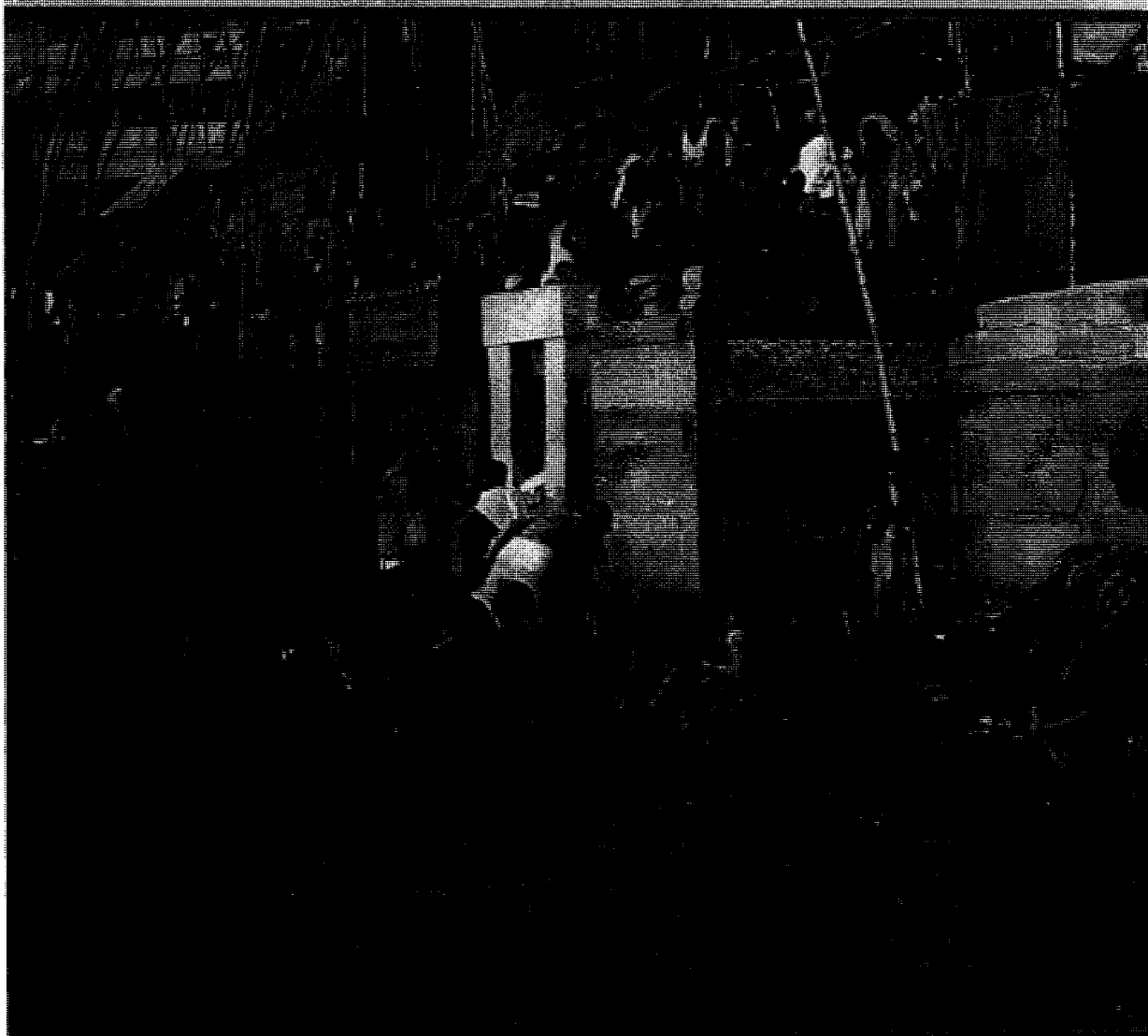
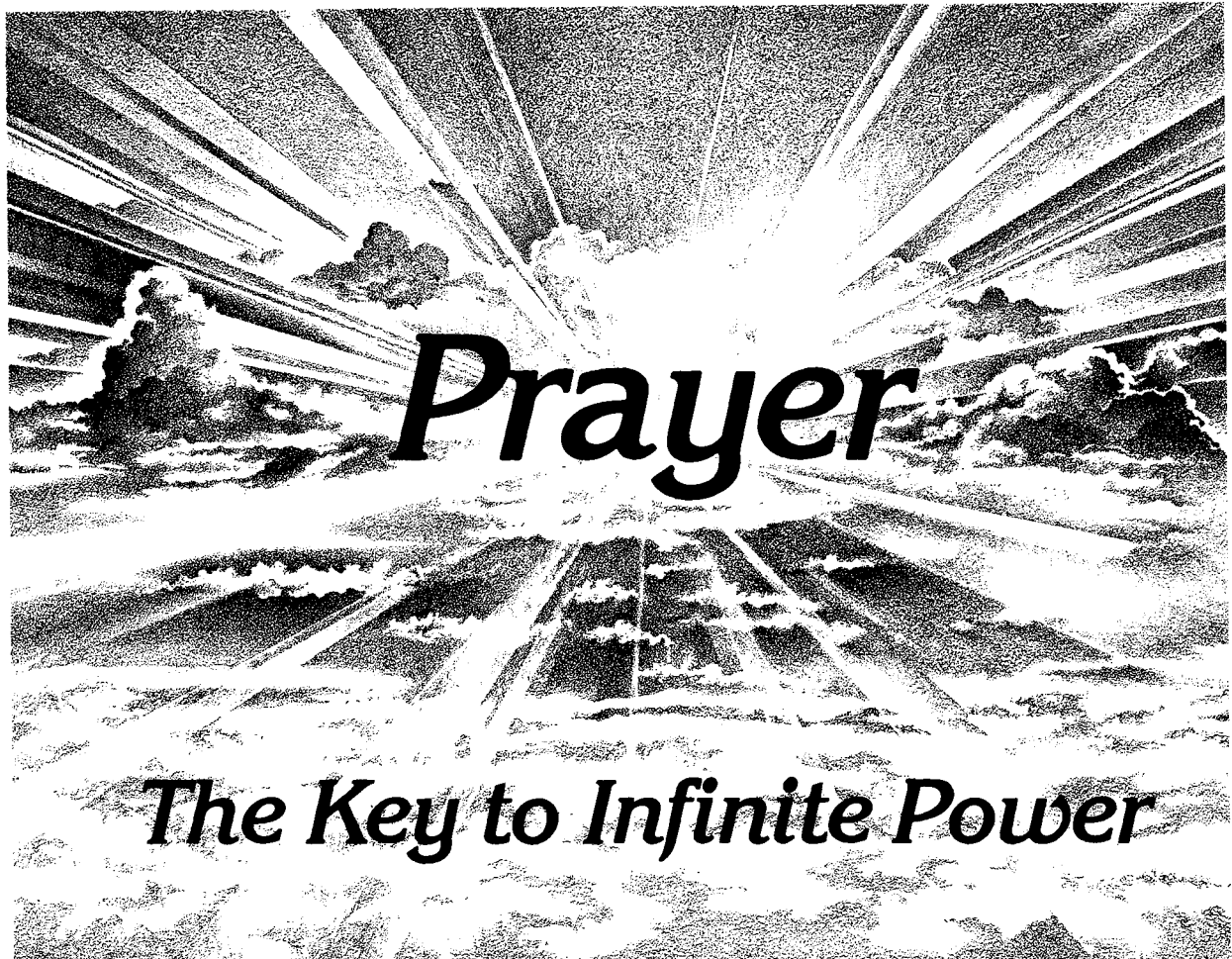


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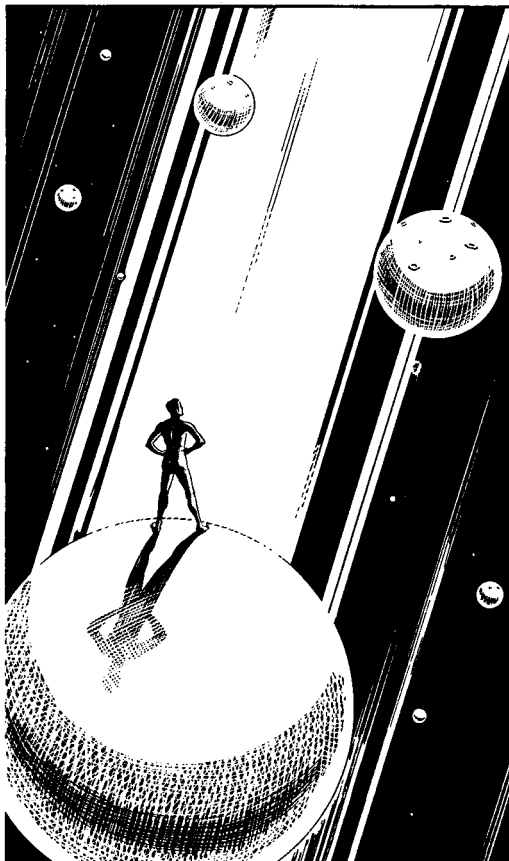
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## Temples of Katmandu, Nepal ⇨

From the Buddhist shrines of Nepal's Katmandu Valley, the Baghmati  
River flows southward out of the Himalayas toward the densely populated  
plains of Northern India.

(Photo by AMORC)

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# THOUGHT OF THE MONTH

by the Imperator

## The True Meaning of Metaphysics

MANY WORTHY SUBJECTS acquire a bad reputation from misconceptions which have become associated with them. Their true and original meaning becomes obscured by the false ideas expounded in their name. That branch of philosophy known as *metaphysics* is one that has suffered this indignity.

The word metaphysics has been popularly attributed to Aristotle. Actually, however, according to ancient historians, Aristotle originated the organization of those subjects which metaphysics includes, but not its name.

It is related that the "first introduction of the term (metaphysics) was a mere accident." Aristotle called these subjects his "First Philosophy." In 70 B.C. in Rome, one Andronicus of Rhodes was collecting these writings of Aristotle. Apparently inadvertently he placed the First Philosophy after the treatise on physics. The subjects of metaphysics were then called "the treatise after the physical treatise," which is the literal meaning of the word metaphysics. Or more simply put, it means over and beyond the physical.

This distinction was to imply that metaphysics concerned itself more with abstract qualities than with a scientific observation and analysis of factual matters. But as it was termed "beyond the physical," it was construed by many early and later thinkers as

meaning that which dealt with the *supernatural*. As a result, down through the centuries paralleling and often exceeding the true subjects of metaphysics have been many superstitions listed under its title.

In fact, many occult subjects actually having no relationship to true metaphysics are popularly expounded as such today. There are numerous persons who profess to be students of metaphysics who have no familiarity with the original sphere of knowledge which it includes. When they speak of metaphysics in terms of these fantastic subjects, they alienate those persons who might otherwise be interested in it.

### *Science of Causes*

Among students of true metaphysics, it is considered as a *science of causes*. It is a study of first principles or, as one ancient has said, "pursuing a cause to its utmost generalized end." Still another definition of metaphysics which properly represents it is "a systematic study of the fundamental problems related to the ultimate nature of reality and human knowledge." Metaphysics is a speculation, not in regard to the particulars of our world, its kinds and species, but rather the attempt to find some first causes from which sprang the diversities of reality. It is also the attempt of the human mind to bring order out of the chaos of the separateness of phenomena.

To know the true beginnings and the unity of the cosmos, or reality, there must also be some order to human thought itself. Otherwise, we may be led astray by our thought, our perceptions and conceptions of the universe and our relationship to it.

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*We take this opportunity to bring our readers these timely thoughts on a profound subject by former Imperator Ralph M. Lewis*

We must, therefore, know what thought is and how true or false are its representations, the ideas which it forms in our consciousness. To embrace this realm of inquiry, metaphysics falls into two divisions. The first is *ontology*, the second *epistemology*. Between these two realms "lie the fundamental principles of philosophy, ethics, logic, etc."

*Ontology* concerns the ultimate problems of Being and Reality. Simply put, what is Reality? What is the nature of true Being? What is the *real*? Is it the heterogeneous collection of things we ordinarily experience? Do all our perceptions that we know through our receptor senses fall into a kind of crazy quilt pattern or can they be reduced to some common substance or quality? In other words, what lies behind the phenomenal world, the one of sensation?

The ontology of metaphysics, in turn, is subdivided into various theories of Being. Each one of these has had its renowned and ardent supporters. Let us touch briefly upon these subdivisions. *Monism* is the conception that ultimate Being is *One*. It expounds that Being is a monad, a simple single substance or kind out of which has emerged the phenomenal world with all of its variations that we have come to know. There is then the question in Monism as to how this variation is accomplished. In other words, how does the *One* bring forth many? There have been various explanations of how the *One* was in fact inherently dual in its nature and that there was a flux, a movement internally that caused the various phenomena of matter and energy which are known to man.

#### **Pluralism**

Another of the subdivisions of ontology is known as *Pluralism*. This theory expounds that the first principles or ultimate Being is more than one. It contends, in general, that it consists of two attributes. Sometimes, it has been stated, there are many more attributes which in their combining and interaction create all the forms of the world. The early atomists, such as Empedocles and Democritus, held this latter view.

Empedocles said "there is no coming into being of aught that perishes, nor any end for

it in baneful death, but only mingling and separation of what has been mingled." "When the elements have been mingled in the fashion of man, and come to the light of day, or in the fashion of the race of wild beasts or plants or birds, then men say that these came into being; and when they are separated they call that, as is the custom, woeful death."

