

# The Aquarian Theosophist

Volume IX #3 January 17, 2009 (includes #2 December 17, 2008)

p. 1

Free by email from the Editors at [wfw@clara.co.uk](mailto:wfw@clara.co.uk) & [ultinla@juno.com](mailto:ultinla@juno.com) ARCHIVE: <http://www.teosofia.com/AT.html>



## FROM THE POLAR LANDS A Christmas Story

**Just a year ago, during the Christmas holidays**, a numerous society had gathered in the country house, or rather the old hereditary castle, of a wealthy landowner in Finland. Many were the remains in it of our forefathers' hospitable way of living; and many the medieval customs preserved, founded on traditions and superstitions, semi-Finnish and semi-Russian, the latter imported into it by its female proprietors from the shores of the Neva.

Christmas trees were being prepared and implements for divination were being made ready. For, in that old castle there were grim worm-eaten portraits of famous ancestors and knights and ladies, old deserted turrets, with bastions and Gothic windows; mysterious somber alleys, and dark and endless cellars, easily transformed into subterranean passages and caves, ghostly prison cells, haunted by the restless phantoms of the heroes of local legends. In short, the old Manor offered every commodity for romantic horrors. But alas! this once they serve for nought; in the present narrative these dear old horrors play no such part as they otherwise might.

Its chief hero is a very commonplace, prosaic man—let us call him Erkler. Yes; Dr. Erkler, professor of medicine, half-German through his father, a full-blown Russian on his mother's side and by education; and one who looked a rather heavily built, and ordinary mortal. Nevertheless, very extraordinary things happened with him.

Erkler, as it turned out was a great traveler, who by his own choice had accompanied one of the most famous explorers on his journeys round the world. More than once they had both seen death face to face from sunstrokes under the Tropics, from cold in the Polar Regions. (...p2)

### A Fire Rainbow



This is a fire rainbow - the rarest of all naturally occurring atmospheric phenomena - see Correspondence.

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(from p 1)... All this notwithstanding, the doctor spoke with a never-abating enthusiasm about their "winterings" in Greenland and Novaya Zemla, and about the desert plains in Australia, where he lunched off a kangaroo and dined off an emu, and almost perished of thirst during the passage through a waterless track, which it took them forty hours to cross.

"Yes," he used to remark, "I have experienced almost everything, save what you would describe as supernatural. . . . This, of course if we throw out of account a certain extraordinary event in my life—a man I met, of whom I will tell you just now—and its . . . indeed, rather strange, I may add quite inexplicable, results."

There was a loud demand that he should explain himself; and the doctor, forced to yield, began his narrative.

"In 1878 we were compelled to winter on the northwestern coast of Spitzbergen. We had been attempting to find our way during the short summer to the pole; but as usual, the attempt had proved a failure, owing to the icebergs, and, after several such fruitless endeavors, we had to give it up. No sooner had we settled than the polar night descended upon us, our steamers got wedged in and frozen between the blocks of ice in the Gulf of Mussel, and we found ourselves cut off for eight long months from the rest of the living world. . . . I confess I, for one, felt it terribly at first. We became especially discouraged when one stormy night the snow hurricane scattered a mass of materials prepared for our winter buildings, and deprived us of over forty deer from our herd. Starvation in prospect is no incentive to good humor; and with the deer we had lost the best plat de résistance against polar frosts, human organisms demanding in that climate an increase of heating and solid food. However, we were finally reconciled to our loss, and even got accustomed to the local and in reality more nutritious food—seals, and seal-grease. Our men from the remnants of our lumber built a house neatly divided into two compartments, one for three professors and myself, and the other for themselves; and, a few wooden sheds being constructed for meteorological, astronomical and magnetic purposes, we even added a protecting stable for the few remaining deer. And then began the monotonous series of dawnless nights and days, hardly distinguishable

one from the other, except through dark-gray shadows. At times, the "blues" we got into were fearful! We had contemplated sending two of our three steamers home in September, but the premature and unforeseen formation of ice walls round them had thwarted our plans; and now, with the entire crews on our hands, we had to economize still more with our meager provisions, fuel and light. Lamps were used only for scientific purposes: the rest of the time we had to content ourselves with God's light—the moon and the Aurora Borealis. . . . But how describe these glorious, incomparable northern lights! Rings, arrows, gigantic conflagrations of accurately divided rays of the most vivid and varied colors. The November moonlight nights were as gorgeous. The play of moonbeams on the snow and the frozen rocks was most striking. These were fairy nights.

