

North American Newsletter

Autumn, 2023

The Archangel Michael and Algebra

Rev. James H. Hinds



An algebra teacher once told his class, “To learn algebra you will have to make 10,000 mistakes. I encourage you to make those mistakes as soon as possible.” Of course, mistakes in algebra are not made intentionally. When a student attempts “to get it right” and yet arrives at an answer that they later recognize as mistaken, their mastery of algebra increases. The virtue called for here is the courage to persevere, the ongoing effort to get it right despite mistakes. The teacher is encouraging algebra learners not to be discouraged by apparent failure, not to give up and say, “I can’t do algebra!” His words of encouragement are a true Michaelic gesture.

The Archangel Michael has a special relationship to our age. He knows that we live in a time when human beings will be making many mistakes because angelic guidance can no longer compel us to do the right thing. Now in the 21st century we are free to do what we

want, wherever we want, just about any time we want. Constraints stem from practical, earthly conditions, not from heaven. We ourselves must discover that not every action is moral, that a spiritual world exists and that everything we do affects others and has consequences, be they personal, social or spiritual. Finding our way, apparently by ourselves, results in countless stumbling, blunders and pain caused to others and ourselves. Of course, the angels do stand ready to help if asked, especially the archangel shepherding our time.

We need courage to forge ahead knowing that, as human beings, we have weaknesses and are prone to mistakes of every kind (no list is necessary), despite our constant efforts to do the right thing. Some of those mistakes may even be so painful. We may not want to remember them (though for our benefit the Father God remembers them). This is exactly where the archangel

Michael's help is needed: he can give us the courage to remember and acknowledge our deeds despite the regret, the pain, maybe even the grief.

A mood of seriousness, of earnestness settles into our soul when these memories abide in us. This is the mood of the archangel. When present it allows him to fulfill his mission, which is to lead us so deeply into our souls that we arrive at that place in our heart into which and through which Christ sends us his power. We find our hearts filled with spirit.

It is Christ who enables us to forge ahead, to move on – and not be paralyzed by the regret, the pain – the grief we feel. Like an algebra student we are here to learn, to move on with our lives despite the fact that we might well err again, though hopefully not make the same mistakes as in the past.

One of the great mysteries of Christianity: very often Christ's power can arise in our hearts *precisely because* of our weaknesses, because of our mistakes, indeed, our sins. But first we must become aware of them and acknowledge them. This is reflected in our eucharist service where the words "the sickness of sin" and "sin" occur in various forms throughout. They are spoken to remind us of our human condition, our need for salvation, and to prepare our hearts for Christ's blessing presence.

In our time the archangel Michael and Christ work hand in hand so that, with the strength of Christ's presence, we can bear and order our life as we receive it from the Father (the ultimate rememberer) and make it whole through the spirit that he sends into our hearts.

Aftermath

Rev. Gisela Wielki

Fall has come. Some fields are still providing a small second harvest, appreciated by the gleaners.

Aftermath is a word often tainted darkly, like the aftermath of something catastrophic. But the meaning of this old English word is nothing like that. *Math* means a growing. And *aftermath* is the second growth crop, the bonus, that extra gift of nature for which the farmer did not toil. Such harvests occur not only in nature, they happen also daily in our lives. Only we are often too much in a hurry to notice them.

In a letter the PS, the postscript, may well be the most important, most valuable content. And sometimes it is the afterthought that comes to us about something we read or heard. Or maybe it is an afterimage that casts a light on a situation, a problem whose solution we could not find when in the middle of it. Insights that come to us the morning after.

The fruits of these aftermaths come into our lives not through our own labor, but the labor of the angels. They come to us by way of grace.

A Letter from our (Almost) Former Lenker

Rev. Craig Wiggins

At this writing, mid October, the North American priest circle is looking ahead to its biannual synod (this time held in Denver), where the Lenker responsibilities will transfer from Craig Wiggins to Jonah Evans: a moment to reflect on the past five years, since we got the news that Oliver Steinrueck would be leaving North America and taking on the responsibilities of an Oberlenker in the Circle of Seven in Berlin. The colleagues entrusted me with this task, most likely for five years, as I was already 65 at the time, a bridge to the future.

