

CANCER SOLAR FIRE RITUAL~ORATORIO

The Cancer Solar Fire Ritual

Processional: Alleluia

MC: We gather at a holy time,
A time propitious to invoke
The MOTHER OF THE FORM,
Sustainer of all cosmic Veils,
And Guardian of the Vessel,
Through which the soul and then the Spirit
Have determined to appear.

The most Ancient Goddess, She,
Indwelling all of Kosmos as Her Vessel.
But for those of very tiny scope,
Such as tiny Man,
Her influence is mostly felt
Conducted through the Sacred Twelve,
Focusing, especially, through an ancient Sign, the Fourth,
Most potent in a Mahamanvantara gone before,
A Logoic System past, in which the densest matter reigned.
The Brahma of our System serves this Sign, and thus the Ancient Goddess, too,
Applying all Intelligence to build a firm foundation
For the showing forth of soul and Spirit through the readied form.

Enmeshed within the comic process
Puny man may wonder if God's Wisdom truly regulates the manner of
unfoldment,
For Dense the Veils of Maya,
And apparently obstructive to the Spirit.

But 'tis ignorance alone prevents us seeing the Design,
For God's Design is Our Design,
Our very own Design.
At its conceiving we (the I of I's) were There,
For We are God if Truth be known,
We, Who at the Dawning of the Dawn arose to fashion, no, *become* the Worlds.
We, then, in all our boundlessness became the *finitude*,
Embracing limitation for a *necessary* change.

We appeared as MAYA, Mother of Illusion,
Of the Great Illusion which we-the-I decreed as needed to fulfill the LAW which
is our WILL.
And thus the Kosmos came to be.

MC: In honor of Goddess MAYA, Mother of all Mothers,
We gather now within the stream of Solar Fire
Streaming from Her Servant,
The Goddess of the constellation Cancer.

We stand within the power of this Goddess of the Waters,
Goddess of Provision and Sustainment,
Who, in divine compassion,
Provides for myriad Monads,
The temporary homes in which they dwell upon their pilgrimage,
Their destined universal Path,
Even as the Goddess MAYA,
Goddess of Becoming,
Fashions and sustainingly unfolds into
The one and only HOME to SELF called KOSMOS.

In silence let us honor Cancer,
A Goddess of the Waters,
The Mother of our Form.

MC: Let us focus on the Love Divine,
Which brings to birth the form through which the soul and Spirit must express.

**Together: In the Center of all Love I Stand,
And from that Center, I the Soul will outward move.
From that Center, I the one who serves will work.
May the Love of the Divine Self be shed abroad
In my heart, through my group,
And throughout the world.**

MC: Together and as one,
We step within the aura of the sheltering Lord of Cancer,
And place ourselves within the Mother's care.

SD: *Group takes one step forward.*

We stand in the embrace of that cosmic Being Who provides
Devoted Lords of ceaseless persevering Love
With gladsome opportunity to sacrifice and serve
Within the darkened prison of the form —

And then enlarges form's confinement,
Expanding limited domains
Until, again, the part becomes the Whole —
Until the Whole of Wholes is seen and known as one.

MC: What is the nature of the World of Worlds —
This Universe of Form?
How came It to arise?
How came this One and Only World to be?
Surely there can be no greater mystery than this.
For if a search profound be made
No Motive true appears,
At least no Motive humankind can ever hope to understand.
For why should THAT, the ABSOLUTE,
INFINITY of Infinities,
Complete in every way forever,
Do aught to change ITS all-perfected state of BE-NESS?

Out of NOTHINGNESS came Somethingness,
And from the fathomless ABYSS
Came every single thing that can be known,
The actless ACT which brought All forth -- mysterious in the extreme.

Yet, I was There in spaceless, timeless NOWHERE,
As were You Who (with Me) are but I.
In my core of KNOWLEDGE ABSOLUTE,
I know the secret SECRET well,
Though, today, I seem to know IT not.

From my tiny present selfhood,
I have veiled this TRUTH of truths.
There in the Beginningless BEGINNING,
I was FATHER/MOTHER, both, and MORE,
Author of the greatest Maha-Manvantaric Day.

As MOTHER of the Kosmos --
I slept my long aeonial sleep,
Yet another sleep within a timeless series —
An endless series infinite —
Without beginning or an end,
And then awoke, as ever I have done,
Rising after slumber into Somethingness,
Creating — no — *Becoming* KOSMOS with MY very rising,
For awake or fast asleep, I ever am the SAME.

