

Chapter 9.

Reincarnation and Vision of the Solar System

The ability to penetrate into the Akashic records and remember one's previous incarnations should not be the result of personal curiosity nor result from selfish interests in the novel or flamboyant. Nor should it be the goal of meditation as many people erroneously believe. It is an experience that comes only as a by-product of long and difficult spiritual growth. Reincarnation is first and foremost a group experience and it will be studied scientifically in the future to see how the composite of many people enrich and contribute to everyone's integration and growth and not just one individual.

Prior to this experience, I had believed we all reincarnated mainly out of desire and a need to burn up past karmic liabilities and obligations. This was only superficially true; in reality, reincarnation was driven by a much greater design and purpose. The soul on its own higher plan was attempting to descend down through the personality and out into the world in service. To help redeem the lower levels that are limited by their lack of knowledge and misunderstanding of a greater and more universal plan. A plan for all of humanity and not just one individual here or there.

The realization of past lives is not usually brought to the threshold of our waking consciousness until we can transform this information into something practical and useful within ourselves.

Awareness of the Astral light or the Anima Mundi can in which past incarnations are accessed encompass a broad spectrum of experiences that can extend both into the future as well as into the past. There is a higher and a lower psychism that is not easily distinguishable from each other in the earlier stages of development. The lower is about our own personality identification with its own inner growth and the higher is the ability to enter into the soul of all living things and recognize their essential divinity. By entering into the psyche of other members of the human family we can help others overcome what may be hindering or holding them back from their next level of growth and divine expression.

In this brief commentary I will at first only try to isolate some small and insignificant insights or fragments of my past incarnations, then later as this vision unfolds it will encompass a far more expansive state of unity and synthesis.

I am not trying to disseminate theoretical information passed on by mere intellectual or academic study, but the psychological conditions that existed within the personality of someone who was experiencing the phenomenon of reincarnation directly

Most teachings in the Aquarian Age that we are now entering emphasize man's future and not his past, his higher bodies and not merely the accumulated knowledge or experience of the lower man and his past. Knowledge of past incarnations is stored in what are technically called Permanent Atoms and is only an expression of the 3rd or material aspect of ourselves or deity.

Awareness of one's past incarnations, taken only in its phenomenal aspect, constitutes only one of the more minor parts of spiritual initiation and growth. I mention minor for only when one can recall his previous lives and link them to the greater purpose and plan of the soul itself does it yield its greatest knowledge and spiritual meaning. The greatest mystery to be solved by man must surely be. Why am I here and what is my purpose? What is my origin? Why do I suffer? Why do I have this full range of peculiarities and idiosyncrasies that I call my individual self? If there is a greater Plan for all of humanity, how can I enter into it and understand its greater implications.

This experience I am about to share can be divided into two sections. One, is where the soul's light is clearly thrown downward into the subconscious and attempts to lift the past and all of its limitations and restrictions up for greater clarity and mental observation. 2, this searchlight of the soul is then directed upward revealing the way of the future which climaxes in a great and profound revelation.

Because emotional stability and mental clarity are always prerequisites to the initiatory experience, many individuals or groups who try to pry open these doors prematurely using drugs or hypnosis do so under the greatest risks.

Many of those who were unfortunate enough to wrestle these truths from nature prematurely, rather than allowing them to surface naturally through meditation do so under the severest penalty of mental and psychological collapse. There is a good reason why nature and the divine veil their innermost secrets and allow a man to cyclically sleep. Mercifully, we leave behind our past and momentarily forget many unimportant details before we resume another incarnation in our journey toward moral and spiritual perfection.

We can see this same principal operating as each day ends and we habitually sleep. Does not this temporary letting go of all that happened during the day clear and refresh us for the next day's challenges and activities?

Before this experience of Astral records, I had tried many times to imagine in my mind's eye what it might have been like. From what I had read by others, it seemed it would be similar to standing back and watching a movie screen or watching the continuous revolutions of a great wheel. As this wheel, which was neatly bisected into separate and individual lines or lives, turned, I would be able to impartially evaluate and observe all those individual lives that had passed. Here the full range of my strengths and weaknesses, idiosyncrasies and talents could be clearly discerned.

The actual experience was entirely different. Although at first I was able to remain detached and evaluate this unfolding drama from an impersonal distance, once the experience had intensified my normal objectivity began to become infused with a more powerful psychic and visionary quality or experience.

In the second part of this revelation, there was a great shift or reversal and my personality suddenly became dwarfed by such impersonal forces, I as an independent and autonomous entity simply ceased to exist. I say ceased to exist but this is not entirely accurate for

later after this revelation began to subside in its intensity I realized the personality was momentarily dwarfed by what was so new and foreign, so powerful and austere it simply faded into the background and became for the lack of a better words unconscious or automatic.

Although at times my intellectual lucidity was greatly enhanced and seemed to expand to enormous proportions this experience cannot be considered in any true sense to be merely intellectual.

It could be more properly defined as the participation in a continuous and never-ending stream of evolving life. A creative flow that, moved in two distinctly different directions. First, moving backward in time, momentarily destroyed the confinement of the personality, and revealed early incarnations and the beginnings of all phenomenal life. Then as just as it reached a climaxing point in early cellular and atomic life the whole process reversed itself as I was then able to experience my conscious awareness as it expressed itself through an endless variety of growing and expanding life forms.* 1

In this experience I not only viewed the past, but I momentarily relived it, seeing the same places, speaking the same words, and knowing the same joys and sorrows.

Remembering one's past incarnations in spite of the many glamour and illusions that have been created around the subject can be to the unprepared one of deep psychological disruption and shock. Here we do not merely come to understand some new and more expanded truth but in the early stages of its unfoldment come face to face with all that is negative within ourselves and been clearly hidden, that amorphous yet real psychic entity that embodies all the selfish and evil propensities we have accumulated since the beginning of early racial and evolutionary life.

Although the intuitive significance of this experience has never diminished, it is not possible to recapitulate it verbally, or in the written word in anything other than a partial or rudimentary way.

I offer this experience to try and clarify some of the misconceptions concerning man and his relationship to past incarnations. This commentary is fraught with generalizations, oversimplification, and in some cases errors. Why is this so? Because there are no words that are adequate for the task of describing this experience. Although spiritual laws remain the same, each person will experience their growth and development according to their own unique and individual characteristics.

After this experience which occurred in my mid-twenties I took a vow of silence I would not with the exception of a few select coworkers and colleagues share this revelation with others. Now in my late seventies I have changed my earlier decision and feel this commentary on past lives and soul awareness may be of some value to the new Aquarian seeker. I understand this commentary leaves more out than it contributes and does not constitute in any way some ideal truth or approach to self-realization or spiritual perception. I prefer to see myself as a Mystic who has come into this incarnation to further refine his skills and service capacity as an Occultist. The last 40 years have provided me with that opportunity.

