

# COSMON



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C O S M O N   N E W S L E T T E R

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## GREETINGS FROM GLORIA

All my Friends -

It's hard to believe this is the Christmas issue of Cosmon. A little more than one year ago, I left you so suddenly, and some of you were very angry at what you felt was my stubborn egotism. A lot of water has gone under the bridge since then and I have been doing much in many parts of the world, to help offset the negative side of my passing from the physical.

Yes I have been working hard, but I have also been learning much and I intend to pass along to you and my friends in other groups everything that I feel can help you to cope with earth plane life as it is seen here, in a far different perspective and with the shoulder-to-shoulder companionship of thousands who are of Goodwill personified. I wish I were able to wave the wand that would open not only your vision, but your understanding of what you would see as to what can be accomplished in the Spirit of True Love and alignment with the Purpose of the Father.

As my Christmas present to you, I would like to give you a little talk and remind you that we are still together and that even one single one, plus God, is a majority, and nothing is impossible to accomplish with that combination! But in our case, there are many plus God, and what we can do in a spirit of service and spiritual enlightenment is beyond your belief.

First of all, my personal advice to you is "Hold fast to what you believe in your heart to be the Truth, no matter who says you are mistaken, on the wrong road, incapable of mind or just plain nuts." Believe in YOURSELF, and that you are a word of God formulated by Him for specific purposes within His great GOAL. You are made of His essence, and it is His power stepped down to human vibrational level that is struggling to free itself from illusion and to find its way back to the Source. He has invested a "piece of His consciousness" in each of us. He has put it out

into existence with the intention of having each piece become a creator, itself. It's a homely thought, but you might think of God as a seed potato and ourselves as the many small seed eyes which came from His very Life, that have in them the exact same potential as the big potato. We forget constantly of our real basis for hope and optimism and faith. It is because we are of Himself that we can become whatever we can allow ourselves to believe and prepare for.

Here is another thing. You limit everything because of your identification with your shell, which you see reflected in the mirror, instead of with your consciousness which is the intelligent, vital power that accomplishes any task that you set it. You have no idea how glad God would be if you were a million times more daring. Even God is a gambler and a darer, to have invested Himself so heavily in billions of little individualized seeds of Himself, and to let them take over in their long, tedious stumbling and fumbling, each gifted with a share of free will which is misused a hundred times over to each once that it is uplifted into the prayer so often used by Jesus who said, "Not my will, but Thine . . ." God is so patient, so forgiving, so affectionate and long-suffering, it could tear your heart out, if you could look away from self-concerns long enough to glimpse what it might be like in His place.

Before I left the body, I channeled the Father's words at times, and one day I was torn up as He explained to me how grieved He was to have had His own children turned against Him and taught that He was harsh, merciless and unforgiving and should be feared. If you but knew it, this really is blasphemy, to attribute to God that which is solely the characteristics of unenlightened mankind.

You simply have to be taken by the hand and shown that lots of the most unquestioned beliefs you have been carrying since you left your cradle are just not true. Last month, Barbara mentioned in her En Route that she

believed Jehovah was not God, per se, but a definite entity who acted as the Guide or spiritual Leader of the ancient Jewish tribes. Some of you were extremely shocked at such a statement, and yet you need not have been if you had bothered to wake up your mind and make it ask questions about everything. You would find the answers in so many different places and they would form a reasonable picture if you would bring them all together.

This is one of the basic conflicts in the Christian churches — the insistence on mixing up Jehovah, a god, with The Infinite Creative Mind, or even the Father-Mother of this particular planet. There is no excuse in a court of law, for ignorance, and as J.W. used to put it, ignorance is just really ignoring and turning away from the hard mental effort of digging out the Truth. You modern, sophisticated people let yourselves be led around by the nose at the end of a rope of outdated tribal law given to childlike, archaic tribes by their guiding Group Spirit. Long ago tribes were assigned to such spirits, and it was necessary to scare the wits out of these ignorant, untutored schemers to get them on the beam, and into the groove and developing and growing as a unit of group consciousness. In those days, it often seemed that force and fear were the only possible means of getting obedience and so Jehovah set Himself up as a jealous, wrathful, fanatic and demanding god, whose least order must be obeyed "or else."

When modern nations, many of them not of the Jewish blood at all, adopted hook, line and sinker, the tribal culture and religions of the Old Testament Jews and homogenized all of that mixture of history, legend and spiritual inspiration with the Teachings of the enlightened Jesus Who demonstrated what Christ Consciousness really is, and called the whole mixture of Truth, untruth, poetry and fantasy, Christianity, they accepted at face value the stew cooked up by priests for centuries and centuries, and ate it down without questioning for a very long time.

I am not one, nor are those who are now working in Cosmon, either against the Bible, which is a work holding much beauty, truth and

source material to live by, or against the teachings of Jesus. But in our view, all nations besides the Christian nations also have been given spiritual codes, laws and instructions which constitute to them a Bible every bit as good as the Christian, and it is an utter mistake to say that those who do not believe in your Bible are heathens, pagans, idolators and the like, for then you are saying that people who do not agree with your beliefs are not seeds from the same potato. But that cannot be true if there is one CREATOR, from which every eventual thing came forth. Of course there are sub-creators and degrees and grades of creators, but there is SOMETHING over and above all, and it is to THAT we are directing your attention. We have to include all the other great Saviors who demonstrated Christ Consciousness, such as Buddha, Krishna, Orpheus, and all the many others down history who were sent forth by the same Father, from the same Source, to give His same message in the words that were acceptable to the seeds of potato patches in different countries. Each needed a different type of spiritual nourishment, because each was planted in a different kind of soil which needed to be balanced by different nutrients, even as your farms and gardens are all of this planet and are all "dirt" but have many many varying chemical requirements. So it is with people, separated by habits, customs and locations. They too, need the same basic essentials of spiritual food, light, water and air, but in differing amounts, qualities and frequencies. You must, you must, you must learn to discriminate, to discern; in short to think, to question, to seek and to discover for your own selves, what is behind the accepted shells of people, of religions, of institutions, of ideals that you follow from the dawn of every day till the sunset — and don't even dream that you may analyze or doubt without being struck by Heavenly lightning.

Actually all Light groups are one unit of Christ Consciousness. They are all such as arms or legs or teeth or tongues or necks or livers or kneecaps or what-have-you of one great body; and just because a kneecap, looking at a navel or an ear or an eyebrow, disclaims any relationship to anything so unlike itself, it

does not signify anything except that the kneecap should fulfill the functions of a kneecap and stop worrying about the eyebrow, which is doing just fine in its own place and fulfilling an entirely different function. All these different constituents are needed and if you could see the whole pattern from here, you would readily understand why Jesus turns up in all of the different groups, and why all those other great Souls of Christed Consciousness go from one to the other, like blood cells that are carried on the moving stream of life that circulates through the whole body. For that's what it is. This IS the body of Christ, of which we are all members.

Now do rid yourselves of the thought that you must take the initiative to say how this GREAT PROJECT should work, for you may be a potato seed, but you aren't the whole potato who knows what all His little seeds and patches of seedlings should do and how and when. Be content to be the kneecap, ear, teeth or eyebrow wherever and with whomever you happen to be placed, and function according to the seed idea that was impressed upon the guiding nucleus of your group when it was first made visible. In a human body the hair of the head is just as much a planned and necessary part of the whole structure as the spleen or the kidneys or the bone marrow. Some parts show before the world and some are hidden away out of sight, but every part was designed for a place and purpose within the over-all structure. How detestably foolish to see the eyeball try to compete with the tongue. In a million years they would never be able to switch functions. And one is no dearer or more vital to the owner of the body than the other. Stop messing things up by your squabbling.

Also, and this is a repeat: Stop trying to hold your members in a vise. Since this is all the same body of Christ Consciousness, these member cells should be allowed free circulation to pick up all the richness of different viewpoints and outlooks they can, through travel, association, cooperation and viewpoint exchange. Of course you are bound down to another fetish you worship, which by now is a shabby-looking thing like an old toy, and that is your fear that Smith, Jones, Green, Brown,

Black or Gray will circulate right out of your work area with their necessary money bags and will leave you insecure, out on a limb, and in short, devastated and broke. You have not yet learned the lesson that ALL ABUNDANCE IS OF GOD. No man has the capacity to wrest all of it or to carry it in his planning, no matter how relatively stupendous. You must release people and stop clutching at the security they seem to symbolize for you. This is not possessive love, but it is a form of possessiveness, based on fear.

There is more than enough to go around. The world's problem is how to find the airlift that will be powerful enough to distribute needed supplies over and above the watertight compartments of international greed. The first step is right circulation of IDEAS. Ideas are the swift little ferrets that rush into narrow pipes, pulling a thread that carries a rope that carries a strong chain of possibilities. Get the NEW AGE IDEAS into circulation by all means open to you. It would be a heck of a lot better for the night crawlers who write their names in public places to be paid for writing NEW AGE messages on the rocks, the cliffs and the tunnels so that all the world may see, wherever it looks, that HELP IS NEAR. Let the FORCES OF LIGHT resort to all the possible methods of circulation. Drop leaflets of good news instead of bad news. Buy TV time to talk about controversial good issues instead of bad ones. Slip in circulars, pamphlets, sentences, paragraphs of encouragement, uplift, blessing, hope and joy in all your mailings, packages, and contacts.

May the passive, apathetic ones who say they are members of the enlightenment groups, help in the spread of good, instead of evil propaganda. Leave GOOD NEWS on the bus seats, waiting benches, public restrooms and restaurant counters, when you get up and go. Great Heavens, what opportunities you pass up! They are everywhere. Lots of the groups are putting out great literature. Put it around wherever you can. Set up literature boxes as some of the churches do, in public laundries, markets, railroad stations, air terminals and so on. You see, you have as much opportunity as you can recognize. Only through becoming

ACTIVE can goodness conquer negativity.

Be the strong protective cells in the body of humanity. Fight with weapons of joy, cheer, generosity, optimism and service. Use a method of the DARK forces, for they are past masters in spreading propaganda. Don't you spread disease, but health. You can.