Song 1: The Slumber Song Of The ETERNAL PARENT

On and on, on and on,
SHE slumbered,
SHE slumbered.
On and on, and on and on,
The ETERNAL PARENT slept.

Long, long, longer than long,
SHE slumbered,
SHE slumbered.
Long, long, longer than long,
The ETERNAL PARENT slept.

Long, for countless ages long,
Enfolded fast in dreamless sleep,
Long before HER Dawning Song,
SHE slumbered in the SHORELESS DEEP.

Slumber on, slumber on,
For ages long, but not for *aye*.
Slumber on, slumber on,
Awaiting Manvantaric Day!

Slumber on for aeons seven.
Slumber in pralayaic peace.
Slumber then create the heavens.
Become the Day,
Let DARKNESS cease!

Time was banished, Space unknown,
As YOU slumbered on.
Nothing but the VOID alone,
As on YOU slumbered, on and on —

YOU are the ONE,
YOU are the ALL,
Yet YOU are empty, wholly free.
YOU were the SOURCE before the Fall of universes yet to be.

Slumber on, slumber on,
Awaken only with the Morn.
Slumber on, slumber on,
Arise that Kosmos may be born!

Slumber MOTHER, slumber on,
Slumber `til the "Dawning Day".
Slumber MOTHER, slumber on,
Flash forth the Manvantaric Ray!

Slumber, MOTHER, Slumber.
Slumber, MOTHER, Slumber.
Slumber,
Slumber,
Slumber,
Slumber,
Slumber.

Meditation: In meditation deep,
Let us contemplate the ever-darkness of our causeless SOURCE,
The BE-NESS which no human being can fathom,
That great ABSTRACTION, Nameless,
From which Kosmos and Its countless lives were born.
Though we comprehend it not,
Let us seek to face the Mystery of MOTHER
And Her blazing Son, the Kosmos.

(Pause)

MC: Let us revolve and face the center, symbolizing conscious preparation for the birth of Kosmos destined always to emerge from out the MOTHER MATRIX within the boundless field of SPACE.

MC: Mother. Who is Mother? In a lesser way, we all may know,
And knowing, name some human being
Who, though loved and cherished,
Is as human as ourselves.
But we have lived our human lives for many million earthly years,
And each time entering earthly living
Born of one or other we called "mother".
If a man is Spirit,
Can an earthly human be the mother of another human being —
The mother of the Spirit?
Are we of flesh and blood alone?
Are we not made of many parts,
Subtle fields all interwoven?
Who or What is mother of the highest vestures we possess?
Can Spirit have a mother?

From Whom or What have we come forth,
Not only now, but well before the Earth was formed,
Or e'en the solar system in which Earth is but a circling orb?
For surely, during any Kosmos, we were ever found in form,
Though of the rarest subtlety that form is likely to have been,
And surely every form must have its Mother, Matrix and Creator.

Let us call our Mother "Maya",
Mother of the Cosmic Ocean,
Creator of the Cosmic Waves which blindly we call matter.
Let us call our Mother "Maya"
Though in SPIRIT (we were)/I AM PRESENT — before Her birth and ours.

Song 2: My Mother Is The Boundless Ocean

My Mother is the Boundless Ocean.
A dewdrop am I in the Shining Sea.
My love is Her's, and my heart's devotion.
She is the reason I came to be.
She is the reason I came to be.

Once long ago, we were united.
She was I, and I was She.
In Her embrace, I'll be requited.
That Day shall be my ecstasy.
That Day shall be my ecstasy.

My Mother is the Boundless Ocean.
A dewdrop am I in the Shining Sea.
My love is Her's, and my heart's devotion.
She is the reason I came to be.
She is the reason I came to be.

Descend I must to follow my calling,
And leave behind INFINITY.
Into the lower realms I'm falling,
To manifest the Trinity,
To manifest the Trinity!

My Mother is the Boundless Ocean.
A dewdrop am I in the Shining Sea.
My love is Her's, and my heart's devotion.
She is the reason I came to be.
She is the reason I came to be.

A Spirit am I, eternally questing,
A virgin spark of Divinity.
Evolving through matter, never resting,
Incarnating now as Humanity,
Incarnating now as Humanity.

My Mother is the Boundless Ocean.
A dewdrop am I and the Shining Sea.
My love is Her's, and my heart's devotion.
I came from Her, and She came from ME.
Though I came from Her,
She came from ME!

Meditation: In meditation deep,
Let us ponder on the ancient longing
Binding us in yearning to the one primeval Mother Source.
Whence profound nostalgia?
Whence the deep desire to merge with Her from Whom we came to be?
Why use we all our freedom but to find and tread the Path, which followed,
reabsorbs us in the ancient Mother Heart?

