

The Temple Artisan

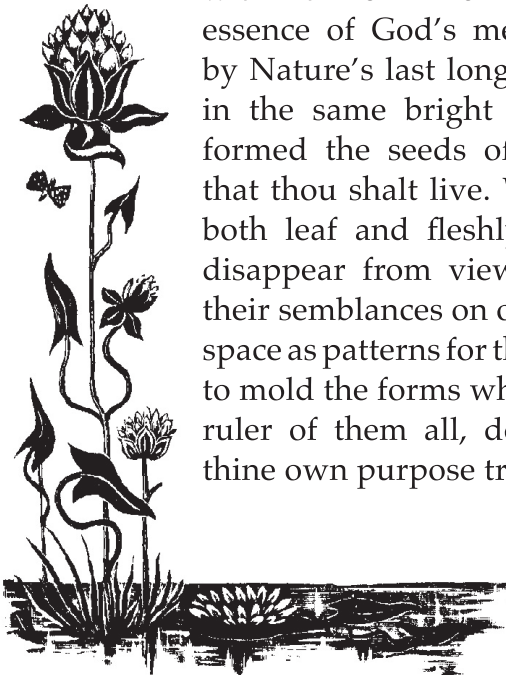
January-February-March 2013



THE BALM OF LIFE

HE LAID a eucalyptus leaf upon my heart and said, "Like as the fragrance and the healing balm of this God's gift to man ascends and mingles with thy breath and fills thine auric sphere with seed of life, so arises and mingles with thine inner breath the essence of God's mercy, typified by Nature's last long sleep, when in the same bright sphere were formed the seeds of many lives that thou shalt live. What though both leaf and fleshly form shall disappear from view, they leave their semblances on other fields of space as patterns for the lesser lives to mold the forms which thou, the ruler of them all, dost mold for thine own purpose true."

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EDITORIAL MIRROR

An exciting new year stretches before us, exciting in the anticipation of wonderful things to come. By the same token, if we fear that which we think is to come, then, indeed, it will. "The things we fear will come upon us," is as true now as it has always been.

However, the past is gone, and the future is not yet here. The only real time is NOW, in this moment. It is a new day with 24 hours, 1,400 minutes, 84,000 seconds.

Each moment of time is alive with the promise of Love, forbearance, tolerance, kindness, patience...the list of positive qualities can be endless. But we can make it happen during all of those moments, every day, by simply doing it.

This is my New Year's wish to you: Simply do it!

—*Eleanor L. Shumway*
Guardian in Chief



HEALING MEDITATIONS AT THE TEMPLE CENTER

Through healing meditations and devotional meetings for years past, a powerful center of high spiritual forces has been created in the Blue Star Memorial Temple at Halcyon. We hold healing meditations daily at high noon (12:00 Noon Pacific Time), sending out healing vibrations into the world for the good of humanity.

All who are interested may tune in at this hour to receive the healing forces and help a distressed world. Humanity never has been in greater need of spiritual assistance than now. Let us bear in mind that all the forces of Light are at our command as we sincerely ask for them for the good of all.

—From *The Temple Artisan*
 September-October-November 1944

BEGIN ANEW

The New Year begins. Many of us turn to making resolutions to guide us through the time ahead. We have such guidelines in our teachings in great abundance which I want to share with you.

The lessons in The Teachings of the Temple are given to us by the Masters in many guises. Some are presentations of great truths, others are expressions of Their love for humanity, and still others are filled with metaphor and poetic expression as a means of showing what must be done by each of us to take the next step in our unfoldment.

The latter is so clearly expressed in the lesson entitled, "Closer Cooperation With the Oversoul." Through the metaphor of house cleaning, the Master tells us what must be done individually and collectively that we may take the next step together.

I will explore this lesson with you, much as Harold did with me many years ago. I will never forget sitting with him as we talked at length about the lesson. With my proclivity for cleaning and order, it appeals strongly to me.

The Master begins by suggesting, "Try to understand the meaning of what you are going through." Note the word *try*. Not *must*, *should*, or you *will*, but *try*. In other places we read that it is in the *trying* that we generate a force that the Masters use in Their work throughout the world. This request implies a partnership and contained in this lesson are definite instructions on what to do on this journey through life. This will help us to rediscover the sacredness and freshness in the teachings, ceremonies and rituals in our Temple life, and indeed in our everyday life.

He goes on to tell us "First of all it is a world condition in which you are involved and which must be borne in mind constantly if you are to have any intelligent outlook and be able to control situations or keep them within command." How often do we lose sight of this in the personal minutia of everyday life such as taking out the garbage, feeding the cat, cleaning the toilet or fixing dinner? In Life we are given a major paradox: we have a personality through which we learn the lessons we must learn, and yet that very same personality can blind and mire us. Of course, we think the personality IS us, IS who we are. As always, we must learn to use it, rather than being used by it. We are discovering that personality is a tool to be used in learning

the lessons of Life. As we do so, we must look beyond ourselves and see the world condition in which we are involved, whether we want to or not. The payoff is that by seeing the larger picture we can deal with the smaller one much more easily and with more insight.