#### **Spinoza's Concept**

Spinoza, the great philosopher, in his metaphysics said there is but one *infinite eternal substance*, and that he called God. God, however, Spinoza did not think of as being an anthropomorphic or personal being, but rather a kind of universal consciousness or mind. This infinite substance had an infinite number of attributes which were of its eternal essence. Only two of these infinite number of attributes of which the substance consisted are known to man, declared Spinoza. These are *thought* and *extension* (matter). The modification of these attributes is what accounts for the modes or variations of the world, that is, the things which we experience.

If there is a plurality, if ultimate Being is not a single substance, what then causes its attributes or parts to act or react upon each other? What is the factor that accounts for movement and change within Being? Various explanations have accounted for the motivating force underlying or inherent in Being since the time of the ancient Greeks. One traditional explanation has been the supernatural, that is, the belief in a Supreme Mind as embodied in a God or Deity.

The earliest teleological concept, or the belief in a *mind cause* underlying reality and uniting its elements to compose all things, was promulgated by Anaxagoras (500-428 B.C.). The elements were not just four in number, that is, air, earth, fire, and water, but also, he stated, the various qualities of them such as hot, cold, moist, dry, and the like. But detached from these, behind them, was *Nous* or mind which was self-moved, "and which is the cause of motion in everything else."

*Theism*, *deism*, and *pantheism* also play their part in ontology. Each in turn is made



to account for the generation of being. *Theism* is the conception of a personal God as a creator detached from being, that which he brought into existence, and yet he continues to manipulate it by the exercise of his will. *Deism* is also the notion of a personal God who is the initial creator of all being. But unlike the theistic concept, it contends that after creation God completely detached Himself from all reality. He brought into existence the laws of the universe which thereafter inexorably governed the world.

### **Pantheism**

*Pantheism* is the conception that a transcendental mind, universal and external, not only brought everything into existence, but as well continues to permeate all that exists. In other words, God is in everything; yet no accumulation or sum of things alone is God for He is potential with even more than now exists.

There is also the doctrine of *necessity* included in the ontology of metaphysics. This contends that Being is and never had a beginning for something cannot come from nothing. By the *necessity* of what it is, Being cannot escape manifesting its various expressions. It *has to be*. Opposed to this conception is the doctrine of *tychism*. This expounds that "everything happens by chance." In other words, the expressions of Being, its manifestations, do not come about by the inevitable necessity of what it is but rather by the adventitious or chance coming together of the variations or attributes of Being.

There is, of course, also the problem of *permanency*. That is, *why* is Being eternal? Why can it not cease to be? The doctrine of necessity touched on above offers an argument for the permanency of Being in that nonbeing is paradoxical. Whatever exists, whatever is realized, would in itself be Being. Therefore, if there is something, no matter what its nature or what it is called, it too, would be Being. Consequently, nonbeing is not possible. Parmenides, founder of the ancient Eleatic School of philosophy, was the first to expound the doctrine that nonbeing could not exist. ". . . and it is not possible for what is nothing to be."

[6]

As stated, *epistemology*, or the science of knowledge, is the other principal division of metaphysics. "Almost any department of knowledge can be traced to the metaphysical speculations." In this realm we enter the speculation of what knowledge is. It concerns the distinction between, for example, sensations as cold, hot, pain, and pleasure on the one hand, and our perceptions of colors, sounds, and forms on the other. It likewise considers differences between cognition, the knowing or the understanding of something as an analytical process, and the mere consciousness of external impressions.

This division of metaphysics likewise speculates as to whether the apprehension process actually conveys a true image of reality. When, for example, we *perceive* something, is it actually as we experience it? Can man ever know the true nature of reality? What we perceive may be merely what our consciousness conjures up from the vibrations of the external world which impinge themselves upon our senses and the sensations which they in turn produce.

Metaphysics is far from a dead or obsolete system of thought having no place in the modern world of science and technology. It is true, of course, that the advance of science and instrumentation has made it possible to subject to empirical examination much natural phenomena whose nature was once but metaphysical speculation. In such instances, science has been able to demonstrate the cause and to prove by what is called *natural law* how certain phenomena occur. In doing so, science has often disproved many early false conceptions of metaphysics. Remarkably enough, however, it has likewise substantiated what were once only the conclusions of reason in metaphysics.

Early thinkers did not have the technical means of either proving or refuting most of what they arrived at by sheer reason and logic. What was thought to be logically self-evident was held by them to be true. From the pragmatic point of view it was true at that time. In other words, it gave satisfying answers to questions concerning mysteries of nature which could not at that time be refuted. The only unfortunate aspect of this



method was that often there was no subsequent attempt to verify a rational conclusion by the process of observation and analysis, or what we call the scientific method.

Today many of the general divisions of metaphysics still remain. They are embraced by science. Ontology in its subject matter is not extinct. Cosmogony, with the elaborate science of astronomy, has replaced it or rather includes it. These sciences today are also trying to find out as did ontology if there is an ultimate substance, a *prima materia*, a basic energy underlying all the newly discovered subnuclear particles.

Theories of the universe abound in modern science. However, they are not founded exclusively on sheer abstraction but upon some thread of fact. Nevertheless, in their initial conception they are hypotheses. The same may be said with regard to epistemol-

ogy. Its modern scientific counterparts are psychology, neurology, psychiatry, and their subdivisions.

The stimulus of science, that which inspires its inductive method, its exploration and investigation of the particulars of the phenomenal world, is the result of initial theoretical speculations about the *general*. To be more specific, people still wonder, still conjecture; their imagination is still fired by the mysteries of the universe. Their rationalizations are the *metaphysics* of today. But such generalities are no longer the finality, they are only the incentive to further empirical inquiry by a demonstrable science.

If ever the provocative thought of which metaphysics consists were to expire, then science as we know it would lose its idealism, the dreams which it seeks to convert into reality. △

## This Month's Cover

Our cover features a colorful scene of Hindu pilgrims bathing in the waters of the Ganges River at Varanasi (Benares), India—waters considered sacred by millions of Hindus. For a world adventurer's first-hand account of this fascinating ritual celebrating eternal cycles of life and transition, see page 8.

(Photo by Kitty Baker)

### ATTENTION, HIERARCHY MEMBERS

Those who have attained to the Hierarchy and understand the purpose and importance of these special Contact Periods are invited to participate in and report on the following occasions.

First, *mark the dates* given below on your calendar. Arrange in advance for a few uninterrupted minutes at the given hour. While benefiting yourself, you may also aid the Hierarchy. In reporting to the Emperor, please indicate your key number and the *last monograph*, as well as your degree. The Emperor appreciates your thoughtfulness in not including other subject matter as a part of your Hierarchy report.

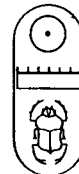
Thursday, August 17, 1989  
8:00 p.m. (your time)

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It is requested that those members of the Hierarchy who desire to participate in these periods prepare a little card showing these dates—to be placed in their wallets or some other convenient location where it will be a continual reminder of the next Hierarchy Contact Period. Such, of course, should be changed with each announcement of future dates.



# Sunrise on the Sacred Ganges



by Kitty Baker



A POEM OF ADORATION exquisitely shaped in marble over 300 years ago lures most tourists to India, but the Taj Mahal intrigued me less than the timeless drama of religious devotion performed daily along the Ganges River at the ancient city of Varanasi.

In the early years of its founding, before the 6th century B.C., the city was known as Kashi. In more recent centuries Kashi has been renamed Varanasi (or Benares as it is known in the West). No matter what its name, this city has always existed as a holy place for devout Hindus and is at least as old, if not older, than the ancient city of Rome. Already an important center in the 6th century B.C., Gautama Buddha came here from Gaya to establish his religion, and

nearly a thousand years later in the 7th century A.D. the celebrated Chinese pilgrim Hsuan Tsang praised Varanasi as a great city with hundreds of Buddhist and Hindu temples.

At Varanasi the southeastward-flowing Ganges swings gracefully north for four miles forming a haven for over 100 steep flights of steps (*ghats*) going down to the river, which have the ceremonial advantage of facing directly east into the rising sun.

Believed by Hindus to be the "Supreme Giver of Life," the river begins in an ice cave at the foot of a Himalayan snow field 10,300 feet above sea level, and 1500 miles downstream empties its waters into the Bay of Bengal, carrying tons of valuable eroded soil, human ashes, and bodies of river-blessed Hindus too poor to be cremated. In its long journey to the sea, the Ganges passes through one of the world's most densely populated areas, in its course regularly flooding farms and sweeping away mud huts of peasants who worship it nonetheless. Pilgrims travel from all parts of the world to Varanasi—this holiest of Hindu cities. The poorest walk for months to bathe in the *Ganga* in their search for a spiritual passage to eternity.

## Early Morning Melee

I arrived at Varanasi after five days of traveling over 11,000 miles by air, bus, and shank's mare. At last, several companions and I set off in the pre-dawn darkness aided by Joe Langeh, a Hindu guide. By bus we



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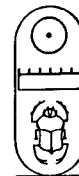
**Varanasi** (Benares), on the Ganges, is a city sacred to Hindus, Jains, Sikhs, and Buddhists—a city of numerous beautiful temples. Varanasi has the best river frontage in all India, and along much of the waterfront ghats (steps) lead pilgrims into the sacred Ganges. Thousands ritualistically bathe in the water, and the ashes from cremation are spread upon the Ganges, completing the eternal cycle of life and transition.

traveled on a road strung with dim yellow dots of light cast by kerosene lamps in countless stalls which serve as places of business and homes for innumerable Indians. Their goats and dogs moved in the shadows. Bullock carts and donkeys carried people and produce to various destinations. Instructed to get us to the Ganges before sunrise, our driver leaned on his horn, moving all from our path but impervious cows.

As the sky turned gray in the perennial haze caused by millions of small cooking fires, we rattled and honked down the Chaitganj Road past bicycle repair shops, fabric stands, dispensers of betel nut and spicy food. A tailor pedaling a sewing machine shared an electric bulb's feeble light with a dhoti-clad barber shaving a customer in Western dress.

Just past the Chowk Police Station we got off the bus at a hectic intersection of

Aurangabad Road in an area of dilapidated *dharmshalas* (religious rest houses), peeling warehouses, and dismal factories. We were immediately swept into streams of pilgrims, beggars, rikshaws, bikes, and taxis all going in anarchical directions. Joe cautioned, "Stay close behind me. If you get lost you'll miss the rising sun." Turning into B. Biswanath Singh Lane, we were enclosed between walls abuzz with colorful kaleidoscopic scenes changing faster than the eye could register. Above us, on open overhanging galleries, domestic chores were performed by women wearing saris squatting over fires making *chapati* (flat bread). Naked toddlers splashed water from a basin. At ground level, small shops glistened with gold jewelry. A 12-year-old girl, with an ornament in her nostril, slept under a ragged blanket, unmindful of the crowd rushing past her stone slab. →





Rudolph M. Lewis

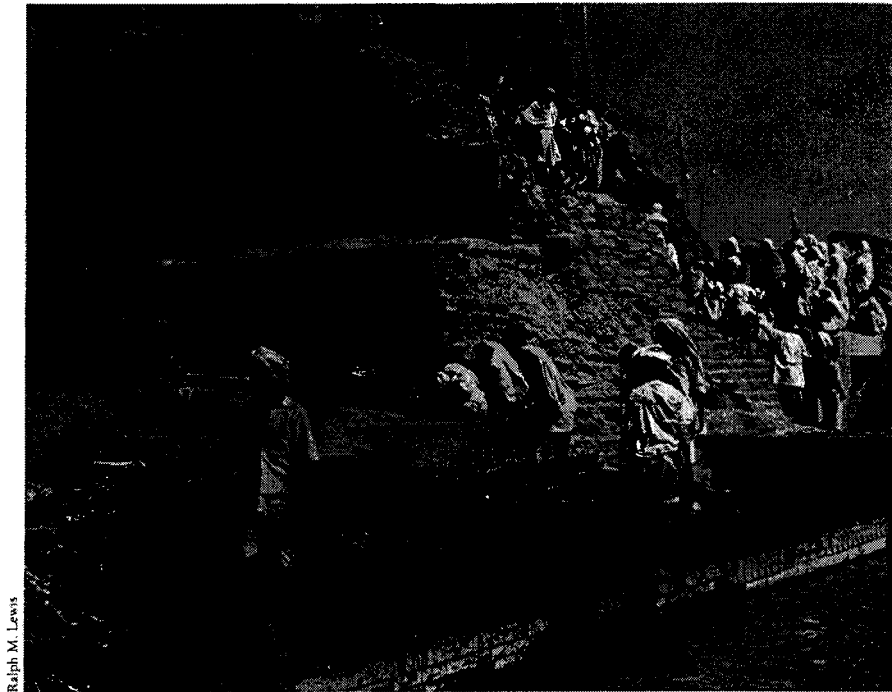
Another view of the ghats. Thousands come to Varanasi each year on sacred pilgrimages.