This Christmas, why don't you give Jesus, Himself, the supreme gift: your LOVE in service to humanity? You have given in His name, but what a lot of utter rubbish and waste has been wrapped up and handed to others who don't need it and don't want it, in the Name of our Brother and our priceless Friend.

Yours for a more joyous Christmas,

Gloria Lee

"It is related by a peasant that he had persuaded himself that beyond his fields there were no others, and when he happened to lose a cow and was compelled to go in search of her, he was astonished at the great number of fields beyond his own few acres. This must also be the case of many theorists who have persuaded themselves that beyond this field or little globe of earth there lie no other worlds — simply because he has not seen them."

Spinoza

#### EXCERPT

E - Reverence for Life, the Soul of Applied Religion and Science

"Juvenile delinquency and rising waves of crime should indicate to mankind the need for a deeper consideration of those so-called social outcasts and barren lives which spawn upon the world scene, the bleak result of wanton selfishness which culminates in a state of personal recklessness. UNIVERSAL REVERENCE FOR LIFE, WHEREVER MANIFEST, must topple the walls of racial prejudice, caste, bigotry, political abuse, ideological polarities and untempered religious zeal. Reverence for Life, for Man as Its supreme representative upon earth, should be the soul of applied religion and science.

"Inferior motives of conquest and control over that which can never be bound--namely, the free will of Man--must go down before liberty of conscience and Man's Freedom to multiply his God-given talents. When rightly understood as means of uplifting the spiritual morale of the people, enlightening their consciousness, and lightening men's burdens, the common goals of religion and science will supplant their divergent philosophies and methodologies; hence, the union of these two branches of the Tree of Life will be for the healing of the nations."

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## M E S S A G E F R O M J . W .

Earth Children that you are, Greetings:

You are infused with the vibrations of a Season carrying overtones of that which is, in your estimation Sacred, and that which is, in your estimation profane. Yet you are those children who know not the meaning of profane, nor carry within your hearts an awareness of your capacity to "make sacred".

Each of you is many-aspected. Physically, you are members of the highest rank in the kingdom of the animals. Mentally you have somewhat entered the possibilities of the kingdom of humanity. Egoically you are citizens of the Fifth Kingdom, that kingdom which is also known as the Kingdom of Heaven in which your souls are Christs of various degrees of personality expression. And as spirits you are members of the Kingdom of the gods. On the levels of your daily affairs, you are those people who feel that various aspects of Being must be separated and placed in single file as ducks are accustomed to amble, one following the other. In the cases of the majority of your masses, you have given the physical vehicle leadership of the several selves making up your Being, while the God-self brings up the rear in your assignment of relative importance.

In all humans lurk the beggar, thief and king; the wanton, slave and queen. Even your Jesus, Whom you shrink to a size commensurate with your scale of thought, carried within the past experiencing of His consciousness all these and more. Jesus was a Christ en route to God-hood, yet you have stopped His progress within the crystal cave of your imagination and have declared Him to be that which He was as presented through the shorn and censored utterances of your Bible; ever the same.

It is this curious propensity of yours to crystallize living truths into lifeless idols that sets your Earth apart from its sister and brother worlds in the Family of Planets. You insist upon being worshippers of the past,

although you declaim on all sides your loyalty to the Age that is Golden and find it in you to denounce those who look back or pause over-long upon the road you call the Path to God.

No man or woman can summon forth the courage of his or her convictions, until there are CONVICTIONS, based upon experience and analysis; on inferences and implications. Your riotous expression, couched in loud outcries, passes with you as courageous manifestations. Your opinions, compacted of idle suppositions, hearsay, gossip and propaganda, pass with you as the imperial marble of hard-won convictions, when all that you truly hold in thought are forms of crumbling sand, held momentarily together by the binding fluid of emotion.

My voice does not come to you in disdain or without true love; for ask yourselves, would I still be with you in thought, or have given unto you the teachings of Christ possibility, instrumented for me by your friend Gloria Lee, had I no concern with your eternal well-being? Again you err in limiting the manifestation of many-sidedness in approach to solutions for the problems of living. You have before you the prospects of unlimited dimensions of Cosmic Mind awaiting your explorations, yet you find it well-nigh unthinkable to betray your self-devised loyalty to three dimensions as your circumscribed stage for the exhibition of unfolding divinity. We bring unto you the dazzling splendor of inexhaustible spiritual abundance, and you hold up to us a thimble!

If it has become essential to trick your wandering attention into new semblances of concentrated focus upon that which we have brought for dissemination among you, then let it not be held against us that we failed to approach your beglamored and beguiled thought-life and wish-life with techniques adapted to the requirements of a universal flame, prematurely damped down by concerted action on the part of the Forces of Darkness, who, differing from you, have not allowed themselves the luxury of one moment's respite from ceaseless vigilance!

Would that my words might cause a ripple of recognizable activity upon the congealed spheres that hold your initiative in thrall! Would that the glassy housings you have fashioned by the slow outbreathing of apathy upon the vibrant energies seeking circular radiation from the central FIRE, might crack and fly into a trillion trillion particles irrevocably freed from the necessity to obey your behests. For these commands, channeled through the agency of your personal communicative faculties, do not spring from the Divine Coordinator at the heart of your Being, but enter your captured brains through a circuitous route, from intelligences originating in coteries of common intention not currently attentive to the attainments demanded by the Law of Evolution for all individuality that flows upon Its stream.

What have I said? I doubt that you have followed me thus far, or if perchance you have, that you are other than lulled by the flow of my phrasing; yet I am one of those who made a vow to set before you our offers of love, comradeship, technical aid, rescue and proximity of person.

In a hundred thousand gradations of the principle of LOVE we have pleaded with your people. We have provided for you the gamut of detailed instructions, and what has been your response? In proportion to the numerical census of living humans upon your planet, insignificant indeed.

Our only war, symbolic or otherwise, with you, has been against your indifference to TRUTH. Never have we desired aught but the greatest of GOOD for all personnel housed within the concentration camp you dub your CIVILIZATION. However, that which we have been enabled to pronounce as GOOD, from our more progressed viewing point, appears to you bathed in the accustomed gloom projected ceaselessly upon you by the legions of the unlit. If you persist in seeing black, gray and deep brown where we say unto you there is a brilliance of scintillant gold, a shimmer of pulsing white, a translucent flame of pink, how will you accept our verdict that your eyes are color-blind orbs, when they claim for you

evidence more conclusive than that proffered by those who are, to the majority, invisible and inaudible?

In spite of all that has passed, you are still a martyr-making multitude. And you are martyrs to your own Judas-nature. The physical-emotional senses of each individual, out of agreement as to their own conclusions within each separated person, are, when brought together, producers of pandemonium. And yet you consign the Tower of Babel to ancient history!

My personal gift to you Earth Children, at this season of gift exchange, would be the gift of heightened perception whereby you might behold the mountainous projections of your warped imaginations, for what they REALLY ARE, —but wrinkles and the shadows of wrinkles upon a cloth of golden light that enwraps your world, as you would realize, could you but grasp those self-created folds and shake them free from the illusions and glamors that imprison your common sense. My prayer for you is that you may find ways and means by which you may cut the leading strings of habit, thus freeing your yearning spirits to portray for you the "other side" of your satellites of human knowledge that follow your path through time and space, ever facing you with but halves of truth.

May you speedily recognize the hiding place of the key you seek. I could repeat to you, as have so many before me, that the key is even now clutched in your fingers, folded against your own palm, but you would not believe the evidence even were you to uncurl those fingers of your own hand.

I await with patience, along with uncountable others, for the events which will attest to your aroused comprehension, AT LONG LAST, or its alternative.

That you may set your individual stage for victory is the Christmas wish of your elder Brother,

J. W. of the Planet Jupiter



M E S S A G E F R O M J E S U S

Beloved Children of the Father; my brothers and sisters -

It is that time of the year when your thoughts are gathered in mass concentration upon Christmas, the season allocated to me in celebration of my birth so many years ago, as Jesus of Nazareth.

Few of you feel qualified to place yourselves in my sandals; to attempt the task of looking upon life and form from my viewpoint; and yet the effort so to do might bring into your minds new conceptions and increased capacity to rise above constraining traditions that have grown about my name and person to the detriment rather than the enhancement of my intention.

You have deified me, instead of accepting me as a vessel like unto yourselves, purposed as a lamp to radiate LIGHT from the Father. Often did I say, "Not I, but the Father within me . . ." and humanlike you accepted the personal form and its activities instead of the spirit motivating its expression.

At a time when sophistry was abroad in the land, when artifices and rituals were idols for man's adoration, I came to bring the simplicity of LOVE and the love of SIMPLICITY. I came not to glorify pomp and observances, but to glorify the presence of God within all men everywhere.

In the season of Christmas my name is often upon your lips. Artists of earth imagine and delineate my face and form upon your greetings, your posters and statues, but this is as shadow to substance, and you turn away from me to shadows, even though I said, "Lo, I am with you always." In your forgetfulness you worship a dead Jesus, a hollow symbol, forever in torture, forever crowned with thorns. All this is of the past, the dead past. Let the past bury its dead and live in the NOW. Would that all were empowered to raise their eyes to the dimensions whereupon I live and move and work, that we might be established

in unity of effort in the labors that are planned to bring about Divine Purpose.

Within the time-span that envelops your present personality, it is incumbent upon you to be of greater receptivity to TRUTH and of a willingness to discard that which is the crumbling remnant of an outgrown thoughtform, produced by human minds in the early years after my mission as Jesus was arrested by those who had sought confirmation of their imaginary messiah's expected activities as the wielder of a material sword destined to flash forth in blood-spattered victory over the enemies of a chosen nation. For such purpose was I not sent forth, but to heal the humanity of that faraway day, of superstition, fear, ignorance and doubt by application of the universal resolvent of chaos and inharmony: LOVE.

Although you can recognize me as Jesus, whether your portraitist has gifted me with golden hair and blue eyes, or brown hair and dark eyes, you find it difficult to separate the personal from the spiritual or the life from the form, or the eternal consciousness, which I AM, from the personality which is fleeting.

It is not generally-accepted that I could have and may have come forth again through birth to ensoul other personalities within the auric fields of other nations, in later periods of history. Even those who feel themselves aware of evolutionary change and progress, vision me most often in the period costume of a Nazarene carpenter of 2000 years ago.