The lesson continues, "There is a world house cleaning in process, a most thorough one indeed. Every room, closet, corner, crevice and shelf in every department of life is being overhauled." Every room, closet, corner, crevice and shelf in every department of life...oh dear! What does this imply? Every department of life? Are we being told to clean up for some gigantic white glove inspection? What about my "stuff," all of which is valuable, which I may use someday or which helps define just who I am? He does not tell us to throw it all away, just to overhaul it. This means to handle it, put the Light of consciousness on it, dust it, clean it, put it in another place, or pass it along to someone who needs it more. This is on the physical plane, but this process is equally valid on all the inner planes. I will never forget how my mother taught me about the connection between the inner and outer planes when she showed me my messy bedroom and pointed out in a very reasonable voice, "If your physical environment is a reflection of your inner self, your real self, what does this mess say about you?" It must have said a lot, because all these years later, I still chuckle with her on the very few mornings I do not make my bed, or pick up after myself!

This lesson is very specific about what all the facets involved: including first cleaning the mops, brooms and buckets we will use in the cleaning process. "The very vessels and articles for carrying on the process must be cleansed themselves before the work can fully go on. Tubs, piled one within the other, but partially drained, must be upturned, scrubbed, scalded, sunned and made ready for fresh, sanitary waters, to be used lavishly otherwise." In applying this metaphor not only to our physical environment, but our inner one inside our heads, I would ask what constitutes our inner vessels and articles, what are our inner tubs, what is the fresh sanitary inner water? I would suggest these things include an open mind, a willingness to listen to others and really hear what they are saying, a willingness to acknowledge that we might be wrong and a quiet certainty when we are in line, a willingness to modify our mindset when necessary, a receptive attitude, and a commitment to consciously working with

the grand design of the evolution of matter, force, and consciousness. The fresh sanitary inner waters include the clear Light of Love and Compassion and a deep and abiding connection with All That Is.

The lesson goes on to say, "Here again care and wisdom must be brought to bear. Certain skill, born of interest, concentration and devotion to higher principles must be used rather than anything gained by outer skill and discipline [through] technical instruction or command." Again I hear His trust in us and our attention to the higher principles of kindness, tolerance, patience, compassion and love, which bring intuition into focus. He assumes we have that certain skill. Simply learning by rote, or because we have been so ordered is useless in the end. By using the key of intuition we open up inner doors that will bring us the solutions to the problems at hand. And if that solution does not seem to come as fast as we want it to, does it ever occur to us this is the time to acknowledge "not my will but Thine be done?" Do you ever stop to think the Masters DO see time in a larger frame?

In the next paragraph, Harold wanted me to seriously consider the applications and implications. We discussed them at length. The lesson reads: "For instance, rare articles are needing preservation in various places. Some are being destroyed by wear and tear, exposure



Chicken Spiral. Photo by Anne R. Dunbar

to dust, climatic conditions and neglect. You have passed them by so many times without seeing, have brushed against them so repeatedly, have shoved or shuffled them out of sight or mind until tomorrow that it would be doing you a wrong to specify in particular just what they are and where they are to be found." Rare articles in need of preservation? Things? Yes, for example, did you realize that perhaps the plain, nondescript green vase that occasionally you move from one side to the other when dusting, is a rare Roseville pottery vase deserving of a place in a museum collection? And I thought our Roerich painting was just an old badly framed calendar picture! But what about the stuff inside our heads? How about the mechanical repetition of mantrams or Temple hymns? How about zoning out during the noon service or during a talk by someone with whom we do not agree in the best of times? Or taking for granted the close-at-hand outer signs and symbols of inner treasures as we look for something new and seemingly brighter. What is it that is hidden in those dry, familiar words that needs to be made fresh and sacred again by our attitude, rather than by a rewrite job?

Apparently we do this far too many times since He points out "You have passed them by so many times without seeing, have brushed against them so repeatedly, have shoved or shuffled them out of sight or mind until tomorrow that it would be doing you a wrong to specify in particular just what they are and where they are to be found." He expects us to have the inner maturity to identify the things that are under our very noses so to speak and THEN do something about it. To me, in that expectation is implied His faith in our ability to do what is asked. Then He goes one loving step further when he tells us how to do it! "You must call up the activities of your own inherent mental faculties, your so highly important, so hardly achieved powers, and apply them where most needed that the reconstructive forces of the Lodge be injected into the work with power, rather than allow the straining of Their souls to find you in the dark." Very plainly stated: you have it, so you will be held responsible to use it. In fact, it is a crime to have these gifts and NOT share them. Open those doorways between the Lodge and yourselves so no energy is wasted trying to find you in the dark. The wise use of energy is of paramount importance in the Universe.