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Softly, distinctly out of the flurry of hurried human movement, I heard a rhythmic chant and the pitter-patter of bare feet. A wizened shell of a man with white hair falling in curls to his orange dhoti strode behind me wearing a beatific smile while reciting a mantra from the *Bhagavad Gita*. Neither I nor anyone else in the crowd

existed for this holy man, concentrating on his recitation, while hurrying to greet the sun. Men anxious to enter Vishwanath, the Golden Temple, rushed for its narrow entrance on the right side of the lane, jostling all but the barefoot pilgrims. In an inviolable space, his *dharma* sheltered him from the excited worshipers.

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Ralph M. Lewis

*Cremation takes place on sacred pyres at the river's edge.*

I lost his chant in the crush at the Golden Temple, the earthly house of Shiva, patron deity of Varanasi. Enshrined here is Shiva's black stone lingam, which is bathed, anointed, and decorated with blossoms. The stubby, rounded sculpture represents the power by which, as Ishvara, Shiva created the trinity of Brahma, Vishnu, and himself.

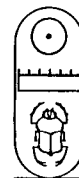
After we passed the Golden Temple, the crowd thinned and was less frenzied in the lane that was only wide enough for two people abreast and a fat cow. The animals, surprisingly clean and shiny, waited patiently to be fed against walls between small shrines, ashrams, and shops selling strings of marigolds, incense, sandalwood paste, and brass urns for holy water. The air was a potpourri of cooking odors, rose petals, and dung. As the sky brightened, the crowd moved faster. The holy man was behind me, still chanting; his stride matched that of my longer legs.

The lane ended suddenly. We had arrived at Panchganga Ghat. I had waited ten years

to stand here on this wide stone walk at the top of steep steps leading down to the gray-green Ganges. It was all there before me, and I was not disappointed. Beyond the expanse of ghats, the Ganges flowed gently into a horizon lost in a heavy mist. The river was benign, holy, serene. I wondered how it looked during the monsoon when it raged and rose as high as where I stood or higher to flood the city.

Several old women holding metal plates beseeched from squatting positions for food or rupees. A leper stepped in front of me holding up bandaged hands from which extended stubs of fingers. He mumbled, making motions to his pitiful mouth for food. Three more lepers beseeched with their eyes. I decided to give them and the old women rupees on the way back, after I had recorded my mental and photographic images.

I focused my camera on ten women wearing silk saris of exquisite colors. They sat on the stone walk chanting quietly, and in the



middle of their circle Shiva's symbol emitted the sweet odor of burning violet incense. I realized the sun had risen because it glistened on anklet and arm bracelets. A small dirty goat, his tiny feet clicking on the stone slabs, brushed unheeded against a silk sari.

With late arriving pilgrims, I descended the great steps, awed by the intense spiritual energy on this immense ghat. The Hindus ignored me, a curious interloper, and I felt grateful to be there in that revered place where pilgrims were preparing for their soul's liberation from a ceaseless cycle of reincarnation.

#### *Into the River*

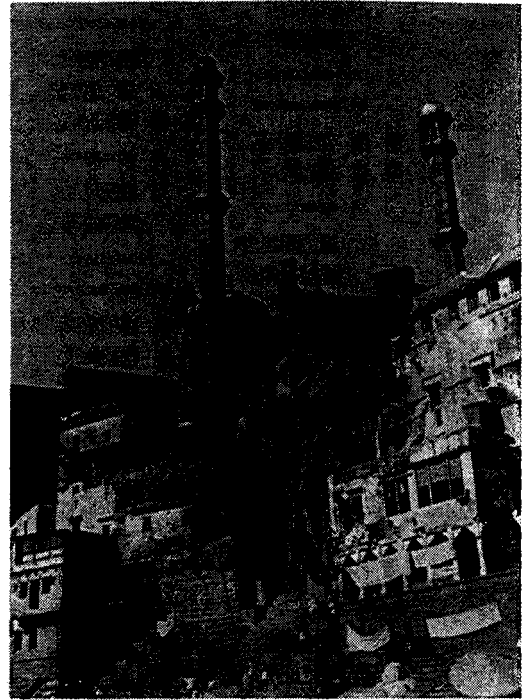
Our guide waved to me to hurry into a waiting open boat. The river, even along the bank, looked cleaner than the Delaware at Philadelphia, or the Aegean Sea at Mykonos. Hundreds of pairs of legs stood in the Ganges with no sediment stirred because they were still on the steps that descended deep into the river. Seeing my appreciation of the multitude of scenes, Joe said, "Some tourists find Benares too much of a culture shock, disgusting. I had a couple from California who said, 'Get us out of here.' They took the first plane back home." He shrugged and motioned to two old men to start rowing.

The sun had risen two fingers from the horizon, casting an orange zigzag line across the almost mirror-smooth Ganges. Two dhows loaded with sugar cane severed the orange line, forming silhouettes against the eastern shore. The view from the river was like a Maurice Prendergast painting with splotches of vivid sari colors dotting the steps. Marigolds floated in the water along with small lamps of camphor oil, symbols of light dispersing shadows of ignorance.

#### *The Face of Vishnu*

High above the steps, still beautiful seventeenth-century temples reached into the sky. Verandas and balconies on palaces formed geometric patterns to delight a mathematician's eye. Built by maharajahs for comfort while worshipping their many gods, the temples and palaces stood like benignly neglected monumental giants guarding the ghats.

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*High above the ghats rise the towering minarets of the Mosque of Aurangzeb, built in the 17th century by one of the greatest Mogul emperors, Aurangzeb. The Islamic emperor placed the mosque in the midst of the Hindu city as an intentional insult. Architecturally, however, the mosque is today one of the more striking buildings in a city of hundreds of temples.*

As though Vishnu, in his reincarnation as the sun, were bestowing a benediction, the face of a motionless worshiper glowed as he sat in the lotus position on a raised stone platform. Below him, more and more Hindus came down to half-submerge themselves, and to pray with closed eyes and folded hands while making obeisance to Vishnu.

An old woman lay at the river's edge. She had been carried there hoping that in her last hour her feet would be in the sacred Ganges, so her soul would be liberated to join for eternity the enlightened ones in the paradise of Brahma.

We floated past a steeply banked sandy area where *dobiwallahs* pounded clothes on rocks, and threw them up on the bank to be spread out and dried. In a social caste sys-

tem that dies hard, these men were performing the same menial labor as had their forefathers. When we approached *Manikarnika*, a burning ghat, Joe warned, "Take pictures at a respectful distance." One body was already being cremated when four men appeared carrying a bamboo stretcher bearing the body of a woman wrapped in a red sari. A fifth man dressed in white, most likely the woman's oldest son, led the procession, striking a gong and chanting "Ram is truth." The corpse was placed on a pyre, sacred river water sprinkled, and logs laid on it. A pail of *ghee*, clarified butter, was poured over the body. Then the son held a torch of burning sandalwood to his mother's mouth. In a short time, only her feet extended beyond the flames as her soul escaped from her vanishing earthly body. The mourners squatted silently around the pyre as it burned, sending an oily black column of smoke curling against a stone pillar.

The boatmen swung around, and rowed back upstream. The steps were now less crowded. "My mother comes every year to the river," Joe said. He leaned over, cupped his hands and drank. "We believe the Ganges is sacred, and pure because it contains sulphur and other minerals. It's safe for me. Not for you."

When we climbed back up the ghat's stone steps I did not see the lepers again. A minuscule toothless woman followed me, fluttering a dirty yellow sari. Before I could object, she wrapped the sari around her hand so she would not defile my flesh when she accepted my rupees. That action, the ancient scenes and observance of a multitude of ageless traditions all combined to present a picture of India deeply rooted in a mysterious culture that overwhelms a receptive and unprejudiced Western mind. Whatever the effect, it is as an Indian teacher said, "You can't see India and not be changed in some indefinable way." Δ

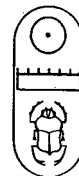
**In you would contract, first you must expand. If you would weaken, you must first strengthen. If you would take, you must first give. This is called the dawn of intelligence.**

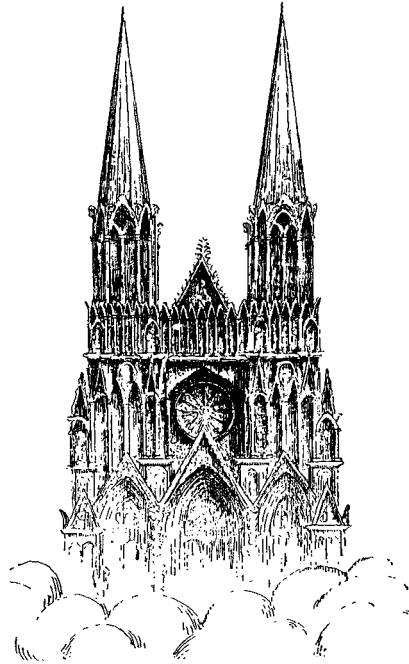
—Lao Tzu, 300 B.C.

## ROSICRUCIAN MEMORIAL DAY

October 14, 1989

On October 14th, Rosicrucians the world over will observe Rosicrucian Memorial Day. All Lodges, Chapters, and Pronaoi will conduct a special meditation in recognition of the great contributions of the beloved past Imperators for the present cycle, Frater Harvey Spencer Lewis (1883-1939) and Frater Ralph Maxwell Lewis (1904-1987). The traditional commemorative date of August 2 will be superseded by this celebration of their lifetimes of service on October 14. In addition to this observance, those who wish may also conduct a private meditation on November 25, the birthdate of H. Spencer Lewis, and on February 14, Ralph M. Lewis' birthdate.





## The Celestial Sanctum

# The Value of Persistence

by Dennis Kwiatkowski, F.R.C.

**M**ANY PEOPLE in today's world, including students of mysticism, experience great frustration in their attempts to manifest personal desires and realize their goals and dreams. Their frustration is especially keen because these individuals know in their hearts that they truly *desire* what they wish to achieve, and they also believe, with justification, that they *work* very hard to reach their goals. However, for all their efforts, for all their toil and trouble, they seem to experience only continuing obstacles, dejection, disappointment, and failure.

[14]

What can be wrong, they wonder. Strong desire and hard work are two important principles which Rosicrucians apply, and yet, for these individuals, it does not appear that use of these two principles will bring about success.

We know that desire is an important and essential element in the manifestation of any successful visualization. Yet desire, alone, is not enough.

Effort and work are also quite necessary in achieving one's ends. But even effort and hard work are not enough.

Two other important principles are often completely overlooked by those seeking to achieve their goals. These two elements, when added in, usually supply the "missing magical something" which makes for success.

How do we define persistence? We can speak of persistence as being insistent, tenacious, or obstinately repetitious. Persistence means holding firmly and steadfastly to a purpose or undertaking, despite obstacles or setbacks. And another rather interesting definition of persistence is "to continue in existence."

### *Periods of Activity, Followed by Rest*

Now bear in mind that persistence does not mean putting forth effort every minute of every day. Even though words like "steadfast" and "tenacious" come to mind in describing persistence, we are not talking about something we do constantly during every moment of our waking hours. In the previous paragraph, one of our definitions of persistence was "obstinately repetitious," or we might say "insistent in repetition." A hospital intercom would be a good example. The frequent calls over the intercom for doctors seems to be a perpetual sound. Yet there are intervals of time when no sound is heard on the intercom. Thus, although the paging of doctors is repetitious, there are *intervals of silence* between the calls.

In any activity this concept of *intervals of silence*, or rest, is extremely important. For example, if a person decides to exercise to develop certain muscles, that individual is going to fail in reaching the goal if he or she

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launches into the exercise program full force and without stopping for occasional periods of rest. By trying to exercise non-stop forever, the benefit of the exercise will fall away and the person will experience muscle or tissue damage, eventually collapsing from exhaustion. If, on the other hand, the person applies moderate periods of exercise, interspersed with periods of rest (silence), success will be achieved.

In this example of exercise, the period of rest may be a few minutes, an hour, or more often, an entire day. This rest period allows the muscles to recover from the exercise so that the same, or a similar amount of exercise, will have a pronounced effect. It allows for the muscles being toned, rather than the body being brought to the brink of transition.

Persistence, with the intervals of rest just mentioned, helps us in our tasks of visualization. The silent intervals allow the inner self, the subconscious, to *absorb* and *work* on the visualization. It allows our inner mind to inspire us. It allows us to become attuned with the elements which will successfully manifest our visualization. We must release our visualization. Toiling twenty-four hours a day is not the answer anymore than is exercising twenty-four hours a day. This explains, of course, why great inventors and scientists often come upon their greatest discoveries in a dream, or when they have awakened from sleep, or when they are about to drop off in a drowsy borderline state. The objective mind has *let go* of the problem, and the person can then have a realization of the solution.

I hope we are managing to convey what we mean by our use of the word "persistent." I hesitated at first to use the word since it conveys in the minds of some people an idea of something which is annoying or bothersome. But in this article I have used the word persistent not as something which is annoying, but as something steadfast, continuing, and unrelenting.

The second principle we referred to earlier was that of *commitment*, which is defined in the dictionary as "the state of being bound emotionally or intellectually to a course of action." For our purpose, let us think of commitment as the state of being

bound emotionally *and* intellectually to a course of action. The idea, of course, is that the mind and emotions are *directed*—directed in spirit—to the visualization we wish to manifest or the goal we wish to realize. One principle supports the other. Because we are bound emotionally and intellectually, we will persist in our quest. And because we persist, we will succeed.

