

The Temple Artisan

October-November-December 2015

Behold, I give

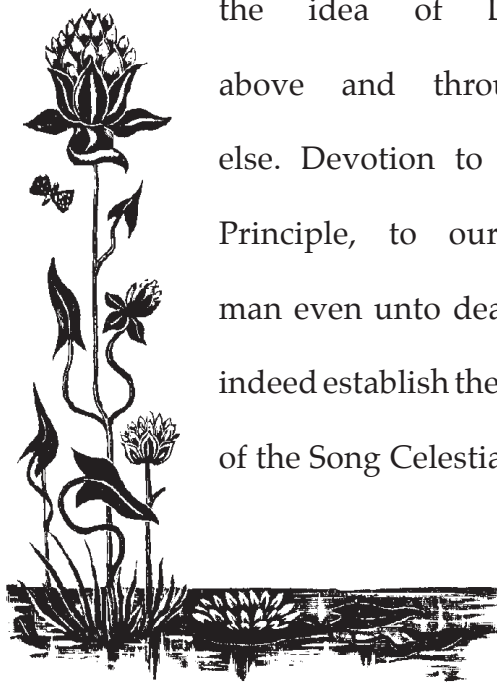


unto thee a key.

THE CHRISTMAS RHYTHM

The message of the Christ — the
Christmas Message to mankind — conveys

the idea of Devotion
above and through all
else. Devotion to God, to
Principle, to our fellow
man even unto death, does
indeed establish the Rhythm
of the Song Celestial.



H卐

EDITORIAL MIRROR

At Christmas time, we are told, "...the mad dash of life for display, the wild dance for pleasure, the fever of ambition for exchange of outer gifts..." are all powered by our tremendous urge for connection to the inner Christly Light, the essence of all life in form.

We are urged to keep watch, to hear the heavenly chorus echoing down the ages, telling us of the Heavenly Secret of simple love, brother/sisterhood, and awe, the key to the door standing between us and our spiritual homecoming. We need only to listen to the refrain and learn to sing it ourselves.

Master Hilarion tells us, "You may think your acts and words should be understood by each other after long years of comradeship together, and be permitted certain gruffness, familiarity and crudity. It should not be so. If you cannot apply the spiritual qualities, if you cannot give that loving voice, the understanding helpfulness to one another with whom you have worked and associated in season and out, under fire and torment, as well as in hours of gladness and ecstasy, how can you expect to feel the soothing hand of the Christ upon your own brows or hear the joyous voice of spiritual happiness within your hearts and souls? We [the Masters] administer justice, the seed of which must be planted in your own minds and hearts and lived out in your lives. Hearken well that you may hear the song the stars are singing, and which will fall clearly upon your inner ears if you can but still the waves of outer emotion, and the turbulent waters of the lower spheres."

As we start fresh and use these spiritual tools, the New Year will indeed be a joyous one.

— *Eleanor L. Shumway*
Guardian in Chief

MAKING SENSE OUT OF LIVING THE PARADOX

I find certain words intrude into my life with great regularity. The most persistent is the word paradox, which can be defined as a seeming contradiction, or a profound truth that embraces contradictions which can neither be reconciled nor dismissed, so that they have to be held in tension. Having spent much of my professional life as a teacher, one of my tasks was marking papers with answers that are supposed to be either right or wrong, yet I always knew there were other arguments for and against the answers my students would advance. For many years I struggled with that paradox, and as I study the Temple Teachings more intently, I understand with greater clarity the Master's statement that two diametrically opposed methods of action can possibly both be right. I would like to explore the idea of paradox a bit further.

First off, let's take a good look at ourselves, the parts that align with our aspirations as well as those that seem contradictory. I am not advocating that we judge ourselves or others against that measure, or the corresponding range of reactions from smug self-satisfaction to self-flagellation or depression over perceived faults. What I am suggesting is that each new day presents us with the opportunity to evaluate where we came from, where we are now, and the possibilities for the future. I see this as an opportunity to cultivate peace and joy, when clear eyes may honestly evaluate strengths we already possess that can be used to shore up places inside needing attention. Evaluation is a never-ending process, complex in many ways because our lower selves want to rationalize, justify, and indulge in busyness in other directions.

