



LECTORIUM ROSICRUCIANUM  
International School of the Golden Rosycross

## Rays of Light of Universal Wisdom - April 2021 – Tír na nÓg

### **1 The Light Vesture of the New Man, Jan van Rijckenborgh and Catharose de Petri**

In early times, man's body was not so crystallised as it is now. His heavenly body had not yet died and his dialectical system was still in the process of development. In that situation a group of human beings arose from among all the others, in whom was imprinted something else in addition to pre remembrance - a certain sensitivity to the touch of the heavenly Hierarchy. As soon as the Hierarchy willed it, this faculty would begin to speak in the 'Sent Ones'.

The ancient mystics called this predisposition 'the treasure of the wondrous jewel', thereby referring to a certain activity of the serpent-fire. In every period of human development a number of these predestined entities who are ennobled to it by their way of life and who, for whatever reason, have risen to such a mission, are used as Sent Ones. As we said, every Sent One bears within him the wondrous jewel; his serpent-fire is in that particular condition.

The radiation-field of the Universal Chain of Brotherhoods is populated by entities who have attained a state of life on a higher level than the natural one. They have been liberated from matter. They form an order of increasingly pure, holy and divine beings; one great hierarchy of human spirits who are consciously able to impel the light of the Holy Spirit to activity. So we can call them direct members of the Body of Christ.

They become 'one of us', and for that purpose they bore a light-shaft between our natural state and the Kingdom which is not of this world. That is how this hierarchy of the Light manifests itself, and it draws around itself a circle of 'Sent Ones'. This circle is linked directly with the divine light that shines into this world of death in order to save what threatens to be lost.

In them speaks not only what we call 'pre-remembrance', but at the same time a certain predisposition, a predestiny, even though they are still imprisoned in biological fetters. From the Fama Fraternitatis we learn that the Universal Doctrine descended with Adam, right from the very first moments of the Fall. This means that ever since the first second of the Fall, efforts have been made to save mankind and a circle of 'Sent Ones' has existed.

There are those who are bound to the wheel of birth and death who come into the world with the firm decision, from youth on, to devote themselves to the soul and through it to serve others, come what may. Such persons can also be used as Sent Ones.

All the others will first have to be healed of their self-inflicted wounds in the radiation-field of Christ, before later being permitted to be Grail-bearers, with youthful and dedicated vitality.

## 2 The Taking of Connla from the Book of Dún Cow (transcribed 1100AD)

There are many Legends and myths of Ireland from time immemorial that speaks of the Land of Eternal youth, Tír na nÓg. This mystical land has gone by various names in our legends such as an Tír faoi Thuinn – the land under the waves or Mag Mell - Plains of Delight or Emain Ablach – the land of Apples to name but a few. There are those who claim it lies beneath hills, mounds or on the other side of deep caves. While other legends and myths tell of heroes and adventurers, even saints sailing far into the turbulent western ocean in search of a magical Islands. Here is one such story called The Taking of Connla..

Connla of the Fiery Hair was one of the sons of Conn Ced Cathach, a High King of Ancient Ireland (Conn the fighter of the Hundred Battles 100AD), and this was his favourite son, a swift and agile warrior with a voice that could make the mountains tremble. Conn Ced Cathach and his son Connla climbed the heights of Uisneach one evening when he saw coming towards them a maiden of incredible beauty, clad in strange clothes.

“Where do you come from, lady?” asked Connla curiously.

“I come from the Plain of Light, the White Fields of Moy Mell, the land of the Everliving!” she said. In my land there is neither death nor sin. There is no war and no strife to spoil our pleasure, and it is beneath the hills that lie the paths to our home.”

“Who's that you're talking to, son?” asked Conn Ced Cathach the King.

And the maiden replied, “Connla speaks to a young and gracious maiden, oh King, one who knows neither death nor old age. I love Connla and in my heart I desire his company, so I call him away to the plains of joy!

“Oh come with me, Connla of the Fiery Hair, rich as the dawn, a crown awaits your head, and fitting it will be! Come and your youth and beauty will never fail!