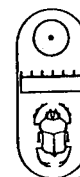
Keep in mind that in persisting, it is the *repetition* which is important. One of our members explained this quite well when he described what he saw as he walked once through the streets of the city when it began to rain. Drops of rain began to appear one by one on the sidewalk and street pavement with great spaces and intervals between them. As time passed, more drops appeared. As more and more time passed, the drops increased and soon a downpour had completely drenched the city. Pondering the situation, the frater wondered, "What if each of those initial little raindrops, on their way down from the sky, had had a chance to ponder the pavement below and consider the immense task of soaking the city? Would not each drop become discouraged and overwhelmed at the seemingly impossible task of soaking the pavement?" Yet, through the combined value of the drops, or rather, through the *repetition* of the drops falling, the goal was realized.

Repetition in our efforts and visualization allows a proper and strong impression to be communicated to our subconscious mind. Such an impression, by its nature, commands a response from the

(continued on page 37)

### The Celestial Sanctum

is a cosmic meeting place. It is the focal point of cosmic radiations of health, peace, happiness, and inner awakening. During every day, periods for special attunements are designated when cosmic benefits of a specific nature may be received. Nonmembers as well as Rosicrucian students may participate in the Celestial Sanctum Contacts. Liber 777, a booklet describing the Celestial Sanctum and its several periods, will be sent to nonmembers requesting it. Address Scribe S.P.C., Rosicrucian Park, San Jose, California 95191, stating that you are not a member of the Order and enclosing twenty-five cents to cover mailing.





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# The Ancient Craft of Goldbeating

## *Making Gold Go A Long Way*

*by Trevor Holloway*

*GOLD, the Queen of metals, is valued not only for its beauty, but also because it is the most malleable of metals. For over 5000 years craftsmen have hammered it into leaf of an incredible thinness. The metal, when placed on edge, is so slender that it is invisible under the highest-powered microscope as the gold leaf is a mere 1/250,000th of an inch thick.*

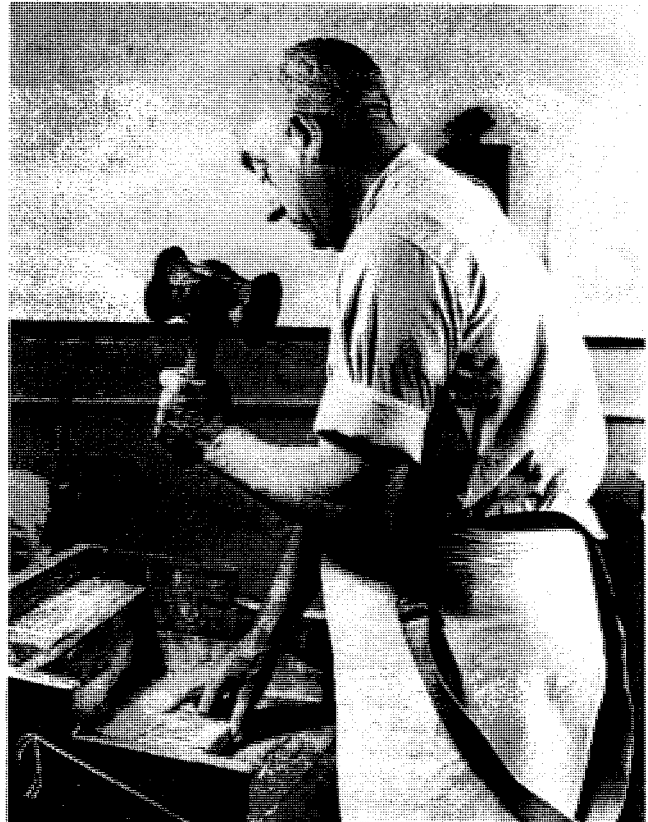
The durability of gold leaf is evident from the face masks, mummy cases, gilded statues, and furniture found in Ancient Egyptian tombs in the Valley of the Kings and elsewhere. Because of its thinness, beaten gold conforms with the contours of the surface of the material on which it is applied by the gilder—stone, wood, glass, leather, and other substances.

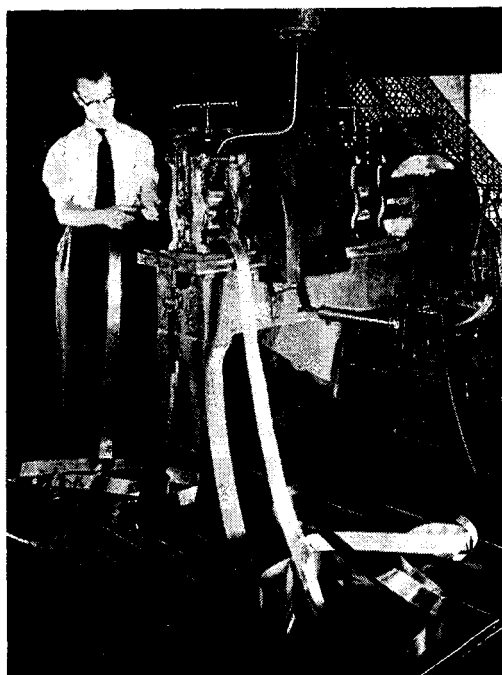
The Scottish based firm of George M. Whiley, Ltd., is a leading manufacturer of gold leaf, and its technical director, Mr. B.J. Sitch, has offered some interesting observations on the skills involved in this ancient craft.

### ***Gold of Ancient Egypt***

The production of gold leaf today is much the same as it was in the days of the Ancient Egyptians, the main difference being that the rounded stone used for beating by early craftsmen has been replaced by a cast-iron hammer with a wooden shaft.

Goldbeating is really a process of progressive reduction. Four separate stages of beating are required, and the goldbeater's skill lies largely in the control of his hammer during the final process of beating. The center of the hammer's convex head must pound the gold with rolling, thrusting blows in a deliberate rhythmic pattern to force





Before beating, the gold bar is rolled into a ribbon approximately 160 feet in length.

one-inch squares of gold (interleaved with membranes of ox intestine known as "goldbeater's skin") outwards in all directions until an even but unbroken center is formed.

This thin center is gradually enlarged to cover the complete beating area. While beating, the goldbeater must also constantly keep in mind the degree of heat caused by the impact of the hammer blows, helping the gold to spread. If the skins become overheated, they will be distorted and the gold disrupted. Therefore, the goldbeater's greatest skill and experience is called for during the fourth and final stage of beating—lasting about 3½ hours.

#### ***Beginning the Process***

Gold is received from the bullion merchant in the form of "grain," which is melted in a crucible and then cast into a bar. The bar is passed between rollers, emerging as a ribbon of gold from which two-inch squares are cut for beating in the first of four stages.

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The squares of ribbon gold are placed between pieces of vellum, two hundred forming what is termed a "cutch," encased by bands of parchment, a material chosen for toughness in withstanding the hammer's blows. After about twenty minutes of hammering, the squares are extended to the edges of the cutch, then separately lifted off onto a calfskin cushion and quartered.

For their second beating, these squares of thinner gold from the first stage are placed between sheets of specially prepared Montgolfier paper, 800 making the second cutch in which, after about thirty minutes of beating, they too are increased in size and reduced in thickness. Thus a further supply of quartered pieces is provided for the third beating of some fifty minutes in what is known as a "shoder"—a special packet of goldbeater's skins prepared and coated for maximum strength and resilience in the course of beating.

Once more cut in four, the gold squares are interleaved again with skins for the final beating in a "mould." At this point in the goldbeating process sixty-four one-inch squares of gold leaf have been created from each of the two-inch squares originally cut from the ribbon. After the fourth beating of 3½ hours it is possible to see through the even transparency beaten in the center of every leaf of gold.

The extremely delicate gold leaf in its ultimate state of perfection is now carefully removed from the skins, leaf by leaf, by "cutters"—highly skilled workers who have the intricate task of placing each leaf separately on a calfskin cushion. With the aid of boxwood pincers, precise movements, and little puffing breaths, the cutter must deftly maneuver each leaf into place on the calf skin.

The cutter then takes a tool called a "waggon"—a light boxwood frame carrying two knives of sharpened rattan cane set three and one-half inches apart—and draws it lightly across the finished leaf in both directions, thus trimming off rough edges and leaving 3½-inch squares on the cushion.

This the cutter gently lifts off with her boxwood pincers and places on a sheet of tissue paper in a book holding twenty-five



Photos: George M. Whiley, Ltd.

Cutters engaged in the delicate task of trimming the squares of gold leaf and making them into books.

leaves of finished gold leaf. It is interesting to note that if 250,000 of these leaves were piled on top of each other the pile would be only one inch high; if laid side by side they would make a strip three and one-half inches wide and more than twelve miles in length!

The skill involved in beating gold for hours at a time without a false blow—which would ruin the precious skins—cannot be lightly acquired. As Mr. Sitch stresses: "It depends on the ability to concentrate and coordinate the faculties brought into action, coupled with acute awareness of changes in temperature affecting both the metal and skins, as well as the physical capacity to wield a hammer weighing from seven to sixteen pounds."

#### ***Innovations and Traditions***

It is claimed that five hundred years ago Leonardo da Vinci turned his inventive mind to devising some mechanical means to replace hand-hammering, but whether or not he met with any success is not known. Modern science and experiment have in fact produced such a machine. By affixing lights

to the hammer, arm, and wrist of a craftsman goldbeater, the operation of the hammer has been photographically plotted. This has enabled a battery of mechanical hammers to be designed which, when supervised by skilled hand goldbeaters, assists in the production of gold leaf of a quality fully equal to that of the past.

It is interesting to reflect on how many skilled craft operations include the use of at least one traditional "natural" tool. Goldbeating is no exception and actually has two. Apart from the ox-intestine goldbeater's skins mentioned earlier, the cleaning of the skins after use is still carried out with a hare's foot dipped in calcinated gypsum ("brime"). It has proved to be by far the best tool for the job.

A few other metals, including silver, platinum, and palladium can also be beaten into leaf, but are used less frequently than aluminum which is less expensive and is without the tarnishing characteristics of silver. Metals other than gold are less malleable

*(continued on page 37)*





# Parenting Teenagers

*Embracing the  
Challenge With  
Your Whole  
Heart!*

*by Judy Child, Ph.D., F.R.C., I.R.C.*

*THE TEENAGE YEARS are usually the most difficult ones in the parent-child relationship because these are the years of separation. Both the parent and the child are experiencing challenges in their own personal development. The child is learning how to function as an independent adult which means that he or she must move away (physically, emotionally, and psychologically) from the home environment. The parent is learning to let go. The process requires that both the parent and the child learn to live with ambiguity, complexity, and compromise at all levels of interaction.*

The teenage years are necessarily challenging, but if the challenge is embraced with a whole heart, there is the potential for profound personal growth and the joy of developing abiding friendship between parent and child. The spirit concept of the evolution of the individual soul personality will almost always bring whatever is happening between the parent and teenager into clear perspective. As you meditate on [20]

this spiritual principle, you will find that, as an adult, you will understand both your own childhood and that of your teenager with much more honesty, and in such a way that you can act with wisdom and compassion in the present.

There are three powerful fears that often interfere with our ability to solve the problems of parenting teenagers. The first fear

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arises from our natural instinct to guide and protect. We fear that our children will be hurt, will make mistakes, or will somehow not be able to cope with life's challenges. If we examine this fear for our children honestly, we will find that it is rooted in our own fear of being hurt, of making mistakes, or of not being able to cope. Our task, as guide and protector, is to support and encourage our children's natural instinct to explore, to experiment, to risk, and to grow. We do this by giving our teenager as much choice (and therefore responsibility) as possible in all areas of his or her life.

Setting guidelines often generates conflict because the teenager is learning to appreciate the balance between choice and responsibility while the parent is learning to make new choices that limit his or her sense of responsibility. Both are required to change their perceptions of the relationship because the interaction patterns are changing as part of a natural developmental process. As parents, we set the tone of this process by our conscious awareness that it is happening in the first place; by continual self-examination of our own motives and emotional response; by establishing values of honest communication and mutual respect through personal example. The more we learn to trust our own growth process (the evolution of our own individual soul personality), the more we learn to trust our teenagers' ability to meet their own life challenges.

The second fear is rooted in our confusion about where we fit into the world around us, our public identity. Both the parent and the teenager are vulnerable to peer pressure until they learn to accept responsibility to self. This is a difficult issue to resolve at any age and in any circumstances. When we are deeply emotionally in-

involved, we become vulnerable to each other in significant ways. Often we feel that we are vulnerable to what other people will think about us because of what someone close to us is doing. We know as adults that this is an illusion because true relationships are honest and supportive. Here we are essentially talking about group consciousness and our natural interdependence as human beings.

#### **Communication—the Key**

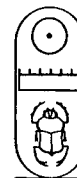
If we, as parents, become involved in a situation where we feel that our reputation is jeopardized by our teenager's behavior, it is extremely important that we immediately examine our own fears. If we are relating to our child as if he or she is a reflection of ourself, and therefore what he or she does affects our reputation, we have given our child too much power in our relationship; and we have denied our child his own personhood. The more narrow-minded we are, the more we will try to restrict our teenager's life experience, often with drastic consequences, open rebellion, and conflict. We do not have the right to try to force another person to live up to our expectations. The other person will instinctively resist either openly or by withdrawal because his natural growth process is threatened. The parents must give up their own fears in order to re-open communication with their teenager. If our adult relationships are truly jeopardized by our teenager's behavior, it is time to reevaluate those relationships as well as our relationship with our child. Human diversity celebrates difference for it is a reflection of the power of the creative imagination, of the individuation process, and of the potential for soul personality evolvment.

