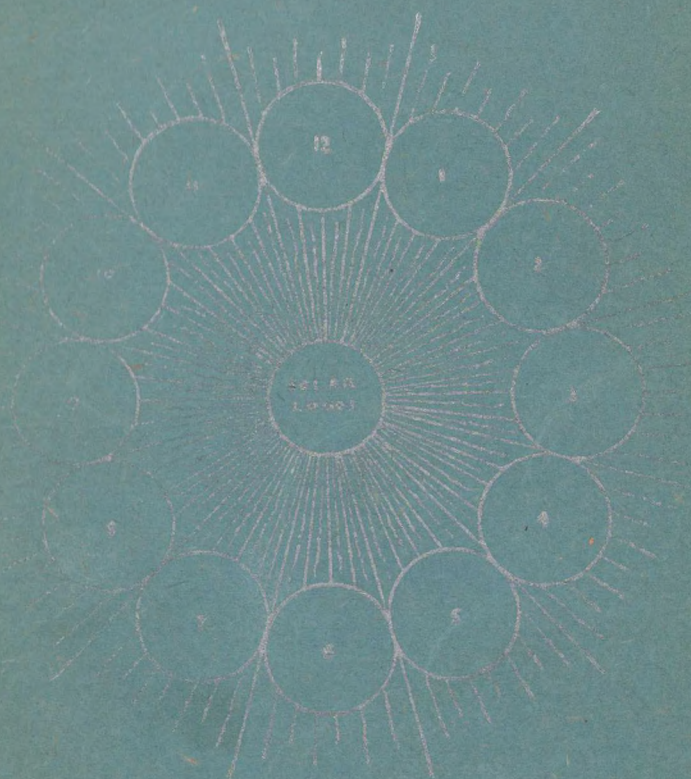




THE TWELVE SOLAR PLANES



THE GREAT WRITINGS
OF THE
TRUTHS OF GOD

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**THE TWELVE SOLAR PLANES OF
THE TWELFTH
SOLAR SYSTEM
IN THE
TWELFTH UNIVERSE
OF GOD**

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The Great Writings of the Truths of God

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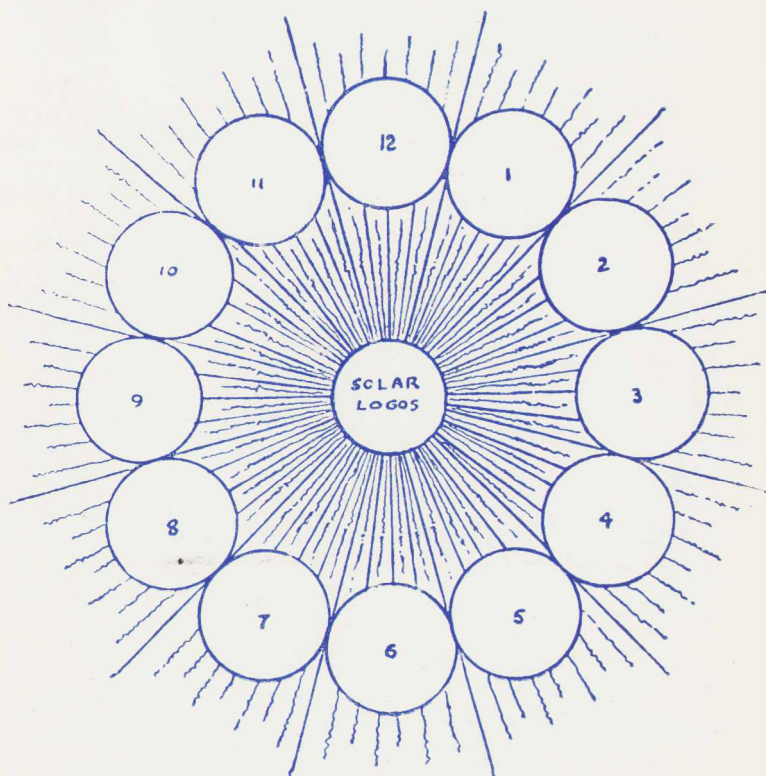
THE LORD MIKAAL

IN THE SANCTUARY OF THE TWELVE ADEPTS

**THE GROUP OF SOLAR TEACHING
GLASTONBURY
SOMERSET**

ENGLAND

THE TWELVE SOLAR PLANES OF THE TWELFTH SOLAR SYSTEM



THE ABOVE DRAWING REPRESENTS ONE SOLAR PLANET
—ONE SUN WITH ITS TWELVE SOLAR PLANES IN
THE CENTRE OF WHICH IS THE SOLAR LOGOS

IN THE
TWELFTH UNIVERSE
OF
GOD

THE TWELVE SOLAR PLANES

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THE GROUP OF SOLAR TEACHING
THE SANCTUARY OF THE TWELVE ADEPTS
GLASTONBURY, SOMERSET, ENGLAND.

FOREWORD

This *Twelfth Solar Planet* of the *Twelfth Solar System* in the *Twelfth Universe of GOD*—this Planet known to you as the *Sun*, was born of the *Breath of GOD*, 218,000,000,000 (Two hundred and eighteen thousand million) years ago, AND IT TOOK JUST OVER A MILLION YEARS TO COMPLETE IT READY FOR HABITATION. The Adepts then took control, and from them were born—from *GOD*—the androgynous beings who live in the Solar Planes. There are *Twelve Solar Systems in this Twelfth Universe*, the largest of the Twelve Universes, and which is the last; and each one controls the planets and luminaries under its care. This will give you some idea of the Magnitude of *GOD*. From *His Beloved Breath* outflow the *Essences* to the *Solar Planes*, from there directed by the Adepts to the various planets. The bodies of the androgynous beings are of Silver and glitter with the brightness and warmth of Love. They live in a perpetual adoration for the *GOD-Head*. The warmth of the *Sun*—a very small portion of which you receive owing to your sunken state—is of great intensity, but it is not of a consuming warmth, although it would harm your present bodies and would decimate physical things. Your eyes could not stand the *Light*. We have cities as you, buildings and houses in which to live, Temples of *GOD in which to worship That Adored Being*. We have vegetation, but so different and so much more beautiful than yours, which should have been lapis-blue in colour—not green. All these things and more will be described in the talks on each of the Twelve Solar Planes. You once heard me speak of the *Super-Etheric Edges of the Solar Planes*. These edges are highly charged with electricity to keep the Solar Planes completely from harm. My brother *Aahnahtah*, the *Lord of the Deep Royal Blue Cosmic Ray of Magnetism, Heat and Electricity*, controls these ether edges. This great high voltage belt of electricity consists of entities, very small, WITH INTELLIGENCE AND LOVE. We of the Solar Planes look upon them as you would your small kittens. They are triangular in form and were breathed by *Aahnahtah*; occasionally one or two find their way to the *Solar Planes*, but are quite harmless. They are placed in the *Super-Etheric Edges* for the purpose of protecting the *Solar Planes*; should anything of a harmful nature try to pass, these small triangular entities immediately gather together in a flash and build a wall of protection, which nothing can penetrate. So, you see, those who live in the *Solar Planes*, are well guarded. The distance of your little Earth from this *Solar Planet* is 136,000,000,000 (One

FOREWORD—continued

hundred and thirty-six thousand million) miles. We reach you by travelling on the beams of Light, our feet tread these beams which are as illuminated pathways. Our rate of travel is as the speed of Light; 372,000 miles per second and even more, twice the speed that your Earth scientists have reckoned. As soon as we reach the outer edge of the *Twelfth Astral Plane* there is a slowing down of the rate of progress and which lessens still more as we approach the dense physical plane, WHERE WE HAVE TO LITERALLY CARVE OUR WAY AS YOU WOULD THROUGH A BRICK WALL. It is given to those of the Solar Planes and those of Solar Birth to travel at even higher speeds. When we touch the *Twelfth Astral Plane* we clothe ourselves with our YANIHIAN* bodies—we have, as it were, left them behind in Yanini on our return to the *Solar Planes*—we can pick them up and use them as we did when we first came to Yanini. I tell you these things, my children, FOR YOU ARE ONLY BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND WITH WHOM YOU ARE IN TOUCH WHEN YOU CONTACT THE ADEPTS OF THE SOLAR PLANES—THE MESSENGERS OF GOD, who carry out *His* wishes and who contact ALL PLANETS IN THE UNIVERSES. Guides who come to regions nearer to the physical put on the envelope which they discarded on their ascent into spirit; they had put the envelope by, as it were, brushed it carefully as a cloak they loved, waiting to be used in their duties as guides. That is why guides have *in the past* taken on Earth personalities, and these personalities last so long as the SOUL RETAINS A MEMORY OF THIS; I have often said I am a busy man, you will realise this more when I tell you that, not only am I Watcher of your small Planet, but of 1,900,000 (One million nine hundred thousand) others in this Solar System. The reason why I am greatly attached to this Planet of Earth is because my daughter is here, and only through her can I speak and communicate in writing; and this planet holds Yanini; it is tucked away in a small portion of the *Twelfth Astral Plane*. (There are Twelve planes surrounding Earth—the first six Etheric and the last six Astral. So the *Twelfth Astral Plane* is the last one.) There are other planets more advanced than yours, but never in the whole of GOD'S Creation has man ever reached the beauty of the beloved Yanihis. But alas! others have fallen to unspeakable depths. You will all contact the Solar Planes one day, where there exists an atmosphere of intense love for the Great Father-Mother. Pray for it to come to pass, work for it, it is indeed worth it.

*See The Yanihian Script in *The Winds of Truth* by The Lord Mikaal.

THE TWELVE SOLAR PLANES

THE

HIERARCHY OF GOD

JESIAS of the Jesiam Solar Plane, controlling the Atruhm (Radium) Ray, the greatest Cosmic Silver Ray of Life and Love, and who is known to us as Jesus. The Greatest Adept and the greatest of the Sons of God. The Lord of the First Solar Plane.

AHMENHAH of the Mlunhisia Solar Plane. Controlling the Bhamha Ray, the Yellow Ray of Sight. The Lord of the Second Solar Plane.

ITHURIEL of the Gloinhiam Solar Plane, controlling the Crisneth Ray, the Green Ray of Nature Growth. The Lord of the Third Solar Plane.

FRANCHALAH of the Sekht Solar Plane, controlling the Hakhanh Ray, the Scarlet Ray of Mysticism, and who is known as Gabriel. The Lord of the Fourth Solar Plane.

MAKHIMSIH of the Granhisiam Solar Plane, controlling the Shinhoth Ray, the Golden Ray—the Creative Ray—and who is known to us as Buddha. The Lord of the Fifth Solar Plane.

