The ROSICRUCIAN

Issue No 88 -- May 2022





Contribute to Peace

When we survey the history of humanity from its very dawn to the modern day, we observe that it is littered with wars. Generally speaking, they are caused by vested economic, political or religious interests: for example, the goods belonging to one or another group of people are appropriated, a particular form of government is imposed, or people are forced to convert to a particular religion. Whatever the cause, the common factor is that the decision to conduct war and the waging thereof is people. People are responsible for the horrors they generate; it is not chance or fate, or even God. Throughout the ages, wars have caused the death of millions of men, women and children, plunging so many families into despair and chaos. Today, the situation is ever more disturbing now that humanity has the means to self-destruct on a planetary scale.

info@amorc.org.au
https://www.amorc.org.au
@amorcstudents

My Contribution to Peace

I contribute to Peace when I strive to express the best of myself in my contacts with others.

I contribute to Peace when I use my intelligence and abilities to serve Good.

I contribute to Peace when I feel compassion toward all who suffer.

I contribute to Peace when I see all people as my brethren, regardless of race, culture or religion.

I contribute to Peace when I rejoice over the happiness of others and pray for their well-being.

I contribute to Peace when I listen with tolerance to opinions that differ from mine or even oppose them.

I contribute to Peace when I resort to dialogue rather than to force to settle any conflict.

I contribute to Peace when I respect nature and preserve it for generations to come.

I contribute to Peace when I do not seek to impose my conception of God upon others.

I contribute to Peace when I make Peace the foundation of my ideals and philosophy

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The ROSICRUCIAN

Nº 88 May 2022

AMORC
ROSICRUCIAN ORDER

ISSN 1444-8831

The Rosicrucian magazine is published quarterly by the Rosicrucian Order, AMORC Grand Lodge for Australia, Asia and New Zealand.

ACN 072 728 968

Editors: Lucy Crawford-Sandison
Sven Johansson

Design: Cloud White

Translations: Joe van Dalen

Address all correspondence to:

The Editor, 1/20 Commercial Rd.,
Strathalbyn, SA 5255, AUSTRALIA

Tel: +61 8 70924111

Email: editor@amorc.org.au
Web: www.amorc.org.au

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The Rosicrucian Order, AMORC Grand Lodge for Australia, Asia and New Zealand is a non-profit, tax-exempt educational organisation, and is part of the world-wide Rosicrucian Order, headquartered in San Jose, California.

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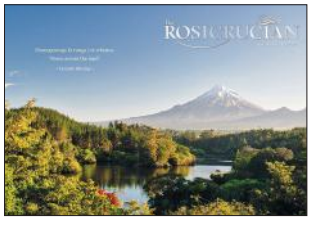
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MOUNT TARANAKI

Revered as sacred by the Maori people, the snow-capped, majestic, Mount Taranaki rises in near perfect symmetry above the verdant landscape of New Zealand's North Island. Meaning *'Shining Peak'*, Taranaki Maunga was granted the the rights of a *'living person'* by the New Zealand government in 2018. The words *'maungaronga ki runga i te whenua'* meaning *'peace across the land'* is a blessing from Taranaki tribes who, in 1862, founded a new religion, called *Hauhau*, also known as *Pai Mārire*, meaning *'goodness and peace.'*

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MYSTICAL ANGUISH

by **Martha Folin**

Some experiences are meant to be held close, and some, I think, are meant to be released and shared with others. The other night, sitting on my porch, I had such an experience, one of those sharing experiences. As I watched fireflies dodging falling leaves, I contemplated my lovely home, my children snuggled in bed and my faithful canine friend with wagging tail, seated comfortably beside me. Here I was, surrounded by beauty, love and the glorious abundance of my Creator. Yet, I felt so sad. Little tears began to trickle softly down my cheek. What is this, I thought? I have nothing to be sad about. There is no crisis in my life, no pain, no lost loved one.

So I decided to meditate on this sadness. After a moment of silence, the word *'culminate'* came to me. It came so intensely that it was like a searing in my brain, an imprinting on my soul. I could almost hear a voice whispering, *"culminate..., culminate..., culmination is the key."* I stood up, went into the house and pulled out a dictionary. I would like to share the meaning with you.

Culminate (1) Of a celestial body, to crown, to reach its highest altitude, to be directly overhead. (2a) To rise to or form a summit. (2b) To reach to the highest or a climactic or decisive point, to bring to a head or to the highest point.

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As I read and re-read the dictionary definition, I began to understand both the word and the tears. I realised that I had been reviewing the past three days. In my mental meanderings, I had recalled various news broadcasts that told of increased violence throughout the world: wars and bloodshed; outrageous child abuse; rising fear and desperation over unemployment; talk of newer, more sophisticated weapons to kill each other with; starvation, crime, prejudice. I read how a fourteen-year-old boy shot his father and uncle, then hacked their bodies with an axe. I watched a television program that was supposed to be a satirical comedy but was cruel instead. I had seen a young pup dead in the street, his mother crouched beside him howling with grief as speeding motorist passed. I wish I could say I had heard lots of laughter and seen lots of loving instead, but I hadn't. Instead, I felt inwardly sick, angry and oh so sad.

Oneness With Creation

I have been a member of the Rosicrucian Order for most of my adult life, but I've been a Rosicrucian in my heart since the day I was born. Rosicrucian friends understand me when I say in all humility that I have been a mystic all my life. For the mystic, there is not one life, there is all life. There is not one creator, we are all creators. When life is lost, a great wrenching is felt deep in one's soul, for it was not just another life, it was a part of one's own life. It makes no difference what form that life was in, it was life.

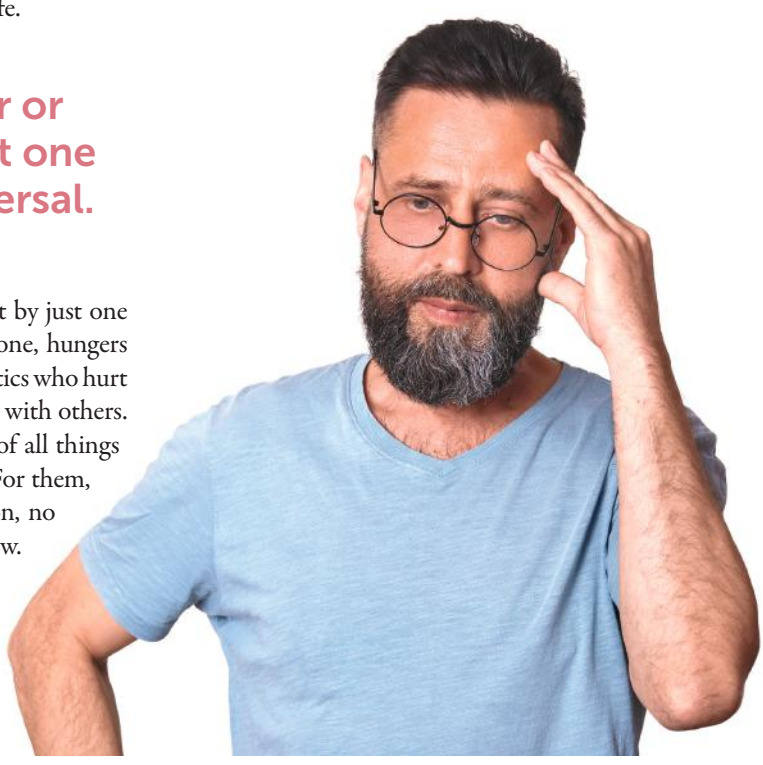
Pain, sorrow, hunger or fear are not felt by just one person. They are universal.

Pain, sorrow, hunger or fear are not felt by just one person. They are universal. No one hurts alone, hungers alone or dies alone. Somewhere there are mystics who hurt a little, hunger a little, sorrow and die a little with others. Because of their knowledge, they are aware of all things in their world, be they positive or negative. For them, all are one and the same; there is no division, no separation, from all life. That is the mystic view.

The loving mystic Jesus gave us the wisest of words to live by. Many have heard them, but not many live them or even truly understand them. True mystics know the power behind these simple words. At times they become frustrated and saddened because it is really so simple. Yet for some, it is so very, very difficult, to *'love one another.'*

I stand in speechless awe at the possibilities implied by such humble and simple little words: 'love one another!'

If humankind could just grasp those few, simple words and their true import, our children would not have to grow up with the fear of nuclear annihilation, and all our brilliant minds and talents could be directed towards human welfare, not warfare. There would be no starving people, unless we were all starving. Our humane societies wouldn't have to plead for the end of senseless abuse to innocent animals. Not one child would be battered and bruised by human hands, nor one woman raped. No one would ever need fear another person. No cheating, no lying, no greed, no hate. Just stop and think about it! Can you believe it..., I mean really believe it? Can you begin to imagine what it would be like to live this way? Personally, I stand in speechless awe at the possibilities implied by such humble and simple little words: *'love one another!'*



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The Battle With Darkness

It is my sincere belief that all true mystics, having reached a spiritual culmination, would agree that the burden is often heavy. Mystics battle constantly with *'darkness.'* They are not immune to the emotions of anger and resentment towards the human species. The actions of others can cause them to have bouts of great depression and feelings of hopelessness. And it often takes every ounce of vitality offered them to keep the flame burning. Why some choose not to take the spiritual path or falter along the way is understandable. For in this flawed, physical environment, it can sometimes seem easier to survive if we don't know and don't care.

Some would ask, *'If it is so painful, is it even worth it? Is it necessary? Moreover, what's my reward..., what do I get out of it?'* Mystics are aware of their *'roles in the play'* and play them willingly. They know that somewhere, at some moment, they will have awakened a soul, lightened a burden, brought a smile to a sad face, encouraged the faltering or gladdened a heart. Isn't that what it's all about? Doesn't a verse in the Bible use the phrase *'on the arm of a brother?'* Doesn't that really mean to give of ourselves? If not one soul consciously chose to walk the path of mystical and spiritual unfoldment, all life would stagnate and be pointless. That makes the act of giving so necessary in my book!

The rewards are numerous, the greatest being the indescribable love and unity with the Cosmic. But, seeing a big smile on a little cherub face isn't a bad reward. Or seeing a crippled body healed. Or seeing people *'walking tall'* in the face of adversity. How about seeing kindness in times of sorrow, help when people are in pain? Or seeing the absolute joy that radiates from a healthy, happy animal? These are rewards to the mystic. They are the *'spirit of God'* in action, channelled through our higher selves, to our physical world. The mystic's greatest desire is to see the spirit of our higher selves in action all the time, not just some of the time.

The mystic's greatest desire is to see the spirit of our higher selves in action all the time, not just some of the time.

The mystic knows that through some act of kindness, an understanding word, or perhaps a show of spiritual courage, another Light will be born out of the Darkness. Each Light born brings humankind just one step closer to the ultimate culmination of *'loving one another'*..., the end of mystical anguish..., the beginning of mystical reward.



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Journey and Destination

Remember the Apollo space programme of the 1960s? Of course you do, and what exciting times they were. The Apollo programme was created for one reason only: to send a man to the surface of the moon and to return him safely to earth. It is a welcome testament to changing times that in those days there were only 'hims' when it came to spaceflight, while by now, thanks to the Space Shuttle, we've had many outstanding woman astronauts too.

Whether it's Neil Armstrong bouncing around on the moon or Edmund Hillary and Tenzing Norgay reaching the summit of Mount Everest for the first time, they each prepared for a journey, took the journey, and finally reached their goal. The goal is often touted as

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the be-all and end-all of any major mission, when that shouldn't be the case. What about the time before the final moment of glory? To be honest, much more thought needs to be given to the preparatory stage, and especially the *journey* to the summit of achievement that deserves our greatest accolade, not just those final moments when the summit is reached.

Think of the athletes at the recent Winter Olympics. Every one of them came to compete fiercely and to win medals. But the years of long, arduous training that preceded the final performances that took them to victory must surely be more relevant than the actual feats of winning themselves? Those years of toil and tears were the real victory, for without the hundreds of little details and techniques that had to be mastered, there would have been no victory. And inevitably, when the excitement of the race is over, questions no doubt sometimes arise:

> Is that it? Is that all there is? I spent years training just for this and it was finished in just a few intense minutes. Apart from my brief moment of glory, I'm still the same person. What's changed?

During the time of greatest effort in perfecting one's skills, the overriding goal was to accomplish the final task, to reach the end. And then the end came and it wasn't quite as one had expected. There was an initial euphoria and sense of relief at the accomplishment, but not long after, on the bus back home after the farewells and the long flight home, a sort of gender-neutral version of post natal depression set in. Was it really worth all the time and effort? Were those years of sacrifice worth just a measly bronze medal? It's a physical thing for sure, so say the doctors; just a natural reaction to a sudden release from long-term stress. But it doesn't feel that way when one's in the dumps.

Don't Confuse Things

Are we confusing the goal with the effort needed to reach it? Yes we often confuse the *destination* with the *journey* getting there, those intense years of training and sacrifice when it would have been so easy to give up and choose an easier life. By emphasising the destination to the almost complete exclusion of the journey that's so crucial to our success, we're missing a fundamental point: the journey is often, *indeed most of the time*, more important than the

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destination itself. Success may appear to us as an illusion, but we know, sometimes painfully, that the journey was far from illusory.

We've all had small goals we want to reach, whether it was a better job, a financial windfall, a better house, etc. But when those goals were reached, were we really happy with the outcome? More than likely the feeling of satisfaction was welcome to begin with, but it dissipated with time, and before we knew it, what we had yearned for previously became what we expected life to give us. On each occasion, the destination was a glimmer of light in the distance, but once reached, it was quickly forgotten.

An intense focus on the destination, while almost completely ignoring the process that allows us to reach our destination, causes us to diminish the value of the journey and its capacity for bringing about real and long lasting beneficial change to ourselves and our attitudes. There is the potential for great value in any journey, if only we are prepared to learn from the lessons that directly flow from it.

What do we find at the destination that we can't find at any point during the journey, or for that matter even at the starting point? Thinking of the winter Olympics again, we may win and bask a moment in our years-in-the-making achievement, holding the medal up high, but by the next day our ski tracks will be gone, and as far as nature is concerned, we were never there. Given that the euphoria of victory is so transient, surely there's room for other moments of transient euphoria with every passing day on the journey to the win? The finale is only a small part of a piece of music, the epilogue only a fraction of a book, the destination only a step on the path to the destination.

The First Step

An old Chinese proverb begins: *"A journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step."* Every journey begins with that first step, and every step on the path can be considered as important as the first one, provided it is taken as deliberately and seriously. It's easy to stop when the destination is all we're striving for and the goal seems impossibly far away. The journey begins, progresses and ends with every step we take, and the journey is nothing short of a long series of small triumphs, each one as important as the rest, each one linearly leading to the next. We never really fail, but we do from time to time stop trying. And we stop trying when we have nothing to strive for but a distant goal, barely seen.

Preoccupation with the end causes us to overlook the excitement, the challenge, the satisfaction and importance of each step, each question, each minor discovery. It is the thrill of possibility that spurs us on, an excitement fed by the power and momentum of the journey itself. We can't get on with it until we don't keep going. Once started, we must see the journey through to its completion.

"I'm an idealist", wrote the poet Carl Sandburg. *"I don't know where I'm going but I'm on my way."* Sometimes you just have to get moving, even when the way is not clear. Anticipation and the excitement of progress will keep you going, but it takes a spark to light the flame, like that first ignition of the spark plug that starts a car engine. *Every step should be a first step!*

Self Realisation

Former Secretary-General of the United Nations Dag Hammarskjöld once wrote...

> The longest journey is the journey inwards of he who has chosen his destiny, who has started upon his quest for the source of his being.