The third fear, the fear of not being loved, affects both the parent and the teenager, although parents are less apt to recognize it in themselves. We fear that we will not be understood, that we will be rejected, that we will not be believed—all the fears we suffered from at the same age and have not resolved as adults. This is a particularly important fear to look at (the fear of not being loved) in relationship to parenting teenagers. The developmental process requires that the parent-child connection be deliberately loosened but not broken, that

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*Soror Child, a member of the Order's International Research Council, earned her Ph D in the Philosophy of Education, and has worked as a teacher, administrator, and counselor with children, teenagers, and young adults. She has also served as AMORC's Colombe Counselor. Soror Child's special interests include Jungian psychology, symbolic systems, and the development process.*

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the parent and child learn to be friends, to recognize and respect each other's individuality. Since this is a gradual process extending over several years with inevitable conflicts, interaction and communication must be approached with care. Parenting teenagers successfully requires courage, concentration, and commitment to your own personal growth process. The teenage years are filled with change for both the parent and the child. Change can be experienced as exciting and challenging, or as fearful and overwhelming. The key is found in our own hearts, in our capacity to love, to give as we would receive. The fear of not being loved is overcome when we love without thought of self or the need for love returned. This is particularly true as parents when we expect or demand that our children understand and appreciate "all that we have done for them." In reality, that understanding and appreciation usually comes after the child has become an adult.

#### *A Useful Exercise*

Let us consider a useful exercise that will help you solve the particular problem you may be facing as a parent of a teenager. For instance, suppose your daughter seems to be drifting away from academic interests, even though she used to be a good student. You are concerned because you believe education is important and that your daughter would greatly benefit from a good education. Perhaps you feel that you are getting mixed messages from her about what is going on, and you are also aware that you have strong feelings about the situation. The issues are too important to be dealt with lightly or left to a snap decision, so the solution will take time. Begin with the resolution to let go of all your fears about the situation. This will probably take consistent effort over days or weeks.

During meditation, visualize all your fears about the situation leaving your field of consciousness. Realize that fear is interfering with your ability to see the problem clearly. Pay attention to what you are thinking about the situation. Are you afraid your daughter is putting her future in jeopardy? How does she feel about her future? Are her interests taking her in a direction where the education she really wants is not available at

her present school? Perhaps she needs to leave school for a while? Are you afraid of what other people will say if she does something unusual? Is there a value conflict between the two of you? Are you afraid if you confront the situation that she will reject you, not listen, etc.? Be aware of your fears, face them, and know that you want to let go of them. Again, visualize fear leaving your field of consciousness.

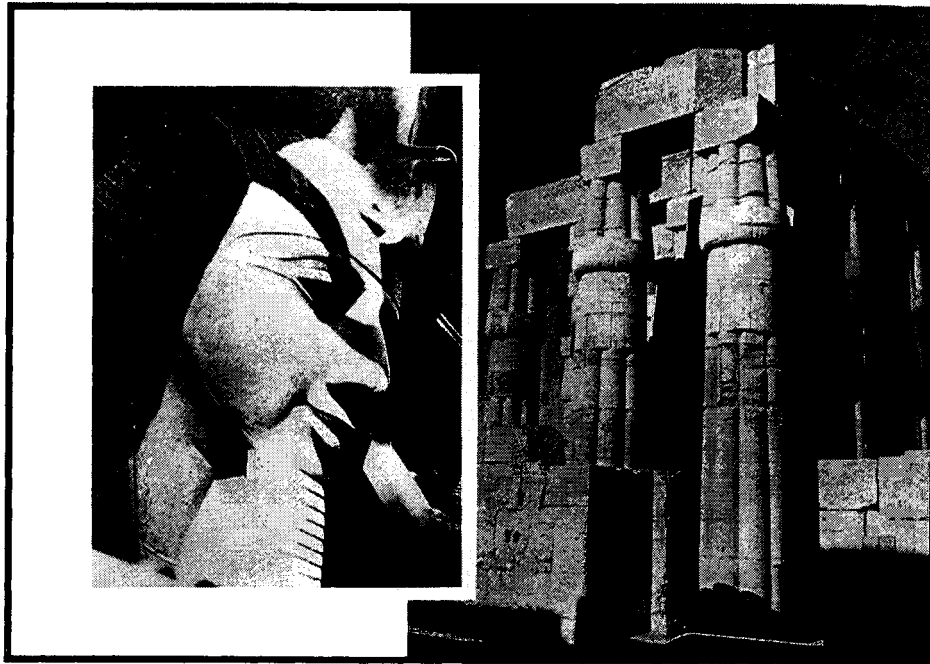
#### *Focus on Listening*

At the same time, as you begin to experience some emotional distance from the problem, focus on listening rather than intervention. Listen to what your daughter is saying and doing, listen to your own response, listen to the still small voice within. Open up your consciousness to the information you need. Seek advice if it feels appropriate, and then evaluate carefully. Allow your own perceptions to change as you learn to listen without fear. Above all, do not force a solution. The growth process has its own rhythm and direction, both your own and your teenager's. The most healing solution will gradually emerge into your consciousness as you meditate on letting go of fear and listening to the Self within.

You will know that you have found the most healing solution because it will fill your heart with love. When you are faced with more than one possible course of action in a situation, the correct solution will resonate with what you know is right in your heart. It will not be vengeful, punitive, or coercive. It will include the opportunity for both you and your teenager to explore alternatives and reach a decision together. It is important that genuine choices be explored openly and honestly. This will take time depending on the quality of communication you have already achieved with your child.

The more you can see yourself and your teenager as individual soul personalities, each on your own life path to the same spiritual center, the more you will be able to accept the challenges of the teenage years with the confidence that you will be able to create a harmonious, loving relationship together. △





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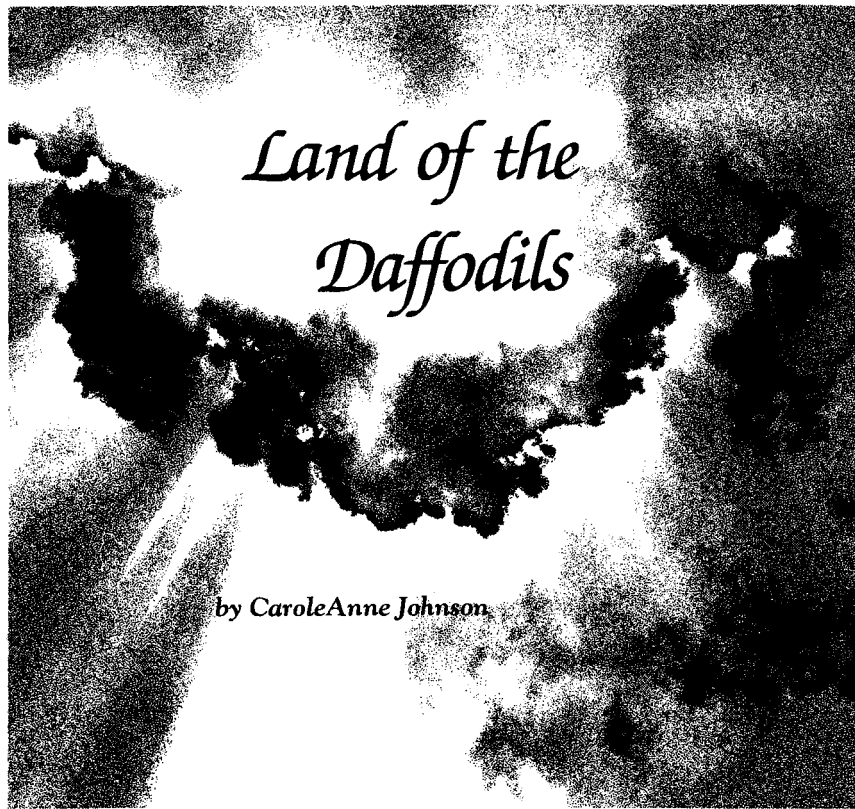
## ***Meditation at Lake Moeris (Fayoum)***

This area, rich in the history of the mystery schools, includes the ruins of a Greco-Roman city, ancient water wheels still used for agriculture, and pyramids attributed to Amenemhet III. On the shore of Lake Moeris, a special Ritual will be performed.

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*AT TWELVE I was in the habit of running away from home. Not for weeks or even days, just hours at a time. Perhaps it gave me just the right taste of the freedom that I craved—the taste without the consequences. Perhaps each adventure did have its own consequences.*

I would travel as far as I could without getting lost, sometimes packing food and a canteen, other times nothing at all. Some trips would be on foot, while others required riding my bike as fast as I could away from the small town I called home. Don't get me wrong, North Wales was a great town. It just wasn't full of adventure!

Ordinarily I had no motive except to get away, but one afternoon in the autumn of my twelfth year, my motives were very clear to me. Not only did I need to get away this time, but I needed to find a place where no one could find me, no matter how hard they tried.

The day had started normally enough. In fact, it had begun on a high note because it [24]

was a Friday—allowance day—the allowance that would finally give me enough money to buy the blue box kite on display in the Main Street drugstore. I had been eyeing the kite for three weeks.

That, of course, was the thought I had awakened to on that beautiful Friday morning. And as soon as I could get my overalls on and snapped, I was downstairs at the breakfast table.

My allowance was in its usual place near my cereal bowl. The two quarters shimmered. I couldn't take my eyes off them until I suddenly realized I had been idolizing my quarters much too long without the usual interruption from Mom. She was

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always one step ahead of me—especially at breakfast.

Sure enough, in the kitchen, hanging on the fridge, was a note in Mom's familiar handwriting: "Got called into work this morning. See you this afternoon. Don't forget to EAT! Love, Ma." At the bottom a scribbled postscript added: "Have fun with your kite!"

The note was cheerful enough, but so much went with it.

Since Dad had left four months ago, nothing was the same. Ma was working a lot more now, and it seemed like I never saw her. And when I saw Dad, it was as if we were on different planets. He was usually thinking about something else, or even worse, going out of his way to be extra nice—falsely nice and polite. He knew I couldn't understand, and I knew he didn't really want me to. He left because he was having "an affair." What else was there to understand?

It wasn't as if Mom and Dad didn't get along. I had never once heard them fight or do anything else that, in my mind, would lead them to get a divorce.

So, here I was, my last week of summer vacation, my first day with my new kite, and nobody even home to share it with me.

#### **A Fresh Breeze**

Nevertheless, I eagerly pictured my kite all the way out at the end of its string, jumping and dancing in the short bursts of wind above Lukens' field. I could hardly wait!

Back in the dining room I swiped the two quarters off the table and added them to the other four in my overalls' chest pocket. The collection clanked together as I ran out the back door to get my dog.

More than anything else in the world, Charlotte, our springer spaniel, loved to run. We took off like two shots from a double-barreled pistol—she with her hairy ears flapping in the wind, and me with the dollar fifty jangling in my pocket, jangling as it got closer and closer to hitting the countertop at the drugstore and being transformed into that beautiful box kite.

By the time Charlotte and I got to Lukens' field, the kite paid for and assembled, it was already two o'clock in the afternoon. It seemed late, but it was the perfect time for kite flying. The wind was strong enough to bend the tops of the willow trees, but the tops of the field grass remained still. By late afternoon the willows would be bending in half, making kite flying pretty much out of the question. Unless, of course, you were as much a master at kite flying as *my dad*. He could fly them straight into the sunset.

In any case, this was the perfect time for me. Besides, if I got it up now and practiced a bit, maybe I could have it in the air when Daddy drove past on his way home from



work. His new apartment, a murky gray building the color of storm clouds, was two miles outside of North Wales, so he drove down Prospect Avenue about a quarter to five every day. A new box kite might be just the thing to get him out of his car and running through the fields with me again.

As I held the kite in my right hand, the brand-new crinkly paper flickered in the wind, trying to escape the thin balsa that held it in its new shape. My thick head of bonde curls whipped me in the face and eyes as the wind began to pick up. It was as if God could tell how important this was to me and was celebrating with me, bringing fresh wind along as the guest of honor. Holding the base of the kite in my right hand and the stick full of string in the other, I turned my face into the wind and began to run. The field grass whipped my ankles with a vengeance as I tore through the roots, my legs leaving a permanent trail behind me as the tips of the grass were crushed and broken in my path.

Finally I felt the familiar tug against my fingers as the wind tried to lift my new prize up and away in the other direction. I let go, and as I felt the string raise into the air, I knew I had succeeded. My first box kite was aloft. I slowed down and turned around with confidence. It was up there all right. It was jumping around like oil in Ma's iron skillet before she adds the onions. Charlotte ran beneath it, duplicating every twist and turn it made in the air. As I watched it fly high above everything else, I imagined myself up there too, dancing in the wind, apart from anything remotely connected to the earth.

#### *Anticipation*

Charlotte and I spent the rest of the afternoon putting my kite into its proper position above us, and by the time four-thirty rolled around, I began to imagine my dad driving up, parking the MG, and walking through the field to help me reel in my airborne mediator. I looked at my watch: four-forty-two. My kite was still up there, and by now the wind was twice what it had been when I had first put it up. I was afraid that if it came down now I wouldn't be able to get it back in the air until tomorrow and Daddy would never see what I had done. I

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just knew that if he saw how good I was now he would stop and play with me, even if it was only for a couple of minutes. Maybe if I could get him to fly the kite with me, like he used to, things between us would return to normal.