Although during this experience I make occasional reference to certain emotional and psychological discomforts, I was at liberty at any time to terminate this experience and return to my normal objective state of awareness. This was not done because the momentary discomforts were far outweighed by the tremendous spiritual insight that was being gained.

Mount Monadnock 1972

Full Moon of Leo

After hiking to the top of Mount Monadnock in the summer of 1972 I positioned myself facing towards the sun. As I sat deeply absorbed in meditation the internal sounds of Om were particularly powerful.

Superimposed over this internal drone of Om suddenly long forgotten memories from my childhood began to surface. I saw myself as a child sitting in the living room of an old Victorian house I use to live in the Boston area. In the fireplace beside me were burning logs that crackled and spit. Flames that rose into radiating columns of orange and red, violet, and gold. Here in the early evening, there was an indescribable sense of warmth and calm as my fingers unconsciously caressed the soft velvet pile of this familiar old chair.

As I gazed deeply into the flickering flames the scene began to slowly fade. Now I see myself in the early spring walking to school. The mystery of yellow crocus and tulips seemed to penetrate deeply within me as they rose up through the fragrant and humus earth. This sense of wonder and unity with all nature was so strong a painful warmth arose within my breast --- an uncontrollable longing from the sheer mystery and joy of being alive. Suddenly, I am transfixed by no common curiosity, as page after page of the past began to well up and spring to life. Swept into the remotest areas of yesterday, time seemed to have reversed itself. Now I was seven years of age, then five, four --- now two.

Through what appeared to be a dark and empty tunnel, I felt myself descending within the recesses of time. Before birth, I am floating weightless without sight or form in a filmy membrane, a dull light around and yet within me began to shine.

Beyond the furthest edges of my comprehension, vague impressions begin to float dreamlike before me, like mirages that become clear, then quickly fade. Slowly, as my attention refocuses, I began to recognize myself, but it was in a strange place and nothing was the same. Here in what appeared an 18th century setting, I saw myself standing and addressing a small congregation of 25 or 30 people. As I looked down on this startling scene, I realized that I was a protestant minister, straining to give meaning to a dry and tedious sermon. I felt a sense of emotional uneasiness as something involuntary within me rebelled against the recognition of this startling scene. I seemed so pitiful standing there before this handful of people who were so bored, so restless as they shifted back and forth in their hard pews.

Perhaps what was the most startling of all were the faces of the people in the congregation. I recognized so many of them as the same individuals all around me now in this life.

As this experience deepened to merely look at the facial characteristics of the individuals in the congregation gave me an immediate understanding of their emotional and psychological problems, what stage of growth they were at and what they needed to do to get to their next level of development.

Even those strange and odd meetings with others that seemed so much by chance conformed to some ancient tapestry of interconnected relationships that crossed and crisscrossed through the fabric of time.

My personality seemed to be weighed down and restricted by a terrific sense of detail.

As I gazed around the church everything seemed to be pervaded by this deep sense of antiquity. The hand-hewed beams, the dust upon the floor, and even the clothing of the people seemed so unusually soiled and faded. It was as if I had momentarily been transported into an old black and white, Charles Dickens movie from the nineteen thirties or forties and now was beginning to live within it. The limited hygiene, the lack of clear and brilliant colors, the sheer volume of disjointed activity and noise from the surrounding streets all seemed to oppress my acute sensitivity.

As my attention shifted once again I appeared to be effortlessly moving through the walls of the church as if it were now composed of something highly ethereal, transparent, or made from some type of vacuous substance.

As I watched people out in the streets passing by there was an unusually harsh quality to their communications. Even their humor or laughter seemed to be mostly an opportunity to vent deep frustrations and discomfort.

*In one moment of interior illumination I came to understand some of the deeper key characteristics of humor than I had in many years of studying contemporary psychology.

Here under the vision of my inner eye, everyone seemed so pathetic and sad as they floated aimlessly through life. Each person desperately wanting, needing, and searching, for some type of security or freedom from a harsh and painful environment.

All these people were clearly prisoners of their own ignorance, a type of darkness which they could neither see nor understand. Caught in a heavy net of their own dreams and desires, and longings, they moved ever so slowly through a dark cloud of inertia.

Again the scene shifted as I moved back even further in time to when I was a student at Harvard Divinity School in Boston then back to grammar school. I can see myself as a frail overdressed child in a crumpled and faded parsons suit. I seem so sad standing there at the corner of the playground, cornered by my jeering classmates who gleefully sing out a painfully familiar song. Ha ha, Holy Horatio! Ha, ha, --- na--- na--- na--- na, na---naa. The burning indignation, the hurt that surfaces like some dark wave that rolls over me from this far distant time and shore.

At 10 years old there is a deep longing to be free, to be let out of this prison house men call living and life. Suddenly my perceptions shift once again as I seem to rise weightless above the treetops, thrilling at the sight of apple blossoms wafting below me in the wind and the fragrant smell of lilacs that arise from the narrow cobblestone streets. I can clearly see sailboats colorfully dotting the still water on the Charles River.

Along the cobblestone streets, I hear the rickety motion of wooden carriages passing pell-mell as they deliver their goods and wares to the local marketplace. The smell of fresh produce lingers in the air and the hypnotic clicking of hoof beats on the cobblestone pavement beat out an old familiar cadence.

When this incarnation or life is finally concluded, I see myself as an old and feeble man walking down a long corridor with a friend. Turning to him I said in a moment of deep introspection, "It seems we have done this before. That you and I have walked this same floor and spoken these same words somewhere in the dim past."

As a protestant minister in New England, my awareness of a previous life was beginning to surface even then. But I wasn't ready. Only now in this present incarnation could I see with a new and expanded clarity for it had taken all those years of progressive development and change to lead to this one supreme moment of revelation. Only now in this latest incarnation did I have the strength and unwavering courage in which I could look into the past and see all of my limitations and liabilities without becoming overwhelmed or incapacitated by them. It was clear that nature and god mercifully allow us to slumber and sleep from one lifetime to another to forget, forgive, and go beyond a lifetime of accumulated difficulties, disappointments, and stress.

As I stopped at the end of the church corridor and saw beyond two large doors, I suddenly saw what appeared as my other self myself expiring on the parish bed. With one last gasp for breath, I heard this muffled and plaintive cry stutter from my trembling lips. Death! ow, death! One day It will be you whom I will slay. And with those fated words, it was over.

