of issue. Postmaster: Send change of address to *Rosicrucian Digest*, Rosicrucian Park, San Jose, CA 95191, U.S.A. The *Rosicrucian Digest* (ISSN 0035-8339) is entered as Second-Class matter at the Post Office at San Jose, Calif., under Section 1103 of the U.S. Postal Act of October 3, 1917. Second Class postage paid at San Jose, Calif. Statements made in this publication are not the official expression of the organization or its officers, unless declared to be official communications.

*Other Currencies:

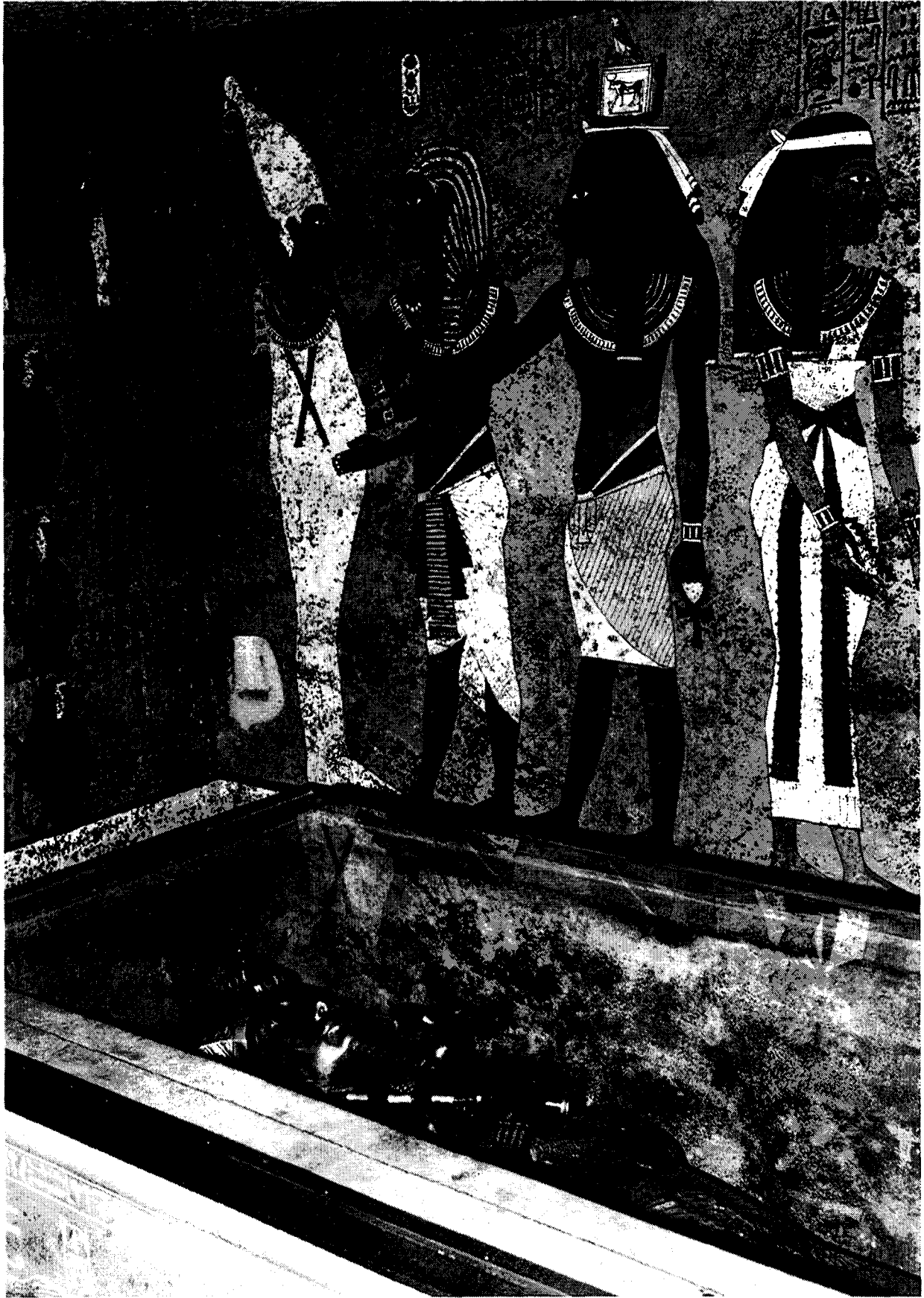
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A Famous Tomb

Shown here is the inner sarcophagus of King Tutankhamon in his famous tomb in the Valley of the Kings, Egypt. The original murals on the walls are so vivid that visitors are amazed that the colors have retained their brilliance over the centuries since the 18th-Dynasty artists originally painted them.

(Photo by AMORC)

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Thought of the Month

by the Emperor



Is Our Moral Code Obsolete?

Is A New Moral Order Needed?

HAS OUR MORAL CODE degenerated into a mere myth? Has modern society found that the traditional rewards attributed to morality are not forthcoming?

Traditionally, the *summum bonum*, the highest good in life, has long been declared to be *happiness*. But there is no universal agreement on the reality of happiness. In other words, a hierarchy of meanings exists with regard to the nature of happiness.

In general, happiness can be divided into three categories—the *sensual*, the *intellectual*, and the *idealistic*. In the *first* category happiness consists of the gratification of the appetites, the passions; the *second* is the achievement of mentally rewarding activities; the *third*, the idealistic, is a so-called spiritual motivation.

Sensuality, the first category of happiness, is thought to be of the lowest order. This idea arises from the concept that a human who is dominated by such desires has motivations which are no higher than those of the lesser forms of life. Simply, his innate potential has degenerated.

The second stage of happiness, the *intellectual*, is thought to be a progressive stage. There are rational grounds for this point of view. The tool of the intellect is *reason*, and it is reason which has given man his suprem-

acy over other living organisms, if not himself.

The third category of happiness, the *idealistic* and *spiritual*, has attributed to it the highest merit, in other words, the *good*. What are its rewards? What particular gratifying sensations are derived from it? Let us briefly inquire into the nature of *spiritual goodness* to ascertain why it has been given such prominence.

Man has instinctively a sense of *righteousness*. In its elementary, primitive form the *right* is thought to be those things or conditions which favor man's ends. Therefore, each normal human being considers it his right to gratify his appetites within certain limits. Likewise it is the right of the intellectual person to find pleasure in mental pursuits. But the righteousness of spirituality is a dichotomy, that is, it is *dual* in nature. It has all the instinctual rights of the others we have mentioned, but it includes still another.

This other is the extension of the individual's rights. It is a feeling of *righteousness* that embraces *others* as well as the personal self. What is considered essential for the well-being of self is felt as being emotionally and psychically of equal need for others. It could be phrased, "What is good for me should be—or is—a good for all men."

This empathy, the sympathetic relating of one's personal feelings to another, is an emotion that seems to transcend all others in the quality of *goodness*.

The Quality of Goodness

Whence came this impulse, this nobility of spirit, this vast impersonal love? This conceived spiritual righteousness and happiness has long been thought to be implanted in man by a source other than a mortal being. It was, therefore, thought to be a gift of the *gods* or supernatural beings. It was believed to be an infusion of power that takes possession of man by disciplining his acts, causing him to embrace others in the good that he seeks for himself. This, then, was the birth of man's realization of what he termed *Soul*; and he thought *conscience* to be its voice.

But not all men have this same degree of spirituality, this awakening of spiritual righteousness, with its accompanying impersonal self. Thus it was thought necessary that those who had not experienced this spiritual righteousness must be *compelled* to abide by those rules others defined as the good. Religious councils established by those said to be adepts of spirituality issued manifestos of moral conduct. These mandates became moral codes which were supposed to lead to the promised spirituality.

However, the rewards said to come from obedience to these morals were not to be conferred in this earthly existence, but were attained in an ethereal world after death. A variety of sacred works issued by different sects defined these rewards. They set forth the particular "good" that was to come from them. Such goods were explained in human-like sentient terms, as for example freedom from pain, existing with loved ones who had passed on, and experiencing such ascetic values as beauty, form, color, and sound. All this simply described a state of ecstatic existence that one would receive.

Yet men wondered if they must await death and the soul's existence in an ethereal world before they could enjoy the promised rewards from observance of the moral code. After all, were not earthly pleasures similar to those which are proclaimed for the next world? Further, pleasure experienced in this earthly existence does not

require the prohibition of self-indulgence as do those of the spiritual moral fiats. The minds who thought thus wondered why one kind of happiness—the spiritual—should be extolled as being superior to all others that man can experience.

The essence of such ideas can be summarized in the phrase "This life we know—the next we do not. Therefore, experience this one in its fullest." But men soon discovered, in the earliest of societies, that the absolute *freedom* of human conduct does not assure a greater degree of happiness. Subsequently, man learned that some acts become *obstacles* to the enjoyment of life.

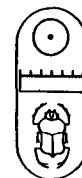
Therefore, just how should man live to experience the greatest good in life, and just *what is the greatest good to be sought?* Let us briefly review some of the concepts arrived at on this subject by minds of the past and the influence they had on humanity, some surviving even to our time.

Code of Hammurabi

Hammurabi, King of Babylonia (c. 2067-2025 B.C.), was a just and wise administrator and aware of the growing complexity of society. He realized the necessity of a universal code of regulations applicable in fairness to all. His first act toward this end was to collect all the older written laws and usages of business and social life. These were then arranged systematically. New laws were then added which, in his judgment, he deemed wise, and combined them into a great code or body of laws.

Hammurabi then ordered that the laws be engraved upon a great shaft of stone six feet in height. The laws form 3600 lines of text. Of particular interest is the top of the shaft, upon which is sculpted a scene showing Hammurabi receiving the laws from the sun god. The new code was then set up in the temple of the great god Marduk in Babylon.

In Egypt, in the 5th Dynasty (2750-2625 B.C.) can be found the earliest formulation of *right conduct* to be found in literature. Ptah-hotep, the Grand Vizier of Pharaoh Iseki, was its author. With the realization of the infirmity of old age, he wrote various maxims to prepare his son to follow him as Grand Vizier.



We quote but a few of these morals and guides of conduct which Ptah-hotep suggested:

Greater is the appeal of the gentle than that of the strong.

If thou desirest that the conduct be worthy, withhold thee from all evil, and be aware of avarice.

Although misfortune may carry away wealth, the power of righteousness is that it endures.

Established is the man whose standard is righteousness, who walketh according to its way.

Hedonism, however, continued to prevail as the principal good for man and his society. *Hedonism* advocates pleasure in any form as the highest good to be sought in life. A prominent school of Hedonism was the Cyrenaics of Ancient Greece. Aristippus (435?-356? B.C.) was its founder.

*Pleasure is man's sole good.
Nothing is disgraceful in itself.*

However, the effects of experience made it necessary for the Cyrenaics to qualify this concept, because they learned that an excess of indulgence, as the ultimate good, may result in its *abuse*. Such abuse causes the opposite, that is, suffering and pain. At least this realization brought about a degree of self-discipline in man's desires.

On the Greek island of Delos we find the following epigram, also written in this ancient period, which is at variance with the general concept of sensual pleasure as the ultimate good.

Justice is noblest. Health is best. To gain one's end is pleasantest.

Aristotle's Views

Aristotle, in his work *The Nicomachean Ethics*, discoursed extensively on the subject of "what is man's chiefest good." He approached this from two points of view: *First*, what was sought by the individual? What would he personally think to be the good as he experienced it, in relation to the self?

Second, in this connection, what would be man's position, his behavior as a social animal, that is, as a citizen of the state? Certainly man can experience many things

in life which are enjoyable, but as a *social animal* do such things work for or against other men? Aristotle concluded that all are agreed that man's *good* or his life goal is well-being, well-living. The performance of these things depends upon qualities which are distinctly human, and require the excellence of man's nature, such as reason and the rational control of his appetites. These qualities may be termed virtues.

Francis Bacon

Francis Bacon, philosopher, statesman, and eminent Rosicrucian (1561-1626), asserted that moral virtues are basically courage and temperance, self-respect, and justice. It will be noted that such emphasize those acts which are an improvement of the *character* of the individual. Such behavior is further related to that which constitutes a state of harmony with one's fellowman. Bacon does not look upon such impulses as necessarily derived from a divine decree. Rather he considers such behavior as the *social duty* of man.

A man doth vainly boast of loving God whom he never saw, if he not love his brother whom he hath seen.

In David Hume, Scottish philosopher and historian (1711-1776), we see, in relatively modern times, that *right social* and individual conduct does not wholly depend upon spiritual precepts for attaining the good and its rewards here on Earth. Hume asserted that all people who believe that there can be no moral system without a belief in immortality are guided by illusions. Society can be made to cope with crime itself by establishing adequate laws and enforcing them. But, we may ask, why do such laws seem to fail?

Jeremy Bentham, English philosopher and exponent of *Utilitarianism* (1748-1832), made the core of his popular philosophy "the greatest good for the greatest number." This can be defined as follows: man can find no *single* kind of happiness, no matter whether it be a spiritual one or one which he creates to serve his own ends. There must be a *unity* of conformity to the varied phases of happiness. Simply, each human must benefit by a certain *universal good* and its happiness, regardless of any other personal belief he may have. It must be *practical* in what it accomplishes, benefiting not only

the individual but every other human as well.