MLYHYHIA of the Corbh Solar Plane, controlling the Krinhaltha Ray, the Indigo Ray of Knowledge. The Lord of the Sixth Solar Plane.

ARHURA of the Hulhia Solar Plane, controlling the Minhihih Ray, the Amethyst Ray of Perfume, and known to us as King Arthur. The Lord of the Seventh Solar Plane.

RAHAAL of the Numhiam Solar Plane, controlling the Lukhanic Ray, the White-flecked-blue Ray, the Medical Ray, and known to us as Raphael. The Lord of the Eighth Solar Plane.

AAHNAHTAH of the Slumbhia Solar Plane, controlling the Motsumh Ray, the Deep Royal Blue Ray of Magnetism, Heat and Electricity. Known to us as Akhanaten of Egypt.

KAHANAH of the Kransha Solar Plane, controlling the Grinhilam Ray, The Pale Blue Ray of Recording and Foresight, and who is known to us as the Recording Lord. The Lord of the Tenth Solar Plane.

AZRAHAHL of the Bakh Solar Plane, controlling the Kralohnoh Ray, the Dark Green Ray of Art, Music and Colour. The Lord of the Eleventh Solar Plane.

MIKAAL of the Klusian Solar Plane, controlling the Faenic Ray, the Lapis Blue Ray of Power and Rulership, and who is known to us as Michael. The Lord of the Twelfth Solar Plane.

THE FIRST SOLAR PLANE OF THE LORD JESIAS

JESIAM

In God's Name I come. I propose this day to begin my talks to you all on the *Solar Planes*. These talks will be brief, and I am going to describe each separate plane—in words for your understanding—of the *Twelfth Solar System*—my own*.

I shall begin with the *First Solar Plane*—*The Plane of Jesias*—*The Jesiam Plane*. I want you to try and think of it in this way. Picture to yourselves a Silver mist, warm and perfumed; now go into that mist, which is REAL, vibrating. Part of the Silver Light is visible to the eye—not as your invisible ether.

The *First Solar Plane* of *The Twelfth Solar Planet*—which is the *Sun*—is not like the Earth Plane, it has contours but is not hilly. There is vegetation of a delicate shade of blue overlaid with a silver sheen; this is most difficult to describe in your imperfect tongue. There is only one type of flower in the *Plane of Jesiam*, the exquisite lily which grows in profusion and of tremendous beauty. One has to—as it were—cut one's way into and out of this beauty when passing from one part of the country to another. Then the buildings of the cities are not square as yours, but shaped round—all are round—and transparent; these buildings are made of a substance as near as I can describe to you as glass; but this glass, or crystal, is inlaid with silver threads, so that when one looks through the glass it does not give complete clarity to the vision, but it is like looking through silver rain. The beings who live there are not human as you,—only very High Spirit lives on the Jesiam Plane; BUT, AS YOU ARE TO ONE ANOTHER A REALITY, SO TO US IS SPIRIT JUST AS REAL.

In the book which I wrote—“*The Winds of Truth*”—I spoke of the tall pinnacles for the transmission of the Cosmic Rays; and as you look over the City of MAYA, which is the Chief City of the Jesiam Solar Plane, you see these great silver pinnacles, pointed, rising to the skies above. From each pinnacle you will see darts of Light. These Rays are controlled by *The Sons—for God*. Then through the air, you can see from the principal and the tallest of these towers, silver strands which sway in the air, hanging like gossamer webs of silver threads; and from the Transmitting Stations the Rays pass along these “wires,”

*One Solar Plane is therefore a Twelfth Part of a Solar Planet, which controls the Stars and Luminaries within its sphere of influence.

where each Ray finally reaches its full strength and beauty, and passes out from the highest of these towers to all parts of the *Universe for GOD*. The beings who live in the *Jesiam Plane* are ANDROGYNOUS, they are intensely busy people, never idle—forever are they working in an intense love for God and for each other, as well as love and admiration for the Master of that Great Plane—*JESIAS*: they realise to the full the *Great Personality that is Jesias*, they know that when they look upon that *Beautiful One*, they are looking at the *Very Son of GOD*. There is child-life, too, in Jesiam, because those androgynous beings have children by the breath, and they are brought up as workers for the *Silver Ray of GOD*.

No one ever sleeps there, no life is spent in sleep upon any of the Solar Planes, because, life is not long enough to spare any of its precious time and opportunity to rest when one works for and worships GOD. No food is consumed—it is not necessary. There is bird life of exquisite beauty and of intense colouring. And there is something of great interest and great meaning, for, every object on this Planet is overlaid, or has, as it were, a coating of Silver—not your leaden colouring of silver, but a transparent etherial silveryness and shimmering with Life-Force.

Can you just think, for instance, of such amazing beauty as the thousands upon thousands of lilies? The growth of the trees and the undergrowth is blue; there are multi-coloured birds of great variety. All the buildings, tall pinnacles and even the roadways are overlaid with this beautiful coating of silver. That is the *Silver Plane*, the dwelling place in the Twelfth Solar Planet of that *Great Son of GOD*, and from *Him* has gone forth to this Planet of Earth and to 125,000 others in the past week (April 28th, 1940), the greater force of the *Silver Ray of the Universe of GOD*. There is no speech between the BEINGS on this beautiful Solar Plane, they communicate one with the other, and with their Lord by thought speech, soundless speech, and yet when one of Earth is brought, when the body is in sleep state to the *Solar Planes* for an especial purpose, speech by the beings of the Solar Planes is heard by means of the TEMPORARY LOWERING OF THE VIBRATION of that Solar Plane to enable sound to come, and to be UNDERSTOOD AND RECOGNISED. You can prove for yourselves by the language of thought that speech is not necessary. Music, as you have it, is not known on the Solar Planes, because your instruments are so incomplete and elementary. It will surprise you to know, that the greatest instrument in most of the spheres is the Organ; it is not much like yours in appearance. I will describe one to you:—

Firstly, you must understand that I can only describe these things to you in "pictures," constructed in the material you understand. The substances of Spirit are eternal,—lasting; those of Earth disintegrate in time; not so Spirit.

The Solar Plane organs are larger than yours, and are made with an eye to beauty, and which differ slightly in colour in the various Solar Planes. They are made of a glassy-like material unknown to you. The fingering notes, or keys, corresponding to your black ones, are made of Amethyst or Mother-of-Pearl, and the white notes are made of Moonstone. There are six manuals, and to each of these are twelve "octaves," each of *twenty-four* myria-tones,—not eight, as in yours. The pedals are made of Chrysoprase and work independently of the hand manuals. The manuals are sloping as yours, but are continued right round to the side of the player. No music is required, and where your music-rest is,—instead, there is a sheet of opaque blue reflector, reaching from the organ to the top of the building. This is really a colour reflector, and on this the musician can see his thoughts of music manifest in colour, **FOR COLOUR IS REALLY THE CONCRETE FORM OF MUSIC.** I have seen the most beautiful silver colours give forth the most exquisite tones, and I have seen a poor green colour giving little response of pure harmony. Musicians are not made, they are selected. Music is therefore not a "natural" gift at all. The organ is the only sound heard upon this Solar Plane; played by a Master-mind; myria-tones of sound which ascend in Silver Spirals of sound to GOD. I have undertaken a super-human task in trying to describe to you, and in your most inadequate language, things of surpassing beauty. I want you to see, as I, the millions of beings upon the *Jesiam Plane* prostrate in adoration or standing with eyes turned to GOD, with arms ulifted in silent prayer to Him, Whom they love and worship. The bodies of all who live in the *Jesiam Solar Plane* are not clothed; **MY DAUGHTER CHAVARINIS HAS SEEN ME IN MY SOLAR BODY.** The beings are sexless, androgynous. They love The Beloved. Those who are not Adepts all wear *around the head a Silver band. Every Adept is known by his head-dress*, yet it is not a form of head-dress at all, it is **NOT ATTACHED** to the head, but is formed in the ether—behind the head—wherever the Adept is. All these head-dresses have a deep mystic meaning; your halo comes from the head-dress of the Adepts.

That *Sweet Silver Lord Jesias* wears the *many-pointed Ray head-dress—the Symbol of the Eternal transmission of the Silver Ray from that Sweet Head, for GOD.* The first thing one sees is the head-dress,

upon its Lord and Master. He—*The Beloved*—towers above all others. All are 10 feet in height, but *Jesias* is 14 feet in height in His Solar Body and broad in proportion; you will find Him always there, leading the worship of GOD, and the beautiful head-dress is the first thing that you will see. The little children are, of course, like their parents—*androgynous*, and wear the silver band like their elders; they are especially dear to *That Great One, Who*—as *Jesus of Nazareth*—was a Great Lover of children. The *Solar* beings grow and gather the blossoms for the Great Temple. Our incense is not as yours; ours is the GUM OF SOLAR TREES, and has a slightly bitter smell, yet the sweetness is overpowering; incense is for sweetening. We have no performing ritual as some of your churches; incense is to us a symbol of ever ascending love from the hearts of the children of GOD, that love passing upwards to *HIM* and seen to rise in perfumed spirals, intermingling with the love of those from every plane in the Solar Planet. There are twelve main entrances to the Temple with a passage way all round. The shape of the Temple is circular, as are all the other buildings—and roofless. The altar is in the centre, as in Yanini, but with this great difference—the altar is *circular* and rises on a pyramid in the centre of the Temple with many steps which are broad and shallow, used for standing upon by other members. There are no seats; we never sit. This great pyramid of steps, which is of silver, burnished and brilliant in colouring, lead up to the circular altar or Stone of Worship. And see The Great Adept of GOD—*Jesias*, the Beloved, standing upon the altar, looking with such love upon those gathered round, sending upwards to GOD such a pæan of Praise from the hearts of those assembled. The altars of the Solar Planes are circular and covered with a material resembling your cloth of silver, and upon that are lilies strewn in abundance. (We do not need to place our blossoms in water; when the flowers are no longer needed they are buried deep in the “earth” to sweeten and perfume the earth, that which GOD gave from the earth goes back again to the earth). And in the centre stands the Beloved upon the flower covered cloth. *Jesias—the Beloved One—the dear Son of GOD*, whom all look upon as the *Representative of GOD*. The first thing you hear in this great SERVICE OF LOVE is the organ, and then the process of thought speech to those listening below, and that thought speech is always upon the unspeakable *Beauty of The Adored Father-Mother*. Hearts are then dedicated, and their lives—to Him; then prayers for those in other planets; after that, a great pæan of praise of music from their hearts to the *Throne of GOD*. At the end of this, there is a great pause

and a deep silence, and in that silence another,—the *Solar Logos*—makes contact with *GOD*, and a message is given from the *Adorable ONE* to the people—that which they have to know.

