

Beloved El Morya

**Do You Love Morya?
Then Love the God Within!
Love His Holy Will!**

“The meek shall inherit the earth.”

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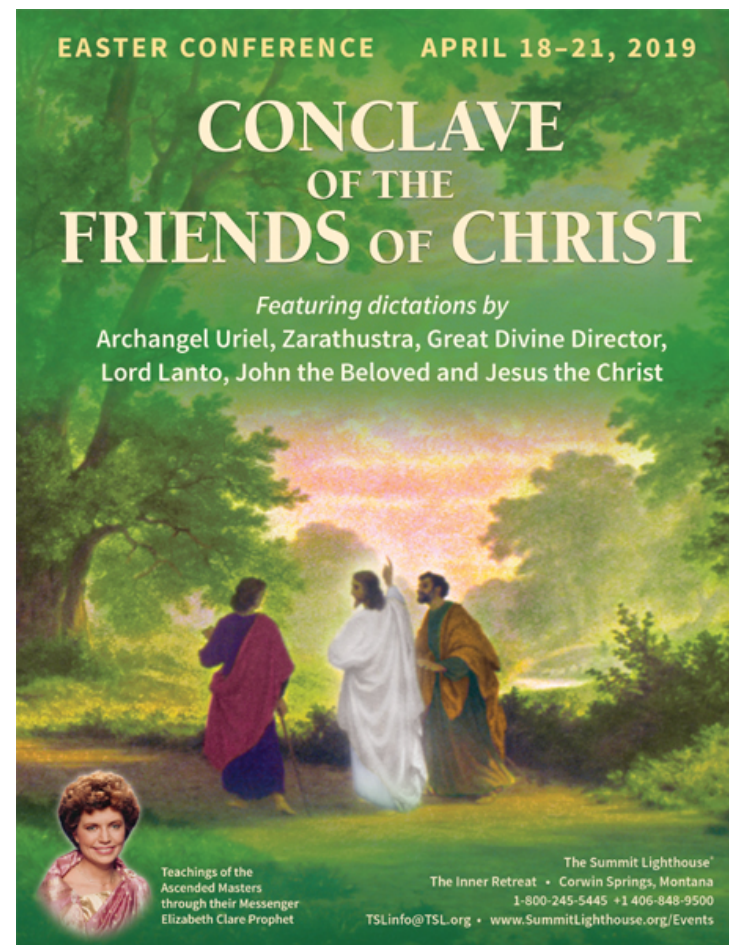
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Beloved El Morya

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Do You Love Morya? Then Love the God Within! Love His Holy Will!

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Gone now, at this supreme moment in time, are the desires of the Darjeeling Council to amplify, even for instructive purposes, elements of negativity. Therefore it is our desire to turn men from darkness unto light, for they have had enough of the night. They have seen enough of the products of the night spawned in darkness, and they are now gazing upward toward the splendor of the mountain-tops, heralding the approach of the golden dawn of cosmic reality.

The highlighting gleams of the forthcoming new age are already beginning to manifest the vitalizing elements within the forcefield of a cosmically endowed humanity. This is so that humanity can have the elements of a new heaven and

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a new earth,² which are already taking form within their mind and consciousness.

For consciousness, when it is oriented around God, is like a glowing, golden, fiery sun. Holy illumination breathes out a sacred prayer, and Buddha and Christ are there, manifesting in the sunlit air the elements of peace and cosmic instruction, of brotherhood and of a turning toward the rainbow radiance of the pure, white light.

All delusion must perish in the splendor of this sun, for there is a trembling down from heaven of the dulcet bars* of heavenly creation. The tonal values of the universe are now shaking the very substance of the earth. And we are determined, where necessary, to unseat out of the realm of mortal pleasure those who have had no other outlook upon life whatsoever than mere earthly enjoyment and its attendant pains.

We come, then, to create a new heaven and a new earth in the consciousness of humanity, who will gaze upward toward the light and search out the magnificent cosmic civilization that is already created from the whole cloth in the mind of God. We convey this beautiful painting, this *exquisite* tapestry, into the consciousness of humanity. And as we do so, I think that the individual will say, “I bid you welcome.”

Traveler, come to our abode! Traveler, enter our humble home! Traveler, unfurl the banner! For we are speaking, now, not only of the domain of reality for the individual but of the domain of reality for the earth.