Instead of just shuffling along on the physical plane we are

admonished to jerk ourselves into spiritual activity. This means to demonstrate the wealth of spiritual food we have by our very being, by what we do and say AND think every day, minute by minute. We can and must feed the hungry souls standing on every side but only through our "...own persistent, incessant, determined faith, courage and cheer; your positively promised knowledge that Light Will Come, the darkness will be vanquished. Power, Possibilities and Opportunity will be present. Patience and Endurance must be used unto the end, and in repeated new beginnings if efforts fail you temporarily." Here it is again: try and try again. There is really no failure if we will but try it again, perhaps a little differently, but do it again and again. "Failure in effort is only temporary." We would not be asked to use Patience and Endurance if we didn't already possess them deep down in our very being. We may not care to acknowledge having them for fear of what we might be asked to do. Nevertheless, we cannot duck or sidestep the issue. We are being asked to use them, so therefore we do have them. Besides, nowhere is it written that life will always be pleasant and comfortable. It is always full, rich, rewarding and interesting, but not necessarily comfortable. Someday we will evolve beyond the need of being taught through pain, but we are not there yet, so we might as well look for the lesson in every experience and put our energy there. The paradox is that as we do this, the pain lessens, the joy increases, and we move deeper and deeper into our connection with Spirit.

The lesson ends by pointing out that each time we try to clean up our inner and outer acts, we find that truer and better beginnings are the result. Each time we renew our efforts we find greater and more efficient union with the Divine. This means we have put ourselves into closer cooperation with the Over Soul of the Human Race of which each and every one is an important part.

As we do this we find that we are in purer alignment and adjustment with the Master Forces of our lives. He tells us that by so doing we are in touch "...with the Great Lodge of which you are in reality a necessary and integral part, without whom can not be accomplished the complete and perfected work, which ever confronts you and the [human] race in all cycles of time."

In this new year it is time to examine your inner and outer mops, brooms, dust cloths, pans of clean water and get consciously

with the program of the "...world house cleaning in process, a most thorough one indeed. Every room, closet, corner, crevice and shelf in every department of life is being overhauled." It takes courage, determination and strength. We would not be asked to do this unless a compassionate God knew we had it within us to do so. The rewards are immeasurable: The Light of Understanding and Compassion, the gold of the sacred within everything we experience, the inexpressible comfort of the connection with the Divine.

I will close with this message found in *From the Mountain Top Volume 3*, entitled "The Search for God:"

Search where you will, in the cosmic heights or in its depths, for the God of your longing; you will never behold His face until it has been first pictured in your inmost heart.

When once you have beheld that face you will see it mirrored in every dewdrop, star and sun, on the wings of a gnat, and in the eyes of your fellow men and women. However brutal or distorted, however pure or beautiful those forms and faces seem to others, you will only see the face of God therein when you have fixed that pictured face within your heart.

If you could see the face of God reflected in the eyes of one whom other men had tempted to her fall by lust, could you turn away from her in scorn? If you could hear the voice of God in the plea for mercy uttered by the twisted lips of thief, or murderer, or wastrel, could you harshly sentence him to prison or to death?

Could you trample ruthlessly the wayside flower if you could sense the breath of God wafted to you in perfume? Or could you thoughtlessly bring down a bird if you could see God's pleasure in its flight?

I say to you, No! For when you have found your God you shall know His measuring line was laid upon the garment Love was weaving for you.

—Eleanor L. Shumway
Guardian in Chief

OUR DAILY BREAD

Morsels from Temple writings to nourish body, soul, and spirit

JANUARY: LOVE

- The Heart is the real Center of life, light and love — God.
- One never finds outside himself what is not within, and as long as there is a wrong to be righted, a sufferer to be healed and comforted, a child to be taught, or in wider terms, any string of the harp of brotherly love to be attuned to the vibration of Universal Love, lying right at your door, in the midst of your own family or your own social circle, your individual duty is right there.
- Patience is that loving kindness that grows in each man as he relates himself to all else in the world.

FEBRUARY: SERVICE

- The proof of the awaking of love in the human soul is the awakening of an overwhelming desire to give itself and all it possesses for the best good of all.
- Through all the kingdoms of life, Divinity molds, shapes and guides man's destiny, and as life moves on from the lowest to the highest, cyclic law provides a vehicle whereby form and substance are evolved and through which the Law of Service can manifest.
- True service springs from the heart – that inner desire to help one's fellow-man, and thus fulfill this law in myriad ways: to one's country, family, home, or whatever is placed in life's pattern.

MARCH: WISDOM

- Humanity does not gain in power and knowledge by retreat, but by advance.
- Universal Law cannot be broken or ignored without bringing corresponding suffering upon the breaker of those Laws.
- The sun shines on everyone, everywhere. Man is shaded by his own acts.