Four-forty-six. Where could he be? The kite was pulling so hard that the string was making deep red marks in the side of my index finger, but I couldn't move it. If I did, I might throw everything off balance. Forty-five. "Come on, Daddy!" I watched my finger as it began to shake and turn a sickening shade of purple. Forty-five-three. I craned my neck towards the street to see if he was coming.

Immediately I felt the string release my finger—it was going slack. "No!" I kept hold of the string and turned into the wind. As I tried to run forward, the heavy air pressed against the flat surface of my body. The empty chest pocket of my overalls slapped against my T-shirt as I bent forward in a desperate effort to gain speed and force my kite back where it belonged. My eyes were tearing from the wind, and as I ran forward, now unconscious of what was happening behind me, the blurred image of a car raced past on the street. I shook my head hard to force the tears off my lashes and barely saw the brake lights of the MG switch off as Daddy hit the gas and sped the rest of the way to his new home.

Watching his round taillights disappear around the bend, I caught sight of what I had done in my panic. The dead string led to the middle of the field. There, half hidden by the broken field grass, were the remains of my kite. The balsa was sticking out at the kind of angles that can only mean disaster, like the broken bones of the baby crow that had fallen out of the nest last spring. I didn't even want to see the rest. I stood there, alone in the field, tears sliding down my wind-bitten cheeks, and mourned. I mourned my kite, I mourned the past, and I mourned my father who was still alive.

As I stood there crying, Charlotte sat at my feet, her tongue hanging out the side of her mouth. Keeping her head in the same position, but using only her eyes, she looked up at me, then back to the kite.

Then, returning her focus to my face, she suddenly jumped up and ran full speed into the woods which bordered Lukens' field on two sides. I watched as her long tail disappeared into a thicket.

### *Into the Woods*

That dog! She knew exactly what she was doing. I needed to escape, desperately, and she was forcing me to take action. The woods were full of fox traps and the best way to get me moving, no matter what was happening, was to head for the creek where the boys set most of their metal gadgets in the hopes of catching *something*. I was just afraid that "something" might be Charlotte, and she knew it.

I took off after her, leaving the kite behind me, and running as hard and fast as I could until I could feel my heart in my throat and my side twinged with pain as if I had been stabbed. I bent over and kept running. Daddy had taught me that trick. It let the old air get out of your lungs and stopped the cramp. This time the trick didn't work. I stopped, gasping for breath, and grabbed my ankles as the pain shot through me.

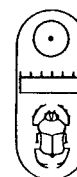
I breathed deeply, and once the pain disappeared I lifted my head in an effort to find Charlotte. Focusing on the scene in front of me, I felt a wave of warm air envelop me. My head spun in disbelief. What lay before me was like an oasis. The grass was the greenest I had seen since spring and it was spread thickly on both sides of the creek. Bright yellow daffodils glistened in the sunlight that was peeking through the trees, their green stems diving down in between the creekside rocks. Charlotte sat on her haunches, her blonde hairy ears cocked up. She too was breathing heavily, the sides of her body heaving in and out while she sat looking at the daffodils.

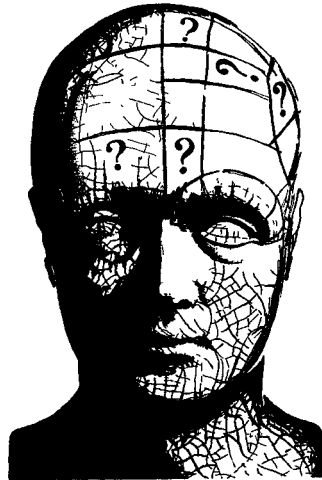
Could this be real? I walked over to her and squatted down, holding her by the scruff of the neck and taking this place in. I had been through these woods a million times, but this place was new to me. It seemed so beautiful in contrast to everything else. Through the trees I could barely



glimpse the clouds that were forming in the sky. It seemed so far away. I closed my eyes tight—squeezed them until the last of the remaining tears were forced out for good. With my eyes closed I hugged Charlotte as hard as I could and tried to exist, for as long as I could, in this place and forget the rest of the world.

Looking back, I don't remember how long we sat there huddled together in what I now call "The Land of the Daffodils," but as I led Charlotte out of the woods and back towards home, I could feel that a part of me was gone forever. Once I had seen that beautiful oasis below the woods, nothing could be quite so beautiful again, ever. In some strange way I had moved out of my childhood and into a new part of my life. Δ





# REASON

## *The Foundation of Human Growth and Personality Development*

*by Maltimore Smith, Ph.D., F.R.C., I.R.C.*

ANYONE who desires to attain Cosmic Consciousness must reason. And the individual who attains this exalted state of knowing, understanding, and comprehension must use reason even more extensively in the process of thinking, albeit more purely and exactly. To be able to reason is to be able to think; and to be able to think one must be able to concentrate and focus on the comparison and synthesis of ideas. He who is able to think and concentrate must necessarily be able to remember, but that which is remembered must be correlated with other ideas and given an order in consciousness for purposes of clarity and comprehension.

Those who do not understand what is really meant by the word "reason," and who therefore fail to comprehend its divine and indispensable function in human growth and cultural development, tend to regard the processes of reason as unnecessary and particularly mundane.

Some individuals have the mistaken notion that reason, as a mental function, is incapable of transcending its own organic

state and that it cannot apprehend ultimate reality or cosmic truth. To those pseudo-thinkers, reason is reduced to a lower status than what they usually refer to as "psychic revelations" or "mystical insight."

Because of this misunderstanding regarding both the function and place of reason in human growth and development, many of us tend to be quite outspoken in expressing the view that to reason upon an abstract subject—a problem or mystery that challenges the human intellect—serves only to obstruct, delay, or prevent the illumination and enlightenment which we seek. According to the proponents of such a view, reason serves only to imprison the higher aspects of mind and consciousness, and to obstruct—even prevent—a probable afflatus on a plane more worthy and thus more lofty.

Not one but all the best mystics, philosophers, and educators down through history have proclaimed reason as a primary method for attaining certainty of knowledge. This fact notwithstanding, reason is still thought by some to be something which, of itself, may lead the seeker for knowledge, truth, and certainty on a path leading "to the devil." This contrasts to the view of, for example, the renowned Plato, who equated reason with divine intelligence, because experience has shown that reason gives proper answers to perplexing problems. Such answers are both certain and

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*Frater Smith is a member of the Order's International Research Council and has been a member of AMORC for many years. He is currently an advocate for low-income citizens in the field of Public Law. Frater Smith teaches an RCUI course in alchemy, and other interests include Qabalah, mysticism, psychology, and education.*

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**The  
Rosicrucian  
Digest  
July  
1989**

satisfying, as well as simple, elegant, and self-evident.

Among the truly informed, reason is regarded as being the highest of the usual mental functions, because without it man would be impelled by unchecked and uninformed emotionalism, and therefore civilization could not advance because the basis of law and order in human society would be absent.

### *The Value of Reason*

Without reason, unity of experience would be impossible. And, not only would such unity be impossible, but the desire of bringing the unknown into the realm of the known could not be achieved, since the means to this end would be lacking. All research, and therefore all learning, would stop. Every known field of knowledge, as for example mathematics, languages, metaphysics, mysticism, and anything else worthwhile, must use reason.

We are truly at a disadvantage if we are unable to use reason. Without reason there could be no cure for diseases because reason goes behind outward appearances and searches for the cause which gives rise to effects which are manifested outwardly.

To think is to reason, and therefore to participate in the educational process. When in our studies that word "reflection" is whispered to the postulant, that is a call to the student to begin the process of reasoning, willfully analyzing the ideas imparted, and then combining these into a continuity that is understandable and useful in practical affairs.

Anyone who would minimize confusion and promote understanding must first resort to reason before appeal is made to intuition. Though reasoning is not in every instance objectively pragmatic, it cannot be denied that the process does give an individual a better personal orientation and often a clear view of affairs, and thus supplies a justification for contemplated action. In this way, an individual's motivations can also be seen as intimate impulses arising out of his own thoughts.

Generally, it is quite incorrect to believe that anyone can be motivated from an

external source, but for those who would vilify reason at any given moment, the reasoned-out thoughts of others are imposed or impressed upon their consciousness in quite subtle ways. This is possible because the "muscles of the mind" have been weakened due to lack of exercise which can be indulged only by the methods supplied through the reasoning process.

### *Awakening the Divine Within*

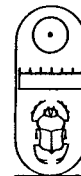
To reason is to awaken cosmic intelligence within us, within which all reality exists. Aristotle asserted that man's soul and reason both have a divine origin. It is difficult to see a successful future in any field of endeavor, be it spiritual, mystical, etc., for anyone who believes that reasoning is unnecessary.

Certainly the ancient and modern philosophers seem to agree that the essence of man's soul strives after contemplative truth which is the domain of Divine Reason. It may also be argued that man's soul is contemplative reason, and that man in his reasoning is attempting to reach up to this transcendent efficacy and duplicate its illumination objectively.

The Qabalistic and Alchemical systems of thought, which have their origins in the mystery schools of ancient Egypt dating back to the time of our illustrious Past Grand Master Akhnaton, have long postulated the four planes of mental development called "the Four Worlds," which have their roots in divine reason. The Tetragrammaton,  $\text{Yod He Vau He}$ , symbolized these four planes of mental development, reason, and higher intellectual ability.

These are the planes and levels of mental, intellectual, and mystical consciousness. The more extensive the individual's commitment to the ideals of personal effort in study and enlightenment, Light, Life, and Love, the more extensive will be the increase in mental and intellectual dexterity, which also correlates with the reasoning processes and a person's ability to learn and comprehend.

Mystics and Qabalists alike also assert that the pentagram—a form of the sacred



Rosy Cross dressed in militant garb designed to strengthen man, builds confidence within and affords him protection in the six directions of space from the wilds and ravages of the heat of nefarious conditions—is also a symbol of Supreme and Divine Reason—the highest on any plane. If what man calls soul is really superconscious Divine Reason and Intelligence, then the pentagram is an age-old symbol of this fact. The highest point of this divine symbol of man is the quintessential point where the ruling powers are said to be in conjunction with supernal efficacy, and the symbol itself represents regenerated man as an expression of that hierarchy.

### *Three Great Philosophers*

The great philosophers of the last few centuries have also written extensively on the subject of reason. In his *Critique of Pure Reason*, Immanuel Kant implied that reason is the instrument the soul uses in revealing to man insights into reality. It was Francis Bacon, the doyen of science and mysticism and our illustrious past Emperor, who introduced *empiricism* into scientific research because he knew that reliance on reason alone could sometimes yield incorrect conclusions. And the English philosopher John Locke once asked the question as to why man reasons so poorly.

Today, as we approach the twenty-first century, mankind still refuses to think, analyze, and reason in any manner beyond the superficial. And even worse, some otherwise sincere students of higher knowledge have misunderstood the place and function of reason and man's intellect in the scheme of things, and truly believe that reason and the instrument through which it functions should be banished.

However, anyone dedicated to truth shall be convinced, sooner or later, that illumination and insight can come only through the channels opened for intuition and clear vision by the intellectual probing of reason. In other words, it is the intellectual probing of reason that blazes the trail for intuition and mystical illumination. There can be no intentional receptivity of mind without contemplative reasoning since it is this activity which creates and structures the motive force and an objective that is taken up as subject for enlightenment.

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Essentially, there are three methods of reasoning—the inductive, deductive, and syllogistic. Inductive reasoning studies the particulars, that is, the things and events or occurrences of the world, and from these extracts the general law by which other events may be accomplished. With the deductive method, one chooses a concise and engaging idea and sets about to find the elements which harmonize and dovetail to form the complete manifestation.

Most thinkers do not reason only deductively or inductively exclusively. The deductive and inductive methods are utilized simultaneously and this produces syllogistic reasoning.

As said, deductive reasoning moves from general principles back to cause. The supreme benefit of this method of reasoning is that, in the final analysis, it tends to arouse the condition of consciousness that often places one in the noetic mood which results in contact with the divine consciousness on the macrocosmic plane.

Doubtless, we may gain from this form of reasoning various answers to our specific questions which leave much to be desired in terms of realism but the process is in some ways satisfying. The objective mind—man's brain consciousness and powers—must be conditioned by contemplating subjects that are of interest and are prominently important in a scale of values. Such act as channels for psychic experiences which are gradually opened.

It is most assuredly impossible for anyone to be illumined on any subject in any area of knowledge if consideration and thought has never been given to a subject in a chosen area of learning or experience.

Illumination and consciousness of the Cosmic and, therefore, success, do not creep upon anyone unawares. One must first think and reason, since the mind cannot entertain ideas which are unrelated to previous precepts for understanding. Clearly, therefore, intuitive and psychic breakthroughs must have reference to, and a relationship with, elements of previous secular encounters and the ideas which flow from these experiences.



Perhaps a fresh approach in terms of understanding is required by these students who are wont to relegate reason and the intellect to the realm of the inconsequential. It is not an exaggeration to assert that without the processes of reasoning and the development of man's intellect there could not have arisen the phenomena of culture and civilization. In other words, without reason there would have been no progress and no accomplishment in any area of human effort.