The Temple Teachings tell us we must live together to prepare a place where the overshadowing Christ can come to bring "the message the world has waited for so long." While we do this we must love our neighbor, even while enduring the sandpapering that we do to and for each other—and not take any of it personally.



First Guardians. Photo by Anne R. Dunbar

Some of us have been given the special assignment of living at this particular Center, under the intense forces that flow through such locations. A nice place to live? Yes. A cauldron? Yes. A fish bowl? Sure. A tightly knit community of group hermits? That too. The forces here at this Center work on the shadows in our own nature to a degree and intensity that is often uncomfortable. We cannot prepare a physical place of quiet, calm, and peace until we have established those conditions of quiet, calm, and peace within our own hearts and souls, and then, most importantly, in our physical lives. This doesn't happen just through material activities such as painting, remodeling, or rearranging stuff, although these things definitely have their place. The preparing of that place for the Avatar comes, paradoxically enough, through moments of conflict, confusion, and disorder, for it is in the choices made in the heat of those moments that we build, little by little, our inner place of peace.

Does this mean we should be Pollyannas, seeing only goodness and light? No. We are after all human, emphatically charged to learn to become more fully and consciously human, seeing both sides of every situation with an awareness of our connection to everything in the universe. The Golden Rule is not child's play. It is a serious undertaking, demanding everything we possess interiorly to manifest the action of that Golden Rule onto the physical plane, in our connections to ourselves as well as to our neighbors.

A paradox of human nature concerns our perceptions about being human. We may understand intellectually that life is a never-ending process—a journey, not a destination—yet simultaneously hold unconscious, unrealistic expectations that doing thus and such will once and for all solve longstanding karmic challenges, and we won't need to address them again. Ah, but there is no easy way.

Being a Temple member and living according to its teachings can hold paradox. Traditionally, most people attend church to connect with the Divine or at least to get something out of the service. To me, our role in Temple attendance is to ask, "What do I bring to the service?" In my younger life, I remember times of feeling too tired, bored, or busy to attend, and saying to myself, "I don't get anything out of that service!" What I see now is that I can attend a service or class with all the negatives in my life held in my heart, lay them figuratively on the altar, and simply say, "Help me, please." The help comes as I realize that my very presence adds positive force to the work of the Masters, and by so doing, They help me get my problems into perspective. This is an interactive process of responsibility, and over the years I have experienced its healing properties. If you have not yet done so, I encourage you to try this approach.

We have been given many tools, the most important of which are the Laws of Discipleship. During the Temple birthday service in November, one of the officers read a paraphrase of the Rules of Discipleship in which the archaic language of thee's, thy's, and

thine's were translated into more modern language. As I listened to the reading that morning, in my own mind I began to change the "you's" into "I's" and saw how these laws became very close to uncomfortable. As I read them again, listen to the dynamic challenge they offer, not to our neighbors or to the other guy, but to ourselves:

TEMPLE LAWS OF DISCIPLESHIP

God is Love, and Love is the fundamental source of Being. Therefore, if *I* sin against Love, that sin is against God.

1. *I* will Love the Lord my God with all *my* heart and mind, and *my* neighbor as *myself*. This is the highest Law.

2. *I* will obey the Laws of Life. The Higher Law will hold me accountable for the breaking of every lesser law.

3. *I* will not sin against *my* own body nor against the body of *my* neighbor by concupiscence; for the Lord *my* God will demand an accounting of *me* for all of the Creative Fire enthroned within *me*.

4. *I* will not needlessly take the life of any thing or creature.

5. *I* will not speak falsely, unnecessarily or critically against *my* neighbor, and so put in action the converse force of creative sound and word; for the Higher Law will reverse the action of the force thus directed and bring back upon *me*, with intensified strength, the results of the broken law.