William James

William James, a noted American educator and philosopher (1842-1910), did not formulate the philosophical system called *pragmatism*, but he was a principal exponent. The following statement sets forth the essence of his extensive writings on the philosophy of pragmatism.

The true is the name of whatever proves itself to be good in the way of belief, and good too for definite assignable reasons.

Simply, if something can be substantiated and not refuted, it is *true*, even if it does not concur with the idealistic philosophical explanations of the nature of truth.

A pragmatist turns toward facts, action, adequacy and towards power.

James affirmed that through pragmatism and its doctrine of practicality:

Science and metaphysics would come much closer together, would in fact, work absolutely hand in hand.

James was a member of the Society of Psychic Research. His maxim was:

Be not afraid of life, believe that life is worth living.

In conclusion, let us today be not so much concerned with the sacrosanct nature and origin of a code of right living, but rather with its *workability*. Let society show why certain conduct *works against* all men and certain other conduct works *for all men*. In society it is not so immediately imperative as to whether a man's behavior will be rewarded in the afterlife, but rather whether it aids him *here and now*. Moreover, does the *good* in his behavior extend to all others as well as to himself?

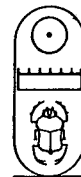
The importance is not whether men in seeking the good are solely motivated by moral traditions or not. For example, theft, rape, falsehoods, and murder are *intrinsically* wrong in the acts that represent them. Goodness and so-called evil are realities that have a direct effect in the acts that represent them, and upon us, whether they have an aura of moral tradition surrounding them or not. Man should act for something because it is a realistic right, or against it because it is a realistic wrong. The true nature of the *good* is found in its *function*, not just in idealistic words advocating it. △

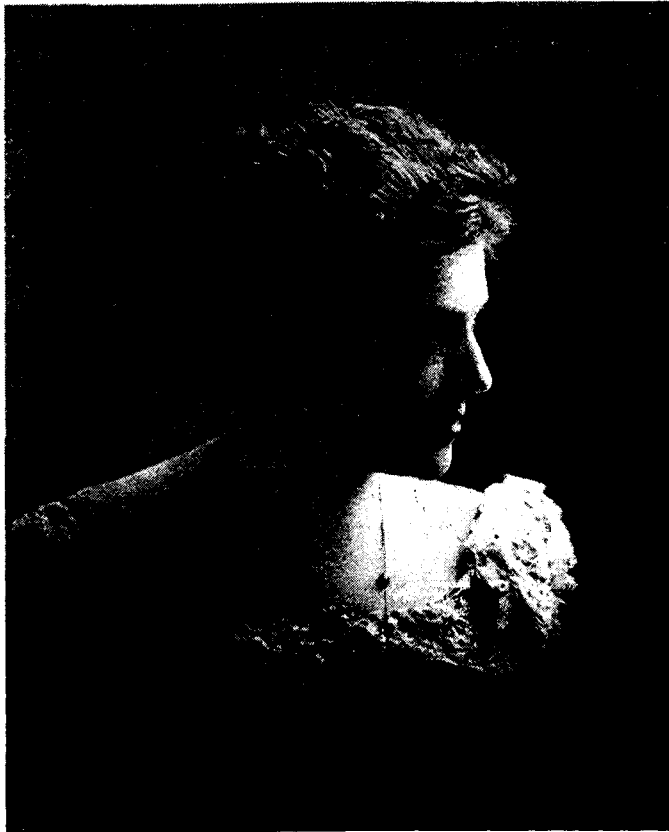


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The Rosicrucian Order, which exists throughout the world, is a non-sectarian fraternal body of men and women devoted to the investigation, study, and practical application of natural and spiritual laws. The purpose of the organization is to enable everyone to live in harmony with the creative, constructive cosmic forces for the attainment of health, happiness, and peace. The Order is internationally known as the Ancient Mystical Order Rosae Crucis and, in America and all other lands, constitutes the only form of Rosicrucian activities united in one body. The A.M.O.R.C. (an abbreviation) does not sell its teachings. It gives them freely to affiliated members, together with many other benefits. For complete information about the benefits and advantages of Rosicrucian affiliation write a letter to the address below and ask for the free booklet, **The Mastery of Life**.

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Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Rosicrucian Mystic and Muse

— *by Karen Shultz* —

*Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone, . . .*

**The
Rosicrucian
Digest
May
1986**

THESE oft-quoted lines were written by a young woman who was destined to become one of the world's most popular female poets as well as a great mystic and Rosicrucian.

Ella Wheeler was born on November 5, 1855, on a humble Wisconsin homestead. She was the fourth child of a poor but cul-

tured family, and Ella often gave her mother credit for impressing her with favorable prenatal influences, writing: "My literary career was in a large measure begun before my birth." She quoted her mother as saying: "My child will be a girl, and she will be a writer; she will follow literature as a profession; she will begin young, and she will

travel extensively and do all the things I have wanted to do and missed doing." While pregnant with Ella, her mother "devoured" Shakespeare and memorized literature of all sorts which were to exert a most beneficial effect upon her unborn child.

At age seven, Ella printed her first story on wallpaper scraps, and at nine she wrote a novel of ten chapters on whatever bits of paper she could find. As the years passed, the aspiring young writer poured her heart into her prose and poetry, and one day, in her early teens, she received her first check for \$10.00 from Frank Leslie's Publishing House in payment for three short poems. When a \$40.00 check arrived in the mails for Ella's essays which were to be printed in *Frank Leslie's Magazine*, it "proved almost a nervous shock." Ella often rode five miles on horseback to the nearest post office to receive her first small checks—and the inevitable rejection notices.

An Old Soul

The "country girl poet," as she called herself, often found life painfully suffocating in her increasingly unhappy household. In her autobiography, *The Worlds and I*, Ella wrote about her reactions to her family's agnostic leanings:

"Being an old soul myself, reincarnated many more times than any other member of my family, I knew the truth of spiritual things not revealed to them. I could not formulate what I knew, but I felt myself the spiritual parent of my elders and longed to help them to clearer sight." She continued: "From reincarnated sources and through prenatal causes, I was born with unquenchable hope and unfaltering faith in God and guardian spirits. I often wept myself to sleep after a day of disappointments and worries, but woke in the morning singing aloud with the joy of life."

Ella, full of imagination and romance, continued to write indefatigably. One story was refused by ten editors, and then finally sold to an eleventh who paid \$75.00 for it!

"Miles from a post office, more miles from a railroad, and far from any literary center, without one acquaintance who knew anything about literary methods or the way

to approach an editor, I pounded away at the doors of their citadels with my childish fists until they opened to me."

Indeed, the doors of opportunity opened and good fortune responded to this young woman who began to reap the rewards of her courageous efforts. During the span of one summer and one fall, Ella Wheeler wrote *Maurine*—a story in verse—which proved to be a moderate success. Then, quite innocently, she gained a blazing notoriety upon the publication of her *Poems of Passion* in 1883. The opening lines of "Courage" are representative of the passion expressed in this collection:

*There is a courage, a majestic thing
That springs forth from the brow of pain,
full grown,
Minerva-like, and dares all dangers known, . . .*

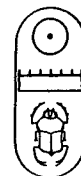
These lines embodied the attitude of the poetess at this phase in her career. For the rest of her life, Ella's poems tended to mirror her personal passages and they are the perfect complement to her autobiography.

Her famous poem "Solitude"—inspired by the sadness of a very young widow riding on a train—was included in this maiden volume. Nonetheless, Ella received both positive and negative literary recognition, for in those days it was quite immoral to use the word "kiss" as often as Ella Wheeler had in her first slim volume of "passion" poems! Naturally, sales of her works increased. She remodeled and added to the old homestead with the first significant proceeds from her book. By this time, she was considered a leading member of the Milwaukee School of Poetry, and her circle of social contacts and correspondents widened as Ella and her writing matured.

Like the romantic knight in shining armor, Robert Wilcox, a wealthy and cultured man, rescued Ella Wheeler from her life of exterior drabness and delivered her into one more suited to her natural gifts and temperament. She expressed this in "Love's Coming" from *Poems of Passion*:

*She had dreamed how his coming would stir her soul,
As the ocean is stirred by wild storm's strife:
He brought the balm of a heavenly calm,
And a peace which crowned her life.*

⇒
[9]



Over and over again in her autobiography, Ella sings the praises of Robert Wilcox. He must have been an extraordinary man indeed, a man of gentle power, a strong and patient guide for the Muse. They enjoyed an almost idyllic married life for thirty-two years. Of marriage she wrote:

"To fill the difficult role of wife, to the very best of my ability (aided by constant prayers for larger wisdom and more understanding) became my controlling aim."

Many of Ella's poems were inspired by Robert Wilcox, as in "We Two" from *Poems of Power*:

*We two, we two, we make our world, our
weather. . .
Our paths lead closely by the paths supernal;
We two, we two, we live in love eternal.*

Swami Vivekananda

While attending a lecture by Swami Vivekananda, who was speaking in New York one year after The Chicago Exposition and Congress of Religions in 1893, Ella received her "first lessons in concentration." "After each lesson (and indeed a portion of each day since that time) I made a practice of sitting quite alone for a quarter or a half hour, seeking to bring my too active mind under the check rein of my own will. I endeavored to drive out every thought save that of God—the one supreme, omnipotent creator of all the worlds which exist or ever existed. Always, from these moments of concentration, I arose with new strength and poise to meet life."

One evening Ella Wheeler Wilcox returned to her study, deeply inspired, after a lecture by the Swami. Almost automatically, the poem "Illusion" (one of my personal favorites) was written:

*God and I in space alone
And nobody else in view.
"And where are the people, O Lord," I said,
"The earth below, and the sky o'erhead
And the dead whom once I knew?"
"That was a dream," God smiled and said—
"A dream that seemed to be true.
There were no people, living or dead,
There was no earth, and no sky o'erhead:
There was only myself—in you."*

[10]

*"Why do I feel no fear," I asked,
"Meeting you here this way?
For I have sinned I know full well?
And is there heaven, and is there hell,
And is this the judgment day?"*

*"Say, those were but dreams," the Great God said,
"Dreams, that have ceased to be.
There are no such things as fear or sin,
There is no you—you never have been—
There is nothing at all but Me."*

Here, the profound thoughts of the great teacher from India flowed into the mind of the "country girl poet" and she preserved them on paper in her own lyrical style. Printed in her third published volume, *Poems of Power* (1901), it is the only poem of her own that Ella could recall from memory for the rest of her life, so deeply etched were the words upon her heart.

While living in Meriden, Connecticut, the joyful life of the young marrieds was marred by the death of their infant son, Robert Wilcox, Jr., who lived only twelve hours. Once again, the milestones—both joyful and sorrowful—in the life of Ella surface in her heartfelt poem "A Face":

*All that was taken shall be made good;
All that puzzles me understood;
And the wee white hand that I lost, one day,
Shall lead me into the Better Why.*

After this painful experience, the Wilcoxes were never to have another child. Ella Wheeler Wilcox gathered up her strength, and for the rest of her life she channeled her creative energy into her writing, though it is with some remorse that she wrote:

"Were I allowed to choose my next incarnation, I would ask to come back an accomplished, capable, and agreeable companion of my beloved, and to be the mother of his sons and daughters as my only distinction in the eyes of the world."

Prenatal Influence

Though she had no more children of her own, Ella was ever interested in the effects of positive prenatal influence:

"Every expectant mother should set herself about the important business God has entrusted her with, unafraid, and confident

of her divine mission. She should direct her mind into wholesome and optimistic channels; she should read inspiring books and think lovely and large thoughts. She should pray and aspire! and always should she carry in her mind the ideal of the child she would mother, and command from the great Source of all Opulence the qualities she would desire to perpetuate. And they will be given."

After Robert and Ella Wheeler Wilcox relocated in New York City, the authoress came out with her second successful collection—*Poems of Pleasure*—published in 1888. In 1889 she produced a book full of verses for children entitled *The Beautiful Land of Nod*.

Her Poetry's Wide Appeal

Ella's breadth of vision and natural sympathy for humanity generated countless friendships throughout her life. Jack London, Luther Burbank, Sarah Bernhardt, Rose O'Neill, and Marie Corelli were luminaries of the day whom the poetess counted among her friends. Of the day she met Marie Corelli, Ella wrote: "The day is marked in memory's calendar with a red letter." This was truly a pleasurable period in the life of Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The "poet of the Sierras," Joaquin Miller, had this to say to Ella Wheeler Wilcox upon their meeting: "Why, Elly, I didn't think you were so pert and pinky; I imagined you a big-wristed girl out West milking cows!" Geronimo, the famous Apache chief, took quite a liking to Ella in his ninetieth year, and named her "Princess White Wings." Ella was indeed a social butterfly and her expansive spirit embraced people in all stations and walks of life.