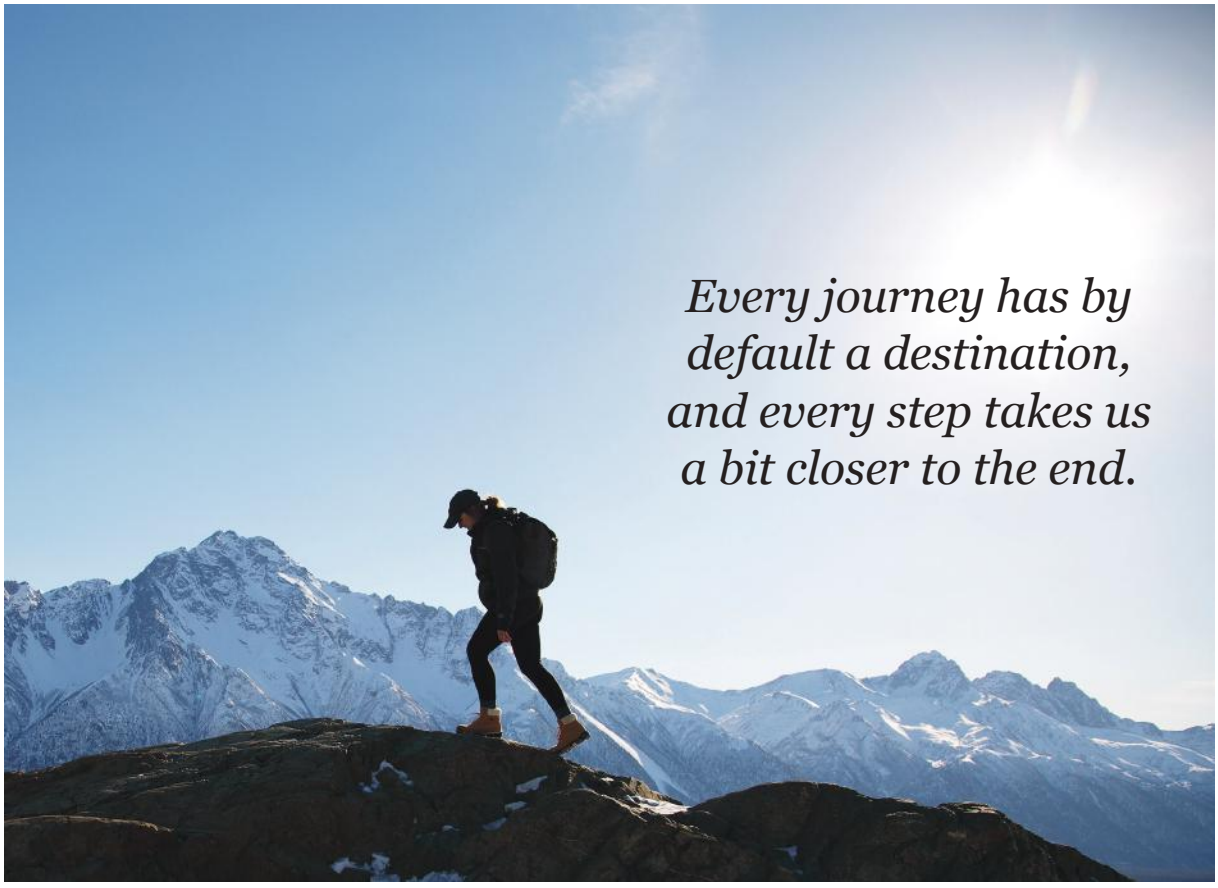
The journey, any journey, any project, is a journey toward the realisation of self; and such a journey is strewn with pitfalls, obstacles and resistance. The search for self-worth and self-understanding is painful but necessary, part of the process of becoming a whole, integrated person.

Every project, every process, every striving is a step inward, a plunge into the depths of individual personality, a thread woven into the fabric of the human being. When a journey ends, we will have learnt a bit more about our possibilities and limitations, our abilities and inabilities. And we are eager to press ahead, to know more, to start again, to begin the next worthwhile journey. The late Peter Boardman, an outstanding British mountaineer, wrote in his book, '*The Shining Mountain*'...

> Today's frontiers are not of promised lands, of uncrossed passes and mysterious valleys beyond. Only the mountaineers' inner self remains uncharted.

The journey is an attempt to scale the spirit of a mountaineer, to ascend the summit of inner knowledge; and it can be a lonely trip. People are often insensitive and intolerant of those who pursue the road apart from

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the crowd, who travel a path that veers from the common thoroughfare. The question they often ask is: *"Where can that path possibly lead? It seems to go nowhere."* But that is their perception, and it is limited by a lack of sufficient understanding, a myopic view of another's destination. Every journey has by default a destination, and every step takes us a bit closer to the end. Once underway, the goal is to press on, and at all times hold the vision of the destination in mind. But don't do so at the expense of the steps in-between.

The Path of Life

Like the protagonist in Herman Hesse's mystical novel, *The Journey to the East*, we all eventually come to realise that the main journey we take in life, is never ending. In fact it is our very life itself. The journey is a process of becoming, not a single assault on a single goal or mountain. Though the journey never really ends, it sometimes brings us back to the place where we began, with a new appreciation or a deeper understanding, causing us to, as T S Elliot put it *"...know the place for the first time."* You never conquer a mountain, you never conquer your Inner Self; you seek it afresh every day, every step along the way.

Tomorrow there will be another goal, another challenge, another journey. The next one may be harder, take a bit longer, be less accessible. But the true seeker knows the goal will eventually be reached, and knows intimately the road leading to it. Every destination is the starting point for another journey. Every chapter completed means a new chapter or a new book must begin. We can't be content with the destination alone. We can't rest forever on the results of that one big project.

None of this is to say that goals and destinations are unimportant. The summit is one of the reasons for climbing the mountain. It provides us with another view, another perspective. If our intention is not the absolute top, we will not progress very far along the way. The destination is the culmination of the adventure, the pinnacle of triumph, the final, and sometimes most difficult, step along the way. We need not feel a sense of emptiness, disappointment or disillusionment when the present project or journey has ended, not if we've worked hard along the way and learned the lessons of the journey.

The destination can be sweet, the accomplishment pure, and the mountaineering spirit challenged if we understand the purpose of the journey and the value to us of the destination. It is a part of the reward for coming this far. We can climb the mountain and peer over the ridge with a sense of satisfaction. We can take time to reflect and determine the course of the next chapter, for the triumph of reaching the destination is but the prelude to another.

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GOD OF MY HEART

by **Ralph M Lewis**
Imperator of AMORC
(1939-1987)

Are there any people who do not have within them a concept similar to the Rosicrucian expression *'God of My Heart?'* Can any people conscientiously deny that there exists a *Transcendency* or a state of reality infinitely greater than themselves? Must they not admit that Being, the whole of reality, is infinite in relation to the human consciousness? Solipsists affirm that there is no reality beyond the human consciousness, that nothing exists other than the self. Yet, by the very fact of their personal existence, they refute their own belief in this regard, for their very dependence upon externality for their existence is proof of their distinction from the self. No one thing is the whole; all things are part of it. However, is there just one *'God of my Heart?'* In other words, is there a *unity of understanding* of this Transcendency, this Absolute, of which all things are said to consist?

Among people there is no universal concept or definition of the God of one's Heart, that is, a common belief in a dynamic Supreme Power. We

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recognise instinctively, intuitively and rationally our subordination to the collectivity of all Being. However, we have always struggled to define it. What do we conceive its elements to be? Creativity, power, omniscience? A cosmic order, infinite and eternal? A Supreme Judge of all? Or perhaps all of these and more? Where do we derive these concepts that we attribute to this Transcendency, the infinite reality in which we find ourselves? Is it not from within our own being? Have we not, through the ages, found in ourselves the qualities we attribute to this God of our Heart? Can we find other words or ideas to attribute to this *'Infinite All'* other than the *'human frame'* or body that comes with our mortal experience? Consequently, the God of our Heart and the concepts of that God held by all others, must be a construct of our minds; not the essential *'essence'* of it of course, but the mental image we make of that essence as we experience it.

All people therefore have a God of their Heart, though by definition it is not universally accepted by them. Different minds have come to agree on a definition of this Infinite Transcendency which they experience; it is intimate to them and their personal definitions therefore create a corresponding mental image. This concept then, appears so effective to them,





emotionally and psychically, that they consider it an absolute truth. Consequently, they believe no other image can better portray the mystical experience which they have had and which is therefore to them God.

Different Conceptions of God

Yet there is a multitude of other individuals who have experienced this Supreme Essence as well, but mentally conceive it differently. To them, God is accepted with equal reverence and devotion, despite the fact that their individual concepts of this God may not have the same mental image as that held by others. Some feel that to attribute human qualities to the God of their Heart is to demean God's exalted nature. And there are others whom we recognise as being spiritually motivated, yet who believe that this Transcendency lies beyond human comprehension, especially in its definition. In other words no mortal, finite mind can embrace fully the nature of the Infinite so as to declare it to exist in a specific form.

People who have a similar affinity of feeling and understanding have reduced their beliefs to sacred books which to them constitute the Divine Truth, born out of their personal enlightenment. But what of others who have the same elevation of spirituality, but whose construct and understanding of God differs? Are they wrong? Throughout history there have been, and still exist, many names for one's personal God or Transcendency that many have experienced: Zeus, Brahma, Logos, Apollo, Allah, Jehovah, Mithra and more. Is one person's conception of God any less true or less in quality than another's?

Admittedly, by certain relative standards, the

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teachings of one particular religion, which are attributed to divine revelation from one god, may appear more morally exalted than those of another. But again, these varied moral standards are the products of human mind, inspired by mystical experience and a feeling of oneness with his or her God. There would seem to be a vast gap between, for example, the anthropomorphic concept of a God to whom humanlike qualities are attributed, and who may be accepted as a paternal being exhibiting such emotions as love and anger, a God who punishes and reproves man, on the one hand...; and on the other hand, an equally spiritual concept of the Infinite had by those who consider God to be a Universal Consciousness far removed from the petty qualities and emotions had by humans.

This consciousness is presumed to permeate the whole of being, constituting a motivating power throughout the whole matrix of cosmic laws. If such people have reached this belief, this concept, through mystical experience, it is then to them the God of their Heart. Are we to condemn them as being wrong? Who can come forth and give evidence that one person's God is false? An individual's personal understanding and realisation of God may have the same effect upon that person, morally, as another individual's conception of God.

Ever Evolving God

Our culture has defined and redefined our image of the God of our Heart throughout the centuries. However, to deny any devout concept of a Transcendency that was held throughout history because of its apparent primitive form is to fail to recognise the ever-evolving *'God of the human Heart.'* To most people, the word God embraces the exalted qualities of the Absolute, for that is more easily understood. It should most certainly be used by all who find it to be the most intimate term for their comprehension of divine qualities.

Intolerance enters the picture when one set of believers think their definition of God is the sole truth and, in their fanatical zeal, persecute those whose spiritual image and experience of supreme Reality differs. The Rosicrucian Order is not a religion, but rather a cultural, mystical and philosophical Order. In its discourses and curricula it has always used the term *'God of our Heart'* when the subjects of mysticism, ontology, Being, or the Absolute are discussed. And the term has always meant for each individual to accept as God the concept which is intimate to the spiritual feelings of the individual. Such is God to that individual, but by no means should this person's concept be the definition of God that all others must accept.



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by **Ralph M Lewis**

Sanctuary of Self

Mystically, entering the silence often does not mean communing with the Cosmic or escaping in consciousness to another plane. It can and often does mean freeing oneself from all other realities except the paramount one with which one is concerned. It can mean intensive objective concentration on one important factor. In other words, it can consist of creating a mental world, perhaps for a few minutes, in which nothing exists but self and the problem at hand.

One can enter the silence so one is oblivious of one's surroundings and yet be using one's objective powers of reason, applying them to the matter at hand. True mystics feel unworthy of making appeals to the universal mind, of entering the silence of the Cosmic for the purpose of soliciting help, if they have first failed to exercise their Divine gifts of reason and the other mental faculties they were given at birth.

The occult principle of silence is to permit the soul to *hear without ears*. It is also to permit our soul to speak or commune with us by other means than that of the mouth. It consists of a complete submission of the will to the Cosmic mind, to hear that which the human ear cannot hear, and to speak through the soul rather than through the mortal self.



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by **Allan Tullio**



MòZǐ *Forgotten Teacher of China*

North China 400 BCE, the gaunt, dusty man paused briefly and looked up at the royal palace looming before him. The finely dressed townspeople stared disdainfully at his tattered clothes and bloody, rag-wrapped feet. He pushed on, heedless of their stares, for now, after ten days and nights of walking, he had reached his destination. He might yet stop the impending invasion, if only the king would listen to him.

> In war, the calamity to the people and the world is great. Yet the rulers enjoy their evil, injuring and exterminating nations. Is this not perversity?[1]

His name was *MòZǐ*, and this was only one of many such missions of peace. In honour of his compassion, wisdom and dedication to peace and service to all, he was known to his contemporaries as *'Master Mo.'* His age was not unlike our own, a time of war and upheaval, a century that saw the map of China, a collection of warring states, redrawn many times as larger states swallowed up smaller ones. That period of China's long history was marked by political anarchy, constant warfare between competing states, and general social and moral degeneration.

MòZǐ's own birthplace, the small state of Sòng, was considered fair game by its larger neighbours,

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The rough terrain of the state of Sòng.

and the memories of a terrible time, centuries before, when the natives of the capital city were reduced to cannibalism by a long siege, lingered even into MòZǐ's day. Out of the strife and chaos of a dark night can arise an earnest desire for greater understanding, a desire to return to a constructive society based on the ideals of peace, justice, and harmony.

The great thinkers of that calamitous age sought answers to end China's long anguish. Amidst the violence and confusion of that paradoxical age there came into being the *'one hundred schools of philosophy'*, each one seeking answers to the burning questions of the time:

> How can incessant warfare be ended? How can lasting peace, happiness, and stability be achieved?

The Confucianist Answer

Confucius (551-479 BCE) was one of those thinkers who struggled with the great questions of how to reconstruct society. His answer was to convince the rulers of each state to emulate the wise and virtuous kings of China's deep and ancient past. The people would then emulate their own rulers and all would cultivate courtesy and kindliness, respect for the elderly, veneration for the dead, and practise elaborate ceremonies and music.

The Confucianist system infused the political and social institutions of China with concepts of moral order. Through a process called the *'rectification of names'* Confucius established a system of moral and ethical standards governing all actions in society. In the confusion of the 6th and 5th Centuries BCE in China, this new system of moral order was revolutionary, attempting to bring order out of chaos.

MòZǐ was born into the generation immediately following Confucius' death and was educated by disciples of that great teacher. As a child he learned by heart all the great books of China's rich intellectual past. He learned to deeply revere his parents and ancestors, to obey without question his superiors, to be courteous to all, but to love his own family more than anything else.

MòZǐ Questions the System

Even as a young student however, the inquiring mind of young MòZǐ began to reach out beyond Confucianism for answers to his many questions. While he revered Confucianism for its constructive qualities, he raised many questions regarding some of its particular concepts. He eventually came to the realisation that the Confucian ideal of 'partial' love, love of one's own family and country above all others, was part of the problem of interpersonal and international disharmony.



Confucius, by Qiu Ying (1494–1552)

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> All the calamities, strifes, complaints, and hatred in the world have arisen out of want of mutual [universal] love.[2]

Thus universal love, love for all without distinction, became the heart of MòZǐ's message to humankind, the foundation upon which he hoped future generations would build an era of peace, security and happiness. Universal love was, simply put, the ability to...

> ...regard the state of others as one's own, the houses of others as one's own, the persons of others as one's self.[3]

MòZǐ became an itinerant preacher, travelling about the troubled countryside spreading his gospel of love. He attracted many followers like himself who were striving for peace and organised them into a closely knit, well-disciplined band, well versed in his teachings and prepared to follow him into danger, even at risk to their lives. And he did indeed put their lives and his own life at risk on many occasions.

On one occasion, MòZǐ learned that the large state of Chû was planning to invade his native state of Sòng. The king of Chû was urged on by an opportunistic court strategist who had designed a secret weapon called *'cloud ladders.'* These, he was sure, would guarantee the invasion's success. MòZǐ summoned his courage and travelled to Chû, where he gained an audience with the king. The meeting was tense and the philosopher used all the arguments he knew in an attempt to dissuade the king from his plans: War is morally wrong, war is wasteful, war is destructive to both victor and vanquished, it is against Heaven's will. But all these arguments were to no avail, for the king was already convinced of the outcome of his aggression.

The Brave Philosopher

MòZǐ then changed his tactic. Taking off his belt, he laid it on a table and shaped the belt into a rough square, resembling the walls of a city. He then called upon the 'cloud ladder' strategist, Gongshu Ban, to attack his little 'city', while the philosopher would defend it against all the invader's stratagems, using a small stick as his only weapon. With the fate of his own state of Sòng hanging in the balance, MòZǐ skilfully turned back all attacks, completely frustrating his opponent.

Refusing to accept defeat, the embarrassed Gongshu Ban revealed:

> I know how you could be defeated, but I won't tell you.

To this, Master Mo calmly replied:

> I know what you have in mind, but I won't tell you either.

The ruler of Chû asked what it was and Master Mo replied:

> Gongshu Ban thinks that if I were murdered, there would be no one to defend Sòng. But in fact, three hundred of my disciples..., supplied with all my implements of defence, are at this moment waiting on the walls of Sòng for bandits from Chû. You may murder me, but you cannot get rid of them.

To this the ruler of Chû said:

> Very well, let us therefore cease all thoughts of attacking Sòng.[4]

And so, it is said, Sòng was saved for the moment, and the contingent of 300 of MòZǐ's followers, waiting on the walls, were called back. However, it was their duty to remain ready to march at a moment's notice if ever war threatened again. The brave philosopher's impartiality mandated that his disciples be ready to defend any state about to be unjustly attacked. If the king of Chû had called MòZǐ into service to prepare the defence of that state from aggression, he would have served that cause.

A Guiding Principle

Behind all of MòZǐ's actions was a single principle: *promote welfare; remove evil.* To do this he examined each situation with an eye for the greatest good for the greatest number of people. Today we would perhaps call this *utilitarianism*.

While MòZǐ's peace activism may seem

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Zhuāngzǐ

contemporary enough for us, it was another of his ideas that startled later Christian missionaries arriving in China more than two thousand years after the philosopher's death. MòZǐ believed in a loving, universal god who watched over the world with great sorrow at his creation's unloving ways. This god, the foremost of the Chinese pantheon, was called *'Heaven'*, and Heaven he said...