(Pause)

MC: Let us take our stand before the gate into the lower spheres — the gate of incarnation — "the Gate into life of those who must know death".

MC: Form, though needed, is of darkness,
Darkness deep when seen beside the light unfettered of the highest spheres.
Man, in SPIRIT, has no parent.
For SPIRIT is the PARENT of all things,
And of itself as well.
But every being, high or low, must in Kosmos bow before the veiling Mother Force,
And man is no exception.

The questing Spirit on its mission of redemption
Hastens through the Lower Gate of Earth.
The Gate which leads unto the realms where man as man now lives.

Ardently aflame, the Spirit passes through the gate.
That this passage leads to certain death the Spirit knows — but cares not,
So keen and full of fire is its relentless Sacrificial Will.

But bondage and impediment await within that lower land
Where life is death and death is life.
The Spirit cannot but forget the sacred place from whence it came
As victim to the veiling of the Mother Force it falls,
A force of suffocation, smothering electric fire.

And yet for love it must be done,
And has been done and will be done,
This passing through the Lower Gate,
A portal well and truly named
"The Gate into Life of those who must know death".

Song 3: I Stand Before The Gate

I stand before the Gate —
The Gate into the Lower Spheres.
Yes the Gate into Life,
For those who must know death.

I stand before the veils of Earth,
A naked Spirit, unafraid.
In lower realms I'll take my birth,
Redeeming, coming forth to aid.

I stand before the Gate —
The Gate into the Lower Spheres,
'Tis the Gate into Life,
Yes, the Gate into Life,
For those who must know death.

A veil of matter I'll put on,
A darkened vestment wrapped around,
Worn till impurities be gone,
And light of soul be found!

I stand before the Gate —
The Gate into the Lower Spheres.
'Tis, the Gate into Life,
Yes the Gate into Life,
For those who must know death.

I once a god will be a man,
A prisoner of the veils of form,
Condemned for an aeonial span,
To seek the light the heart to warm.

For I the soul must die a death,
A death to light, a death to love.
I the Spirit,
I the Breath,
Must die to life in realms above.

I enter through the tow'ring Gate. —
The Gate into the Lower Spheres.
'Tis the Gate into Life,
Yes the Gate into Life,
For those who must know death.

I enter, I die to Life, I enter, I enter.
I enter, I die to Life, I enter, I enter.

I enter through the Gate into Life —
A life that is my death,
A life that is my death!

Meditation: Let us ponder incarnation as an ancient process in our Life,
The passage we once made,
And now continually make,
From the light into the darkness
For salvation of the lower lives.
With knowledge and deliberation, gladly once we passed.
Can we reclaim deliberation,
And the firm and high intent so active at that ancient time?
Can we see the purpose of the veils surrounding?
Can we, while living in those veils,
Yet see ourselves as if unveiled,
As persevering Lords,
Ceaselessly devoted to our microcosmic lives?
Let us seek now so to see.

(Pause)

MC: Let us take our place within the darkened walls of lower life.

MC: Within the veils of matter all is darkened.
Threefold are the lower veils.
Threefold are the shrouds.
Thus, threefold is the darkness.
He who in Spirit knew the Oneness,
Isolated, stands alone, with instinct as his driving force,
And instinct knows no conscious light.
The vestures which at length will be the Spirit's welcomed anchor
Are now, instead, its prison,
And for aeons so will be.
Early man, benighted, sees not his prison's walls,
But Spirit knows, yes, Spirit knows,
And stands in recognition of the death it has for long assumed.
Indeed, for all those early ages,
The "blind unit is lost".

Song 4: Blind

Blind, blind, I am blind.
I grope along my darkened way.
Blind, blind, I am blind.
I seek in vain the light of day.

Blind, blind I am blind,
Wandering alone and lost.
Blind, blind, I am blind.
How deep my grief, how great the cost!

For I know not from whence I came,
Nor whither I must roam.
Those 'round me likewise have no aim,
And likewise have no lasting home.

Blind, blind, I am blind!
Whither should I go?
Blind, blind, I am blind!
If only I could truly know.

Before, behind, on either side,
Above, below as well,
There is no light to be my guide.
Naught there is but night and hell.

Blind, blind, I am blind.
Could I but see the light!
Blind, blind, I am blind.
Who will grant to me my sight?

Blind, Blind, Blind!