After officially assuming the duties of a Lenker on April 4, 2019, I set out to get acquainted with our spread-out region in this new capacity. My membership on the Board of Trustees of the Central Fund since 2013 had laid a good foundation: in that period I visited all of our congregations in one function or another. As Lenker, one comes to the congregations for Confirmations, installation of new priests, farewell and retirement of priests and other special occasions. Another task taken on by the Lenker is to watch over the accuracy of our liturgical life: to see that the sacraments and rituals are celebrated in the way that all priests have agreed upon. From time to time difficulties arise in congregations where the presence of someone perceiving the situation from outside (not “from above”) can be helpful in working towards a solution. Accompanying such processes can bring sleepless nights as well as joyful steps in the right direction. And there is the simple task of always being available for the priest circle, accompanying my colleagues’ joys and sorrows as well as the lives of their congregations.

Knowing my time as Lenker would be short, I was given two helpers: Revs. Carol Kelly and Jonah Evans. We half jokingly called ourselves *The Troika*. This cooperation was invaluable and will be continued by my successor in a new constellation. This is the place to wish Jonah lots of patience and endurance as well as joy and fulfillment in his new task. We have begun the transition already and I will ever be available in the future.

Speaking of the future... in fulfillment of a promise I made to my adult children when I accepted the sending to North America in 2008, I will be returning to The Netherlands around Easter 2024. Although stepping back from the Lenker task, I will not be retiring but have accepted a sending to one of the Dutch congregations. In the meantime, I will be active in Chicago and its affiliates, helping out at the Seminary and with the Ongoing Education of newly ordained priests and... packing!

I want to thank everyone in the North American region with whom I’ve had the opportunity to work during the past fourteen years, especially the congregations where I was sent: Devon, San Francisco and Chicago with their affiliates. It has been an honor and a privilege to carry the consciousness of the Spirit of our Region and to serve the Christ by serving you. From across the ocean, I will continue to carry this part of the world in my heartfelt prayers. After all, I’m a born and raised Missourian!

Rev. Craig Wiggins

The East Coast Christian Community Children's Camp

Camp Harmony Lake

Rev. Carol Kelly

"The sphere of the Spirit is the soul's true home
And we will surely reach it
By walking the path of honest thought;
By choosing as our guide the fount of love
Implanted in our heart,
By opening the eye of our soul
To nature's script
Spread out before us through all the universe,
Telling the story of the spirit
In all that lives and thrives,
And in the silent spaciousness
Of lifeless things
And in the stream of time —
The process of becoming. "

- Rudolf Steiner



Every morning and every evening at Christian Community camp, first the counselors, then the campers, say or hear a verse to bring orientation and higher purpose to the day's events. This was the verse we said this year with the counselors. How deeply these verses penetrate the soul one cannot know, but I have had many experiences of young people coming to a quiet recognition of the Spirit through our camp.

The other night I received a phone call from a young woman who had been a camp counselor maybe ten years ago and had now been asked to be a Godmother. She had remembered an evening verse from camp and wanted to use it to pray for her godchild every night, but she was missing one line and called me to see if I could remember it.



Camp Harmony Lake has found a wonderful new "home" in Kingsley, PA, with plenty of woods, grassy fields, a beautiful lake and a new dining hall. We had a spectacular camp season, with 41 campers and 24 counselors, all shining and singing up a storm. Oh, yes, and we had storms: many thunderstorms of great magnitude! But we managed to play and work around them and in the end, the overall feeling was one of sunshine and happiness.

The Adventure Course took the campers through their paces, walking the paths blindfolded, composing a new song, paddling, balancing, all while trying to find the Holy Grail and the Belt of Signs and a Lance, hidden in the woods. The theme was "music" and we had some great guitar and fiddle playing for our first ever Camp Country Dance. We have started a new tradition!

We also had a puppet show this year from Beech Tree puppets in Maryland. Ole and Ingrid Hass came and performed *The Crystal Ball* for us. It was a great gift for all to receive such a magical performance. Ingrid Hass stayed on and created a “shadow puppet” performance with some of the campers.