Now my awareness once again began fading from my surroundings. It was like passing through a filmy net that began drawing itself more tightly upon me. A movement through vibrational - waters in which everything became clouded and forgotten. Now I was passing through what men called death. That transition that was but a pause and a letting go of all that was common and familiar.

Floating out of my body in a shining envelope or translucent membrane I realized that if I relinquished that one remaining spark of self-consciousness this deep and ancient sleep would once again fall upon me. Not sleep as we commonly understand the term but a giving up of our self-awareness as we are once again submerged in the rivers of forgetfulness.

As the scene began to fade, I felt myself passing even further backward in time. There were several more incarnations in Europe as a monk in the 1500's I was also the head of a large Calvinist reform movement in northern Europe. Here as a religious scholar, I clashed with other clerics and denominations as I attempted to outwit my opponents with intellectual virtuosity and understanding of spiritual law. Several key areas that brought the most scathing and heated

debates were, the trinity, salvation, damnation, astrology, and the origin of evil. Many an opposing scholar lost his life through the treachery of these debates and political maneuvering.

I would like to paint to the reader a more flattering picture of my reform work at that time, but it was tainted by the death of many people for whom I was personally responsible.

There was a gentle rift in this fabric of timelessness as I saw myself again in form. Now I was an ascetic wandering somewhere in the Middle East. Dressed in the rough garb of a recluse I moved slowly against the barren and desolate landscape. Without family or friends, I was a terrible sight to behold. Raising my quivering hands in prayer, I spoke these ancient words of homage. "Father, oh Father, whose glories were never seen, forgive me my trespasses. Forgive my wickedness and make me holy like you."

Upon the ground in an ancient ritual of humiliation and repentance, I smashed my head against the rocky earth and beat my body with stones. For hours upon end, I prostrated my starved and weary frame into the dust of the cragged hills.

Chanting some secret hymn, drugged and dazed from starvation I saw myself falling into a deep hypnotic trance as the outer world began to slowly fade.

In this solitude of the wilderness, I am momentarily uplifted and drink in a Vision of the Christ. A spark of light that momentarily appears and then is suddenly gone. Gone! Oh dear God, and I was left more alone than before. Left to that repulsive body whose agony seemed timeless and without end. This was truly the Dark Night of the Soul.

Reliving this past moment in my mind's eye, I am sickened by a blind fanaticism that knows nothing of reason. Heavy with sadness, I watched as that helpless and tormented figure winds its way back through the darkness of time.

The progress and growth I had made from my experience as an ascetic to those as a cleric or minister of a church was overwhelmingly clear. I was learning above all else in my search for the divine emotional stability, moderation, and social responsibility. Far too severe towards the natural world instead of integrating the personal with the spiritual to form a balanced whole, I had tried to beat my body into submission with all types of austerities.

As an ascetic, I did not attract people towards the joys of spiritual life but drove them away with my heavy air of persecution and self-denial. This attitude of humiliation was selfish because it was done for my own spiritual growth and not in the assistance of others.

Although my devotion to religious and ascetic disciplines had been carried to an unnecessary extreme in that lifetime it was obvious that what I needed to develop was detachment at that time. To develop a one-pointed quality of emotional aspiration that would direct me away from what I saw as the usual biological and social attractions of the outer material world.

As a minister of the church in the following incarnation, it became necessary that I had to balance and direct this emotional aspiration through the development of my mind. Through years of theological study and academic discipline, I entered that vast sphere of abstract reasoning which could now safely direct and guide my intense emotional idealism into creative and practical areas.

In this last incarnation while a minister of the church I had avoided and shunned the ascetic life as contemptuous and yet I was still attracted towards it secretly in the deepest recesses of my memory.

Here in the ecclesiastical security of the church, my personal life had been renounced and the way of the Christ followed. Jesus had become my savior. But somehow, he never fully came. Never really entered into my heart and soul and set it ablaze in the way I so desperately longed.

The revelation of these two previous incarnations made so clear the reason why I avoided so much of the pomp and empty ceremonies of different religious denominations right from the beginning of this latest incarnation. Prayers and dogma that were so essential to my growth then as a minister would have only been a hindrance in this life. It was also the reason I had been so prone to certain austerities since early youth and why my stoic personality was so often withdrawn from the outer world.

During my last incarnation as a minister, I could not have entered more closely into union with Christ because I was physically, emotionally, and intellectually unready. My body was far too impure from years of poor nutrition and gross living. My emotions, although highly aspirational, were still uncontrolled and volatile, my mind, although intellectually developed and stable, was completely untrained in the rigorous disciplines of spiritual meditation.

The full blaze of Christ's light, his incomprehensible Power would have either shattered my unprepared bodies or over-stimulated my latent fanaticism making me eager to abandon my social responsibilities once again towards the outer world. Society did not need a wandering recluse or ascetic but the power of redemption that flowed through the whole man; the physical, emotional, and intellectual as well as spiritual.

The Christian church in spite of its religious and social value for the mass of men was not specific enough in its instructions. Not as scientifically accurate as the spiritual sciences of Yoga and meditation that I had been drawn to so early in this life. Although the one spiritual life pervaded all religions equally it was only now in this last lifetime that my body, emotions, and mind were more fully coordinated and I could clearly profit from these esoteric or secret teachings. These spiritual disciplines I now practiced daily would have been confusing or even dangerous if there had not been many lifetimes of preparation.

There is another shift as I plummet even deeper into the past. Now moving by candlelight through ancient catacombs and subterranean vaults, I watched myself perform secret ceremonies before pagan idols and icons.

Scenes flood through my consciousness as my sallow face becomes obscured in a labyrinth of hidden tunnels and remote caves, but the faces are no longer uplifted in prayer and emulation but are cruel and tormented.

I sensed movement as hordes of marching men appeared, then became obscured by immense mountains and plateaus.

Oppressed I watched myself dark-skinned and muscular, fighting barbaric wars and struggling for life beneath tropical suns.

This unfolding experience has now risen in my mind's eye at such an incredible speed most of the detail and clarity are becoming lost. One moment I was a herdsman, a potter, and a galley slave, the next a maid and a hunter.

A tremendous weight was being asserted upon my psyche as everything became submerged into an indescribable blur of instinct and desire, longing, and emotion.

In one last flicker of perception, I felt myself descending into the heat of the tropical forests. Now inhabiting the body of an animal, I was pursued by a predator in the steaming marshes, Racing in terror across the humus earth, suddenly there was a ripping pain in my body, a shrill cry and then all is quiet.