> ... desires people having energy to work for each other, those knowing the way to teach each other, and those possessing wealth to share with each other.[5]

In terms that seem to foreshadow the Christian message, MòZǐ concluded:

> Now Heaven loves the whole world universally. Everything is prepared for the good of man. Even the tip of a hair is the work of Heaven. Substantial may be said to be the benefits that are enjoyed by man. Yet there is no service in return. And they do not even know this to be unmagnanimous and unfortunate.[6]

MòZǐ urged that man return the service of his creator by following the *Will of Heaven* and loving all without distinction.

In MòZǐ's depiction of a loving creator god, he was unique in China's long roll of eminent thinkers. Indeed, he has been called China's first true 'religious' teacher, because he so closely approached what the western world recognised as religious thinking. But he was no monotheist. For MòZǐ and most other Chinese thinkers, the celestial realms were peopled by a vast assortment of deities and spirits worthy of respect, awe and sacrifice. Among his contemporaries, MòZǐ was more attentive to the invisible world than most others, though all agreed that pleasing and placating spirits was an important way of keeping one's life safe and the world in harmonious balance. Like the ancient Egyptian imperative to uphold at all costs the rule of Maat (truth, right order, right action), so too was there a Chinese imperative to keep the universe [the world] in a state of delicate harmony between opposites.

Despite the controversy his ideas created among China's intellectual community, MòZǐ's philosophy struck a responsive chord with many. During his lifetime, he gained thousands of followers, and his ideas continued to sway many more after his death. For



Confucian philosopher Mencius was one of several critics of Mozi

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perhaps a century his school rivalled that of Confucius in popularity. The 'Mohists' (followers of MòZǐ's teachings) lived simple, stoic lives, sacrificed to a loving Heaven, treated all people respectfully, and endeavoured to put the principle of universal love into practice. They read the great Chinese histories assiduously to learn of the *Will of Heaven* from the actions of the ancient emperors, and they learned all the skills of defence so carefully developed and taught by MòZǐ in order end all wars.

His critics argued that his lifestyle was unnatural and far too difficult for the average person to follow. In the words of another of China's great sages, Zhuāngzǐ, the Taoist mystic:

> Men want to sing but he [MòZǐ] condemns singing; men want to mourn but he condemns mourning; men want to enjoy music but he condemns music. Is this truly in accord with man's nature? Any teaching that would have men toil through life and be content with a bare funeral at death is too austere. It makes men sorrowful and dejected. Its practise would be difficult. It is contrary to human nature and few people can stand it.[7]

There may be much truth to Zhuāngzǐ's criticism as witnessed by the fate of Mohism in China. Although serious rivals of the Confucianists in the century after their master's death, the Mohists were completely eclipsed shortly thereafter. Their difficult path of love, simplicity and devotion to Heaven and man that MòZǐ had hoped would lead to a peaceful, prosperous, and populous China, was far too steep for most people to follow. Confucianism regained its prominence, and was only barely relinquishing during the long and harsh rein of Chairman Mao after the conclusion of the Second World War.

The well-known 20th Century Chinese writer Lin Yutang conjectured on the disappearance of MòZǐ's teachings:

> Persecution could not do it and there was no report of persecution. One explanation is the rise of Mencius, who powerfully combated its influence. Another explanation is that the Han Emperors made Confucianism into almost a state religion. A very possible explanation is that the warrior evangelists simply perished in the wars of the First Emperor of Qín. Which brings us to the truest explanation: Quixotic heroism and extreme altruism did not appeal to the native Chinese common sense.[8]



Lin Yutang

So complete was the Chinese rejection of MòZǐ that his book of teachings was neglected until the 20th Century and all of its ancient commentaries are lost. To gain an estimation of MòZǐ from a close contemporary, I turn again to the Taoist Zhuāngzǐ, who while rejecting MòZǐ's teachings, still had lavish praise for the man:

> Mo Tzu was a truly fine man, of whom only too few are to be found. Despite all personal hardships, he held fast to his ideal, a man of excellence indeed![9]

Footnotes

1. Lin Yutang, *The Wisdom of China and India* (New York: The Modern 2. Library, 1942) p. 801.
2. Ibid., p. 794.
3. Ibid., p. 795.
4. H.G. Creel, *Chinese Thought from Confucius to Mao TseTung* (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1953) p. 55.
5. Lin, op. cit., p. 803.
6. Ibid., p. 804.
7. William Theodore De Bary, ed., *Sources of Chinese Tradition, Vol. 1* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1960) p. 80.
8. Lin, op. cit., p. 787.
9. De Bary, op. cit., p. 81.

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Detail from the Egyptian Book of the Dead.

Ancient Egypt's Literature

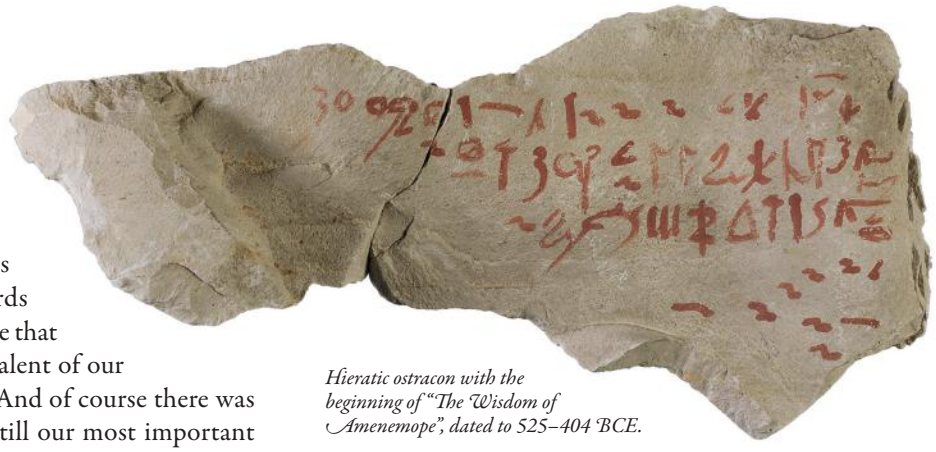
by **Rodman Clayson**

A few key ancient Egyptian texts have survived on papyrus into modern times, and they are thankfully housed today in museums throughout the world for us to read and learn from. No doubt most ancient Egyptian written texts have been lost, but enough have survived to give us an extraordinarily deep insight into life in those ancient times.

Writing reveals the culture of a people, and the texts of ancient Egypt include various *'wisdom precepts'*, autobiographies, letters, stories, songs, hymns, dramas and of course magical spells. The earliest writings were inscribed on the inner walls of

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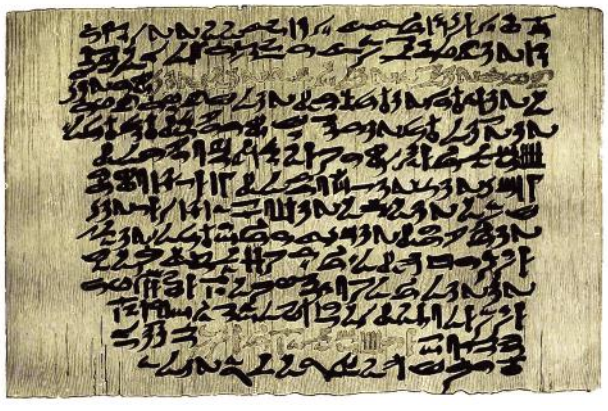
pyramid chambers and their mortuary temples. We also find them incised or painted on the inner walls of tombs and coffins; and they exist as well on thousands of potsherds and ostraca, chips of waste stone that were used as the ancient equivalent of our modern little yellow notelets. And of course there was writing on papyrus, which is still our most important source of ancient Egyptian 'literature' as opposed to terse one-liners. The papyrus scrolls were written on in black and red text first in hieroglyphics, but later in hieratic, and even later in the demotic.



Hieratic ostracon with the beginning of "The Wisdom of Amenemope", dated to 525–404 BCE.

In this article I will give a few examples of Egyptian literature as opposed to hymns, records of ownership or spells which make up most of ancient Egyptian texts. The oldest maxims we know of are those of the vizier Imhotep from the 3rd Dynasty. Unfortunately none of them have survived, though they are referred to in later texts. Parts of what must have been a large corpus of writings from Imhotep's time were still being quoted even 2,500 years later in Roman times.

Fortunately we do however have the reputed sayings of other wise men such as Ptahhotep, Amenemope, Wakhara, and a few others. Their sayings or maxims are often called wisdom texts, for they declared a preferred way of life, a kind of practical morality that the author wished to pass on to his children or disciples. The virtues of prudence, reserve, honesty and upright living were emphasised, but through it all, one senses the presence the all-powerful set of beliefs that pervaded every aspect of life in those times. The wisdom teachings propounded that life, rather than having to be a struggle, could be pleasant if one could find the harmony of the gods in the established order of things.



The Maxims of Ptahhotep.

Here follows one extract from the wisdom teachings of the 5th Dynasty vizier Ptahhotep to his son. Because it is not easy reading, you are urged to read it several times over to fully absorb the message and its full intent.

> If you are a leader who directs the affairs of a multitude, strive after every excellence until there is no fault in your nature. Maat [the goddess personifying truth and right-order] is good and its worth is lasting.... While evil may gain wealth, the strength of truth lasts.... He who reckons all day has never a happy moment; He who feasts all day cannot keep his family.... One reaches one's goal according to one's steering [of the bark of Ra on the celestial Nile].... Be not arrogant because of your knowledge.... If you plough and there is growth in the field, the god [probably refering to Ra, Ptah, Amun or Horus] causes it to be much in your hand. Do not boast about this among your kindred. Great is the respect that the silent one calls forth.
>
> If you art wretched, then serve a man of repute, so your conduct will be good before the god [or God]; and he [the man of repute] should be one who you know was formerly insignificant. Do not raise up your heart against him [i.e. don't be proud] because you know about him from the past, but honour him because of that which fell to his lot. For wealth does not come of itself, but it is their [the gods'] ordinance for him whom they love.... It is the god [or God] who creates his success and he protects him even when he sleeps.
>
> [If after warning and correction, your son continues

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to do wrong] *"...then drive him away..., he is not your son, he is not born to you.... Reject him as one whom they* [the gods] *have condemned. He is damned already in the flesh. He whom they* [the gods] *guide, does not go astray;* [but] *he whom they leave without a boat cannot make the crossing."*

The crossing here refers to the crossing of the Nile from East to West where the dead are buried, or figuratively, the crossing of the heavens to the place of eternal rest in the domain of setting sun. Continuing, the father Ptahhotep emphasises to his son the need for good speech:

> ...in instructing the ignorant about wisdom and about the rules for good speech, as of advantage to he who will obey them [the gods] and of disadvantage to him who may neglect them.... If a son accepts what his father says, no plan of his miscarries [and he] will stand well in the estimation of the officials.... As for the fool who does not listen, he can do nothing.
>
> The wise man rises early in the morning in order to establish himself [perform the dawn rites of lustration].... Let not your heart be puffed up because of your knowledge; do not be overconfident because you are a wise man.... Grasp hold of the truth, and do not exceed it.... Long lived is the man whose rule of conduct is right and who goes in accordance with his [proper] course....



Egyptian peasants harvesting papyrus, from a mural painting in a Deir el-Medina tomb dated to the early Ramesside Period.

"Long lived is the man whose rule of conduct is right and who goes in accordance with his [proper] course..."

The Good Life

In the Old Kingdom, instruction was handed down from father to son. By the New Kingdom instruction or wisdom had become the curriculum of schools for scribes. In so many places we see the belief that the 'good life' consists of being honest, discreet, patient, not covetous or envious, being prudent in friendship, paying proper respect to one's temporal superiors, and maintaining steadfastly one's station in life by exercising moderation in all things.

In the 10th Dynasty, King Wakhara had the following instruction prepared for his son, Merikara:

> Do Maat [truth or right order] while you endure on earth. Do not [overly] trust [your] length of years [i.e. your mature age], for they [the years, or time] regard a lifetime as [but] an hour. A man remains over after death, and his deeds are placed beside him in heaps. [But the] existence yonder is for eternity. He who reaches it without wrongdoing will exist yonder like a god, stepping out freely like the lords of eternity. Be [therefore] not evil; patience is good. Give the love of yourself to the whole earth; a good character is a remembrance.... More acceptable is the character of one [a person] upright of heart than the ox of the evildoer.... Do right as long as you are on earth. Calm the afflicted, oppress no widow, expel no man from his father's possessions. Do not kill, but [merely] punish with beatings or imprisonment. Then will this land be well established. Leave vengeance to the god [or God].

Translating from ancient Egyptian to modern English is not the easiest in the world, and one difficulty relates to the word *'God.'* We use this word to denote the Supreme Creator, the Divine, the source of all things, etc. But it is not certain if, in ancient Egyptian times, the definite article *'the'*

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Detail – Book of the Dead.

was used, as in *'the god'* rather than *'God'* by itself. Regardless of this, we can however, through the deep devotion constantly displayed by Egyptians to their gods, be assured that whether they referred to *'the god'* or to *'God'*, it was something deeply sacred for them.

The pharaoh was for all intents and purposes believed to be the material incarnation of the god, namely one and the same being that people worshipped from the realm of the gods, but incarnated into flesh and bones. We see this reflected in the early Christian belief that the master Jesus was God incarnate. But the pharaoh would no doubt have been fully aware of the frailty of all people, including himself, and there must have been many pharaohs who died prematurely in battle or due to palace intrigues or diseases such as malaria or schistosomiasis (bilharzia) which was then, as now, prevalent in slow-moving parts of the Nile. So, the pharaoh addresses Merikara as follows:

> Copy your fathers who have gone before you.... Behold, their words are recorded in writing. Let he who knows open, read and copy [?]. Thus, he who is skilled becomes one who is instructed.

In the 12th Dynasty, the pharaoh Amenemhet I admonishes his son Senusret (Sesostris):

> Hearken to that which I say to you, that you may be king [pharaoh] of the earth, that you may be ruler of the lands, that you may increase good.

The 9th Dynasty pharaoh Akhtoy gave the following instruction:

> Be not evil. Patience is good. Be a craftsman in speech, for the tongue is a sword to a man, and speech is more valorous than fighting.

And finally, there is an interesting statement attributed to Amenemope in the 12th Dynasty:

> Verily, man is clay and straw, the god is his fashion.... [his creator]

Ameni

During the 12th Dynasty, some literary works were written on behalf of earlier pharaohs. One of these stories relates that Pharaoh Snefru of the 3rd Dynasty had a prophet named Neferti called to court to entertain the king with *'choice speeches.'* Neferti made this prophecy:

> A king will come forth from Upper Egypt called Ameni, the son of a woman of the south.... He will receive the White Crown and wear the Red Crown.... Be glad, you people of his time, the son of a highborn man will make his name for all eternity. They who would make mischief and devise enmity have suppressed their mutterings through fear of him.... There will be built the 'Walls of the Prince', and the Asiatics will never again return to Egypt. They will beg again for water for their cattle after their custom.... And Maat [truth or right order] will come into its [her] own again and wrong will be cast out.

The Ameni mentioned here is undoubtedly Amenemhet I. The *Book of the Dead* is a wide collection of spells and hymns that the deceased pharaoh needs to recite accurately as he makes his way through the underworld before reaching the abode of permanent stars. There are also hymns to the sun-god, such as this example:

> I am Atum when I was alone in Nun [the primeval waters]. I am Ra in his first appearance when he began to rule that which he had made.

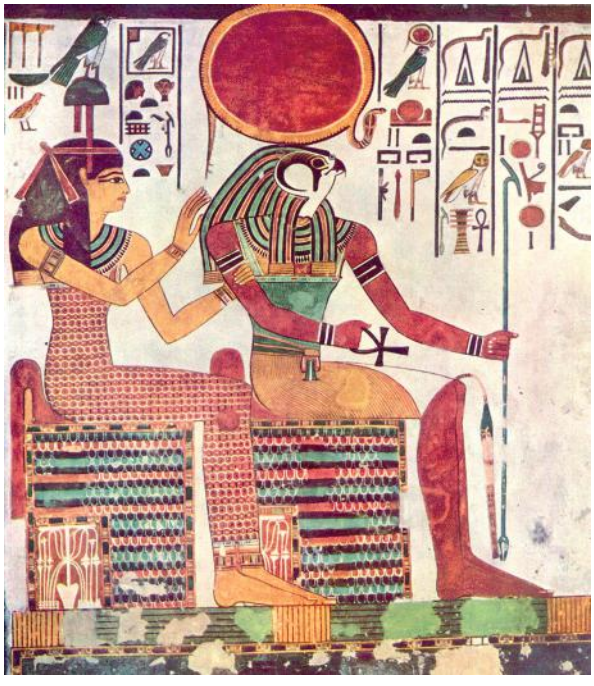
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What does this mean? *"Ra when he began to rule that which he had made"* means that Ra appeared as a king before Shu and his sister/consort Tefnut (the first children of Atum) had even separated heaven from earth with the assistance of their children Geb (earth) and Nut (sky or night). Shu symbolised the atmosphere and was the god who held in place the celestial disk over the earth. A pyramid provides us with a prayer to the sky-goddess Nut:

> Great one who became Heaven, you assumed power, you stirred, you have filled all places with your beauty. The whole earth lies beneath you. You have taken possession of it. You enclose the earth and all things [in your arms]. May you put this king Pepi in yourself as an imperishable star. Heaven is satisfied and the earth rejoices when they hear that King Pepi II has put Maat in the place of falsehood [or disorder].

