

The Temple Artisan

April-May-June 2011

Behold, I give



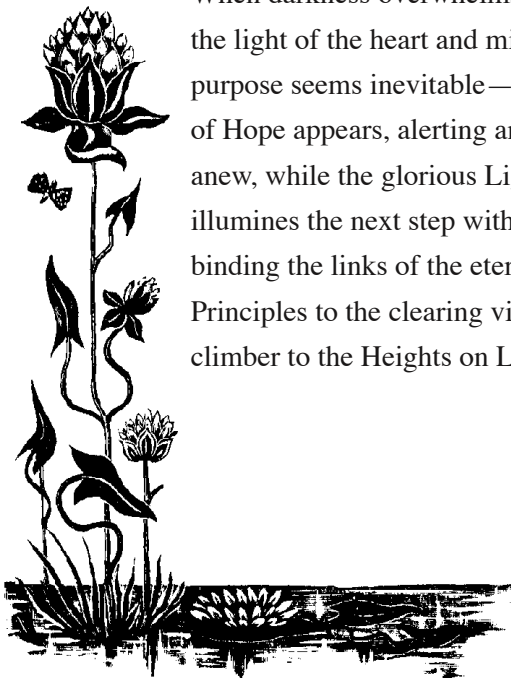
unto thee a key.

THE ASCENDING STAIRWAY

FAITH is one glorious step beyond Hope, the measure by which fulfillment is drawn, and the whole sublime structure for both.

When darkness overwhelms the senses and deflects the light of the heart and mind—when defeat of purpose seems inevitable—then the sustaining step of Hope appears, alerting and urging the Soul on anew, while the glorious Light of the Star of Faith illumines the next step with its resplendent beauty, binding the links of the eternal golden chain of Principles to the clearing vision of the courageous climber to the Heights on Life's Ascending Stairway.

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EDITORIAL MIRROR***Balance***

*Who stands between the light and dark,
 And, undismayed, transmits the light, transmutes the dark;
 Who stands in life, who stands in death, in love and tranquil peace;
 Who, meeting sin and pain and purity, lights all with love and
 wisdom's sympathy;*

*Who, through the horrors in the house of man, is not dismayed, but
 loveth on—*

He is a God man coming to his own,

He is a pathway for the Peace,

He is a roadway for the feet of Christ,

He is a jewel in the heart of God.

These words by early Temple member, John Varian, show us the way we must all travel to help to heal the “horrors in the house of man” that seem to riddle our world today. We are tested every day in every way on our ability to stand in love and tranquil peace in the face of the darkness that seems to be about us. Through the teachings of HPB and The Temple we are given the tools necessary to become a jewel in the heart of God.

—*Eleanor L. Shumway, Guardian in Chief*



MOTION AND CYCLES

I spent time this last year with a book titled *Theogenesis*, which I didn't even know existed until recently. I found answers to some questions that were on my mind, and thought you also might find this information interesting.

Some background on this book: *Theogenesis* contains nine Stanzas of Dyzan with their slokas and commentaries. These Stanzas are from antiquity, written by Sages, and given out publicly only when timely to do so. The Commentaries were written by Masters, our elder brothers, interpreting the symbolic and mystical language of the Stanzas, as well as providing important information on subjects such as light, breath, the deflection of the earth's axis, the human race, and His coming. The people responsible for these commentaries were once as you and I are now, but have evolved to a state of Oneness in those qualities to which we aspire: Holy Love, Infinite Wisdom and Understanding, and selfless Service.

The Stanzas in *Theogenesis* were received from 1906 to 1912, to be presented in the official publication of the Temple of the People, *The Temple Artisan*; this was accomplished from 1906 through 1918. Prior to this, the Masters had given to the public, through HPB, other Stanzas of Dzyan with commentary, published in the two volumes of *The Secret Doctrine*, titled: *Cosmogogenesis*, and *Anthropogenesis*, with seven and twelve Stanzas respectively, published in 1888. The first volume relates the history of the Cosmos and the second, of man, through four of the seven root races or life waves of this manvantara—a Great Breath of the One—each stage taking millions of years. *Theogenesis* takes up the saga of man, carrying our history briefly through the seven root races, (each of which has seven sub-races). The Sixth and Seventh Root Races await us in the vast future.