Perchance you have established an arbitrary summation and finale of my place and work in the affairs of men, that does not exist in reality. Perhaps you have transposed me into a figment of your imaging power, even as you have vitalized a creation you call the Christmas Spirit which shares with me in equal or perhaps superior measure the "honors" of the Christmas season.

Before your smallest children you place an image of a jovial benefactor, christened by

various names in various countries, but known to the majority of readers of this periodical as Santa Claus or Saint Nicholas. Your children, in their innocent, limitless ability to absorb impressions, readily combine the aspects of Christmas personified by the babe, Jesus, with the thought of gifts and feasts of carnival lavishness, scarcely separating, in their composite fantasy, one aspect from the other.

Occasionally some few among your multitudes ask of themselves or of the Creator, how it is in my heart, that I would have this feast of my birth remembered in the days of now. There are those who believe much that is expressed in my name is not of my choosing or desire.

It is not of my heart that individuals should vie with one another to create further illusions and glammers upon the surface of the suffering earth and to place themselves in debt and deprivation to provide sacrifices to perpetuate a gilt-and-paper idol called Christmas.

I did not come to revitalize the blood sacrifices of the ancient past, nor to foster their counterparts in today's orgies of competitive gift exchange, beneath whose surface wrappings of gaudy tinsel too often is seen the spirit of Mammon and not the spirit of God the Father nor of Jesus the son. Rather allow the term Christ-mass to be supplanted by some other title signifying debauchery and ascend-

ancy of the animal nature of men, released by intoxicants and by mass hysteria into wholesale abandonment of reason, love and reverence.

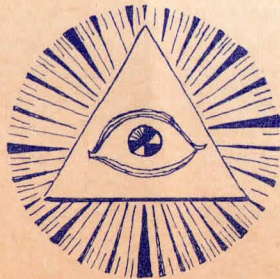
Let there be enlightenment in this darkened area of human awareness. Let those who are working for a transfigured world, begin this transfiguration within their hearts.

Would that a cup of kindness be given in my name to the needy of your sphere of work and thought, on the day you celebrate as my anniversary of birth. Inasmuch as you give help and joy to the little, weak ones of earth, so do you give joy unto me.

I came that men might have LIFE more abundant. In the flow of life is contained abundance of every good thing that makes life in form an outpicturing of the vision of the Creator. Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and the right use of forms embodying aspects of His Purpose, and all needed things shall flow under Universal Law into your hands, for the furtherance of constructive enterprises.

Once again I bring unto you the gift of our Father's infinite LOVE, that your season of Christ-mass may be infused anew with compassionate concern for the highest good of all peoples in all nations.

Jesus of Nazareth



## E N R O U T E

Dear Cosmonites and Friends -

Hello in December, the 2nd day of which marked the first anniversary of Gloria's departure for a wider field of service. It hasn't been easy for us to give up the vital pleasure of seeing Gloria every day and working beside her, but we have not lost our closeness in common goals and friendship, and we look back over a year of many wonderful new experiences and some small feeling of achievement; for we are still alive, though some predicted we'd never last half a year.

In November I told you a little about Col. Arthur Burks, the gifted reader of The Akashic Records. We decided to take advantage of our nearness to Riverside, the city where Col. Burks is spending a few weeks while giving several public lectures and some private readings. Bartram and I drove over to renew our acquaintance and to have what we thought would be life readings for ourselves and the organization of Cosmon, but which became instead, question-and-answer readings.

You will be fascinated to read some of the things we were told, especially about Cosmon. "What does God really want COSMON to become?" I had asked, for it had become urgent to me to find confirmation or repudiation of my own inner convictions, through a disinterested, impersonal source; one who did not know us or COSMON well enough to have accumulated lots of preconceived ideas of his own.

The information given us was that COSMON belongs to the category mentioned once in the Bible as TEMPLES BEAUTIFUL. Ours is a very ancient group. Gloria believed it had its beginnings in early Egypt, but Col. Burks' sources indicated it was much older and had had its inception on another planet or planets, ages before our history was recorded. COSMON has had many different names and planetary locations as it has incarnated and reincarnated upon this Earth. Basically, it has been a mystery school, and incorporates within its past various orders, including The Order of

the White Brotherhood, The Order of the White Sisterhood, The Order of the Essenes and The Order of Cleopatra. (That's what the man said!)

BEAUTY is the foundational principle of a Temple Beautiful, but this has a far wider connotation than the word might at first imply. The true Temple Beautiful is the whole human personality, a triad of soul, mind and body. Within the soul memory of COSMON, there is hidden a method for developing all aspects of individuality into a perfectly coordinated alignment. The system was designed to provide a perfect three-part vehicle or temple for the use of an incarnating spirit. It was said that this culture took up the work left unfinished within the human womb. Men as well as women studied in the coeducational Temple Beautiful to prepare themselves for the duty of fathering and mothering a superb race of human beings.

COSMON under different names, has occupied various locations. We asked Col. Burks to see for us whether it would be wise for us to plan to buy the property we now occupy on a rental basis and we were told "Yes," this could be purchased and adapted to our needs, for we have already established a vibratory frequency over a period of four years, which is peculiarly COSMON's. I should tell you here that formerly, Gloria planned under J.W.'s guidance to establish the world headquarters of COSMON in Albuquerque, New Mexico, but many plans and previous intentions have had to be adjusted and changed, due to a series of unforeseen events.

My own deepest question was: "What does God want me to do, in and through COSMON?" The answer came through clear and strong in the words of Jesus: "Feed my sheep!" The sheep are all people everywhere who are in ignorance, poverty, fear, doubt, grief and apathy. The food for which they hunger is courage, inspiration, knowledge, spiritual work and a GOAL.

From these combined readings it was brought to my attention that I ought to pack up my knapsack and go down to the cities where people are and talk to them in groups and crowds. For this I have no throbbing sense of joy or preparation. I feel as you would, if you had never been a trained speaker in your life pattern and preferred writing, anyhow. But if this is a necessary and useful aspect of COS-MON service, I'll do it if you will bear with me while I get my sea legs. I have received a few invitations which I have ignored, hoping I could get by without ever talking to the group members in large collections. It freezes me even to contemplate it. But I have learned to accept the inevitable and to kick myself in the shins when the personality bogs down and attempts to oppose my inner directives. (See you later, Alligator.)

Before all the foregoing took place, I had already come to the point of decision in some particulars, which shows me again that there is definitely something in that old formula: "Do the thing and you shall have the power."

During the past few days and weeks, I have been thrashing around mentally, trying to find a life-raft durable enough to carry a crowd of us to a further shore of thought. Part of this stemmed from something that has been going on in the form of a movement that seems to be gaining momentum in groups of Light from New York, through the middle states to Oregon, New Mexico and California. A fog of doubt has attacked several well known Light group leaders and some of their followers, causing considerable shifts of location, some drop-outs and not a little consternation. To me, sitting up here on the high desert, it looks as if the forces of negation are having a field day. Several individuals, widely separated geographically, have gone so far as to caution me to pull up stakes and find a hole to hide in. They have said that LIGHT must dive into caves and forests and disappear from the world of men and all who would oppose it. I DON'T BUY THAT!!!! If ever there was a time to stand up and speak for the Forces of Light, it is when they are most tried and tested and harried by the guerrillas of the forces of darkness. I heard, somewhere, that wherever

LIGHT is, darkness disappears. And that is what I believe. How terribly easy it is to scuttle an armada of goodness, by sheer propaganda. Let me go on record now that we intend to keep going; more, shall keep going, by the Grace of God and with the continued help of our Master Teachers, even if we are the very last group of Light visible. In our readings by Col. Burks it was also brought out that COS-MON is to be a Light upon a hill, and though we are presently only a very small candle flame in the centre of a valley, we shall not forget our goal.

Divide-and-conquer is the rule by which darkness operates, and NOW of all times is THE TIME to remember that man plus God is a majority — even one man plus God! When the opposite forces get heavy with complacency and careless in throwing their plans and ideas around, because they assume the Forces of Light will go down to defeat AGAIN, then it is the moment to say, "Friends, Romans and countrymen," it is high time to get our adrenalin flowing and to constantly remind ourselves "THIS SHOW MUST GO ON." It must, you know. God is depending on us to help Him keep this blessed world on the beam and whirling like a musical top instead of allowing it to become a drunken, lurching, unbalanced, desecrated planet, hijacked by mutineers, and left to careen through space as a wandering shell.

For the past three months I have been receiving an increasing number of letters from male readers of the newsletter, all aimed at awakening me to the facts they have apparently just discovered, (To me, gentlemen, they are old hat,) concerning obvious CHAOS at work on all continents. This is what men see: Chaotic conditions everywhere. The death of hope; the reign of violence; racial struggles; shoddy materialism; the death of decency; the death of love; the death of Integrity. A few have gone so far as to suggest that perhaps if I were to join forces with them, to combine my yelling with their brains, they could use me to advantage on their teams.

Ha! I may be only a plain, ordinary small woman, but I say here and now unto all

of you, individually and as a group, who have written to me or who think such thoughts in silence: "I carry a live coal in my heart, and when a woman carries a live coal in her heart, watch out and make way." For when any one does, it's a sure sign of the times and everywhere, in the most unlikely places, perhaps in your own respected home or office, unknown and unrecognized, there are women in various stages of awakening who also carry coals in their hearts; coals of living fire, in their hearts and minds. We are all of us pregnant-in-spirit and the time of BIRTH is drawing nearer and nearer. This is what women are for. GIRLS! Do you hear me? I say this is what women are for: to SAVE THE DAY for God and man.

What an excruciatingly disgusting mess man has been making, during the eons he has held undisputed authority over woman, due to alleged superiority. (Now I have put my foot in it, for you will think I am against men, and nothing could be further from the truth.) I love men. AND women. Equally. I am man-woman as a reincarnating entity; just as all of us are. But I feel the time has come for the MOTHER in woman, to administer a thumping whack to the hindside of the naughty, destructive LITTLE BOY in man.