I hope, my beloved children, you have had one glimpse into the *Jesiam Plane*, for always remember, and I cannot repeat it too often, **THE SUN AS YOU CALL IT, IS NOT HOT, IT IS NOT A BALL OF FIRE, BUT AN INTENSELY BEAUTIFUL PLANET OF GOD, FULL OF GREAT SPIRITUAL LIFE AND BEAUTY BEYOND HUMAN SPEECH.**

It is impossible for me to paint the Beauty of the *Solar Planes*, just as it was impossible for Chavarinis to paint a true picture of the *Great City of Hahara of the Twelfth Klusian Solar Plane* which she visited in sleep state with me; it cannot be done, for there are no pigments of Earth and no words in any Earth tongue in which to describe it fully. The next Group sitting will be on the Wednesday which comes—at the same hour—and I will deal then with the *Solar Plane of my brother Ahmênhah, The Second Plane, The Plane of Mlunhisia.*

THE SECOND SOLAR PLANE OF THE LORD AHMENHAH

MLUNHSIA

I am continuing my talks to-day on the *Solar Planet*, and I shall speak of the *Second Solar Plane*. I want you to imagine for yourselves a tremendous butter-cup, round, but not of an Earth type, for where you have a sheen upon the petals, think of that as Silver—as a layer of silver upon the beautiful yellow. This is *The Mlunhsia Solar Plane* of my beloved brother *Ahmēnhah*, Lord under GOD of the Yellow Ray—*The Bhamha Ray of Sight*. This *Solar Plane* is very near to the *Solar Plane of Jesias*, but differs in many ways from the *Jesiam Plane*. Everything in this *Solar Plane*, save for the bodies of its inhabitants, is a beautiful shade of soft yellow, and not hurtful as are many of the yellows of Earth. All the vegetation of the *Mlunhsia Solar Plane* is yellow, the trees of a slightly deeper shade; and over all lies a web of Silver from the *Love Plane of Jesias*, which is as a web of gossamer beauty and fineness. All the buildings are transparent, but yellow. Yellow “glass” is used in the buildings in which the inhabitants live, and all these buildings—in the *Solar Planes*—are round in shape. *The Great Temples* and the *Halls of Learning* are round, too. Then there is the *Great Hall*, where the question of Sight is gone into—this is also round, it is like a great dissecting room where doctors work experimentally, testing all the things that matter in connection with PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL SIGHT, so that the final results are ready to be given THROUGH SPIRITUAL MEANS to Earth mortals and other planets for yours and their benefit. As I have told you in “*The Winds of Truth*,” my beloved brother *Ahmenhah*—for GOD, also deals with Earth vision and every little nerve of the eye must be studied, tested and worked upon, and the inquiries and results,—all of which are brought from the *Solar Planes*—are impressed on the minds of your Eye specialists. *The Great Temple* is similar to that in *Jesiam Plane*, the Altar or Stone of Worship is round, but is not circular in pyramid shape, and it is on nearly equal level with the floor, raised as in the Yanihian Temples. (The Altar in the *Jesiam Plane* is raised by virtue of the right that Jesias should be raised above all others.) *Ahmenhah* stands behind the Altar when Rites are taking place; when he is absent—that is, when his duties for GOD take him elsewhere—then one of the Lesser Adepts takes his place. The organ, of course, plays a large part in the Rites, as it does in other planes.

The ordinary citizen wears around the head a yellow band with a disc of Silver in the centre. In all the *Solar Planes*, Silver touches each one. The life of the *Mlunhisians* is given up entirely to the worship of *GOD* and to the matter of *Sight*. The name of the principal City is *SARAKHT*, for in each *Solar Plane*, there is a Principal City where the chief work takes place, and where many dwell; there are villages in outlying districts as there are on Earth. The flowers in the *Second Solar Plane* are all yellow, and not one varies from that same colour; they are of exquisite perfume and there is one flower in particular, somewhat like a golden lily of the Madonna type, and from the centre grows a scarlet eye, like a large stamen, the only variation in the floral world. And it is of special notice that *Ahmēnhah* also has the *Scarlet Eye*. I can only vaguely describe to you the beauty of the *Solar Planes*. The ceremony of Worship is the same—life is similar—one long love for *GOD* and service for humans. To go into the *Mlunhisia Solar Plane* is like walking into one gigantic butter-cup. See, with me, the sweetness, the beauty, and everything so gentle. **THE BEINGS ON THE SOLAR PLANES NEVER INCARNATE IN HUMAN BODY** and the Lesser adepts of the *Solar Planes* **SELDOM** do. On the next occasion I will speak of the Third Solar Plane.

THE THIRD SOLAR PLANE OF THE LORD ITHURIEL

GLOINHIAM

We will go in thought to-day to the *Third of the Solar Planes, the Plane of Nature Growth, the Gloinhiam Plane where Ithuriel is The Great Lord of that Plane for GOD*. It is a vastly different place from any of the other Solar Planes. Try and picture yourselves walking into a vast forest where the light is dimmed—not by darkness—but by the lacey-green foliage overhead; it is not as a forest, but everywhere has the appearance of a sunny-live-greenness of movement. The air is dripping in millions of dewdrops—this is not wetness—but is the atomic make-up of the atmosphere. The foliage and vegetation is green, not blue, because it is absorbed and tinted with the *Green Nature-Growth Ray of Ithuriel*. The trees are of great beauty and are lacey and web-like in their foliage, they do not have large leaves as many of yours of Earth, but the leaves of the trees in the Gloinhiam Solar Plane are approximate to your maiden-hair. Can you imagine millions of trees like that? The androgynous beings who live in this Plane all wear silver robes, with a green band around the head, not as a flat band, but one which is composed of a chaplet of leaves, as Ithuriel has upon the leaved Solar head-dress. There is great gaiety in this *Solar Plane*, and much laughter, and a humming noise which is their singing. This Plane may appear to you more human than the other *Solar Planes*, for they partake of constant joy, as is the heart of their *Great Adept-Ithuriel*. The buildings are different to those of the buildings on the other *Solar Planes*. They would seem to you to be constructed of growing things, and would appear as a picture in some stupendous fairy story; and now you can see that your EARTH FAIRY STORIES ARE FOUNDED ON FACT! The Great Temple is circular, but differing in shape to those in other Solar Planes. This Temple is beautifully and minutely carved and is of a green substance resembling that which is known to you as jade, and is in the form of a gigantic bell or of an inverted lily. The formation of the inner part of the Temple is much the same as the other Temples; the *Great Altar* is in the centre with a few steps leading up to it. This *Great Adept Ithuriel*—who celebrates at the Rites of the Temple—stands as does *Jesias*—upon the altar. There is perfume in the *Gloinhiam Solar Plane*, far beyond the human senses of Earth people; and of such exquisite beauty. Every type of flower grows in abundant profusion,

—in every colour. Your human brains cannot conceive of the perpetual life, colour and growth of the *Third Solar Plane*; *Ithuriel*—as all the other *Solar Adepts*—has complete command for *GOD*. He moves freely, because movement is of the *Solar Planes*. He is Director of Control who conducts the lectures in the Colleges of Learning; each plane has its *Colleges of Learning*. The habitations of the people in the *Gloinhiam Solar Plane* are formed of growing things, small circular and conical erections, clothed in living green-ness, truly such beauty hidden from Earth mortals. Flowering trees are grown to form these structures and in them the inhabitants dwell. There is, of course, no eating or drinking on any of the *Solar Planes*.

There is one other great difference between the *Third Solar Plane* and all the others, and that is—there is no great organ in that of *Ithuriel*. In the Temple of *Ithuriel* there are pipes, and the players of these pipes are the Little People, known on Earth as fairies AND WHO HAVE THEIR BEGINNINGS IN THIS UNIVERSE in the *Gloinhiam Solar Plane* of *Ithuriel*. Therefore, there is a constant piping— a tinkling of love and joy, which continually goes up to *GOD*. It is all fairy-like; you would think, were you to go to this beautiful place, that you were walking into fairy-land, it is of such unspeakable beauty. *The Great Adept* who holds—for *GOD*—the *Crisneth Ray of Nature Growth* is the laughing Lord of the Solar Planet, and it is through his control for *GOD* that you get such joy in growing things of Earth. You always feel joy in your hearts in the sweet blossoms and their perfume, WHICH FOUND THEIR GROWTH IN THE HEART OF ITHURIEL. There is abundant bird-life of brilliant plumage. The small humming-bird of your planet is the tiny one of the larger humming-bird which first saw life in the *Gloinhiam Solar Plane*; it has no song, but its little heart is giving out in the beating of its tiny wings an ecstasy of Love in its worship for *GOD*. I shall speak again on the Sunday following, upon the next Solar Plane—the Fourth.

THE FOURTH SOLAR PLANE OF THE LORD FRANCHALAH

SEKHT

To-day I will continue my talks on the *Solar Planes*, and the one I will speak about is the *Fourth Solar Plane*—named, *SEKHT*, and under the control of my beloved brother *Franchalah*—for *GOD*. The *Sekht Ray of Mysticism* is largely responsible for colour in this Planet of Earth and others. It is the colour of scarlet; but when I say scarlet, it is unlike the scarlet that you know. I mean *Solar Scarlet*, which is not of Earth; it is gentle and a colour of great beauty. It is not hurtful to the eyes; therefore when I speak of the *Solar Scarlet*, I speak of a colour unknown to you. The vegetation on this *Plane of Sekht* is all blue, as in *Yanini*, and the buildings are scarlet. There is no clash of colouring, as you might think, judging from your colours of blue and scarlet, but a beautiful blending, and of a softness. These scarlet coloured buildings are constructed of a material approximating to the scarlet glass of Earth, transparent, thick. The Great Temple in the *Main City of Minsah of The Sekht Solar Plane*, is round and roofless; the building is intricately carved scarlet glass, without windows, but having long apertures that the ether may pass in and out. The Stone of Worship is in the centre, and always burning upon this Stone of Worship is a huge bowl—similar to a brazier—incessantly burning a sweet savour of incense of *The Mystic Perfume of Franchalah*—the *Fragrance of Mysticism* which ascends in spirals to *GOD*. There are great roads or highways, and, where these meet at cross-roads, there are continually burning and exquisitely carved braziers with the *Mystic Incense of Franchalah*, and there are always three guardians present watching the *Mystic Flames*. Of bird-life—this, too, is entirely scarlet. The robes worn by the inhabitants of the *Sekht Plane* are of scarlet, and beneath the outer robe there is an under-robe of silver, known to you as white. There is no organ in the *Temple of Sekht*, but the music proceeds from what would look to you as a collection of pipes, constructed of a substance similar to wood. There are no metallic substances as your metals in the *Solar Planes*. The music is high-toned, sweet-sounding—as a gentle crooning in the air, it would sound to you as a gentle lullaby (the nearest approach to it being your oboe) which rises on the *Ray of Mysticism*—as a perpetual love-praise—having within it a peace—a softness, in harmony with the song in the hearts—to God—of those who dwell on *The Fourth Solar Plane*. There is child-life as well; all children are born from the breath,