We are members of the Fifth Root Race, and have entered the sixth sub-race. With each new root race, mankind is given a new sense focus; for example, our focus has been on mind development. The sixth sub-race that we are just beginning gives us a glimpse into what the next, the Sixth Root Race, will develop; and words to describe that new sense are (a blending of) these qualities: intuition, imagination, co-ordination, compassion, volition, and apperception. Have you noticed an increase of these qualities in yourself?

My perception of eternal principles involves what is taught through the Wisdom Religion: God is Love and is the One Power which manifests in polarities through various extensions of Itself. We know that out of the veiled Omnipotent, Omnipresent and Omniscient One

is emanated the three: Mother, Father, Son, otherwise known as Matter, Force, and Consciousness.

The Will which creates and drives the evolutionary cycles is termed *Fohat* in Theosophy. Embodying the potency of the creative word, it is this primal emanation which is said to have been responsible for creating, through seven cycles, time and space wherein consciousness could experience the polarities and evolve.

Within this Divine Will are the seven Sons of Fohat, the Dhyan Chohans, which we can recognize as the fundamental principles of our world: motion (could also be called vibration, sound or light), gravity, electricity, magnetism, heat, form, color—although these names may differ according to context. Each of the seven has seven subdivisions.

These Eternal Principles are living Beings of One Mind, each in charge of different aspects of evolution. They work with the Lords of Karma, Karma being the great instructor, bringing all manifestation into equilibration and unity in the God-head. The Forms for manifestation are held within Divine Mind, projected from the central Sun as living Sparks which Mother Nature clothes “from star dust” and forms of the earth’s elements. What science lists as the elements composing the material fabric of our planet are the outer shells of the life forces, called elementals, who are the living entities which embody material and other expressions. The center of each Spark is connected with the Center of all that exists, including the Source (the Sun/Christos), and all of everything is interconnected in a Web of Light. Operating as does the circulatory system in our bodies, soul nurturance feeds outwardly from the Source, with qualities such as love, reverence and thanksgiving returning to the Center.

Who are we? Where did we come from? The First and Second Root Races were pre-human, but of Divine origins. The fourth Stanza, 17th sloka of *Anthropogenesis*, explains:

“The Breath (Human Monad) needed a form; the Fathers gave it.

The Breath needed a gross body; the Earth moulded it.

The Breath needed the Spirit of Life; the Solar Lhas (Gods) breathed it into form.

The Breath needed a mirror of its body (Astral shadow): ‘We gave it our own,’ said the Dhyanis.

The Breath needed a vehicle of desires (Kama Rupa); ‘It has it,’ said the Drainer of waters (Suchi, the fire of passion and animal instinct).

The Breath needs a mind to embrace the Universe; ‘We cannot give that,’ said the Father. ‘I never had it,’ said the spirit of the Earth. ‘The form

would be consumed were I to give it mine,' said the great (Solar Fire)... Nascent man remained an empty, senseless bhuta... Thus have the boneless given life to those who became (later) men with bones in the Third (root race)."

The first two root races existed in an ethereal state on an earth of the same rarified substance during earth's first of its seven Rounds or manifestations, (we are on the fourth, and most material). They were without mind, existing on instinct; were androgynous, reproducing non-sexually by budding or by special sweat glands. They did not die but became their own progeny. The First Root Race lived on the continent of Meru at the North Pole; the second, the Hyborean, lived on slightly more materialized substance on land circling the former to the 80th parallel. Both areas at that time were warm and lovely.

During the geological Eocene Age which began 54.8 million years ago, the Third Root Race, which we call the Lemurean, developed their culture on land where is now the southern Pacific. (Earth's continental plates do move about, and the Poles are reported to have shifted four times, causing many geological and weather changes). Nature had been in preparation with the substance of this most solid of the seven planes for four and a half billion years, or since the Precambrian Eon.