Meditation: In meditation deep,
Let us ponder isolation and the blindness that it brings —
Not victorious isolation of a later lighted age,
Not the splendid isolation which affirms in strength the Spirit's pow'r,
But isolation blinding of the early blinded days,
Stif'ling isolation fed by density of matter.
This is seeming separation from the very Source of Life,
Consciousness as found within the mass.
For us, does yet this isolation rule when instinct darkens psyche?
Do we know the pain of blindness when the lunar Lords hold sway?
If we know these wretched moments, how can they be dispelled?
For vision is of Spirit, and darkness is of death.
Let us ponder.

(Pause)

MC: Let us stand in isolation within the fourfold field of matter, guarding but our form alone.

MC: Humanity is captive to a great and grave mistake,
Because of which the form is taken for the vibrant Life itself.
The "seen" is not the Spirit
Nor the obvious the soul.
Yet early man knew not his fatal error of perception even shared by some today.
Thus, blinded in his ignorance,
A victim of his basest drives,
He did what all deluded men would do.
He sought survival for the thing he thought he was,
Survival of the body at all costs —
Protection of the body from the omnipresent threat which he perceived.
He fought for form alone.
He fought to save his "seeming" life,
As some benighted ones fight still today.

Song 5: I Must Protect Myself

I am the body which I see.
I'm that and nothing more!
I'll guard my body savagely —
Touch me and it's war!
Touch me and it's war!
Touch me and it's war!

I must protect myself.
I will protect myself!
Get away, get away, get away!
Away!

Danger, danger everywhere!
Every man's a threat.
What's mine is mine, there's none to spare.
I'll keep what's mine with no regret!

For I must protect myself,
I will protect myself!
Get away, get away, get away!
Away!

Life is cruel, life is hard,
But I'm determined to survive.
Of me and mine I am the guard.
Let others die, I'll stay alive!

For I must protect myself,
You will not help, why should you care?
So I will protect myself.
Away now, get away,
Beware!

Get away, get away, stay away!
Get away, get away, stay away!
Don't touch me!
Don't touch me!

Get away! Get away! Get away!

Meditation: In meditation deep,
Let us ponder on the Will to Live —
The will, at any cost, — to persist, survive in form.
Cultured living covers this most basic of all urges,
And we strive for higher, nobler things,
At least we think we do.
But how close beneath the surface lurks the ancient fear of death!
The loss of body still is seen by most the greatest loss.
In relation to this basic fear,
Which renders us unwilling to relinquish densest form,
Where exactly do we stand?
Let us examine, to the depths, the ways we act and think and feel.
Are we free of this delusion — free of fear of loss of lower self?
Is our protection for the higher things than form alone?
Let us ponder.

(Pause)

MC: Let us form opposing circles, symbols of the ties of blood, which separate us from our brother souls.

MC: The wholly selfish human being
Sees and loves himself alone.
Once, however, love, in even lower grade, begins to work,
He lives *not* for himself alone.
The fierce protection lavished on his lower form
Is now extended to protect the ones with whom his life is most involved.
His kith, his kin, his tribe his clan
Become the object of his love,
And stimulus to fear.
No, he fears not for himself alone,
But for them as well.
Their survival and their welfare is his steady, constant goal.
In preserving them from danger,
He assaults the lives of others
Whom he regards as diff'rent from the near ones whom he loves.
In his estimation proper
He stands an upright, moral man,
And yet his love is not for all.
Though real it only goes so far,
Stopping at the boundary of blood.

Song 6: Blood Is Thicker Than Water

I am a man of my people.
My family comes first.
They are mine, and I am theirs.
I am a man of my people.

But you are not my blood —
No, you are not my blood —
And blood is thicker than water!

I am a woman of my people.
My kith and kin come first.
They are mine, and I am theirs.
I am a woman of my people.

But you are not my blood —
No, you are not my blood —
And blood is thicker than water!

I love my tribe, I love my clan,
And none who don't belong.
Show me any other man,
And my dislike for him is strong,
Yes my dislike is strong!

For I am a man of my people,
For I am a woman of my people,
For them alone I care.
Those who are not of my people
May approach me if they dare,

For they are not my blood.
I love alone my flesh and blood!
For blood is thicker than water,
Blood is thicker than water.
Blood is thicker than water.
Blood, blood, blood, blood —
Blood is thicker than water.
Blood is thicker than water.
Blood! Blood! Blood!

Meditation: In meditation deep,
Let us ponder our relations with the whole of human kind.
Some we love, some we don't.
What force does blood exert upon our love?
Are we tethered to this primal force?
Or does a higher bond —
A bond of living water take its place?
Let us examine closely to be sure.