6. *I* will bear constantly in mind the unity of the human race, and treat every member of the Great White Lodge as though they were of blood kin; for unity is the law of discipleship and, if *I* sin against this Law, *I* will be greatly hindered in *my* progress toward the goal of *my* desires.

7. Morning and evening *I* will lift the eyes of *my* soul toward the Throne of *my* God, with strong aspiration, gratitude and devotion; for according to *my* desires—*my* demands—upon the Center of all Being, desires expressed in purity, thanksgiving and unselfishness, will the supply be given to *me*.

8. I will give of *my* abundance to all the poor, but of *my* poverty, the price of *my* own pleasures, and that which would minister to *my* own desires I will give to the Great Mother and to the Guardian of the Shrine, through which the Great Mother Love of the Universe radiates for *my* own eternal good.

9. I will not despise nor ill-treat any thing or creature. Matter, Force and Consciousness are but different degrees of the one eternal, all-pervading principle of Love—which is God; and if I despise and revile *my* body, because it does not radiate the light of *my* soul, then I despise God as certainly as does the person who despises and reviles the soul and spirit of God.

10. When the Law of Love—of Karma—has brought *me* out of the morass of spiritual darkness to the beginning of the path which leads to spiritual illumination, woe be unto *me* if I obstruct that path for *myself* or others, by refusing to obey the Master to whose feet that law has brought *me*. Only by implicit obedience to the commands of the Master-Teacher will I be able to lift one foot after another while treading the path of discipleship.

I must commune long and earnestly with the God within *myself* before I dare to make demand to tread that path, for once I have entered it, I can no more return to *my* former state of irresponsibility than I can reenter *my* mother's womb.

I look at the Path before *me*: A clean life, pure aspiration, and unselfish service. Am I prepared to tread the path?

With such a translation, our responsibility to these laws becomes inescapable. Notice that same responsibility is already built into the words of *The Consecration Hymn* that we sing together many times a month:



Holy Father, Only Son, Holy Spirit, Three in One,
 Filled with trust *I* bow to Thee —
 Power and Force and Majesty.
 All *I* am or hope to be, here and now, *I* offer Thee;
 Take and use it for Thy Child, sinless, pure and undefiled.
 Pour Thy Spirit on *me* now, as with lowly heart *I* bow
 At Thy footstool seeking Love,
 Truth and Knowledge from above.

Every time we sing these words we are offering all we are or hope to be. During the act of singing these words just what is it we are promising? All I am or hope to be? Wow, have you ever asked yourself just who is listening to this promise? That is something to consider.

We spend time and energy talking about, thinking about, and writing about Theosophy, perhaps even feeling a little holier than others with these elevated thoughts. Seeing this problem early on, H.P. Blavatsky wrote *The Original Program of the Theosophical Society* in 1886, offering this advice from one of the Masters:

“Theosophy must not represent merely a collection of moral verities, a bundle of metaphysical Ethics epitomized in theoretical dissertations. Theosophy must be made practical, and has, therefore, to be disencumbered of useless discussion...It has to find objective expression in an all-embracing code of life thoroughly impregnated with its spirit—the spirit of mutual tolerance, charity and love.” (Blavatsky, *Collected Writings*, V-7: p.169)

I want to bring special emphasis to the idea Blavatsky advanced about Theosophy, which is that the expression of our most deeply held and cherished ideals must find “objective expression in an all-embracing code of life thoroughly impregnated with its spirit — the spirit of mutual tolerance, charity, and love.” Here again is

the paradox of daily living in which we acknowledge there are indeed many right ways of doing things, always with tolerance, charity, and love. We are in the process of learning to accept other ways as right ways, as expressions of the Divine working through our neighbors.