In this stillness of death, I felt myself becoming slowly enmeshed in the heavy odor of primeval gas. A murky sea of decaying vegetation and antediluvian slime. In this dark tomb of fermentation, I realized my life was coming to an end in the silence of early genetic and cellular substance.

There was a primordial quiet that seemed so overwhelmingly final and yet even here within the deepest recesses of inorganic matter there was still life and intent. Through a growing transparency matter now appeared vacuous. I saw atoms like miniature undulating suns moving in space, their electrical and magnetic particles spinning like miniature planets around a central bud of electrical fire.*



My perceptions, no longer confined to the physical begin to slowly expand as if stimulated by a great force outward in all directions. In rhythmic cadence, I felt the creative power of evolution rise and impel myself and all life to reach up towards some new and more complex expression.

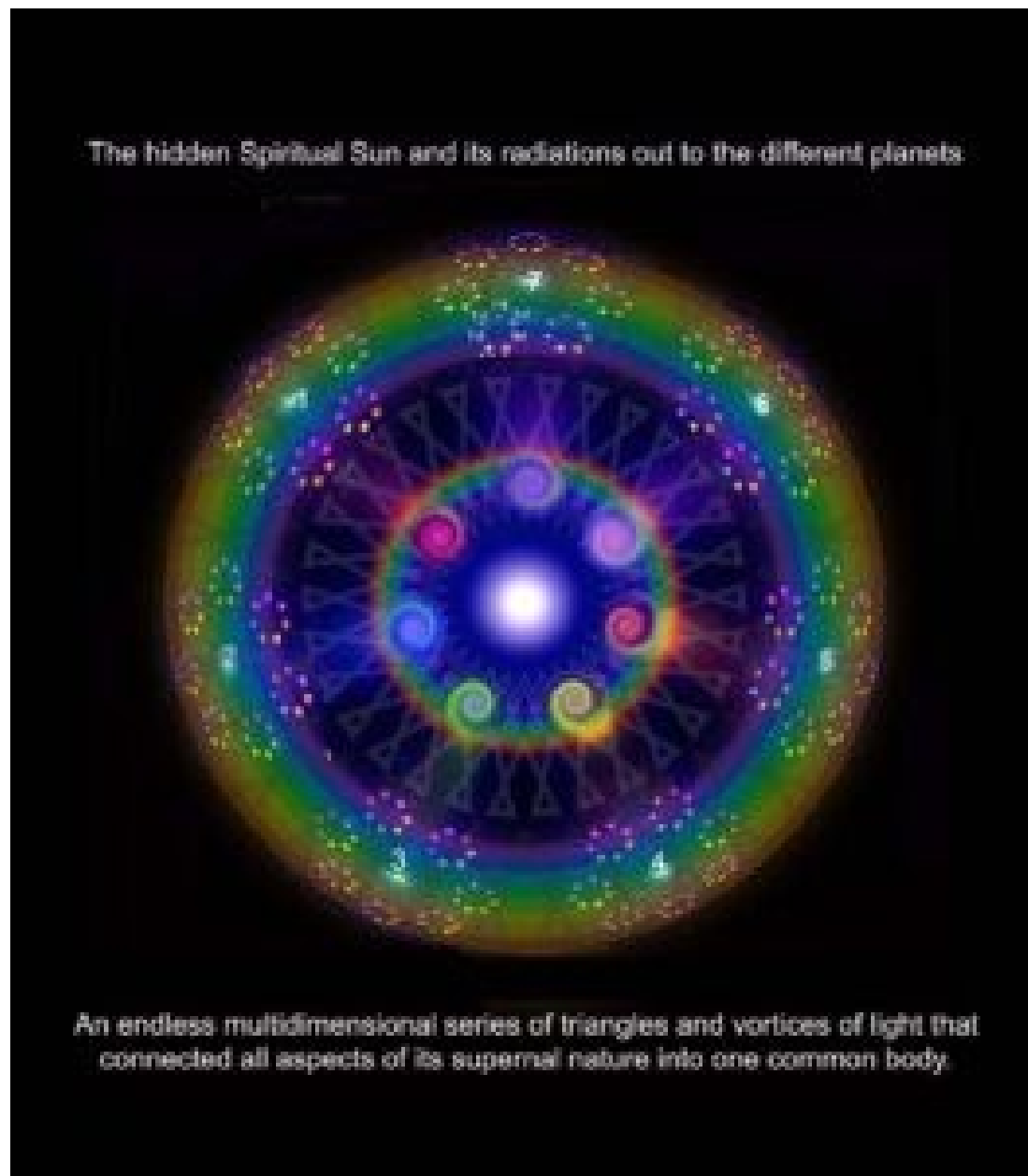
In awe, I watched as atoms grouped together to form complex genetic life forms that covered the earth with an endless variety of flora and fauna. From one-celled amoebas to complex mammals, wave after wave of aquatic and animal life flowed out to populate the seas and land. In this garden of lush vegetation and prehistoric life, the blood of the crocodile and parrot, the carp, and the monkey, now flowed through my universal veins.

As this vision expanded and my perceptions rose above the planet, I saw races of men slowly moving across the earth, around and around they cyclically incarnated and spiraled as each new wave brought a new and dynamic quality of creativity and life to the planet.

These energy waves made up and contributed to the formation of great centers of light that could be seen forming and emerging within the greater planetary body of the Earth as well as all the other planets in our solar system. These different planetary spheres were clearly linked by a series of undulating grids of triangulated light and electrical substance that moved back and forth and cyclically out into space until their individual radiations became fully enclosed by the entire Solar System.

In the very center of this expanding whole the glorious Sun could be seen on multiple levels - blazing brilliant torrents of Spiritual Fire, Sound, and Light in all directions throughout the complete system. The sun received its vitality and power from even higher and more expanded levels of which I could not penetrate nor have knowledge of.

Here in this supreme revelation, it was clear that this entire divine circulatory flow was composed of unconditional love, love that was both its purpose and its plan, love that was the foundation that imbued and motivated all life from the tiniest atom to a complete solar system. A solar rainbow of diaphanous fire and transparent flame that flowing out like a great spiraling vortex, yet at the same time contracted back upon itself in a swirling inexpressible glory.



Although the sensitivity of my emotions and the clarity of my mind had expanded their normal capacity a thousand-fold, they both had been left far behind. Touching the outer periphery of a spiritual being or a supreme cause that was of such overwhelming and profound proportions I was mute in awe and frozen in ecstasy.

Within this vision, a million vibrations pulsated through my different physical, emotional, and mental bodies. Some were so high and ethereal they were unrecognized; others of such intense power they raged upon me like an electrical storm. Without a protective shield both within and around me my swollen consciousness could have been easily shattered.