#### A - M E N

\* \* \* \* \*

To go back a few paragraphs where it was mentioned that it is sometimes necessary to make decisions before all the needed facts are available, upon which to base them, I have been forced to the conclusion that we people of Earth are expected to raise ourselves to a vertical position from a horizontal one, by our own flabby muscles, long accustomed though we are to creeping along on all fours to the tune of a cracking whip swung by the self-announced authorities of the surface of our planet.

We don't expect this of ourselves; that's for darn sure, but it is expected of us by Those who see through the animal skins we wear as

we pretend we are twenty-mule teams goaded by implacable necessity. The people from other planets have come over here to point out to us that as gods in embryo, as princes and princesses of the Royal House, we are making a pretty sniveling showing.

It seems evident that it is up to us, individually, to take up the slack of our courage and to begin to catastrophe-proof our own small worlds, with the hope that if we do, we may be able to convince others that they can do the same and pass along their experiences and skills learned by doing, to yet others, until we get a chain reaction.

While we are looking up, with our mouths open, waiting for the Visitors to produce phenomena, They are looking down at us, waiting for action. Strange this did not occur to me as soon as it should have, but I, too, have been standing with one foot in the door, and in that position you might as well admit to being on the fence. If it rains you are set to rush in and close the door behind you. If it clears up, you are halfway out into the sunlight to make hay while it shines. But our kind of hay must be made in fair weather or foul. We cannot wait for conditions. We have to create our own conditions as we go.

Please raise your hands, Class, all those who have been waiting until conditions are exactly suitable to your demands, before you put forth a tendrill of initiative. Hmmmm. One - two - three - four . . . OH! MY! All of you? I might have known it. (In fact I have known it all along, but I was testing your honesty. And you are quite an honest group.)

Maybe you and I can only prevent a few ounces of Catastrophe, but I'm one of the people who thrive on challenge. If they say it cannot be done, I shall give it a fair try anyhow, and if I fall on my face, I will have added to my education. We have the right, as rulers over the small universe of self, to see that everything is prepared the best we are able, in order to provide scattered hostels that won't topple, and into which areas of consciousness we can invite refugees to share our stored rations of faith, action, humor, perseverance

and companionship.

After a series of sessions among me, myself and I, we made a joint resolution. What if it is, cosmically-speaking, five minutes to STORM TIME? What if people everywhere are putting down their tools of sanity, gumption, common sense, initiative, enthusiasm, altruism, service, hope, sharing, generosity, patience and creative thinking to take off like jack rabbits to the nearest bramble patch? Does that excuse me, just because several hundred million are acting like idiots and cowards and drips? NO, IT DOES NOT! Well then, does it excuse you? NO, IT DOES NOT!

What a bedraggled bunch of poop-outs we are, anyhow! We are like that story-book Henny Penny who felt a seed drop on her head and was sure the sky was falling.

Frankly, I am growing tired and sick of the many (you would be surprised how many) letters that ask me why the Space People don't put on a SHOW for us so we can put our hands on our hips, stick our chins out and say to our governments, our churches, our schools, our scientists: "Yah! Yah! Yah! What did we tell you! There are Space People. SEE! And they're on our side."

How childish.

The decision, referred to a page or two back, was simply to stop horsing around and to get down to the brass tacks of developing COSMON, right where we are, and with just what we have in hand. I came to my senses when I realized that it is demeaning (a "bring-down") to the Space People and the Teachers as well as to the GOD SELF within us, to be continually waiting to be told when to wipe our noses, when to come in out of the rain, when to buy, when to sell, when to go to bed, when to take a goose-step to the right, which fork to use for hay, which for salad, whether to act like a pacifist or a Tartar. There's a certain word I use very very rarely. To me it has enormous impact. It is acid, crude and memorable. It is pis-ant. We act like pis-ants, when we are gods! Look it up in the dictionary

under pismire. Lionel Barrymore used that once in "You Can't Take It with You" if I rightly recall.

We can just let ourselves get too spinelessly dependent, that's all.

In sticking my nose into many strange places, I have picked up repeated hints that God, His blessed Self, would much prefer NOT to mess everything up by splitting the skin of His beautiful world wide open. If you and I had the sense of a water beetle, we'd recognize that NOBODY would prefer to wreck and upset and destroy something as beautiful as this planet. It isn't the planet that's ugly or lacking. It's the predatory-insect-aspect of people like you and like me, who despoil the continents, the seas and the skies and then turn on each other and foul up the very institutions that were originally created to keep things from being fouled up. Over nearly everything are layers and layers of the ashes of lost dreams.

Are you going to roll up your sleeves of spirit, mind and body and help DO SOME - THING ABOUT ALL THIS, or are you going to continue sitting like a fat, creamy marshmallow on your bottom; to wait there until the heat of suspense, tension and anguish gets so intense that you are melted into a sticky puddle where you sit!!! As the bright little pickaninny asked: "Is you IS, or is you AIN'T?"

Up to now, I have been as unctious as a Gray Lady in a violent ward where finances are concerned. I have not been idle, however. I have sitten back and rolled statistics around in my mind as I have quietly observed all of you, through your letters, your visits and the responses you have been making to the material we send out.

And I am a hard-bitten old disciple with a predilection for recalling words from the Masters' lips at the most inconvenient and awkward moments. Don't worry; I often make the most awkward kinds of moments for myself and have been hissed off the stage of my own life activities more than once. I can be a stinker and I know it and gloat over it and have to reap the karma which is sometimes so

wounding that I have to crawl off and lick my slashes for quite awhile. But Brothers and Sisters, we are FORCES of vital energy and we learn by doing. It isn't always pleasurable. It isn't always rewarding, but I must say it is vitalizing. (Col. Burks dared me to come out in words with exactly those things I would like to say if I did not maintain any cautions, so just to show him, I am, with this issue, beginning to hand you the full treatment. Some of you will sign off with a sour expression; others will say, and I hope you are one, "Let's show that nitwit at COSMON that we're just as equal to challenges as she, if not more so." O.K. I pass on the dare to you. KUM KLEEN!!!!)

As I was saying, about finances, (and believe me, this is enemy territory and there are watch-fires flaming everywhere as everyone pulls a sea anemone posture and squishily gurgles: "Who, ME!?!") there's a fine distinction that has to be set free from its trappings of phony piety. Master Djwhal Khul wrote a hefty discourse on the subject of MONEY which the Arcane School published somewhere in the neighborhood of 15 - 18 years ago. It all boils down to the essence that "It is up to the spiritual people of the world to regenerate MONEY." Had you ever mumbled that between your gums? No, I thought not. Well, you aren't alone. I have let my own focus glance off this subject like water off a duck, but recently I held it up for examination and now that I have you like a butterfly pinned to a display card, I'm going to take advantage of you and let fly a few arrows of thought.

You are a spiritual person. Yes you are. You may not make any claims to perfection and if you did you would undoubtedly be a liar, but still and all, you are a ball of gold light, surrounded by a corona of white light, hemmed in by a series of shapes and barriers that others recognize as old Ed's or Joe's or Ella's or Betty's personality. You are just as fully loaded with God-essence as any other child of His anywhere in the Cosmos, from claws to beak. So you think you aren't a bird? But maybe others call you one because of the way your personality registers. "You know, that

one is an odd 'bird', a cult-follower I guess you would call him (her)."

So you're a spiritual person of this world. So it's up to you to regenerate money. Yes it is. Do you realize that money is crystallized energy? Do you know that gold is trapped sunlight, literally? Do you know that the ancients used gold as a healing radiant energy to get people back into balance? Right now, in buried temples of the past, there are claimed to be gold vessels of healing that have such great spiritual radiations they could cure some of the most rebellious diseases man is heir to. But are men and women fit to be trusted with these great secrets? Are you?

Probably this is nothing newsworthy to you if I confide that the following statistics are some of those I was meditating upon. Out of the whole group of members, friends, readers and lunatic fringe, there are exactly two individuals (1 - 2. Count 'em.) who have with their combined sacrifices given more than half of the finances that kept your Cosmon newsletter coming to you and your friends during the year of 1963. Think of it! Isn't it wonderful there are a few God-driven people left in this world who care enough about others besides themselves to insure that certain activities will take place? Over 90% of those who call themselves members of COSMON and have cards with little numbers on them to prove it, chipped in not even so much as the equivalent of a Hershey bar or a pack of cigarettes or an artichoke. But some of these, even quite a large number read the COSMON, for they sent letters to say what they liked and what they didn't. You are more vocal than generous; more opinionated than supportive.

While a little less than 5% of the membership sent in donations, more than 90% of the money sent in other than that donated by the two individuals mentioned above, was from the plain, unaffiliated readers who have no numbers, cards or memories of past association with Gloria, to warm their hearts.

From checking around and exchanging moans and tears with other Light groups, it would seem apparent that the people who are

sure of their next nursing bottle, by reason of straining to sign a form and send in an occasional letter of evidence they are still alive, are those people who lie on their backs, wave their legs rhythmically in the air and are beatific in their faith that someone will push a nipple between their rosy lips that is the spearhead of a full bottle of vitamin-injected milk.

— Phooey —

It is your own attitude (and you have only yourselves to thank) that has led us to the logical opinion that the word member means very little in terms of responsibility. You have brought about, by your own default, our decision to reorganize COSMON in such ways that we shall be set up to accept and disburse the great abundance we shall require to provide for expansion of this aspect of God's creative work, on a generous and adequate scale. We are about to show the world how spiritual people CAN regenerate MONEY by using it for the highest good of the greatest number. You can take your choice as to whether you wish to earn part of the credit for what we shall achieve in the future. In this case, we shall gladly give public credit and acclaim to all who care enough to support the foundation upon which shall rise the TEMPLE BEAUTIFUL, the "Light upon a hill" that COSMON has always been intended by its spiritual architects, since long before our time, to be.

Yes, of course I remember that I said THANKFULNESS is the key to abundance, but I renege to this extent. It is one of the main keys, but it is not the only one needed, because we want to go beyond the small change, clear back to the MAIN VAULT. This is what every group in the world secretly wants to do, to get into that main vault and take out wheelbarrow loads of the stuff that makes dreams become tangible. And, do you know what? Well sir, there's plenty for every one of those groups to have all that they need, want and can put to use. Much more undiscovered wealth is underground than there is in circulation on the surface. But you have to formulate a plan. A plan is the correct receptacle for gathering and activating the supplies you want, need and can claim, IF you fulfill your half of the require-

ments.