I recall a Temple member some years ago telling me, with a twinkle in his eye, that he loved humanity—it was people he didn't like! I have never forgotten what he said and how it might be applied to my life with tolerance, charity and love. Perhaps you recall this quote I have shared with you before: "Everything you do is based on the choices you make. It's not your parents, your past relationships, your job, the economy, the weather, an argument, or your age that is to blame. You and only you are responsible for every decision and choice you make. Period."

Let's consider those words again, putting them into a more personal form: "Everything I do is based on the choices I make. It's not my parents, my past relationships, my job, the economy, the weather, an argument, or my age that is to blame. I, and only I, am responsible for every decision and choice I make. Period."

So here we are, struggling with the never-ending paradoxes in our lives, each of us with a little different spin than the other person. I challenge you to start this new Temple year by giving careful thought to your choices, remembering that the profound truth within each paradox embraces contradictions that can be neither reconciled nor dismissed. Working with and through this dynamic tension helps power expression of the Divine in our everyday lives.

— Eleanor L. Shumway
Guardian in Chief



THE CHOICE

The choice is thine, O Son of Man, to touch the topmost heights of Life and win the Crown of Immortality and Selfless Love, or sink into the depths of Hadean woe to mourn for aeons yet to come.

Again, and yet again each day, come one in good and one in evil guise, who say to thee, "Make choice between thy loyal service to the Gods of Life, and that same service to thy lower self."

Nor canst thou curry favor by thy choice of good, for thou must choose the good for love of good, or that which seemeth good will turn to naught.

— *From The Mountain Top*
volume II, p. 46



Temple 117th Birthday. Photo & Graphics by Anne R. Dunbar

THE TEMPLE'S 117TH BIRTHDAY

The Temple's 117th birthday was celebrated on November 15 with a special service in the Temple. Master Hilarion told us in the beginning that the Temple was not formed exclusively for the benefit of those immediately concerned. He said, "The higher purpose, the aim of all those who are true Templars, was and still is, the preparation of a place where it might become possible for the overshadowing Christ to enter and send forth the message which the world has waited for so long. It would be truly impossible for such an overshadowing of the spiritual forces to enter and dwell with a number of disaffected, treacherous, inhuman elements. It could not do the work for which it came, even if it were possible to come. Such a place requires quiet, concentration, aspiration, unified endeavor, and faith in each other and in the common purpose. These are essentials; all else is nonessential."

Over a century later we are still endeavoring to put this into practice. In going over old records and papers I find myself more closely aware of the original founders, seven people who had been chosen to launch this effort of the Masters. Think back 117 years to those people, filled with the inspiration from the Master, perhaps sitting around a table wondering how in the world they were going to get the word out and who was going to pay for the postage? The meeting rooms? The office? The stationery? The advertising?

Today we can sit comfortably in this beautiful building [The Temple] that symbolizes our ideals. We have eight hardback books filled with teachings we endeavor to put into practice; and we could print more books, for we have more material. For those of us who live here we have a library filled with inspirational and informational books, as well as the Temple offices; a community center for social gatherings; and the University Center that serves as meeting hall and art gallery; a community that is seemingly tranquil and beautiful; low rents and moderate water bills; and like-minded neighbors with whom we can associate.

I think of all the people during the intervening years who have endeavored and are endeavoring to live the Temple Teachings while creating their lives here and other places around the world. They too have sacrificed money, time and possessions to take the spiritual path. Inner success is not, and never was, defined by outer success, and our task is finding our personal balance point in our daily living.

On this 117th anniversary of The Temple manifesting on the physical plane, the questions that each one of us needs to answer honestly to ourselves are along these lines: "What is my responsibility to The Temple and how can I fulfill that responsibility on a daily, hourly basis? What does The Temple represent in my life? What are my choices? Who is keeping score?" Specific answers will be different for each of us, and will change as time goes by and our understanding deepens. But we must ask the questions and pay attention to the answers at regular intervals. We were brought to The Temple for definite, conscious inner work to be consciously expressed on the physical plane. No one is entitled to the privilege of these teachings; we earned the right to be where we are and we are expected to continue to earn by unceasing work the privilege of staying where we are. This work involves study, commitment, and acceptance of all of God's creations, not just the ones that appeal to us. So, Happy Temple Birthday and many more!