(Pause)

MC: Still grouped with those who share with us the ties of blood, let us prepare to cross the boundary, assisted by a growing warmth of heart.

MC: At length (yes, after many lives)
Security is reached.
Strong stand the walls, impregnable,
A fortress none may breach.
All seeming danger held at bay,
Survival and the safety of the near ones guaranteed,
What more is there to be achieved?
Has not the goal of grounded life on Earth been satisfied?
And yet disturbance enters, as earth gives way to water,
And the land becomes the sea,
For feeling and emotion
Penetrate the hardened bound'ry.
Not from the outside comes this change,
But from a stirring deep within.
The stranger is no more a stranger,
But a being more akin.
The urge to touch and feel and join grows stronger.
Ramparts weaken as a subtle two-way flow begins.
The touch of sensitivity dissolves the worst of selfishness.
Insularity is ended.
True feeling has begun.

Song 7: I Am Feeling

Protected well, defended well,
Secure from every harm,
Walled 'round within my protective shell,
I have no reason for alarm.

But I'm feeling, I am feeling...

Hard without, yet soft within,
For I sense a very subtle change.
When did this feeling first begin,
This warm sensation new and strange?

For touch me and I feel a stirring,
Touch me and I seem to care.
I seem to feel what you are feeling,
A state remarkable and rare.

My boundry's firm, my walls are strong.
You cannot cross unless I choose.
I'm safely sheltered from the pressing throng,
Whose unwanted entry I refuse.

Yet I'm feeling, I am feeling...

Hard without, yet soft within,
For I sense very a subtle change.
When did this feeling first begin,
This warm sensation new and strange?

For touch me and I feel a stirring,
Touch me and I seem to care.
I seem to feel what you are feeling,
A state remarkable and rare.

So please touch me.
You may touch me,
For I feel your feelings as my own.

Therefore touch me.
You may touch me,
For I would no longer be alone.
I am feeling, I am feeling...
You!

Meditation: In meditation deep,
Let us ponder sensitivity.
How does it manifest within our lives?
What secrets has it shown to us?
What secrets yet must be revealed?
While soft to some, are bitterness and hardness all we dare to share with others?
In what ways do we demonstrate our caring or uncaring? Our sensitivity?
What must we do to reinforce this potent mode of revelation?
Let us ponder well.

(Pause)

MC: Let us form the sacred symbol of another of our Mothers — our Mother Moon — a mother from whom man as man is never wholly free.

MC: The Moon in us must first be known,
Then transcended and released.
As we move beyond security conceived in terms of form alone,
We move beyond the Moon.
To do so is not easy,
For the lunar stage of living is by far the very longest —
Subtle and pervasive the attractive luring forces of the Moon.
And, as well, they are unconscious,
Working in seductive ways we often fail to see.
The one who, seeking freedom from his ancient Mother Moon,
Must fully understand Her.
To mindlessly repel is not enough and doomed to fail.
The lunar forces are needed as the outpost of the Spirit, not its prison.
The past, though past, must be respected,
Its subtle hold acknowledged,
Its wrong allure negated.
Then only will the mystery be solved and freedom come,
The Mystery of Mother Moon.

Song 8: Mother-Moon

Mother of the ancient days,
Once I was wholly yours.
Cradled in delicious darkened rhythms,
Enfolded in the veils of Maya,
In primeval veils enslaved,
You would not let me free.

Now I stand within the Sun,
A Willing servant of the Solar Fires,
The Fires of Heart! —
Free at last from your embrace,
Though never free from your allure,
Oh sweet Mother of all-swirling Chaos,
Mother dear of Madness.

How strange! How strange!
Now free, I find I long for you.
Mysteriously I long for you,
Oh, Mistress-Mother of the Dawning Days.

Forward into Solar Fire I go,
And go I must!

But I shall not forget you.
No, I shall not forget you, —
Oh, Mother of the ancient times,
Mother of my ancient days,
Mother of my form,
Mysterious Mother-mine,
Mother-Moon,
Mother-Moon,
Mother-Moon!

Meditation: In meditation deep,
And with that utter frankness born of vision clear,
Let us evaluate the hold of Mother Moon upon the Spirit which we are.
Where are we held?
Where are we free?
What must we do to find release from Her, our ancient friend and foe?
What must we do to solve the puzzling mystery of pain?
Let us ponder deeply.

(Pause)

MC: Let us form the sacred symbol of the Mother of Compassion, planetary gate unto the Heart of Solar Fire.