The culture of the Spirit is with men. Christ proclaimed it from the hilltops and from the seaside, in a ship by the shore.³ Buddha proclaimed it under the Bo tree. Saint Francis proclaimed it to the birds of the air. And everywhere that the imagination of men has been set afire by the illuminating

**dulcet bar*: a musical measure that is pleasing to the ear

fragrances of the spiritual living Word, there the fountain of the parliament of Almighty God has been conveyed to the parliament of man.

We have sought universal Good. We have sought to create new fragrances of the Spirit. We have sought to stifle the odors of the past and to lift up only the best of gifts. We have continually released our guidance unto humanity. We have looked over them as from a craggy nest, and we have always sought within our soul to raise them thence.

We have gone no place, tread upon no holy ground that we have not also desired to share with the hallowed circle of humanity. We have lit no cosmic fires nor basked in a spiritual radiance that we have not desired to share. We have gazed upon no inspiration by the writing of the hand of God that we would not have carried as “a message to Garcia”⁴ to all humanity. We are available. *But so is the soul!*

The presence of the ascended masters is an adjunct to the natural radiation of the cosmic glow-ray of the infinite fires within yourselves. *You*, then, should understand this.

Do you love Morya? Then love the God within! Love his holy will! For through this common bond we are knit together and we cannot be separated, so long as the bond be adhered to.

The will of God is *not* to be trampled upon. The will of God is to be loved and fondled with the fingers of the mind, with the feelings of the soul. It is as a priceless gift carried in caravans from far-off corners of the universe and through the windings of time and spatial relationships unto the present day. An ancient stream from an ancient Source, his will flows onward, back to that Source and to be recycled—always carrying the burden of the bowers of cosmic grace, laden with fragrant flowers from space.

Our every thought, to raise the Word.
 Our every thought, O living Sword.
 God is nigh! Heed him, then.
 God is nigh! He will defend
 Again and again and again
 The power of victory—the *will*.

The will is a mother. The will is a mother to the son of activity. And when activity is guided by the will of the Holy Mother, then the banner of the Mother of the World unfolds and heralds brotherhood everywhere. But it is a brotherhood of illumination—*not* a brotherhood of darkness or of self-aggrandizement. It is a brotherhood of givingness, and the abundant life is shared by all.

None, then, are without sustenance. *None* are without the potential for growth. *None* are without the grace of our octaves of light. For the soul can soar! And man can rise out of the socket of his density into those radiant patterns that—like sweet fragrance or glorious music—rise to a crescendo and a pattern of beauty so infinite and rare as to challenge all concepts of unreality—concepts that from time to time are spawned in the dens of darkness and carried into the world on the vibratory patterns of human discord and jangle.

We come, then, today, to reinforce the mighty currents of the Spirit in the world order! We come bearing with us the power of the mighty angels of God to radiate and to consecrate and to heal the discord—the ill-fitting mantrams of human selfishness that are echoed in the empty corridors of the mind, that in a spirit of loneliness and frustration cry out for assistance in the night!

But none seem to answer. For the call has been based upon human vanity and deceit rather than upon human consecration to the divine ideals of the Spirit. And the fragrance and glorious music is so sweet that all who hear it

will immediately recognize it and say:

“O God, this is thy day—thy day, O LORD, when thy light shall be spread abroad as a mighty sea of illumination over the whole earth!”

And here, as we manifest this great and mighty ocean of cosmic truth, we see the foam and the spume and the spray and the refreshment of new opportunities born each day, which are conveyed, then, to every little one—everyone who hopes, everyone who cares, everyone who understands the magnificence of cosmic, fiery passions for light and love.

For love itself must learn to love. And when you understand this, you can take some of the first toddling steps upon the pathway. You can begin to unfold the patterns of infinite destiny within your life plan. You can begin to live and to consecrate yourself in that givingness that is always the commonweal of heaven—taking not only into account the mankind, the humanity of this earth, but also taking into account all of humanity and the spiritual treasure troves that are manifesting upon every star system in the vast spiral nebulae of space.

For space will be hallowed by the sacred fragrance of his Presence everywhere God is! And wherever he is and wherever he manifests, the power of his love flows forth—a suffusion, an infusion, a transfusion—creating anew in the consciousness of men a realization that the LORD is alive forevermore, that in *him* they live, in *him* they move, and in *him* they have Be-ness. And without that awareness, without that understanding, they live in darkness and with the gnashing of teeth⁵ and a wailing in the unsettlements of confusion.