The *Secret Doctrine* states that the animal kingdoms did not come into existence at this time until after the appearance of man. The Lemureans were the first of the root races to have preservable remains; they had bones, and the earth's substance had solidified. The creators (Lhas) developed in each so-called unit, over a span of time, a separation of sex, whereby the prenatal units within the shells or eggs began to separate and to issue out as distinct male or female babies; reproduction became as it is today, throughout the animal kingdoms as well. As to the separation of the androgynous unit into male and female, this takes place on the higher astral or soul plane, and it is here that the reunion takes place at the appropriate time of soul/spirit development.

In the early part of the Atlantean, the Fourth Root Race, the Sons of Mind incarnated, and 18,000,000 years ago man became a living soul. Since then we have been conscious (or semi) on four distinct planes; self responsible, human. It was an impossibility prior to this for man to be consciously disobedient, for he lacked mind. It is written that the so called "original sin" was the fall of the angels, the Devas or Gods, the Manasa Putras, who incarnated in the bodies of the mindless units.

A very high civilization with advanced science and art was developed by the Atlanteans, but they discovered some of nature's finer forces, misusing this knowledge to practice black magic for purposes

of self-indulgence. They profaned their Sacred Fire. To accomplish this misuse they ensnared some carbon entities away from their natural state in a gaseous compound, forcing these fire elementals to go against the Divine Law.

This misuse caused the carbon element to solidify on the physical plane; it always existed in a latent state but couldn't solidify until conditions were made for its manifestation. Their bondage so infuriated the elemental kingdoms involved that they destroyed the Atlantean lands and civilization. Because of this misuse our planet came to be called "The Dark Star," and we are only now returning to the Light.

There were a few from this civilization who did not practice black magic and who were spared, finding their way to safe harbor. We, members of the succeeding life wave, the Fifth Root Race, are descendants of these Atlanteans.

Reincarnation is a logical and basic fact to Theosophists. This quote from *Theogenesis* on the subject conveys a subtle nuance: "The New Race is not the incarnation of the former Race, but rather the individualization of the New Round. The souls of any time are the expressions of the Cosmical Energy active at that particular time, and not the result



of their own former actions. These souls are the effects of the Round which produces them, though they may contribute to some extent to the hastening or retarding of the next Round."

It is stated that 1,000,000 years are allowed for our Fifth Root Race. It has been 850,000 years since Atlantis was destroyed, so 150,000 years are left for our root race. Those souls not yet ready are sent to earth's companion wheel.

The rapidity of change in evidence since the 1900s, and which we experience in our present lives and the world around us, is said to be due to a Great Soul entering Nirvana, and another Great Soul nearing earthly environment. Such quickening of time and rapidity of other changes brings us to wonder what our future holds. Our consciousness is being raised in preparation for the Sixth Root Race—far in the future, but we have a long way to go. Part of our work involves raising the vibrations of our matter, force, and consciousness in unison, as we practice the Golden Rule in Brotherhood.

To me, Stanza VII of *Theogenesis* offers insight into our future: Perfected Man as the Christos, exalted after long but successful labors, re-enters Earth's atmosphere to complete the great Rounds of existence:

"At Last the full-toned chord was struck by Maya's Sons, and at the sound, illusion vanished. Truth stood full revealed. Knowledge, power, the glory of achievement clothed the newly born as with a garment.

Adown the star-spangled path of the Gods the path of lesser Lights, awaiting birth in other forms, came One unlike the Gods, yet kin to them; unlike the Spirits of the Throne, yet known of them; like unto man, yet more than man; One clothed in raiment, glistening as the hoarfrost in the sun; majestic, stern of countenance, yet soft of speech.

From lesser Light to Light He stepped, and as His footstep pressed each star it gave a chord of sweetest melody. As He drew near and nearer still, each new pressed chord was placed in song triumphant. At length He halted, poised aloft and bent His ear to catch the song the Stars now sang so clear and strong from far beneath His feet.