"Well, one such night—it may have been one such day, for all I know, as from the end of November to about the middle of March we had no twilights at all, to distinguish the one from the other—we suddenly espied in the play of colored beams, which were then throwing a golden rosy hue on the snow plains, a dark moving spot. . . . It grew, and seemed to scatter as it approached nearer to us. What did this mean? . . . It looked like a herd of cattle, or a group of living men, trotting over the snowy wilderness. . . . But animals there were white like everything else. What then was this? . . . human beings? . . .

"We could not believe our eyes. Yes, a group of men was approaching our dwelling. It turned out to be about fifty seal-hunters, guided by Matiliss, a well-known veteran mariner, from Norway. They had been caught by the icebergs, just as we had been.

"How did you know that we were here?' we asked.

"Old Johan, this very same old party, showed us the way'—they answered, pointing to a venerable-looking old man with snow-white locks.

"In sober truth, it would have beseemed their guide far better to have sat at home over his fire than to have been seal-hunting in polar lands with younger men. And we told them so, still wondering how he came to learn of our presence in this kingdom of white bears. At this Matiliss and his companions smiled, assuring us that 'old Johan' knew all. They remarked that we must be novices in polar borderlands, since

we were ignorant of Johan's personality and could still wonder at anything said of him.

"It is nigh forty-five years,' said the chief hunter, 'that I have been catching seals in the Polar Seas, and as far as my personal remembrance goes, I have always known him, and just as he is now, an old, white-bearded man. And so far back as in the days when I used to go to sea, as a small boy with my father, my dad used to tell me the same of old Johan, **and he added that his own father and grandfather too, had known Johan in their days of boyhood, none of them having ever seen him otherwise than white as our snows.** And, as our forefathers nicknamed him "the white-haired all-knower," thus do we, the seal hunters, call him, to this day.'

**"Would you make us believe he is two hundred years old?"—we laughed.**

"Some of our sailors crowding round the white-haired phenomenon, plied him with questions.

"Grandfather! answer us, how old are you?'

**"I really do not know it myself, sonnies. I live as long as God has decreed me to. As to my years, I never counted them.'**

"And how did you know, grandfather, that we were wintering in this place?'

"God guided me. How I learned it I do not know; save that I knew—I knew it.'"

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(This story is one of H.P.B.'s occult stories... As far as can be ascertained, she wrote seven of them:

1. "An Unsolved Mystery," Spiritual Scientist, Boston, Vol. III, Nov. 25, 1875. It was unsigned.
2. "A Story of the Mystical," The Sun, New York, December 26, 1875. It was signed Hadji Mora.
3. "The Luminous Circle," The Sun, New York, January 2, 1876, signed Hadji Mora.
4. "The Cave of the Echoes," The Banner of Light, Boston, March 30, 1878, signed H. P. Blavatsky.
5. "The Ensouled Violin," The Theosophist, Vol. I, January, 1880, signed Hillarion Smerdis, F.T.S., Cyprus, October 1, 1879.
6. "A Bewitched Life," published as stated under the above heading. Signed H.P.B.
7. "From the Polar Lands," appeared, as far as is known, for the first time in Nightmare Tales.

... No. 7 may well have been written by H.P.B. not long before her death, as no earlier date or place of publication is known.

The revised versions of Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, and the story called "From the Polar Lands", were published after H.P.B.'s passing in a collection known as the Nightmare Tales (London, New York and Madras, 1892); it was printed on the H.P.B. Press in London, with an appropriate frontispiece and title-page drawing by one of H.P.B.'s personal pupils, the well-known painter Reginald M. Machell, depicting, among other things, wild witches riding the sky, holding on to a mare's tail.

Nos. 1, 2 and 5 at least, and possibly all of these stories, were written by H.P.B. in collaboration with the Cyprian Adept known as Hillarion. It is he that Master K. H. meant when, in a letter to Miss Francesca Arundale, he wrote of "the adept who writes stories with H.P.B."

— Collected Works Compiler.)