Capital is available in great big useful chunks to anyone who can create a watertight, intelligent, honest plan and purpose which will redound to the credit of the putter up of the investment. If you turned over a million dollars to someone, you would want it secured and some agreement or contract set up to reap you a profit, unless it was a gift and you enjoyed reaping spiritual profits of satisfaction on viewing the good that a million dollars invested in LIGHT which is compounded of Love, wisdom and knowledge, can give.

At this period of COSMON development I am in the act of formulating a plan that will be great enough to encompass the scope of what COSMON can be. You can do the very same for your group and it's your spiritual duty to do so, because God wants all these enlightenment groups expanded to the extent that His messages may reach every son and daughter on every land mass.

Among the things we intend to do in, for and through this group are listed the following:

1. Buy the Oro Grande property. It is for sale at \$33,000 for ten acres and two buildings. The terms are \$13,000 cash and \$200 per month payments. Taxes are approximately \$400 per year.
2. To build up the newsletter to a more inclusive range of helpful subjects and be enabled to pay qualified writers in various fields of contemporary thought for their contributions. We wish also to hire the finest artists and illustrators. And we wish to set up our own publishing company.
3. We intend to build the greatest lending and research library in our fields of thought, which are embracive of all aspects of life, and to have unlimited funds to buy books, to maintain them and to employ qualified personnel to run the library.
4. We intend to develop this nucleus of ten acres and then radiate and absorb all the adjacent land in this particular valley,



buying out all other neighboring landholders at satisfactory and profitable sums to each of them.

5. We intend to establish a true New Age community of individuals who are the very cream of serious, intelligent, gifted, altruistic, loving, hard-working and dedicated human personalities, and we wish to provide for these the most excellent, advanced techniques, equipment, material, instruction and living quarters for developing maximum health of soul, mind and body. We wish indeed to demonstrate what a TEMPLE BEAUTIFUL is when it is in full operation!

6. We intend to make gifts of help to individuals and groups all over the world who are dedicated to the united goal of freeing our planet from the prisons of ignorance, dictatorship, fear and want.

7. We intend to try to raise our mailing list to 100,000 subscribers in the next two years. We ask that all who can afford it may donate generously, with the thought of expanding and extending the influence of our publication, and we intend to furnish this newsletter free to those who are unable to give anything toward its support, yet are in full sympathy and understanding of our aims.

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During the present and past few generations, the Master Teachers have tested out Their chelas, pupils or disciples (whichever you prefer) in all phases of cooperative, community living. These have had to "eat dirt" — to take the scraps of tasks nobody else wanted; to endure monotony, routine and limitations until their cracking point was revealed. You cannot imagine how many self-assured people, now certain of a prominent berth in the New Age, will find themselves instead repeating the kindergarten years on other planets.

If you have consistently turned your face away from every call to unpleasant, menial and tiring duties in the past, you aren't suddenly

going to measure up to the chance to be of real help in the place where God needs capable people able to face any kind of assignment, however boring, demanding or exhilarating, with equal willingness to see it carried through to a satisfactory finish. The New Age will not tolerate gold bricks, shirkers, or phony patri-cians too "good" to undertake the small details of life. This is not a picnic for it is not yet picnic time. Now it's just rough, continuous, heavy labor, — clearing space in consciousness for a New Era of spiritual, mental and physical expression.

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Nothing I have said to you is anything new. The only novelty at all, if there is any, lies in the fact that I, a female, am opening up my inner recesses in public admission to having been an active participant in all aspects of human life; before a mixed audience of men and women. Actually most of you, if not all of you, have either done or entertained the thought of doing almost everything I have done, and yet I have often taken the plunge of activity into areas which were considered out of bounds for a "nice" girl and later a "nice" woman, which I was supposed to represent. When I was 17, and had just filled myself to the brim with the discovery of Walt Whitman, I made a vow to myself that I would set myself the chore of experiencing life from the depths to the heights, at first hand, so I could be a writer who had made her own living ink in which to dip the pen. The time has come now to bring you men and you women together as PEOPLE and to show you how very little distinction there is between our deepest human drives, whether we happen to be wearing the skins and reproductive appendages of male human or female human. Those are surface differences. The real US knows exactly how it is to be swept with the emotional tides of love, fear, shame, embarrassment, joy, grief, loneliness, ambition and despair. My chore seems to be in part to explain us to each other, for I seem to know both viewpoints so intimately. Oh fellow people of both polarities, it is so plain to see that on spiritual, mental and physical levels men and women were made for each other as keys are made for locks, bolts for nuts and axles for

wheels. What, indeed, is one without the other? Just half of the potential, that's all.

If we appear different in minor aspects, we all have much more in common than in opposition, even physically. Our skeletons are so nearly alike it is not easy to tell who's who, except for experts. We both have hearts, stomachs, kidneys, spleens, gall bladders, livers, colons, the same sets of glands, two lower limbs, two upper limbs, a neck apiece, one head with similar equipment. Some women are hairier than some men, and some men are more hairless than most women. Both are subject to moles, warts, baldness, pimples, boils, irregular features, the same diseases. Our ever-living organs carry out the same types of functions whether they are planted within a male or a female. Up to a certain point in our embryonic development, it would cause a lot of head-scratching to say unequivocally whether we are planning to make our debut as boys or girls. Most of the bitter rivalry, hostility and fear between our two sexes is a complex which has been deliberately cultivated in order to create an apparent superiority of the male, due to one dubious asset, greater physical strength (though let me hasten to add, not greater physical endurance than is so often evidenced by woman, it has become a commonplace).

Up to now the male has often been blessed with superior physical strength, but there is increasing evidence that the Powers-that-Be are sending in a wonderful new crop of big, strong, physically-superior girls to prove there is no final stronghold into which human man can retire to look over his laurels, as an alternate to beating his chest in fancied supremacy.

Women, you are being accorded an opportunity to come out of the cramped quarters into which man kicked you, and to blaze forth in your true glory of innate Christ consciousness which is in no way different from that of your brother, father and mate. Women are not being called forward to celebrate a spurious claim to their superiority. They are simply now ready to prove their equality. In the cases of many, it will go to their heads like

champagne after a very long dry spell, but to many others the opportunity will only come as a blessed relief from artificial restraints whereby they have been locked up in the individual stalls of a man's marriage and literally "cowed" into submissive bovine wives and mothers in order to earn their mash and hay.

Woman, it is time for you to come forth and shine with Christly splendor and to take your rightful place, hand in hand and side by side with man.

\* \* \* \* \*

When does the New Age begin, so many of you ask. It has begun, dears, and you are living in the dawn of it. You were thought worthy of the opportunity to decide for yourself whether you have the capacity to continue on into the greater demands just ahead of us. Many will fall by the way, but it is not because Life failed to give them a preview of things to come or failed to show them the way thereto. Yet ever so many find the cost exorbitant. The cost is everything you are: everything you have, turned over lovingly for the highest good of the greatest number. Ask yourselves, for you have the answer on your own lips. Can you meet the requirements? If you can, you will. If you will, you can.

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Every such group center as ours is a natural magnet for information pertinent to the kinds of work we are undertaking. We are deluged with predictions, prophecies and promises, mostly of Ruin-to-be. I've waded thru them all and could go over with you many of the dire happenings that are supposed to erupt when this trigger is trigged or that fuse is lighted or the other signal pops off 70 feet below the surface of 20 degrees North by East, and I have decided I can have my whimsical choice between taking up arms against these outrageous prophesied fortunes, or I can bear them stoically in my mind and keep my silent counsel. Three different unrelated sources, lastly Col. Burks, told me I had been an Oracle at Delphi. I cannot prove it and neither can you, so I sez to m'self, I sez: "Oracle,

smoracle! I'll be me own oracle and I'll predict that I'll be a lot happier if I consign all this emotional tinder to the cooling vat. I'll just pull an Alexander-the-Great gesture and slice through the Gordian knot of fear that is paralyzing everybody and keeping us all rooted to the spot instead of getting out there in the woodpile and chopping for a long, cold winter." And after that, Brethren and Sistren, I began to unlace and feel the return of joy. You see, all we need do is to shape our imagination to the emergency and find a new way through the impassable.

I told God recently, that I was of a mind to get this world back into orbit if I had to do it singlehanded, but bloodlessly, of course. I feel a passion about it. To me, nothing is impossible. I've seen so many miracles. I love God so much. I love the world so much. And I love you so much, even if momentarily and temporarily I act as if I am your arch enemy and sass you or disagree with you or rebel at your suggestion. I am positively boiling over with love and that's the crazy, mixed-up truth, so help me. I want to set the world on fire

with LOVE. I've tried to discipline myself and hold this seething, bubbling cauldron back out of sight where it would not be noticed, and I even reaped the success of having people say about me, "There goes a cold fish." But it isn't true. I'm a red-hot fish and I can't restrain it any longer. I have to let it out by fission or explosion and I'm trying fission first.

\* \* \* \* \*

That wraps it up, kids.

Betcha this arrives too late for Christmas, so if you have "had it" I hope it was merry. If you haven't, I hope you will realize that this is my gift to you. It's a nutty gift, a long inconsistent letter that zigzags and is not even a recognizable Holiday spirit.

Your friend,

zany old me,

Barbara Steele

#### A NOISELESS, PATIENT SPIDER

A noiseless, patient spider  
I marked, where, on a little promontory, it stood isolated;  
Marked how, to explore the vacant, vast surrounding,  
It launched forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself;  
Ever unreeling them — ever tirelessly speeding them.

And you, O my Soul, where you stand,  
Surrounded, surrounded, in measureless oceans of space,  
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing, — seeking the spheres,  
to connect them;  
Till the bridge you will need, be formed — till the ductile anchor  
hold;  
Fill the gossamer thread you fling, catch somewhere, O my Soul.

Walt Whitman

## FROM THE DIARY OF A DISCIPLE

Dated May 1936

On this day, my Teacher, I would hear from You of the meaning of Crime and its abolishment.