The once Dark Star now shone with glory reflected from His face, and full and clear He heard the echo of the chord which hitherto had sounded only minor tones of woe and anguish. The King had come into His own and now was known to them. 'I am the first' He said, 'and I am last, and we are one. Out of the darkness hath come the Light. Out of no-thing hath come all things. Out of Death hath come Life Eternal. It is done.'"

—Kathleen Kemper

MY FATHER'S HOUSE IS A HOUSE OF PRAYER

It is not wise to look upon the depressing side of natural forces but it would be unwise not to recognize their power when danger is near. Man has created and sent into space through many long, long ages the forces that are now gathering for his overthrow. It matters not how loudly he calls upon the Gods, the Gods combined cannot avert the action of the Universal Law. As he has sown so must he reap; and in the reaping (and here is where the joy in the sorrow of the universe manifests) he can redeem the past, and that is what so many forget entirely who have thrown aside the truths of the Christian religion.

For the last thirty-five years there has been but little said of the New Testament among occult students of H. P. Blavatsky and others who came after her. It was in a manner put in the background for a good reason. As I have told you before, the New Testament holds in its pages all the knowledge of the universe. All the diffuse philosophical literature of the ages that preceded the Christian era was preparatory. The New Testament synthesizes all, but it has been so misunderstood and misinterpreted that we deemed it best to go back to the older philosophies, that they might explain the New Testament. It is only through the old philosophies that it can be understood, for it contains copies of the most occult manuscripts in the world; and the treasures of the hidden chambers of the East, of which I have spoken to you before, are, as I have said of the western philosophies, but explanations of all that you find between the pages of Matthew and Revelations. You cannot study that book too much. It will open to your understanding, with the explanations you have already had, as nothing else can.

On one page in that book is the sentence, "My Father's house is a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves." My children, do you suppose for a moment that the Master Jesus meant the temple in which he was standing at that time? By no means. He meant the human heart, the human mind, and it has been a den of thieves. It should be a place of aspiration and inspiration. Instead of these the golden calf has been set up, and the lower man has fallen down in worship before that, and it is filled with the sacrifices he has made of his brother's blood. It is the curse of all curses, and today the astral atmosphere about you is loaded with the effects of that curse. Is it any wonder that you have all felt at times a sense of depression that almost bowed you to the ground? The weight of that house within you that should be a house of prayer, that has been made a den of thieves through all the ages that have gone since your innocence passed away, is enough to cause it.

I would not have you think, my children, that life is all a curse, that there is nothing but blackness and darkness and destitution for the children of men. But I do desire to awaken those who are sleeping. I do desire to bring them to the point where they can recognize the fact that their destiny is in their own hands—not in the hands of a God, not in the hands of a Master. When you can make yourself that house of prayer which is meant in the passage above referred to, you can turn everything around and about you into joyfulness and peace. You attract to yourself from the ends of the universe all that it holds truth, of righteousness. You can make it a place of peace where Angels of Light will be glad to dwell. You have but one alternative: there is death and worse than death, and there is joy and peace; you are the master. You are to say which it shall be.

—*Teachings of the Temple, Vol.1*



ABOUT DEATH

My Friend;

Let us talk openly about death. Too often is the word spoken in hushed and fearful tones in front of children or people who are ill or who are getting along in years. Let us speak of it as it is, simply inevitable. Because there is no avoiding death, we have created many false impressions about it that result in what we, being alive, call loss or deprivation. To offset such ideas, many people around the world, whether they are rich or poor, believe that when they die they go into eternal reward or eternal punishment, heaven, or hell, thereafter to

remain and to suffer or rejoice endlessly, according to what they have done in this one life they just left.

This could be a mistake. One lifetime does not last forever. Death does not last forever. For if we go into eternity, we must have come from another life. Eternity could not possibly begin to exist only at our death. So, if we have lived before, we must necessarily live again, and so, very simply, is the awful finality of death reduced to an impossibility, an unjustified fear.