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# Phoenician roots

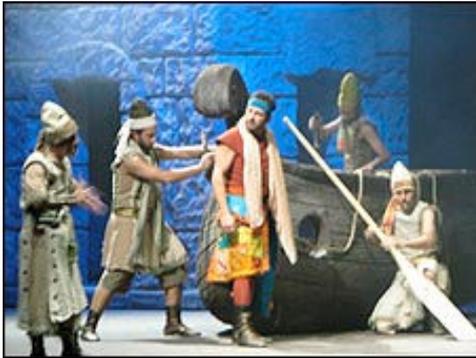
## **Divided Lebanon has common genes**

By Natalia Antelava, BBC News, Byblos, Lebanon

On the brightly lit stage dancers in colourful costumes twist and swirl in dizzying moves.

Beirut's main theatre is packed: Lebanese have come in hundreds for the premiere of a play that explores parallels between them and the Phoenicians - the ancient people who once inhabited their land.

The musical called "The Rise of Phoenix" is about defying hardships and the ability of a nation to rise from its own ashes.



Hundreds of Lebanese watched The Rise of the Phoenix musical

But it is also a criticism of the lack of unity which led to the fall of the Phoenicians, and which is part of Lebanon's political reality today.

"We inherited that Phoenician mentality," says Osama Rahbani, one of the creators of the play.

***"The Phoenicians were good businessmen, but they were selfish, they were not united. I think the main point of the play is to remind the people that we must learn from our own history," Mr Rahbani says.***

### Enigmatic civilization

But in Lebanon history has always been a source of contention - even when it came to something as ancient as the country's Phoenician heritage.

In the first millennium BC, Phoenicians, enterprising seafarers from the territory of the modern day Lebanon, established their trading empire.

From their base, they spread across the Mediterranean founding colonies and trading posts along its shores.

Described by historians as the "world's first capitalists" the Phoenicians controlled the Mediterranean for nearly 1,000 years, until they were finally conquered by the Romans.

Today they are among the most enigmatic of ancient civilizations, history knows very little about them and most of their legacy has long been lost.

But during the civil war in Lebanon, Christians and Muslims often disputed their Phoenician roots, each claiming they were the true descendants.

Now science has put this argument to rest.

The genetics lab at the Lebanese American University is part of the multimillion dollar Genographic Project that uses genetics to map out human migration.

***In Lebanon, geneticists led by Dr Pierre Zalloua have managed to identify the Phoenician gene.***

***"The Phoenicians were here three thousand years ago and we were not at all sure whether we would be able to find out any genetic remains of their civilization. I think the fact that we did is amazing," says Dr Zalloua.***

### 'Identical'

Dr Zalloua and his team studied DNA data from more than 6,000 men across the Mediterranean, and used a new analytical technique to detect the genetic imprint of historical migrations.

The Lebanese have been particularly enthusiastic about the project, with dozens still queuing up every day to have their DNA tested. Many, it seems, are hoping to discover their Phoenician ancestry.

"I will be more than happy to have Phoenician roots," says Nabil, a student as he waits for his turn to give blood for the test.



Nabil says he would be

"very proud to be a Phoenician"

***Dr Zalloua says the project's discovery is a "truly unifying message"***

"Phoenicians started the civilization, they are the ones who invented the alphabet, I would be very proud to be a Phoenician," he adds.

There is a good chance that Nabil is of Phoenician descent - the study has revealed that while one in 17 people across the

Mediterranean carry the Phoenician gene, in Lebanon almost a third of the population have Phoenician roots.

Dr Zalloua says in Lebanon the Phoenician signature is distributed equally among different groups and that the overall genetic make-up of the Lebanese is proving to be similar across various backgrounds.

**"Whether you take a Christian village in the north of Lebanon or a Muslim village in the south, the DNA make-up of its residents is likely to be identical," says Dr Zalloua.**

"I think it's a truly unifying message, and for me its very gratifying. Lebanon has been hammered by so many divides, and now a piece of heritage has been unravelled in this project which reminds us that maybe we should forget about differences and pay attention to our common heritage," says Dr Zalloua.

Just a stroll down from Dr Zalloua's genetic lab, the Mediterranean Sea shimmers in the evening sun, its waves splashing over the ancient harbour of Byblos.

Today the citadels and towers of Byblos are the monuments to Lebanon's long-lost past. It was from here that the Phoenicians sent their ships across the Mediterranean.

More than three thousand years on, children play along the modern boardwalk under the citadel the Phoenicians once built.

Next to them, a young couple lock in embrace and watch how the sliding sun paints the sea red.

Their country, split along religious lines, war torn and politically unstable is a long way away from the unity it so desperately needs.