The great campfire at the end of the camp was capped by a flaming sword rising up out of the fire! No one quite knows how it happened. But there are so many wondrous things that we cannot explain!

This year was also the year of transition: The Camp Director will change from Rev. Carol Kelly to Revs. Anna Silber and Robert Bower. There were many wonderful songs and farewells after Rev. Kelly’s 21 years of camp directing, singing, laughing and storytelling.

Mark your calendars for the first two weeks of August next year, 2024!

Rev. Carol Kelly



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The “In-Between Time”

Karen Zabriskie, Tennessee

The rain had held back most of the weekend. Now on Sunday afternoon, she decided to pour down. But this didn't stop four of us from finding the swimming hole at the end of the trail. With raincoats over our bathing suits, we hiked through a misty, fern-filled path alongside a brook that tumbled over rocks, crossing a wooden bridge with the thump thump of my walking stick. And there we came upon the clear pool of water. Pink rhododendron blossoms glistened like jewels on the surface. Oh, the water was cold! Emma and Sara screamed as they plunged in. But after a few minutes, the coolness was invigorating and we played as the sun came out and shone on us.

Once back at the camp, the rain returned in force. We sat under the shelter, as our last dinner was being prepared. Carefully chopping herbs and cherry tomatoes from their garden, adding fresh corn and beans, Emma tossed together a scrumptious pasta salad. Sara added squash and onions, with chicken sausage grilled on the camping stove. After dinner dishes were washed, it was time for singing and story, with Matthias reading from the Indigenous wisdom of Robin Wall Kimmerer's, *Braiding Sweetgrass*. Abruptly, David interrupted. He looked up and spotted something moving in the woods behind our shelter. Was it a bear, as we had seen the evening before? It was too small and did not move. It was a quiet owl, with his large eyes looking right at us. After a few minutes, he flew to a low branch before taking leave. Was it the same one that Bob had spotted the night before?

This “In-Between Time” was in July, following the 4 weeks of St. John's Tide, as we entered the weeks of Trinity. A handful of us from our Southern affiliates of The Christian Community had come from four directions, North, South, South-East and West to the Black Mountains of North Carolina, to an “in-between” place, connecting to the geography of the Cherokee. What fruits of the summer would we bring? How might we be strengthened by this experience as we head toward Michaelmas? How do we bring “the white man's steps” to this sacred land? Each morning we formed an intimate circle of seven of us led by Rev. Emma Heirman and Rev. Matthias Giles, singing in rounds and listening to stories... a creation story about the corn people... another about how light came to Turtle Island. And then off we'd go on the day's adventure.

From the heights of Mt. Mitchell, the highest peak east of the Mississippi River, encircled by tall Fraser fir trees, we were up in the clouds with a view of the mountain ranges in the distance. Descending in the mist, we entered the wonder-filled forest of the Balsam Nature Trail with its tall spruce trees, huge moss-covered rocks, and abundant ferns, mushroom and fungi. We knew the elementals loved this world.

Wherever we hiked, Betty was particularly observant. She and Matthias together knew the names of many of the plants... the wild bee balm, Solomon's seal, trillium, St. John's Wort, wood sorrel. She especially loved the massive rhododendron which thrived near water on the edge of the trail. But if each plant were new to us, what might we name them? Perhaps “tiny redcap” for a mushroom hidden under a fern which we might call “hand of green lace.” Water met us in many forms during the weekend... the rising mists in the morning, the quiet murmurs of the nearby stream, and then there was “Roaring Fork Falls.” We were told this was not to be missed, and this was so. The water did roar as it came from the heights, down down down over boulders into a pool of water and then continued to the brook below. Emma said the rocks were calling her to climb. She cautiously crawled over their slippery surfaces to the far

side and then up the low branches of a moss-covered trunk, like a woodland creature. Sara ventured up the side of the waterfall. Matthias stood steadfast, barefoot in a pool of water. David went down to the water's edge and captured the activity on his camera. Bob, Betty and I sat on the rocks above, taking in the beauty.