The King was then struck with terror at the sound, for he could see nobody yet he could hear a voice, so he swiftly summoned his druid Coran to the scene and said, ‘help me here, for this is beyond my ability to solve. A maiden with no form or shape that I can see has come to this place, and she wishes to take my son with her magic! Help us or he'll be lost.”

So Coran the druid stood up against the rising moon and stretching out his hands he began to chant mighty spells until she was seen and heard no more.

But behind her she left a bright green apple, which Connla swiftly picked up and hid in his tunic!

Thereafter Connla would eat nothing except bites of his hidden apple, and when he was finished with it, it grew back again whole, and a great desire grew in him to see again the maiden and hold her hand.

After some time Connla again stood by his father's side on the Plain of Arcomin, and what did he see but the very same maiden walking towards him.

“Your place among mayfly mortals is high, Connla,” she whispered, “but now the land of the Everliving calls!

At that, despite her whispering, Conn's sharp ears caught the words, and he called again for Coran to strike her dumb.

Groaning, the maiden said, “Oh mighty King Conn, victor of a hundred battles, the druid's power is hated among us, and has no honour among the upright folk. When the Law comes, it will do away with his magic spells that come from the lips of a false black demon!”

Coran came up quickly then and heard the words of the sidhe, and so he answered:

“All she says is true, my king, but I tell you that her folk fear no death for they died long ago! Beneath the Hill they dwell, for it is there they were buried, and dance their endless dances, never changing in joyless joy. Judgement will fall hardest upon those who defy the natural order of the world!”

But the king didn't hear him, looking instead at his son, who had said nothing all this while.

“Do you hear what is said by her, my son?” he asked.

“It's no easy question,” said Conn, “for I love my own family more than anything else, but I'm seized with a great longing for the maiden.”

The maiden then said, “The tides of the ocean are not so strong as the pull of your desire, come with me in my curragh, my shimmering boat! We can reach the sun before it sets!

And then the king and his court saw Connla run away from them faster than any could catch – he leaped into a Curragh which came from the mists and sailed away over the bright sea towards the setting sun, and they were never seen nor heard from again.

We understand from this myth that the lady of Moy Mell is the call of the Brotherhood which goes out to Connla the spirit spark atom. Connla's father King Conn of the hundred battles is the I personality that has reached the end of his seeking in this world through his many battles. 100 represents a fullness of experience. The personality cannot see the maiden so he cannot understand her words that's why he tries to prevent Connla from following the call. And even sends his druid, the earthly astral forces (the demon) to chase her away. In the end the longing for the new field of life is so strong that Connla bids farewell to his old life and sets sail to the shores of the Land of the Everliving – Tír na nÓg – the new field of life.

### 3 The Admonition of the soul' by Hermes Trismegistus'

Here below, o soul, is the physical world,  
the abode of unsatisfied desire, fear, degradation and sadness;  
there above is the thought-world, the abode of satisfaction,  
freedom from fear, high dignity, and joy.

You have seen both worlds, and had experience of both;  
now make your choice between them, in accordance with your experience.  
You can dwell in which of them you will;  
you will not be repelled or rejected from either.

But it is impossible for a man to be at the same time  
vexed with unsatisfied want and fully satisfied,  
tormented by fear and free from fear,  
exalted and degraded, joyful and sorrowful;  
and therefore it is impossible for a man to combine  
love of this world with love of the other world.

That cannot possibly be done.  
You have grown forth, o soul, from a certain tree-trunk;  
and of that tree you are a branch.

However far the branch may go forth from its trunk,  
there is still connexion and contact between trunk and branch,  
whereby every branch seeks nutriment from its trunk. . . .  
If anything were interposed between the trunk and the branch  
it would cut off from the branch its supply of nutriment,  
and so the branch would forthwith wither and die.

Meditate on this, o soul, and be assured  
that you are destined to return to your creator,  
who is the trunk out of which you have grown;  
and for that reason, rid yourself of the defilements and burdens of the physical world,  
by which you are hindered from returning to your own world above,  
and to the trunk out of which you have grown.