— *Eleanor L. Shumway*
Guardian in Chief

I WILL ENDEAVOR TO REALIZE
THE PRESENCE OF THE AVATAR
AS A LIVING POWER
IN MY LIFE.

LORIEL

The following manuscript, in Dr. Dower's handwriting, was found among his papers. The symbolism of this allegory will appeal to disciples everywhere, who will recognize the universality of its meaning. It was thought timely and significant to publish this story.

The story I am about to relate to you is not a new one, nor is it one invented by myself simply to fill a place on the syllabus. Since the world began, countless, innumerable stories have been told — stories of the human heart, of love, and hate, of selfishness and unselfishness — stories of earth, of water, of air — of the stars that move and throb in space. My story, however, is not like these.

The story I will endeavor to tell you is the Story of stories. It is both the only story that exists in the universe as well as the only Story that Is. There is but one entity which can tell this story perfectly and That is always telling it. For the story I will tell is one which is always being told, the first syllable of which was uttered when time first began — which is far from being finished, and yet of which so much has been revealed that our intuition can tell us quite accurately perhaps how the plot may end in the last chapter. All other stories of what so ever sort may be regarded as but minor parts or notes, accidentals, as it were, which help to swell the symphony in making up the One great marvelous narrative.

In telling the tale I make use of the pronoun I. This does not necessarily mean me, however. It means you as much as myself. Not only does it mean any one of us but may likewise be applied to the atom and molecule of the whole objective universe. For it is a characteristic of any truth, that properly applied, fits and may be used as a key to unlock the mysteries of any plane and this however low, humble and insignificant the truth may seem.

And now for the Story:

In the long ago, in that mighty past, when the world was young and fresh and pure, I first met a friend, a companion of the heart, whose name in terms of words was Lorie. And now though century upon century has been hurried into the abysmal past, we are still together, companions as of yore. Together we have watched time wing his resistless way along, have seen the ghosts — forms of the present — pass into the skeleton arms of the past.

Together we have watched the birth and building up of civilization after civilization. Have marked them at their Zenith — Majestic and Magnificent. Have seen their blaze of glory turn to ashes and to darkness. Also the birth of worlds we have oft observed together out of the mating of the fire-mist.

From snowy mountain tops we have traced the crystal waters to the sea, have stood to listen to the music of great oceans undertones, down deeps where the sea gems glisten.

In fact, nothing of any importance occurs in nature that we are not a witness to. Great intimacy exists between Lorie and me, and yet we are a strangely assorted pair as we travel through the realms, over fields and waters of life.

His nature is of the Star-born quality, mine of the earth. We are the very antithesis one of another. What he loves, I hate, and what I love he despises. His face is always with the glory of purity, mine usually clouded with sensuous things and forces. In spite of these differences however, we love one another and are constantly seeking closer companionship. An affinity is between us radiant with the glory of purity, mine usually clouded with sensuous things and forces. In spite of these differences however, we love one another and are constantly seeking closer companionship. An affinity is between us of the most mysterious kind. A kind of kinship unites us that naught can ever sever. His influence over me is of the most potent kind. He changes me constantly, and often have I hated him for it and gladly would I have severed the tie that bound, had I the power. Now as I look back in the past and see things in the

light of the real, I am filled with sorrow unutterable that I should have allowed those horrible creeping things of darkness to enter my mind against one whose every motive was to help me. For often would I turn my back to my friend and companion and have cursed him and hated him for traits I seemed to see in him. Envy, jealousy, selfishness and egotism were his I said—but now in the later day when great pain and suffering has burned out the dross of my own nature and purified my vision, I know that all those traits were my own which, when the devil in me was aroused to action, I simply saw reflected and mirrored in the crystal purity of my companion's nature.