The Wilcoxes built an "Earthly Eden" in Granite Bay, at Short-Beach-on-the-Sound, Connecticut, in 1890. Their "Bungalow" was to remain their summer house and enduring home. Robert and Ella later embarked upon ten years of roaming which took them all over the world—Jamaica, England, Sicily, India, Ceylon, Japan, and Africa marked the itinerary of these planetary adventurers. The poem *Diabutsu* reflects Ella's broad comprehension of the unity of world religions, realized through her years

of travel. Describing the forty-nine foot bronze statue, "The Great Buddha," just a few miles out of Yokohama, Japan, Ella concludes her poem:

*Unknown the artist; vaguely known his creed!
But the bronze wonder of his work sufficed
To lift me to the heights his faith had trod.
For one rich moment, opulent indeed,
I walk'd with Krishna, Buddha, and the Christ,
And felt the full serenity of God.*

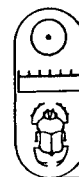
Commenting on this Oriental encounter in her autobiography. She remarked: "All that those oldest extant books of sacred wisdom, the Vedas, describe as the ecstatic state of 'realization,' which is the ultimate goal of man, and all that Buddha taught 300 years before Christ regarding that state is expressed in the 'Diabutsu.' To look upon it is to know the meaning of that much misunderstood word 'Nirvana'—not oblivion, but the security of attainment and the ecstasy of at-one-ment."

Like many persons of genius, Ella Wheeler Wilcox possessed many and varied talents in addition to her writing skills. She loved to dance from a young age and continued dancing into her adulthood. Ella became a proficient mandolin player and later took up harp playing. The art of palmistry was yet another one of her fascinating pastimes, and the writer could also speak French fluently. Ella loved cats, collected talismanic jewelry from around the world, and her favorite color was a cheerful yellow.

Rosicrucian Affiliation

With her lifelong interest in all things mystical, it is not surprising that, sometime during her residence in New York, Ella became an associate of Dr. H. Spencer Lewis, founder of the Rosicrucian Order, AMORC's new cycle of activity in the Americas. Ella Wheeler Wilcox was invited to serve as a member on the Supreme Council of AMORC in its early days when Dr. Lewis was selected as Supreme Grand Master of America. Until her transition in 1919, Ella Wheeler Wilcox was instrumental in helping to establish the new Order.

(Continued on page 34)



The Hour Before Tomorrow

by Cecil A. Poole, F.R.C.

DURING a period when radio broadcasting was popular, there was a weekly program between eleven and midnight that, if I remember correctly, was entitled *The Hour Before Tomorrow*. The program was devoted to organ music, and the music selected was conducive to meditation and probably had been designed for the purpose of helping us consider ourselves in relationship to the day that was closing and the tomorrow that would soon begin.

It is natural for us to measure our activities in terms of time, and always consciously or unconsciously we have in the back of our minds a conception, or at least some consideration, of our activities as they are related to time, whether or not the period of time which we may be considering be a few minutes before we keep an appointment, or the hours within which a certain piece of work must be accomplished, or even the days and months within which more extended activity must be completed. We also at times may give consideration to the years we have remaining in this earthly existence.

Also in relation to our consideration of time, we are always considering the beginning of a new period, the departure from a previous period to a different one. We do not think consciously of change from minute to minute, or in regards to our life as a whole from hour to hour, but we are particularly conscious of each new day and of each week, because these periods of time are changing in close relationship to the matters that demand our day-to-day attention. Months and years are changing in relation to our total existence, making us aware of the limited activities which may exist ahead of us. We particularly become in-

creasingly conscious of the change in years as we advance in age.

Whenever we are aware that a certain period of time has elapsed, we are then literally dwelling in the *hour before tomorrow*, when we must face the beginning of a new period. With this thought in mind, we realize that the importance of changes in time is not as significant as the fact that we are always living in the hour before tomorrow. That is, every hour, every moment of our existence is one which immediately precedes another.

We ask ourselves, then, what our attitude should be toward this future moment which is impending, and which will be the present moment in the very near future. Much has been said concerning the future, but are we conscious of the best method to prepare for this future?

In the first place, one method which is unsatisfactory and certainly unneeded is a constant state of anxiety concerning what may or may not be in the future. There is no use in wasting our energy anticipating future conditions when it is far better to consider the moment in which we live.

A Challenging Future

The hour before tomorrow should be a period in which we accept the future as a challenge and not as a threat. The challenge should be to consider the needs of the present so as to accept the conditions of the period that lies in the future.

When contemplating the future there are many ideas we should consider. One of the greatest dangers facing humans is giving up independence of thought. When our thinking becomes so directed by outside influences that we are accepting what we read and what we hear as the foundation for all our decisions, then we are no longer using our own right to think. Today there exists in the world pressures from every side to assist the individual to reach decisions of all kinds.

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Cecil A. Poole is Vice-President of the Supreme Grand Lodge of AMORC, and many of his thought-provoking articles have enhanced the pages of this magazine over the years.

We are literally bombarded with information. We find it before us when we read. We hear it from the platform and on our televisions. We are conscious of it in the activities of those about us. We should remember as individuals, however, that all this material is only as important as we make it in our own lives.

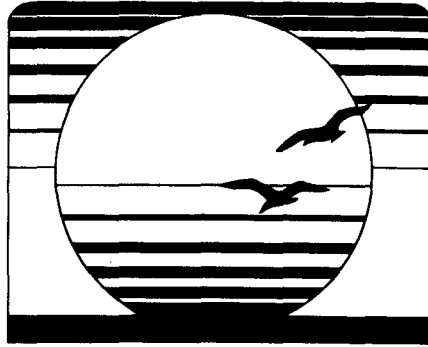
We know that our objective senses are subject to illusions. We know that what we see is not always what actually exists, as is well illustrated by various optical illusions. Therefore, much of what we find or have brought to our consciousness through the opinions of others is not what we seem to think it is. This information consists to a certain extent of misrepresentations not only of our own objective senses but also of others, because it is interpreted through the objective senses of many individuals.

One determination we should make in this present hour is always to weigh everything that comes to us through our objective senses. We should also train ourselves to give less serious consideration to the materialistic affairs of the world. We should learn to decide that in our lives, closely related as they are to the materialistic enterprises necessary for our sustenance and living, we will give a few moments each day to contemplating ideas that exist outside our physical existence.

Contemplation of Life

To think in abstract terms, if only for two or three minutes out of our whole day, of those qualities, values, and factors which are the motivating power of our lives and which exist regardless of the material item which may be connected with them in thought, enables us to view charity, love, and peace as entities in themselves, just as important as any material object with which we may deal. To reserve some time for contemplation upon all the activities of our existence and through the medium of contemplation to turn toward a higher source than that of the material world for strength and direction should be an ultimate aim of our daily living and of each hour.

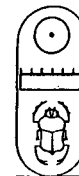
Whenever average human beings are faced with critical decisions or problems, they seek others to whom they can turn for aid and direction. They rely upon the opinions



and ideas of other individuals, and also indirectly upon material and physical conditions as a means of support. There must come into the life of every living person those times and conditions which are discouraging and not harmonious with a serene existence. These serious problems need to be faced. When these problems are not as great as they may be at some future time, then it is a time to prepare, to have a source to which to turn, because when problems arise, the friend, the adviser, or the material aid may not be at hand. The staff upon which we should lean is something outside the area of a material nature.

This is why some individuals believe in charms and actually believe that a talisman or amulet can help them. It is their way of visualizing and connecting their need of assistance and direction with a material object. They cannot see beyond the material thing and therefore they have incorporated mentally in their own mind the idea that the object which they hold or possess is a means of bringing to them the solution to their problems when faced with emergencies.

We each have within us a far more powerful agent or potential ability which can be used. The soul of the individual—that is, the part of our being that is of a nature other than the material world—is a part of the force that sustains the existing universe. We should therefore learn to turn for assistance to the force that exists within the inner self. We should determine to use this source of information to help solve problems, to help interpret objective perceptions, and to be the guide to living in the present hour, which is the hour before tomorrow. Δ



I Am Not Alone

by Corinne L. Baker

AS I APPROACHED my teens, riding a horse for the first time had a profound effect on my life, in more ways than one. My mother rented it from stables near Colorado Springs. Once mounted, I began to mimic other equestrians. The horse adjusted his steps to the movement of my body, and we become close friends the first day. From then on, whenever I approached the stables, he would begin to neigh. He seemed to know that his friend had come for him.

One day, early in the morning, I escaped the watchful eyes of my mother and friends, and headed for a nearby mountain with nothing more than a well-trained horse and book knowledge. When I reached the timber line I tied my horse under the shade of a tree near a stream and gave him a few carrots. Then I dressed in my fur-lined parka, heavy knee-high boots, and trod through the deep snow to the summit. My head was in dense clouds. I could not see Colorado Springs, so near the foot of the mountain, nor was there much air to breathe.

Suddenly I heard the soft strains of music from somewhere above me. Intuitively, I knew this was not the work of men because none were within miles of me. It was so strange and beautiful that I did not care where it came from. I held the little breath I had for fear of losing it and the new music. I was ecstatic until it stopped.

Suddenly I felt the urgent need to go home and began sliding down the mountain, searching for the route I had come, but I could not find it. I was cold, wet, shivering. Eventually I heard my horse neighing

with piercing intensity, and he never stopped until he saw me. As I kissed his big nose, his eyes softened like a person in love. He found carrots in my pocket and then carried me back to the stables. Many hours had elapsed since I had left. Night had begun to descend, and my mother and friends were distraught while waiting for me to return.



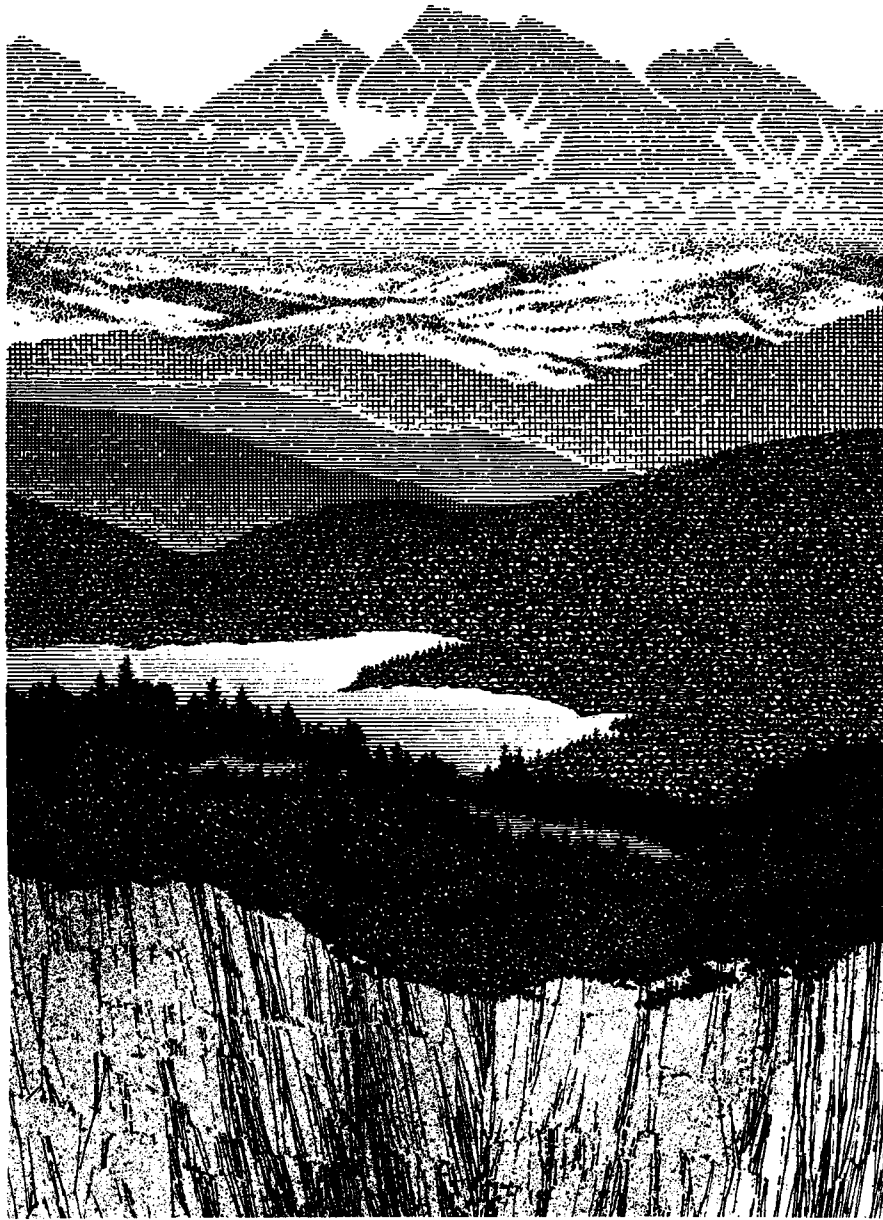
More than a decade later my friends and I spent the day swimming in the Pacific. Afterward we lay on the sandy beach of Santa Monica watching the Sun move away from us. My recollection is quite vivid of that gigantic body of water, shifting like a living organism, traveling in the direction of the blue sky and its restless white clouds. Only a vague line separated immersion of the two. Somehow I knew I was a living part of that activity—life, energy, creativity. I stared at the Sun's red face through dark glasses. It approved my opinion, I decided. The warmth had disappeared, and I was the only member of the group who was not chilly.