## **Bran Son of Febal – The Voyage to the Land of the Living**

Bran son of Febal, king of Ireland, was taking the air one afternoon when suddenly he heard lilting music so sweet and melodious that he fell into a deep sleep. Upon awakening he found a silver branch with white apple blossoms close by his chest. Having never seen it's like, he decided to bring it to his family so they too could marvel at its perfection.

On his way home he encountered a mysterious and beautiful woman sitting upon a hazel, who sang to him a song of Emain Ablach, (The land of Apples) the Isle of Women. She sang that on this Isle nobody ever grew sick, or old or felt grief and sadness. The waters in this land ran sweet and pure.

Taking the branch from Bran she bade him seek out the isle for himself, to see the truth of her verse with his own eyes. Inspired by her beauty and her music, Bran readied himself to voyage across the ocean. He set sail with three boats, with nine men in each boat.

After a few days of sailing he was astonished to see a man racing across the ocean in a chariot, drawn by a team of golden horses. This was none other than Manannan mac Lir, the Tuatha de Dannan lord of the oceans. Manannan hailed their boats and told them that they sailed across a field of flowers, not the sea, and that there were many other men in chariots racing nearby, all invisible. The sealord whispered to Bran that he would become the father of the mighty warrior Mongan. He sang of Emain Ablach, the land of apples or isle of Women, before riding off in a spray of silvery foam.

They came at last to the Isle of Women, Emain Ablach, and Bran started having second thoughts. Upon seeing this, the Queen of the island cast forth a ball of yarn. As soon as Bran touched the ball it stuck fast to his hand and she easily pulled him and his ship to shore where they were warmly welcomed. Each man was paired off with a maiden and Bran himself stayed with the Queen. As his dream had foretold, it was a place of bliss and warmth, peace and joy.

But in time one of his men Nechtan, the son of Collbran started to wish to return to Ireland. The Queen warned them it would bring only grief. But Bran gave in to Nectan's longing and insisted he go so the queens parting words were a warning not to touch upon the land of Ireland.

When they arrived near the shore of Ireland a man hailed the boats, asking who they were. Bran told him his name and from whence he had come but the man was mystified, claiming that he knew of no Bran except in legends of misty antiquity.

Nechtan could wait no longer and leapt to the strand, but the very instant his foot touched the earth, he turned to dust and blew away in the wind.

So Bran told the waiting villagers on the shore his tale, and then turned his ships about, sailing back into the endless ocean, never to be seen again.

## **5 Brotherhood of Shamballa, The Isle of Isis**

The last remnant lives on the isle of Isis. This means that a number of entities belonging to the Order of Melchizedek or Brotherhood of Shamballa have preserved to this day a part of the original glorious earth-cosmos in its former splendour.

This part of the earth can therefore rightly be called the Holy Land. But it is a small country, like an oasis in the wilderness; it is an island in the midst of an ocean of devilish passions.

In dialectical nature darkness and light are quite inseparable, appearing one after the other in the alternation of day and night and of good and evil. In contrast to this, there exists the isle of Isis, the last Remnant of the original earth-cosmos, which also manifests itself throughout the whole world. Isis is the divine light which shines unceasingly in this dark world on all, whether good or bad according to the norms of this nature. Isis is the personification of the Holy Plant Earth. Isis is the true World-Mother. Everything that comes forth from her, everything that returns to her is truly a child of the Light.

You can see it as follows: The Universal Brotherhood does not come to us in the abstract with unfounded and uncertain metaphysics and with speculations on a reflection sphere or another world that exists somewhere far away. No, it manifests itself as a reality, here in the chemical sphere of the material world. The original world-order does exist; it has been preserved for us, and we can participate in it if only we are willing to turn back to its laws.