The inevitableness part is as mystical as it is obvious, as wonderful as birth itself, and we must admit as yet we know little about either birth or death. That's why we say the conception of a child, the growth of its body, is fortunately not left for human hands to put chemicals together into cells (or a muscle or a bone) called a heart or a brain for thinking and praying and singing and hurting and dying. We leave that to what we call Nature or God or the Sun or the Masters and again must we admit that we share just a child's part of the wisdom that guides us through all these things we call life. Now why would the miracle of such guidance cease to operate at what we call death? That it comes to all creatures proves its sublime control.

Some people live and die content with the idea of one life, with no concern or speculation about the before and the hereafter. Some of these people live full and happy lives of service to their fellow man. Some live in the opposite way, with abuse and imposition on other men and the earth with no care, because when death comes, that is the end anyhow. Nothing in nature or any book of wisdom or teaching of any great leader justifies such a conclusion. Fortunately—for most people live in a mixture of such thinking in spite of themselves—they will live again to learn otherwise.

And so, when someone dies he does not cease to exist. He still has much too much to learn to do. His earth body can no longer cope with life here. His body is like the clothes he wears and outgrows and must change and finally discard for other clothes he puts on when he dies, clothes that most of us cannot see. He does not cease to exist because we cannot see him. It is as if he stepped into another room; we cannot see through the wall; he is simply out of sight. Not out of mind, not out of heart, not out of feeling and most of all, not out of love.

The difficulty is that it does not occur to us that we, as alive beings, are not yet really completely alive—that all around us now are so many beings, angels and Masters' Workers that we can't see or hear; we think we see and hear all of life, we just feel some of it, sometimes without knowing what. We are far from being fully alive, and so when someone

dies, we think that all is lost between us. We are just not yet alive enough to see all the life of which death is really simply a doorway.

In each lifetime, we live to learn to see better, to hear better, to feel better, to understand better, and above all, to love better. Each lifetime we become a little less selfish, a little more altruistic, a little more useful to all other people and to nature, its arts and its sciences.

It is love that brings us into this life, that takes us out of it, so that we can come back into it with a new and better chance to grow. This love is like sunlight. But it is not only the source and sustenance of our bodies. It is the source and sustenance of our love for each other, for our minds, our morals, our emotions, our spiritual existence. These have been growing for ages past and will continue to grow for ages to come, and in one of these days, we will be fully conscious—of this sun, this love—this one love that we all must share wherever we are.

Now we understand it only in part. We call it the love of our mother and father for their children, the love of children for their parents, their brothers and sisters and friends. It is a different kind of love, but still love, we have for strangers or even those who seem to be our enemies. But the great relationship of all humanity is love. And with all the people who die every day, and who are born every day, the love in which they live and die cannot itself die or cease to exist, for Love is God. He is like the sun only so much greater, for He made the sun and ever so many more, and the stars which we cannot count and flowers and trees and rain and snow and mountains and oceans; and all these things, we are learning, come and go, again and again; some in a day, some in ages, and they all really love us and wait for us to learn to love them, but they never cease to exist forever, and neither do we.

We are not strong enough yet not to grieve or weep when someone we love dies, even though we know that he has left a poor sick body in which he worked and suffered, and even though we know and are glad that he is free of that body and will return in a new one. We worry needlessly that he may not find us when he comes back, there are so many people in the world. But he didn't get lost before and neither did we. We recognize each other over and over again just as we did this time and we know each other because of our love for each other.

Actually there is no place in which to disappear or to get lost. The sun shines everywhere on everyone, day and night. So do all the stars. Probably we have many more friends and relatives that we could not possibly meet all in one lifetime. But we all eat at the same table (the earth) and live under the same roof (the sky) which is owned by our spiritual parents we call our Father-Mother, this earth and the others

on which we come and go so often. We live by families in each lifetime. We live and work and sleep in each other's trust and guidance as they do in ours. Sometimes we say and do things to them which we wish we could take back and we think, "My friend is gone and I am never going to be able to undo what I did to him." So it is better to think and do more kindly things with those we are with today, and that will make the whole world happier, including our friends whom we cannot see now; but we will see each other again after death and in a new life, and we will make it all up to them because we have to, because we love them.