It is important to remember that mind is not a container of wisdom or information, nor is it the vehicle of the personality. Mind is a quality of the universe that permits the universe to be aware of itself and to some extent direct the elements of its being. It is the wave configurations of the *prima materia* that contain the elements of wisdom. Mind scans this information and by Will acts. Mind also provides the reality of the ego—the sense of "I AM."

The channels through which mind functions are reason and the intellect. It is not mind that must be developed, but these channels, since mind is complete and cannot be improved by man.

Most authorities, including colleges and universities, long ago accepted the fact that ultimately it is reason and the intellect which must construct the inner experience into a coherent and understandable whole. Therefore, illumination cannot be mystically realized if the possibility of its contents has not initially been reasoned upon and intellectually pondered.

Meditation functions as the critic of reason. Therefore, one who does not think first has nothing to induce or even provide for the light and illumination that are pivotal to desire.

Reason is the foundation upon which the search for illumination, mystical enlightenment, and meditation rests.  $\Delta$

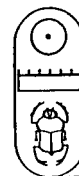


## RCUI To Host Third Metaphysiology Symposium

**A**FTER a one-year hiatus, Rose-Croix University International is hosting the Third Metaphysiology Symposium entitled "**Mind: The Grand Architect.**" This symposium, scheduled for the weekend of October 20-21, 1989, will feature a Friday evening reception hosted by AMORC Imperator Gary L. Stewart and will take place in the Francis Bacon Auditorium at Rosicrucian Park.

Also participating in the symposium as invited speakers will be Dr. Willis Harman, President of the Institute of Noetic Sciences; Dr. Charles Tart, Professor of Psychology at the University of California, Davis; Dr. Susumo Ohno, Geneticist/Musician, Distinguished Scientist of the City of Hope National Medical Center, Duarte, California; Dr. Jean Charon, Nuclear Physicist at the Sorbonne in Paris, France; and members of AMORC's International Research Council.

For further information, please contact: The Registrar, Rose-Croix University International, Rosicrucian Order, AMORC, San Jose, CA 95191.



## ROSICRUCIAN CONCLAVES

### *Englewood, Colorado*

Rocky Mountain Regional Conclave—August 25-27, Clarion Hotel, Denver, South-East, 7770 South Peoria Street, Englewood. Grand Lodge will be represented by Frater Onslow Wilson, President of RCUI. For more information, please contact Soror Florence Hicklin, Registrar, P.O. Box 1512, Wheat Ridge, CO 80034-1512.

### *Brighton, England*

United Kingdom Regional Convention—September 8-10, Sussex University, Brighton, Sussex. Grand Lodge will be represented by Frater Burnam Schaa, AMORC's Supreme Secretary/Treasurer, and Soror June Schaa, Class Master, Department of Instruction. For more information, please contact Mrs. M. Hastings-Clough, 90 Turners Mill Rd., Haywards Heath, Sussex RH16 1NJ, England.

### *Portland, Oregon*

Pacific Northwest Regional Conclave—October 6-8, Monarch Motor Hotel, 12566 S.E. 93rd Avenue, Clackamas. Grand Lodge will be represented by Soror Anne Faulds, Director of Special Services. For more information, please contact Leonor Volkman, 4614 SE Yamhill, Portland, OR 97215; or phone: (503)236-3659.

### *Hartford, Connecticut*

New England Regional Conclave—October 13-15, Park View Hilton, One Hilton Plaza, Hartford. Grand Lodge will be represented by Frater Burnam Schaa, AMORC's Supreme Secretary/Treasurer, and Soror June Schaa, Class Master, Department of Instruction. For more information, please contact Gisela Schneider, c/o Hartford Chapter, AMORC, P.O. Box 1154, Hartford, CT 06143.

### *Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania*

Middle Atlantic Regional Conclave—October 13-15, Radisson Hotel Pittsburgh, 101 Mall Boulevard, Monroeville. Grand Lodge will be represented by Frater Gary L. Stewart, Imperator of AMORC. For more information, please contact Ms. Diana Galuska, Conclave Chairperson, c/o First Pennsylvania Lodge, AMORC, 3605 Greensprings Avenue, West Mifflin, PA 15122.

### *Orlando, Florida*

Florida Regional Conclave—October 26-29, The Floridian of Orlando, 7299 Republic Drive, Orlando. Grand Lodge will be represented by Frater Warren Russeff, Supreme Archivist of AMORC. For more information, please contact Pearl Boyce, 7422 Radiant Circle, Orlando, FL 32810.

## ROSICRUCIAN CONCLAVES

(continued)

### *San Diego, California*

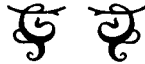
Southern California Regional Conclave—October 27-29, The Hanalei Hotel, Mission Valley. Grand Lodge will be represented by Soror Donna O'Neill, Director for Instructional Services. For more information, please contact Dik Brown, c/o San Diego Lodge, AMORC, P.O. Box 3243, San Diego, CA 92103.

### *Oakland, California*

Central California Regional Conclave—October 28-29, Oakland Masonic Temple, 1433 Madison Street, Oakland. Grand Lodge will be represented by Frater Robin M. Thompson, Editor of Rosicrucian Publications. For more information, please contact Linnea Clark, Conclave Coordinator, c/o Oakland Lodge, AMORC, P.O. Box 1463, Oakland, CA 94604.

### *Sydney, Australia*

Australian Regional Convention—January 26-28, 1990. For more information, please contact Judith Barrionuevo, Chairperson, c/o Sydney Lodge, AMORC, 21 Cope Street, Redfern, NSW, Australia.

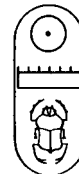


### 1988 YEAR-END STATISTICS OF THE GRAND LODGE SERVING THE ENGLISH AND SPANISH LANGUAGE MEMBERSHIP

Members of AMORC are interested in the organization of which they are a part. Thus the statistics we offer here are intended to help bring about a better understanding of the administrative functioning, size, and scope of the Order.

Staff payroll, taxes, insurance, and pension .....	\$ 3,280,477
Property taxes, utilities, maintenance, and insurance .....	\$ 674,425
Printing costs (not including books) .....	\$ 912,126
Envelopes, office supplies, and stationery .....	\$ 335,534
Postage for the year .....	\$ 810,838

AMORC's financial records are audited by the internationally known accounting and auditing firm of Arthur Andersen & Company.



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## Rosicrucian Activities

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AMORC's Imperator, Gary L. Stewart, meets with Grand Lodge representatives and officers of Hermes Lodge. From left to right are Deputy Master Linda Childs, Lodge Master Donald Jones, Regional Monitor David Rocks, Imperator Gary L. Stewart, and Grand Councilor Edley G. Watson.

AMORC's Imperator Gary L. Stewart was a most welcome guest at Hermes Lodge in Los Angeles on the weekend of March 4 and 5, when his schedule permitted him to accept a long-standing invitation from Southern California's oldest Rosicrucian Lodge. This marked the first visit by an Imperator to Southern California since 1975.

Hermes Lodge gleamed after a thorough redecoration under the direction of Master Donald Jones. Much excitement awaited the arrival of Frater Stewart, who was accompanied by Edley G. Watson, Grand Councilor of the Pacific Southwest Region; and David Rocks, Regional Monitor.

Seventy-five incoming and outgoing officers and five Regional Monitors of the Pacific Southwest Region's many affiliated bodies were honored to hear the Imperator's words of guidance and advice on Saturday evening. Later, everyone had an opportunity to converse with Frater Stewart.

art, while enjoying an elegant buffet and a musical program presented by Frater Ken Kendall and the Hermes Lodge Choir.

At an open forum on Sunday, more than 300 fratres and sorores had the unique opportunity to hear first hand, interspersed with his wonderful sense of humor, the Imperator's answers to many questions from the floor.

*Mithras, Man's Mediator*, an allegory presented by Hermes Lodge's ritual drama team, preceded a closing Convocation, where Frater Stewart spoke on cause and effect.

The usual atmosphere of love, fraternity, and happiness that permeates all Rosicrucian get-togethers culminated in a sumptuous banquet where Frater Stewart was presented with a bronze plaque commemorating his visit to Los Angeles, and a membership card conferring Honorary Life Membership at Hermes Lodge.

UNDER the auspices of RCUI and the guidance of Dr. Onslow Wilson, RCUI President, and Warren Russeff, AMORC Supreme Archivist, 93 Rosicrucians from the western United States and Canada participated during late April in the first Hierarchy Weekend Workshop/Retreat. The Workshop/Retreat, extending over a three-day period, was ably conducted by AMORC Grand Master Wilhelm Raab of Germany. Held outside the greater San Jose area at the Mount Madonna Center for the Creative Arts and Sciences in the Santa Cruz Mountains, members were treated to a delightful weekend of exercises, challenging lectures, peaceful mountain scenery, meditation, good food, and, best of all, the warm companionship of like-minded people.

Mount Madonna Center is located on 355 mountaintop acres of redwood forest and grasslands overlooking Monterey Bay, and is an ideal setting for those seeking solitude to further their unfoldment and greater knowledge of self.

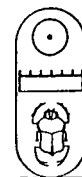
Workshop sessions included interesting lectures and exercises on such subjects as visualization, the Law of the Triangle, the aura, decision making, achieving inner peace, and a general overview of degree work which was masterly outlined, complementing the title course, "The Principle of Projection." Frater Raab's excellent ability to inspire and uplift the student to greater effort soon became apparent. Students were given the opportunity to participate in various exercises, all designed to strengthen their knowledge of *how to apply* the teachings to everyday life. Though each day was full of activity, there was plenty of time to contemplate and discuss the day's lessons in the midst of a beautiful natural setting.

Frater Raab, who has conducted Illuminati Conclaves in Germany twice each year for the past eighteen years, is highly enthusiastic concerning member retreats for English-speaking Rosicrucians. This particular retreat, as part of a pioneering effort in presenting essential developmental courses in the English-language jurisdiction, created an enthusiastic academic setting for the practice and greater exploration of Rosicrucian laws and principles.



AMORC Grand Master Wilhelm Raab of Germany recently conducted an inspirational and practical Rosicrucian Workshop/Retreat in California. Frater Raab also visited Rosicrucian Park and is shown here at the entrance to the Rosicrucian Egyptian Museum.

When asked about the benefits of such workshops for members, Frater Raab explained that when he was progressing through the early degrees he felt a lack of opportunity to practice and prove various laws and principles to his own inner satisfaction. On becoming Grand Master he therefore established Illuminati Conclaves, a Ritual Conclave, and later this year he will introduce a Reincarnation Conclave. He believes the student must always persist in studying the teachings and must become "independent and strong in his person." Through practicing the exercises a student will achieve renewed strength and a greater degree of self-assurance.



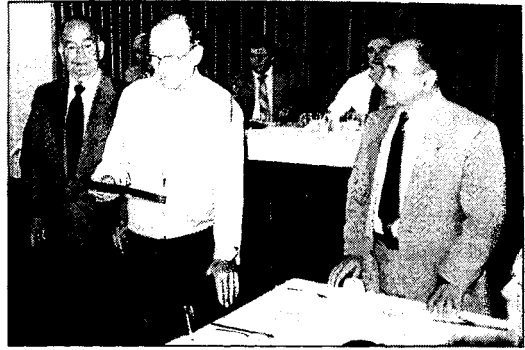
This workshop/retreat was a resounding success and a joyous occasion for members to meet and join in strengthening the bonds of fraternal love, attunement, and learning. All who attended look forward with anticipation to meeting again in the near future.

—Ann Merey, F.R.C.

IT has been said that the person who believes in youth, believes in the future, for in the nation's youth lies the future of our society. Mr. Dave Morehouse of Wallace, Idaho, is such an individual. And in recognition of his many years of outstanding service to the youth of his community, Mr. Morehouse was recently presented the Rosicrucian Humanitarian Award.

Ever since he first came to Northern Idaho over four decades ago to work for a mining company, Dave Morehouse has been helping the young people of Shoshone County. He has volunteered hundreds of hours each year to their projects and activities. Some of these activities have included countless hours of involvement and commitment to youth sports, bringing youth baseball to the community in the 1950s, serving as advisor for the local high school Key Club (a service organization) since 1948, using his own car to transport students to numerous activities over the years, and annually taking teenagers on extensive trips to exciting places like Southern California, the Grand Canyon, and Yellowstone National Park.

It comes as no surprise that one of the main athletic fields in Shoshone County is named "Dave Morehouse Field," and a coveted local high school athletic trophy is designated the "Dave Morehouse Inspirational Award."



Shoshone County News-Press

Rosicrucian Humanitarian Award recipient Dave Morehouse (center) of Wallace, Idaho, stands with presenter Frater Karl Morrison (left) and Frater Ross Rassa, M.D., as local chamber of commerce members applaud.

Leg injuries have slowed—but not stopped—Morehouse in his dedication to community service. In the words of one civic leader, "Suffering a tragic accident, one that would paralyze most people, driving them to a life of self-pity, Dave Morehouse overcame this physical difficulty to become, in my mind and that of nearly every youth in this community, the most respected person in our lives."

The Rosicrucian Humanitarian Award was presented to a surprised Dave Morehouse at a packed local chamber of commerce luncheon. The presentation was made by Frater Karl Morrison, Master of the Spokane (Wash.) Pronaos, AMORC, who told the gathering of nearly 80 people that the Rosicrucian Award recognizes "persons of exceptional character who consistently and deliberately perform acts of unselfish service in the interest of bettering humankind." These words certainly describe Dave Morehouse, and we add our *congratulations* to an ageless man whose work with youth activities, sports, and education is outstanding.