A pharaoh's inscription tells us:

> I have made bright Maat [truth or right order] which he [Ra] loves. I know that he lives by it.... It is my bread [too]; I also eat of its brightness. I am a likeness from his [Ra's] limbs, one with him.



Imentet and Ra from the tomb of Nefertari, 12th Century BCE. Ra-Horakhty represents the East while Hathor (sitting behind him) with the headdress of Amentet, represents the West.

Creation

The Memphite creation story is truly beautiful and revolves around the earth-god Ptah. The essence of the concept is found in the following inscription:

> Every divine word came into being through that which was thought by the heart and commanded by the tongue.

In another text the solar deity Ra says:

> Only after I came into being did all that was created come into being.

Further on about Ra it is written:

> Ra himself is united with his body.... He is the Universal Lord, the beginning of existing things.... No gods know his true shape.... No witness is borne to him. He is too mysterious for his glory to be revealed, too great for questions to be asked of him, too powerful to be known.

In the 18th Dynasty, of the pharaoh Thutmose III, the vizier Rekhmire had inscribed in his tomb:

> What is the king of Upper and Lower Egypt? He is a god by whose dealings one lives, the father and the mother of all men, alone by himself without an equal.

About himself, Rekhmire had inscribed:

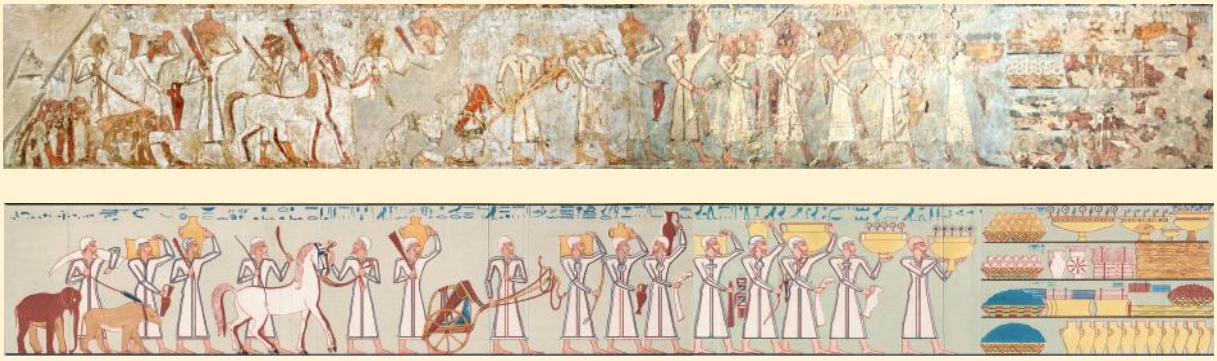
> Look after the office of the vizier and watch over everything that is done in it, for it is the constitution of the entire land.... Pass over no petitioner without hearing his case.... Show anger to no man wrongfully and be angry only at that which deserves anger.... The distinction of a prince is that he does justice.

Many Facets

The literature of these ancient people has many facets. Here is the blessing of a god addressing a pharaoh:

> I grant you, that you may rise like the sun, rejuvenate yourself like the moon, [and] repeat life like the flood of the Nile.

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Depiction of Syrians bringing presents to Thutmose III, in the tomb of Rekhmire, circa 1400 BCE (actual painting and interpretational drawing).

About himself, the boy pharaoh Tutankhamun had the following written:

> His Majesty drove out disorder [falsehood] from the Two Lands so that Maat [goddess of truth and right order] was again established in its place. He made disorder [falsehood] an abomination of the land as at the first time [creation].

In his book *Ancient Egyptian Religion*, Henri Frankfort states that the following, taken from a papyrus roll, was to be recited daily at temple service. It was a hymn to the victorious Ra, likely recited daily in temples throughout the land.:

> You rise, you rise brilliantly. You are victorious over your enemies. You cause the day boat to sail past, and [to] repel the dragon of the storm at night. He cannot approach at the decisive moment. You have destroyed the power of [your] enemies. The antagonists of Ra are overthrown by the flame of terror.

The following is the sad lament of a husband whose wife died while he was away in the service of the pharaoh:

> What evil have I done to you that I find myself in this wretched state.... You became my wife when I was young, and I was with you. I was appointed to all manner of offices, and I was with you. I did not forsake you or cause your heart to sorrow.... Behold, when I commanded the foot soldiers of Pharaoh, together with his chariot force, I made you come so they may fall down before you, and they brought all manner of good things to present to you.... When you were ill with sickness I went to the chief physician and he made you your medicine; he did everything you said he should do. When I had to accompany Pharaoh to the south, my thoughts were with you, and I spent those eight months without caring to eat or drink. When I returned to Memphis, I took myself to you, and greatly mourned for you with the people of my house."

And here is a happy harp player's song:

> Make holiday, verily, verily! Put incense and fine oil together beside you, and garlands of lotus and flowers upon your breast. The woman you love is she who sits by your side. Do not anger your heart over anything that has happened. Put music before you, do not recall evil, the abomination of the god. Think of joys, you righteous, just and true man; calm, friendly, content, relaxed, happy [and] speaking no evil.

Several interesting stories have come down to us too, one them a tale of two brothers, and another about a shipwrecked sailor and his trials and tribulation to get home. Another apparently very popular story which was written down in many versions was about Sinuhe. Our view of the tale is perhaps different from that of the ancients who saw it as a success story. To review briefly, Sinuhe, who was accompanying the crown prince on a campaign, overhears a message reporting the death of his father the pharaoh Amenhet I. The prince being concerned about his father and no doubt all the intrigue and manoeuvring that will accompany his succession, rushes back to the palace. Sinuhe, suspecting there is

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A raised-relief depiction of Amenemhat I accompanied by deities; the death of Amenemhat I is reported by his son Senusret I in the Story of Sinuhe.

a plot against the prince, flees in confusion. Hiding in the reeds, he crosses a waterway and sees the sentries on palace walls and he believes something bad has happened.

In the dark of the night he flees and continues for days until he makes it into the Sinai desert. Nearly dying of thirst, he is eventually found by Bedouins whom he helps to defeat a foreign enemy. He marries and settles down among the Bedouins but is eventually made aware of conditions in Egypt by means of travellers and messengers from the Nile valley. Finally, the pharaoh (formerly the crown prince) asks him to return and Sinuhe obediently does so. He is well received at court with the queen and princesses present. With the death of the old pharaoh, the crown prince had succeeded to the throne unopposed as Senusret I.

Sinuhe lived happily into a ripe old age. What he had done was not looked upon as desertion, but *"It was like the dispensation of God..., after the manner of a dream."* For him the greatest and most important accomplishment was the preparation of his tomb:

> And there was constructed for me a pyramid out of stone within the precinct of the pyramids. The chief architect began the building of it, the painters designed it, the master sculptor carved in it, the master builders of the necropolis busied themselves with it.
>
> All the glistening gear that is placed in the tomb shaft, its needs were supplied there from.... It was his majesty who caused it to be made. There is no humble man for whom the like has been done. And so I live, rewarded by the king, until the day of my death comes.

The sage Amenemope wrote the following towards the end of the New Kingdom, around 1000 BCE:

> If you find a large debt against a poor man, divide it into three parts; forgive two, let one remain. you will find it a path of life; you will lie down at night and sleep soundly. On the morrow you will find it like good news. The truly silent man holds himself apart. He is like a tree growing in a garden. It flourishes, it doubles its fruit, it [stands] before its lord. Its fruit is sweet, its shade is pleasant, and its end is reached in the garden. Put yourself in the hands of the god [or God] and your tranquillity will overthrow them [your enemies].

The theology of the New Kingdom seemed to advocate humbleness, silence and discretion...

The theology of the New Kingdom seemed to advocate humbleness, silence and discretion..., so not much different from what we admire today, and the above quotation is a good example of this. It would appear that the gods loved the silent man, *"...more than him who is loud of voice."* As we have seen, the concepts of the ancient Egyptian teachings of all periods expounded the good life and the ways of achieving it. Their moral code, perhaps not to the standards of some today, was certainly advanced for their day, and it eventually spread into neighbouring cultures throughout the Middle East. It is interesting to note that in the 7th Century BCE, Amenemopet said:

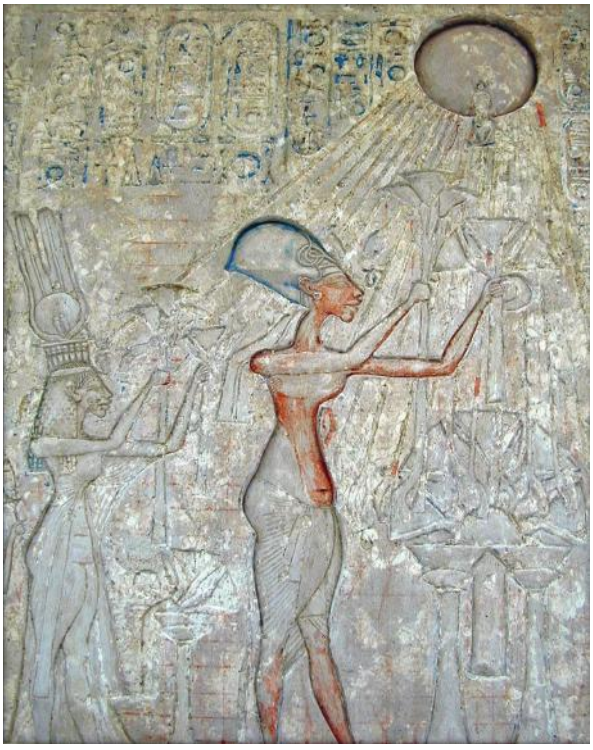
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> See these thirty chapters; they entertain, they instruct, they are the foremost of all books, they make the ignorant man to know.

It has been suggested that one part of the Book of Proverbs is a reflection of this reference. Ideals and feelings are expressed in poetry and song. In the ancient literature there are many songs and also poems of triumph and of love. The following is an excellent example of a poetic love song:

> Come through the garden [my] love to me. My love is like each flower that blows tall and straight as a young palm tree, and in each cheek a sweet blush-rose.

Like the art of Egypt, so much of the literature was tied to religion. The following hymn is an example. A brief review of the literature of ancient Egypt would not be complete without reference to the *Hymn to the Aton* by the 18th Dynasty pharaoh Amenhotep IV. It is, I believe, one of the most beautiful and colourful examples of all Egyptian literature of the time. Rather than present the entirety of one of his hymns, it will be sufficient to give just the first four lines:



Pharaoh Akhenaten and his family adoring the Aton.

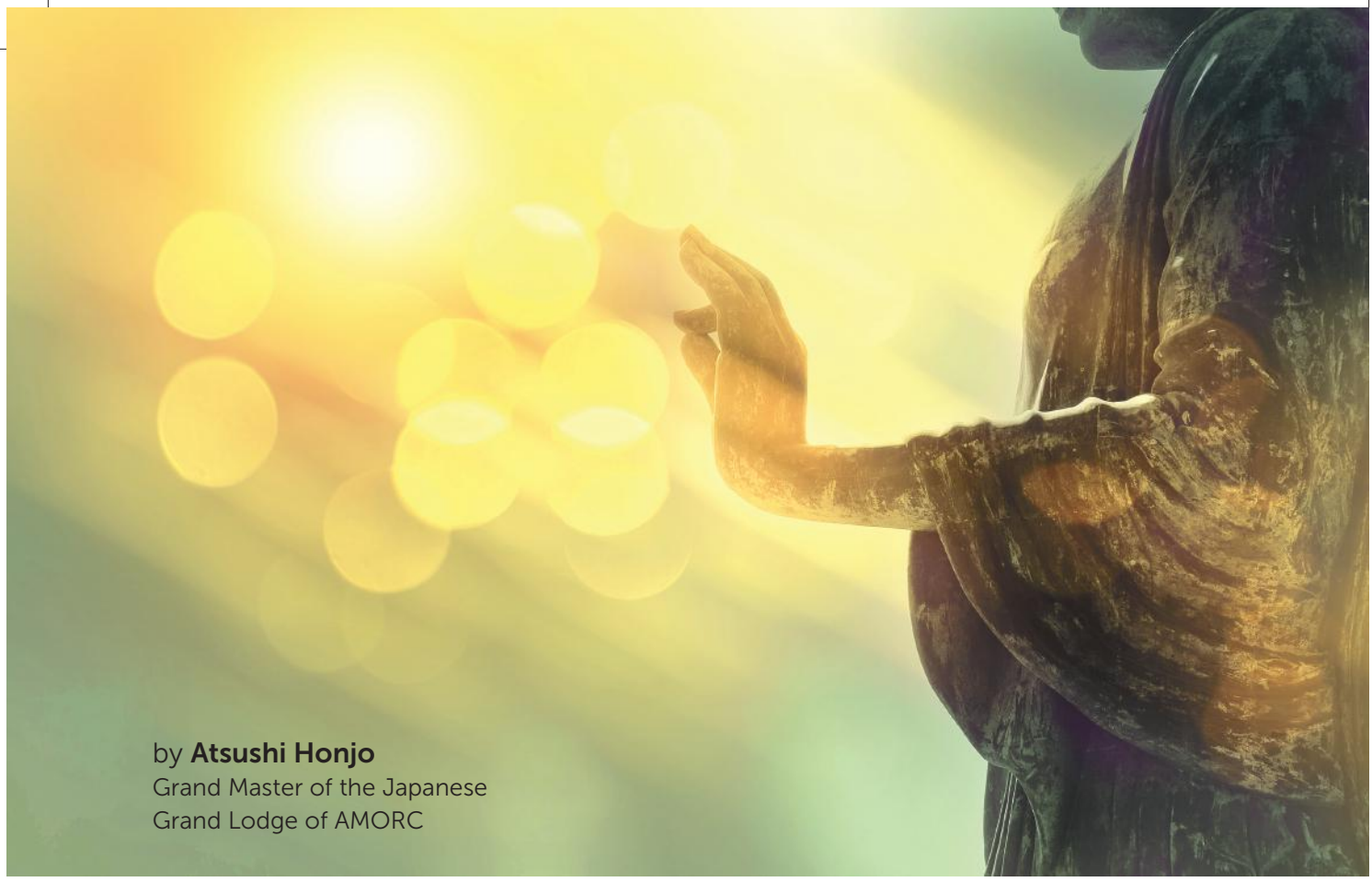


Extract from from the *Hymn to the Aton.*

> Your dawning is beautiful in the horizon of heaven, O living Aton, Beginning of life! When you rise in the eastern horizon of heaven, you fill every land with your beauty.

Some authorities have suggested a close similarity between this hymn and Psalm 104. From a consideration of the diversity of the literature of Ancient Egypt, the impression emerges that these thoroughly human people had their hopes and fears, their joys and griefs like any other cultured, civilised people. They were concerned about daily life and its problems and gave thought to social moralising as well as the ever-prevailing theology of living a good life and surviving into an even better afterlife. The extensive translations of the literature of ancient Egypt, done by archaeologists, reveal to us that this was a culture of the highest sort, perhaps the highest even until the brilliant emergence of classical Greece.

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by **Atsushi Honjo**
Grand Master of the Japanese
Grand Lodge of AMORC

Rosicrucianism & ZEN

Parallel Paths to Illumination

A former Grand Master of the Rosicrucian Order, Chris Warnken, once wrote: *"After many years of daily struggle to evolve..., I have a strong conviction that the root cause of the majority of our difficulties is unquestionably the ego. The ego is very skilful at masking its identity and only occasionally is it obvious... that the ego is to blame. More frequently however, the ego is concealed behind an ingenious mask of self-sacrifice, patriotism, health or indeed a host of other clever disguises."*

Zen Buddhism concurs that the ego is *the* great stumbling block in life. In fact, dealing with the ego lies at the very heart of Buddhism. The Rosicrucian teachings pursue the issue of the ego in much detail and present practical advice for reducing its dominance or even

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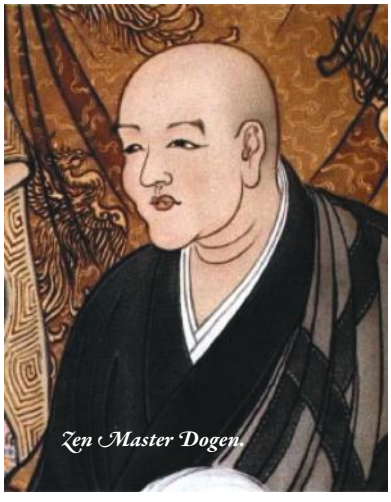
eliminating it entirely. In this article I will be exploring the many similarities that exist between the Rosicrucian teachings and Zen on the subject of the ego.

A Brief History of Zen

The August 2022 edition of this magazine will have an article by Bill Anderson about the origins of Zen, so I will not go into too much detail here and give instead a brief history of Buddhism and Zen. The founder of Buddhism is known as the *'Buddha Sakyamuni* (from *Sakya* where the Buddha was born) or *Gotama Siddhartha* in Pali, an ancient language of India. Gotama (also spelled as Gautama) comes from the Sanskrit *go*, meaning *'bright light'*, and *tama* meaning *'darkness'*, presumably then meaning a/the *'bright light [dispelling] darkness.'* This is very apt, considering the huge influence of peace and illumination that Buddhism has brought to humanity.