Oh, that I had sensed this great fact before, how much suffering and pain could have been saved, how many useless incarnations avoided. But as it is ever so, we value most our opportunity when it is lost and gone forever.

It comforts me to think however that these black moods have come on me less and less frequently and finally ceased altogether. And this as I came to understand him better, for knowledge of real things always drives out distrust and suspicion from the nature.

Loriel seemed to possess the wisdom of the gods. I sometimes thought him a god, such depths of knowledge and wisdom would he exhibit. He was wisest of the wise, I the most foolish of fools. And little did I think in those days when I marveled at his wondrous talks, that I was the source from which he derived and built up his nature and wisdom. Such was the case.

Whosoever cannot play on the forces of life must be content to be played upon by them. Who has not felt days of harmony when every part of nature seemed to throb in sympathy with every other part — when peace and joy vibrate in the very air and all nature smiles. When mortals sense a day like this, it is because Loriel and myself are in closest touch, in deepest sympathy and communion. At such times what wealth of feeling, of knowledge and power he pours out in boundless profusion to me. It is at these times that I take advantage to ask of my companion many questions

concerning the mysteries of life, of nation and of man. Much that he told me I came to understand, and so it came about that part of Loriel's soul became part of me and as time went on we grew more and more alike.

Once, I remember, it was a springtime day, a day in which joy throbbed in the air and scented breezes swept the fields. We wandered hand in hand—whenever he instructed me, he always took my hand, for thus the understanding came together — we wandered hand in hand, and I asked of him to explain to me the mysteries of thought. I remember well his words, though spoken so long ago.

Thought, said he, is naught but consciousness making the transit of matter, which thus becomes dual and returns again to its source as self consciousness. When consciousness enters the prism of matter — man — it is broken up into many rays, and each ray becomes a separate thought. And it is thus that man falls so easily into error, for being attracted perhaps by one ray only he imagines it the All ray and so narrows his vision and nature.



Springtime Day. Graphic Design by Anne R. Dunbar

By the power of the soul, however, the different rays are gathered up, reassembled and returned to the one source. And this explains the use of Meditation and Concentration, for in deep meditation when any thought is taken up and pushed to its ultimate conclusion, the power of the soul is loosed, and the thought pushed to its ultimate conclusion becomes self consciousness or consciousness of the Real Self.

And what is this power of the Soul? I queried. The power of the soul, he replied, is the power of the past. Put into the matrix of the soul's past, a seed of thought, and that power of the past can exalt it to heights unknown. The same is true with seed in the ground. It grows by virtue of Past's power. We ever hurry before that great power of the past, thinking thereby to escape the past, never thinking that the true way is not to hurry before, but to step aside and let the fury of past conditions roll by. And then in order, I suppose, to make those truths more clear, my companion threw in me the power of his soul, and exalting the Manas in me, caused me to see a vision.

I thought I stood alone in the streets of a vast city. Ominous darkness filled the air. I felt an oppressive dread of impending peril. No sound was heard, no noise. Nothing but silence, and oppressive silence, filled the space. My dread grew greater — a red dust began to fall from the heavens. A lurid flame lit up the western sky. Strange forms then began to come forth from the earth, slimy creeping forms oozed out of earth and water and air and stood revealed — types of conditions. The lurid flame grew together, came nearer and then I saw it was a pillar of fire — a sheet of blinding, amber colored flame advancing from the west consuming all conditions in its path.

Looking up to the sky I saw high up two aerial ships moving with amazing speed before the advancing fire-cloud. The foremost one was lighted with a brilliant light, the hinder one was dark, and then as I looked a countless multitude of lesser ships-forms, all dark, rose from the earth — all striving to advance faster than

the cloud. And I stood on earth and in the direct path of the pillar of advancing fire and I knew what to do. And just as the fire was almost on me, my companion appeared to me and said come, and he led me aside a short way and the devastating cloud with a mighty rush swept by and we were safe. And I looked to the west whence the cloud had come, and my soul was stirred with the beauty that met my eye, for the world was free of conditions. All such had hurried on with greater speed, with most modern appliance designed to thwart the destroying power of the past, which none at last can do.