MC: Many are our mothers.
The Moon is Mother of our form,
But never Mother of the Christ.
At last when form has been fulfilled,
Compassion slowly comes to birth,
Profoundly touching all the many lives the form had walled without.
We find we can no longer live as creatures of the land alone,
But must plunge within the Ocean of Compassion ruled by Neptune,
The Lord of Sensitivity,
Dispenser of the Cosmic Astral Waters,
Wherefrom true and selfless Love forever flows.
This God or Goddess Neptune is by far a truer Mother than the fast subsiding Moon,
For Neptune is the Mother of the boundless Love of Christ.

Song 9: Neptune

Compassion flows from highest heaven,
Pervading every sentient being,
Mercifully touching,
Tenderly touching,
Gently touching all in grace.

Compassion flows from highest heaven,
Divinely cleansing all the Earth,
Redeeming with sublimity,
With healing generosity,
With healing magnanimity,
Redeeming all with boundless love!

Neptune, Neptune,
Bestower of the loving waters,
Uplifter of the yearning heart!
Gratitude, gratitude, gratitude, gratitude,
Gratitude to Thee,
Gratitude to Thee!

Meditation: In meditation deep,
Let us ponder gratitude,
A balsam which awakens only in the softened heart.
Do we feel the ever-present beauty of God's Love?
Can we recognize divine compassion when on us bestowed,
And then in joy bestow it freely?
What real meaning has the Mystic Heart of Christ to us?
Let us ponder.

(Pause)

MC: Let us form a symbol of the many-layered aura, our hospitable home
within the lower worlds of form.

MC: The Goddess Neptune purifies the veils with love,
Rend'ring them translucent to the light of soul and Spirit.
A warmth now freely radiates,
Outwardly expanding from the glowing heart of love,
Then passing onward through the triple veils of personality,
Bearing hospitality of heart to one and all.
Redemption can at last begin in earnest.
Those in need, in cold, in hardship
Find a friend and a protector
When they turn to him who lives within a love-filled Lighted House,
Prepared in pain throughout the aeons long.
In such kindly auric homes,
The doors of hospitality stand ever open and inviting,
Promising protection from the ever-present cruelties of life.
May the Earth itself become with speed a radiant Lighted House,
A sacred joyous Lighted Sphere!
Thus it will become, indeed, when millions yet in darkened chambers
Build at last within the light.
May that long awaited day come soon!

Song 10: I Build A Lighted House And Therein Dwell

I build a lighted house and therein dwell.
Knock and to your grieving you may bid "farewell".

For you may enter; you may enter.
You may warm yourself at my hearth.
You may enter; you may enter.
You may heal yourself in my heart.

I build a lighted aura and therein dwell.
The dark distress of glamor I have labored to dispel.

And you may enter; you may enter.
You may warm yourself at my hearth.
And you may enter, you may enter.
You may heal yourself in my heart.

I built a lighted house and therein dwell,
And may every soul who enters feel my loving magic spell!

For I love all those who enter.
I am there for all who enter.
None need ever go away.

For I live now at my center,
Loving one and all who enter,
And I help each soul upon its chosen way.

Come and enter my dwelling,
For my heart with love is swelling,
And my arms are open wide to you!

I build a lighted house and therein dwell.
I build a lighted house and therein dwell!

Meditation: What is the nature of our aura?

Is it bright and clear?

A question for the aspirant and for the group as well.

Does fire of heart burn warm within,

Warming cold humanity yet heating not the lower self?

In meditation deep, let us monitor the fires of heart

And their radiation.

Are they really burning brightly?

Do they reach and comfort those in need?

Do they kindle all the best within the human beings whose lives we touch?

Let us gauge the gift or curse we bring,

By simply being who we are.

(Pause)

MC: Let us form a joyous circle emblematic of the single Family of Man.

MC: The joy of giving light and love

Upon the weary planes of Earth increases fast,

For 'tis the instinct of the loving soul

To give and give again.

Enheartened by the mounting joy,

The one who stands within a radiant aura

Reaches farther, ever farther,

To embrace all those he can.

His family is wide now,

Wider, ever, than before he could conceive.

He gathers in his eager arms humanity at large,

And finds them all his mothers, fathers,

Sisters, brothers, spouses, children, friends --

The near ones and the seeming stranger all the same,

All his own,

Members of his family, the Family of Man.

Song 11: One Family Of Man

One family, one family,
One Family of Humanity!
One family, one family,
One Family of Man!

Mother, father, sisters, brothers,
Are these alone my very own?
My heart has room for all the others.
In my heart they all are known as family, one family,
One Family of Man!