So now my friend, be sure that you will see your loved ones again, and the Great Master of Life Who guides us will always love us and know us as His children wherever we are. He can always see us. Sometimes maybe we wish He wasn't looking, but He will always love us whatever we are doing, hear us whenever we are talking. All our speech, all our thoughts, all our deeds are really prayers to him, helping Him by helping each other. We have always been helped by Him in the past, we are being helped now and we will be helped in the days to come, through all our pain and heartache and joy. He and His Angels, ever so many, some of whom we see and talk to every day, but whom we are more apt to call friends and teachers and relatives, are always teaching us and we are always learning.

—Harold E. Forgostein



THE WHISPER

You may not see me again
But I am with you if you want me;
If you are outside your home in the early morning
I will touch you with a dewdrop
I will call in your ear as you hear the wings of a bird in flight
I will caress you with the warmth of the sun

You may not see me again
But I am with you if you want me;
I will hold your hand as you hold a beautiful flower
I will whisper calmness to you, as you hear a soft breeze
I will soothe your fear as you look up to the stars
I will relax you as you breathe in the perfume of a rose

You may not see me again
But I am with you if you want me;
I will show you love in the face of a stranger
I will show you your power of strength as the day unfolds
I will point out the journey to your true nature
And we will share together our immortal love
As we have always done

—Elaine Wight

A VISION

Joyce Hedin, Temple member and Halcyon resident from 1933 to 1983, was a spiritual mentor to many. Though she was tiny in physical stature, her spirit was immense, so that even in the face of increasing frailty, Joyce's keen insight, her deep commitment to the Temple and the work of the Great White Lodge, and her delightfully wicked sense of humor helped everyone she touched. Perhaps the clarity and aspiration Joyce infused into the following topics will help us all as we work to fine tune our own clarity and insights.

Father God, I hereby renew my pledge to strive for oneness with Thee. Help me to close the gaps in my three-fold lower nature so that Thy Light and Love may fill my being, and I can turn outward and let Thy Love flow out into the world with Thee behind me. Amen.



In these days of world crisis the disciple finds herself interrogated at the bar of Divine Justice. The Knower within asks, "Do you now prostrate yourself before the power of destruction? Has the Evil One so earned your allegiance? For what have you struggled, toward what light have you yearned that the power of darkness can, at a touch, extinguish that light?"

We behold the results of the destructive forces as they function disastrously on the levels of concrete mind and will. If we can surmount those levels, if we can so unify ourselves with the planes of soul and spirit that we can, at will, withdraw our consciousness from the form side of life, then no threat can desolate or terrorize or cripple. It is imperative that we rise above the zone of influence of atomic destruction, above the fear clouds which hang so heavily over our planet.

If we succumb to shadows of the lower mind, we forego the protection which is our birthright. These shadows are most insidious and can steal upon us when our gaze has been for an unguarded moment diverted from the Light.



Let us now, at this very moment, recharge ourselves. Let us take courage from the source of all encouragement. Let us balance ourselves at that high point where soul and spirit find their natural equilibrium, thus contributing to the balance of the whole.



We children of earth have a great need at the present time to rise higher and yet higher above the miasma of poison fumes surrounding our entire planet, up into the rarefied atmosphere of the spirit.

“There’s always room at the top” is a statement as true on higher levels as on those where the average man and woman dwells. There is no congestion on the higher planes of life, and if we can increasingly raise our center of operations up to those levels there need be none for us.

Our job is to learn to act as spiritual conductors, transmuting the forces that impinge upon the solar plexus and conversely, transmitting, stepping down, divine impulsations so that when they reach the outer planes they will not be so high powered as to electrocute the unevolved ones to whom those forces must now be directed.

As yet, this work has not become so real to us that it is at all times the center of our operations. As yet we are inclined to divert divine inspiration into channels of the human will and intellect. While this is to be expected, it is not to be accepted supinely, with no alertness of effort for the overcoming.

“If thine eye be single, thy whole body will be full of light.” Let us work on the concept of the single eye. The steadfast gaze, centered on the Light, can see no shadow. Let us lift our eyes and behold the splendor of His countenance.