ELLA YOUNG

This talk was presented in the Temple in 1987 by Gudrun Grell, our longtime Temple friend and neighbor. Born in Copenhagen, Denmark, in 1907, Gudrun was a woman of many talents including fencing, piano, acting, and notably as an opera singer in the Royal Theatre for 20 years. Along with her native Danish, she spoke French, German, Spanish, and English. She and her husband John came to Oceano in 1947 to take possession of Chester Allen Arthur's home, Hill House, located above Halcyon. Shortly thereafter she met her neighbor, Ella Young, and became her trusted friend and confidante. Gudrun died in 2010 at the age of 103.

Ella Young, the Irish poetess and storywriter came to mean a great deal in my life.

The first time I met her was between Christmas and New Year 1948, a couple of months after we had arrived at Hill House. It was her 80th birthday. Chester Alan Arthur brought her. He was taking her to Guadalupe for a Chinese birthday dinner. He was a friend and admirer of Ella Young's and had, through his connections, contributed to her entry into the United States.

The University of California at Berkeley had invited her to come to California to give a series of guest lectures on Celtic mythology. Several books by her on the subject had been published, among them *Unicorn With Silver Shoes*, *Celtic Wonder Tales*, *Tangle-Coated Horse*. Highly nationalistic, she was a hero worshipper and had been an eager activist in the Irish Uprising, so some Americans were opposed to having a working visa issued to her. The Irish battle was fought then as today, economically, partly on American ground, but Chester and his influential friends overcame the opposition, and were successful in bringing her to this country.

I'd like to introduce the people I'm going to mention, because you may not know them.

Malcolm Small had planned on being with us today, but a bad fall made it impossible for him to drive. He was an early student of Ella Young's, a favorite one, from her Berkeley time.

Alan Watts, esoteric writer, philosopher, lecturer of Chinese religions, Chinese ways of life, was a person who let his feelings flow freely into action. If he felt like laughing, crying, dancing,

singing, it would come about, no matter where he was or how much he amazed the people who happened to be around. With all his serious studies he was full of fun and surprises. The evening before he died on November 16, 1973, he played with balloons and described the weightless, floating sensation as “being like my spirit leaving my body.”

Elsa Gidlow, a longtime friend and neighbor of Alan Watts, was, like Malcolm, one of Ella Young’s admiring students from her lecturing days.

I’d like to thank Peggy Weedon for letting us enjoy the beautiful book she made of pictures and writings of and about Ella Young.

Chester Alan Arthur was the grandson of the 21st President of the United States, 1881-1885. The president had been a republican, but Chester had all his life been a fiery democrat. As a young man he traveled to Ireland and became involved in the Irish uprising. It was in this capacity he met Ella Young and became her lifelong friend, discovering along the way that the world might not be as square as he had imagined.

Elwood Decker, we all know him, lived in the dunes for several of the years that Ella Young was in Oceano. They were kindred spirits who enjoyed and respected one another. Elwood feels that Ella Young was a true descendant of ancient goddesses.

Elwood had a son-in-law who admired Ella Young and loved to listen to her, but did not believe in her world of spirits or her art of communicating with them. One day she looked at him and said, “I see the sign of a fish in your forehead. That means that you’ll be making a long voyage which will have an impact on your life.” Contrary to his beliefs, the voyage did come to pass.

Ella Young was invited, she arrived, she lectured, took residence and died in this country.

The evening Chester brought her to Hill House, John and I were waiting in the library. Ella Young admired that place, its boldness in colors, uniqueness in structure. Chester had designed it. He had his degree as an architect, but had never used it, except for this room. When he arrived with Ella Young, he pushed the library door open. John and I jumped to our feet and the fairy queen stepped in.

Ella Young never shook hands, but at a distance she lifted and

extended her arms in greeting. While speaking she gesticulated with dignity, large rings on her fingers sparkling as her hands moved. Her hair was white and loose and hung from her classically sculptured head to her shoulders. Her eyes were large and blue, strong, urgent. I felt she knew me to the core of my soul when she fixed them at me. Ella Young did not dress like other people—no, she wrapped herself in pieces of material, one upon the other, in intriguing colors and shapes of damask and silk. She once gave me a piece, but I truly didn't know how to place it and what to do with the rest of me. While greeting her guests she slightly bent her head like the heroine on a stage receiving enthusiastic applause. Her build was petite and frail, but the image she left in people's mind was that of a strong, majestic person.

It was only a short visit that day when Chester brought her, but it led to many important moments.

"I'd like for you to see my garden," she told me before leaving, her voice was vibrating, ringing with captivating Irish music.

The next time I saw her was in her garden.

Her house was small, built of wood that had aged to the same natural color as the eucalyptus branches hanging above the roof. Filtered light shone down into the three fishponds close to the house with goldfish and water lilies. There were other kinds of trees, especially acacias, from the wild Californian variety to the Italian fluffy and fragile Mimosa. Stepping over her threshold I had the feeling of walking downwards, though there were no steps. Her large rectangular room was dark, almost like a cave. The windows were few, small and, with one exception, set high under the eaves.