Now we come, then, to consecrate anew, here in the world order, a *spiritual* Round Table, as of old. We summon the best knights and ladies in the land. We summon the best knights and ladies and demand consecration to God’s will and to the commonweal.

We hold up the weapons of our spiritual warfare and we say to all: Be wise as serpents and harmless as doves,⁶ generating, without fear, the radiance of the cosmic fire in your mind and being! For the perfect love of that cosmic fire will transform the very world domain into a place where Christ can come.

And of a truth to all generations: When the Second Coming of the Messiah is to be accomplished, it will be because the hearts of men have readied themselves to receive him and to receive the Holy Grail of purity of purpose and purity of ideals.

The Holy Grail, which holds the cherished power of our Saviour’s life, will put an end to strife, to gossip, to deceit, to defeat, to unholy alliances. It will determine for all time—for the merry domain of the old world made new—that we shall seal mankind in the heart of God as we once again seek to build a Camelot, where the light—the *wondrous light of God*—can be esteemed as the light that never fails to give its beams to the lonely hearts.

This will be a uniting of all hearts, then, in a common grail of infinite activity, transforming the world into a place where the full domesticity of cosmic reality can become apparent to all as they understand the meaning of the use of the sacred fire of the creative *will*—of the creative *essence*, of the creative *law*—the law of infinite love that is sealed in the heart of the Divine Will and guarded by the Divine Mother as she seeks to bring forth the Cosmic Manchild. And thus the fires of regeneration become the vehicle through which she serves.

Ich dien! I serve!

Will you join me in that service and keep your pledge?

I thank you.

“The Summit Lighthouse Sheds Its Radiance o’er All the World to Manifest as Pearls of Wisdom.” This previously unpublished dictation by **El Morya** was delivered by the Messenger of the Great White Brotherhood Mark L. Prophet on **Sunday, February 22, 1970**, at La Tourelle, Colorado Springs, Colorado. (1) Ps. 37:11; Matt. 5:5. (2) Isa. 65:17; 66:22; II Pet. 3:13; Rev. 21:1. (3) Matt. 5; 13:1–3. (4) **“A message to Garcia”** is a phrase that has special meaning for millions of people around the world, the story of which can be found in almost all written languages. The phrase “a message to Garcia” has become synonymous with noble qualities of character such as dependability and dedication to accomplish whatever task or responsibility is asked of someone. The phrase came about during the Spanish-American War in 1898, when U.S. President McKinley needed to quickly secure the cooperation of General Garcia, leader of the revolutionary forces in Cuba. Garcia was somewhere in the mountainous jungles of Cuba, but no one knew where. McKinley was looking for someone who could find Garcia and deliver his message, and the then Lieutenant Andrew Summers Rowan of the United States Army was chosen for the job. Rowan took McKinley’s letter, carried it over his heart, and disappeared into the jungle in search of General Garcia. After three weeks, Rowan emerged on the other side of the island after having safely delivered the message. Author Elbert Hubbard wrote of this story in 1899, who said of Rowan: “Here was a rare man who had the ingredients for success that are needed everywhere.” Rowan’s success has been attributed to his tenacity to not give up, to not waste time, and to stay focused on the goal by keeping in mind the much larger goal. Due partially to Rowan’s heroic accomplishment, Spain ceded Puerto Rico, the Philippine Islands, and Guam to the United States and abandoned all claims to Cuba. (5) Matt. 8:12; 13:42; 22:13; 24:51; 25:30; Luke 13:28; Acts 7:54. (6) Matt. 10:16.

BECAUSE

From the Soul of the Chela
to the Seven Chohans of the Rays

Because you come to me with naught save Love
And hold my hand and lift mine eyes above
A wider world of hope and joy I see
Because you come to me.

Because you speak to me in accents sweet
I find the roses waking ’round my feet
And I am led through tears and joy to thee
Because you speak to me.

Because God made thee mine I’ll cherish thee
Through light and darkness, through all time to be
And pray His love may make our love divine
Because God made thee mine.*

*Repeat last two verses. Words by Edward Teschemacher. Music by Guy d’Hardelet. This song is printed in the *Book of Hymns and Songs* (The Summit Lighthouse), no. 219.