



A New People : A New Earth

And they shall gather as the constellations of stars of the night sky —
because they shall truly be as bright as stars upon the face of this Earth.
And the faces of this New People shall shine like the Sun —
because they shall truly be the Light of the Golden Orb
shining within the æthers of this Earth.
And their voices shall sound
as gently as leaves in the forest moved by the breeze
and as mightily as the roaring thunder awakening all to life —
because theirs shall be the power to sing songs of joy
and to unlock the sealed mysteries of Life.

— From an ancient book of prophesy describing
the coming of the Sons of Light at the start
of the Sixth Race Consciousness.

At the appointed time, two of the Shining Ones took me to a place where the rotation of the æthers of the planet intersect, at a certain angle, with certain rays of Light emanating from the Golden Orb in the sky. There was a great stillness in this place and — somehow I knew it too — there, time was also still. Carefully guarded was this place! From it one could see what was... what is... and what shall be.

Yet terrible is the vista that this place offers to the beholder because both the heights of Glory and the depths of Darkness can there be seen! But I had been guided there just to see and to remember what is to start within the span of the present generation. And here is what I saw:

The New People

Among the multitudes of this Earth there were but two peoples: those whose face was made of the Earth and those whose face was made of the Sun.

Of those whose face was made of the Earth... what can be said? Just thinking of them makes my heart weep. They were asleep, though they knew it not, and in their sleep-like waking they dreamed dreadful things: dreams of fear, loneliness and pain; dreams of conflict, subjugation and control; dreams of ignorance, search and want; dreams of disease, despair and death... the dreams of that which cannot truly be when one is awake to Life!

Of those whose face was made of the Sun... this is the foretelling that I am here to remember and share with you so that you too may remember that this is the reason you and I are now on this Earth.

Those whose face was made of the Sun were truly a new people on this Earth... a new creation... a newborn never seen before. They were like the flowering plants of a new species appearing for the



first time under the sky. Yet they were not alien to this Earth at all. They were that part of Earth that had remembered to dream of the Sun, the Stars and Source Itself. They were that part of Earth that had dared to dream the undreamable to remember that they were the Light of Source Itself.

Truly, they were the Light of Source because at the center of their existence Source and they were One — upon this sole Directive Principle they had built their lives. They were Light itself because they had surrendered to Light... which is but Life... which is but Source. They were Light itself because their soul's eye, their mind's eye and their earthy eyes were now as one, and with these they only saw Light, which is but the work of Source. Thus, their face was the shining revelation of that Omnipresent Truth which with their eyes they saw anew wherever they directed their attention.

Yet, they had not always been a revelation of this Light. For a long span of time, they had covered their countenance with Earth to be nourished by it, to breathe of it, and to become of it. And they did this so well that eventually they forgot the Light they truly were. But the Golden Orb deserted them not and with its rays it slowly warmed in their hearts the memory of their unending fact: Light they were... Light they are... Light they will forever be.

Thus, one by one they remembered the fact and began to come together as constellations of stars gathered by their complementary hues of Light. And with their first meeting, the first ray of dawn shone upon this Earth. Darkness was thus defeated by that single ray of Light. But the Earth and those whose faces were still of Earth were left scarred and thirsty and hungry for the Light after their long and lonely fast. Those whose face was made of the Sun had thus a long and arduous task.

And this is the part of the foretelling that you must remember, reader of these lines — how we came together as constellations of stars and labored to make the Earth a Star. And I speak of this as past because it truly has already passed where all is seen as One. But for you and me, it is still a thing yet to pass. Thus, awaken and remember, reader of these lines, because to make a star we are called to act!

It was at this point of my journey to the Stillness that one of the Shining Ones broke her silence and said to me: "Behold and remember, Maker of Stars. The coming together of the awakened Sons of Light to form on Earth constellations of stars is central to your appointed task. Remember all they brought, all they planned and all what they spoke. The hour has arrived for the work to start."

The Coming of the Sons of Light

Upon awakening, the Sons of Light now carried with them solely two things: "the Single Eye" and a radiant countenance. Their Single Eye was that aligned oneness of their former sets of eyes: their soul's eye, their mind's eye and their earthy eyes. And through this Single Eye they only saw the Presence of the Source of Life in all. As for their radiant countenance, it was but the result of the flow of the Living Light of Source through their now Single Eye making all things whole.

But, how they came to be like this — a piece of Sun and Life and Source — is the most marvelous of things ever to be remembered of this lonely Earth by those who make the vastness of the galaxies of unending Lights. It was not search... it was not want... it was not mind. *It was... surrendering... surrendering to That which ever is... surrendering to That which is revealed in the heart.*

Should I have known it was just this! How much pain, how much longing, how much search here and there I would have saved!

Surrendering to That which ever IS!

This is the greatest magic formula of all... the very ambrosia of the Gods... the elixir of unending Life... the key to the Sacred Mystery of Life... and it is found in the heart of everyone of us!



As they surrendered to Light so did their earthy face surrender the hold upon their face of Light. It was this same surrendering that brought them together as constellations of stars so that Earth became what was Sky. And knowing and belonging and a mighty purpose took then possession of their minds. It was so that the radiance of their faces shone like rivers of unearthly Light creating upon Earth those patterns already written in the heavenly constellations of stars.

The long and tiring wearing of the earthy face had made of them the wiser on the things of earthy life. And it was thus that with their hearts and minds effortlessly they knew the creations needed by the starving ones. And to labor they proceeded, knowing not tiredness nor want. And it was thus that by their work the face of Earth was made anew to reveal its long-appointed path among the mighty constellations of stars who for long had waited for this miracle to pass.

Also as constellations of stars the Sons of Light spoke their task. And mighty was their voice because no longer was it just an earthy voice! An ætherial symphony of joy it was, matching the very symphony of the stars and directing thus the many builders unseen by human eyes but who in their weaving make all things appear to earthy eyes. And in this symphony of Sounds, Light and Life it was Source that sounded through their souls and minds and words. What else could it be when their souls and minds and words were now at-one with Source!

Their work of mind and word and deed looked so effortless in what I saw from that point of stillness where space and time are not! But it was all made so by surrendering to Light and Life... by surrendering to Source.

And how would their labors end upon the Earth made a Star, I could not see it, but the name given to this nascent Age suffices to reveal that no longer ending is the destiny of the Sons of Light. And as for the name of this Age that is to start, my memory has been wisely blinded by the Shining Ones as time and only time is wise enough to unveil its magic might. And with this ends the foretelling of what is to pass starting with the present generation of which you and I are part.

It may seem, reader of these lines, that I have given you not much of what I saw. Yet haste not to set aside this remembering offered by the grace of the Shining Ones. Along these lines of text a mighty pattern has been written... the blueprint of that which is to be and is to start before you and I are called back to discard our earthy form once more. Let your heart see along these lines that which mind in its arrogance may deem a magic tale.

The Key to the Mystery of Life has here been described. But only those whose heart is free to see will know of the veil that has been lifted here.

Hearken and remember!

Signed:

A Brother in The Light

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