On Saturday afternoon, Elizabeth, Dennis and their two children, Alexandria and Iona, joined us from Asheville. They brought fresh energy and a delicious dessert. We played a literally smashing game of Kubbb, tossing wooden sticks to knock over wooden blocks. Then off they went hiking while David built a fire and dinner was prepared. After dinner, we sat around the campfire, closing the day with reading from *Braiding Sweetgrass* and singing which infused the weekend.

“Abide with us, Oh Lord, for it is now the evening, and the day is passed and over”

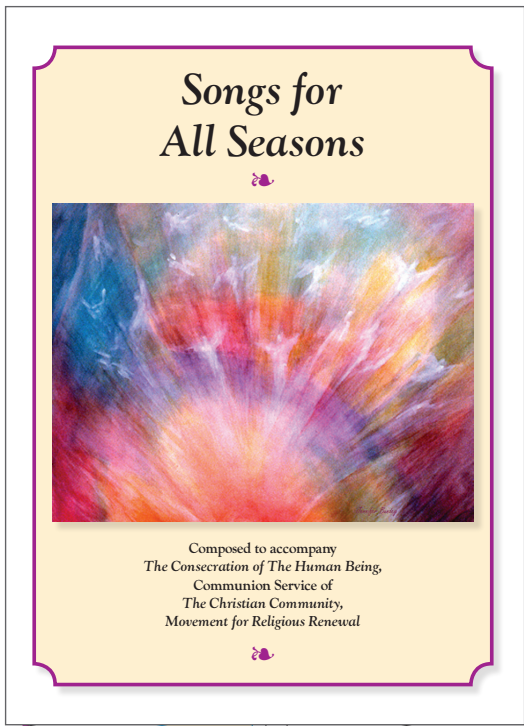
“Who will carry us over the river, Ferry Man ferry us over the river, over over over”

On Sunday morning, Matthias read the Gospel of Mark from *the First Nations Version: An Indigenous Translation of the New Testament*. Its language allows the Bible to be accessible to the ears and hearts of the Indigenous people, and to us in a new way. We heard names expressed in that being's essential quality and spiritual activity. Father God - “Great Spirit” ... Jesus - “Creator Sets Free” ... John the Baptist - “Gift of Goodwill” ... Peter - “Stands on the Rock” ... Satan - “The Accuser”. The reading led to a rich sharing. At day's end, Emma asked us to reflect upon what experiences of the weekend were a highlight for each of us. Bob responded, “our conversations.”

On Monday, the final morning, the sun burst through the tall hemlocks with multiple streams of light, as if to give each of us a “road” to His glory. Matthias shared the story of how the chipmunk got his two pouches to carry nuts in his cheeks. Have you ever heard Matthias tell a story? Oh, it would make you smile!

Emma described what happens when people join together for camp... how a camp spirit descends and unites us... and then ascends into the clouds until we meet again, whenever, wherever, and whoever. As we were packing up to leave, Matthias found a small owl feather with a white spot on its tip, from where Mr. Owl had been the night before. And Emma tucked it into her pocket to bring it home.





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Offering: Why? For What?

Rev. Bastiaan Baan

Making an offering is a deed that is nearly as old as humanity. In all cultures and peoples making offerings or sacrifices plays a decisive role, not only in religious acts, but also in other areas of life in society – without offerings, no development.

In the Bible we read about offerings for the first time shortly after human beings had left Paradise. In Paradise they were still one with the Godhead; as soon as they had detached themselves and experienced the Godhead “facing” them, the urge to make offerings arose. In this way, Cain and Abel made their offerings as gifts to God or, as it was sometimes called in old cultures, as nourishment for the gods.

Time and again we recognize in the old, pre-Christian offerings that capacities were given to the Godhead, so that something of the donor accompanied the offering. (For we can use the word *capacity* both in a physical and in a spiritual sense.) These pre-Christian offerings contained the intention: my capacity is not my possession; I give a genuine aspect of it back to the rightful owner, to God. We can recognize this motif through all pre-Christian cultures: physical offerings were tangible expressions of spiritual self-giving. Also in the Christian ritual this motif is still (partly) recognizable: the Offertory in the Catholic mass consists in part of “making the gifts.” For in early Christian times it was customary to bring a physical contribution, a tangible offering from the faithful that was put on the steps of the altar. In the liturgy, the Offertory is, even today, the remnant of the pre-Christian offering consisting of tangible gifts to the Godhead.