According to certain Buddhist literature, the Buddha experienced the *Great Enlightenment* (*'Bohdi* in Sanskrit) in the early morning of 8th December (in the Gregorian calendar) while watching the pre-dawn rise of Venus in the heavens. When it happened he is said to have remarked: *'How strange! Mountains, rivers, grasses and woods..., they are all enlightened.'* From the Rosicrucian perspective, what the Buddha experienced was what can be called *'Ultimate Reality'*, namely, consciousness of the indivisible unity of the Universe where Venus, he and Nature all around him were manifested in the form of supreme harmony. Of course, as mystics we know that such an experience transcends any objective description or logic we can engage in, and I will return to this later.

After his enlightenment, the Buddha strove for another 45 years to help others to reach this same experience. Many disciples gathered around him and through their monastic practices they sought to experience ultimate reality. Over the millennia, the experiences of each succeeding generation of disciples was checked face to face, Master to disciple, resulting in new Masters emerging from the disciples, Masters who continued the lineage of



Zen Master Dogen.



instruction and indeed continue doing so today. More than 2,000 years have passed from the first generation of disciples and Masters to the one in existence today.

The Master of the 28th generation was a famous Indian by the name of Bodhidharma, and it was he, according to legend, who founded Zen Buddhism. He is commonly portrayed with a beard and earrings; and in Japan, a doll representing this illumined man is a very popular children's toy. It is in fact a symbol of patience, for the dolls are so constructed that no matter how they are knocked about, they always right themselves..., most frustrating!

While Bodhidharma is said to have transferred Zen Buddhism from India to China, it was the 51st successor in the lineage, the great Japanese Master Dogen, who for all practical purposes, brought Zen across to Japan from China. Zen has widely and strongly influenced Japanese culture. Gardening, architecture, the tea ceremony, flower arrangement, archery and judo are but a few of the activities upon which Zen has left a lasting and beneficial mark.

Master Dogen

But let me return to my subject: the Rosicrucian teachings and Zen. The 13th Century Zen master Dogen, who founded the Japanese *Soto Zen* school, is a good guide for exploring the many similarities that exist between the Rosicrucian teachings and Zen concerning the ego. In his main literary work entitled *'Shobo-Genzo',* which means *'The Right-Dharma-Eye Treasury',* Dogen expresses a profound understanding of the relationship

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between the human being and the Universe. This insight was acquired only after many years of arduous Zen training which included the practice of *Zazen*, the seated form of Zen meditation. Master Dogen wrote:

> To learn Buddha's truth is to learn one's self. To learn one's self is to forget one's self. To forget one's self is to be confirmed by all dharmas. To be confirmed by all dharmas is to let one's body and mind, and the body and mind of the external world fall away. All trace of enlightenment disappears, and this traceless enlightenment continues without end.

To Learn One's Self

Taking the first sentence of this paragraph, *'To learn 'Buddha's truth is to learn one's self',* one is reminded of the legendary injunction over the entrance of the temple at Delphi: *'Know thyself.'* And that most certainly is what Rosicrucians seek too, for the main task of every true Rosicrucian is to build up a clear channel of communication between the dull mundane outer self and the radiant, sacred, inner Self. Many subjects in the Rosicrucian teachings deal specifically with this quest for self-realisation. Master Dogen taught the same, namely, that learning about one's Self is the surest way there is of discovering the true nature of our existence and the Universe.

To Forget One's Self

The other sentences in the quote seem enigmatic at a first glance, especially the second one: *'To learn one's self is to forget one's self.'* But from personal reflection and the practice of Zen, I have learnt that this concerns the ego; for forgetting one's self implies surely the abandonment of the ego if one wants to know the true nature of one's being?

Several questions arise. First, what exactly is the ego? There are so many varied definitions in dictionaries that they frankly confuse rather than assist us. Strangely though, it is not that difficult to conceive of a state of being devoid of an ego. Let's use the example of a professional skier. It's a foggy day, the ski slope is steep and bumpy, and here and there the snow is compressed into dangerous ice plates. The positioning of slalom gates is a specialist occupation requiring the skill of an expert in order to minimise the risk of injury. A world-class skier is waiting at the start gate for the signal to go. Nervous energy courses through his tense though fully prepared body and he knows he will require all his skill and concentration to safely reach the finish line.

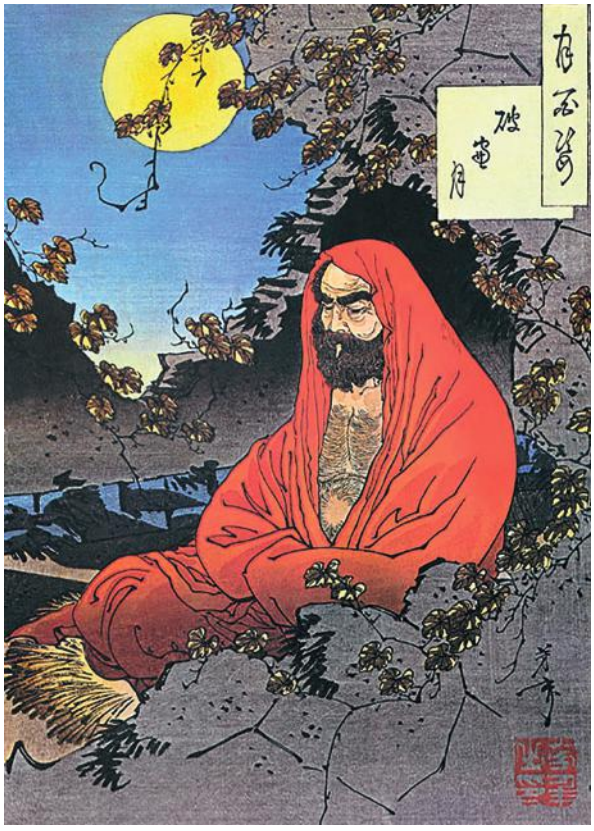
The signal sounds and in an instant he's off. With the wind searing his face, he hears the sound of his skis carving the hard snow. He feels the elasticity of the skis but he can hardly see the slope ahead of him because of the thick fog. His balance is constantly disturbed, adjusted and readjusted with split-second precision as he encounters unexpected obstacles and changes in the course. But he recovers quickly because of his well-honed skills. His actions are automatic, as if something deep within the subconscious has taken full control. If even for a second he had to think about his technique, his actions would be too slow to cope and the consequences could be fatal.

Before he left the start gate, his consciousness had reached a degree of separation from his environment. There was just him and the slope, his ability and the difficult conditions ahead of him. But all thoughts were instantly blown away when he pushed away from the gate, when conditions immediately demanded his full attention. It was at that moment that the separation between himself and his environment ceased to exist and something deep within took over.



Now, speeding down the slope, he is no longer aware of his body or mind, and in his field of awareness, in his reality, he is intimately merged with the universe. We all eventually learn through experience that the only universe we can ever know is the universe of our personal reality. And the ultimate such reality is a universe completely devoid of the ego. There is

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'Bodhidharma, by Yoshitoshi, 1887.

oneness and harmony, and in this state, one can achieve the best one is capable of. One knows at such moments the enormity of one's true capabilities and has reached at least a partial understanding of the meaning of Zen Master Dogen's words: *'To learn one's self is to forget one's self.'*

To be Confirmed by all Dharmas

And now to the third sentence of the quotation given earlier: *'To forget one's self is to be confirmed by all Dharmas.'* The Sanskrit word *Dharma* means *'reality'*, or things and phenomena that are real to us in the deepest sense possible. The realisation of the skier's excellent performance depends not only on his skills but also on his full integration into the environment in which he is skiing. The world is inseparable from the skier and the skier is inseparable from the world.

If the skier were to start thinking of other competitors or to begin noticing the crowds cheering him on, or if he suddenly became aware of the dangers of the situation, or even if he started being distracted by an itch, his concentration would break in an instant, control for the movement of his body would pass from his subconscious mind to the cumbersome outer intellect, and the race would be lost.

A centipede could not walk if he had to think about how his legs needed to move. Similarly, the harmony of the skier disappears and his performance deteriorates the instant his intellect is allowed to take charge. And herein lies the ego in the broadest sense of the word, and we may conclude that it is the ego, that outermost framework of the mind, that prevents us, more than anything else, from effective action in life.

Just as fish do not notice the water they swim in, or we humans do not notice the air we breathe, so do we rarely notice the presence of the ego. The ego, without a shadow of doubt, prevents us from fulfilling our full potential, and hampers us severely in gaining an understanding of our true relationship with the Cosmic. Indeed it prevents us from understanding that at the very deepest level of our being, we and the Cosmic are inseparably one.

Mumyo

What causes the ego to exist? Buddhism says that *'Mumyo'* is the fundamental cause of the ego and of all suffering in our lives. Mumyo means the ignorance we carry about with us through myriad incarnations, and specifically, it means ignorance of the "two basic truths."

Syogyo-Muzyo

The first of these truths is *'Syogyo-Muzyo.' Syogyo* means *'all that is perceived'*, while *Muzyo* means *'change or the changeable.'* Together, these words mean: *'everything perceived is changeable'*, or to put it differently, *'nothing we perceive remains unchanged forever.'* How very Rosicrucian!

The ancient Greek philosopher, Heraclitus wrote: *'All matter is becoming'*, and we know that the law of matter is above all else a law of change. Consciousness changes constantly; it is in a permanent state of flux. As one of the monograph lessons from the Rosicrucian curriculum says: *'Since both consciousness and reality change, nothing is as permanent as it may seem.'*

We have many strong attachments to things in life, and our concepts seem unchangeable..., at least for some periods of time. These temporarily unchangeable things

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can be our homes, our status, our physical beauty or strength, our neighbours, lovers, opinions, beliefs, reasoning abilities, etc. Our strong attachment to these things firmly supports the existence of the ego. If, like brief though intense flashes of lightning, we were to realise the true nature of the ever-changing Universe..., and if we were to realise that it is impossible to truly possess anything..., we would free ourselves from these strong attachments and the ego would as a result be vastly diminished. One part of the written teachings of the Rosicrucian Order says just this, though in a slightly different way:

> Although through man-made laws we can compensate each other and thereby obtain certain rights to have the legal privilege of acquiring something for our exclusive use, we are nevertheless always indebted to the Cosmic for such benefits.
>
> We are obligated to the Cosmic because it is through the manifestations of universal laws that all such things are made possible. Even the inspired human intelligence of the inventor or designer of something is the result of Cosmic enlightenment.

Our Guusi Attachments

Returning to our skier, he is in the oneness, the bare-bones no-ego Universe. But needless to say, not every skier reaches that great enlightenment immediately, and this is because human attachments are so persistent and last many incarnations. Buddhism compares these attachments to *'Guusi'*, namely the fibres of the lotus root which are very hard to cut.

On the other hand, our skier for example achieves the no-ego state almost exclusively through his preparatory period of concentration, followed by a release of intellectual control of that concentration at the precise moment he leaves the start gate. Zen shows that a state devoid of the ego is a natural quality of the deeper self. If repeated no-ego experiences are allowed to accumulate within us, a point is eventually reached when the erroneous paradigm of the ego is blown away forever. Practice is all we need: practice, practice, practice.

From the foregoing example, it seems therefore that some purely mundane activities can lead us to the no-ego state relatively easily. Here are a few examples:



The technique of candle gazing.

- Listening to sounds, say music or mantra sounds, with the detached deep concentration of the inner self.
- Doing various outdoor sports which require the sort of delicate balance achievable only through abandonment of the outer intellect to the higher inner faculties.
- Acting or portraying another personality, animal or even an inanimate thing like a cascading mountain stream, and getting deep into the role.
- And then there is the Rosicrucian technique of gazing at a candle flame or frankly anything else which attracts our consciousness, and allowing the mind to enter a state of neutrality as it watches.

Many similar activities have been arranged in various forms in the written teachings of AMORC. The mystical, as opposed to intellectual form of concentration that is used during these activities, has the power to break the illusions the ego has created for us.

Syoho-Muga

The second truth of Buddhism is *'Syoho-Muga.' Syoho* means *'all things'* and *Mu* denotes *'negation.'* The word *ga* is ambiguous however. One of its meanings is the *'everlasting independent personality of the soul.'* If we use this as the meaning of *ga,* we gain some sense of the meaning of the entire phrase, and here it is...

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> ...in the universe there is no such thing as an eternal, separated soul expression, for it is always changing and dependent.

In other words, no soul, and hence no expression of that soul (what Rosicrucians refer to as the *'soul personality'*) remains as it is forever, and it is ever dependent on its ultimate source. This agrees with the Rosicrucian viewpoint, for concerning the soul and its attendant expression on earth (the *'soul personality'*), another part of the Rosicrucian teachings explains it thus...

> To the Rosicrucian, the soul is always connected to and is a part of the great Universal or Cosmic Soul, and is therefore never actually individualised. It does not belong to us, but to the Cosmic; it is not separated, but united. It is not independent, but dependent.

If we thoroughly realise the temporal nature of the individuality, the *'I'* or ego can no longer manifest. One of the Rosicrucian pamphlets we publish speaks of eliminating the ego as...

> ...forgetting misleading, inflated theories about individual personality; in other words, eliminating personal individuality.

The remaining part of Master Dogen's quote says...

> To be confirmed by all dharmas is to let one's body and mind, and the body and mind of the external world fall away. All trace of enlightenment disappears, and this traceless enlightenment continues without end.

To understand this, we must delve deeper into the deep meaning behind the expression *Syoho-Muga*. As previously explained, the word *ga* has several meanings, one of which denotes the *'fixed characteristics of things.'* Applying this meaning of *ga* to *Syoho-Muga,* we get the following sentence: *'Nothing in the universe has any inherently fixed characteristics.'* But what exactly is meant by this? And why is it so important?

The Honourable Monk Sariputra

We have a clue in the *'Yuima-Sutra'* which was written by an unknown author in India in the 2nd or 1st Century BCE. This very old sutra relates a beautiful and inspiring story about the inherent characteristics of things.

> A heavenly maiden lived in a house where Buddhist monks held their assembly. She listened to their discourses and was so delighted and moved that she revealed her body to them and sprinkled heavenly flowers on them. The flowers that fell on the clothes of some of them did not cling and fell on the ground, whereas the flowers that fell on others clung to their clothing. They tried to remove the flowers through their supernatural powers but they could not. Eventually she spoke to one of them...
>
> **Maiden:** "Honourable monk Sariputra, why are you and your brothers trying to shake off these flowers?"
>
> **Sariputra:** We retired into Buddhism and are contented with honest poverty, so it is not appropriate for us to decorate our clothes with flowers.
>
> **Maiden:** Honourable monk Sariputra, you should not say this, for flowers are in accord with the law of Reality; flowers neither think nor judge. But you think and judge that they are not appropriate. For those who have retired into Buddhism and are living with ultimate truth, evaluation and judgment are not appropriate with the law of Reality.
>
> **Maiden:** You are evaluating and judging ultimate reality. Evaluation and judgment is not suitable for this. You should observe the monks to whom the flowers did not cling; they neither evaluated nor judged. For example an evil spirit watches for a chance to possess one who harbours fears. Similarly, he who fears birth, death and reincarnation, allows his ego to be strongly attached to the passions, to the things that his five senses perceive. But if he renounces his fears and abandons his passions for the worldly created things, his passions for the things of perception cannot affect him.
>
> **Maiden:** The flowers cling only to those who are not yet free from the patterns of thinking and action that is formed by strong attachments to worldly things. But they do not cling to the clothes of the others who are free from all these patterns.

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Sariputra: Honorable heavenly maiden, is not the abandonment of passions, anger and foolishness needed for the attainment of Nirvana?

Maiden: Only for those with inflated egos is there a need to follow the teachings that say that we must abandon worldly passions, angers and foolishness in order to attain Nirvana. For those without ego, the true nature of worldly passions, angers and foolishness is in itself Nirvana.

Nirvana

But can passion, anger and foolishness really amount to Nirvana? This brave assertion relates the fact that Sariputra has many frameworks falling in two categories. One is sacred and the other is worldly. For him, flowers are worldly and do not belong to the sacred world. The passions, anger and foolishness referred to are not part of the sacred either and therefore belong to the secular world. They are different from Nirvana which can only exist in the sacred realm.

But according to the heavenly maiden who made fun of him, flowers have no inherent fixed qualities like *vulgar* or *sacred*. Passion in itself does not have the quality of vulgarity, just as Nirvana does not in itself have any inherent qualities of sanctity. These natures or classifications exist only in the mind of Sariputra, so the things, desires and emotions exist independently of whatever judgment is made of him. They have no inherent qualities apart from those we ourselves create.

So, for some people, flowers are ostentatious when worn on their clothes, even though those same flowers can be offered to the Buddha as symbols of the beauty of the sacred world. Some poisons when used in minute quantities, as for example in homeopathy, can be used as highly effective healing agents. Similarly the passions, which so often confuse us, can be converted instead into great compassion because they have no inherently fixed natures. This highlights the other meaning of *Syoho-Muga*, namely that *'nothing in the universe has any inherently fixed characteristics.'*



If we insist on avoiding vulgarity and seek sanctity at all costs, we have a form of attachment to the ego. And if we leave the worldly life and seek Nirvana, this too is a form of attachment which we have to cast off in order to realise the true nature of ultimate reality. To put it another way, we tend to construct paradigms consisting of two opposite categories or qualities. Examples are the sacred and the profane, heaven and earth, good and bad, the passions and Nirvana, objects and ourselves, body and mind, actuality and reality, outside and inside, space and time. These are convenient for some phases of reasoning, but they are after all merely concepts that we ourselves have created. As frameworks, they do not belong to ultimate reality.

