

Beloved El Morya

The Hordes of Darkness Are on the Run

Hail, O infinite light within the heart of a chela. Hail, O light of God that flickers now upon earth's altar while humanity, caught in the neverness and the nothingness of a temporal existence, slumbers on.

Even so, the chela steals softly as though in the night of Mater, in that gestation of consciousness that one day will appear as the newborn, the one who *is* because he knows he *is* God in manifestation. While all the world watches and waits for the appearance of the Son of God, how few recognize that he would appear instantaneously within themselves to be indeed the World Saviour, the Prince of Peace.

I come in the flame of the Magi. I come in the light of our trinity now to bear the gifts once again. And we make our way this day, where the star of the I AM Presence has appeared over the place of those sons and daughters of God about to be born into the full maturity of that Christhood necessary for the salvation of a planet and a people.

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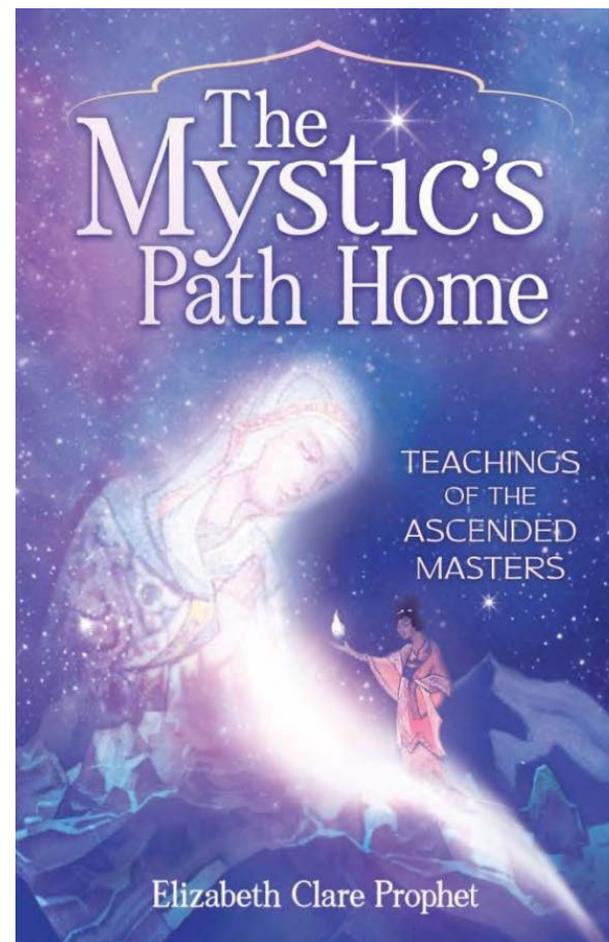
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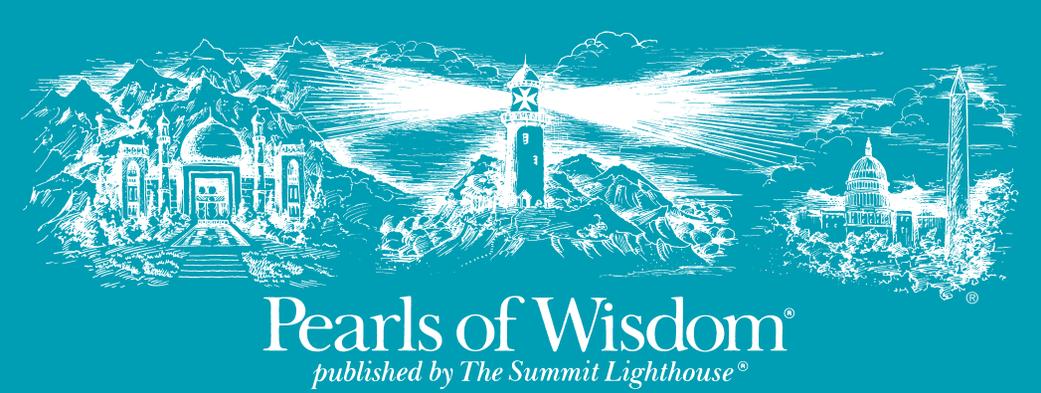
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Beloved El Morya

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I survey from the Himalayan heights. I look north and south, east and west in the great circle of the mountain peaks, and I search the earth for souls of light ready for the appearance of the Christ within.