In our Eucharist service, the Consecration of the Human Being, this aspect is also recognizable. The cup with the “draft of health” is raised to the Godhead. When the gifts of water and wine are poured into the cup the forces of religious willing and feeling unite themselves with these substances, so that they are more than outer substances.

God's Offering

There has always been another reason to make an offering. Not only do human beings at all times live in the knowledge that some of their capacities should be returned out of free will to the rightful owner, but even stronger may be the realization that they need to respond to *God's offering*. The origin of the human offering is God's offering.

In Jewish mysticism this offering is known under the name of *tzimtzum*. The Hebrew word *tzimtzum* indicates a contraction, a pulling back in order to give space to another. God can only bring about an autonomous creation by stepping back out of this creation. God steps back so that the creation can have “a life of its own.” If He, as omnipotent divine being would be totally present in His creatures, no mortal could ever become free. To create independent human beings God has to (partly) withdraw from His creatures. In this movement of withdrawal He creates space for the human being. This is His offering – long before it occurs to human beings to make offerings to God. Although the word *tzimtzum* does not occur in the Old Testament, we do know the expression of the concept. We find it, for instance, in Psalm 115:

The heavens are the Lord's heavens,
But the earth He has given to the sons of men.

In Anthroposophy this concept of offering comes back in pregnant words. Of course human religion is focused on God. But the reverse was once expressed by Rudolf Steiner with the words: "The human being is the religion of God." Without interruption God is focused on the human being in infinite devotion and love. It would be an oversimplification to imagine that God made this offering to the human being once and for all, as if He had thus put a perpetuum mobile into movement forever. The evangelist John knew that this offering capacity of God is working all the time, as the actual, "ground of existence" of the creation. John called this the *agape* (the spiritual, unconditional love) of God – "For God so loved the world that He gave His only Son..." (John 3:16) His eternal love is directed to the *kosmos*, the word John used here for "world," which indicates the world as it has become, including its corruption. God has *agape*, unconditional love, for the unredeemed creation with all its failings and strayings.

In this stream of love He "gave" His Son. It does not say: God sent His Son, but it uses the unconditional word "gave." That is an offering that transcends all human capacity to understand. Irreverently said, it means that God gave all there was to give. Now He can only wait for the offering given in freedom by humanity. In His omnipotence He gave His Son; in His impotence He waits for human beings to give back in freedom something of themselves.

And this closes the circle of the (continued) creation. Only when human beings begin to make offerings out of their free will does development of the creation become possible. "Without offerings no development." This holds true not only on a small scale among people, but also on a large scale between people and God. No matter how puny our offering is compared to His, it is the precious ingredient that gives God the potential to perfect His creation.

A little anecdote told to me by one of the pioneers from the early days of Anthroposophy made this mutual stream of offerings abundantly clear. The following was told to me by a nurse who, as an 18-year-old, had a decisive encounter. She was walking in the hallway of a hospital when at the other end of the hallway physician Ita Wegman came her way. The (then trainee) nurse described this wordless encounter as follows: "Ita Wegman exuded a stream of love that I already felt at the other end of the hallway. It was overwhelming. I felt very small and insignificant. But the great thing was that this exceptional woman made room for my little crumb of love, and that with my imperfect, clumsy love I was able to give something back."

Thus two offering streams can come together between people and make it possible for something totally new to arise, which is of decisive importance for the future of these human beings. Undoubtedly, the offering stream between humanity and God has to bring about even more that is of significance for the entire creation. This is what the Offertory in the service of the Consecration of the Human Being expresses with the words: "the fire of love, creative of being." Offering lights a fire of love that is the beginning of a new creation.

Translated from the Easter 2007 issue of In Bewegung, the quarterly publication of The Christian Community in the Netherlands.