My Disciple,

Crime is a form of negation, which in all cases relates to underdevelopment or lack of balance and harmony. The prevalence of Crime today on this planet has its origin in a number of factors. As you know, there are powers being brought to bear upon this world at this time which are in the nature of testing, and sorting the wheat from the chaff. You have read that this period marks approximately the half-way station in the development of humankind.

Be aware that much of incarnated humanity is too soft to withstand the mighty blows raining upon it from all directions. The times are fraught with fear, misunderstanding and sensitiveness due to nerves overexposed to tensions they are not able to bear.

The men and women of today are in a state of hysteria. Transition is always thus marked. There is a sensation of tenseness; expectancy; waiting. Myriads of the sons of men have reached but the adolescent, emotional age, though adult in years. Instability marks their acts. Inconsistency rules their unorganized vehicles.

Groove your mind with the thought: "The world's need is not so much for birth control as for self-control, in all phases of daily living." All must be taught the right uses of will, wisdom and love.

That which is most concentrated upon most speedily takes form. In these days man's function of reproduction is wildly out of bounds and is leading him amok. This focus has become a positive quirk in the astral body of the race. Each disciple must live more securely in the mental realm. Steer your craft by the North Star of Wisdom.

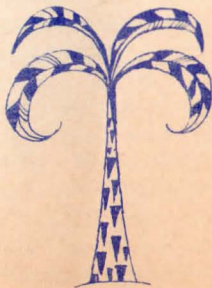
Unchanneled passion is the greatest underlying factor of Crime, taking its common outlets in murder, rape and perversions. Only by gathering together that which is unclean and bringing it forth from the alleys, basements, hovels and strongholds of darkness and exposing all to the light of the sun, both literally and in a deeper sense, may

the evil be obliterated. The roots are deep and are continually fed by a growing stream of hate from unwisely punished individuals. Capital Punishment is neither a cure nor a palliative. It is the mad gesture of unthinking revenge. The evolutionary level of a nation may be judged by the methods it employs in the combatting of evil. Disciple servers in this field are direly needed in greater numbers.

Egotism is rampant. Seek to divert emotion into creative channels other than those of physical reproduction. Work out ways and means in your own mind and apply them to your little world. Seek ever to begin where you stand now. The Master's eye is never closed to the small endeavor or the blossoms unfolding in dark corners. Wisdom begins in self-directed action.

Those who have become criminals need not restraint so much as reconditioning. They are invariably sick in body, emotions and mind. Sunshine, silence, solitude, beauty, harmony, peace, the stimulation of fine art, music, literature; — these are far mightier in the regeneration of evil doers than force, misery, revenge and pain.

As you grow and your understanding increases, seek to write of these things and freely give of your time and thought. This too is a worthy service. Wait not overlong; nor yet rush forth with haste in presentation of even one malformed idea. Step by step perfect your knowledge until it is a sharpened tool worthy of inclusion in the PLAN.



## THE CAVE OF DARKNESS

Flamed a Rebel through the skies,  
 Trailing hordes of Evil Eyes;  
 Outcast Angels from another plane,  
 Satanic swarms of Egos vain,  
 Rebuffed, rebuked and all alone,  
 Searched the Universe for a home.

Gem-like Earth, a Paradise,  
 Soared through space, the long-sought prize.  
 Swooping legions made it plain:  
 Surrender, Eve, or join the slain.  
 Evil power from a psychic throne  
 Excluded Truth by darkened dome.

Clutched and clawed as in a vise,  
 Helpless Ceres, exhausted, dies;  
 But One by One a Soul did rise  
 To warn its mates and Truth proclaim,  
 Flickered faintly and fanned the Flame  
 Which Age to Age has seared the throne  
 That cages Souls 'neath darkened dome  
 And vainly vies to keep God's own.

The milling millions make mud pies —  
 Content that others scan the skies,  
 Buried deep in the physical plane  
 And unaware of Truth's domain  
 Or sensing sin's blinding foam  
 Keeps the prodigal from soaring home.

But the Book of Hours that in Akasha lies  
 Commands Aquarians to materialize —  
 T'ai Chi's Dharma to proclaim  
 And slay the Dragon on the plane.  
 Now well may all the grottoes groan,  
 For Light has pierced the darkened dome.

Sapphire Shafts with Ruby Eyes  
 Draw man from his Earthly pies  
 And soothes all pain of evil lives,  
 If Will but will the Good proclaim  
 And shun the vaults of Lord Profane.  
 'The doom of Gloom!' all caverns moan.  
 'Light has stabbed our darkened dome:  
 Radiant Christ has claimed His own!'

## Y O U R   H E A L T H

When Bartram had his Life Reading, he was told a startling thing. He had questioned Col. Burks concerning the possibility of his attaining Cosmic Consciousness while still in this body. Col. Burks, in his own inimitable way, retorted quietly: "You are using Cosmic Consciousness right now. What else is there? Do you imagine you go out somewhere beyond the Cosmos and use some other form of intelligence?" This was an arresting insight to both of us. Our morning talk with J.W. today, brought us further illumination on the same point. J.W. reminded us that in the beginning all of us were created with equal opportunities and were each accorded unlimited access to Cosmic Consciousness, with its inclusion of all that makes up the flow of Life. It was Cosmic Consciousness to which Jesus referred when He said, "I have come that ye might have Life more Abundant."

As a rule we dip a medicine dropper into this Eternal Energy and withdraw for ourselves one drop, which we accustom ourselves to use and re-use during a lifetime until it is wrung out. Then, because we feel an uncomfortable squeeze somewhere in the psyche, we suppose the pain is due to having exhausted our capacity for growing, and therewith we call a halt and never allow ourselves the privilege of discovering the unlimited, unrationed oceans of possibility. Occasionally one individual or another reports the explosion, as of a sun in the midst of the brain, in which for an instant the contents of the WHOLE is lighted up, as lightning sometimes illumines a vast landscape in the midst of a night storm. That which is revealed is there all the time, of course, but we move habitually in the circumscribed areas of our own ignorance, until someone outside ourselves suggests we had better wake up and enjoy the view.

Here we stand, sit, walk and sleep in the very midst of all the raw material needed for clothing any idea in tangible form. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Therefore, faith or belief is a necessary link in the sequence of trans-

lating idea to form. Each one of us owns a private door into the treasure house of creative possibilities. Our name is on it in letters of gold. We are the STARS in our own life pattern, whatever it is. Why do all these 18-carat-gold personalities settle for the wages of extras, members of the crowd and mob scenes of the Magnum Opus, the GREAT WORK?

What has all this to do with HEALTH? Don't you know? Health is wholeness. The word health comes from the word whole. Weren't you aware of that? (A dictionary is for use, not for show!) This means that everything in your mind, emotions and physical-etheric body is intended to be perking, humming, purring, harmonizing, moving in rhythm to the music of the spheres. It is not nearly enough to possess a strong, vigorous body (unless you are content to be a dinosaur or a rhinoceros) without a matching set of energetic, well-controlled emotions, and a broad, deep mentality in continuous actions making for expanded understanding.

This brings us back to the thoughtform of our TEMPLE BEAUTIFUL. Is your temple beautiful? Do you have a beautiful mind, a beautiful set of feelings, a beautiful bodily case in which to house, and through which to express all the energies, forces and purposes of the CREATOR? Do you? Well, take heart, I don't either — yet! I could just slink off somewhere in a blue funk and forget the world, the job and my promise to God when I look at the big fat mess-pile I have erected as a testament to my own past activities. Am I going to give up? No, I'm not going to give up or crawl away or turn my back, or pretend it's someone's mess instead of my own. Instead, I am going to take on, in fact have already begun to take on a double chore. While I am working at reducing my own rotten heap and turning it into compost for building a more "organic" human person, I shall at the same time take your hand and help you transmute your mess into new forms and patterns of love and light. We'll come up out of this river-bottom muck together and enjoy the fruits of our work. I have

already had a preview of the fruit of this labor. Can you guess what it is? More labor, that's what. God needs workers in all the fields of His creative consciousness.

We cannot be HEALTHY in the true sense until we face up to all this attic junk we carry around in our own auric fields. It is certainly no worse to stuff our bodies with too much sugar, starch and acid, than it is to generate jealousy, spite and revengefulness on the feeling level which reacts on the outer appearance, reduces our beauty to zero, creates destruction in our human relationships, and infuses our energy radiation with a poison that enervates everybody who has the misfortune to walk into our atmosphere. It is no worse to wreck our physical bodies and our feelings than it is to ruin our creative minds. It is prostitution of the worst and lowest variety to flow our spiritual generative power into thought-forms for new ways to destroy, to harm, to demean, to brutalize and to rob our fellowbeings.

Maybe you are one of the fortunate ones who can afford high colonics (polite phrase for intestinal baths), massage and steam baths. Perhaps you have time and skill to play tennis, swim, surf, ride horseback, work out in a gym or jump on a trampoline in your own back yard. Maybe you are wise enough to eat a raw salad, drink fresh vegetable and fruit juices every day; but all this will not turn you into a Jesus or unfold your Christ powers before a world so sorely in need of what God sent YOU forth to accomplish for Him. Also it does not add up to total health or the Temple Beautiful. Unless you take a further step and use a high-enema on the sordid, caked contents of your emotional bodies and minds, and then feed these also with vital foods of their vibrational requirements, and then exercise them in constructive service, you are a travesty of the abiding god within you.

Did I ever mention to you that I learned to see Old Age, not as a gracious arrangement of Nature to coast us down the skids to physical oblivion, but as a disgrace and a disease? This is another of the innumerable insights I received through association with Gloria Lee. I owe that girl so much it isn't funny. Some of

you have ridiculed or chided me for what you think is a corny, sentimental devotion to her, bordering on idolatry. I have even been accused of trying to make of Cosmon a lifeless, commemorative graveyard geared to the frequencies of the past, and imbued with a refusal to take the bull by the horns and create something new from yesterday's ashes. Cosmon may still smack of suspended animation, because there have been so many subjective duties to perform before it could be determined what forms would be best to bring forth for the highest good of all concerned; and while this period of inner gestation has been going on, ~~the~~ outward appearances are quiescent like leafless trees waiting for the sap to rise in Spring. BUT COSMON IS NOT DEAD, I ASSURE YOU.