One family, one family,
One Family of Humanity!
One family, one family,
One Family of Man!

Every human has his merit,
Yellow, brown, or black or white.
When I behold them all in Spirit,
They are equal in my sight as family, one family,
One Family of Man!

We've trod the Path through endless years,
From gloomy darkness towards the light.
The day will dawn when rid of fears —
In love and truth we'll all unite as family, one family,
One Family of Humanity!
One family, one family,
One Family of Man!

Meditation: In meditation deep,
Let us sweep the globe with inner eye,
Seeing races, nations, regions, cities --
All the varied places where humanity now lives.
Let us see the many faces,
And in seeing thus, see but soul,
The many varied human beings,
United in the One.

(Pause)

MC: Let us form symbol of the mourners at the bier, who in mourning for all
orphans, mourn humanity as well.

MC: Knowing in the depth of heart the Oneness of the Human Race,
Each member of humanity is seen as well-deserving,
Deserving of that special care,
Which dignity of Spirit can demand.
But truth reveals that many are rejected and despised,
Cast out or thrust aside,
Doomed to die forgotten and un-mourned.
Compassion knows this cannot be,
For radiant love confirms the innate worth of each and all.
None must live without that love.
None must be abandoned to indifference and cold.
None must die un-grieved.
Love must warm all orphans of the world.
Then humanity, self-orphaned through forgetfulness of Source,
Will find its Parent Self,
And be raised unto its true estate.
But if this is to truly be, then none may be forgotten.
All must be included.
The Mother of the World will have it so.

Song 12: Orphans Of The World

Behold the orphans of the world!
Where is their Mother?
Why does she not attend them?
Where has she gone?

They are parted.
They are parted.
They are parted.

Does no one care for these rejected little ones,
Who have no place,
No home but heartless streets?

They are hunted.
They are hunted.

Find the orphans,
Find them!
Are not you and I the orphans?
And humanity, itself, the orphan of the world?

Where is our Mother?
Where?
Where is She?
Where is She?

Mother,
Mother,
Have you abandoned us?
Forgotten us?
Forgotten us?

No, Never. Never!
No, Never. Never, "She cries"!

It is *you* who have forgotten —
Forgotten,
Forgotten,
Forgotten,
Forgotten,
Forgotten Me!

MC: Let all take their places within the Circle of Compassion.

Meditation: In meditation deep,
Let us ponder on our duty to all those who are rejected,
Through cruelty or sheer misfortune,
Or perchance through karmic fate --
The homeless ones,
The wandering ones,
The little ones unwanted.
What can be done?
What *will* we do?
How find a way for all to feel compassion' s warm embrace?
Let us ponder.

(Pause)

MC: Let us revolve within the circle and form again the circle, symbolizing now the all-embracing Mother of the World, Mother of all Mothers, Mother of the Kosmos.

MC: All return at last unto the One Who gave them form,
The One Who sent them forth,
The Greatest of all Mothers,
The Mother of the World.
But in freedom they return,
Not in bondage, nor in weakness,
Bowing to the mother force of matter --
But instead becoming that Divine Compassion
Which sustains the universe in Love.
The path of soul leads to the Mother.
The Path of Christ leads to the Mother.
Beauty's path leads to the Mother,
Mother of the World.
All paths Home lead to the Mother,
And treading them unto the Source,
We *become* the Mother,
The Mother of the World.

Song 13: Mother Of The World

Mother, Mother, Mother of the World —
Embrace us with Divine Compassion.
Warm our hearts with Love's Eternal Flame.

Ocean of loving understanding,
Teacher of our saving Lords — the Buddha and the Christ!
Your precious garments are of Light and Fire!
Enrobe us, enrobe us,
Enrobe us in Your shining Raiment,
That, like You, we too may shine!
Enrobe us in the Raiment of the Sun!

Mother, Mother,
Mother of the World —
Embrace us with Divine Compassion.
Warm our hearts with Love's Eternal Flame.

Father Spirit comes to You.
Ever does He come to You.
Receive Him, Oh, Receive Him,
As in bliss forever you have done!
Merge with Him and show the splendor of Your Holy Merging!
Bring forth a myriad blazing Suns!

These Suns we are and will be for the Greater Day!
And You,
And You,
Eternally our loving Mother.

Mother, Mother, Mother of the World —
Embrace us with Divine Compassion.
Warm our hearts with Love's Eternal Flame,
With Love's Eternal Flame!

MC: We retain our circle.