We told stories while sitting on the beach, and I recounted my mountain experience. Mother laughed, saying that my mind was overactive. My beach friends also laughed at my story, accusing me of dreaming with my eyes open.

During the passing years, these incidents and many more remain in my recollections, making me a better person with whom to communicate. Cosmology and other kindred truths have taught me that the Earth is really

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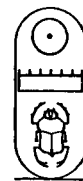
The Earth is really a living body, pulsating with energetic life as is everything related to it. . . . If I watch the rippling waters of a lake when the Sun is smiling on it, I recognize a rhythm related to the beat of my own pulse.
[14]

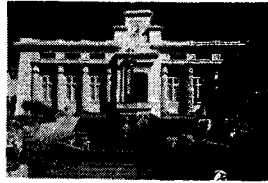


a living body, pulsating with energetic life as is everything related to it. If I sit beneath the shade of a pine tree, by its long meandering roots, the pleasant fragrance tells me that I am not alone. If I watch the rippling waters of a lake when the Sun is smiling on it, I recognize a rhythm related to the beat of my own pulse.

All of this only proves that the universal mind is in all, and that keys to that mind are found through the adoption of Love, Charity, and Compassion. The claimant's master key opens the door to inner knowledge with the abolition of egoism and the identification with all being. No man is an island unto himself; he is only limited by his own thinking.

[15]





MINDQUEST

REPORTS FROM THE RESEARCH
DEPARTMENT OF ROSE-CROIX UNIVERSITY

Self-Mastery *The Conquest of Fear*

AMORC frequently receives requests to eliminate and alleviate misfortune and tragedy. Often, whatever is "wrong" in our lives is blamed on an outside agency. In some places, we attribute misfortune to bad luck, black cats, ladders, bad economy, viruses, etc. In other places, witchcraft is blamed. The perception of black magic, voodoo, and other superstitions has plagued mankind for millennia. Today, fear, ignorance, and superstition can still infect our consciousness.

In some areas of the world, fear and terror are an open part of everyday life. In other parts of the world, fear and superstition appear in a more subtle guise. Here, witchcraft is scoffed at, and fears are not to be admitted. They are, therefore, invisible. In the first areas, fear openly paralyzes. In the second, fear and its effects are generally unconscious. Yet, in both cases, fear is in control and is the determinant of perceptions.

For example, "I have so many problems, only God knows. My daughter died. Every morning my wife awakes covered with welts. I complained to my landlord; he says it is witchcraft on me and I must move. No one will have me because of this curse. At the office I cannot concentrate because of attacks from the wizard. Friends say I am cursed by the wizards because I am a member of AMORC. I do not believe this. I just keep silent. You have to do something about this!!"

Many facile explanations for this frater's problem might be readily offered by those who do not believe in witchcraft. However, because of the frater's strong belief system, it may be difficult for him to see the problem from a different point of view. As another frater states, "Ninety percent of the people I know believe in witchcraft. Witchcraft must exist."

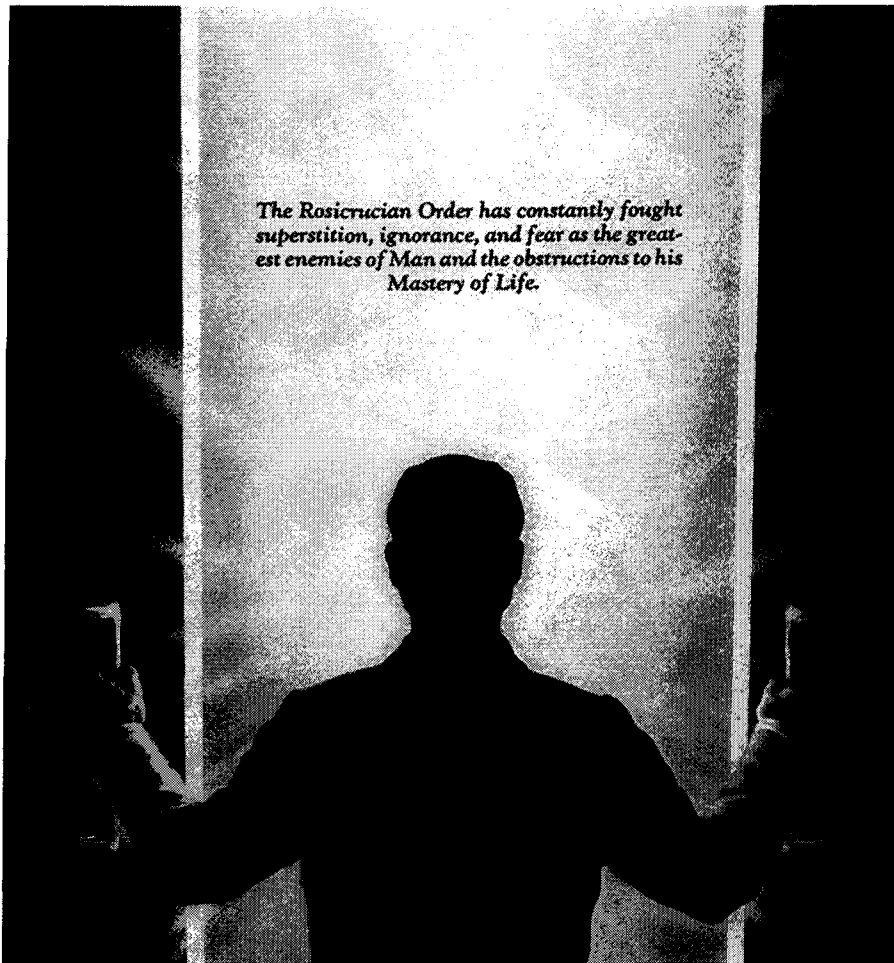
Many of us could offer analogous excuses for the overwhelming problems that infest our own lives. Insofar as excuses for fear are relevant to our lives, these examples are an expression of the way fear can rule us. Is knowledge of fear important, then, to the Rosicrucian student who desires mastery-in-self? Do we need to deal with fear? Or, is self-mastery better achieved when fears are ignored or suppressed? Is not the strong, invincible hero the ideal?

Constructively Dealing With Fear

The first piece of literature about the Rosicrucian Order, AMORC, which the prospective student reads is a booklet entitled *Mastery of Life*. This booklet says that the Order has "constantly fought superstition, ignorance and fear as the greatest enemies of Man and the obstructions to his mastery of life." Thus, the importance of this subject to the seeker of self-mastery is clearly stated at the very beginning of the student's quest.

AMORC Research Lab tours are conducted every Wednesday at 11:30 A.M.

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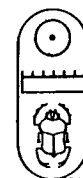


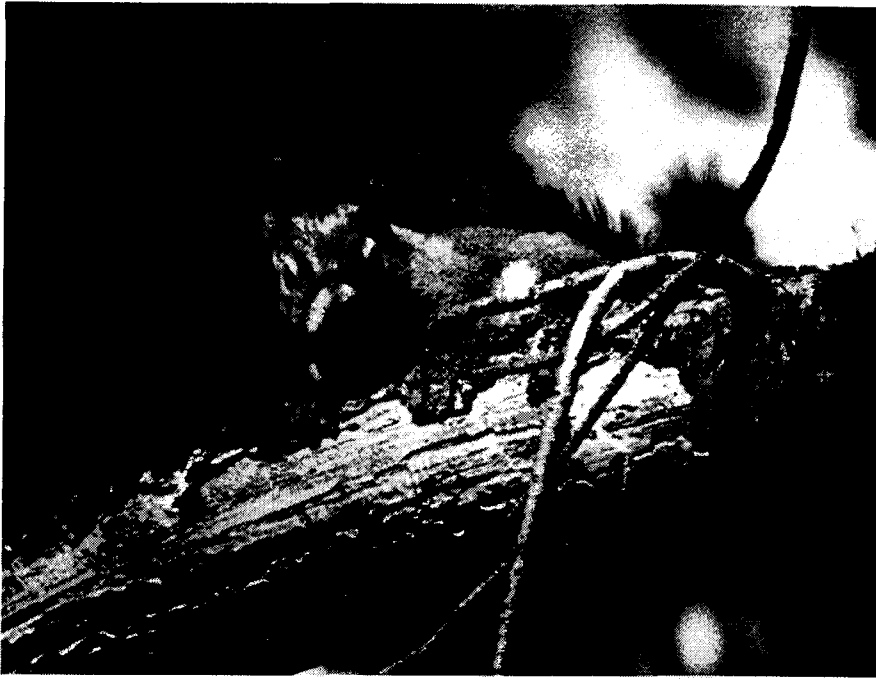
Even though we may desire to face our fears, the following response is typical: "The first thing I want to do when confronted with fear is run away!" Many psychologists agree that we tend to hide our fears. We hide them rather than bring our fears out into the open where we can consciously deal with them. Acknowledging that fear exists in our realities can be the biggest task of all.

A frater writes, "Some people can ignore fear and just hope it will go away. They'll be right in the emotion of fear, but they'll wade in it. They'll whine and cry and use the fear as an excuse in their lives. Then there's the John Wayne way. They see fear and attack it."

Both running and attacking can be a mindless reaction to fear. Perceiving a threat, we desperately seek safety in a way most familiar to us—fight or flight. Yet, for the Rosicrucian student, being a victim who merely reacts to the world does not fulfill the quest for self-mastery.

"We are not victims of the world we see," writes one soror. "We are victims of the way we perceive the world." These are the words of a person who is actively engaged in letting go of fear and superstitious beliefs. In letting go of her fearful realities, she discovers that she is not a victim. Rather, her report indicates that, for her, self-mastery brings ever greater self-





The Squirrel That Knew

by Ernest Cooper, F.R.C.

FOX SQUIRRELS, as wildlife conservationists know only too well, are rapidly becoming quite scarce. At one time they covered the entire eastern half of the United States, but now, due no doubt to their large size and clumsiness, only a scattered few are left among the cypress swamps and pine trees—their favorite habitat.

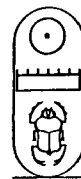
Their food consists of nuts, berries, insects, mushrooms, and bark, and they are said to have a life cycle of from six to seven years. According to some naturalists, they mate for life; and when the young put in an appearance, Papa decamps not from choice, but because of Mama's sharp teeth—so the

Ernest Cooper is a Rosicrucian and naturalist with many years' experience in the field observing and writing about animal behavior.

Old Male becomes an outcast or pariah until the young are able to fend for themselves.

And right here, let me add, it was due to this fact—that is, the Old Male had been driven from the family tree—that I have this story to tell, an incident which even today, years later, brings strongly to mind one of Validivar's admonitions: "Nature must be approached with expectancy, hoping to learn and not presuming to know."

This unique experience came to me in a moss-covered oak grove three miles from Trilby, Florida. For several days I had been visiting this small two-acre grove, at least a mile from the Withlacoochee River and securing data on aeronautic (flying) spiders and certain insects. From my very first visit I had been pestered by a large fox squirrel



which persisted in following me from spot to spot, hanging head downward from nearby oaks and scolding me, alternately barking and whisking his tail rapidly up and down.

Naturally I was perturbed because, aside from this irritant, I had the customary horde of female mosquitoes, redbugs, and ticks to contend with. However, other than mentally condemning him to the lower regions, I ignored him as best I could and went on with my work.

One day, as I was watching a solitary digger wasp and a wolf spider (*Lycosa*) and wondering how it happened that they lived together in amity (both were entering and leaving the *same* burrow, each stepping courteously aside to let the other pass), Mr. Squirrel decided to act! Down he came from his overhead perch and, scattering bark and moss in his descent, he scampered, or, rather, zigzagged, his way up to me, leaped upon a log upon which my right hand was resting, stretched out, and gave every indication of *wanting his back scratched!* I knew, because I had once witnessed a female gray squirrel perform this service for her mate.

Now please understand, this was no tame, park-raised, peanut-fed little Florida gray squirrel. This fellow happened to be a wild fox squirrel, completely independent of man, twice the size of one of Florida's little grays, and fully capable of leaving my hand looking like a piece of Swiss cheese. So, I don't mind admitting that it was with some hesitancy and a certain amount of trepidation that I reached over and began scratching his neck, just back of the ears.

He loved it! He flattened his body still closer to the log, closed his eyes and gave every indication of being in a squirrel's seventh heaven. He'd have purred, I'm sure, if

he could have. Indeed, he looked so contented and pleased that I couldn't resist the temptation of tickling his ears. He immediately opened his eyes, slightly arched his back and *castanetted* his teeth, as if to say, "Hey, cut that out! Get on with the job."

After a few more scratches, I figured he'd had enough and took my hand away. I couldn't have made a worse move. The effect was both immediate and startling: He literally danced up and down upon the log in rage, *castanetting* his teeth and barking at me, which in squirrel language I'm sure must have sounded something like this: "Look, you two-legged amoeba, you self-styled 'special creation,' either get on with the job or I'm gonna take a hunk out of that mischievous, recalcitrant, backscratching hand of yours. Now come on, cut the comedy and get back to work!" Following which, feeling, no doubt, that he had properly intimidated me (which he had), he again flattened out upon the log, closed his eyes and waited.