And neither is my love for Gloria. You have just not been lucky enough to experience the inside of a friendship of this magnitude, that had been under cultivation for innumerable past lives. I love her for what she IS, right now, and I am not only tending the precious seeds she planted, but am planting a whole sackful of my own. That is what she wants: expansion, development, fulfillment and CREATIVE ACTION. That is what she is getting. And that is what I want. This is our common bond.

Well, I do digress, don't I?

It was Master Morya Who made me believe that anyone can do anything and SHOULD! He wrote, in words the copyright owner refused to let me quote, that when we are surrounded by negative forces, there is only one way out and that is UP. It is time to RISE. He said we should reach up our mental hands, as it were, to the Master, or to the Christ, and as we reach up, help will descend to meet our need. This is true. I have been in such positions more than once and have reached up. The formula works!

We all give up too soon, in any undertaking we set ourselves. We discourage too easily. We keel over in the face of pure Mumbo-Jumbo ladled out by the defeatists; the self-styled prophets — disguised sadists who find their kicks in watching the hairs rise along the



ridge of our spines; delight in seeing our eyes widen with terror; prance with joy when we pitch over the precipice backwards into the horror of self-undoing. Well, it doesn't cost anything but the effort to pretend you are brave, even when you are half melted into water. Perhaps such delaying tactics on your part can fool the opposition and gain you just enough time to hatch a victory plan. Try it! Tell yourself, "If I must die, let me do so as a person of valor and not as a puking slave!"

About this Old-Age racket. . . Somewhere, way back when, a bunch of Negatives must have gone into a huddle to brain-storm the problem of "How in the Universe?". . . to conquer all the handsome, god-like, enthusiastic, disgustingly healthy, gifted, power-filled men and women, everywhere busily turning the Earth into a more Eden-like planet all the time, until, if something drastic could not be thought up inside a one-two-three deadline, the Forces of Light and Love and Beauty would only too obviously get things their own way for Eternity.

It is conceivable these hypothetical characters connived to import some rip-snorting witch or wizard, from a Cosmic trash dump way out yonder, to formulate a magic brew that would have tantalizing and irresistible bouquet; that would race through the veins of humanity like quicksilver, dragging along with its progressive travel a whole fleet of suggestions of decay, fatigue, ugliness, incapacitation, bellyache, bad breath and OLD AGE.

Here we are. Look at us and weep. It's only too apparent we accepted a swig of that bubbling DEATH.

Cycles have rolled around; not in circles, but in spirals, so we are again at the point where the Negatives think it is pretty important to get out their squelching kit and full regalia and let all risen evidence that Light and Love is still around and far from dead, be scotched and put out of kilter. I say let's reverse the gears on their infernal machine and discharge the munitions waiting to blow us up, right into their hordes. Too many of THE FAMILY (us) have listened to the LINE, the

BIG LIE that they have bought our SOULS and intend to have their way with us. Don't you believe it. The CHRIST SOUL within you is not for sale, not available for capture; is deathless, invulnerable, and strictly out of reach.

The worst thing that could happen to you, by human standards, is destruction of the body. But even that is only a temporary setback, for your soul is like a tulip bulb and can send forth a new shoot of personality to take the place of the one that was shot out of bounds.

I repetitiously declare, with some vehemence, that we can do something about this. I mean to FIGHT BACK, in my own peculiar way. I hope you will fight beside me. DAMMIT ALL!

Just to make it clear what our fight is about, so you won't go into battle loaded for mice when you should be loaded for BEAR! Our FIGHT, Brothers and Sisters, is against FEAR, HATE, DEATH, OLD AGE, DISEASE, POVERTY, CRIME, and PROCRASTINATION. Even while we are stopping to discuss strategy, the waves of the enemy are rolling over more and more of our lands and seas; cluttering up the spaces above the Earth.

All the foregoing considerations are part of the structures concerned in the area of mental health. The biggest part of the BATTLE FOR PLANETARY HEALTH is within the minds of men. It is in this vast, unexplored continent of the mind, upon our first New Age beachheads of deepening understanding, that we are being met by poisoned spear-points and arrowheads of the natives who consider this preferred territory their own, and are putting up a good show of routing us before we even get a settlement started on the coastal fringe of the CONTINENT of GOLDEN AGE CIVILIZATION.

Are YOU challenged, or do we see you going down for the last count? Now that things are flying apart in every direction, I suddenly find myself enormously challenged, like an old fire horse smelling smoke. I feel this is my cue. I am excited at the prospect of our RISING UP IN A GROUP and just SHOWING

## THOSE NEGATIVE DOPES WHAT'S WHAT!

(I wish to God I were a general.)

\* \* \* \* \*

This brings us back to other considerations. We judge too much by appearances. This is a truism and unexciting and how can any variations be rung on this trite theme? Let's see.

We accept our fellow people at their own valuation. What value do you place upon yourself? The individuals who have drifted like a gray tide into the Skid Rows of the world do not place very much value upon themselves. They think halfpenny thoughts and lead halfpenny lives, giving increasingly rare little phenomenal manifestations of self-respect. At the other extreme are individuals gleaming with the surface gloss of self-approval, pointed up by accents of gold and silver.

What of it?

Do you honestly think, in your secret heart, there is any choice between extreme conceit and extreme self-abasement? One may be a more comfortable cloak in cold weather, but otherwise both are off center; off Truth. Buddha, with His Noble Middle Path of common sense, tried to tell us that nobody is basically better than anybody else. Everybody is put together by the same formula, using the same substances. The only acceptable distinction between person and person is in the realm of use. It isn't what you have, but what you do with it that counts. We are too asininely prone to judge an individual by his accumulation or lack of accumulation of "things". We should, instead, value each person according to his or her degree of usefulness in furthering the standards of GOODNESS, BENEVOLENCE, SERVICE, BROTHERHOOD, RACIAL EQUALITY and RIGHT DISTRIBUTION OF WORLD RESOURCES. How do you measure up in these areas? What healthy whole-making actions have you performed with your talents, skills and personal resources over the whole span of your lifetime? In how many ways is the world better off by your presence in it? Someday you

will be asked this question by your own Soul. How will you answer? It's never too late to take a fresh direction and make your last few years, months, weeks, days, hours or minutes, yield the world some proof that you have passed this way and left in your wake something memorable.

So far as we know, Jesus did not have a life insurance policy, a savings account, stocks and bonds, a piggy bank or even a change of clothes. Nevertheless, you could not think of a figure great enough to symbolize the VALUES He set loose in the world. There was a WHOLE, HEALTHY, BEAUTIFUL individual such as you and I were originally intended to be (and wish to Goodness we were!).

Due to the patina of ignorance that has drifted down all over us and obliterated the luminous flame at the center of our individualities, we have become those masses who set up personal happiness as our goal of goals. We decided that possession of a portion of the world's wealth should be the arbitrary measure of the happiness we sought. By every dollar that our holdings increased, we should automatically rate the rise of happiness.

No wonder we are so ugly, nervous, ill-tempered, ulcerated, lopsided, fatigued, bored, disconsolate, foolhardy and defensive. We are autointoxicated on every level of mind, feelings and body. We are the very ones who sold ourselves down the river. This was a do-it-ourselves kit and no mistake. We stood by and watched our valuable goods of integrity, steadfastness, reverence and industriousness loaded on a raft and poled downstream on a current too swift to overtake, had we even then changed our minds. What was given us in exchange? "A mess of pottage." It wasn't just pottage: it was a MESS of pottage! There was already a skin of furry mould over it, by the time we were ready to remove the cover and feed ourselves in the day of moral famine that was upon us, far away and long ago.

Tsk. Tsk.

Life has tossed us a curve, as before stated. The ball is this Planet, itself. Did it

ever occur to you that God must have believed us equal to the impossible-possibility of opening the drain to flush out all the negative forces that have been parasites and pirates infused into every phase of our living? If you went that far, did you shrink down the Universal into the particular and have a long look at the inroads negative forces made into the world that is your private and particular sphere of creativity? We have to win this BATTLE, Brothers and Sisters, with the one untrused weapon we have left: our BARE HEARTS. Think of it, FAMILY. This is not mutiny. This is not revolution. This is RESOLUTION. Not the missile, not the warhead will be our symbol, but the homely, capable ENEMA. We do not require destruction, but cleansing, from the inside out!

"A MERRY HEART DOETH  
GOOD LIKE A MEDICINE."

Yes, this does have reference to HEALTH, whether you recognize it or not. If the planet is destroyed through our default and failure to measure up to our spiritual capacity for courage and nobility, then we shall all disappear as bodies, in a twinkling, and we can shelve our health lectures and pills; but as long as we are here, on deck, the battle is not culminated and we'll need all the mental, emotional and physical health we can get. This has got to be a MOP-UP!

Since you stare at me and ask point-blank, "Well, what do you think you are doing besides warming the seat of your desk chair?" I'll fly back at you and roar, "I'm writing my fool head off, that's what I'm doing. If you don't think it's work to change your heart into a pen and write with your own blood, try it, that's all I ask, try it!" Of course this is only a beginning. I am not planning to coast. Writing just happens to be the sharpest tool I have at the moment. Why don't you unsheath your own weapons, whatever they may be? You do not have to be limited to a pen or a sword. You can fight with a hoe, a baseball bat, a paring knife, a fireside poker, a pitchfork or a needle. Be imaginative. It can be something new you invent yourself, that the world has never seen, and would not believe if it did!

Jump up, dust yourself off and BE ABOUT THE FATHER'S BUSINESS!