But while the divisions and disputes may be part of life here, the common past uncovered by science is a precious reminder of just how much the Lebanese share.

From BBC News

[http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/world/middle\\_east/7791389.stm](http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/world/middle_east/7791389.stm)

# TREES AND THEIR SYMBOLS

*Ideas from The Voice of the Silence  
and The Secret Doctrine*

## 'Trees and Dragons'

"The Paths are two; the great Perfections three; six are the Virtues that **transform the body into the Tree of Knowledge.**"

The "tree of knowledge" is a title given by the followers of the Bodhidharma (Wisdom religion) to those who have attained the height of mystic knowledge - adepts.

Nagarjuna the founder of the Madhyamika School was called the "Dragon Tree," Dragon standing as a symbol of Wisdom and Knowledge. The tree is honoured because it is under the Bodhi (wisdom) Tree that Buddha received his birth and enlightenment, preached his first sermon and died.

The Voice of the Silence

## The Tree symbolising the 'flowering' of an Adept

"These tears, O thou of heart most merciful, these are the streams that irrigate the fields of charity immortal.

'Tis on such soil that grows the midnight blossom of Buddha (an Adept or Arhat, the "blossom of

Bodhisattva") more difficult to find, more rare to view than is the flower of the Vogay tree.

It is the seed of freedom from rebirth. It isolates the Arhat both from strife and lust, it leads him through the fields of Being unto the peace and bliss known only in the land of Silence and Non-Being."

The Voice of the Silence

### 'The Tree of Knowledge'

#### ... The Biblical Tree as the knowledge of Good and Evil

In the "Book of Concealed Mystery" it is said of the tree, which is ***the tree of knowledge of good and evil (ie supreme Wisdom)***

"In its branches (of the tree) the birds (perfected souls) lodge and build their nests (Heavens)."

... or the Souls and the Angels have their place!

The "Bird" was a Chaldean... synonym and symbol for Angel, a Soul, a Spirit, or Deva; and the "Bird's Nest" was Heaven, and is God's bosom in the Zohar.

The perfect Messiah enters Eden "into that place which is called the Bird's Nest" (Zohar).

(The Secret Doctrine, Vol ii p 293...)

(One of the most sublime references to the Tree, Ed)

#### ...equating to intellect and discrimination

Here is a variant of the allegory in Genesis, of Adam, born an image of clay, into which the "Lord-god" breathes the breath of life but not of intellect and discrimination, which are developed ***only after he had tasted of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge***; in other words when he has acquired the first development of Mind, and had implanted in him Manas, whose

terrestrial aspect is of the Earth earthy, though its highest faculties connect it with Spirit and the divine Soul. (SD ii 175)

### 'The Tree' as a symbol to comprehend 'Deity'

"If thou wouldest believe in the Power which acts within the root of a plant, or imagine the root concealed under the soil, thou hast to think of its stalk or trunk and of its leaves and flowers. Thou canst not imagine that Power independently of these objects. Life can be known only by the Tree of Life. . . ."

(Precepts for Yoga)

The idea of Absolute Unity would be broken entirely in our conception, had we not something concrete before our eyes to contain that Unity. And the deity being absolute, must be omnipresent, hence not an atom but contains IT within itself. The roots, the trunk and its many branches are three distinct objects, yet they are one tree. Say the Kabalists:

"The Deity is one, because It is infinite. It is triple, because it is ever manifesting."

This *manifestation* (of Deity) is triple in its aspects, for it requires, as Aristotle has it, three principles for every natural body to become objective: privation, form, and matter. Privation meant in the mind of the great philosopher... the prototypes impressed in the Astral Light—the lowest plane and world of Anima Mundi.

(SD i 59)



## THE MYSTERIOUS LIFE OF COUNT ST GERMAIN

*The third and final part of the series on one of the West's greatest and best known recent Adepts.*

*This first text is from the Theosophical Glossary, the last from Manly Hall's 1933 book, details at end.*