As my eyes adjusted I gradually saw Ella Young's world, a place of uniquely carved furniture, niches, shelves with vases and bowls of bronze, earthenware and fine porcelain, statues and pictures and books. On the mantelpiece were figurines of Egyptian deities and divine beings: Ram, Nefertiti, and others. A large fireplace filled most of one of the two short walls.

In the late afternoons she would build a fire—she was a master doing it—and in front of the fireplace, shrouded in garments never seen before or after, she would spend the evenings with friends, often John and me, giving a performance of the Irish—

now nearly forgotten—gift of speech. She didn't converse, she made a monologue, much the way she must have done in her magic lecturing. She chose a subject and embroidered around it, and knowledgeable as she was on history, mythology, English and Celtic folklore, she easily focused on any topic.

John and I often walked to her house, five minutes from ours, and sat with her at the fireplace. But there was a problem. During those days we had struggled with strawberries, New Zealand spinach, Christmas trees, tenants, troubles about which we knew nothing until we landed at Hill House. Evenings we were weary, while Ella Young had rested during the daytime, reserving her energy and vitality for her evening performance. The fire was hot, the Brandy—she always served Brandy—was powerful. Her voice was mellifluous and trailed her story like yarn from one end to the other.

Dear Ella Young, she must have noticed that, no matter how much we wished and tried to stay attentive, one of us, sometimes, would drop out of earshot. Why didn't we use a tape recorder?



Sphere. Photo by Anne R. Dunbar

How could we allow a fountain of words to trickle into oblivion?

Ella Young believed in nature spirits. No, Ella Young *knew* that nature spirits were alive and I, while sitting in front of her, was convinced that she was right. There was Gilpen, the mischievous little fellow who is always around, whether we see him or not. He is the one who grabs an object you've just had in your hand, carries it away, thoroughly enjoying your distress, plays with it till he's no longer amused, then lands it somewhere—the last place you'd look. The Pooka is another phantom, and I quote from Ella Young's *Unicorn with Silver Shoes*. "He has many hiding-holes in Irish folklore and in Irish lakes and swirling stream-pools: A tricky spirit, changeable as water, a joyous comrade with the joyous-hearted, but apt to play practical jokes on the quarrelsome and stinging. Pooka can take any shape, a white cat or a chock-headed boy. But both Gilpen and Pooka prefer to be invisible."

One day I drove Ella Young to the mesa, the plateau overgrown with the Eucalyptus trees she loved so much. In the bold way I drove at that time, I tore in through the trees, but suddenly the car jerked and stopped. The wheels spun and hissed, but it didn't move. I had seen cars eased out of such situations by backing over branches placed beneath the tires. I attempted to do that, but to no avail. It was getting dark and I was getting worried. I could have walked to a station, but Ella Young could not. How could I leave her alone in the stranded vehicle?

She had been sitting quietly inside the car. We had not communicated, but now I went to the window.

"What can we do?" I cried.

"Try once more," her words sounded like a command.

I squeezed in and started the motor. Without the slightest effort the car moved forward. I made my turn, rolled from the trees to the road, and put my head on her shoulder.

"Sorry it took so long," she said. "I knew it would happen, but I didn't know how long it would take."

While I had been pushing my branches and twigs, she had been beseeching the magic powers.

Several of her younger friends from her lecturing time came often to see her. A few became our friends as well. Malcolm Small had been a frequent guest in her Berkeley home for special meals.

Eating times were conversation times. People, comfortably seated around a table with food and wine before them, create a perfect medium for thoughts to be expressed. The food was secondary. At a table with Ella Young no one hurried. Material and spiritual foods were to be enjoyed leisurely. Malcolm is still my dear friend. We re-live olden precious moments together.

Another of her students was Elsa Gidlow, a lesbian poet and writer. She was Canadian by birth, had lived in England and America and, during her adult life had supported herself through her writings. John called her the perfect gentleman.

Elsa often came to Ella Young for advice, seeking her inspired thinking and keen down-to-earth sense of reality. One of Elsa's most important decisions was the purchase of a magnificent piece of property, because here she envisioned living there for the rest of her life. Only after thoroughly discussing the plan with Ella Young did she dare proceed with the purchase. The land was in the hills above Mill Valley, had a fireplace like Ella Young's, and looked into the mountain of Mt. Tamalpais. Ella Young was deeply moved about the place. Elsa deeded this property to the state to become part of the park after her death. This came to pass about two years ago. Groups of people, intellectually and spiritually tied together, lived on the same rolling hills with space enough for privacy, closeness enough for comfort among them.