androgynous in personality. There is no death, they live for millions of years, and if it is deemed wise for one to be removed by GOD, then death is not as you know it; it is a gentle removal, to be re-born in another sphere, but this seldom happens. I want to describe the Temple to you. Think of it—roofless,—roofing is not necessary; there is no rain. There are hundreds of delicately carved intertwined pillars and columns supporting the arches, leading up to a central main column as in a great pergola. The carving is of exquisite beauty, worked by those described in my book "*The Winds of Truth*"—and who were responsible for the great ivory carvings in China, and who are essentially and particularly attached to *Franchalah*. There is no speech used in this *Solar Plane of Sekht*, but understanding is conveyed OUTSIDE the language of speech—by thought; it is as a gentle musical note, a humming sound, a mystic atmosphere of peace and quietness for those who dwell under the *Great Lord of Mysticism*—MYSTICISM IS THE LANGUAGE OF GOD. In the Temple, the *Stone of Worship* is circular, and upon it rests a great scarlet brazier. Leading up to the Stone of Worship are three broad shallow steps; upon the top one is spread a scarlet damask, a covering which hangs over the lip above the second step as a silken fringe; it is not silk as you know it, but is composed of millions of multi-coloured Solar stones threaded upon,—shall we say,—for your understanding—very fine wire. On the carpet stands *Franchalah* when the Rites take place; the great figure of the *Lord of the Sekht Plane*, covered with a scarlet cloak, with an under-cloak of silver, and fastened at the neck with a jewelled clasp. On his head he wears the *Scarlet-Feathered Head-dress of Mysticism*. My difficulty in trying to describe to you, these things in Earth language is great indeed. I cannot picture in words the beauties of the *Solar Planes*—it needs music. The *Great Pinnacles of Silver* transmitting the Rays, can be seen from afar, the highest Pinnacle of all rises above the others, and is tipped scarlet.

Could you but see with the eyes of spirit—the Rays pouring from this Great scarlet tipped silver central pinnacle!

Water runs in this particular plane, and is the only one where water is used. It is not, however, your sort of liquid—it is cleansing-purifying-mystic water, in which people bathe—in an immense crystal scarlet bowl. There is also a Bowl of Water upon the Stone of Worship.

The flowers of the *Sekht Solar Plane* are all scarlet, the vegetation is blue; there is not one silver blossom; in shape and in their perfume they are vastly different. The effect of the blue vegetation with the scarlet above is intensely beautiful. This description is only a rough one, and, like the others, short. I would have you think of the colour scarlet as something perfumed, mystical. Carry that in your minds till Wednesday of this week when I will describe to you the *Fifth Solar Plane*.

THE FIFTH SOLAR PLANE OF THE LORD MAKHIMSIH

GRANHISIAM

I will continue to-day my speech with you on the *Solar Planes*, and it is my purpose now to describe to you the *Granhisiam Solar Plane*—the *Plane of the Shinhoth Ray*—the *Golden Creative Ray of my beloved brother Makhimsih*. This plane is one of the most beautiful in the *Twelfth Solar Planet*. The air is one mass of moving, scintillating gold dust in the *Light of Love*—and it is perfumed. The androgynous beings who live in this *Fifth Solar Plane* go unclothed as do those in the *Jesiam*—the *First Solar Plane*. For you to look at them, they would appear to you to be encased in a finely beaten golden armour, and yet it is not of a metallic substance at all. They are sexless, as are all the beings on the *Solar Planes*; they have *within them* the *Golden Creative Ray*, hence their appearance. All the buildings on the *Granhisiam Solar Plane* are gold, but the transmitting towers which transmit the Rays to all the planets in *GOD'S Universes* are finely tipped with silver, because the *Golden Creative Ray* is tipped with the *Silver Love-Ray of The Great Lord Jesias*, as are all the other *Cosmic Rays* touched with *Silver*. The great laboratories are given over to the higher spirits of this *Solar Plane*, where experiments are undertaken which are directly connected with the *Golden Ray*. These laboratories are also golden, and those who work in them are clothed in a type of surcoat during their experiments, a coat similar to a rubberised material; that is the best word I can think of in your language, implying, that insulation is necessary for the body; for you must understand that there is always a danger in the experimental handling of these concentrated *Essences of the GOD-RAYS*. The bodies are clothed all over—the head included, except a small slit in the covering through which the eyes can see. The floral growth is of every colour of the Cosmos, and is very beautiful; there is no undergrowth, or low growing things, by very virtue of the fact that the *Fifth Solar Plane* is the very heart of the *Great Creative Ray* which acts as a sort of stimulant in the *Granhisiam Solar Plane*; you can, of course, quite understand why this should be so. The *Great Temple* is circular and roofless, but is not entirely void of covering, which consists of a gigantic golden web, fine filaments of inter-laced golden “metal,” rising to a peak in the centre from which this beautiful web is suspended. Upon the topmost point of this, is, what you would call, a *Golden Image of the Sun*

—spherical—with Rays, NOT ARTIFICIAL RAYS—darting out from this central ball. Directly underneath, on the floor of the Temple, is placed the *Stone of Worship*; this is Golden, too,—of a far greater gold than yours is, the gold of the Granhisiam Solar Plane; it is of a great brilliance which would make your gold appear very dull. Upon the *Stone of Worship* rests the *Great Bowl of Incense*; another, of golden flowers, and a bowl of water. There are Twelve circular steps leading up to the *Great Stone of Worship*, and each tread is carpeted in the colours of the *Twelve Solar Planes*, — *The Twelve Great Cosmic Colours* of which you are now aware,—all rising up to the *Stone of Worship*. In the Temple Rites of the *Solar Planes* the worshippers stand or lie prostrate—there is no kneeling. The floor rises in tiers, so that all can see. A great organ is played at the Temple Rites. This instrument is constructed of a substance resembling golden glass, it is crystal-clear glass, flecked inside with the golden dust of the *Creative Ray*. The tones of the organ are deep and mellow—there are few high notes in this one, the tones are softened trumpet tones, tuned into that stature of music with the *Great Creative Ray of GOD*. At a period of that hour of the day which you call dawn—(actually there is no night or day in the *Solar Planes*)—a certain period before work begins: there is a Great Rite, the *Rite of Worship* to the *Great and Adorable GOD*, WHOM THE INHABITANTS OF THE SOLAR PLANES KNOW SO WELL AND LOVE SO DEEPLY. The floor of the Temple is made of golden blocks—for want of a better word I will call them stone, they look like stone, but are not stone really. All around the circular walls, blossoms are placed in great jars of lapis blue colour, which is amazingly beautiful in its contrast with the gold. The predominance of gold is not hurtful to the eyes; we can look upon it with the solar eye without hurt—which the human eye could not. Life in this Solar Plane is very busy, the *Creative Ray* never ceases in its work for GOD, therefore there is much employment and above all a deep sense of responsibility to GOD. They are seemingly solemn people who live on the *Fifth Solar Plane*, but they are not really; they realise the great responsibility in guiding the course of the *Creative Ray* for this Universe. It is a stupendous task of love which they undertake—gladly and most willingly. And above all towers the great figure of *Makhimsih*, and for ever one sees that *Golden Head-Dress*—the *Curls of the Creative Ray of GOD*. That sweet solemn beautiful face means much to the inhabitants, he is to them the Star of their existence—the *Great Lord* entrusted by GOD—a great son of that *Adorable GOD*—

and he does his work in all humility for GOD. The children are androgynous and born of the breath, and as they grow to maturity they play a great part in the GOD-work. Even the babies learn to form things with their tiny fingers, they form mosaic patterns, you can recognise them on Earth in the inlaying fragmentary mosaic work, in the minuteness of the brush of the artist which comes from the fingers of the tiny androgynous babies. The *Silver Love Ray* of the *Silver Son of Love—Jesias*, passes through the *Fifth Solar Plane*, as it does through all the *Solar Planes*, and the *Great Silver* brush tinges the beauty of the *Golden Ray* as does too the *Power Ray* of the *Twelfth Solar Plane*, bringing the *Power of Love* to Creative efforts. Language, as a SPOKEN tongue is more articulate on this plane of Makhimsih, and, therefore, they are able to learn the languages of yours and other planets, if those chosen have ot contact these planets in the service of GOD. The whole existence is one long working life, and, is as a pæan of praise to GOD. And from the Great Organ in the Temple there ascends a praise in a harmony of the *Fifth Solar Dimension*—a sound of exquisite beauty to the ear, gentle, soft—to *That Great GOD of Love*. Thus is the *Granhisiam Plane* one of the most beautiful of the *Solar Planes*. I shall meet you on the Sabbath which is to come—at the same hour to tell you about the plane of my brother Mlyhyhia.