As I got back to scratching, I fell to wondering how many times this old battle-scarred male had been shot at and when he would go back to Mama, or rather, how he would know when to go back. At any rate, here he was, hard as a rock, over two feet long, and weighing... well, I wasn't about to pick him up to find out. His color just matched my rust-colored coat. Finally, when the Old Boy had had enough, he jumped down and without a word of thanks, or even a backward glance, away he scampered!

What gets me is how he knew I'd scratch him! △

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CONSTITUTIONAL GUARANTEES

The Rosicrucian Order, AMORC, operates under constitutional rule. This assures each member certain rights and privileges in connection with his membership. We feel that every member should be aware of these rules as set forth in convenient booklet form. The thirtieth edition of the *Constitution and Statutes of the Grand Lodge of AMORC* is available for \$1.50*. Order from the Rosicrucian Supply Bureau, San Jose, California 95191, U.S.A.

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ANGRY? LET SOMEBODY KNOW!

by Michael Herbert Shadick, M.A.

AS A CHILD, were you taught it's *not* O.K. to feel angry? I was! It took me many years of growing up to discover that anger is not only an occasional fact of life, but is a valid human emotion. Indeed, at times it can be a real blessing, as opposed to the curse I used to believe it was. It all depends on how you *deal* with your anger.

Here are four principles to remember whenever you're angry with someone. The principles have worked for me, so they ought to work for you!

- You have the right to your own emotions—the good feelings *and* the bad.
- You have the right to not only *feel* negative emotions, but to *express* them to others.
- You have more than the *right* to express them—you have an *obligation*.
- The obligation is to yourself *and* to those around you.

To honestly express your feelings to others, you first must be honest with yourself.

When you're angry at someone, don't try to rationalize your anger away. Instead, face up to it! Face up to the fact that you are, indeed, *angry*. And then think about ways to express how you feel.

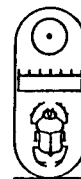
Would you like to punch somebody in the nose? Then *act* it out! Notice I didn't say *do* it. There's a world of difference! To act out your grievances, you don't have to do a thing to anybody. What you *do* do is tell the person how you feel honestly and forthrightly. Even say, "I feel like punching you in the nose!"

Who knows what response you will get? Honest expression of your true feelings always involves a certain amount of risk. But one thing is certain: some good human *communication* will take place! There is no masking of your emotions; no beating around the bush. The person will know exactly how you feel!

Who is it you're angry at? Your boss? Your wife? Your child? Your best friend? They not only *want* to know how you feel; they *need* to know! Being less than forthright with others is to do an even greater injustice to them than to yourself. When you hide negative emotions inside yourself, they won't just go away. Instead they will fester and eat away at your emotional innards until you have no choice but to release them. Heaven help the people around you then!

There is no painless way to unload feelings of anger and other negative emotions. But there is one way which is vastly superior to all the others. You already know the way. But do you *practice* it?

Being *honest* with others is not only the best way to unload anger, it is the *only* way if you really care about your relationships. By telling others how you really feel, you explain any angry behavior you might be exhibiting. Moreover, you will probably have less of it to exhibit. In the mere act of telling someone that you're angry, you will likely soothe your anger. It might even disappear altogether, especially when the person gets a chance to explain his behavior which angered you in the first place. You could very well discover some extenuating circumstances which you didn't know about, thus shedding a whole new light on the



matter. But you'll never find out if you fail to tell the person how you honestly feel!

What about the other person—how will he feel about your anger? Better than you think, most likely! For now he will know a little more about you, about *who* you are, and about *why* you behave the way you do. None of us is perfect, and the person will be happy to welcome you back into the human race! After all, anger is only human. Indeed, it is perhaps the most human of all emotions. So for you to express it to others is

not only human, but *humane*. You're being good to those around you, as well as to yourself!

Hiding anger inside yourself can only harm you and, in time, seriously jeopardize all your relationships with others. Releasing your anger *before* it festers and builds up inside you is not only good, it is *imperative*. Your relationships may very well depend on it. Do you think enough of yourself, and especially of others, to do it? Δ

Superstition

SUPERSTITION is whatever you think is true, but neither *know* it is true nor have sufficient evidence to prove its existence in fact. Actuality is that which you *know* is true.

For instance, one may know that intuition is the surest and most dependable source of knowledge. And yet one may continue to doubt his intuitive faculty, because he *thinks* the rational mind is a more dependable source of knowledge. Only experience can convince one of the superiority of the super-rational thought forces.

For example, you or I may be about to embark on a new career. My field is sales, therefore I will use it to illustrate the point. We may know in our heart of hearts that we were meant to embark on a career as a professional salesman. Superstition takes over when we start rationalizing, "I can't make it as a salesman in 'X' field because . . ." Any number of reasons may come to mind to justify our decision to ignore the intuitive impulse.

But the fact remains that the intuitive impulse was right. It was true—we should

become professional salespeople. The intuitive thought persists. Eventually we surrender to it and become successful salesmen. We had to commit ourselves to a career. Once we did, we discovered it was the career for us.

Many persons experience difficulty in the choice of the proper career because of superstition. "Daddy was not a salesman. Nobody in the family works in such a line of work." These are superstitious thoughts that prevent our choice of the proper line of work.

Timing is of course crucial to proper decision making. We may have to experience several incorrect career choices and several episodes of very safe sales positions before the time is right. When we intuitively know the time has come to commit ourselves to the career our heart has been telling us is the right one for years, there comes the "Aha!" feeling of the rightness of both the decision and the timing of the decision.

—Thomas D. Moore III, F.R.C.

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"I am responsible for the world I SEE. I choose the feelings I experience, and I decide the goals I would achieve. Everything that seems to happen, I ask for and receive as I have asked."

Finding the Burial Place of the Wissahickon Hermits



by Lucy E. Carroll
Doctor, Musical Arts
F.R.C., I.R.C.



WISSAHICKON GLEN, in Philadelphia's Fairmount Park, was the site of the first known Rosicrucian settlement in the New World. In 1694 a group of German Pietists seeking philosophical freedom, under the leadership of Johannes Kelpius, founded an unusual community known as the Hermits of the Wissahickon, or the Contented of the God-Loving Soul (as they referred to themselves).*

Much of the history of the early Rosicrucians in America is tied in with these pioneering settlers who left an important legacy to future generations of Americans and Rosicrucians. Through their influence, teaching, and inspiration, they influenced the development and growth of many areas of study and industry in the Philadelphia countryside. The settlement, located in a glen along the Wissahickon River, flourished from 1694 until the death of Kelpius in 1708.

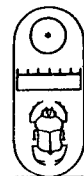
Several years ago, in connection with research work for my doctoral dissertation, I began a search for the burial ground of the Wissahickon Hermits. I hoped to find more revealing information concerning these fascinating early Rosicrucian settlers in Wissahickon Glen.

*For more information regarding Kelpius' Wissahickon settlement, please see Lucy E. Carroll's articles: "The Rosicrucian Legacy of the Wissahickon Hermits," *Rosicrucian Digest*, January 1986, page 8; and, "Christopher Witt: Rosicrucian Wonder Worker of the Wissahickon," *Rosicrucian Digest*, February 1986, page 10.

Johannes Kelpius, leader of the Hermits, was buried in the Glen near his cottage, somewhere along the Wissahickon, in what is now Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. While catfish no longer leap in the creek, much of the sylvan beauty of Wissahickon Glen remains today. We are told that Kelpius' successors, Conrad Matthai and Johann Seelig, are also buried in the Glen, by the feet of Magister Kelpius. Others of the group were given burial on the Warmer family plot in nearby Germantown. The Warmers were closely affiliated with the settlement and cared for Kelpius during his several serious illnesses. All were buried, according to their tradition, at sundown, and doves were released to symbolize the release of the soul.

The Kelpius Society of Philadelphia, which sprang from the efforts of members associated with the Benjamin Franklin Lodge, AMORC, in its long-range goals intends to sponsor a future archeological dig in the Glen. Perhaps the remains of the Magister and his followers and some artifacts or belongings may yet be found.

As to the Warmer family ground, it fell into disrepair and was used as a cemetery for soldiers after the Battle of Germantown during the American Revolution. Eventually the Warmer family ground fell into the hands of the Morris family. In 1859 the ground was given to the Episcopal church, and St. Michael's was erected on the site. When the foundation was dug, graves were found and old tombstones unearthed. According to accounts, the graves were





Historic Hermitage off Hermit Lane in Philadelphia's Fairmount Park is probably built on the foundations of the Wissahickon Hermits' settlement.

identified, then left undisturbed. The stones were removed, and the high altar was built over the grave of Dr. Christopher Witt, the last surviving member of the Wissahickon Hermits. When historian Dr. Julius Friedrich Sachse wrote of St. Michael's Church in 1895, tombstones still existed in place "between the church and the rectory."

In 1980, while doing research for my doctoral dissertation, I brought two friends to help me search for St. Michael's and the burial ground. The Episcopal church had given up the property some time ago. We drove from Germantown Avenue, past the area where Dr. Witt's home once stood, and up High Street to find a building answering the basic description of old St. Michael's. It was built in the shape of a cross, as was common with older Episcopal churches, but was now remodeled and marked as the High Street Church of God.

I asked some parishioners near the building if they knew anything of gravestones in or near the church. They denied any such knowledge; the matter seemed distasteful to them. One woman eventually admitted, "there are some old gravestones inside the

church, but we don't know whose they are." They also denied that the church had previously been St. Michael's, a curious disavowal.

Entering the church with the assistance of the Sunday school superintendent, Mr. Willy Evans, we found that part of the building—the section representing the top part of the cross design—had been blocked off for storage and was no longer in use. We went past the barrier, and there, on the back wall of this section of the church, was a stained glass window featuring Michael the Archangel. Imbedded in the walls on either side of an old altar were the last two remaining gravestones of the Warmer family—those of the son and grandson of Christian and Christiana Warmer, who figured so prominently in the life of the settlement. The two stones read:

*Jonathan Warmer
departed this life
December 21, 1793
aged 22 years*

*In Memory of
Christopher Warmer
who departed this life
Feb. 17, 1783
aged 37 years, 1 mo.*

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Rosicrucian musician and author Dr. Lucy E. Carroll recently presented a lecture-concert on music of the Wissahickon Hermits to a large audience in Wissahickon Glen, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

Christopher Warmer was named after his mentor, Dr. Christopher Witt. No other gravestones were in evidence. Mr. Evans confirmed that these were the only ones, although we did tour the grounds to see if perhaps some pieces might be found. Time and circumstance, however, had erased all remaining traces. There were no markers for any of the Wissahickon Hermit band, including Dr. Witt.

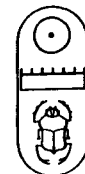
In the front of the church, behind a bush, we found a plaque placed by the Germantown Site and Relic Society in 1909, which stated that this was indeed the "Burial Ground of the Hermits of the Wissahickon." Surprisingly, no one in the church realized the plaque was there, or knew anything about the Hermits.

I have since corresponded with Mr. Evans, who promised to share the information with the pastor and church history committee. I sent a brief synopsis telling of Magister Kelpius and the settlement of the Hermits. The synopsis explained the role played by the Warmer family. I also forwarded for their use my musical transcriptions of two of the entries from the manuscript in Christiana Warmer's hand, the 1708 "Lamenting Voice of the Hidden Love. . . ."

A few months after I first visited the church, a series of arsonous fires plagued the churches of Germantown, and at least one of the churches was completely destroyed. Upon arriving home late one night, I was horrified to hear on the news that the High Street Church of God was the next one hit by the never-caught arsonist. Much of the inside was burned, but the high altar section where the stones are located, and which is said to be directly over the grave of Dr. Witt and the last of the Warmers, was *completely untouched* by the flames.

In June, 1984, when two associates of mine went to find the site on my directions, they were led directly to the gravestones by a church member who happily explained all about them. Evidently, the church now realizes the historic treasure beneath its floors. The bush covering the plaque has now been removed, so the plaque is visible for all to see.

Finding this burial site was the curious completion of a circle for me. As an undergraduate student at nearby Temple University in the late 1960s, I had been asked to be a guest speaker at that very church. I had been asked to dispel some of the fantastic myths members of that Pentecostal Church



believed, at least at that time, about the beliefs and practices of members of my own church. I spoke, and was warmly welcomed by the people of the High Street Church of God. At that time in my studies I had not even heard of Kelpius or the Hermits, the Warmers, or Christopher Witt. I knew, however, that something was unfinished, that some day I would return there. I was quite surprised when, some dozen years later, I was led back.

Hopefully, the stones in the church will be preserved, for they are all that now remain. One wishes the good people of the High Street Church of God many long years of worship and fellowship at their location, but should they, like St. Michael's before them, ever close their doors, we must hope that an archeological dig be instituted to uncover any other artifacts of the family, the settlement, or the good Dr. Witt, that might yet remain in the earth. Δ

Special Notice!

**AMORC Convention
Attendees**

Wissahickon Glen Concert

A premiere concert of *Music of the Wissahickon Glen* (approx. 1694-1740) will be presented at Memorial Hall in Philadelphia's Fairmount Park on Sunday, July 27, at 2 p.m. The concert will feature songs and hymns of the Wissahickon Hermits—a group of early Rosicrucians led by Johannes Kelpius, who arrived in America in 1694 at the invitation of William Penn. Premiering will be the reconstruction of the mystical music drama, *The Power of Love Which Conquers the World, Sin, and Death*, written in 1705.