The  
Rosicrucian  
Digest  
July  
1989

### ROSICRUCIAN DIRECTORY

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

# The Value of Persistence

(from page 15)

subconscious mind and from the divine forces of nature.

Let us keep this principle of persistence with its companion of commitment uppermost in our minds in the coming weeks. It is the reason why our Rosicrucian studies are structured in the manner in which we find them, with weekly reinforcement, repetition of exercises, frequent visualizations and meditations. The combinations of techniques and reinforcement have a synergistic or cumulative effect. Perhaps in a future article we will explore more fully this

cumulative effect and discuss why our visualizations can have unusual and unexpected results and what this means.

However, in our personal efforts, in realizing our goals, this cumulative effect caused by the use of visualization, meditation, desire, effort, intervals of silence, and persistence will lead us to the achievement or realization of our visualization. In the broader aspect of our teachings this synergistic effect will propel us forward, ever onward and toward the ultimate goal of cosmic absorption and Peace Profound.

# The Ancient Craft of Goldbeating

(from page 19)

and cannot be beaten as thin. By the addition of certain alloys, leaf can be produced in a range of colors—deep gold, red, yellow, green, or white.

Genuine gold power is made from beaten leaf torn into minute particles with a stone muller and floated off in a mixture of honey or treacle. This is used in especially intricate gilding for which flat gold leaf would be impractical, and to provide highlights and stippled effects in illuminated painting.

The uses of gold leaf are many and varied. It adorns many famous buildings, including Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle, and

the great cross above the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. And, of course, many other notable capitol buildings, monuments, churches, and temples all around the world are graced by the gleaming beauty of gold. It is used by signwriters, the makers of clocks, furniture, picture frames, greeting cards, heraldic banners, and for the hand-tooling of book covers and leatherwork.

Gold leaf lends a beauty and nobility to all objects to which it is affixed. The creators of this amazing decorative material truly bring an exquisite finishing touch into this world.  $\Delta$

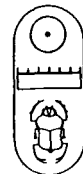
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**Please include your AMORC key number, subscription number, or Junior Order key number.** This one notice will change your master file and be made available to all departments. May we also remind you to be sure that you notify your local post office.





## *States of Mystical Experience*

Is man truly independent? What is his relationship to the universal forces around him? Have you ever had a chance to honestly *understand yourself*? Do you sense welling up within you strange impulses—ideas *struggling for expression*?

☞ This offer does not apply to members of AMORC who already receive the *Rosicrucian Digest* as part of their membership.

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**To be brave one must have first feared, for bravery is the master of fear.**

**—Validivar**

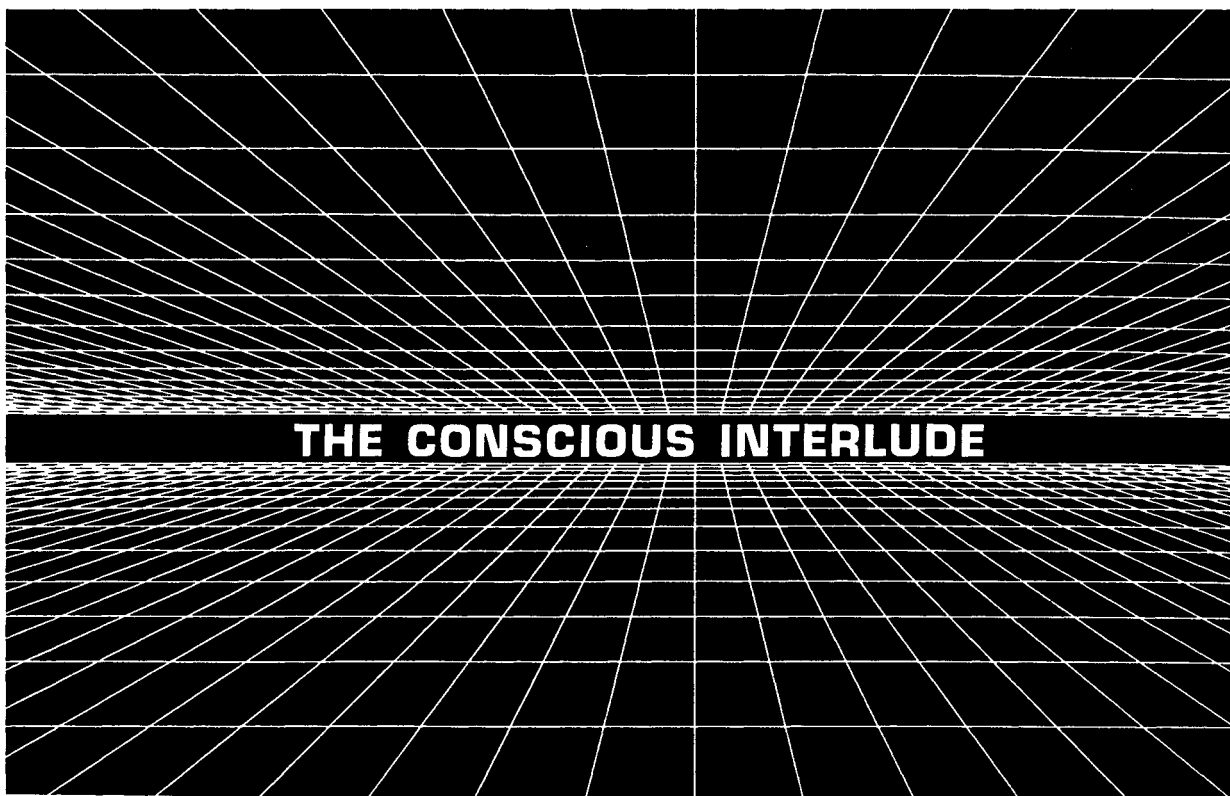
### ***The Purpose of the Rosicrucian Order***

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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**The  
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Digest  
July  
1989**





***We stand between two great eternities—  
the one behind, and the one ahead of us.***

Our whole span of life is but a *conscious interlude*—literally an infinitesimal moment of existence. How we live this split second of existence depends upon our consciousness—our view, our interpretation of life's experience. We cannot hope to know all things as they are. But we can organize our experiences into a personal, intelligent, useful arrangement that will faithfully serve us. That is the purpose of this unusual book, *The Conscious Interlude*—how to make the most of this interval of life.

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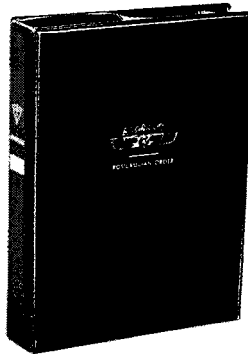
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Organize and store your monographs

**Student's Lesson Binder**

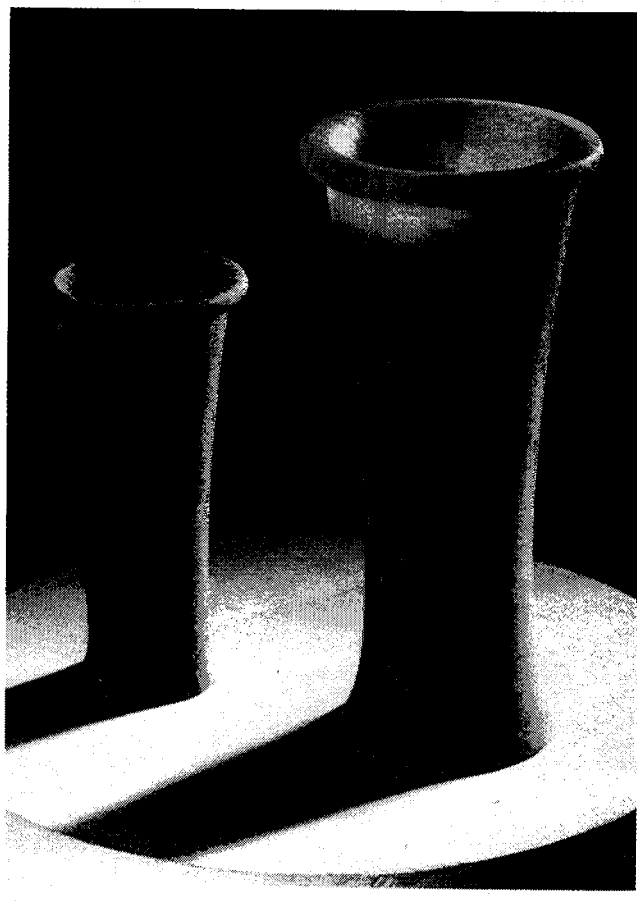


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# TREASURES FROM OUR MUSEUM

## Alabaster Vessels



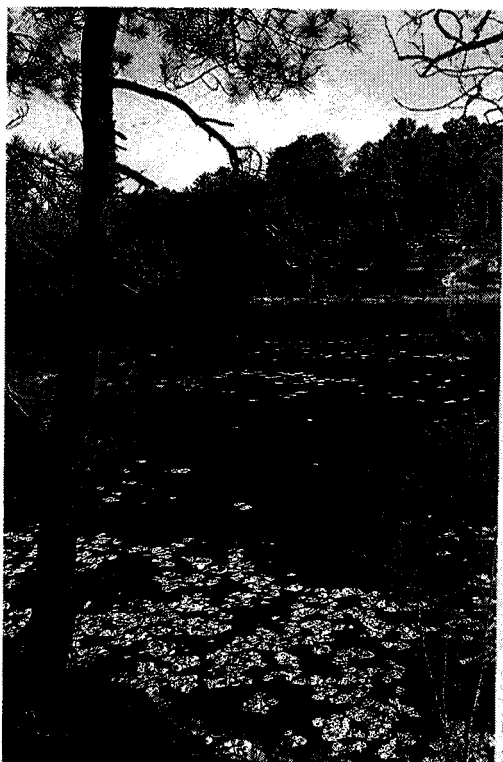
ALABASTER has been considered an especially beautiful stone since the earliest civilizations in Egypt. These graceful and elegant alabaster vessels exhibit the fine craftsmanship employed to create everyday objects during the Old Kingdom.

A stone cutter chiseled the alabaster into a rough shape of the intended vessel, then smoothed its exterior vertically by hand with an abrasive stone, forming the subtle concave sides of the vessel. The interior was then hollowed out with a drill that was topped with an offset crank handle. Vessels in the collection of the Rosicrucian Egyptian Museum bear interior scraping marks as evidence of that process. The craftsmanship of these pieces is further evident in the thin vessel walls which take full advantage of alabaster's translucence.

Libation vases were essential to any proper celebratory feast or meal, yet ancient Egyptians ensured that each piece reflected their appreciation for elegant simplicity. Though the main purpose of the vessels was to contain a large quantity of wine or beer, they were also attractive sitting on a table and felt good in one's hands. Today we can marvel at the exceptional skills of Old Kingdom craftsmen who transformed blocks of alabaster and other stones into functional works of art to please the many senses.

—The Museum Staff

Such recent Museum acquisitions are made possible through the generous bequests made by members to the Rosicrucian Order. The Rosicrucian Egyptian Museum, visited by approximately 250,000 people annually, contains the largest collection of Egyptian and Babylonian objects on exhibit in the Western United States.



John Florence

*Ice in the Wisconsin River,  
Wisconsin Dells.*

# World Of Wonder

## *The Voice of the River*

Every part of this earth is sacred to my people. Every shining pine needle, every sandy shore, every mist in the dark woods, every clearing, and humming insect is holy in the memory and experience of my people. The sap which courses through the trees carries the memories of the red man.

—Chief Seattle, Northwest Indian leader, in his 1854 reply to U.S. President Franklin Pierce.

THE WISCONSIN RIVER rises in a magnificent wilderness of lakes on the Wisconsin-Michigan boundary, and then flows southwards for 430 miles across a water-rich land of forests, farms, and fields. As it flows through the Central Wisconsin farm and dairy region the river seems almost man's partner, easily navigable and tamed by civilization in a series of dams and reservoirs.

But farther downstream the Wisconsin runs free and fast as it approaches a seven-mile-long gorge cut deep into soft sandstone—the famous Wisconsin Dells. Here the river temporarily returns to wildness, its wooded sandstone banks carved and cleft into unusual shapes by the river's rushing waters, forming one of the most scenic gorges in Eastern North America.

Entering the Upper Dells on the swift current a canoeist is reminded of Chief Seattle's words: "This shining water that moves in the streams and the rivers is not just water but the blood of our ancestors. If we sell you land, you must remember that it is sacred, and you must teach your children that it is sacred and that each reflection in the clear water of the lakes tells of events and memories in the life of my people. The water's murmur is the voice of my father's father.

"The rivers are our brothers; they quench our thirst. The rivers carry our canoes and feed our children. If we sell you our land, you must remember, and teach your children, that the rivers are our brothers, and yours, and you must henceforth give the rivers the kindness you would give any brother."

The river has far to go. Two hundred more miles and the Wisconsin's waters merge with those of the Mississippi below Prairie du Chien, joining hundreds of other tributaries watering the fertile heartland of North America.

The canoe slips into calmer waters; the current more gentle. The paddler reflects on the wonder and beauty surrounding him. When will we learn to listen to our brother in the voice of a river's laughing waters?

—Robin M. Thompson, F.R.C.