*the gifts of the Magi given to Jesus at the time of his birth; El Morya was embodied as Melchior, one of the three wise men.

We move our armies. We move our chessmen. We move the chela who is not a would-be chela but a chela night and day—in the morning, at the noon hour, in the afternoon, in the evening and on through the night—the chela who understands that the waging of war against the darkness is not a war that will end in a moment but it is the giving of a lifetime.

Many are not geared to the necessary stability, to the gritting of the teeth, to the setting of the jaw in determination. But we shall overcome. Many look for the parties at the end of the victory. Many wait for the celebration and the New Year's Eve. Many look day by day for the period of letting go, to moments of irresponsibility and the absence of the watch.

I can only promise you that this will not come in your life. For as long as there be one soul of God upon earth in bondage to his own rebellion, there is a battle to be fought. And the restless tides of the oncoming light must needs be fulfilled in the hearts of those who keep the flame.

I anticipate a revolution of God-government upon earth. We count not the cost nor the paying of the price. We do not even pause to consider a setback. For, beloved ones, we are moving in the great causal body of mighty Hercules, and we move in our chelas.

Blessed ones, we desire to place our Electronic Presence within our chelas in many places. And as we have come in this week and recent weeks to those who have been our students—to those who have sat in the flame of Summit University¹ and with whom we have desired to mesh our Electronic Presence—we have often found that our chelas have allowed themselves to engage in irritation, in criticism, in condemnation, in states of consciousness so foreign to our own that our presence would only irritate further the consciousness that is out of alignment with the will of God.

Beloved ones, we will not risk the life of your soul or your

progress on the Path by giving to you more energy in the hour of personal discord, for this would only serve to hamper, if not destroy, the delicate balance.

The Arrows of Condemnation Fly

Beloved ones, there has never been greater opposition to our work, to the divine plan, to our messengers, to our staff, or to Camelot. Let all be wise, then, in these summer months. Let all know that from many sources the arrows of condemnation fly. Let them fly, for the stalwart will seize those arrows and forge out of them a new consciousness of divine direction, a new colossus of the Spirit.

Beloved ones, if you receive the arrows, then others of lesser strength, the children and the innocent, will not receive them. It takes only the awareness, only the vigil, and then you are forewarned and forearmed.

Condemnation from orthodox camps of Christians (who perhaps if they knew better would do better) flies from many sources, most of them unknown to you. The few that are known, however, have made themselves felt and heard, and the shallowness of their consciousness reveals the source of grave misunderstanding. Meanwhile, the open door of their dismay is the opening of the very fallen ones who use their temples to decry our best servants.

Therefore, let the call go forth, and let it be the Macedonian cry, "Come over into Macedonia and help us."² So we will send our apostle Paul.* So we will send our ascended masters if you make the call. So we will bind that condemnation, even as we bind up the wounds of the brokenhearted. So we will then receive that energy that comes to tear down, by gossip and by doubt and fear, that noble cause of the building of the temple of man and of God within man.

*The ascended master Hilarion was embodied as the apostle Paul.

Be, then, alert and aware that there has not been an hour in the twenty-four for several months that this condemnation, in rolling darkness, has not beat upon the very person and world of the messenger and the staff and the chelas.

Some have been strengthened. Some have used that energy as stepping-stones to higher initiation. Some have won and even now wear a laurel crown they have not worn before. But, beloved ones, others have descended into bitterness and gall and a sense of injustice, and by improper defense they have allowed these projections to manifest in the physical temple as a disturbance of the normal flow of the very body processes themselves.

Discouragement Is Calculated to Remove Courage and the Light of the Heart

Beloved ones, there are thousands upon thousands of individuals misinformed, some of them committed to darkness and some of them merely ignorant, who have the intense desire not only for the death of the messenger but for the death of the message and of the disciples.

When the blessed body elementals of the chelas do receive, then, this impartation of death, they must also withstand. And if you succumb to the lethargy and to the sloth of that consciousness, beloved hearts, you will find that the very cells of your organs will begin to take upon themselves these patterns of the wishes and the desires of others who are not of the light.