**St. Germain, the Count of.** Referred to as an enigmatical personage by modern writers. Frederic II, King of Prussia, used to say of him that he was a man whom no one had ever been able to make out. Many are his "biographies", and each is wilder than the other. By some he was regarded as an incarnate god, by others as a clever Alsatian Jew. One thing is certain, Count de St. Germain-- whatever his real patronymic may have been--had a right to his name and title, for he had bought a property called San Germano, in the Italian Tyrol, and paid the Pope for the title. He was uncommonly handsome, and his enormous erudition and linguistic capacities are undeniable, for he spoke English, Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Russian, Swedish, Danish, and many Slavonian and Oriental languages, with equal facility with a native. He was extremely wealthy, never received a sou from anyone--in fact never accepted a glass of water or broke bread with anyone--but made most extravagant presents of superb jewellery to all his friends, even to the royal families of Europe. His proficiency in music was marvellous; he played on every instrument, the violin being his favourite. "St. Germain rivalled Paganini himself", was said of him by an octogenarian Belgian in 1835, after hearing the "Genoese maestro". "It is St. Germain resurrected who plays the violin in the body of an Italian skeleton", exclaimed a Lithuanian baron who had heard both.

He never laid claim to spiritual powers, but proved to have a right to such claim. He used to pass into a dead trance from thirty-seven to forty nine hours without awakening, and then knew all he had to know, and demonstrated the fact by prophesying futurity and never making a mistake. It is he who prophesied before the Kings Louis XV. and XVI., and the unfortunate Marie Antoinette.

Many were the still living witnesses in the first quarter of this century who testified to his marvellous memory; he could read a paper in the morning and, though hardly glancing at it, could repeat its contents without missing one word days afterwards; he could write with two hands at once, the right hand writing a piece of poetry, the left a diplomatic paper of the greatest importance. He read sealed letters without touching them, while still in the hand of those who brought them to him. He was the greatest adept in transmuting metals, making gold and the most marvellous diamonds, an art, he said, he had learned from certain Brahmans in India, who taught him the artificial crystallization ("quickenings") of pure carbon. As our Brother Kenneth Mackenzie has it:--"In 1780, when on a visit to the French Ambassador to the Hague, he broke to pieces with a hammer a superb diamond of his own manufacture, the counterpart of which, also manufactured by himself, he had just before sold to a jeweller for 5500 Louis d'or". He was the friend and confidant of Count Orloff in 1772 at Vienna, whom he had helped and saved in St. Petersburg in 1762, when concerned in the famous political conspiracies of that time; he also became intimate with Frederick the Great of Prussia. As a matter of course, he had numerous enemies, and therefore it is not to be wondered at if all the gossip invented about him is now attributed to his own confessions: e.g., that he was over five hundred years old; also, that he claimed personal intimacy" with the Saviour and his twelve Apostles, and that he had reproved Peter for his bad temper"-the latter clashing somewhat in point of time with the former, if he had really claimed to be only five hundred years old. If he said that "he had been born in Chaldea and professed to possess the secrets of the Egyptian magicians and sages", he may have spoken truth without making any miraculous claim. There are Initiates, and not the highest either, who are placed in a condition to remember more than one of their past lives. But we have good reason to know that St. Germain could never have claimed "personal intimacy" with the Saviour. However that may be, Count St. Germain was certainly the greatest Oriental Adept Europe has seen during the last centuries. But Europe knew him not. Perchance some may recognize him at the next Terreur, which will affect all Europe when it comes, and not one country alone.

(Second section, from introduction to "THE MOST HOLY TRINOSOPHIA")

Referring to the attacks upon his character, H. P. Blavatsky wrote in The Theosophist of March, 1881:

"Do charlatans enjoy the confidence and admiration of the cleverest statesmen and nobles of Europe, for long years, and not even at their deaths show in one thing that they were undeserving?"

Some encyclopaedists (see New American Cyclopaedia, xiv. 266) say: 'He is supposed to have been employed during the greater part of his life as a spy at the courts at which he resided.' But upon what evidence is this supposition based? Has anyone found it in any of the state papers in the secret archives of either of those courts?

Not one word, not one shred of fact to build this base calumny upon, has ever been found. It is simply a malicious lie. The treatment this great man, this pupil of Indian and Egyptian hierophants, this proficient in the secret wisdom of the East, has had from Western writers, is a stigma upon human nature."