Family Camp — Reviving an Old Tradition in the Denver Congregation

Rev. Elizabeth Majoros

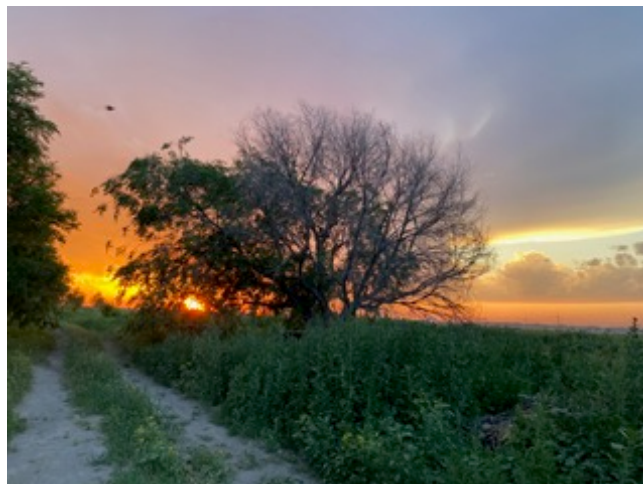
The Denver congregation is reviving an old tradition of a local church camp. In July, four families with eight children, a priest and spouse, and two farmers experienced a weekend together of camping, singing, stories, swimming, and exploring on a biodynamic farm in Scottsbluff, Nebraska.

Meadowlark Hearth Farm is known primarily for its biodynamic seeds, which are sold nationally, but they also have fresh vegetables and cows.



Farmer Beth Corymb gave a tour of the farm and showed us the different life stages of some of her plants, like the carrots which are also Queen Anne's Lace in a different life stage. Farmer Nathan Corymb took us to the pond to swim, and built a campfire for our evening s'mores.

Our days were framed with stories and song, punctuated with delicious, healthy meals, and on Sunday we celebrated the Service for Children. We hold deepest gratitude both to the parents and to Beth and Nathan, for their flexibility, willing hands, and loving hearts that made this camp such a wonderful experience.



The Word as Deed — The Consecration of the Human Being

Rev. Michael Latham

To view this in its original format, complete with accompanying art work, please go to:
<http://eepurl.com/invdpg>

The Sixth Day, an earthly beginning...

We were, in the beginning, divinely sculpted as ADAM: male-female They created us.

Divinely crafted as *the human being*, created in the image of God, our male-female disseveration was not yet realized.

And God said, "Let us create Adam in *our* image."

The Elohim said this, a plurality of God - Eloah - said this, and ADAM, the human being, was born in an Act of Consecration.

And Elohim confessed that being human is good

The earth condensed as the Gods expanded. Out of their unifying deed, Elohim grew beyond their exalted capabilities and became Y-H-W-H Elohim, the cosmic endower of the I. This divine endowment is the plaited garland of God's revelation for HIS creation, the golden crowning of the I to be placed upon our noble head.

Breathing into our indurating physical form, Y-H-W-H's breath, created our earthly, aeriform being. Intoning within God's presence, we spoke out the sacred *names* of all creation from the Book of Life, revealing their essence on Mother's earth.

As the Elohim centered their Sun-spheric realm outside of us, separating from the body of earth, Y-H-W-H Elohim sacrificed this sphere to become The Guide in our human becoming.

With this sacrifice, and with the withdrawing of earth's most hardening forces to the sphere of the moon, Y-H-W-H reflected the Power of the Regent of the Sun-sphere in this guiding.

The unified dynamic exchange in God's activity — the progenerating and the receptive — the male and the female principles — separated and became distinct masculine and feminine forms. Within both forms, naked and unashamed in God's in-sight, lie the cosmic atom of a future revelation of the human being; the wedding of God's dynamic exchange will come, uniting Spirit-Will and Soul-Spirit in its new name — Spirits of Love and Freedom. The Human Being.

Y-W-H-W Elohim confessed that human becoming was good

When we were residing in Y-H-W-H Elohim's garden, a tree grew in the midst, its fruit pregnant with knowledge (*Hebrew: Da'at*), both good and the not good. The tree of Da'at in kabbalistic

mysticism is the shimmering hidden hope in the Sefirot (the ten mystical mirrors revealing G-d in Creation) for the becoming god unified in us.