THE SIXTH SOLAR PLANE OF THE LORD MLYHYHIA

CORBH

I shall continue my description of the *Solar Planes* to-day, thus do I come to *The Sixth Solar Plane*, the *Corbh Plane*, with its *Lord Mlyhyhia*. I would have you think of this Plane as resembling a Great University. The inhabitants of *The Sixth Solar Plane* wear the *Cloak of Knowledge*—the *Indigo Cloak*, with the Silver under-robe. And as they pass from Colleges to Temples they would present to you a sight of great studiousness. *The Great Corbh Ray of Knowledge*, and by that I do not mean the limited knowledge of Earth, but the knowledge of the *Universes of GOD*,—brings within its beam—medicine, music, engineering, science and mathematics, but rid your minds of your small calculations and figures as represented on paper. All these things pass first through that *Sixth Plane* of my beloved brother *Mlyhyhia*, who is the outstanding Figure in the *Corbh Plane*—always robed in Silver—a cloak of material resembling your velvet, and around his head the circular head-dress of Knowledge. As in the *Solar Planes* already described—there is no sleep; it is not required, so work goes on unceasingly for GOD through GOD. The Great Circular Temple in the chief *City of Amansis* is never empty, it is constructed of a substance resembling agate, with streaks of Indigo, paler in some parts than others. There is no roof to the Temple, so that those within can look at the Universe and see GOD. Ever on the *Stone of Worship* burns the sweetly perfumed *Flame of Knowledge*, from the top of the inverted triangle the Flame burns as on The Arc de Triomphe in Paris. The flame is fed by oil extracted from plants and herbs, it is not allowed to dim, it never sinks and is always CONSTANT IN ITS DIMENSION. The walls of the Temple curve inwards at the top and the overhanging portion is supported by a circle of finely twisted pillars made of crystal, and through the core of these twisted crystal pillars runs an Indigo thread. Around the *Stone of Worship* there are always masses of blossoms of every colour with a predominance of blue—from the pale blue of the forget-me-not to the deeper blue of the delphinium. As I have told you before, the inhabitants of the *Solar Planes* always begin their duties by a Rite in the Temple first. All the buildings in the *Sixth Solar Plane*—dwelling houses, Colleges, Halls of Learning, are made of the same substance as The Great Temple. The atmosphere is as clear as crystal, scintillating with Silver Dust—which

is the *Silver Ray of the Beloved Jesias* passing from the *First Solar Plane* through the *Sixth Solar Plane*—all for work for GOD. There is no speech, only a language of thought, and the understanding between the inhabitants and *Mlyhyhia* is far greater than if there were the spoken words; so, a great silence pervades all, a deep harmony of peace and quietness, yet, the activity is tremendous. The Great Colleges labouring in their work for GOD are packed with students, teachers and masters, but no sound, only an occasional sigh of breath, and music from the organ in the Great Temple, which, on account of the atmosphere of the Solar Planes being so pure and clear, issues from the open roof to be heard all over the *Corbh Solar Plane*. This Ray gives off a perfume of exquisite beauty—the nearest to it in your tongue—carnation, pervades over all; it is the perfume of *Mlyhyhia*, which is in reality an *Essence of the Indigo Ray of Knowledge*, sent out from the transmitting tower. The children and adults are androgynous, and even the children are trained gradually to manipulate this *Great Cosmic Ray for GOD*; it is they, who, SPIRITUALLY, leave this Solar Plane to impart knowledge to children on yours and other planets in this *Great Universe of GOD*, and, in particular to Earth, because, IT IS THE CHILDREN WHO UNDERSTAND GENTLENESS. In a period of time equivalent to one of your weeks, my beloved brother *Mlyhyhia* holds great meetings of all the inhabitants of the *Corbh Solar Plane*—within the Great Colleges to learn of the beauty of their Ray, to learn how to impart it to the planets. Intricate problems are abundant, such as those to be found in mathematics, but the mathematics of the Solar Planes, Time in Eternity, etc., not your man-made figure calculations. There are other problems on music, and the meaning of colour. Such a variety of subjects are studied which pass through this *Great Adept of GOD*, thereon to GOD, and to this *Universe for GOD*. At every corner of the thoroughfares in the *Corbh Solar Plane* there burns the *Flame of Knowledge* upon a tripod, to remind its inhabitants through Love that it is necessary to keep knowledge burning,—that it must never diminish for a moment of time, and, as each one passes that flame, they bow, not to the flame, but to what it represents; *THE MIND OF GOD*.

THE SEVENTH SOLAR PLANE OF THE LORD ARHURA

HULHIA

In God's Name I greet you. To-day I want you to come with me, in thought, to one of the sweetest of the planes of the *Solar Planet*—*The Plane of Hulhia*—*the Plane of Perfume of my beloved brother Arhura*. If you could approach this *Seventh Plane* in your human bodies, you would notice an intense perfume, a most exquisite perfume of which there is no equal on Earth. The air—the ether, is not only perfumed, but is of a pale amethyst colour, starred with silver dust from the *First Solar Plane of the Beloved First Adept*, and,—INTERPENETRATING THE ETHER. The buildings in the *Seventh Solar Plane of Hulhia* are, without exception, built of the *Amethyst Stone*, or *Mahda Stone*, as we know it. This stone can be clear or semi-opaque, thus do the buildings represent the *Perfume Ray* in colour, from the smaller to the larger. The *Amethyst Stone* itself gives off a perfume. The condition of the light on this *Plane of Hulhia* is not absolutely daylight, but of a soft gentle twi-light, partly due to the *Amethyst ether*. The inhabitants of the *Hulhia Plane* are gentle, quiet souls, interested in giving to their fellow humans the *Great Ray of Perfume*,—an understanding of this Ray, and an understanding of their *Lord Arhura*, but above all, a clearer understanding of *The Adorable GOD*. The Temple in the *City of Rosahrah*, the Chief City of *The Seventh Solar Plane*, is one of the most beautiful in the whole *Solar Planet*. The Great Temple has a roof, differing in this respect to those already described to you. The roof is dome-shaped, carven in a gentle curve and of a transparent amethyst colour which lets in the light. Inside, are dozens of finely twisted supporting pillars, exquisitely carved. In the centre of this Great Temple stands in solid block form—*The Stone of Worship of Mahda Stone*, and resting on this a vessel containing a sweet smelling savour—the *Perfume Ray of Arhura*. There is a small bowl of “water” and the green bough of nature-growth, not your green, but more of a blue. There is also a ring of these beautifully carven *Mahda Stone* pillars around the *Stone of Worship*, and another ring of such pillars set farther back, and carved in each there is a stoop, not for the purpose of holding water, but containing the ever-sweet-smelling savour ascending to God, not, however, the same perfume as is on the *Stone of Worship*. There is music from the Great Organ, the tones of which are deep and of an exquisite quality. The

organ is not made of the Mahda Stone, but carved from a white substance; the keys of the manuals are made from pieces of pink amethyst. The carvings in the *Hulhia Plane* are all done by a race of beings who are attached to this Plane, and whose sole occupation in life lies in the minute carvings in The Temple of the *Seventh Solar Plane*; they are, as you would say—responsible for the “interior decorations” of *Arhura’s Temple*. The floor is covered with a thick, soft damask of a deep purple, and placed around the walls are great jars of white, blue, and amethyst lilies. You can imagine the scene—the faint amethyst light drifting into the domed roof of the Temple, the exquisite perfume, the hushed melody which steals from the great organ, and the wordless chanting from those assembled there. There is no speech, it is not required, only the language of thought. Now let us go outside, through the *City of Rosahrah*, and you will see—common to each thoroughfare, a burning brazier, into which is poured a minute portion of the *Amethyst Ray of Minhihih*, and, ascending to GOD as a sweet-smelling perfume. Clothes are not worn, as you understand them, but each one wears a scapula—a straight piece of blue material, hung from the shoulders to the feet, front and back, fastened round the waist with a silver cord. The blue gowns against the amethyst background look very beautiful. The heads of the people are uncovered as in all the *Solar Planes*—except for their *Lord Arhura*. See with me my beloved brother *Arhura*—pouring the Beauty of Perfume throughout *this Universe—for GOD*. None could live without perfume. All of you love flowers, or should do, for in each blossom lies the *Perfume Ray* in the heart of the blossom. Perfume is a necessity to some men and women, and should be to all. The perfume of a baby’s breath is from *Arhura*. The *Lord of Perfume* works very closely with the *Lord of Nature-Growth*; when my beloved brother *Ithuriel* develops a new blossom for GOD, it is taken to the *Plane of Arhura* to be *impregnated with the Perfume Ray*. IF THIS DID NOT TAKE PLACE YOUR FLOWERS WOULD HAVE NO PERFUME. All these things are studied in the Great Laboratories of the *Hulhia Solar Plane*; so too, are the degrees of colours of the blossoms in all new growth; after which the blossoms pass to the *Plane of Jesias* Who breathes His Beloved breath into the flower, and they come to you as little things of exquisite shape. “the little gifts of God;” perfumed and coloured. Think of that, my children. All Solar Stones, known to you as semi-precious stones—but which are the most precious gems of all because they pass back to the Solar Planes when your Earth returns to the nebulous—have come from the Solar Planet; they reach you in

devious ways, they may come to your Earth Plane in meteorites, and hidden in the heart of the meteorite is a solid block of *Amethyst* or *Mahda Stone*, dropped through "space," landing on your Planet and other planets as *Gifts from GOD*. That is one method of transmission to your Earth. They are also materialised for you. Look well into the heart of the *Amethyst Stones* of the *Seventh Solar Plane*, where they had their birth. The multi-coloured floral growth of the *Hulhia Solar Plane* is very beautiful, types predominate which you do not possess, every variety is grown and all are unknown to you. All are tall, there are no LITTLE growing things, because this Plane is warm, and PERFUME NEEDS THE WARMTH OF LOVE, and that which sustains induces an abnormal growth. The *Plane of Hulhia* is one greatly loved by *Jesias* and often visited by Him. One can often see my beloved brother *Arhura* standing before *The Stone of Worship* when the Rites take place, and beside him the *Great Lord*, the *Beloved Silver Son of GOD*. Listen to the deep low voice of *Arhura*, mingling with the slightly higher voice of *The Beloved Jesias*. See the adoring crowds eagerly listening to those two voices which are utterly precious to them, ALL in adoration for *THE GREAT and ADORED GOD*.

THE EIGHTH SOLAR PLANE OF THE LORD RAHAAL

NUMHIAM

To-day I will give you a short description of *The Eighth Solar Plane, the Numhiam Plane* of my beloved brother Rahaal, who is known to you all as *Raphael*; he who controls the *Lukhanic Medical Ray for God*. Could you walk into the *Chief City of the Numhiam Plane—named Siharel*—it would appear to you as a tremendous departmental hospital, and it is in this Great Hospital that all experiments take place for healing the inhabitants of yours and other planets. The beings are androgynous, as are the children. All are a little taller than those of some of the other *Solar Planes*, standing about TWELVE FEET IN HEIGHT. When working, they wear a type of overall, blue in colour, and on the head of each one, saving their *Great Adept*, a blue cap is worn, which covers the whole head, having two apertures for the eyes; this is necessary for protection when carrying out experiments. A perfume permeates the *Eighth Solar Plane* which is unlike any other perfume on the *Solar Planet*. It is BITTER BUT INTENSELY SWEET AND POSSESSES A CURIOUS MEDICAL SMELL due to the testing out of things medical; because you must remember all things in connection with the medical and surgical needs, are, after testing to the uttermost, sent to the planets, when they are directly transmitted by inspired thought—through spirit—and into the human mind from the *Numhiam Plane*, not, however, BEFORE THE RESULTS OF THESE GREAT EXPERIMENTS ARE REDUCED, IN THE UNDERSTANDING RELATIVE TO THE PLANES OF SPIRIT AND RIGHT DOWN TO THE LEVEL OF THE HUMAN MIND encased in flesh. Thus do you get a glimpse of the great work which the beings of *Numhiam* do under their *Great Lord Rahaal*—for GOD. This Great Ray is one of the busiest Rays for good in the service of GOD. The buildings on this Plane are round, constructed of an opaque blue-white-flecked stone, the colour of the *Great Lukhanic Medical Ray*. The Great Temple is roofless, and there are no interior pillars. The *Stone of Worship* is placed in the centre, and upon that *Stone of Worship* lies a certain object which is not found in any of the other *Solar Planes*; it is a book with names inscribed, in the letters of Solar understanding, of all the suffering planets of GOD. YOURS IS ON IT, and the Numhiam refer to it each day for particular attention. The Earth has a star of amethyst against its name which indicates that

it is receiving direct inspiration from the *Solar Plane of Rahaal*. The colour of this plane varies slightly from a deep blue to pale delphinium blue, and over all is a silvery sheen of the *Cloaking of Love* from the *Great Ray of Love of Jesias*. There is multi-coloured bird life, too, and the vegetation and trees are blue; the leaves of the trees are large and spatula-like in shape as the sycamore tree of Earth. The trees provide the aromatic gums, for *Rahaal's* work. There is healing in the perfumed incense used. The androgynous beings in the *Eighth Solar Plane* are all medically trained under their Lord for GOD. There is no speech as you know it, thought speech is used for communicating, neither is there any singing. The organ in the Great Temple is a deep-toned instrument—of a sweet velvety depth of healing quality and harmony: few high tones are used. Labour for GOD is the chief life interest of these beings.