If we wish to reach that ultimate reality of God or Nirvana, we must cast off all frameworks and paradigms and stop being misled by the ego. In fact, we even have to cast off Nirvana itself. We have to cast off our concepts of God or ultimate reality if they are mere categories or concepts, for they hold us back from the actual experience of this ultimate reality.

For analogy, suppose you tasted sea urchin eggs for the first time. If you had read or heard about them before, and knew what creature they came from, you would probably not have enjoyed their taste as much as your ignorance of these facts would have guaranteed. That is why Zen Buddhism pays special attention to the limitations of language. If we use words to describe something, we inevitably separate ourselves from the reality of what we are attempting to describe. We regard things as objects, as if they existed outside of us.

Pointing at the Moon

Zen Masters often use the metaphor of an index finger pointing at the moon. With their characteristic simple though deep wisdom, they warn us of the subtle danger of confusing *enlightenment*, symbolised by the moon, with the *description* of enlightenment, symbolised by the finger pointing at the moon. Experiencing enlightenment is not the same as describing it. This is why most schools of mysticism affirm that ultimate reality transcends all

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intellectual concepts and defies objective description. And so it is with the Rosicrucian tradition as well. Relatively little is conveyed directly in words, but a great wealth of experience is bestowed upon us through simple rituals, a fragment of which I will shortly be quoting from.

We would do well to take heed of the two truths of Buddhism that have been covered so far, namely *Syogyo-Muzyo: nothing in existence is unchangeable* and *Syoho-Muga: nothing in the universe has any inherently fixed characteristics.* The Rosicrucian teachings and Zen agree on these two points and we should adjust our passions and attachments accordingly. By understanding *Syogyo-Muzyo*, and cultivating the experiences of *Syoho-Muga* through deliberate actions, and by pursuing our daily activities like the skier in our example, we are led to the wonderful realisation of the no-ego perfect Universe.

Being Confirmed by all Dharmas

Let us now analyse the final part of the paragraph of Zen Master Dogen:

> To be confirmed by all Dharmas is to let one's body and mind, and the body and mind of the external world, fall away. All trace of enlightenment disappears, and this traceless enlightenment continues without end.

These words are so profound that I simply cannot reduce or analyse their meaning any further. They say it all so precisely, and it cannot be clarified or expanded upon. Suffice it to say that every time I read these sentences I am overwhelmed by the most sublime emotion of deep attunement with the Cosmic. What I would like to do instead is to quote a brief passage concerning the Cosmic from a Rosicrucian ritual:

> All things are within You..., and from You they continually spring forth. Cosmic Being, You are self-sufficient, for You are both creator and consumer.
>
> Within You, things have no estimate, for nothing is without place, nothing diminishes, nothing is older or younger, lesser or greater than another.
>
> Though You are ever changing, Your complexities are nameless. Neither air, fire, water, earth nor life exist by the distinctions by which mortals know them. Yet they are eternally contained in Your essence.

For the sake of humanity, for the future of our world, it is so important that we and all others on our beloved planet experience as soon as possible that no-ego, perfect and inseparable Universe that resides within us. Yes, this must be the foundation of that peace based on the Great Compassion that Buddhists call *'Zihi'* and that Rosicrucians know as *'Peace Profound.'*

If the realisation is achieved, there will be no *I*; indeed, the Universe will become the *I*. Every person will help others in distress, with no special concern for reward or even recognition, just as the left hand cares for the wound on the right hand, for it is part of the same wounded body. We are all part of the same body, the great body of the Universe, the great Cosmic reality.

Close Friends

I have now reached the end, and as Rosicrucians will no doubt agree, the Rosicrucian teachings and Zen are close friends. They see the same Cosmic reality and agree in principle on the two fundamental truths of Buddhism: *Syogyo-Muzyo (nothing in existence is unchangeable)* and *Syoho-Muga (nothing in the universe has any inherently fixed characteristics.)* Through these two great truths, practitioners of the art of Zen seek to attain realisation of the one perfect, no-ego Universe. And that is so very Rosicrucian!

Many Rosicrucian aspirants and Zen practitioners the world over will one day achieve the experience of the no-ego inseparable reality and learn to live by it. From the Great Compassion to all living creatures, may the Rosicrucian Order and Zen fulfil their respective, though common, missions of bringing about a bright new era of elevated human consciousness.

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Josiah Wedgwood

by **Trevor Holloway**





Portland Vase

Most people probably think of Josiah Wedgwood as a master potter, a genius unsurpassed in shaping lifeless clay into objects of exquisite beauty and great utility. But Josiah was more than a ceramics genius. He was a highly respected scientist, a great philanthropist, a social and industrial reformer, and a beloved employer ever concerned for the welfare of his workers. In the words of the 19th Century British Prime Minister, William Gladstone: *"He was the greatest man who ever, in any age or in any country, applied himself to the important work of uniting art with industry."*

Josiah was born in Burslem, in the "Potteries" area of Staffordshire, the 13th and youngest child of Thomas and Mary Wedgwood of the Churchyard Pottery. The actual date of his birth is unknown, but his christening on 12 July 1730, is entered in the Burslem Parish Church register. The Wedgwood family had been potters since the time of Shakespeare, when Gilbert Wedgwood (1588-1678) set up his "pot bank" in Burslem, a district rich in the clays then used for pottery making. But Josiah was mainly responsible for making the name of Wedgwood a household word and for revolutionising the potter's art.

Two factors related to his boyhood were destined to exert a powerful influence on his future career. As a child he was keenly

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Wedgewood is best known for his blue Jasper ornamented with white designs.

interested in fossils, shells and other curiosities, and was fascinated by nature, particularly its manifold and beautiful patterns and colours. The second major influence was that at the age of 14 he survived an attack of smallpox which affected the rest of his life. The disease affected his right leg, which years later had to be amputated. As a potter's wheel in those days was turned by kicking with the right foot, Josiah could no longer use this technique.

For years afterwards he was subject to illnesses arising out of his disability, but he turned these periods of immobility to good account by concentrating on experiments and other work, particularly in matters of research and design. This store of knowledge enabled him to raise his standard of craftsmanship far above that of his contemporaries. Up to the early 18th Century only the wealthy possessed dinner or tea sets, and these were usually made of gold, silver or imported Oriental porcelain. Most other people used *trenchers* made of wood or a crude form of pottery.

Josiah changed all this. Although today he is best known for his blue Jasper ornamented with white designs based on classical themes, his great success was largely due to the production of useful wares such as plates, cups, saucers and dishes cheap enough to be bought by all except the very poorest of society. In this regard, he truly changed the world for the better.

After working with the family firm and other partners, Josiah set up his own business in Burslem in 1759, at the age of 29. For an outlay of £10 a year he rented two kilns, some sheds, workrooms and a small cottage. He was a perfectionist from the outset. In the design of his "useful" wares he ensured that spouts poured well, that lids fitted, and that handles were comfortable to hold. Furthermore, no new piece went into production until his wife Sarah had made exhaustive actual-use trials in her own kitchen and approved the design. His wares were however not only practical to use, they were beautifully made.

It is said that Josiah made a series of over 10,000 experiments before perfecting his now famous Jasper, a stoneware similar in many ways to porcelain. It was from Jasper that he made the first satisfactory copy of the priceless Portland Vase which Joshua Reynolds declared to be a perfect imitation of the original. When the original was smashed by a madman in 1845, Wedgewood's copy was used as a guide to its restoration.

It is interesting to record that while searching for the best materials for his Jasper, Wedgwood went so far as to send an expert to the American colonies in order to obtain samples of a particularly fine clay said to be used by the Cherokee Indians in making their clay pipes. Today a marker is placed at Franklin, North Carolina, near the pit from which the clay was obtained.

Josiah was far ahead of his day in methods of promotion and marketing, and before long his wares were being ordered from many parts of the world. In 1765, Queen Charlotte ordered a tea service from Wedgwood, and was so delighted with it that Josiah was granted permission to style himself "Potter to Her Majesty" and to name his ware "Queen's Ware", as it is known to this day. One of his proudest achievements was the execution of an order from the Empress Catherine of Russia in 1774 for a complete dinner and dessert service of 952 pieces, decorated with 1244 views of British castles, abbeys and famous houses, all hand-painted. A large corps of artists travelled the countryside, making the necessary sketches before bringing them back to his workshop to be crafted onto the wares.

By 1766 Wedgwood had prospered sufficiently to purchase for £3,000 the Ridge House Estate, between Hanley and Newcastle-under-Lyme. There he built himself a house and a new factory of revolutionary

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The Wedgewood factory Etruria

design. He named the factory Etruria, after the ancient Italian province of Italy whose pottery and artistic achievements were just being rediscovered. Production continued at the Etruria works until 1950, when it was transferred to new works on a 500-acre estate near the village of Bralaston.

Artist and Scientist

Wedgwood introduced a wide range of apparatuses in ceramics for use by chemists, druggists, apothecaries and surgeons. In this field his greatest achievement was the production of the first stoneware mortar and pestle. There had been growing concern at the use of metal mortars with their possible dangers of contamination and fragmented metal. Wedgwood was invited to try to produce a ceramic mortar that would withstand abrasion and resist absorption of chemical substances. It took him six months of intensive experimentation before he perfected a stoneware version that met all requirements, and soon he received urgent orders from many parts of the world.



Wedgwood's ceramic mortar

Another of his scientific achievements was the invention of the pyrometer, an instrument for measuring extreme heat in furnaces and kilns. He contributed time and money freely to causes in which he believed, and his energy was a vital factor in the completion of the Trent-Mersey Canal, which vitally reduced transport costs by 75%. His championship of the cause of freedom everywhere led him to design a special Jasper medallion showing a slave in chains and inscribed *"Am I not a man and a brother?"* later adopted as the seal of the Slave Emancipation Society.

Josiah gave unstinting approval to the French Revolution, writing: *"I know you will rejoice with me in the glorious revolution which has taken place in France."* He also approved of the American War of Independence, writing *"I bless my stars and Lord North that America is free."* And he reflected his liberal views in the treatment of his employees as well. Josiah was loved and respected by his employees, and their welfare was his constant concern. To work for Josiah was both an honour and a pleasure, for he was not only the "Father of English Potters", but the father to his workforce family as well.

If ever a man used his talents aright it was surely this dedicated seeker of perfection. He strove for the best in art and industry, but especially as a promoter of the fraternal bonds that unite people everywhere.

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A. The first Wedgwood Museum opened on 7 May 1906 at the Etruria Works. The museum's first curator was Isaac Cook who was succeeded in the role by his son, John Cook.

B. Since 1940, at the Wedgwood factory at Barlaston in England, modern technology combines with the ancient skills of throwing, modelling and decorating.

C. Wedgewood's enduring appeal among the world's royal families and heads of state began with Queen Charlotte, who ordered a set of cream-coloured earthernware that pleased her so much that Josiah Wedgwood was granted permission to style himself *"Potter to Her Majesty"* and call his innovative cream ware *"Queen's Ware."*

D. Throughout its history, Wedgwood has collaborated with the most famous artists of the day. Today, the Wedgwood collections are designed in England by the Wedgwood Design Studio.

E. Wedgwood today exports all over the world, with a commitment to creating premium, desirable and distinctively English home and lifestyle products to delight consumers, a fitting tribute to the memory of its founder.

F. Wedgwood Museum.

G. Throwing pots in the Wedgwood Museum.

H. Jasper, the most famous of Josiah's inventions, first appeared in 1774 after thousands of experiments. It was made in blue, green, lilac, yellow, black or white; sometimes one piece combined three or more of these colours.

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The Two Buddhas

by **Affectator**

The two Buddhas on my bookcase are priceless objects in more ways than one. Others see them as *objets d'art*, but I see them differently. For me, they recall an incident I will never forget.

As I look at them, I still see the loving eyes of the monk staring into mine as he handed them to me so many years ago when I was a young man. When I tell you how they came into my possession, you will understand why I call them my object lesson, for what I learned from them has lasted me my lifetime.

In 1936 I was working as a junior radio officer aboard a large passenger liner on a round-the-world cruise. We arrived at anchorage early one morning in the harbour of Colombo in Ceylon (Sri Lanka), surrounded by green hills and white colonial houses. It was an idyllic scene.

Four of us were bound for Kandy, located in the centre of the island. We set off in a rickety old truck, driving through steaming jungles on roads full of potholes and ditches. Finally, we had to change to rickshaws, for only those pulling the rickshaws were able to sidestep the car-sized holes in the road. In Kandy the sun was beating down unmercifully; but despite the intolerable heat we were determined to make our rounds and take pictures.

I first visited a snake temple. There in the middle of a large room was a circular altar raised about a foot off the floor. Small trees had been fastened to it and in the branches were snakes of every sort immaginable; some brightly coloured and tightly coiled, others dark grey and brown and of great length. A few people knelt, prayed and bowed themselves out of the temple.

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Attracted by a multi-coloured snake coiled on a low branch near the floor, I stooped to get a better look when I felt a fanning sensation on my right ear coupled with a hissing sound. Without straightening up, I slowly turned my head and found myself looking into the eyes of a brownish-coloured snake whose rapier-like tongue had brushed my ear. Hissing loudly, it opened its mouth about to strike, but against all inclinations to recoil, I thankfully managed to remain completely motionless, waiting for the fatal strike; but it never came and the snake closed its mouth and quickly pulled itself up onto a branch that I had probably brushed against as I stooped down to see the multi-coloured snake.

I don't remember how I left that temple but it must have been at great speed, for what seemed like just seconds later, I found myself in another temple, diagonally across the street. Here the altar stretched across the whole room. It was dotted with small Buddhas of various types. The only other person there soon left and I was alone gazing around at the magnificent carvings. Then, out of the corner of my eye, a bright silver Buddha caught my attention, and without knowing why, even to this day, a sudden desire came over me to take it.

Looking around furtively and seeing that no one was in the room, I quickly put it in my pocket, thinking a donation in the altar box would more than compensate. I turned to make the donation when it seemed from nowhere the curious figure of a white-robed monk appeared before me.

"Greetings, my son," he said, bowing low and smiling, his eyes looking straight into mine. "*I hope you have found our humble temple uplifting.*" "*Yes, I have,*" I managed to stammer, glancing at the altar where the little Buddha had been. I hoped the monk had not noticed my guilty glance or the figure's absence. He bent over and picked up a golden-hued Buddha, which had been next to the one I had taken, and I knew immediately that he was already aware I had taken the bright silver companion Buddha.

He held the golden Buddha a few moments, then handed it to me, saying, "*Here, my son, please take this one too? The one you have symbolises honesty; this one symbolises truth. They go together; you really should have them both.*" Shamefaced, I took the silver Buddha from my pocket and offered to return it. He shook his head slowly. "*No, my son, accept these as a gift from me. I have a feeling that your possessing these will cultivate their qualities in you.*"

Looking at the two little Buddhas on my bookcase now, I can still remember those words and hear the quiet, measured tones of the voice. And indeed, my life, since that eventful encounter, did change and I am eternally grateful for the meeting with that wise sage.





Refinement of the Human Spirit

by **Connie James**

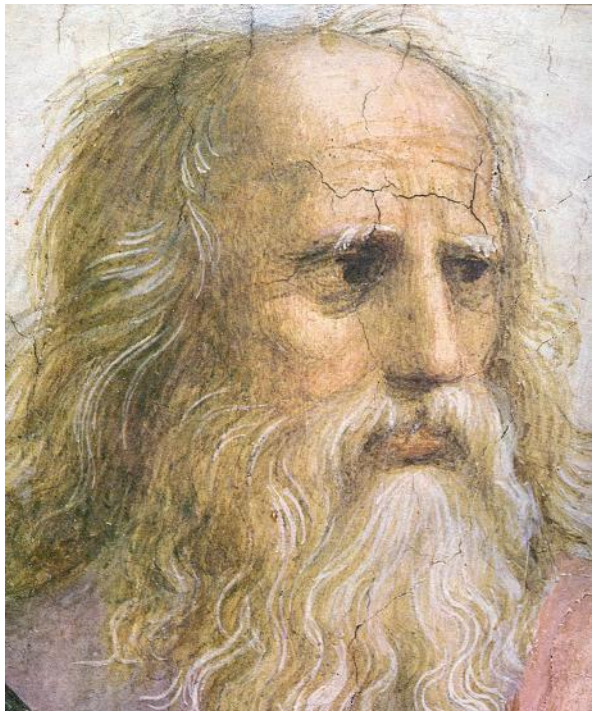
Are you aware of the scope of your consciousness? Do you think there is a possibility that there could be more of you in the world than you realise? Is there some kind of mystical bond between us and all other things in nature? I'll discuss this idea in the hope of revealing something of the sophistication and refinement of the human spirit when allowed to blossom, something that often goes unnoticed.