The vision taught me much — more than I can tell perhaps. In it was this great lesson: how to be free from conditions, to escape them — slavery of mind or evil. Not to attach ourselves, but to step aside when necessary. This is both a Wisdom and a Power.

I once asked this friend of my Soul, what was the real. He replied: A man once lived in a beautiful land. The sky was the bluest, the mountains the purplest — the brooklets sang with birds the sweetest music, the hills were fair and green and the Man loved the land, but he said, I will go to another land where I will like it better, and he went.

And he was in a strange land, and after a time, many years, it came to pass that he sighed for his native hills and mountains. And this desire to see them grew stronger and stronger and finally he went back. But when he had returned his soul was filled with grief, and he said, "These do not look like my hills, my rivers, my mountains—they have not so beautiful a color — and the hills are smaller and all things are changed." and disappointed, he left the place for good.

Now, the hills and mountains were exactly the same — they had not changed, but the man had. Now if naught else existed in the universe but the man, and the hills and mountains, which would be the real? And so as above, so below.

And now, though I might write volumes like this, my story is nearly ended, and to those who might want to know what finally

became of Lorie, I will say that as time went on, we were more and more together, became more and more alike, or rather I grew more like him and then gradually and gradually, my consciousness of myself grew less and less and finally lost itself in him forever.

Then I knew my Real Self: where before we had been twain, we now were one. And it was not until the very last that I learned the whole truth about myself, and came to know what my true name had been. And in terms of words, that name was called — Appearance; my Companion's was — Reality.

— *Dr. William H. Dower*



IN MEMORIAM

Maryalice Smith Mankins

Our beloved Temple sister, Maryalice Smith Mankins, died peacefully at home in Halcyon on November 14, of natural causes. She was 91.

Born November 25, 1923, to Frank and Florence Smith in Marquette, Michigan, Maryalice lived a vibrant and full life. She taught at Arroyo Grande High School for 31 years in physical education, as head of the counseling department, and dean of girls. She retired as an administrator at age 58. She was an artist, sailor, traveler, philanthropist, friend, and good neighbor in Halcyon for 65 years. Her greatest fulfillment was her students, and all the joys and experiences they shared with her.

She is survived by nephew F. Michael (Allison) Smith of Marquette, MI; nephew Daniel Smith (Nga) of Goleta, CA; niece Rebecca (Vern) Barber of Marquette, MI; nephew Warren Smith of Beckley, WV; six grandnieces and nephews, and one great grandniece.

Bruce Norman

Our dear friend and brother, Bruce Norman, died on December 8th. Services were held in the Temple on January 3, with a Navy honor guard, five fire company engines, 27 firefighters in attendance, and a salute from the Veterans honor guard. We here in Halcyon knew Bruce as our town maintenance supervisor. One of kindest people you could ever meet, Bruce always wore a twinkly-eyed smile, along with the trademark yellow measuring tape suspenders that criss-crossed over the crooked back that carried him through a lifetime of service to his family, his community, and his country.

Born in September of 1932, he served in the Navy during the Korean conflict as a gunner's assistant on the USS Platte. His real passion was firefighting and he joined the LA Fire Department in 1961. Bruce served bravely and well for 14 years, until he broke his back during a dangerous fire rescue. The doctors declared he would never walk again, but after two months in bed he decided that being an invalid was not for him. Bruce was disciplined, courageous, and determined, and worked by himself every day to regain strength and coordination. The injury forced him into retirement, and although he was in constant pain, he defied the odds and walked unaided for the rest of his life.

This broken back changed the course of Bruce's career. A young man in his mid-forties who could no longer work as a firefighter, he fell into a moderate depression. He still wanted to serve his community in a meaningful way, and enrolled in a fire engineering course. Recognized as a resource, Bruce was recruited to help form the fire academy at Allan Hancock College in Santa Maria. He became a classroom instructor, and served as Fire Chief of the academy program for eight years. He was also a CPR instructor/trainer with the American Heart Association, an advanced first aid trainer in his work with the American Red Cross, was appointed to the position of Fire Marshall for Grover City, and served as their arson inspector.