This special concert will feature Philadelphia operatic soprano Dolores Ferraro as the Princess in *The Power of Love*, and baritone Keith Kirkner as the narrator. Transcriptions and direction are by Lucy E. Carroll, Doctor Musical Arts, F.R.C.

Tickets are available through the Kelpius Society. A special *day-tour package*, which includes a tour of the Wissahickon site, lunch, the concert, and roundtrip bus fare from the *AMORC World Convention* in New York, is also available.

For more information, write to: *The Kelpius Society*, George Lopez, President, P.O. Box 9903, Philadelphia, PA 19118.

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Let us remember that he who lives best is the one who lives wisely, for the years increase his happiness as they decrease his powers of physical and material accomplishments.

—Validivar

Dr. H. Spencer Lewis, F.R.C.

Contentment in Life

A FEW WEEKS before Elbert Hubbard sailed for Europe on the *Lusitania*, I heard him say at a public meeting: "The things we [of East Aurora] value most are the things we have given away."

To my mind, that is a terse expression of a fundamental truth. The greatest happiness is that which comes as a reflection of the joy that one has given another. That joyous service which gives another unbounded happiness is an invaluable asset. There are those who are ever searching for pleasures less real, less divine, less satisfactory.

The humble of spirit, mind, and heart are the truly contented. Life for them holds no inducement or anticipation greater than the consciousness of living. I have seen the delusion of wealth, power, position, and material inflation. It is as empty, as forlorn, unsatisfactory, and inane as it is contagious and ever deceptive.

I have occupied the most expensive seat, or chair, in the most expensive box in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York—that owned by the Astors. I have also sat upon the cushioned seats in the "rival" boxes of the Goulds and the Vanderbilts. At such times, I have tried to enjoy my beloved *La Traviata* and *Il Trovatore*, but was conscious on all sides of the vibrations of wealth, show, pomp, and self-aggrandizement.

At other times, I have walked into the same grand auditorium and without ticket, ceremony, or special dress have slipped into an empty seat among simple music-hungry souls and found peace and quiet, reverence and love. And, what is more, I have found a few hours of happiness and contentment unknown to those whose principal desire



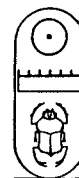
was to enthrone wealth as the king of happiness.

I have sailed on the ocean's great boats and have gone from the humble atmosphere of the second cabin to the more humble atmosphere of the third and spent hours there watching the joy of living manifest itself in beautiful simplicity. I have taken advantage, too, of the privilege and means at my disposal to spend a day amid the conditions of the first and "de luxe" cabins. There vanity, rivalry, jealousy, envy, and hatred stalked with spiked heels and unmerciful steps.

Tyranny of Wealth

I have ridden through the streets of both Paris and London in elaborate coaches where every form of ceremony was forced upon me by those whose wealth and social position held sway as tyrannical dictators. But I have also passed through those same streets atop buses for a three-cent fare. In such humble and natural circumstances, I enjoyed the grandeur of living and seeing, both of which were stifled when humbleness of spirit was crushed by wealth.

I have traveled through foreign lands with the financial means of the world's most wealthy at my disposal; and everywhere the simplest pleasures of life and



even the humblest necessities were denied me because of the substitution of tinsel, diaphanous, pompous things regarded by part of the world as necessary to its happiness. Only by disguising my associations, hiding my resources, and denying my station in life, did I find the happiness, the beauty, and the real delights of foreign travel.

I have entered the magnificent hallway of the costly palace of an American millionaire on Fifth Avenue, New York, and ascended in a white and gold elevator past gorgeous living rooms to a private library on an upper floor, where a coldly indifferent servant escorted me into the presence of one who tried to find happiness amid such surroundings. I have sat in such a room, in such an august presence, for an hour or more while every spoken word rebounded from the costliest fittings and fell lifeless. I have seen the rich man's heart bleed for a few minutes' enjoyment of the simple things of life and the opportunity to do those things that make for peace and contentment. It was a relief to leave such a home and go to one where the most valued asset was love and where smiles and contentment took the place of gold.

The Lasting Values

I have spent hours with William Howard Taft when he was at the height—or, should I say, in the depths—of great dignity and pomp, busy with the ceremonies and functions of the high offices he held. Likewise, I have been with Theodore Roosevelt when he, too, because of worldly power, was denied the opportunity to enjoy the simple things in life. Both of these men manifested every desire to cast aside the false formalities of the artificial life they were living. I never knew Mr. Taft to appear happier or to enjoy the goodness of living more than

when in working clothes we crossed the East River together on an old ferryboat, prepared to spend a day free from all limitations of office and titles in the fields of Long Island.

What may wealth give me that I do not have now? Could all the money in the world give me more than a good appetite? Could great wealth give me more than a satisfactory meal? Have I not all the air to breathe necessary for health? I can walk under the same blue heavens, enjoy the same bright sunlight, and see the same stars at night. I enjoy good health, the love of children, and a loyal wife. I still have two affectionate parents, the exclusiveness of a sanctified home, the respect of my neighbors, the trust of my business associates, the good will of every co-worker and employee; the love and friendship of hundreds of men and women in America, and the enmity only of those few whom I have exposed in their attempts to injure friends or harm the innocent. And—greatest of all—I have God's great force, His very essence, vibrating in my body, as I have His love in my heart.

Can the powers, influences, and the black magic of wealth give me any greater gifts than these? And can I have greater pleasures than I now enjoy, devoting my contented life to helping others, realizing that these simple, inexpensive, yet priceless things make for real happiness and contentment in life?

Since thousands of readers of the *Rosicrucian Digest* have not read many of the earlier articles of Dr. H. Spencer Lewis, first Emperor of the present Rosicrucian cycle, each month one of his outstanding articles is reprinted so that his thoughts will continue to be represented within the pages of this publication.



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***The greater the number of things one possesses,
the greater is his responsibility for them.***

—Validivar

Primitive Thinking and Superstitions

by Ralph M. Lewis, F.R.C.

PSYCHOLOGICALLY, the primitive mind is unable to satisfactorily distinguish between its own notions and realities. In other words, it makes its notions as real as the things of the world which it experiences. This is made apparent by the many examples of the law of *similarity* in magic. Aborigines are known to make effigies, little images, of their enemies. Then they pierce these effigies in the region of some vital organ, as the heart, with a needle or some other sharp instrument. At the same time they utter incantations for the conjuring of certain supernatural powers. Because of the similarity between the living person and the effigy which the aborigines have created, the enemy is expected to actually suffer severe pain in his heart when the effigy is pierced in that region.

If an aborigine intends immediate death for his victim, he may burn the effigy. Such an act in an example of the imitative concept. The similarity between the enemy and the effigy constitutes to the primitive mind a sympathetic bond between them. Therefore, whatever is done to the effigy is transmitted, by means of this sympathetic bond, to the person it represents.

An example of the law of *contagion*, the second principle of magic, is to get hairs or fingernail parings of an enemy, an intended victim. Then these are mixed with beeswax or some other substance from which is formed an effigy of the victim. The effigy is then burned while the intended victim is execrated by incantation.

The psychological principle underlying contagious magic is the actualizing of the abstract physical elements that compose a person—his hair, teeth, limbs, even his clothing, and any jewelry he wears—are all integrated and united to make up that person. The idea of coherence or unity, therefore, is a strong suggestion to all minds, and particularly to the primitive one. This abstract notion of unity is then conceived as being an ethereal substance and having real-

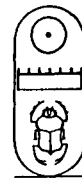
ity itself. It is thought to be equal in reality to the parts of which it consists. Consequently, what is done to any part is transmitted, by the means of the abstract element—the unity—to the distant person. By putting together articles of the individual's clothing, some of the hairs of his body and fingernail parings, and affecting these in some manner, one supposedly transmits this effect, by the ethereal unity, to the person or victim himself.

Superstitions Among Modern Man

Perhaps you say that people of the civilized world, those of the progressive nations, do not think in that way. We agree with you. Few, if any, civilized people pierce effigies with needles. Nonetheless, many millions of civilized persons do pursue the same primitive thinking of magical practices. The majority of our superstitions prevail today only because *primitive thinking* does also.

Superstition is the result of the substituting of imaginary causes for actual ones. The human mind is never content with a mystery, to allow something to remain unsolved. If it cannot find the solution in the circumstances themselves, then the mind provides a solution. Whenever the cause of some happening or circumstances cannot be perceived, the human mind tends to resort to superstition. These imaginary causes arise principally from our emotional responses to the environment, how we act under strange and unfamiliar circumstances. Our fear or our anger with respect to something may produce imaginary causes of the event. When the cause of a phenomenon is immediately perceived, the reaction of the individual to such circumstances constitutes a powerful suggestion for inventing an explanation. The mind associates with the event all those ideas, the result of its experiences, which might or which could have caused the happening.

For an example, one may see a tremendous rain of meteors from the sky, unlike



anything he has ever previously experienced, or similar to an event that occurred in the Middle Ages. As the viewer gazes upon this awesome sight, he cannot immediately discern any physical cause for it. In his mind he ponders, What could cause such an exception to normal events? The thought arises that since it appears to be an exception to nature, it must have been supernaturally ordained. It is the will of God, perhaps. Subsequent questions might be: Why then should God instigate this phenomenon? What purpose lies behind it? At this point there enters the effect of the particular religious upbringing of the individual, the dogma of his beliefs and his social beliefs as well. Perhaps he then thinks that this event heralds the end of the world or maybe the coming of Judgment Day.

Commonly Held Beliefs

Modern superstitions are innumerable. Every land has its own as well as borrowed and inherited ones. A few of these will illustrate the primitive thinking that lies behind them. They will reveal the substitution of abstract ideas for realities.

There is an old superstition that harm may be done a person or thing by stepping over the individual or over the object. This is a widespread misconception. Bagonda natives think that if a woman steps over a man's weapons, such as a sword, spear, bow, and arrows, thereafter he will not be able to shoot accurately and will fail in the hunt. South Slavonians think that to step over a person is to communicate to him all of the maladies and illnesses of the person who does the stepping. It is a common belief in France, Belgium, Germany, and in America as well, among many people, that to step over a child is to hinder its growth.

What is the probable reasoning behind this superstitious belief? There is, psychologically, a strong suggestion behind the act of stepping over anything. To step over a thing is to subordinate it, that is, to indicate a superiority of status to the thing which is stepped over. As a result, the stepping implies the confining or the limiting of the qualities or the powers of that over which one steps. Thus to step over a child is to in some way inhibit, by this act of superiority, the growth of the child, to signify its limits

and its subordination to the supremacy one displays in stepping over it.

The custom of saying "God bless you," or its equivalent in various languages, when someone sneezes, is of early origin. It has long been taught that the soul enters the body and leaves it with the breath. This is logically sound. Likewise, however, many of the ancients thought that demons and unwanted spirits were included in the being through his breathing—that in some way they crept in with the breathing. Sneezing was then presumed to be the means of dispelling these undesirable forces. The soul ejected the unwanted entities by the sneezing process. Consequently, after the sneeze the person was blessed for being purified, for purging himself of such entities.

We have often heard the expression that someone got out of bed on the wrong foot that morning—perhaps because of his temper or his behavior during the day. This expression is from old German folklore. It is also an excellent example of the simple association of ideas. Somewhere in the past certain qualities of behavior became associated with the right or the left foot. Thus good behavior was associated with the right foot and bad behavior with the left. It follows that when one displayed bad temper during the day, he must have got out of bed on the left foot that morning.

Games of Chance

In games of chance or gambling, though individuals may not so express themselves, many think that there is an intangible connection between their acts and what they call luck. Another word for luck is fortune. They think that fortune is, in a sense, a mind cause, that it is a sort of disembodied universal intelligence which has certain purposes to fulfill. They further believe that there is a relation between the purpose of fortune and certain objects that are used in gambling. The gambler is not able to perceive in his cards or in his dice that the law of probability applies to, and actually accounts for, the success or failure which he experiences. So he imagines instead that supernatural causes have their influence, that the numbers on his cards or dice can in some way invoke the supernatural mind cause or fortune. Consequently, by manip-

ulating the gambling devices he hopes to bring about that particular combination which will set into motion the causes of fortune in his behalf.

Superstitions vs. Errors of Judgment

Many of the superstitions prevalent today are not realized to be such. They are really survivals of ancient customs. The individual has never inquired into their origin or plausibility. We would like to add, however, that superstitions have no connection with errors of judgment. When an individual intelligently tries to arrive at a point of knowledge and makes an error in doing so, he is not superstitious in the falsity of his conclusions. For example, for centuries men thought that heavy objects would always fall more rapidly than light ones. This was a logical assumption, for observation seemed to prove it. A stone thrown into the air would fall more rapidly than a feather. However, Galileo proved in his experiments that this observation and assumption were false. He showed that the only reason a light object does not fall as rapidly as a heavy one is that it is impeded by air. If both are placed in a vacuum or semi-vacuum, they will fall alike. Now, the proofs that Galileo brought forth did not make superstitious all those persons who had thought differently. They had relied on observation and judged their observation wrongly, but they had not substituted imaginary causes.