Beloved ones, I ask you, will you stand for this another moment? [Audience responds, "No!"]

Beloved hearts, there is no need to do so! Lord Shiva has given unto you his call.³ Serapis Bey sends forth the impetus of life as the ascension spiral. Understand, then, that those who are the death wishers and the warmongers are those

who themselves have already entered into the spirals of death and, alas, know it not.

The death consciousness upon the planetary body rises as a flood of putrid, astral manifestation. Let, then, those who carry the ultimate flame of life for Christ know that the opposition to that life is death—death of hope, of faith, of charity, the death of creative flow, of the movement of ideas, of spontaneity and joy and happiness and unfettered service and freedom in the hearts of the people.

Beloved ones, death is more than the cessation of the operation of the physical body. Death can occur as you accept its very first spiral—that of *discouragement*. Discouragement is calculated to remove courage and the light of the heart and the victory of life.

The Inextinguishable Light

Beloved ones, I come to fit you in the armour of the battle of Armageddon. I come to remind you of what that armour is—vigilance of consciousness, buddhic awareness, awareness of the supreme ineffable light that cannot, will not be extinguished because it is the inextinguishable light.

Will we have, therefore, a flame that burns on, sans the temple itself, without your presence? We would not like that! We would not prefer it! In fact, we will not allow the sacrifice of our chelas for even the binding of one fallen one. We will have our sons and daughters of God arrayed on the battlefield of life. We will have our victory, and the judgment will come.

We caution all, then, to enter into the psychology of wholeness, the psychology of oneness in God, and the vigilance of the constant use of that sword.* Do not let a fly rest upon you, let alone a death wish that comes in the night with all of the fear and the terror that the demons and the hordes of demons can project.

*the sacred Word

Let us see our little tailors* be known for a thousand-at-one-blow, and let those blows of blue lightning come forth by your call. The hordes of darkness are on the run, and this is the hour when legions may be bound in the name of the Lord Christ. Let them be bound in the temple of being, in the Church and in the State. And let there be cleared now the way of the coming of the mighty conquerors in your very own selves.

The Defense of the Transfer of the Word Is the Need of the Hour

I come, then, to vindicate our messengers. I come, then, to announce that those who have continued to purvey gossip over the years receive the judgment of the Four and Twenty Elders. And they who carry their petty gossip, where they have not even stood in awe of the great light of the Word of the messenger—they themselves will know the ignominy of the fallen ones.

Precious hearts, can you believe that the criticism of our messengers could be the only thing that those who have stood in the messengers' presence could remember, the little human conditions of consciousness that are not evil but are native to all in embodiment upon this planet?

Beloved ones, how can one place in the balance that which is a chink in the armour or a nick in the cup with that which is the crystal clear stream of the God consciousness that has poured through continuously, continuously?

I warn you, then, that among thousands of Christians this day it is their very determination to stop the flow of the teachings of the Great White Brotherhood, to silence the voice of Almighty God through this witness. And so, beloved ones, the defense of the transfer of the Word—by the oneness of

*tailor: Old French *tailleur*, literally, "one that cuts." (*Merriam-Webster Unabridged*); this word could have been used to mean cutting through the energy.

the legions of Archangel Michael with your own soul—is the need of the hour.

Do not underestimate these prayers, for they are as incantations of witches and warlocks in their covens. They are of malintent. Whether or not [those who give these prayers] are cloaked with righteousness, they have the power to invoke the demons of darkness, who then move against the holy cause.

If it were not so, if it were not possible, then I tell you, the servants of old for thousands of years would not have experienced the setbacks that have resulted in the very infiltration of the Church of God upon earth up to the present hour. And if, therefore, those who have been overcome in the past could stand with you, could speak to you of the greatest learning of their embodiment, they would tell you in this very moment, as I speak to you, the same warning.

The light itself will continue to flow. But those in embodiment must protect that flow and protect those embodied to carry that flow—your very selves, you as chelas. You are the treasures, the salt of the earth, the diamond sparkling at the very bottom of the sea of individual expression in the Matter plane, twinkling lights in the earth body.