When Bruce discovered that this area didn't have a representative for the Alisa Ann Ruch Burn Foundation, he volunteered, presenting information and support to families in this area.

Here in Halcyon, he brought his teaching skills into play the day he accepted the role of maintenance supervisor. A skilled carpenter, painter, mason, and craftsman, Bruce had high expectations, a strong work ethic, and taught in his quiet-spoken but definite style about safety, skill, workmanship, and finish quality. He was like a father to his crew in these endeavors and as was his way, he brought out the best in others by demonstrating the best inside himself.

Bruce loved every day of his life, and never really retired. People he didn't even know were kept safe by his familiarity with fire, smoke, heat, and danger, while we who were privileged to know this amazing man were touched by the warm, gentle flame of his life. Bruce died peacefully at home, surrounded by loved ones. He is survived by his wife Barbara and a large and loving extended family.

In his honor, make the world a better place. Do something for someone else. Let your actions speak louder than your words. Be like Bruce Maxwell Norman, and let your heart lead the way.

The Avataric Mantram

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

HOLD

"If I would give you the advice you most should heed
in form MOST concentrated for steady, instant use
at any moment foreseen or unforeseen,
I would embody it in the one word HOLD.

Hold that which you have gained, hold your defenses strong,
secure on every hand.

Hold your arms in readiness for surprise attack at any time.

Hold your passions, emotions, reserve force.

Hold your consciousness, your spirit high and glad,
attuned to the highest principals you can conceive.

Hold to the beauty and truth of life
in every capacity and concern.

Test yourselves by the tone of voice you hold
during a situation in question, by the quality of thought
before and after an occurrence has taken place.

In any point pertaining specifically to the work
and the group as such, lay it upon the altar of your own heart
and leave it there until you are called to carry it forth.

In that which may pertain to your own Heart of Hearts
my hands are outstretched to receive
whatsoever you may wish me to protect
or to have me receive for any impersonal reason."

H☐

ABOUT TOWN

The year 2015 finished with great rapidity through the holidays. Thanksgiving Dinner in the Lodge was enjoyed by all, and then suddenly it was Christmas time. We paid tribute to this holy season in The Temple with a communion service on Christmas Eve, followed by dinner in the Lodge the next afternoon. It was a nuturing time, not only of good food, but of good spirits and a genuine sharing of heart-to-heart love.

All of this was tempered by losing our beloveds: Maryalice and Bruce. Equal parts of sorrow and joy as they both are released from pain after a long life of service and adventures!

Fransisco has honed his real talent for polishing brass, and all the brass in The Temple, office and Central Home are not just shiny clean but reflect his deep respect for the object itself and the craftsmanship that went into the making of it.

Happy New Year to all!



Library Door. 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 9:30-11:30am on Tuesdays. Other hours are by appointment through the Temple office.

The University Center Gallery is now showing the inspiring *American Indian paintings of Harold Forgostein*. Call the Temple office at 805.489.2822 for information.

The Temple Healing Service is held at 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:

October 11, Eleanor L. Shumway: *Report from Europe*; October 18, George Colendich: *Highlights of Temple Teachings, vol. 1, lessons 1-14*; November 8, Eleanor L. Shumway: *The Power of Words*; November 15, *Special Birthday Talks*; December 13, Eleanor L. Shumway: *Making Sense Out of Living the Paradox*; December 20, *Special Christmas Program*.

Information about the Temple, past issues of *The Temple Artisan*, recent talks, and other resources can be found on the Temple web site:

www.templeofthepeople.org

The Temple of the People

PO Box 7100 • Halcyon, California 93421-7100

Tel: 805.489.2822 • Fax: 805.481.9446 • ginc@templeofthepeople.org