Each moment of revelation was at the same time the deepest agony. Fixed outside time, I realized I was being crucified by God's ravishing Love and I was being initiated into the great mysteries of the universe. The hidden laws and principles of polarity and magnetic attraction. Things known that could never be spoken or expressed with mere words.

How long this vision lasted I do not know, nor how I was able to descend in this altered state down from the mountain, but for many days afterwards I was unable to speak, eat or even sleep. I was astonished that any man could behold such tremendous revelation and yet live. Just to be able to once again have one's own independent thoughts or some type of personal identity outside of this blinding light of absorption was bewildering.

As my personal identity slowly began to return, a new feeling of responsibility began to arise within me. An obligation not only to assist my fellow man in his creative expiration of karmic liabilities and limitations but a responsibility towards all life; the mineral kingdom, the vegetable and animal kingdoms that all sought for greater light and to those greater beings or forces in the universe who although beyond our present understanding needed our assistance in some way to fulfill a great law that could only be spoken of as unconditional Love and to manifest certain divine principles here on earth.

The universe, contrary to popular belief was not inert but was populated by myriads of unseen lifeforms just waiting for exploration and discovery. We live in a vast and uncharted sea of energy and force in which each organism great or small, conscious or unconscious were all participating in the growth and development of an immense divine circulatory system.

Now through this recapitulation of past incarnations, all of the accumulated experiences of the ages were at my disposal. Karma and the law of Cause and Effect had been momentarily transcended and I knew what I was conclusively beyond all academic theories because I knew what I had been. I had seen what had contributed to all my growth and earlier development through eons of time.

Living in the "Eternal Now" if only for a brief moment the future was clearly revealed because it was already here. The past, the present, and the future already fused into one searing point of universal recognition.

The path was clear because *I now was the path* and in a way impossible to describe I tread upon myself, a lower self that had been transfigured, transformed, and yet transcended.

This spiritual experience was the result of many slow and tedious incremental adjustments over many lifetimes. Changes so imperceptible I was often not even aware of their effects

In a way impossible to reiterate in any intelligent or cohesive manner I was now at this very moment living all of these past incarnations *simultaneously*, time is no longer a sequence of events but stretches out in both directions simultaneously and has become a closed loop; the bewildered child on his way to school, the wandering ascetic, the confused and disorientated

minister, all are here now here within my mind's eye, yet they exist not, since time and space are just an illusion and conditioned by the limitations of one's personal perceptions.

Paradoxically "I am" and "I am not"

Now I know the reason why each man, each living organism must express itself continuously through the outer form over and over to grow and fulfill the "law of the One". Birth and death were but a renewed opportunity for growth and change.

Pain, mortality, and even death were in the final analyses, and when the big picture is seen, not the enemies of man but the driving forces that ultimately push him towards perfection and a renewed interest in the spiritual. Man, who needs conflict to refine his higher sensibilities. Pain, that would drive the last weary pilgrim to his Father's home. Through this opened eye I knew one day all men would behold this same vision. Over millions of years of suffering and strife, each man will know this same truth in their own unique and individual way.

One day men will learn that the laws of Karma are subsidiary to the great law of Love. One day man will recognize the truth of their own spiritual existence, and the dark chapters of human history will close forever on a recognition of such beauty and truth, of such Love, and compassion, that everything else will fade away.

This was the true meaning of prophecy, not the simple predicting of what will happen tomorrow or at some future events but living in the light of Love and becoming a lamp through which others could see themselves more clearly, a light in which despite all the horrors of our past, all of the restrictions and liabilities of the present, the future of freedom, love, and joy stand assured. That love is the only reality, and love is the only truth, and it is upon this truth everything rests.

**Those of humanity who have the most perfect memories,
will come to understand and dominate all possible situations.**

[AAB's works require prodigious memory capacity. Her works basically constitute a "memory palace," typical of Tibetan Buddhist writing styles. Memory is necessary for Thought to build an accessible edifice for Vision. Human memory as conventionally understood is a reflection of Egoic memory (RI 460) and Egoic continuity of consciousness (alayavijnana, or simply alaya). (Peter Kubaska)

"Those who do not learn from history are condemned to repeat it" (Arnold Toynbee)

This idea of memory so eloquently expressed in the previous quote by Toynbee must be taken on multiple levels to be fully grasped and understood and like the emergence of a spiraling and expanding fractal show the interconnectedness of things, not only on the material plane but the spiritual as well.

He who has the most perfect memory will eventually come to dominate all possible situations and prevent the disjointedness and calamity that the average person must experience or live on a daily bases.

To demonstrate a prodigious memory is to be able to recollect and relive within the mind's eye certain experiences, as well as summon up certain facts that are relevant to our growth and understanding of the world in which we live, as well as the hidden worlds of spirit.

Although the spiritual student should not deliberately seek out the knowledge of past lifetimes or previous incarnations, when the time is right and after much preparatory purification and world service, the different permanent atoms that house this past information will naturally and organically emerge.

Contexts is everything, if we know where we have come from, if we know who we are at this exact moment in time and space with all its implications, we can more clearly project ourselves into the future and come to see a larger and more robust plan.

Placing everything in its proper contexts is one of the key ideas of all evolutionary growth and self-understanding. When we can see an overview of our past incarnations, many important patterns will emerge. The understanding that our many past lives will eventually lead us however slowly to the supreme recognition of the soul on its own high and more exalter plain. The knowledge that we are not alone but part of a spiritual group of evolving individuals who are all participating in a larger and more dynamic plan then what any one person could accomplish by themselves. That we are clearly a part and parcel of a much larger group dynamic that has purpose and intent.

Reincarnation will be a source of scientific study one day just as men now study physics, astronomy, or biology. Disciples everywhere are having their permanent atoms and knowledge petals of their egoic lotus stimulated as a part of their evolutionary development. It is this stimulation that will bring a wealth of insight into the process of reincarnation individually, and from a wider group perspective.

One day multi-dimensional ray and astrological charts will be drawn up to give additional insight into the continuity of the One Soul and its continuous cyclic personality expression.

“A number of astrological writers have mentioned the relation of Uranus to Cancer. This is certainly the case in relation to magical manifestation. The entire subject of reincarnation can be studied in relation to these two energies—Cancer and Uranus—and will be undertaken, we are told, by the Scientific Servers in the future.” (Michael David Robbins in response to a student's report in the Morya Federation.)

I have stood in front of the mirror of time and seen a thousand images of myself evolve and morph into what men would call my present self. Millions of years of evolution and spiritual

growth that stretching so far back historically, that they had become lost in the antiquities of time.