Nothing is known concerning the source of the Comte de St. Germain's occult knowledge. Most certainly he not only intimated his possession of a vast amount of wisdom but he also gave many examples in support of his claims. When asked once about himself, he replied that his father was the Secret Doctrine and his mother the Mysteries. St.-Germain was thoroughly conversant with the principles of Oriental esotericism. ***He practiced the Eastern system of meditation and concentration, upon several occasions having been seen seated with his feet crossed and hands folded in the posture of a Hindu Buddha. He had a retreat in the heart of the Himalayas to which he retired periodically from the world. On one occasion he declared that he would remain in India for eighty-five years and then return to the scene of his European labors.***

***At various times he admitted that he was obeying the orders of a power higher and greater than himself.*** What he did not say was that this superior power was the Mystery School which had sent him into the world to accomplish a definite mission. The Comte de

St.-Germain and Sir Francis Bacon are the two greatest emissaries sent into the world by the Secret Brotherhood in the last thousand years.

The principles disseminated by the Comte de St.-Germain were undoubtedly Rosicrucian in origin and permeated with the doctrines of the Gnostics. The Comte was the moving spirit of Rosicrucianism during the eighteenth century—possibly the actual head of that order—and is suspected of being the great power behind the French Revolution.

There is also reason to believe that Lord Bulwer-Lytton's famous novel, Zanon, is actually concerned with the life and activities of St.-Germain. He is generally regarded as an important figure in the early activities of the Freemasons. Repeated efforts, however, probably with an ulterior motive, have been made to discredit his Masonic affiliations. Maags of London are offering for sale a Masonic minute book in which the signatures of both Comte de St.-Germain and the Marquis de Lafayette appear.

(Introduction from the French and English text of:

**"THE MOST HOLY TRINOSOPHIA"  
of the COMTE DE ST.-GERMAIN**

with introductory material and commentary by Manly Hall illustrated with the figures from the original manuscript in The Bibliothèque De Troyes.

The Phoenix Press, Los Angeles, California MCMXXXIII.  
Scanned at [www.sacred-texts.com](http://www.sacred-texts.com) May 2007.)

(Our grateful thanks to S for sending us this. The whole of The Count's *most remarkable* text is available from the above website or we can send it to any interested parties. It's strong stuff, full of Western mysticism and terrible trials. Ed)



## CORRESPONDENCE

### *The Fire Rainbow*

The picture (see front page) was captured in December on the Idaho-Washington border. The event lasted about 1 hour.

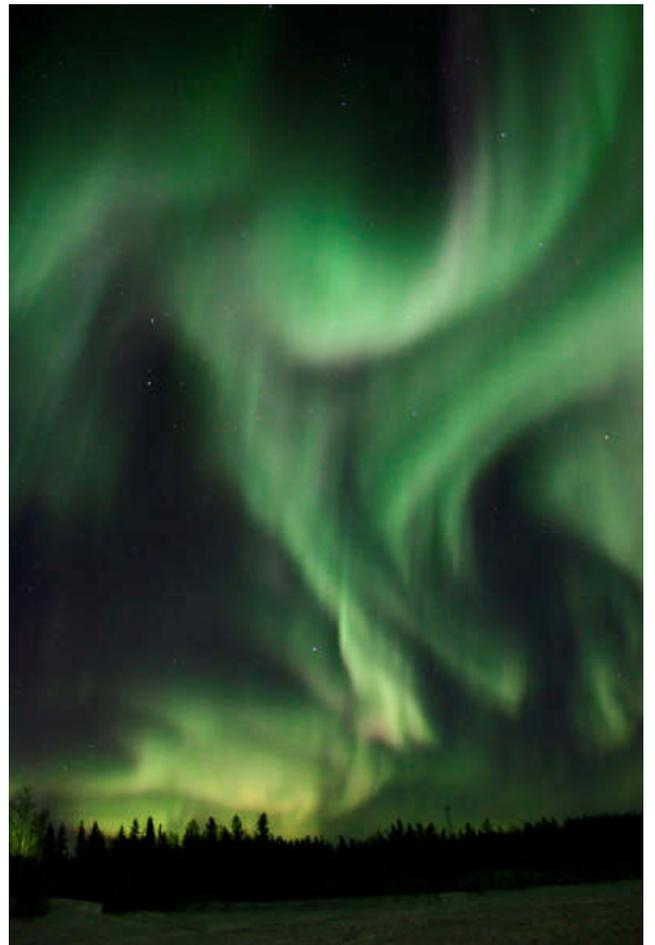
Clouds have to be cirrus, at least 20k feet in the air, with just the right amount of ice crystals and the sun has to hit the clouds at precisely 58 degrees.