Elsa had negotiated with the radio in San Francisco proposing to bring together two unique personalities: The prolific author of philosophical and religious books and essays, Alan Watts, and the poetess, Ella Young. The radio had accepted the proposal. The meeting would have the format of an interview by Alan Watts of Ella Young. The tape was donated to the Ella Young Museum and preserved for posterity.

So, John and I drove Ella Young to Mill Valley. During the drive she was quite still, half-asleep. I knew she was making herself ready for the performance. When we arrived at Elsa's house, Ella Young asked to be left alone for a couple of hours.

Late in the afternoon, which was Ella Young's creative time, Alan Watts arrived. Only the two of them were present for the interview, but afterwards they told us about it. They had leisurely conversed about spirits and mountains and communication with

nature. Then Alan Watts had thanked her.

“Will you make the tape now?” she had asked.

“It’s all done, “ he had answered with a smile. Ella Young had not noticed when he turned on the recorder.

Later at the dinner table I was amazed to see Alan Watts, out of the blue, lay his hands on the table and his head on his hands and disappear into never-never land. Even more surprising: No one paid attention. All kept eating, talking, laughing and pursuing whatever questions had been discussed. I wondered if the same would have happened had he died! Why not! Distance is created by man and is, in the deepest sense of reality, unimportant.

Not until several years after Ella Young’s death did I realize that she had terminated her own life. I had been steeped in the belief that suicide was bankruptcy of one’s whole existence, and it took me years to accept Ella Young’s decision.

She knew she had cancer and must have been reasoning, *This is my life, my obligation to bring it to an end when time is right*. She had changed her habits, I noticed, but I didn’t know why. She no longer wanted to have supper in our house, no longer wanted to come with us on trips, no longer wanted to leave her own house.

One afternoon John telephoned her. We had a visitor who wanted to meet Ella Young. No one could be admitted to her house if not expected. We always asked permission to bring a guest, but we had never been refused. Her Mexican maid answered the phone and brought the message back: No, Miss Young could not receive anybody. John called again: Had she understood who had made the request? Yes, Miss Young had understood. We became very upset. I knew I shouldn’t disturb her, but still felt an urgency to understand what was wrong. I telephoned. Yes, I might come alone.

The day was the 23rd of July, 1956. Ella Young was 88 years old. When I came to her house, candles were lit, incense burning. Soon the girl left, and Ella Young and I were alone.

As usual, we sat at the fireplace, as usual she spoke, but not about matters which she ordinarily talked about. She was trying to make me understand what she was about to do, but at that time I did not comprehend. She talked about her door, which would be locked when she no longer was in the house. At one time she had asked me to be her executrix, but I had been afraid that I needed to know about

American law to do it right. She had been annoyed but had chosen another person. Now I wished that I had not declined, that the door would not be closed to me. I wished I could have been near to her after death as I had been in life.

She talked to me about powers of reaching from one plane into another. I knew that I would see her no more, not in this house, not in this world. I imagined that she, by her spiritual force, would be able to move herself from one identity into another.

"I shall miss you so very much," I said.

"I shall always be close."

"But if I don't see you, how shall I know?"

"You'll hear a whisper through the trees, feel a joy in your heart, and you'll know that I'm with you."

The Weedons, who bought her dwelling after she no longer needed it, were friends of ours, and would have been of hers. They were young, but they understood and respected her spirit as an entity of their home and still live according to her traditions. She would have considered their relationship a kinship of souls.

I'd like to end this talk by reading a short poem written by Chester Alan Arthur about Ella Young. He wrote it in Moy Mell, his hut in the dunes on October 13, 1932.

She sits beside the fire, bending low
To warm her thin translucent hands,
And tells us stories of the long ago
In strange half-mortal fairylands.

A man might think, to see her sitting so,
That she was free of time and space,
And in this freedom she had learned to know
The secret soul of every race.

For in the illumined magic of her smile
And in the shadows of her face
There hovers love that knows no human guile
And wisdom born of inward grace.

— *Gudrun Lendrop Grell*

THE TEMPLE SELF

Children of the Temple:

Another yearly cycle, with its record of human aspiration, struggle, gain and loss, lies behind the body of the Temple. Its soul stands off, serene, unruffled, and tireless, and watches its representatives, its constituent parts, its forms, as each in turn enters the arena of the great test, to stand or fall, to rise superior to every malefic influence, or to sink for the time being beneath the engulfing waves of the great sea of glass that deceptive, illusionary, double mirror of the purgatorial plane, to purge itself in order that it may win its spurs of strength, courage and endurance.

And that soul cries out to you, its shadows, again today, as it has in days of yore: "Warriors of Light! Warriors of Truth! I salute you in the name of the great White Brotherhood! Go forth to battle with the powers of Darkness, armed with the Sword of the Spirit, the breastplate of Righteousness, the helmet of Eternal Truth."