Today humanity is confused by world confusion. Sweeping changes are taking place around us and the individual has apparently no control of these mighty karmic waves as they affect humanity periodically.

But these karmic waves function under a law of their own, a law of cosmic equilibrium which tends continually to balance, to correct, to heal. Even the most brilliant intellect is inadequate to appraise these cosmic movements and what, to the human mind, might seem most desirable would often result in catastrophe because the balance, the true proportions in relation to the whole, has not been taken into account.

That is why childlike faith is most essential, even for the most erudite. For between human opinion and super-human perception there exists a gap that only faith can bridge. Those higher beings whom we

call Masters and Initiates have spanned that gap.

They are concerned always with wholeness: the whole person, the whole country, the balance of the planet. In the light of that concern, much of idealism as an isolated quality developed out of proportion to the whole is seen as an imbalance which must be held back until the rest of the person, the country, and/or the world can grow up to it.

The same is true of the nation. An unredeemed bitterness and reactionism can completely unbalance and devastate a country even though an idealistic leader stands far out in front. It would have been far better to have had a leader representing the mean, not much advanced from the masses of the people.

This does not mean that we, as disciples should not choose the leader who seems to us to be the most spiritually evolved. Truly, it is our duty to do so. But with this more comprehensive understanding, we shall be able to keep our inner balance if or when the tide turns against such a one.

In words of the Ancient Wisdom we are told: "Keep your equilibrium though the Himalayas fall." Here is where we must place our effort. Let us take three words down deep into our souls as we go about our daily tasks: Balance, Wholeness, Peace.



The disciple of today might be likened to a bridge builder who must work on a scaffolding which hangs precariously over swirling waters. From that high and perilous position we must perform our tasks, never allowing our gaze to be drawn down to the turbulence far below, but knowing for a certainty that we are supported by the strong underpinnings of past acts of faith. Now a further act of faith is called for in order that a sufficient thrust be made to span the gap that lies between past performance and the promise of the future.

All humanity now finds itself on such dizzy heights over astral waters, sustained only by the accumulated earned knowledge gleaned from its very considerable past achievements. We long for a blueprint but this will not be vouchsafed because faith creates and carries out the plan as it goes along. We learn that we must seek and find our center of security even while building from our dangerous perch over the swirling waters of world hate, world fear, world corruption. The far shore lies beyond, and upon it can be glimpsed an abutment which stands strong and sound, awaiting the completion of the arc. Once finished, the bridge will serve mankind well, providing myriad feet a crossing place into the promised land, the heralded New Age.

So, let us not become befogged by the mists of glamour or despair. Let us hold, firm and true, to the truths upon which we have built our lives, knowing beyond all doubt that they will support us now and provide a foothold for the final thrust.



Occult growth is marked by alternate periods of pressure and release of tension. With the growth of the individual, the periods of strain become longer and the intervals of release diminish almost to the vanishing point. Tensile strength is being tested ever more intensively until the flexibility becomes so great that at last the pressure is no longer felt and the disciple's inner life is released into a new reality of being, an increased rate of vibration, a new level of consciousness and integration.

This is known to occultists as the initiatory process, and they gradually learn not only to cope with but actually to welcome the experience, knowing full well where it leads. But while the pressure is on, the desire to explode, to escape, to do anything whatever in order to break the deadlock is a universal one. But nothing is to be gained thereby. These times of seeming paralysis are in reality periods of great potential spiritual growth. We can help a great deal as we learn to understand and work with this universal evolutionary process.



Must we always grind and worry so? Why not take the crash and roar of life's waves at their crest, meeting them vigorously, zestfully, as hearty challenge of worthy adversary. There is a lustiness of joy in action which many of us seldom experience, due to a cringing sensitiveness which causes us to retreat or buckle under the waves. There is a joy, an exhilaration, which comes from meeting life head on, not stubbornly in rebellion of spirit, but as a game, a trial of spiritual strength.

Let us have a little fun in hours of crisis. It is there to be had!