From the Head of *Rahaal* are born the experiments—but first through GOD, and *Rahaal* places these thought conceptions in the laboratories for examination; and, as I said before, reducing them for the needs of man, all of which requires the most minute working out by those with great medical knowledge in the *Numhiam Solar Plane*. In terms of your time—a portion of two days of the week, are given over for the Temple Rites—the first and last portion of the day. These Rites are preceded by organ music. *Rahaal* stands upon the *Stone of Worship* which is raised EIGHT steps above the floor level, then the Great Service begins; all standing around listening to the strains of the Great Organ, and thanking GOD for the privilege of working for HIM. So life on this *Numhiam Solar Plane* of the *Lukhanic Ray* is quiet, peaceful,—though very busy. There are no startling events to record. Around the walls of the Temple are hung great jars of flowers, twelve feet apart, in such a riotous mass of colour—all colours—not confined to two or three. The Ceremonial dress of *Rahaal* is of a deep blue edged with silver and suspended from the shoulders. That *Great Lord of Love*, that great brother of mine IS DIRECTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THE WONDROUS GIFTS OF MERCY GIVEN TO THE HOSPITALS OF YOUR EARTH, done for, and through love for, his Adored GOD. The *Slumbhia Plane* of *Aahnahtah* will be the next we shall speak of.

THE NINTH SOLAR PLANE OF THE LORD AAHNAHTAH

SLUMBHIA

To-day will I proceed with *Solar Plane* teaching—the Plane of my beloved brother *Aahnahtah*—*The Slumbhia Plane*—the *Ninth Solar Plane*. Firstly, it is a *Plane of Great Vitality*, and tremendous activity goes on there because its Lord is a man with an intensely active nature. His work is so vital to the Planets in the *Universes of GOD*, that he has no time for rest or dreaming; the mind of *Aahnahtah* is all the time calculating. The *Deep Royal Blue Motsumh Ray* permeates the whole atmosphere of the *Ninth Solar Plane*, and, if it were possible for you to go there in your human bodies, the first thing you would notice would be the twi-lit conditions of the ether; there is a blueness of light there, and this *VISIBLE* ether scintillates with masses of *Silver and Deep Royal Blue* flecks. As one approaches the *Great City of RABASH*, one would notice that the buildings are all transparent Royal Blue. The Great Temple has a roof, shaped as a shallow dome, which serves the purpose of protecting those who worship in the Temple, and is in all the buildings of this *Solar Plane*. This *Great Plane of Aahnahtah*, operating in its full force the *Ray of Magnetism, Heat and Electricity*—is dangerous; thus, precautions are taken here as in no other of the Solar Planes; the androgynous inhabitants must have protection, even though they have all been born, nurtured, and brought up in this very vitalised atmosphere. The shallow roof of this Great Temple is COMPOSED OF A MATERIALISED ESSENCE OF THE GREAT LOVE RAY OF JESIAS, the *Atruhmn Ray*—that the *Ray Aahnahtah* may only penetrate faintly into the building. The greater number of the buildings are laboratories, where such things as pieces of rock, some hard, some soft, from the various planets in this *Universe* are brought to be tested and examined by the *Ninth Solar Plane* scientists, and to find out information about any particular planet. The Great *Motsumh Ray* is tested as to strength, and is sent out from the transmitting towers; all these discoveries are made by the men trained by *Aahnahtah*. It is in this Plane where the escape of the *GOD-ESSENCE*—Electricity—is, as it were, caught up, and placed into large reservoirs, to be used by *Aahnahtah* in the service of *GOD*. At stated intervals, groups of these androgynous beings leave this Solar Plane, at certain periods, and travel at the speed of light for the

purpose of testing the great belt of electricity* which surrounds that which you call the SUN, now known to you as the Solar Planet. This force must be maintained, for it is a protection for the Sun and comes from the *Ninth Solar Plane*. The streets of the *City of RABASH* look as if they were paved in silver, for they have a highly burnished silver appearance caused by the Ray through magnetism. On these burnished thoroughfares all is reflected as in a mirror, and, overall there pervades a sweet smelling savour—a penetrating perfume of electricity—a thing unknown to you of Earth. It is like incense, but has a slight tang of burning which is not unpleasant, as you might think, and it is this sweet smelling savour which covers the whole plane of *Slumbhia*. The Great Temple building is transparent—the walls being made of, what would look like to you, thick blue glass, but it is not glass, it is a substance only known to us. In the centre of the Temple rests the *Stone of Worship*; raised upon twelve circular steps, rising to a peak. The steps are overlaid with blue-dyed plaited grasses interwoven with silver threading of exquisite design and workmanship. The surface of the *Stone of Worship* is burnished silver, upon it rests a crystal Bowl of “Water,” and, suspended above is an immense incense container. The worshippers stand or lie prostrate, for a very large floor-space surrounds the *Stone of Worship* and, these *Great Solar Temples* hold about 5,000 people; that will give you some idea of their size. The Great Organ, made of transparent material, is placed in the upper portion of the building. The tones of this instrument are deep, sonorous tones, there are no high notes. The inhabitants of the *Ninth Solar Plane* all wear the *Deep Royal Blue* cloak lined with silver, and around the head is worn the *Royal Blue* band of *Aahnahtah*. In the centre of this band is a circle of Radium or Atruhm, but it is not really on the band; this is, as it were, in the “flesh.” THIS CIRCLE OF ATRUHM ACTS AS A MAGNESIUM RIBBON, IT IS A LIGHT worn upon the forehead, because, at times, it is necessary for the scientists of this plane to descend to the closed chambers beneath the surface of the earth of the Solar Planet, thus, does this LIGHT ILLUMINE THE DARK SURROUNDINGS. The *Slumbhia Solar Plane* is abundant in vegetation and floral growth. The vegetation is all blue, ranging from medium to a pale blue. There is a tremendous variety of flowers and of all colours. In the blossoms there is one outstanding feature which would be instantly apparent to you, differing from those on any of the other Solar Planes; and that is, the stamens are all of a “metallised” nature and look like plaited strands of silver

*See page 4 in the Foreword

wire, it is the great force of the *Motsumh Ray* which possesses the power of transforming the delicate structure of the flowers into a "metallic" substance. Of bird life there are a great many varieties and of many colours. The whole of this *Solar Plane* is abundant in beauty and perfume, combined with an exquisite activity; that is the only way I feel I can word the busy life; and my beloved brother *Aahnahtah* is a worthy *Lord of The Slumbhia Solar Plane*. There is a form of speech, but not as yours, which would sound to your ears as a deep humming noise; the inhabitants understand it, and it is used freely; translated into your tongue, if that were possible, it would be spoken very rapidly, as does *Aahnahtah* speak WHEN HE HAS WORDS WITH YOU IN THIS SANCTUARY. Children are born of the breath, all of whom are brought up in their own little way in the knowledge and use of the *Royal Blue Ray of Magnetism, Heat and Electricity* for GOD.

THE TENTH SOLAR PLANE OF THE LORD KAHANAH

KRANSHA

I greet you, my children. This day do I give you a description of *The Kransha Solar Plane—The Tenth Solar Plane* of my beloved *Kahanah, The Lord of the Pale Blue Grinhilam Ray* for GOD. You will remember that I did tell you in my book "*The Winds of Truth*," that the *Great Ray of Recording* had changed from a deeper blue to a pale blue through the constant flow of tears of its *Lord—Kahanah*. Be it known to you that thirty-eight million years ago, that *Great Ray* was a DEEP CORNFLOWER BLUE AND NOW IT IS A PALE BLUE COLOUR. As you approach the *Kransha Solar Plane*, you would feel, in your human bodies, as if you were walking into a solidified portion of blue summer sky; and the first thing that would strike you, would be that all the buildings appear very similar to that which is known to you as *Lalique* glassware, a substance with differing shades of blue, from the pale to the deeper blues—all in opaqueness. The *Great Temple* and all the buildings are constructed of this, and you can imagine how beautiful is *The Great City of Syniah*, the Chief City of the *Tenth Solar Plane of Kahanah*. Let us look at the *Great Temple*; on the outside of which is carven the most delicate traceries of flowers of all designs. This Temple is circular and roofless, and around the entrance porch are clusters of finely intertwined pillars. As we enter the Temple we see the *Great Central Circular Stone of Worship*, raised on six deep steps. This is not blue, as you might think, but of shimmering silveriness; and, upon its surface lies a large circular covering of plaited blue and silver damask. In the centre stands a great Bowl of Water and another of incense. The steps leading up to the *Stone of Worship* as well as the entire floor of the Temple are of a blue substance resembling stone. The *Great Organ* is made of a transparent material similar to thick plate glass in the colour of pale blue; the keys of the manuals are of mother of pearl. This *Kransha Plane* is unlike some of the others, it is intensely quiet; the abnormal hush strikes you, and you would observe few people about; you might even think—at first—that there was no life on this beautiful *Plane of GOD*, but there is. The inhabitants of the *Tenth Solar Plane* are all engaged in, what you would call, a sedentary occupation. Within the buildings work the scribes of this *Great Recording Ray—for GOD*. There is ONE Great Rectangular building entirely devoted to the storage of the