### Northern Lights

**Today is a gift, so unwrap it with great care, be surprised by all that it can bring and treasure it always.**

12<sup>th</sup> Dec ... M and L by email

(Many thanks for sending these most beautiful pictures with the above note and the fire rainbow picture on page 1. Again, thank you. Ed)



**Down? Listen... & be uplifted by the great Kabir**

Dear Editors,

Kabir was a poor man, depressed about his living conditions in rented premises – so he addresses himself thus:

**“Why are you so despondent  
Living next to an abattoir?  
Those who act will get it’s reaction,  
... not you!”**

(By word of mouth from P, a new correspondent.)

**Rumi’s 800<sup>th</sup> Birthday and 2009 shows**

From S to the AQ  
Friday, December 19, 2008 10:50 PM

Dear AQ Editors,

Rumi wrote wonderful poems, I have several poems of his in my blog.

Last year I saw a performance about Rumi and Dervishes. UNESCO devoted year 2007 to the Sufi poet Jelaludin Rumi and the performance was a celebration for the 800th birthday of Rumi.

The play was based on an original idea of Robert Wilson (who also worked with Phillip Glass) and the Turkish musician Kudsi Erguner. The performance was called **“Rumi - In the blink of the eye”** and it was the first part of a trilogy. **The second part is going to take place in 2009.**

The music was following the marvelous poems of Rumi (on ancient Persian language - Parsi) and poems were following the marvellous spinning of Dervishes.

Although I had look before on tv dervishes spinning I didn't see. It was the first time I saw the way they are spinning. The palm of their left hand was looking at the ground (earth), their right palm was looking at the sky (universe) and they were spinning from left to right (Spiral, svastica), also their left sole was on the ground and their right foot was giving the movement.

They look so divine in their inner peace and I think they were because through movement and meditation they reach oneness which is in an endless spinning.

At the end there was an excellent poem and we could see dervishes spinning in front and behind of mirrors which were also spinning with the same speed with dervishes. The reflection of the light from the mirrors was all over the theatre. It was really amazing, I was almost crying. As the speed was going faster the light from the reflection was so strong that spectators had to blink their eyes!

...

All the time that dervishes were spinning along with mirrors a wonderful poem of Rumi was translated to us.

(I will try to translate it to English. Please forgive my English!) ... so the poem goes:

"Everybody are Lovers. The beloved is a veil.  
The one he lives is a lover, the beloved is dead.

Allas to whom cannot fall in love because he is a bird without wings.

If the light of the Beloved is not in front and behind of Him, how can I understand the beginning and the end?

The Beloved wants me to write down these words.

If mirror is not a teller what is it then?  
Do you know why your mirror is not a teller?  
Because you haven't clean the dust and the rust from his face!"

Since **“Rumi-in the blink of the eye”** is going to be performed all over the world during 2009 you may have the chance to see it!

*As for the news we all see in Athens, I don't know what to say, really! Our properties are not affected but we are all affected by these damages. I believe politicians, the government and the one who destroy are the same! They all destroy with their own way! I read Vishnu Purana and how much truth we find in it! It's amazing! Are we at the end of Kali Yuga\* era? I wish and hope the new era that is going to come to be more creative than destructive for all of us. But in order to achieve this we all have to change! We have to manage our anger to more creative ways until we are have no anger anymore!*

Best wishes always, S

(The Kali Yuga has run it first ~5,100 years... from a total of 432,000!! But no need to despair, as those who work can **achieve much more in the Kali Y** than during any of the other 'easier' times. Ed)

## Rumi's Beloved

### A poem of Rumi

When you find yourself with the Beloved,  
embracing for one breath,  
In that moment you will find your true  
destiny.  
Alas, don't spoil this precious moment  
Moments like this are very, very rare.

Jelaluddin Rumi (13th century)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NKEltegtb8&feature=related>

Impressive video. The song is a tanbur taksimi played by Özer Özel called Ahenk. From Derviş Soundtrack released by KAF Müzik.

(Rumi's statement "**Moments like this are very, very rare**" is reminiscent of Porphyry's about reaching 'ecstatic' states. From the Glossary:

"A natural-born mystic, he followed, as did his master Plotinus, the pure Indian Râj-Yoga training, which leads to the union of the Soul with the Over-Soul or Higher Self (Buddhi-Manas).