So to sum up: Isis is the original nature which has been preserved for us – not the nature which gives us food after we have wrung it from its soil in fierce struggle, but the nature of the original life, the nature that is of God

## **6 The Light Vesture of the New Man, Jan van Rijckenborgh and Catharose de Petri**

The condition of your light-vesture is decisive for your entire future. If you allow this statement to penetrate deeply into your consciousness, you will feel the urge to put your hand to the plough for, as you should realise very clearly, man's personality is animated by this interplay of vital fluids.

As you now know, the light-vesture is called to a higher good, to a higher order, to a state of life which is lasting, eternal.

That is why your light vesture, your soul-garment, must be resurrected.

In this resurrection your light-vesture must rise out of this nature of death.

The entire resurrection of Christ is comprised in this Mystery.

The etheric man is the man of the future.

'Of course,' you will say, 'after death we will exist in a much more subtle vehicle.' No, friends, that is not what we mean! The process of arising about which we are speaking is a process in which the entire personality, and thus also the material body, participates.

When the fifth ether begins to affect the world and human development, the minimum result will be that material phenomena become less dense; they will dissolve and free themselves completely from their present material bonds.

This process of spiritualisation, of the transformation of matter, is threefold. The legend of Jesus Christ's resurrection in three days, too, stems from this universal knowledge.

This legend tells us how, at a certain moment, people came to the grave to find the grave stone removed and the grave completely empty.

Contrary to its aim, however, this legend has completely crystallised the universal knowledge. People speak of a miracle, but what happened was not at all miraculous. For when the vibration level of the co-operating etheric forces becomes more rarefied this always gives rise to what is called 'transfiguration'.

And this is, among other things, the gradual changing of material phenomena into etheric manifestations. That is why the tomb of Jesus the Lord was found empty according to the resurrection legend. His physical body had disappeared: it had passed through the essence of death and risen into an entirely new, different life..

Dialectical man calls the process of Christ's resurrection a miracle. But you should now understand that 'every human being is capable of this miracle, by virtue of his light-vesture, providing that vesture and its vital fluids comply with certain laws.

That is why it is said from time to time in the holy language: 'Be my followers'. Not followers in the sense meant by the church, but followers in an absolute, revealing sense

## 7 The Voice of the Silence, The Seven Portals - H.P. Blavatsky

“Yea, Lord; I see the PATH; its foot in mire, its summits lost in glorious light Nirvânic. And now I see the ever narrowing Portals on the hard and thorny way to Jñâna.” (Wisdom, Knowledge)

Thou seest well, Lanoo. These Portals lead the aspirant across the waters on “to the other shore” Each Portal hath a golden key that openeth its gate; and these keys are:—

1. Dâna, the key of charity and love immortal.
2. Śîla, the key of Harmony in word and act, the key that counterbalances the cause and the effect, and leaves no further room for Karmic action.
3. Kshânti, patience sweet, that nought can ruffle.
4. Virâg', indifference to pleasure and to pain, illusion conquered, truth alone perceived.
5. Vîrya, the dauntless energy that fights its way to the supernal TRUTH, out of the mire of lies terrestrial.
6. Dhyâna, whose golden gate once opened leads the Naljor(adept) toward the realm of Sat eternal and its ceaseless contemplation.
7. Prajñâ, the key to which makes of a man a god, creating him a Bodhisattva, son of the Dhyânis.

Such to the Portals are the golden keys.



**8 The Brotherhood of Shamballa pg. 49 – Jan van Rijckenborgh**

When someone is struck or called by one of the twelve rays, then he is led to the cross and shown how he is to follow the transfiguristic way of the cross. And there – on the way of the cross – right in the heart, at the critical point where the pupil is to break through from the horizontal to the vertical, which leads away from this nature – there in that heart stands Isis, the Mother of us all, the Mother of Life, the Rose. There the Cross becomes a Rosycross.

The Mother of Mercy is portrayed both as a Lotus and as a Rose. The pupil who meets the Rose on his way of the cross is a blessed one, for once the Rose has been won, the pupil becomes a strong one who can no longer fail. He has come back into the womb of Isis and salutes the dawn of attainment.