Let, therefore, those who are in embodiment know the value of the call and see how those who have gone before would also have preferred to remain a little longer. Let your stay, then, be unto the hour of the utmost manifestation of the light, and let your calls be for that penetration unto the souls of light waiting for the teaching of God.

The Formula for the Dissolution of the Death Wish

I have come to you to reinforce the pillars of science and religion, the pillars of the will of God within your temple. I have come to chat with you, to be with you at Camelot, to share with you the needs of the hour, to give you hope, to dissolve

death, but more importantly to give you the formula for the dissolution of the death wish.

That formula, beloved ones, is *joy*—the joy of the will of God, the chuckling and the laughter even in the very midst of the vigil, the laughter that comes with “Checkmate,” the laughter that comes with a sword that descends into the cause and core of that carnal beast of the carnal mind.

Beloved ones, it is not a laughter of the fallen ones, a laughter of sin or the carefree existence. No, it is the laughter of the victors who can laugh and yet never be off guard, who can rejoice in that light that swallows up death and darkness moment by moment.

When you lose that joy, beloved ones, you lose the power to defeat the last enemy. And therefore, pursue joy as you would be with the undines in the sea pursuing the tail of a giant whale, who would take you on a journey to show you the great mysteries of life.

Beloved ones, frolic with the undines and the salamanders and the gnomes and the sylphs. Know the joy of the freedom of movement. Know the joy to carve out of the clouds in the heavens the beautiful manifestation of the Madonna and the Child. Let the joy in your heart be the joy of certain victory.

In Joy Let Victory Manifest in the Matter Sphere

The fallen ones are certain of their victory because their ultimate end of death is a certainty. The judgment of their souls in the second death is already a part of the spirals that have been released. Many in embodiment have already passed through that judgment and are in a state of decay and the spirals of decay. And therefore their end is certain, and they have misinterpreted that end as victory.

But their certainty of the end and of the outcome has created the thoughtform of a giant mudslide across the earth.

And the children of God, who know not the victory of life and of the ascension, have taken their aggressive death as a sign of defeat.

Beloved ones, there is only one defeat. It is the defeat of the individual who has cast out God, abandoned his will, rebelled against the gurus of the ages and the initiation of the Path. That is the certainty of defeat—where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth outside of the great circle of Alpha and Omega.

Within that circle the victory is well defined. Therefore, in joy let it manifest now in the Matter sphere, and let us be up and doing with the expansion of God's holy will this year.

"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 Elizabeth Clare Prophet on **Sunday, July 30, 1978**, during the Sunday service at Camelot, Los Angeles County, California. [N.B. Bracketed words have been added for clarity in the written word.] (1) **Those who sat in the flame of Summit University.** El Morya may be referring to spring quarter of Summit University, which began on March 27, 1978, and ended on June 17, 1978, sponsored by Archangel Uriel and Archeia Aurora, held in Pasadena, California. (2) Acts 16:9–10. (3) **Lord Shiva has given you his call.** In a dictation given on April 23, 1978, in New York City, Lord Shiva explained: "You have but to call, to speak my name, to exercise that name. . . . It is a fiat of light. I give it to you as a dynamic decree. Let the full momentum of the wind and the breath of the Holy Spirit be that joy within you. And when you say it, *jump* and say, '*Shiva! Shiva! Shiva!*' Now stand upon your feet and jump! *Shiva! Shiva! Shiva! Shiva!* . . . See how the fallen ones tremble! . . . And you will do my cosmic dance, and you will dance upon the demons of your own ignorance, and in joy you will overcome! So let it ring throughout the earth: *Shiva! Shiva! Shiva! Shiva!*" (1978 *Pearls of Wisdom*, vol. 21, no. 46)

The Guru Song

To Morya

My Guru is waiting,
Dear Morya, for me.
I'm longing to see him,
Know his Will for me.

I'll sing a love song to him,
A rapture of God's holy Will:

Chorus:

Blue heaven and Morya and I,
And Light shining in Master's eye.
An angel wing whisp'ring a lullaby,
All the stars above you
will see I love you.

Oh, Morya, my Lord divine,
Now let my heart in yours entwine.
Darjeeling song calling,
Its voice enthralling
Will make you mine.*

*This song is printed in the *Book of Hymns and Songs* (The Summit Lighthouse), no. 190.