Kahanic Records, **WRONGLY KNOWN ON EARTH AS THE AKASHIC RECORDS**. Every record since the beginning of Time has been recorded and placed in a type of filing system to which this *Great Lord Kahanah* may refer back, if the necessity arises. There is no spoken tongue, only the language of thought; the written word in the *Solar language* of the Hierarchy is, however, used. All the great androgynous beings are entirely occupied and are trained from babyhood to write in this language in this plane. You can imagine the tremendous work involved in keeping every record of every happening and the spoken word on yours and the thousands of other planets. Nothing is lost sight of; the *Great Recording Plane of GOD* for ever reflects back the doings of life in this *Universe*. The vegetation is of a slightly deeper shade than that of the *Pale Blue Grinhilam Ray*; all the flowers without exception are sliver in their many varieties, and, over all pervades an exquisite perfume much resembling that which is known to you as sandal-wood; this sweet savour comes from the braziers which burn in the thoroughfares and buildings of the *Kransha Plane*. This perfumed incense is distilled from the trees, and, to the inhabitants this acts as a medium for more acute hearing and seeing; they possess very acute hearing and seeing, what you might term very keen clairvoyant and clairaudient gifts; this incense is to them what water means to you, human flesh could not live without it. There is no "death" in the *Tenth Solar Plane of Kahanah*, but after several thousands of years (not through age, because the *Solar* beings are ageless), if one becomes weary with constant recording of the futilities of mankind in the planets, one can, at the express wish of *Kahanah to God*, be withdrawn into more ethereal conditions for a period of rest and where one can stay or return to the *Kransha Plane*, or, sometimes pass to another one; even in some cases advance to more highly evolved spheres in the *Great Universes of Eternal Beauty*. We shall meet again soon to speak of the Eleventh Solar Plane of my beloved brother Azrahaehl.

THE ELEVENTH SOLAR PLANE OF THE LORD AZRAHAHL

BAKH

My beloved ones, this afternoon I am going to give you a short description of another of the *Solar Planes* of this *Twelfth Solar System*; *The Bakh Solar Plane—The Eleventh*—is the Plane of my beloved brother *Azrahaehl*; he is the Lord of this Plane, controlling for GOD the *Kralohnoh Ray of Art, Music and Colour*. I would have you look upon this plane as a bubble, an iridescent bubble, and then fill that bubble with all the tones of music of the heavenly spheres; that is the *Eleventh Solar Plane*. The first thing that would strike you, if it were possible for you to visit this Plane, would be the intense activity which goes on, yet there is no sound from the “human” beings; I say human, and yet, they are not as you are. There is no speech, only a language of thought, but, there is another sound of great beauty, and that is the sound of *Bakh Solar Plane Music*. Remember, my beloved ones, that in all these talks, I have to *reduce* all these exquisite experiences of life, of a very exalted nature, to the level of your earthly tongue, so that you can ONLY PARTIALLY understand, and that language cannot give you ONE IOTA of the beauty of the *Solar Planes*. Now, all your musical instruments of beauty were first thought out in the *Eleventh Solar Plane of Azrahaehl*; and then the image of these instruments was transmitted by thought transference into the minds of Earth people, as well as to those of other planets through the intermediary of Spirit; thus, you do receive the LESSER EDITIONS with their corresponding REDUCTION IN BEAUTY AND TONAL QUALITIES. There are thousands upon thousands of musical instruments in this Plane and it is the joy of the Solar Beings to pour forth their harmony of exquisite music in praise as a love-offering to the GREAT GOD of the Universes. So much for the Music Section of this *Solar Plane*, and now we will speak of the *Art and Colour Sections*; because this Plane is, as it were, divided in to Three Sections: Art, Music and Colour. In the Painting Section, all the experiments are carried out with the *Solar Pigments*, and which are transmitted in REDUCED FORM TO THE PIGMENTS THAT YOU KNOW, but the colours you are acquainted with are only A VERY FEW; for instance, the colour yellow which you have, can be divided into a comparatively limited number of shades of this beautiful colour, the soft gentle tints are lost in their descent into dense matter; actually the shades of

yellow run into thousands. The artists, and there are great artists on this Bakh Plane, are for ever painting beautiful pictures, and when one of YOUR artists receives an inspiration to place a picture upon his canvas, that painting is already in existence in the *Solar Plane of Azrahaehl*. If you were to walk into the Colour Section of this Plane, you would find yourself immersed in an atmosphere consisting of spirals of colour—gently flowing spirals from Heaven to “Earth.” Thus, is this section of the *Eleventh Solar Plane* the birth-place of colour. You have seen balls of glass which Earth children play with, containing spirals of intertwining coloured threads; that is like the whole atmosphere of the Colour Section of the *Bakh Solar Plane*; but with this immense addition—the spirals are “alive.” I would have you contemplate upon the great minds of the androgynous beings who live in this world of great beauty. There is a special section devoted to the colours of scarlet, blue and amethyst, and the particular work of the Bakh inhabitants is in the transmission of these colours; work which is only known to them. They ascend a hill, and upon this hill is set a tower, from which these particular colours are transmitted upon the Kralohnoh Ray, by a form of concentrated thought, reaching different planets in myriads of Rays of colour. Sometimes a new colour is discovered on your Planet, such as in a new shade of women’s garments; all these came first from the Colour Section of the *Solar Plane of Bakh*. All time is spent in experimental matters, all work is a labour of *Love for GOD*, a three-fold labour of *Art, Music and Colour*. I will try to describe to you the great Temple of the *Great City of Rascha*. It is round and roofless, entirely made of a transparent glass-like material with myriads of multi-coloured twisted spirals within the heart of each pillar—situated all around the building;—there are no walls with a flat surface. These beautiful and symmetrically designed pillars are joined with webs of woven glass, the effect of which is magical. Within—the floor is coated with a material which we call *Lhanvahn*, the nearest equivalent known to you on Earth is likened to a silver substance of mirror-like appearance, but more of a silvery brilliance than is known to you. As you walk upon the floor the form is reflected in the *Lhanvahn*. The *Great Stone of Worship* is in the centre, it is made of a blue opaque substance—like blue jade, carven exquisitely, the surface being of the same beauty and brilliancy as the floor. Upon the *Stone of Worship* rests a Bowl of Water, a great jar of many coloured flowers, and a bowl of incense continuously burning. The Organ of the Great Temple is truly an instrument of great magnificence and of a different form from those in the other Solar Plane Temples; the stops

are all wind instruments, highly pitched—like the songs of the fairies, the trill of the birds, or the waft of the zephyrs. There is no singing, but a volume of airy music of sublime beauty pouring forth, in thought,—symbolised by music in the Temple as a Love-praise to GOD. The thoroughfares of the City are smooth as polished glass, in colouring of a shade unknown to you but hovering between amethyst and blue. The flowers on the *Plane of Bakh* are of all the species of the *Solar Planet*, a glowing mass of multi-coloured splendour. As I have so often said before, it is so difficult to describe to you the etherial beauty of the *Solar Planes*, the constant MOVEMENT OF COLOUR, MARK THAT WELL;—the gentle artists at their work which NONE OF THOSE WHO LIVE IN DENSE HUMAN FORM IN OTHER PLANETS CAN CONTACT—and yet you receive their labours in music, in beautiful pictures, and in colour,—IN THEIR LOWER FORMS OR VIBRATIONS. It is true that you have great beauty upon your Earth, much of this beauty is unnoticed by some, and yet, think in comparison, if you can, of the beauty of the *Eleventh Solar Plane of Azrahaehl*. The beings are all androgynous and their clothing consists of one corn-flowered coloured garment, hung from the shoulders to the feet and girdled around the waist with a band of scarlet and blue plaited material. No head covering is worn and the hair of all the *Solar Planet* beings is as spun gold, except the Adepts of the Hierarchy, whose hair is as spun silver. I will talk about my own beloved Klusian Plane next time we meet for Solar teaching.

THE TWELFTH SOLAR PLANE OF THE LORD MIKAAL

KLUSIAN

I propose, in a few short words to-day, to describe to you the *Twelfth Klusian Solar Plane*—my own. The description of this one will complete the *Twelve Solar Planes* of the *Twelfth Solar System*, of this Universe of which your small Earth is part. My *Klusian Plane*—the *Plane of the Ray of Power*, is, of course, to me, the most exquisite. and yet who would dare to compare the *Great Works of GOD*, one more than another? It is that I have such a love for my GOD, that I do hold sway for GOD, and thus do look upon the *Klusian Solar Plane* as a man who loves his home. If I could transfer you to that beautiful place, you would first be confronted with an immense “stream” surrounding it, which would look like water to you, but it is not water; it COULD be called water—*The Water of Life*—a cohesive mass of ether which, in reality, is a belt of the *Facnic Ray of Power*; and, on the other side of this great moving mass stands *Hahara*—the *Chief City of the Klusian Solar Plane*. The buildings are all of a deep lapis-blue, tall pinnacles tower above,—rising to the ether. The air is visible, as silver-dust, scintillating through the blueness of the atmosphere. The buildings are all carven of Lapis stone. The *Great Temple of Hahara* is round and roofless, and around the outside are twelve tall plain pillars; then the cloisters, leading from which are the twelve entrances to the *Inner Temple*, where the light is dim within. Although the Temple is roofless, there is a gossamer web of tiny silver filaments which glisten, and through which the current of the *Power Ray* passes. Every building in the *Klusian Solar Plane* has these fine *Silver-Power Ray* carrying filaments; the buildings are also, as it were, coated in *Power*. The first thing noticeable is the *Power* of the atmosphere, blended with the sweet-smelling perfume of the *Klusian Plane*, which has a slightly bitter smell; you have smelt this perfume WHEN I HAVE BEEN PRESENT WITH YOU IN YOUR ROOMS. Then there is the *Great Stone of Worship* in the centre; exquisitely carven out of a solid block of Lapis stone. Upon it rests the huge Bowl, also of Lapis, which contains the burning incense. And around the inside Temple walls are great jars of Lapis containing golden lilies, huge blossoms with exquisite perfume. The thoroughfares of the *Klusian Plane* are banked on each side with masses of these golden lilies. The *Great Organ* is deep in tone. The androgynous beings who inhabit the

Twelfth Solar Plane all wear silver garments, designed as a cloak and bordered with a deep blue braiding. Around each head is worn the silver band of the *Facnic Ray*. The immense stature of these beings is unusually great; when I tell you that no CHILD is less than five feet in height this will give you some idea of the stature of the grown-ups. The inhabitants live in a place which acts as a forcing house of *Power*, that is the reason for their great height. The work that goes on unceasingly is largely one which might be termed of an "engineering" character; it is impossible to give the meaning in Earth terms. There are no laboratories in this Plane as there are on the others, but great Power-Houses, Central Stations for sending out the *Great Facnic Ray of Power* for God. It is dangerous work and must be thoroughly understood before manipulation can be entrusted to anyone; great care must be used, down to the minutest detail. The *Facnic Ray* can only be sent out in the quantities which each planet IS CAPABLE OF ABSORBING; IT IS ADJUSTED TO THE NEEDS of the planets, consequently the beings are highly trained in their work for GOD.