When ordinary experience seems to provide the truth of a circumstance, such a belief, even if proved false later, is not a superstition. False judgment is not a superstition unless it can be shown that primitive thinking was the basis of such judgment. As an example, for many centuries the atom was thought to be indivisible. It was thought to be not only the smallest complete form of matter but the smallest particle of matter. Now we know that that assumption was not true. We know that there are many particles of matter, such as electrons, protons, neutrons, and others. Those who believed that the atom was indivisible were not exhibiting a superstitious mind. Rather, they were limited by the technical development and facts of their day.

We consider many things of today as being factual. They seem to be so from our

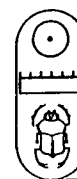
observation, from the use of our reasoning powers. However, they may be proved in the future to be other than we think them. Our mistake would then be one of judgment, but not of superstition. We can say that no man is superstitious who tries to tie his judgment fast to a demonstrable experience.

Ideals and Truth

Ideals are often superstitions or fallacies because they are not taken out of the realm of the abstract and subjected to experience or to something more tangible. Abstraction is not truth. The abstract notion may appear self-evident to us but that does not make it a reality. Certainly a truth must have some pragmatic value. It must have more of a universal nature than the separate ideas in each of our respective minds. Otherwise, there would be as many separate truths as there are separate people; and our individual truths, those things which we personally hold to be true, would lead us apart.

What we consider truth must be projected from our consciousness in such a manner that it can be perceived and understood by others. If the truth were something highly personal to the individual alone, it would not bring about satisfaction to others, such as is needed for the harmony of a united society. Any ideal held by an individual which cannot cloak itself in the substance of empirical experience—something that can be objectively perceived or realized to some degree at least—may be, and most likely is, a superstition or a fallacy.

Many fallacies which we perpetuate today bear evidence of primitive thinking. They are abstract thoughts which we erroneously believe to be rooted in experience. Let us take the common fallacy that *up* and *down* are realities. In nature, there is no quality, or direction, if you wish, as up or down. These are related only to the position which the observer takes. Up is always in relation to the head, and down is always in relation to the feet. We are the ones who have arbitrarily established that rule. No matter where our feet are planted, above our head is up in relation to our position. We look up to Mars, but if there were human intelligences on Mars, they would look up to our



Earth as well. In each case the man on Mars and the man on the Earth would be looking above his head, and up would be in relation to where his feet are. The man standing on the North Pole is looking up when he gazes into the sky. Likewise the man at the South Pole is looking up when he looks into the heavens, and yet both of them are looking in opposite directions. Up is in relation to their minds and their positions. It is not a reality in nature.

Another fallacy is the belief that nature is good. Nature is neither good, nor is it bad as the human mind understands these words. The human relates the effects of natural phenomena to his own particular interest. Those effects that he finds beneficial, he calls good; those which he dislikes, he calls bad. Man, of course, has associated nature with the Supreme Deity or with God. Consequently, man believes that nature is always striving for good, that it has as its purpose the bringing of happiness and pleasure to man. The proof of this inconsistency is that man finds it quite difficult to reconcile certain phenomena of nature with goodness. It is hard to explain how an earthquake, a flood, a volcanic eruption are part of nature's display of goodness to man.

There is another fallacy which I will mention at this time that is a controversial one. It is the belief that complexity in the nature of an organism, whatever it may be, is proof of the evolution or development of nature. Nature has set no standard as a final or as a perfect end toward which it is striving. It is true and demonstrable that certain processes in nature bring about complex forms or realities just as the acorn becomes the oak tree. However, such is not an indication that the complexity of the oak tree is the effect of a teleological cause. In other words, it does not indicate that the oak tree is more important to nature than the acorn.

In conclusion, here are three simple rules for the avoidance of superstition:

- A. Do not accept as a reality any traditional concept if there are either contrary facts or equally logical arguments against it.
- B. Do not assume that there is any actual connection between things and events merely because they are associated in objective experience.
- C. Make a thorough inquiry before assuming that your emotional or your psychic feelings have an actual physical counterpart. △

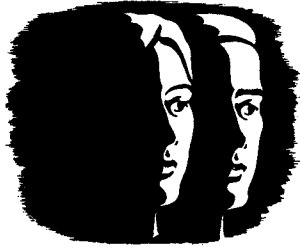
This Month's Cover

This month's cover features an original painting entitled "The Burning of the Sage," by Rosicrucian artist Cheryl Yambrach Rose. The title refers to a mystical ceremony of the Shasta Indians, living near the base of California's Mt. Shasta. When a Shasta couple are married, they retain some of the sage from their wedding ceremony and keep it in a little pouch. When they experience marital problems later on, they burn some of the sage as a powerful incense—giving up their problems to the Cosmic and knowing they will be solved. In the background of the painting we see Mt. Shasta. For more information about this mysterious mountain, see the back cover.

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ROSICRUCIAN DIRECTORY

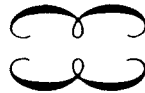
A complete directory of all chartered Rosicrucian Lodges, Chapters, and Pronaoi throughout the world appears in this publication annually in *February*.



In Touch With Self

Nowhere can a person learn to be in touch with Self as profoundly and convincingly as in a Rosicrucian environment. At the heart of Rosicrucian philosophy is an emphasis on self-reliance. Your *Self*, as an integral part of the Greater Self, has at its disposal all of the power and wisdom of its Parent Self—the Cosmic. Learning to tap that resource is one of the primary objectives of Rosicrucian instruction. Attention to this objective is also a primary concern of the special instruction given at the 1986 World Convention in New York, July 24-26.

Amaze even yourself at how much you can learn at this convention. Each lecture, demonstration, and exercise is unique in its application. Join with your fratres and sorores in this richest of all international experiences! There's still time (barely) to write to the Convention Secretary, AMORC, San Jose, California 95191 (U.S.A.), for particulars if you haven't already received your application forms. And there's still time (*just barely*) to make your travel and lodging reservations!

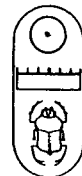


Medifocus



Medifocus is a special humanitarian monthly membership activity with which each Rosicrucian is acquainted. On the first Sunday of each month, at any hour you select, you will enter into a five-minute period of meditation, focusing your thought upon a specific troubled area of the world. The part of the world you select will depend on which troubled area is particularly significant to you as an individual. This may change from month to month, or it may remain important to you for a longer period of time.

The Rosicrucian Order is *not* a political organization. The basic purpose of *Medifocus* is a humanitarian effort directed toward world peace.



Ella Wheeler Wilcox

(from page 11)

One of her poems "Secret Thoughts," from *Poems of Pleasure*, is still quoted in Rosicrucian literature to this day:

*I hold it true that thoughts are things
Endowed with bodies, breath, and wings,
And that we send them forth to fill
The world with good results—or ill.*

Poems of Power, published in 1901, was the herald of a new century. It is my favorite collection from the pen of a spiritually mature woman.

Life progressed quite happily for the optimistic Ella—until her husband died suddenly in 1916. She frankly admitted, in her autobiography, that she completely "collapsed" and subsequently served her term in the "valley of sorrow." It was as if the younger Ella had presaged this occurrence many years earlier when she wrote these lines in "One of Us Two" from *Poems of Pleasure*:

*One of us two shall find all light, all beauty,
All joy on earth, a tale forever done;
Shall know henceforth that life means only duty.
Oh, God! Oh, God! have pity on that one.*

Ella's last three years alone were spent in intense soul-searching which naturally included deep reflections upon the nature of death and the afterlife, and she eventually arrived at this conclusion: "Death is only a doorway to a larger life and does not destroy memory or affection or personal characteristics. Death ushers each soul unto the place and plane it has made for itself while on earth by the nature and habit of its thoughts."

During her last year, when her heart had healed somewhat, Ella Wheeler Wilcox traveled to France in the spirit of "duty" to work with the soldiers of World War I in their hour of need. Surrounded by the illusory specter of death in her last years, Ella Wheeler Wilcox pierced through that illu-

sion in this rare poem, entitled "The Finish":

*The thought of that last journey back to Him
When there is no more longing or desire
For anything but God left in my soul
Shines in the distance like a great white flame.
I think the way will lead through golden clouds
Skirting the shores of seas of amethyst!
And winding gently upward; past old worlds,
Where body after body was outlived,
Past Hells and Heavens, where I had my day
With comrade spirits from the lesser spheres
And paid my penalty for every sin
And reaped reward for every worthy act:
Past Realms Celestial and their singing hosts
(Where once I chanted with the cherubim)
Out into perfect silence. Suddenly
An all-enveloping vast consciousness
Of long, long journeys finished: one more turn
Then glory, glory, glory infinite
And selfhood lost in being one with God.
The ray once more absorbed into the Sun.
The Cycle done.*

And so, the rags-to-riches princess whose brilliant life had lighted the way for countless thousands, quietly passed on to the next plane after a cycle of sixty-nine years. The life and work of Ella Wheeler Wilcox might be summed up in this little message "The World's Need," that closes *Poems of Power*:

*So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs.*

NOTE: The direct quotes come from *The Worlds and I*, the autobiography of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, published in 1918 by the George H. Doran Co. "Diabutsu" and the excerpt from "The Finish" are also included in this work. The excerpt on prenatal influence is from *The Heart of the New Thought*, published 1902. The rest of the poems, or portions of poems, are taken from the following volumes of poetry:

Poems of Passion. Chicago: W.B. Conkey Co., 1883.
"Courage," "Love's Coming," "Solitude."

Poems of Pleasure. Belford Clarke & Co., 1888.
"A Face," "One of Us Two," "Secret Thoughts."

Poems of Power. London: Gay and Hancock, Ltd., 1903.
"Illusion," "The World's Need," "We Two."

ATTENTION!

Rosicrucians Visiting Expo '86

Vancouver, B.C., Canada



THE City of Vancouver, British Columbia, will soon be celebrating its "Best Party in 100 Years"—its commemoration of 100 years as a city. Beginning in May the city will also be the site of the World's Fair Expo '86. Vancouver Lodge, AMORC, has been officially asked by the city's Centennial Commission to take part in these celebrations. The Lodge, one of AMORC's earliest, has played a guiding role in Vancouver's history since 1921 and is housed in one of the city's notable historical landmarks.

The public and Rosicrucians visiting the exciting city and Expo '86 are invited to join in the Lodge's celebrations. As part of the theme of "Past and Present," highlights will include displays, cultural entertainment, and talks about AMORC's history in Vancouver.

Vancouver Lodge's auditorium will be open at the following times: 1:00 - 5:00 p.m., the first Sunday of May, June, July, and August; and 7:00 - 10:00 p.m., the second Friday of the same months. See you there!

ROSICRUCIAN CONCLAVE

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

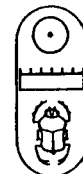
Southwest Regional Conclave—June 6-8, Holiday Inn West-Airport, I-40 & Meredian, Oklahoma City. Grand Lodge will be represented by Frater Lamar Kilgore, AMORC's Grand Treasurer. For more information, please contact Gail Wilson, c/o Amenhotep Lodge, AMORC, P.O. Box 50054, Midwest City, OK 73140.

Brazilian National Rosicrucian

Convention

October 22 - October 26, 1986

This Convention in the Portuguese language will be held at the Guaira Theatre in Curitiba (Paraná), Brazil. Supreme Grand Lodge will be represented by Spanish Grand Master Ruben Dalby. For hotel reservations and further information, write to: Escritório de Grande Tesoureiro, Grande Loja do Brasil, AMORC; Caixa Postal 307; 80.000 Curitiba, Paraná, Brazil.



MUSIC FOR MEDITATION

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ROSICRUCIAN DIGEST
 San Jose, California 95191, U.S.A.

Entrance to Tutankhamon's Tomb ➡

In the mysterious Valley of the Kings, with its sun-baked, lifeless cliffs, many of Egypt's famous pharaohs are entombed. In the lower portion of this picture is the walled entrance to the tomb of Tutankhamon, a minor 18th-Dynasty pharaoh who reigned for a brief 9 years. The prominence of "King Tut" is not due to his accomplishments as pharaoh (he was very young during his reign), but rather to the excellently preserved artifacts which were found in his still-intact tomb by Lord Carnarvon and Howard Carter in 1922. The opening of this tomb and the discovery of Tutankhamon's burial chamber and golden sarcophagus caused a worldwide sensation. It was the greatest archeological discovery in modern history. Just beyond the entrance to Tutankhamon's tomb we see the tall entrance to the tomb of Rameses VI (20th Dynasty).