“Not-one-thing is good if not one with God.” Mark 8.10

Forbidden from eating, we succumbed to the temptation of another being living in the garden. Our soul’s yearning to know itself, was used by this tempter to open our eyes to the distinction from each other. We reflected that we were separated from the source of Creative Love and experienced freedom. This freedom was premature however, for knowing came to us beyond our capacity to bear responsibility for our knowledge.

God asked, “where are you?”, because we were so darkened from God’s spiritual in-sight that covering our nakedness, ashamed of our separation, we were hidden from God. In the kernel of our I is an eternal yearning to be seen again by God.

The temptation was a powerful, seductive three-fold lie. In eating this fruit we were told that our eyes would be opened and we would,

“be like God,
having knowledge of good and evil.
And that we would not die.”
Gen 1.4-5

Be like God

We have developed with our material knowledge, frozen forms of stone. Our thoughts, our ideas in which we invest with our will, our feelings born of pride, when separated from divine wisdom bring only short-term, temporal victories. We prize these because they seem real in our God forsaken in-sight. Blinded by a powerful lie, (which roots itself parasitically in a seed of truth), we did not see the truth that to “*be like God*” necessitates entering into knowledge of the thing itself, AND bearing knowledge of its consequences.

To be gods, is the true activity of the Godhead seeded within us, which necessitates a warming deed of offering. An offering to fulfill our human becoming, as it was intended in the beginning, when the human being as a god lights up as our aim.

The Jews answered Him, saying, “For a good work we do not stone You, but for blasphemy, and because You, being a human being, make Yourself God.”

Jesus answered them, “Is it not written in your law, ‘I said, “You are gods’.”

John 10.33-34

“You are gods, Son of the Most High (El-Elyon).”

Psalms 82 v5.

Knowledge of good and evil

We face an abyss between our frozen wisdom and the fact of our spiritual beginnings whenever we sneer at soul-spiritual truths, or flash-freeze these truths into forms of stone.

To sneer at the The Word within us, is the confirmation of trust and faith in the tempter. Inwardly, a battle rages between the powerful urge to become independent beings and our yearning for Divine communion. To harmonize these polarities we must choose the Light of Truth.

“The True Light, that illumines every human being was coming into the world.”
John 1.9

God chose us. HE gave us HIS son, whom we call the Christ, who confirmed HIS choosing by becoming fully human. Christ chose earthbound, mortal life so he could guide us through death to the core of the immortal being in us.

“The Word became flesh and dwelled in our midst.”
John 1.14

Christ re-enlivens our soul with Cosmic I-consciousness when He lives in our midst. If we open the soul’s gate to let Him into our midst, He unfolds His power in us. He chose to lead The Human Being to its intended divine-becoming and He shows us how to do this in freedom.

The human soul is a tensile, miraculous organization in which we are to know all its ways in freedom. We come to know and bear what it means to be united with the good, and what it means to be united with the evil.

You will not die

Death is a divine remedy for our unfettered egotism. Without death, our souls would be unable to bear all consequences of our deeds. We act often without knowing how we affect our fellow human beings, how that continues on beyond our knowledge, and how our deeds infect our earth.

In death, we receive knowledge of our deeds, and thereby an urge to come back to make right those things we have wronged.

In sleep we touch on death by receiving divine, restorative life forces. We are fortified by gentle strokes with our divine-moral origin, spatial whispers reminding us of our freely chosen life-impulses on this earthly sojourn to make better what we leave behind.

In our awakening, day-light can be filled with CHRIST-light because He is the Power in Light. This Power is now to be found on earth. We are free to call on forces here that purify our soul, to walk naked and unashamed with God in our midst on our earth.

“For once you were darkness, but now in the Lord you are light. Live as children of light, for the fruit of the light is found in all that is good and right and true.”
Eph. 5.8-9

Undying Love conquers death

To create as a god compels us to work out of God-Substance. God-Substance is Love. Receiving this Substance fills us with responsible consciousness for all Adams and Eves. Being receptive to this Love is an intimate consecration unifying our separateness.

My-I living in the I-AM of Christ.