Meditation: In meditation deep,
Let us ponder on the Mother Force of Kosmos,
Identifying deeply with this Force.
Of what are we the mother?
What do we create and nourish?
What do we sustain?
What forms do we bring forth for the welfare of the world?
Do we stand in close alignment with that Aspect of the God of gods that
Masters name the Mother of the World?

(Pause)

MC: All manifested living beings seek the long way Home.
Hoping in that final Home
To find the promised bliss of Spirit.
But can one truly ever leave the final HOME of homes?
Can one ever truly find himself alone *outside* the Door?
Is not our banishment from HOME nothing but a seeming?
For what is Kosmos but our Home — travel wheresoe're we will?
Creator and Creation, are One, and yes, the Same.
BRAHMAN and Samsara likewise One --
CHANGELESSNESS and change,
Unity, duality,
The diff'rence but a phantom to the one who truly *knows*.
Then let the source of all illusion cease,
For PARABRAHM and Maya are never two but One.
We are the Kosmos and the VOID.
We are the ZERO and the One.
We are the Father/Mother,
And THAT which was before They were,
And IS e'en while They Are.
Let consciousness expand unto the fullest fulness of its reach,
And in the vision given by that widest of expansions,
Let the Whole of wholes be seen as One.

Song 14: The Whole Is Seen As One

The vastness of the Kosmos
is my eternal Home —
The omnipresent vault of heav'n
My radiant temple dome.

I am a child of the Vastness.
I am a child of the Greatness.
I pervade the whole of Space.
The Whole is seen as One!

The blazing stars are all my friends
Throughout the Great Expanse.
Their bliss of being knows no end,
I join Their cosmic dance.

I am a child of the Vastness,
I am a child of the Greatness,
I pervade the whole of Space,
The Whole is seen as One!

The GOD of Gods is known to me,
The ANCIENT AGELESS LORD!
And knowing HIM has set me free.
May that GOD be adored!

I am a child of the Vastness.
I am a child of the Greatness.
I pervade the whole of Space.
The Whole is seen as One!

The Whole is seen as One.
The Whole is seen as One.
The WHOLE of Wholes is seen as ONE!
The WHOLE is seen as ONE!

In man and in the universe
Spirit/Matter must unite,
The Highest and the Lowest Meet.
The SELF of Selves though truly All in All,
Refuses to remain so,
For reasons most inscrutable.
And thus the SELF becomes the many forms,
Retaining all the while its pristine SELFHOOD.
Indeed, the Vessel is as holy as the SOURCE which brought it forth!
Through the vast extent of Maya-Manvantaric Day,
The Spirit shows itself through many vessels great and small.
But the greatest of the them all is Kosmos,
Kosmos, greatest of all vessels for the SELF of Selves.
Never let it be forgotten
That We are Spirit (I AM SPIRIT)
And have, thus, for MY final Vessel
The Kosmos Whole Itself.
One day in days which are to come,
This truth amazing shall be known,
And the Whole of Kosmos shall become the "Lighted House" in which we dwell.

MC: But for now our task is otherwise,
More modest our endeavor.
Our auric home must be perfected,
So that soul and Spirit may appear in fulness through the veils.
Ever will our ring-pass-not expand throughout Duration --
On through Kingdom, Planet, System,
Through and even far beyond the ring-pass-not of our Galactic Whole.
But for now we focus urgently where focus most is needed,
Within the lunar fields to be uplifted and redeemed.
We build and glorify the vessels through which man as man must pass,
And building thus we all prepare the Temple of the Lord.

(Pause)

Thus as Wisdom adds to Wisdom we may well and truly say:

MC: I BUILD A LIGHTED HOUSE AND THEREIN DWELL

Together: I BUILD A LIGHTED HOUSE AND THEREIN DWELL

CONCLUSION

MC: Let us return to the magical circle of invocation.

MC: If anyone has aught to say for the welfare of the group and of the world, this is the time to speak. (Group Sharing may follow)

MC: Let us sound the invocation of the new and dawning AGE.

ALL: The Great Invocation

From the point of Light within the Mind of God
Let Light stream forth into the mind of men.
Let Light descend on Earth.

From the point of Love within the Heart of God
Let love stream forth into the hearts of men.
May Christ return to Earth.

From the centre where the Will of God is known
Let purpose guide the little wills of men —
The purpose which the Masters know and serve.

From the centre which we call the race of men
Let the Plan of Love and Light work out
And may it seal the door where evil dwells.

Let Light and Love and Power restore the Plan on Earth.

Recessional: Alleluia

Rev. 1b3