Imagination. That's what we need first off. But be careful how you use it or it will fetch you only pain for your trouble, as it did to an eleven-year-old boy who was one of the very few to break out of Juvenile Hall in Los Angeles, many years ago. He was incarcerated there, in Solitary, so the story goes, because he had had the daring to climb on a locomotive and drive it across the desert. Instead of being appreciated for his genius, which he must have had in large quantities, he was rounded up and placed under lock and key. Came a day when he decided the time was ripe to be on his way. He therefore sat down and worked out a plan. The first step was to stuff his shorts as far down the toilet as he could. When it was flushed, the water rolled like a tide under the door and out in the hall. Post-haste came a plumber and with the plumber came a tool box. While the plumber was resourcefully fishing in deep water for the cause of the tidal wave, our hero quietly filched a few essential items from the open tool box. Later, when all was as still as a politician's conscience, our ingenious minor managed to remove the lock and to slip out between his wardens. Here was one who had used imagination, deduction, courage, memory, will power and the law of averages to free himself from an untenable situation. If we dried-up old prunes had half his initiative, we wouldn't be pressed on all sides by traitors to God and to the human race. Now is the time to use Master Morya's formula. UP, UP, UP. That's the only route left to freedom.

Someone had a class for hypnotists, and when it graduated the whole group was loaded on a broomstick and flown over here by remote control. These are clever operators, because even smart YOU are under their spell. For perhaps one hundred and fifty thousand years they have been singing a sleepy song to lull the world into dreams of happiness-through-depravity; happiness-through-self-seeking; happiness-through-destruction-of-conscience; happiness-with-illusions. DREAM PICTURES; with no substance in them. When everybody wakes up from the Opium dream, and this may

include you, it could be too late. These boys in the Trojan horse have not been idle for a second. You see, their teacher hypnotized them too, before he sent them over. He implanted the thought that they would never tire of evil-doing and they "bought" it. They were armed with a tested plan. They have a head start. Our only hope is to rise on the wings of a flaming heart, out of range of the deadening effects of their narcotic. THIS THEY DON'T EXPECT, even when they see it in print. They just laugh because, friends, they are under hypnosis too and imagine they are infallible!

I repeat to you: THERE IS NOTHING A FLAMING HEART CAN'T DO!

And that is the beginning of your rejuvenation; of your total HEALTH: to fire up your heart.

The secret passkey is, THERE'S NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE IF YOU CARE ENOUGH.

Do you?

With you in the same foxhole,

Barbara Steele

SHORT CUT FOR BUSY COOKS

Gaylord Hauser gives us many delightful New Age hints and instructions for health, beauty and happiness in his book, MIRROR, MIRROR ON THE WALL, Invitation to Beauty (for both papas and mamas). One of his good suggestions tells how to "short-cook" vegetables by shredding them on a medium-sized shredder and cooking them not longer than 5 minutes by steaming in a few tablespoons of water, under tight cover. Drop the vegetables in water as soon as it steams, turn off heat and let stand 5 minutes. Shake once or twice to prevent sticking. Season with vegetable salt, golden oil or a dab of whipped butter. (Try this on any vegetables you can shred.) Easy, hmmm?

# # # # #

"We must not blame God for the fly, for man made him. He is the resurrection; the reincarnation of our own dirt and carelessness."

Woods Hutchinson, M.D.

\*\*\*\*\* SUGGESTION BOX \*\*\*\*\*  
\*  
\* We ask your suggestions on any subjects pertaining to \*  
\* Cosmon and its development toward greater service. \*  
\*  
\* What subjects would you like us to have taped for a \*  
\* rental or donation basis? \*  
\*  
\* Would you like us to add taped music to our Library? \*  
\* What titles? \*  
\*  
\* What other newsletter departments would you like? \*  
\*  
\* Do you have favorite New Age personalities you would \*  
\* like to have invited to contribute articles to Cosmon? \*  
\*  
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INSPIRATIONAL MESSAGE  
FROM NELLIE ARNOLD

September, 1963

In searching for Truth many are like the streams flowing along quietly, but not going in any particular direction. They eventually find something which helps them expand in their knowledge, as the stream which finally flows into the river. Suddenly they may have obstructions or disturbances, like that of the river that meets with the rapids. Then they are greatly shaken and become confused in what they believe. They have lost sight of their particular Truth, they thought they had. This is where all logic and reasoning must be released and through Faith in God, alone, Truth will be given to them. The full realization of believing without seeing things will come to them.

Some will find the river that does not have the rapids and therefore will not experience violent shaking experiences. However the storms of life may come along and they will have some disturbances. Those who know in Whom they believe and have the Love of God for all people will feel the Peace within them that passeth all understanding.

Eventually, all the rivers and streams flow into the great oceans and are all blended together. This is a similarity of all on the road to finding Truth for themselves. There will be a blending of all into the Love of God.

As some rivers are blocked and made to go in a certain direction to help irrigate the land, so some of us will be directed to go in an unknown direction, to us. God will direct that path for us to follow so we may give the Christ Light and God love that is within us to others.

Following the Way that He gives us and being about our Father's business we will know the Truth of Spiritual Life.

Nellie Arnold  
Albuquerque, New Mexico

COMMUNICATION FROM MARTHA SADLER

From THE LOGOS

November 13, 1963

Become that which you were born to be. My children of Earth, I call to you; AWAKEN! Become that which you were born to be, MY avenues of communication, MY connecting wires to GOD, The Father of the Universe, — MY antennae to receive energy, power and recuperative force from the Universe. Through you I receive COSMIC RAYS, transformed and magnified in strength and power.

Stand (barefoot or stocking feet) in soft sand or grass: Lift your eyes upward; hands, palms upward to the heavens. Pray to the FATHER to guide the Cosmic Forces through the Crown chakra and on down through the feet chakras and into the Earth. Think love and blessing to the Earth, and every living thing on it or in it. Repeat often, especially during the full Moon — and watch the improvement, the world over; especially in your health and emotional levels.

. . . . .

Here is also a Blessing to give plants and trees to improve their sturdiness and growth, especially those which do not get much sunlight. Stand with your feet near the base of the stem, over the roots. Raise your eyes and palms upward and ask that the Father guide the Cosmic Rays of energy and growth through your Crown chakra to be magnified and rearranged rhythmically and sent through the chakras of the feet into the earth to nourish the roots of the tree.

. . . . .

P.S. My husband and I gave this treatment to an eight foot cedar tree that, seemingly, was dead for nearly a year, and the sap is now flowing through the trunk.

The Channel  
Martha Sadler

## CORRESPONDENCE FILE

Dear Barbara:

My eyes and my emotions, usually so well-controlled, just a moment ago, ran over. This was during the radio broadcast of the funeral for our President, but above all--OUR BROTHER in the Light. We just turned the little transistor radio on in time to catch the end of the ceremony, in which John Kennedy's soul was consigned to Lord Michael. I saw a little movie in my mind at that time--all of it tying in with J. W. 's and Gloria's likening us to actors in this great drama called "LIFE." . . . Well, the movie was a little "scene." I saw that John Kennedy like our Master Jesus and many others, CAME IN this time, to BE our outer symbol of WORLD LEADER; and that it was HIS CHOICE to GIVE HIMSELF IN SERVICE, if NECESSARY--to LET the little negative wheel give a powerful push to the POSITIVE WHEEL of man's evolution!

I am certain in my heart, that this ACT --of apparent BLACKNESS (as was Judas' act, in the betrayal of our beloved Master Jesus, so

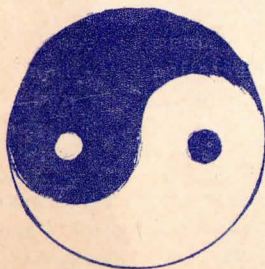
well understood by us)--the TURNING POINT for which all of us in the Service of Light and Love have long been waiting--and I believe each of us in our own individual places, is well-prepared, and will pick up our "cues" for the carrying out of the rest of this Great Drama which is focussing SUCH LIGHT in SUCH DARK PLACES in the consciousness of Mankind, that after the terrific upheaval, and the tearing and the strife between these two forces, our NEW AGE will HAVE to EMERGE.

Let us ALL STAND STEADY IN THE LIGHT, and SEE the door CLOSE--"where evil DWELLS." Then we will be ready to "Let LIGHT and LOVE and POWER restore the Plan on earth!"

With love and light,

(Name withheld by request)

P.S. I saw John Kennedy's face in meditation, the day of the act, and he looked so sad--but also so BEAUTIFUL.



Dear Barbara Steele:

You will, no doubt be swamped with letters of opinion regarding the brutal demise of our late President, so I will not make any personal observations. I did want to say, however, that when the news came to me, my mind went back to one night about three years ago as I sat in the auditorium in the convention center in Las Vegas and heard Gloria tell us

that this was going to happen. She didn't elaborate nor describe the circumstances that would surround the event, she simply told us that it would take place, but there is little doubt in my mind but that she knew more than she told us at that time.

My love to you . . . .

M. W.

\* \* \* IN MEMORIAM \* \* \*

On Friday, November 22nd, one of our friends phoned long distance to ask, "Have you heard the sad news? Our President is dead!" That was about 11:00 A. M. by our time, and it seemed impossible to take in the shock. Bartram and I sat down beside the radio in our office for more than an hour, listening and not saying much. Even though we had heard the prediction several years before, concerning the possible assassination of the President holding office in this particular time cycle, it was still next to impossible to absorb.

So very much has been said, by experts. We do not have anything new or wonderful or wise to add, but I seem to be impressed with the belief that out of this apparent accident, apparent failure, apparent loss, there will emerge a new unity among the forces of Light, a new realizing sense of the necessity to take more personal responsibility for the welfare of our world. We have just seen that the "best laid plans of mice and men often gang alee." Our leaders, in whom we have placed confidence, are themselves subject to yet higher Leaders, who in the midst of our fond and confident expectations may decide to change the lines or the actors on stage. Therefore, we, as individuals, can look to no one else to fulfill our duty, to act on our recognition of imperatives, to be our scapegoats or to stand the gaff for us.

If this is intended to be a government by the people, let us for the sake of God and our fellow citizens accept the spirit implicit in the letter and be those who begin with government of the elements in ourselves, and so gain strength that we may fit ourselves to carry out the original intention of those who gave themselves that this nation might have life.

We have looked to others; have waited for others while our national house of consciousness has begun to show signs of creeping decay. Let us accept Kennedy's death as the last solemn warning to us, that no one is infallible or indispensable, upon the human level. Let us turn as our forefathers did toward "God, our King" and let us be those alert, active, responsible and decent citizens of a nation "conceived in Liberty and justice for ALL!"

Your fellow citizen,

Barbara Steele