Those who have psychically fallen asleep to their own personal history will be forced out of necessity to repeat the same errors and mistakes until enough discomfort and emerging wisdom will finally drive them into the light of perfect inner memory and knowledge. When the higher octave of the psychic which is the intuitional, is finally revealed, veil after veil will be lifted and the disciple will eventually stand before the one Initiator which has been termed the Solar Angel or Soul, the Master and finally the Planetary Logos.

A 90 second time lapse video of the evolution of the human form.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ru8ifph_q9o

(no attempt is made here in this short video to reveal the multidimensional effects of the soul on the emotional and mental body which is provided extensively in other sections of this commentary. No attempt here is made to understand the laws on individualization, different root races as well as other important occult theories.

This video only suggests, however inadequately, that every evolving unit of life which includes the physical and etheric bodies of men will undergo their own unique changes and naturally be pliable to the overshadowing influence of the soul on its own plain. This important understanding of the evolution of the form will fall primarily under the influence of the 3rd and 7th rays.

DK when outlining some important insights into the etheric brain and its evolution had this to say.

The Fifth Kumara

“The fifth Kumara, the Lord of the seventh Ray... has a unique position as the "Ruler of the Building Devas" of the physical plane, the devas of the ethers, in cooperation with their Deva Lord. **He guides and directs the production of the form by means of certain occult words. He works, therefore, through the etheric body of all forms and it is through His inflowing force that we may look for that increased stimulation of the matter of the etheric brain which will make the physical brain receptive to the higher revealing truth, and will put into the hands of scientists the secrets of the fourth and third ethers.** ... we may look to see the mind of man assume proportions, and attain achievement, as yet unthought and undreamt.”

(TCF 441-442)

Let us now briefly consider for a few minutes the effect of the ray influences, rays 3 and 7 as they focus through the seven planets upon the man born in the sign Cancer.

“It is here that there will be found certain basic indications as to the nature and the processes of the Law of Rebirth. It would appear that as yet only two rules are posited in connection with the return of an ego to physical incarnation. The first is that if perfection has not been achieved then the soul must return and continue the perfecting process upon the Earth. The second is that the impulse predisposing the ego to such action is some form of unsatisfied desire. Both these statements are true in part and generic in effect but they are only partial truths and incident to larger truths which have not yet been sensed or noted accurately by esotericists; they are secondary in nature and are expressed in terms of the three worlds of human evolution, of personality intent, and of time-space concepts. **Basically, it is not desire which prompts return but will and knowledge of the plan. It is not the need for achieving an ultimate perfection which goads the ego on to experience in form, for the ego is already perfect. The main incentive is sacrifice and service to those lesser lives that are dependent upon the higher inspiration (which the spiritual soul can give) and the determination that they too may attain planetary status equivalent to that of the sacrificing soul.** It is in order eventually to negate the space-time concept and to prove it an illusion that the door in Cancer opens to the sacrificing, serving soul. Bear this always in mind as you study the subject of rebirth. In themselves, rebirth and reincarnation are misleading [Page terms and "cyclic impulsions," "intelligent purposeful repetition" and "conscious in-breathing and out-breathing" would describe more accurately this cosmic process. It is, however, difficult for you to grasp this idea, for it necessitates the ability to identify oneself with the One Who thus breathes—the planetary Logos—and the entire theme must therefore remain relatively obscure until initiation has been taken. Esoterically speaking, the point of greatest interest lies in the fact that it is group rebirth which is taking place all the time and that the incarnation of the individual is only incidental to this greater happening. This has been largely ignored or forgotten because of the intense and selfish interest in personal experience and living, evidenced in the speculative details anent individual return given in the current so-called occult books, most of which are largely inaccurate and certainly unimportant.

An intelligent understanding of the Plan is needed before the real truth anent reincarnation can emerge with clarity in the public consciousness. Groups of souls come into incarnation cyclically and together in order to further the Plan and permit that interplay to proceed between spirit and matter which makes manifestation possible and which extends the working out of the divine ideas as they exist in the Mind of God. When the Plan (as the Hierarchy understands it) is more familiar in its objectives and its mode of functioning upon the outer plane of life, we shall see a complete change in the presentation of the teaching concerning the Law of Rebirth. We shall see more clearly the existent synthesis of:

4. The divine plan as it manifests in time.
5. The basic relations as they manifest in space.
6. The developing effects as they demonstrate in groups.
7. The evolving understanding as intellect merges into the intuition.
8. The fivefold nature of the logoc expression as it unfolds itself through the five kingdoms... and this, when correctly intuited, will produce a revelation, and a presentation of this abstruse theme beyond anything at this time sensed by man. It is one of the secrets of the first initiation and these secrets are today in the process of externalization.

It will be found that rebirth is, in truth, a magical and magnetic interplay between the form side of life and life itself. This interplay is consciously undertaken by the soul which is the product of the two related factors. The above statement is, in itself, complex and difficult and far from easy to grasp; it however expresses a significant fact which the Old Commentary phrases as follows:

"Those who are demanding to be saved have cried aloud. Their voices penetrate into the formless world and there evoke response."

"Those who in distant aeons have pledged themselves to save and serve respond. Their cry too rings forth and, ringing, penetrates into the dark and distant places within the worlds of form."

"And thus a vortex is established and kept alive by that constant dual sound. And then a touch is made and for a space and during time, the two are one—the Saving Souls and the Units to be served."

"Slowly the vision of the Saving One becomes a light which guides the Crying Ones into the place of light."

I would suggest to investigators that the entire theme of "cyclic impulse" be approached from the angle of the group, forgetting, as this is done, the glamour of the personality impress. The sweep of known history will aid in this, indicating—as it does—the possibility of clarification and the usefulness of classifying and isolating group activity and character down the ages. When the major reincarnating groups are thus distinguished and their work for the fourth kingdom along many lines is more clearly seen then the whole subject will be better understood, evoking the play of the intuition. This demonstrates a second fact of importance, namely that, as yet, it will only be possible to trace the progress of advanced souls in incarnation and not trace, at this time, the cyclic appearing of the unevolved. **They are the "material units" which have to be saved by the more advanced. The theme of service and sacrifice runs, unrecognized, through history. The key to the understanding of these reincarnating, saving factors lies in a coming intuitive ability to recognise the reincarnating groups, as groups and not individuals,** through their ray qualities, and it was for this purpose that I gave in *Destiny of the Nations* a statement as to the rays governing certain nations. Groups are governed by the astrological signs and by the rays just as individuals are, and these rays affect them, via the ruling planets. I have here opened up to you a very wide field of research and I have indicated a most interesting new form of historical investigation and record. The history of the future will be the history of the evolving plans of God as they work out through the serving groups of egos who will come into physical incarnation under the influence of "divine duality" to carry forward the development of the lives which constitute the form through which divinity is seeking full expression." (EA p 325-28)

"The Seed-Atoms are stored in the Causal body when Man is not incarnated in the physical plane."