We, who now live separated in racial diversity, in sexual differentiation, are but divine droplets of love-light fallen from the Ocean of God's Love. A new form beckons from the distant future when we unite in Love and are seen again by GOD.

"You will not die" is transmuted into "undying Love" when we unite with the Light and Life in Christ, who reveals the true substance of the Father, where the Paraclete comforts by weaving new forms.

Wherefore this Love?

On the altar, a consecrated chalice is unveiled at a specific moment. Golden. Sacred. Upward yearning. Reaching upwards to heaven, it is opened to receive an offering given in the form of the densest spiritual condition; the mineral body. Yet these offering substances are lifted up and transmuted on our alchemical table to be transformed.

There, a Power, pure and selfless, transforms earth-substances clogged by death-filled matter into their spiritual origin filled with God-Substance. And we take this into our being, to unite with His Power. This Power is the Christ.

"In Him was Life radiating Cosmic Light.
And the Power in this Light shines into darkness, where it cannot be hidden,
for darkness cannot digest it."
Prologue to the Gospel of John

Christ's Power is *His Being*. Taking Him in, digesting the fruit of Light, transforms crassly hedonistic physical-love; petty, egotistical self-love; and the isolating cowardliness of tribal-love into the pure essence of free love, which is Love in Freedom.

"Human being, son of Adam, do you Love Me more than these?"
John 21

*I sleep, but my heart is awake.
There sounds the voice of my beloved. He knocks:
'Open to me, my dear friend, my sister
my dove, my pure one!
My head is wet with dew,
my locks with drops of night.'*

*(The soul answers:) 'I have taken off my garment,
how can I put it on again?
I have bathed my feet,
how could I soil them again?
But my friend put his hand to the latch:
and my heart was thrilled within me.
I arose to open to my beloved,
My hands dripped with myrrh
upon handles and bolt.
But when I had opened to my friend,*

*he was gone.
Was not the soul beside itself when he spoke?
I sought him but found him not.
I called him, but he gave no answer.
the watchmen found me,
astray went about in the city;
they beat me, they wounded me.
They took away my veil,
those watchmen on the wall.
I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem
if you find my friend,
that you tell him
I am sick with love ...'*

Song of Solomon 5

We are sick *with love* for His Love.

Saint John proclaims, "God is Love."
God's Love is the substance that binds the two into one.

"So they are no longer two, but one flesh. Therefore what God has joined together,
let the human being not be separate." Mt 19.6

Our cycles of separation by re-birth into physical bodies of different races, of separate sexes, into hereditary families, will pass away. Then the hope of Saint John will be realized, when we receive life, "not out of blood, nor out of the will of the flesh and not out of human willing, rather we are to be *born of God*."

To be *born of God* is to be led by the Son of God to the non-binary, non-racial, Son of the Human Being. Thus, says Saint John, through Him we have been given power to "become children of God".

Behold The Human Being

Crowned with thorns, the I-Crown of god consciousness is borne when our telluric-I spills its egoistic blood. When we reveal the ignoble, baser impulses of our being, these can become the offering at the altar. Christ is crucified on the cross of our baser desires, where He can lead us to do battle with the fallen-divine temptation in us, where the highest spiritual hierarchies are lifted up in our divine-becoming.

Christ chose us. He came to reveal the divine nature of the human being by penetrating totally into its physical body. This is what our movement for religious renewal calls The Consecration of the Human Being.

In the Song of Solomon, the soul hearing the knock of the Beloved prevaricates before answering, then suffers the yearning loss of His Love. When our Beloved knocks, our human becoming answers, "Here, I-am, Lord."

As soul-spiritual beings we have, and will, come again and again and again. Many, many times we will step onto Mother's earth in multi-hued iterations until we know in faith that we are born of God.

Our Beloved knocks at the soul's gate.

He, whose presence is The Human Being of our Sacrament,
whose Body is the newborn becoming form,
whose Blood is the strengthening resolve in this becoming,
speaks,

"Open to me
my dear friend,
my sister,
my dove,
my pure one!"

(Our soul answers:)

"Let us worthily make ready The Human Being,"

The Consecration of The Human Being
is our Word as Deed.