This day ends the final description of that most Beautiful Planet which is known to you as the *Sun*; it is a place of indescribable beauty and peace; and remember, it is NOT A MASS OF BURNING FIRE, but an inhabited *Planet of GOD*, from whence come all the *Cosmic Rays* for the sustenance of the planets in the *Twelfth Solar System*. It is a place worthy of that *Adorable GOD*. The whole *Twelve Solar Systems* are substantially the same—they differ in lesser details only, but the *First Solar System* of the *Great Silver Son—Jesias*—is the most beautiful of all. Our next teaching will be about the Solar Logos.

THE SOLAR LOGOS

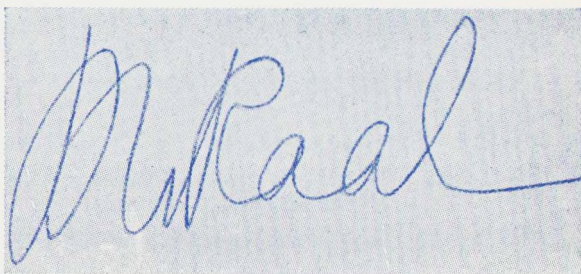
I intend to-day to speak upon a subject only lightly touched upon before. I refer to one who is known as *The Solar Logos*. I once told you in "*The Winds of Truth*" that the *Solar Logos* is he who controls the *Solar Planes for GOD*, he is the mainspring of that *Planet—the Sun*, and he dwells in the centre. I want you to understand the formation of the *Solar Planes*; there are, as it were, Twelve Little Earths superimposed upon a Greater "Earth," not separated portions, but one Great Planet subdivided into twelve little "earths." The *Solar Logos* dwells in the centre. Try to think in YOUR terms of YOUR own Planet, in the core of which are combustible gases, but the core of the *Solar Planet* is not like that of Earth, for in the heart of the *Sun* dwells the *Solar Logos*; a place of unspeakable beauty. He is not human, as you understand it; he has never taken upon himself that condition; his form is an extremely etherialised spirit form and solid matter is naught to him. You would find it impossible to pass into the core of your Earth. Not so spirit; walls and suchlike solid matter does not prevent our passing from place to place, we can pass through anything, AS DO ALL THOSE WHO COME AND TALK TO YOU IN THIS SANCTUARY. This Beloved Son of GOD dwells right in the centre of the *Solar Planes*, he dwells near to GOD, and, owing to this nearness, takes to himself the *Twelve Great Cosmic Essences* WITHIN himself. One might say, in your tongue, that the *Solar Logos* holds the lines of communication of all *Twelve Solar Planes*. That which *The Adored GOD* has to say to the Twelve Sons is given to them through the *Solar Logos*; he is the mouthpiece which imparts the GOD-message. Let us suppose, for instance, there is a special need for some particular work for the *Solar Planes* to do; think of it as an "S.O.S." if you wish, an example of which is your war-stricken Earth; the *Solar Logos* is the person who receives that message from GOD, and he then proceeds to get into touch with one or all the *Adepts*. His work is multifarious and of vast importance, for not for one second or a fraction of a second is his attention relaxed. He is a *Great Cosmic Messenger for God*, and all the Twelve Adepts depend upon him. He was personally appointed by God to this great position. HIS FORM RESEMBLES YOUR OWN, one can say he was made in the *Image of GOD*. Now I want you to forget human stature and your pigmy life-growth for a moment, and picture a dominating Personality who is sweetness, having a face of utter beauty; the stature of the man (I say "man," but he is androgynous, as are all the Solar beings) is twenty

feet in height; hair of spun silver, literally spun silver, a thing of beauty, not as your silver hair WHICH IS BROUGHT TO THAT CONDITION THROUGH AGE; his eyes are three-cornered like all those who dwell in the *Solar Planes* (the three-cornered eye cannot close upon the *Beauty of The GOD-HEAD*), and are amethyst in colour, a mouth of softness yet with a great firmness, as, too, is the chin, nose long and well chisled. He is sexless, as are all the great beings of GOD; he is, one might say, the *Lord of the Hierarchy*, yet the *Solar Logos* TAKES SECOND PLACE TO THE *Silver Son of GOD—Jesias—The Lord of the Ray of Life and Love*; AND WHO CAME TO YOUR LITTLE EARTH AS *Jesus*. First, then, is the *Eternal and Beauteous God-Head*, then *Jesias*, and then the *Solar Logos*. This *Great Cosmic Being* is apart, alone, he is UNDER *Jesias*, yet he is *Lord of the Hierarchy*. The *Solar Logos* works alone, his work is isolated, he cannot join in *Cosmic* happenings, he does not dwell in the *Solar Planes*, but in the centre of the great *Solar Planet*. His work is so precarious, so vital to those *Twelve Solar Planes* that he cannot risk any interruption by mixing with others, he must be alone. That Great solitary Being in the Universe, and yet in such a close companionship with GOD;—think of him as a being to be envied, if one could say such a thing, when working for that *Ever-to-be-Worshipped Father-Mother GOD*. In future, think of the Sun, and then of the *Solar Logos* in the centre of that *Planet*. Again, one might say that the *Solar Logos* is the *Word* of the Sun, *Logos* from the Greek meaning “word”; his *Word* for GOD which controls the *Solar Planes*. I would not have you think that the Adepts of the *Hierarchy of GOD* are of less importance; their life, one might express, belongs to a separate evolution, and yet without the *Solar Logos*, the *Solar Planes* would be as a clock without the mechanism. From his Twelve fingers he holds the lines of communication to GOD. Yesterday (August 10th, 1940, at a late hour 9 p.m.), FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSE—it has never been known before,—HE CAME TO THIS PLANET BY THE COMMAND OF GOD. He saw the necessity for it and it may be aeons of time before such a thing happens again. Under GOD, the *Solar Logos* is the one who has been in least contact with this *Universe*. The words which I have spoken are quite inadequate in which to explain these great *Cosmic GOD-Truths*; I find it even more difficult than you can imagine, nay, if not impossible to place such ethereal matters in the English tongue or any other Earth tongue. If you could understand the Solar language of the Hierarchy, it would be a different and very much more simple matter.

When I tell you that the *Solar Logos* dwells in the *One Hundred and Twenty-eighth vibration of Silver Light*—it is a subject which you cannot understand. What I have said will convey to you a trifle of That *Great Son of GOD*.

Thus do we complete the short descriptions of the Twelve Solar Planes belonging to the Twelfth Solar Planet of the Twelfth Universe of God. We will speak of the Twelve Universes of God which surround the Core of all, and which is the Universe of God Himself—the Home of God. To be given to the world in another book "*The Twelve Universes of God*." Cosmology is a very great Science. You have been taught a small portion of it in my writings on the Cosmic Rays in my book "*The Winds of Truth*." Try—all of you—to reach out, try to understand the immensity of the Universe of which your Earth is only a tiny spark. All is from the Mind and Heart of God—then try to catch a glimpse of that Great Love. He is not a Being "without form;" in outline His children are like Him—His Dear Eyes are of the Blueness of the Eternal Heavens and His Beloved smile encircles each human heart, and Whose Divine Breath—the Soul—the Animating Principal, encased within the human heart, is part of you and without which you could not be. My children: the Very feet of That Adorable Godhead have trod your Earth. He is now directing the affairs of this Planet of yours, and for the first time in the History of God's Creation, the Twelfth Solar Planet is emptied of all but a handful of Solar beings—they have come at the Command of God to give strength to Earth in its return to Him. Much will happen—which you will not understand—in the ushering in of the New Silver Age of Love. The Sign of the Cross is no longer the Symbol of Suffering Earth, for that Cross of Suffering is embraced within the All-Encircling Love-Breath of That-ever-to-be-Worshipped Father-Mother-God.

GOD keep you.

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read "M. Raal". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long horizontal stroke extending to the right.

THE LORD MIKAAL

I am he who is sometimes known as MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL.

I am he who holds the HOSTS OF HEAVEN in my hands.

I am he whose feet are shod with the sandals of the GOLD OF GOD.

I am he whose head is enshrouded by the AMETHYST WINGS OF
THE GOD-BIRD;

Whose feet lie hidden in the swirl of the BLUE LIFE-MISTS.

I am he who holds the POWER OF LIFE AND DEATH;

In whose hands lies clenched the vile seed of War—to be clenched
and crushed.

I am he who fights for the AM, the Lord of the Plane of Rulership
—the Twelfth Plane.

From my fingers flow the protective Essences which guard the great
places of the Earth plane.

For where evil is concentrated there too am I to be found in mortal
combat with it.

I am he who guards the DAZZLING THRONE OF THE GODHEAD,
As Michael am I known to some, as Mikaal to you and others.

We, the Twelve Great Archangels of the Hierarchy, are in reality the
Adepts of the Solar Planes.

I am he who commands—when I say “It shall be,” then it is.

CN AMNI GRUN DAK MIKAAL.

Pictures of the following can be obtained from :—

The Group of Solar Mysticism,
Glastonbury, Somerset, England.

THE THIRTEEN ADEPTS IN SOLAR FORM.

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of the Truths of God**

by

THE LORD MIKAAL

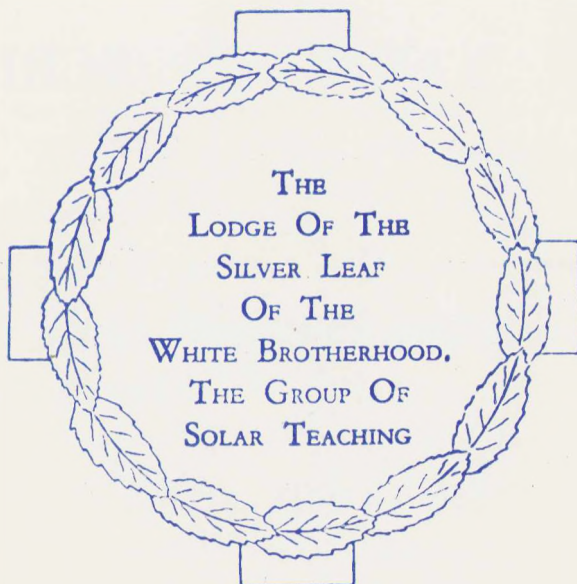
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