This is symbolised in the allegory of Noah's Ark that preserved the seeds of animals for a new life-cycle. Each incarnation improves the record of a Seed-Atom, and each Seed-Atom, as a blue-print, builds what is contained in its memory banks.

Seed Atoms carry the vibrational nature of their associated principles.

Principles are formed with the same vibrational frequencies of those Seed-Atoms. The quality and form of a manifested principle depend very much on the stored blueprint in the core of the Seed-Atom.

The more perfect the blueprint or archetype, the more perfect the principle. Blueprints are improved as Man develops his mental, emotional, physical, and spiritual quality. Lucielle Cedarcrans

<http://themindunleashed.org/2014/01/scientists-found-memories-may-passed-generations-dna.html>

memories are not stored in the physical body nor in the muscles or physical organs but are stored in the permanent atoms which are connected to the etheric body that permeates and infuses the physical body.

THE GROUP REBIRTH AND IDENTIFYING

WITH THE ONE WHO THUS BREATHES

Reincarnation Among the American Indians

by Manly P. Hall

"In matters of philosophy and faith the American Indian is by nature an individualist. His convictions are influenced profoundly by his interpretation of the experiences of daily life, and by the visions and other mystical extensions of consciousness resulting from vigil, fasting, prayer, and meditation. Members of the same tribe may differ widely in their beliefs. Religious tolerance is general, and nonconformity brings no reproach if a man practices his beliefs with sincerity. Therefore, when an ethnologist asks some old sachmen or outstanding tribal citizen for a summary of the religion of his people, the learned elder, as likely not, will elucidate his personal opinions on the subject. Thus many differing accounts may be secured by a single group. Due to this complication, all broad statements covering Indian theology are subject to a variety of exceptions.

In his North American Dr. Hartley B. Alexander makes a cautious generalization of the Indian attitude toward the doctrine of successive lives: "Belief in the possibility of rebirth is general," he writes, "although some tribes believe that only young children may be reincarnated, and

certain of the Californians who practice cremation bury the children that they may the more easily reborn.”

[note that Master D.K. (The Tibetan) also suggest that cremation will be the thing of the future.]

Some Indian nations have reincarnation or transmigration as an essential tenet of tribal doctrine, while others have only vestiges of the concept. Certain Greenland tribes, for example, believe that the soul of a dead relative will enter the body of a newborn babe, guarding and instructing the child until it reaches maturity, when its own soul takes control. Several tribes hold that scalping prevents rebirth as the spiritual nature is connected with certain locks of hair.

The Indians of Eastern United States are convinced that the after-death world of the red man is exclusively for the use of their own race—the white man has a different heaven. Because of their admiration for George Washington, these Indians say that he has a special house just outside the door of the Indian Spirit Land. Medicine priests who have left their bodies and journeyed along the path of souls report that the Great White Father is having a splendid time in his fine home.

The Cherokee recognized no essential difference between the spirits of human beings and those of animals. All the kingdoms of nature shared a common immortality. Although the animal kingdom belongs to a lower order of intelligence, the man and his body might be properly used for food, the spiritual principle which animated the brute form was indestructible. It was necessary to kill that men might live, but these four-footed younger brothers had their place in the afterlife. The hunter did not actually kill the animal, he only deprived it of a body for a short time. The Indian never hunted for sport, and when killed the body of a deer or other creature, he offered prayers to its spirit and honored its memory with sacred rites and ceremonies. In his *Myths of the Cherokee* James Mooney explains the philosophy of these Indians as it relates to this interesting subject. The hunter is pardoned “through a peculiar doctrine of reincarnation, according to which as explained by the shamans, there is assigned to every animal a definite life term, which cannot be curtailed by violent means. If it is killed before the expiration of the allotted time the death is only temporary and the body is immediately resurrected in its proper shape from the blood drops, and the animal continues its existence until the predestined period, when the body is finally dissolved and liberated spirit goes to join its kindred shades in the Darkening Land.” [p.65-67]

In the soul of the Indian, Charles Alexander Eastman (Ohiyesa) a member of the Sioux Nation, who wrote extensively on Indian culture, refers to reincarnation thus “many of the Indians believed that one may be born more than once, and there were some who claimed to have full knowledge of a former incarnation.” Such recollection of previous existences nearly always resulted from mystic practices or other natural circumstances. One famous medicine man gained his powers after being struck by lightning.

Some years ago, Dr. Paul Radin carried an extensive researches among the Winnebago tribe of Wisconsin. He found that “the belief in reincarnation the Winnebago entirely bridge the gulf between life and death ... To live again is the greatest desire of Winnebago, practically, every secret society holds this out as the lure to the outsider. If you join the Medicine Lodge you will

become reincarnated; if you live an upright life, if you are on the battlefield, reincarnation awaits you.”

Dr. Radin was fortunate enough to secure directly from a Winnebago shaman an account of three of this wise Man's previous lives. The shaman who is identified by the initials T. C. said that he had been killed, while still a lad, by a hostile party. He did not know that he was dead until he found his own body among the slain. He was then taken to the Spirit Land where he lived with an old couple until the desire to be reborn came over him. The C T. of the Spirit Village told him that he could go back to earth and obtain revenge on the tribe that killed his relatives and himself. He was taken into what seemed to be a room, where he could hear little children playing outside. He wanted to join them, so he went through the door. There was h a rush of cold air, and he began to cry, and he knew that he was being born from a woman's body.

In that life, T. C. grew up to be a great warrior, and he slew many men, and revenged himself upon his enemies. He died of old age, and left his body without pain. He even watched the people as they buried his remains. He had much pleasure in the afterlife and even talked face with Earthmaker. There were spirits about, and it was like them.

After a time T. C. again returned to the physical world and it was in this latest incarnation that he told his story to Dr. Radin, remarking, “I am going through the same that I knew before,”

The Peyote cult has many followers among the Winnebago. They eat peyote or make liquid from it which they drink. The mescal, or peyote, is a small cactus, used medicinally as a stimulant and antispasmodic. With the Indians the effect is to produce visions and temporary clairvoyance, and the plant is also believed to have great curative powers. The Peyote cult denies the doctrine of reincarnation, and this has caused ill feelings between the old tribal shamans and the new cult. Those Winnebago who will have nothing to do with the peyote people claim that the use of this plant destroys the spirit, and the addicts will not be reborn again but will die utterly.