It has been said that we experience two universes, one inside, the other outside of our being. The inner one, referred to by Plato as the microcosm, is the most intimate part of us, yet unbelievably entirely unknown to most people, even many who consider themselves seekers of spiritual revelation and who believe they know all the 'theory' behind spiritual revelation. The outer universe, the

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one which enters our being through our receptor senses, is one we think we know well. But it has in fact to a large extent been entirely hidden from us by a dense wall of unnecessary and superfluous words, descriptions and irrational intellectual models built up through the centuries, and torn down at regular intervals and then re-built into new, improved, more inclusive forms. At no point have we known it all, and our understanding of this 'world on the outside' constantly changes.

We have carefully affixed labels to everything around us from the vascular system of a starfish to the twilight region between night and day that races around the globe at 1,000 miles per hour with definite biological effects on the living organisms it overshadows. But in broad terms, although we have the ability to manipulate the labels into neat categories and ordered systems of hierarchy, how much real understanding do we possess, even after centuries of refinement of our understanding? What deeper meaning lies behind all this magnificence? Indeed does there even exist a meaning in any objective sense? What interaction, what connection is there between all these physical 'things?'



Plato (428?-348? BCE)

In simpler times we interacted and communicated with nature with far less true understanding of what is going on than we do today.

In simpler times we interacted and communicated with nature with far less true understanding of what is going on than we do today. But I'm convinced we were as happy with our world-views then as we are with our most modern scientific world-views today. What is paramount always is the satisfaction that our explanations of physical reality give us as to the veracity of our beliefs and our interpretations of physical reality.

Sir Julian Huxley wrote of *"...Man's vast untapped possibilities."* Among these, psychic powers are perhaps foremost among the powers that have already been proven to exist but for which science has few answers. That is not the same as saying that all science rejects the occurrence of psychic phenomena, merely that it has no better way of explaining it than we do. The potential power of humans to sometimes find ways beyond all reasonable odds to succeed is remarkable. A young man is today elevated from riding a bicycle to driving a car..., a big initiation. But years later he is initiated again when he flies a plane by himself for the first time. And then he experiences another initiation as he blasts into space to do groundbreaking research in near orbit around the Earth. These are outer developments, clear to see and quite attainable by almost everyone.

But what of the development of the human inner, metaphysical and intuitive powers? In this regard I would like to briefly mention a few great men, taken at random, who faced physical obstacles in their lives and overcame them, yet also became aware of much deeper inner attributes in the human consciousness, which left imprints in their consciousness like footprints in the sand saying, *"Follow me and I'll show you the most precious thing in the universe."* Now who could turn down an offer like that? Their thoughts have for centuries served as keys for others to use in opening previously closed doors of perception and understanding. So, here are a few of my favourites.

PLATO

Plato is not the earliest Greek philosopher we should be looking at, though an arbitrary and earliest point in time for our enquiry does need to be established, and it may as well be with Plato, disciple of the great Socrates and who had as his foremost pupil Aristotle.

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There is far more to these three philosophers than words alone can say, and the number of books and online articles on them is legion. Read them, for they form the very foundation of all Western thought, even the attitudes and moral values we hold today. As a contemporary philosopher once said: *"European [thought] consists of nothing more than a series of footnotes to Plato."* Here now follow a few words from this old master philosopher:-

Truth is its own reward.

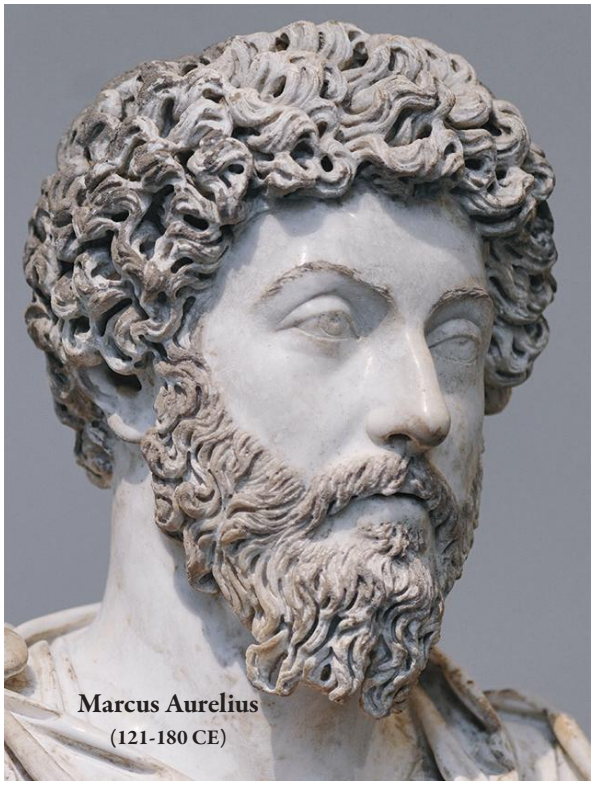
The first and the best victory is to conquer self.

He who commits injustice is ever made more wretched than he who suffers it.

The penalty good men pay for indifference to public affairs is to be ruled by evil men.

Wise men talk because they have something to say; fools, because they have to say something.

We can easily forgive a child who is afraid of the dark; the real tragedy of life is when men are afraid of the light.



Marcus Aurelius
(121-180 CE)

MARCUS AURELIUS

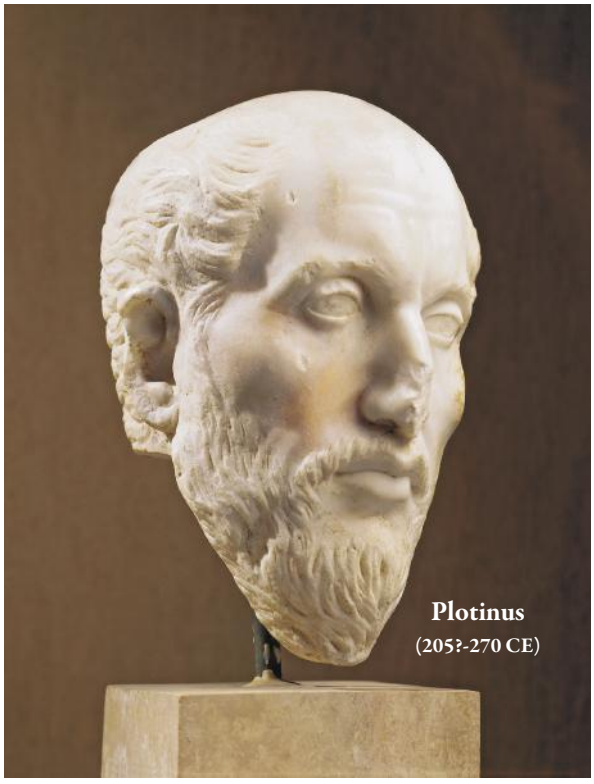
Probably the greatest of all Roman Imperators was the Stoic philosopher Marcus Aurelius (121-180 CE) who ruled at the pinnacle of Roman cultural sophistication. There are many earlier, more well known and documented philosophers who outshine in literary excellence this warrior who spent most of his time as emperor engaged in interminable battles to keep the Roman empire from falling apart. But Marcus Aurelius appeals to us through his humility and simplicity of life, despite his immense power as Imperator of the world's greatest empire.

Stoicism was originally derived from Middle Eastern wisdom and was established about 300 years before the life of Christ. It is deep, extremely so, and influenced early Christianity through its high sense of moral rectitude. Stoic theory held that the creative source of all being and within all things was *'Mind."* The term *"Fire Mind'* was often used in this regard, for the creative source of *'fire'*, or the *Vital Life Force* as Rosicrucians term it, was an omnipresent force throughout the universe. Humans manifesting the highest form of this 'fire' belonged to a single universal brother- and sisterhood of both perception and understanding, and brought to the world the great spiritual leaders and founders of religions. With ever expanding consciousness, this 'fire' acts as a sort of inquisitor or interrogator seeking out the truth in all matters, even the sometimes dark truths about our own blemished lives.

Stoic theory held that the creative source of all being and within all things was 'Mind.'

Marcus Aurelius described the world order of Stoicism as a unity made up of multiplicity: *"...all being is one, all law is one and all truth is one."* How modern and inclusive such a statement is! All people had within themselves, he said, something higher and more godlike than *"...mere instincts which move your emotions and twitch you like a puppet."* He admonished himself to seek to know to what use he was putting the powers of his soul and asked himself: *"...how stands it with that part of me that men call the master...?"* There can be no doubt that Marcus Aurelius caught a glimpse of the deeper side of human nature and found as well his true place in the universe.

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Plotinus
(205?-270 CE)

All people, he said, could 'borrow' some of the power of this Mind force as easily as they breathed the air which was free for all living beings to partake of. And he urged his readers to try to see the refinement of their deeper selves before it was too late and their lives were nearing the end. Having said that, he wrote not for an audience but for himself. His only *'book'*, a collection of personal admonishments and reflections, was appropriately titled *'To Myself'*, though in its modern form it is called *'The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius.'* And what simple beauty lies in his incisive observations. Here are a few samples:-

> He who lives in harmony with himself, lives in harmony with the universe.
>
> Your life is what your thoughts make it.
>
> Remember that very little is needed to make a happy life.
>
> It is not death that a man should fear, but he should fear never beginning to live.
>
> How much more grievous are the consequences of anger than the causes of it.
>
> Reject your sense of injury and the injury itself disappears.
>
> Accept the things to which fate binds you, and love the people with whom fate brings you together, but do so with all your heart.

PLOTINUS

A little less than a century after Aurelius, Plotinus, (205?–270 CE) reached a spiritual height of consciousness seldom reached in human history. Although not widely read today, he realised the extent of his potentiality to such a degree as to achieve not only once but several times what he described as the soul's mystical return to the One. He was not a Christian, yet both the moral theology and cosmological basis of the Christian church right up to the late Middle Ages were profoundly influenced by this 'pagan' philosopher.

He said that while we can't *know* the One which is beyond thought itself, we can possess it or become conscious of it. At the highest level of the soul, we enter the world of Mind. The philosophy of Plotinus is given in his one great work, the *Enneads*, which stands as a testament to his immense mental range. And from the *Enneads* we have...

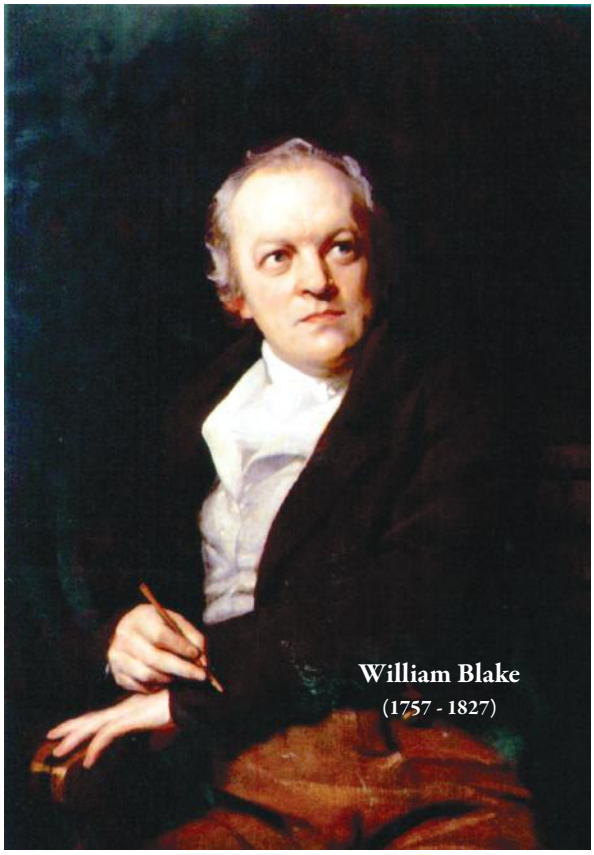
> Some enter into life as fragments of the One, bound to that which is external to themselves: they are victims of a sort of fascination, and are hardly, or not at all, themselves: but others mastering all this..., straining, so to speak, by the head towards the Higher, to what is outside even the Soul..., reserve still the nobility and the ancient privilege of the Soul's essential being.

At the highest level of the soul, we enter the world of Mind.

One report lists Plotinus' place of birth as Lycopolis in the Nile Delta, which has led to speculation that he may have been a native Egyptian of Roman, Greek, or Hellenised Egyptian descent. He took up the study of philosophy at the age of 27, around the year 232 CE, and travelled to Alexandria to study. He was however dissatisfied with every teacher he encountered until an acquaintance suggested he listen to the ideas of Ammonius Saccas. Upon hearing Ammonius lecture, he declared to his friend, *"this was the man I was looking for"*, and began studying intently under his tutelage.

Later in life, Plotinus began teaching in his own right. He taught that there is a supreme, totally transcendent *'One'*, containing no division, multiplicity or distinction, beyond all categories of being and non-being. His *One "...*

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cannot be any existing thing", nor can it be merely the sum of all things. But it *"is prior to all existence."* He identified his *One* with the Classical Greek concept of *Good* and the principle of *'Beauty*, something we can easily relate to as the concepts of *'God'* for *'the Good'* and *'universal symmetry'* for the concept of *'Beauty.'*

The *One*, being beyond all attributes, including being and non-being, is the source of the world, but not through any act of creation, wilful or otherwise, since activity cannot be ascribed to the unchangeable, immutable *One*. Plotinus argued that the *'multiple'* cannot exist without the *'simple.'* The *'less perfect'* must of necessity *'emanate'* or issue forth, from the *'perfect'* or *'more perfect.'* All *'creation'* therefore emanates from the *One* in succeeding stages of lesser and lesser perfection. These stages are not temporally isolated, but occur throughout time as a constant process. No initial Creation then, but a constant and eternal process of new creation in process. Here are a few quotes from his writings:-

> Withdraw into yourself and look.
>
> I am striving to give back the Divine in myself to the Divine in the All.
>
> This All is universal power, of infinite extent and infinite in potency, a god so great that all his parts are infinite. Name any place, and he is already there.
>
> To make the existence and coherent structure of this Universe depend upon automatic activity and upon chance is against all good sense.
>
> When we look outside of that on which we depend, we ignore our unity. Looking outward we see many faces. Look inward and all is one head. If a man could but be turned about, he would see at once God and himself and the All.

WILLIAM BLAKE

From Greece we go to Britain and William Blake (1757-1827) who was an English painter, poet and printmaker. Largely unrecognised during his lifetime, he is now considered a seminal figure in the history of the poetry and visual arts of the Romantic Age. While Blake is often thought of more as an English artist than as a philosopher, this is an error. He wrote extensively in a mystical manner that is difficult to understand in places and therefore turns some readers away. Most people however are familiar with his breathtakingly beautiful lines...

> To see a world in a grain of sand, and a heaven in a wild flower, hold infinity in the palm of your hand and eternity in an hour.

Although considered mad by his contemporaries for his idiosyncratic views, he was held in high regard by later critics for his expressiveness and creativity, and for the philosophical and mystical undercurrents within his work. He claimed to have had visions throughout his life. They were often associated with beautiful religious themes and imagery, and may have inspired him further with spiritual works and pursuits.

It was Blake who also said that if only we would clean the doors of our perception, everything would be seen in its true infinity. Surely someone capable of conceiving thoughts such as these must have been close to knowing something of their true nature as well as their relationship to their world? Here are a few of his memorable sayings:-

> A truth that's told with bad intent, beats all the lies you can invent.
>
> A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees.
>
> Love seeketh not itself to please,

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Nor for itself hath any care,
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a Heaven in Hell's despair.

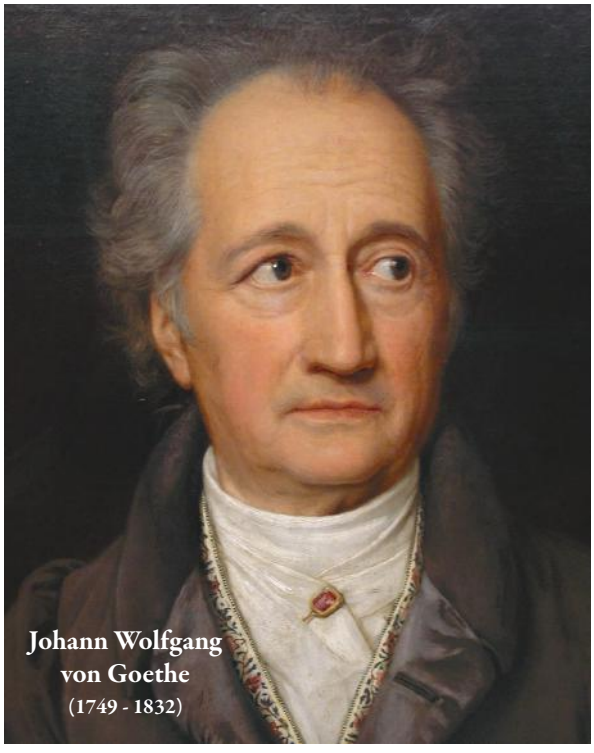
The hours of folly are measured by the clock,
but of wisdom no clock can measure.

God appears and god is light
To those poor souls who dwell in night.
But does a human form display
To those who dwell in realms of day.

VON GOETHE

From Germany rises the towering figure of the poet philosopher, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832). All his life this man sought to understand human nature. Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote of him that his failures were simply preparations for his victories in life,that he drew his strength from nature with which he lived in complete communion.