Has it ever yet dawned on your outer consciousness, what an inconceivably great honor and privilege the receipt of that salutation bestows upon you, and how much is demanded of you in return for it? Just think for a moment. Honor, Faith, Loyalty, Service, Compassion: all these and infinitely more, for all that may be embraced in the word "Brotherhood" in its highest sense but feebly indicates the debt of the created to the Creator and Preserver, by Whom and for whom the great White Brotherhood of souls triumphant voices that salutation through some high Initiate, to every soldier of the Cross of Christ, every enlightened soul nailed to the body of desire, every acknowledged disciple of the Great Master-Soul.

Has it yet dawned on your mind that you are here, at this point in space, this or that location on the earth's surface, because nowhere else in the wide universe could you learn the one lesson for the learning of which you entered upon this incarnation? Right here is the answer to every aspiring prayer you have ever uttered, and nowhere else in the universe could those prayers be answered, for nowhere else during this cycle could be gathered together the other fragments of yourselves who are essential to the answering of those prayers.

Yet, at times, like the child who cries out when the thorns of the beautiful rose it has seized sink into its hands, you wearily lament when the thorns of life's rose bush press deep into the flesh, and feel that the rose is not worthwhile at such a cost; or that which is still more to be regretted, find yourselves madly declaring that there is no rose, has never been or will be, a rose, on the bush which the Lord God planted in the midst of your individual garden of life and covered with sharp and poisonous thorns.

Poor tried and tortured fragments of the Temple self! How little have you known of yourselves; yet there is so much to learn, so much that you must steep into your consciousness over the fires of purification ere you can rise superior to the limitations which hold you in duress. Yet, for your comfort be it known that the power to so rise lies within yourselves and we who stand and wait hold wide open the gate of enlightenment as we see you running the great life race.

Lay hold of that power within you, and use it to study yourselves with never-ceasing effort. Never mind about studying the other man, the other woman, for within yourselves are all the secrets of life, and not until you understand the mysteries of your own paradoxical and contradictory qualities can you possibly understand your neighbor or know your God.

With sympathy, encouragement, and never-ending hope.
In true devotion, your father,

— *Hilarion*



Interior of the Blue Star Memorial Temple. Photo by Anne R. Dunbar

COME WITH ME

And behold—I was shown the Waves of the Universal Etheric Sea, at Flood Tide. Incoming were the billows, of deepest blue, crystal clear, high rolling the waves, created in sharp line of light and pure white electric radiance. As if to break upon shore did they move, one over the other, but they broke not. Instead, each on-coming wave wrapped itself round the former and indrew itself again within the hidden depths, reinforcing their powers constantly, eternally, and withholding also the might of their destruction from spreading upon the strand:

And from the Depths of that Silent Inner Sea, now softened, quieted, mellow-lighted, came the Inner Voice—Amplified—and spake over the Waters of the Ocean of Life for all to hear, and said:

"Come with me a little while, that we may refresh ourselves, that we may be together. Heart to heart shall we speak, hand in hand shall we walk, face to face shall we stand, and Know that We Are One, that in ONE ANOTHER, we live, move, and have being, and without whom We Are Not.

"Come with me, Tired Hearts. Come with me, Wearied Bodies. Come with me, Brave Souls. In blue Cosmic Waters shall we bathe. With etheric charged tides and on crested waves of Light shall we be borne; with their vital energy shall we be renewed. With their power and spirit shall we wrestle and play; in their depths be immersed, and come forth dauntless, courageous—nobler, stronger and truer—purer and freer—rested and happy from the Vast Ocean's embrace, in Conscious Union with it, with One Another, With All That Is. Come with me a little while. Come with me."

— *From the Mountain Top*

The Avataric Mantram

*I will endeavor to realize the presence of the Avatar
as a Living Power in my life.*

TEN BASIC TRUTHS ABOUT GOD AND MAN

Man—Humanity—is an epitome of the cosmos. Every part, organ and tissue in each human being has its celestial correspondences in the Heavenly Man—God—Humanity being thus literally an image of God, the collective creative forces of the universe entitized as the **All-Being**.

1. **God** is the highest spiritual essence of Light, Life and Love.

2. This Light, Life and Love—all one thing—is **Primordial Substance Itself**, out of which the universe, worlds, human beings and all things have been created.

3. This Primordial Substance does not possess intelligence or wisdom or knowledge or power, but **is** Intelligence, Wisdom, Knowledge and Power as well as all the spiritual qualities such as Faith, Justice, Compassion, etc.

4. Being these qualities themselves, in whatever form this Primordial Substance manifests, It knows how to act, what to do, whether manifesting in a planet, an insect, a blade of grass or a human being. According to the keynote of its form, it will be moved to appropriate action for Knowledge, Light, Intelligence—God—Light, Life and Love—is at the root of its being.

5. This Primordial Substance manifests in an infinitude of forms, the sum total making up the whole universe. These forms, whether of worlds or of humankind, are merely materialized aspects of some ray or quality inherent in this Primordial Substance or God, and thus each form manifested is for the time being a materialized spiritual force or quality. That this spiritual force may become **inverted** and be **evil** in its action does not contradict the above statement.