It is fortunate that Dr. Radin has been able to continue his research into the mystical philosophy of the Winnebago. In 1945 he published the sacred ritual drama of these Indians under the title. *The Road of Life and Death*. Making use of the old belief in reincarnation, the medicine men interpreted reincarnation as a road to heaven worlds and back again ad infinitum. In his new book, Dr. Radin tells us that the initial T.C. stands for Thunder-Cloud. Not only this wise man remembered his pas lives; he recalled also his previous initiations into the secret rites of the Spirit Road.

In the ritual, Earthmaker, the Great Spirit promised that if the ceremonies of the rites were properly performed, the initiate would have more than one life. Eartmaker said: “I will always keep the door to which he may return to earth open to him. When he becomes reincarnated, he can live wherever he wishes. He can return to earth as a human being, or he can join one of the various bands of spirit, or, again, if he wants to, he can become one of the beings who live under the earth.”

Radin sums up the psychological aspect of the doctrine of rebirth as held by Winnebago: thus “With the belief of reincarnation, the priest thinker could do much more. Here a kind of

continuum already existed. The priest thinker simply had to develop the concept of continuing consciousness, Thus, the first attribute of divinity, permanence was on its way to accomplishment. This permanence was further enhanced by having an individual born again into the same family, and reliving, in every detail, his previous existence.”

The Winnebago were led to believe in the plurality of lives by the pressure of adversity and affliction. They were in much the same position as the white man today. The only escape from war, crime, misery, and sorrow was through the strengthening of the internal spiritual self. Man must have a philosophy of living that explains the obvious tragedy of the world and at the same time proves that the human being can live well and attain security by a high standard of personal conduct. All mature civilizations are confronted by this problem of universal ethics.

In his delightful book, What the White Race May Learn From the Indian, George Wharton James summarizes the Amerindic philosophy of death. “The Indian,” he writes, “believes in immortality without an admixture of complex theological ideas. He is a simple faith which he accepts as he accepts life. .. When death approaches he faces it with calmness equanimity and serenity ... Those who are left behind wail for their loss but the one who departs asks and receives no sympathy.”

As the Amerindic Nations have no written languages, it is not possible to restore this ancient learning from the crude pictographs which are only literary remains of the old times. The lore of the tribes survives only in the memory of the old men and the medicine priests. If these shamans are silenced by the white man's criticism and contempt of the wisdom tribes dies with them, and is lost beyond all recovery... "

[Barbara Harrington](#)

The Mountain that stands alone

The word Monadnock is derived from the language of the original inhabitants of this region, the Abenaki tribe. Monadnock roughly means "**mountain that stands alone**" which refers to Mount Monadnock, a beautiful 3,165 foot mountain in the towns of Jaffrey and Dublin, New Hampshire.

What does the name Abenaki mean?

Today these people are known collectively as the Abenaki, which is often translated as "**People of the Dawnland.**" (woban means day-break and ski means earth or land). Abenaki life was observed and recorded by European explorers of the early 1500s. Land was not owned, but used according to custom, season, and need.

<https://www.vermontpublic.org/programs/2016-11-04/what-is-the-status-of-the-abenaki-native-americans-in-vermont-today>

Are there any Abenaki people in New Hampshire?

The Abenaki people are a Native American tribe in the Northeast part of the United States and Canada. The Abenaki people have a strong connection to Keene and to the Monadnock region of New Hampshire. This region has been a part of their homeland for over 10,000 years.

What religion is Abenaki?

The Abenaki people are an indigenous peoples of the Americas located in the Northeastern Woodlands region. Their religious beliefs are part of the Midewiwin tradition, with ceremonies led by medicine keepers, called Medeoulin or Mdawinno.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Abenaki_mythology

***monadnock, isolated hill of bedrock standing conspicuously above the general level of the surrounding area.** Monadnocks are left as erosional remnants because of their more resistant rock composition; commonly they consist of quartzite or less jointed massive volcanic rocks.

In contrast to [inselbergs](#) (island mountains), a similar tropical landform, [monadnocks](#) are formed in humid, temperate regions. They take their name from Mt. Monadnock, a solitary mass of rock (3,165 feet [965 metres]) in Monadnock State Park, southeast of Keene, in Cheshire County, southwestern [New Hampshire](#), U.S.A.

<https://www.britannica.com/science/monadnock>

Mount Monadnock, or **Grand Monadnock**, is a mountain in the towns of [Jaffrey](#) and [Dublin, New Hampshire](#).^[3] It is the most prominent mountain peak in southern New Hampshire and is the highest point in [Cheshire County](#). It lies 38 miles (61 km) southwest of [Concord](#) and 62 miles (100 km) northwest of [Boston](#). At 3,165 feet (965 m), Mount Monadnock is nearly 1,000 feet (305 m) higher than any other mountain peak within 30 miles (48 km) and rises 2,000 feet (610 m) above the surrounding landscape. It is known for being featured in the writings of [Ralph Waldo Emerson](#) and [Henry David Thoreau](#).

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mount_Monadnock

Thoreau's fondness of the New England wilderness brought him to the Monadnock Region of New Hampshire. Thoreau ascended the highest point in Cheshire County, Mount Monadnock. His zeal for nature made it easy for him to reach the summit four times. In 1860, Thoreau climbed Mount Monadnock for the last time, with William Ellery Channing. These two poets reached the summit on August 4, 1860. Reaching the summit was too mediocre for them. Before they began their journey, they had the intention of setting up camp on one of the most frequently climbed mountains in the world.

In the anthology, *Where the Mountain Stands Alone: Stories of Place in the Monadnock Region*, an excerpt from Thoreau's diary describes the process in which Thoreau set up his camp:

Choosing a place where the spruce was thick in this sunken rock yard, I cut out with a little hatchet a space for a camp in their midst, leaving two stout ones six feet apart to rest my ridge-pole on, and such limbs of these as would best form the gable ends. I then cut four spruces as rafters for the gable ends, leaving the stub ends of the branches to rest the cross-beams or girders on...[I] cut an abundance of large flat spruce limbs, four or five feet long, and laid them on...beginning at the ground and covering the stub ends...Then made a bed of the same...and all was done...

It is not surprising that Thoreau was successful in setting up camp. He had camped on Mount Monadnock alone two years prior. On August 9, 1860, Thoreau and Channing descended Monadnock. These two adventurers headed back to Troy, NH, where their journey began. <https://kscequinox.com/>