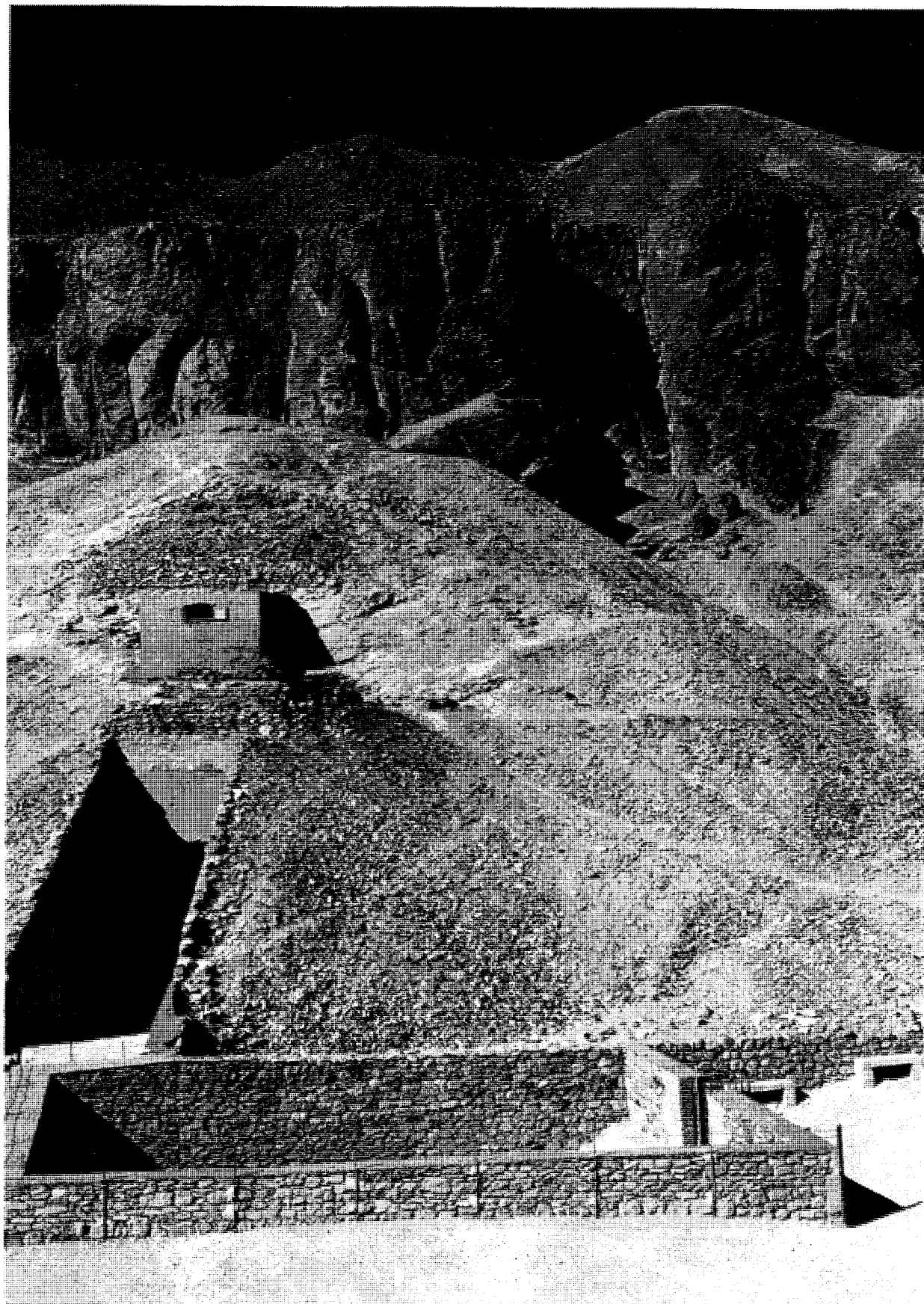
(Photo by AMORC)

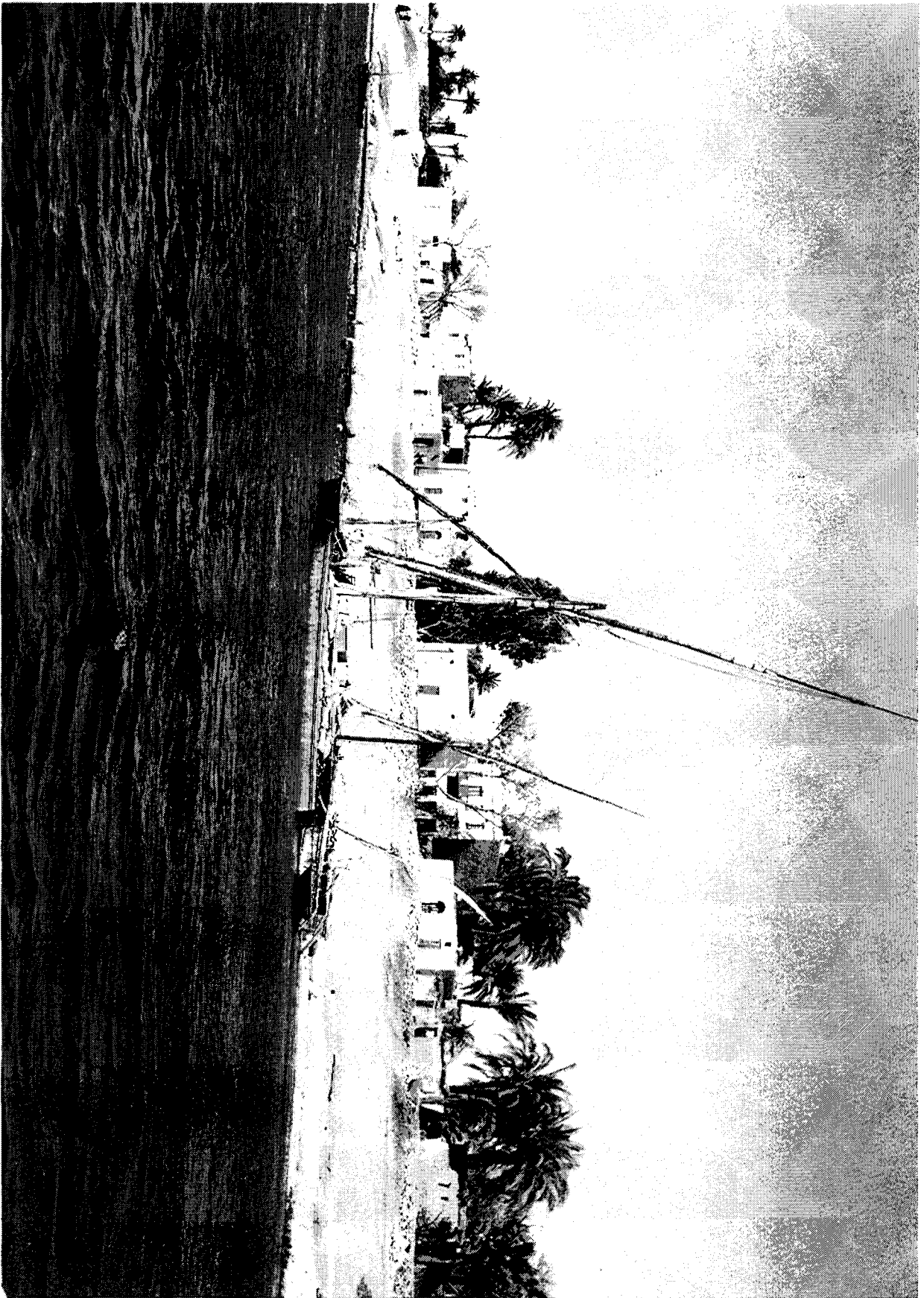
Village on the Nile (overleaf)

**The
 Rosicrucian
 Digest
 May
 1986**

The Nile is the life-blood of Egypt. Here we see sturdy feluccas tied up at a village embankment, their cargoes piled high on deck. Villagers waded into the river, filling jars with water and taking a refreshing break from the desert-dry heat.

(Photo by AMORC)





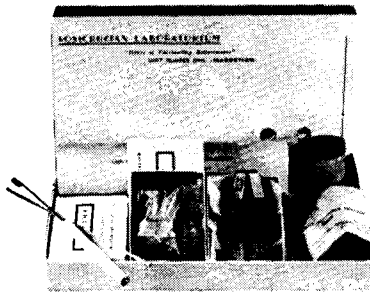
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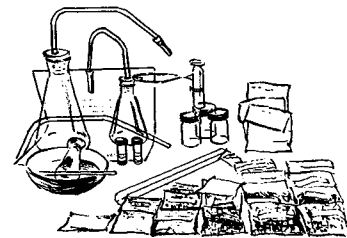
This laboratory kit contains everything you need—apparatus, charts, guidebook, diagrams, and a recording of vocal instructions.

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Alchemy



The alchemists of the Middle Ages were the fathers of our modern chemistry and pharmacy. They worked and struggled to wrest from Nature her secrets for the benefit of mankind. Misunderstanding them, the masses accused them of witchcraft, threatened their lives and compelled them to conceal themselves in a mysterious manner and veil their astounding formulas and truths in mystical terms.

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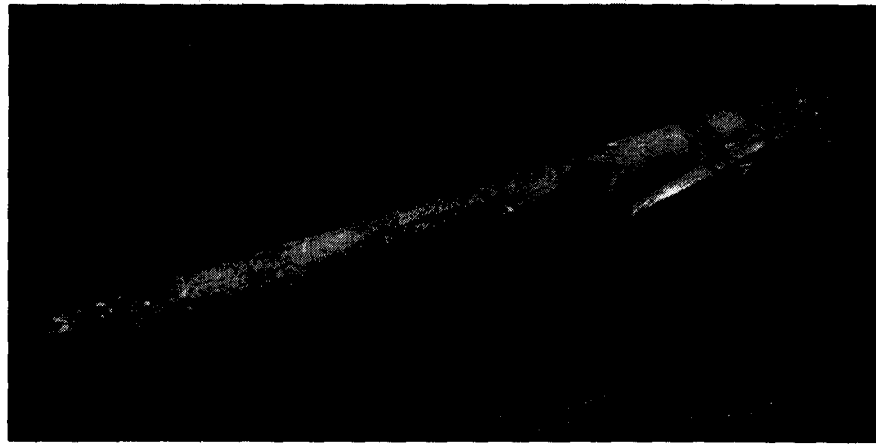
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TREASURES FROM OUR MUSEUM



The Ceremonial Adze

For Ancient Egyptians, death was not thought to be the end, but rather the beginning of another cycle of life. The final ceremonies at the tomb revolved around a ritual known as "the opening of the mouth." As the title suggests, this ancient ritual restored a person so that he "lived" in the afterlife. The mummy was made into a sentient being capable of using its eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. Thus the mummy could drink, eat, and direct people and things. This ritual was also performed on the statues of the deceased in the "rooms of gold" (the sculptor's studio and mummification workshop).

The rite consisted primarily of touching the mummy's mouth with various instruments, notably the adze. However, a collection of different spells, such as can be seen in decorated friezes in the tombs of Seti I and Rekhmire, did not only apply to the mouth. These spells reanimated the vital life force in any physical form designed to receive a divine or human personality. The opening of the mouth with an adze was a magic rite which complemented the creative and animating process of carving and sculpture.

Shown in our photograph is a new acquisition in the Rosicrucian Egyptian Museum—an original wooden model adze called Nu dating from 332 B.C. Each adze was given its own name. This type of adze was used for trimming wood by carpenters, boat builders, bow-and-arrow makers, and artisans. Such models of daily objects were often included as funerary equipment in tombs.

—Juan Pérez, F.R.C., & Doni Prescott, F.R.C.

The Rosicrucian Egyptian Museum contains the largest collection of Egyptian and Babylonian objects on exhibit in the Western United States. Approximately 250,000 persons visit the museum annually.



Shasta Tule Gatherer

Cheryl Yambrach Rose

World Of Wonder

Fire and Ice

The whole mountain appeared as one glorious manifestation of divine power . . . glowing like a countenance with ineffable repose and beauty, before which we could only gaze in devout and lowly admiration.

—John Muir, Steep Trails

RISING MAGNIFICENTLY at the top of California's great Central Valley is the mountain—Shasta! Visible for 100 miles in most directions, the white, lonely peak stands aloof, somehow detached from the surrounding scenery. Viewed through the early summer heat of the Sacramento Valley, Shasta's white mass seems to hover—shimmering in the sky—seemingly unrelated to the lush green fields and orchards below. My favorite view is from the north, from a highway cresting a ridge in Central Oregon's lava plateau, seeing the white, lonely peak of Shasta rising abruptly, over 100 miles away, across the gray-green juniper and sagebrush landscape.

The mountain has always inspired mystery. Legends and myths, going back to the time of the Shastan Indians, have circulated about the mountain, linking it with an ancient, forgotten people, and a great sunken continent to the west. Seeing the mountain at night, its distant white peak bathed in full moonlight, floating above the darkened and lonely Modoc Plateau, makes the mystery even more awesome.

What we do know about Shasta is that it is a double-domed volcano, rising 14,162 ft. above sea level in the Southern Cascades—a Pacific Coast chain of volcanic mountains of fire and ice.

Fire and ice created Shasta and its sister peaks. *Fire*, because some of these volcanoes are not extinct, as shown by the recent eruption of seemingly placid Mt. St. Helens to the north, and Shasta's nearby neighbor, Mt. Lassen, whose violent 1914-1915 eruption devastated much of the surrounding area and sent a 30,000-foot plume of smoke and ash into the sky. *Ice*, because these peaks, including Shasta, feature living glaciers inching down their slopes—cutting away the rough rock and sending its particles down numerous streams to the valley below.

Though Shasta is a sleeping volcano, there are fumaroles emitting heat and gases, and the presence of hot springs in the area indicates underground activity.

—Robin M. Thompson, F.R.C.