The Temple Mantrams

*I believe that in me dwelleth every good and perfect spirit.
Believing this, I will show forth this day, by thought, word, and deed,
all that perfection that dwelleth in me.
I am One with God and all Good. Evil hath no power over me.
Though clouds and darkness seem to be about me,
yet dwell I eternally in the Light.*

IN MEMORIAM

Sergey Moiseyev, born in The Ukraine on January 19, 1958, was an electrical engineer by training, a singer/songwriter on the side, a man dedicated to finding his spiritual path, devoted husband, father and Temple member.

These are the simple facts. They hardly begin to explore the many facets of this multi-talented man. According to his application for membership, he was first drawn to the Temple through the Roerich Museum in New York where the family lived when they came from Russia. The Moiseyevs visited Halcyon several times before moving to California to be closer to this Center, and 10 years ago relocated from the Bay Area to Halcyon.

With that twinkle in his eye, his shy grin, his keen mind, and his willingness to tackle any project, Sergey added to the rich pattern of living here at the Center. Sergey was a valued point of contact for the growing number of Russian speaking members, in counseling, advising, translating, transporting, and entertaining. As the Bard, or singer/songwriter, he introduced us to a rich tradition of Russian music. He and Rita often shared these songs of other Bards that touched upon common life, deep feelings, and the beauty of nature.

Sergey was a wonderful example of practical occultism, which is Service: with Willy's increasing disabilities, Sergey quietly stepped in to help him shop, meet appointments, do laundry. He served in other areas as well, such as officiating at the noon Healing Service, conducting the Meditation Service on Sundays, cleaning The Temple, and participating on the committee for Hiawatha Lodge. Wherever he was needed, Sergey quietly stepped in. He is deeply missed by family and friends here in Halcyon, and far beyond to his roots in Russia.

A Tribute to his Father, Sergey

On May nineteenth, two thousand and eleven, I lost a lifelong friend, wise teacher and brilliant father. Fate tolled its enigmatic bells, the last grains of sand tumbled through the eye of the hour glass, and his soul began its journey home to the collective consciousness of our universe.

Yet I see no reason to find ourselves in a time of sorrow, merely because a great spirit among us shed its material shell and prepared for the mysterious adventure to a higher plane that we call death.

I see gathered here today many people that hold great feelings of endearment towards this one soul. All of them here to celebrate the life my father led, the joy he applied to every action, the awareness he practiced in

every day life. We can do him no greater favor than to spread as much love as possible, not hate at all but work on our own spiritual advancement through the use of positive energy with awareness; and not hamper his soul with our grief over physical inconveniences. Though he may not be with us in body, he remains by our side; we have but to open our eyes and be aware of him.

—*Alex Moiseyev*

TEMPLE ACTIVITIES AND NOTICES

We at the Center are in the planning stages for Convention, which will take place August 6 through 13. Love and Unity are the keywords. Halcyon yards are being spruced up, with special attention flowing to our open spaces, which are being mowed and groomed for this special time of the Temple year.

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 offices 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, 9:30-11:30 a.m. Other hours are by appointment through the Temple office.

The University Center Gallery is exhibiting "The Life and Legends of Hiawatha," a series of 25 oil paintings 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 10:30 a.m. in the Temple. The Feast of Fulfillment (the Communion Service of the Temple) is celebrated on the first Sunday of each month. Either the Choral Service or Enter the Silence, a prayer and meditation meeting, is held on the last Sunday of each 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 5:30 p.m. in the University Center on Tuesdays and Fridays. Everyone is welcome to attend.

Speakers in the Sunday Services were: April 10, Eleanor L. Shumway: "Spring Cleaning"; April 17, Aureliano Rodriguez: "The Tragedies of the Commons"; May 8, Eleanor L. Shumway reading the introduction to Paul Ivey's book, *Radiance from Halcyon*; May 15, Kathleen Kemper: "Numbers and Form"; May 22, Barbara Ricardo reading Elmer Hedin's "Common Sense and Occultism"; June 12, Eleanor L. Shumway: "Convention Again"; June 19, Ivan and Eva Ulz: "A View from New York."

All photography in this issue is by Eleanor L. Shumway.

The Temple of the People

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