His later spiritual perspective evolved among pantheism (heavily influenced by Spinoza), humanism and various elements of Western esotericism, as seen most vividly in Part II of *Faust*. According to Nietzsche, Goethe had *"...a kind of almost joyous and trusting fatalism"* that has *"...faith that only in the totality everything redeems itself and appears good and justified."*


Johann Wolfgang von Goethe
(1749 - 1832)

The scope of Goethe's realisation of human potentiality is shown in the diversified fields of thought seen in his works, ranging from the world-famous *Faust* to his diaries, novels, journals and thoughts on physics in the *'Theory of Colours.'* He looked for eternal laws in even the most trivial things and saw that all things were a part of one vast, infinite design. He described this thought in *Faust* in the line: *"...How each the Whole its substance gives, each in the other works and lives."* He joins the previously mentioned thinkers in a conception of *'one Mind'* as he writes, also in *Faust*: *"If by the Spirit I am truly taught then thus: 'In the Beginning was the Thought.'"*

Here are some quotes from his writings:-

One always has time if one will apply it well.

We are never deceived; we deceive ourselves.

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.

Knowing is not enough; we must apply. Willing is not enough; we must do.

Freedom and life are earned by those alone who conquer them each day anew.

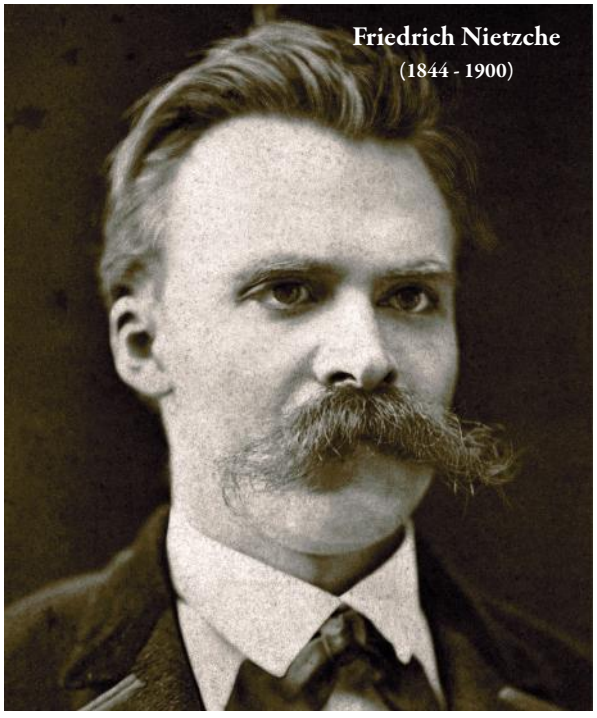
None are more hopelessly enslaved than those who falsely believe they are free.

Treat people as if they were what they ought to be, and you help them to become what they are capable of being.

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

Also from Germany came the strange, tormented genius of Friedrich Nietzsche (1844-1900), who walked close in history behind the great Goethe. Nietzsche dreamed and wrote of a superman who appears to be not so much a revelation of humanity manifesting a knowledge and control over the things of his world, but rather an enlargement of nationalistic and material qualities.

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Friedrich Nietzche
(1844 - 1900)

Because of his evocative style and often outrageous claims, his philosophy generates passionate reactions. To this day his works remain controversial due primarily to misinterpretations of his work.

One of the key tenets of his philosophy is *'life-affirmation'* which embraces the realities of the world in which we live over the idea of a world beyond. It further champions the creative powers of the individual to strive beyond social, cultural, and moral contexts. Yet, regardless of how near he came to the true nature of humankind, Nietzsche takes his place among the other seekers of the hidden things, if simply because of his expanded thought and manner of breaking down many of the barriers erected by society.

He was bitter towards most men, whom he spoke of as rope-makers who *"...drag out their threads and always walk backwards."* And his personal philosophy clearly brought him no happiness. But he contributed to critical enquiry more than anyone before him in modern times. He once wrote that he had crawled into the very heart of life and that he was able to perceive that *"...there are a thousand paths that have never been walked."* He also realised the necessity of overcoming the things of the senses as expressed in his line: *"You must climb over yourself, upward until even the stars are under you."* Whatever path or paths he traversed, he sadly never found the right one just for him. Yet he still left rare insights into the human condition that only those paths could bring him. Here are a few of his sayings:-

> He who will not obey himself will be commanded. That is the nature of living creatures.
>
> Insanity in individuals is something rare. But in groups, parties, nations and epochs it is the rule.
>
> The advantage of a bad memory is one enjoys several times the same good things for the first time.
>
> Whatever is done for love always occurs beyond good and evil.
>
> He who has a why to live, can bear almost any how.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The American Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882) was an essayist, lecturer and poet, who led the Transcendentalist movement of the mid-19th Century. He is listed in almanacs as a *'poet-essayist'*, but this falls far short of his stature among philosophers and thinkers. A careful study of his voluminous writings will reveal an amazing tapestry of humankind's relationship with the universe.

Emerson was familiar with Eastern thought and this is apparent in his work. His realisation of the unity of all things was expressed in the line: *"A leaf, a drop, a crystal, a moment of time, is related to the whole and partakes of the perfection of the whole!"* - from his essay *Nature*. Humanity's relation to Nature was described at one time when he wrote that humanity first shares the life from which all things exist, then later sees them as only things in Nature and forgets that he once shared their cause.

He was well aware that the senses, while giving us a representation of something, do not reveal what in truth the things are in themselves. What profound beauty lies in the following words from *'Over-Soul:'*

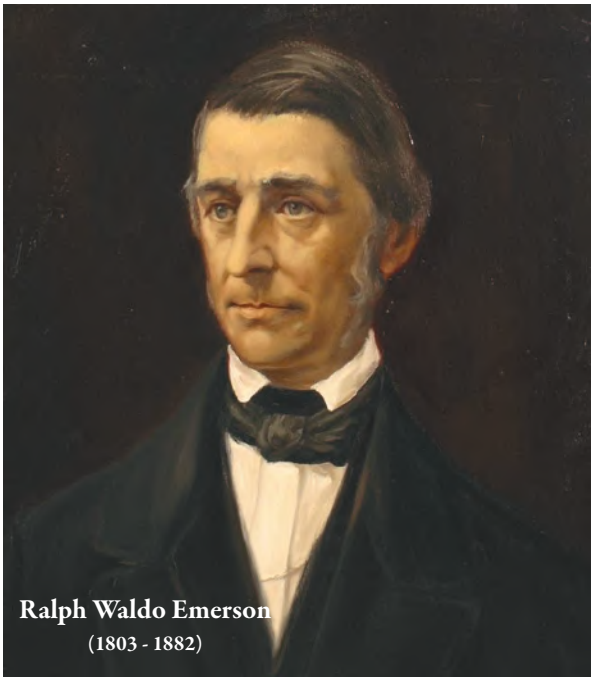
> The heart in thee is the heart of all; one blood rolls un-interruptedly in endless circulation through all men, as the water of the globe is all one sea.

And continuing with the unlimited potentiality of the human mind we have...

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Before the immense possibilities of man, all mere experience, all past biography however spotless and sainted, shrinks away.

Emerson wrote on a number of subjects, never espousing fixed philosophical tenets, but developing certain ideas such as individuality, freedom, the ability for humankind to realise almost anything, and the relationship between the soul and the surrounding world. His *'nature'* was more philosophical than naturalistic: *"Philosophically considered, the universe is composed of Nature and the Soul."* He is one of several figures who *"...took a more pantheist approach by rejecting views of God as separate from the world."* Here are a few of his sayings:-



Ralph Waldo Emerson
(1803 - 1882)

What lies behind you and what lies in front of you pales in comparison to what lies inside of you.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

Every minute you remain angry, you give up sixty minutes of peace of mind.

Our greatest glory is not in never failing, but in rising up every time we fail.

Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful, for beauty is God's handwriting.

Bad times have a scientific value. These are occasions a good learner would not miss.

What is a weed? A plant whose virtues have never been discovered.

You can never do a kindness too soon, for you never know how soon it will be too late.

Space does not permit of the inclusion of many other people who also caught some glimpse of the majestic place in life of the human being. Others are great men such as Giordano Bruno, Paracelsus, Berkeley, Swedenborg, Whitman and many, many others. Please search for them, read their works and glean the kernels of wisdom they left behind.

Reaching Understanding

The question may well be asked, at this point: *"How do we reach an understanding of the ideas we have just mentioned? How do we come to realise something of our inner potentialities?"* Daily periods of meditation are of the utmost importance, as well as achieving a control over the activity of the mind so it can be concentrated upon any desired thought for at least short periods of time.

A leaf, a drop, a crystal, a moment of time, is related to the whole and partakes of the perfection of the whole!

Moral purity of mind is essential for the development and utilisation of the inner, spiritual forces. We must further try to live in a state of *receptive awareness* in which we are ready to seize upon either an inner intuition or the most minute outer revealment of a universal law or an eternal truth when it presents itself to us.

Finally, let us try to open fully our psychic sense, so we can see the true splendour of our surroundings and realise our place in the order of things. Then we will discover for the first time the incredible refinement of humankind.

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I am Music

by **Allan C Inman**

The following edited passage was used as a welcome message at the 1976 AGM of the *National Foundation for the Advancement of Music* held in Port Elizabeth, South Africa. Its author is the obscure *Allan C Inman* dating from the 1920s.

I am Music, most ancient of the arts. I am more than ancient, I am eternal. Even before life commenced upon Earth, I was here in the winds and the waves. When the first trees and flowers and grasses appeared, I was among them. And when Home Sapiens came, I at once became the most delicate, most subtle, and most powerful medium for the expression of emotions.

When people were little better than beasts, I influenced them for their good. In all ages I have inspired them with hope, kindled their love, given a voice to their joys, cheered them on to valorous deeds, and soothed them in times of despair.

I have played a great part in the drama of Life, whose end and purpose is the complete perfection of human nature. Through my influence, human nature has been uplifted, sweetened and refined. With the aid of humans, I have become a Fine Art.

From Tubalcain to Thomas Edison, a long line of the brightest minds have devoted themselves to the perfection of instruments through which you may utilise my powers and enjoy my charms. I have myriads of voices and instruments. I am in the hearts of all people and on their tongues, in all lands and among all nations. The ignorant and unlettered know me not less than the rich and learned.

For I speak to all people, in a language that all will understand. Even the deaf hear me, if they but listen to the voices of their own souls. I am the food of love. I have taught gentleness and peace to all, and have led them onward to heroic deeds.

I comfort the lonely, I harmonise the discord of crowds, I am the necessary luxury of all people.

I Am Music

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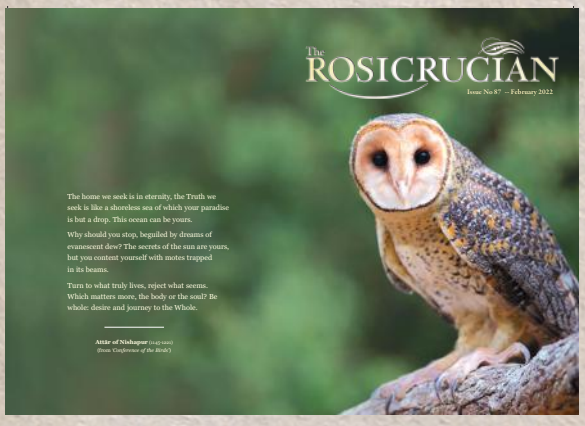
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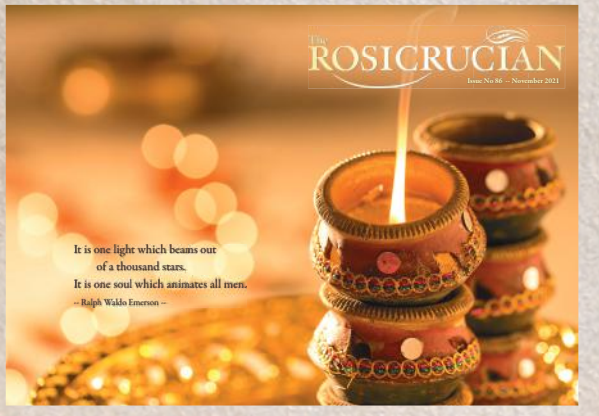
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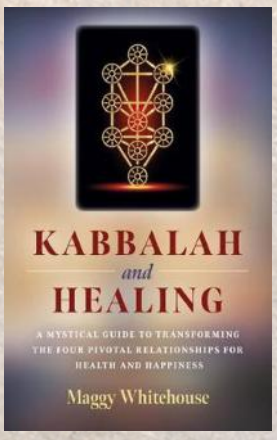




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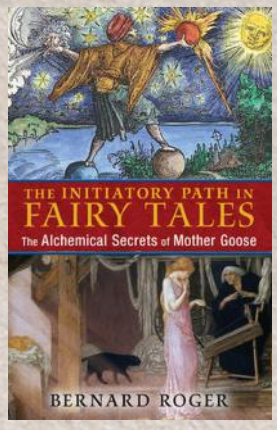
by Maggy Whitehouse



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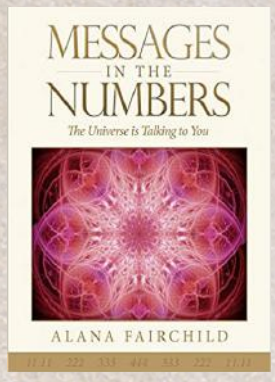
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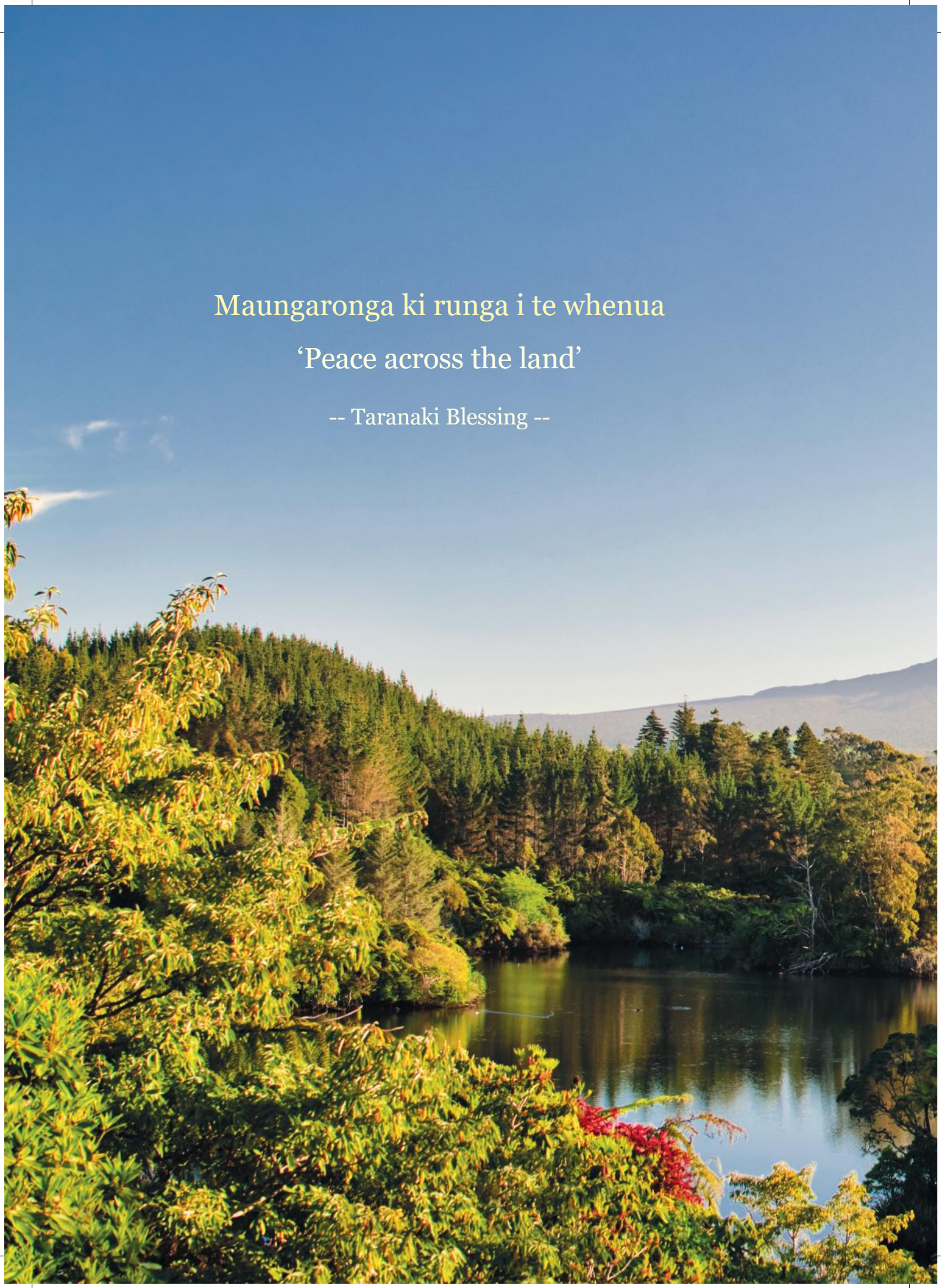
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Maungaronga ki runga i te whenua
‘Peace across the land’
-- Taranaki Blessing --