**"He complains, however, that, all his efforts notwithstanding, he did not reach this state of ecstasy before he was sixty, while Plotinus was a proficient in it.**

This was so, probably because while his teacher (Plotinus) held physical life and body in the greatest contempt, limiting philosophical research to those regions where life and thought become eternal and divine, **Porphyry devoted his whole time to considerations of the bearing of philosophy on practical life.**"

Porphyry's wonderful path is in the best spirit of the Nirmanakaya tradition, in view of his devotion and practical work of assistance.

One's made to wonder, *if given the wisdom from such high insights*, how much we would do for those suffering, like our neighbours? Ed)

## Earth enjoys full moon close-up

**A full moon has occurred closer to the Earth than it has done at any time for the past 15 years.**

The Moon's elliptical orbit means its distance from the Earth is not constant.



The moon will appear high in the night sky

It was a little over 350,000km away as it passed over the northern hemisphere, about 30,000km closer than usual. (Friday December 12<sup>th</sup>)

Astronomers said the moon would appear brighter and larger than usual, but the sky in the UK was almost completely covered by cloud.

### Closest path

Friday's full moon was predicted to appear up to 14% bigger and 30% brighter than other full moons this year, according to Nasa. The Moon's orbit is elliptical, so it does not follow a circular but rather an oval path. It has reached the point where this oval orbit is nearest to the Earth.

**"It's only every few years that a full moon happens to coincide with the part of the Moon's orbit when it's closest to the Earth,"** said Marek Kukula, astronomer at UK's Royal Observatory.

"The Moon may be brighter and may appear somewhat larger, but it's really quite hard for the eye to notice the difference; the eye will compensate for the extra brightness, it's not like going from night to day," said Dr Massey.

The Moon's brightness varies throughout its annual cycle, during the mid-winter in the northern hemisphere it can appear brighter simply because it is higher in the sky.

From BBC at <http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/sci/tech/7779294.stm>

# WISDOM IN ACTION

## **Dana – imperishable Love**

There is plenty of material, as well as help, in the devotional books to the realization of the *heart doctrine*, for they are designed to awaken the Buddhic faculty—that of Intuition, the only means by which *light* can come to you or anyone.

***Printed words and the information that they indicate, are only “ladders” by which the learner can climb to Wisdom.***

Each one has to make his own connection with higher planes and Those who live in higher realms.

***It has often been said that “when the materials are ready, the Architect will appear.”***

So our work must be to get the material ready, and that means we have to get rid of the purely personal bias by making Theosophy a living power in our lives. So long as we are working for some reward, are inclined to be despondent or impatient, we shall be placing obstacles in our own way.

Read *The Voice of the Silence* and see the keys of the different “portals.”

*Dana*, the key of Charity; consideration for others, no matter what their state. *Shila*, the key of harmony in word and act; that means among other things, sincerity—not to let acts belie one’s words, or words, one’s acts. *Kshanti*, patience sweet that naught can ruffle. These three, if practised, will create a fairer and clearer atmosphere. *Shila* counterbalances the cause and the effect and leaves no further room for karmic action. The same idea is set forth in the Gita where it says that

“Freedom comes from a *renunciation of self-interest* in the results of our actions.”

The question always is, “How shall we stand the pressure?”

***Patience and fortitude are necessary under every condition.***

The ripening of one’s Karma presents the opportunity to gain these qualities, and it is well that we should learn the lesson. The principal effect of Karma is mental and psychical. Family Karma is not our own, and will come about sooner or later.

The same with difficult financial conditions, or any other hard circumstances: they will come to all. So we should strive for calmness, patience, and fortitude, and also have full confidence that the tide is bound to turn, even at the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour.

“If the candidate has faith, patience and confidence, verily he will not have to wait too long.”

There is one thing that should be remembered in the midst of all difficulties; it is this—

“When the lesson is learned the necessity ceases.”

We should know that Karma does not castigate; it simply affords the opportunity for adjustment. No one can precipitate our Karma upon us, nor would anyone wish to do so; so, what ever happens, it is well to remember that it was caused by ourselves, precipitated by ourselves, can be met by ourselves. We must, then, assure ourselves that nothing can possibly overwhelm us. It is better to assume a cheerful attitude to cultivate in one’s self a feeling of confidence, and endeavor to impart it to our nearest. Our anxiety and inner fears, as well as our outward expression of them, may go a great way in depressing those who love us and whom we love.

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from *The Friendly Philosopher*, p 9 – 10  
by Robert Crosbie

**Next month:**

**“Hold on – Have Patience”**