6. While each form has its dominant note and quality, yet it has all the notes or qualities of life latent or expressed, so that it has the possibility of calling as much of God out as any other form, as it gains the power to utter the Light within itself. This applies to people, angels, worlds, animals, tress, or blades of grass.

7. **Human beings** are thus an epitome of God. In time, when all these qualities are perfectly expressed, each of us will perfectly express God and thus **be** God—One with God—all Life, Light, and Love.

8. Everything in Nature expresses some quality or character of God—trees, flowers, stars, insects, men and animals.

9. Being made in the image of God, each part and organ of each human being expresses or represents some character or quality of God—or Primordial Light, Life and Love.

10. As each part and organ draws in purity upon, and assimilates, the forces and qualities flowing naturally into it from the Inner Source, it becomes clearer, purer, more beautiful and noble in appearance and function, whether this be the body as a whole or some part like the eyes, ears, nose, mouth, hands, feet, etc., for by this assimilation these parts have drawn upon the **Source of the real life—the Higher Diviner Self**—which is all Purity, Beauty, Health, Truth and Light. But if these forces be drawn upon selfishly and with motives of impurity, the corresponding organs and parts become distorted, ugly and unhealthy, as selfishness and impurity **invert** Divine and Natural forces.

—Dr. William H. Dower

From *Occultism for Beginners*, Volume I



THE SALUTATION OF THE DAWN

Listen to the exhortation of the dawn:

Look to this day!

For it is life, the very life of life.

*In its brief course lie all the verities
and realities of your existence:*

The bliss of growth,

The glory of action,

The splendor of beauty;

For yesterday is but a dream,

And tomorrow is only a vision.

But today, well lived, makes

Every yesterday a dream of happiness,

And every tomorrow a vision of hope.

Look well therefore to this day!

Such is the salutation of the dawn.

—From the Sanskrit

FAMILY LETTER

The cycles of the earth and sun affect us in ways often beyond our conscious knowledge. As the sun moves northward here in Central California, things feel and look brighter in our lives and the world around us. Buds are swelling on fruit trees, some of the flowering trees are already in bloom, and there is a green haze enveloping the willow trees by the creek. We begin to contemplate “spring cleaning” in our own environments and feel a new sense of energy flowing into our lives.

Here at the Center, the restoration work on Linda’s house is finished and Sherry and James have just moved in. Dee moved from her home into another smaller one which has just gotten a brand-new bathroom, kitchen sink and counter, and floor coverings. Barbara and Don will move into Dee’s old house, across the street from the house where Barbara was born.

The grasses are growing, mowing has begun, prunings are being chipped, gardens spaded, vegetable and flower seeds and plants are being chosen. Since we still have frost it is a little early to plant, but we are dreaming!

As winter ends, many of us have had the flu of all types. However, after time, rest, and lots of fluids worked their magic, we are all feeling much better—as the coughs fade, the twinkle comes back to the eyes! May this Spring bring health and joy to one and all.



Dune Patterns. Photo by Anne R. Dunbar

TEMPLE ACTIVITIES AND NOTICES

Temple Groups: There are Temple groups in New York City; London, England; and in Moscow and St. Petersburg, Russia; as well as several locations in Germany. Anyone wishing more information about these groups can call the Temple office in Halcyon.

The William Quan Judge Library serves Temple members, residents of Halcyon, and friends with an interest in Theosophy or who are doing research involving some of our special collections. Our library is staffed by volunteers. Hours are Tuesdays, 9:30-11:30a.m. Other hours are by appointment through the Temple office.

The University Center Gallery is exhibiting watercolors and oils by former Guardian in Chief Harold Forgostein. Call the Temple office at 805.489.2822 for more information.

The Temple Healing Service is held at 12:00 noon each day in the Temple. All are welcome to attend.

Sunday Services are held at 10:30am in the Temple. The Feast of Fulfillment, the Communion Service of the Temple, is celebrated on the first Sunday of each month. Enter the Silence, a prayer and meditation meeting, is held the last Sunday of the month. Speakers present programs on other Sundays. The public is cordially invited to all services.

Study Classes under the auspices of Temple Officers and various Temple Orders are held regularly at 5:30pm in the University Center on Tuesdays and Fridays. Everyone is welcome to attend.

Speakers in the Sunday Services were:

January 13, Eleanor L. Shumway: *Begin Anew*; January 20, Maryalice Mankins: *Halcyon History*; February 10, Eleanor L. Shumway: *HPB*; February 17, Chris Thyrring, reading *Common Sense in Occultism* by Elmer Hedin, 1947.

Information about The Temple, past issues of the Artisan, recent talks, and other resources can be found at the Temple website:

www.templeofthepeople.org.

The Temple of the People

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