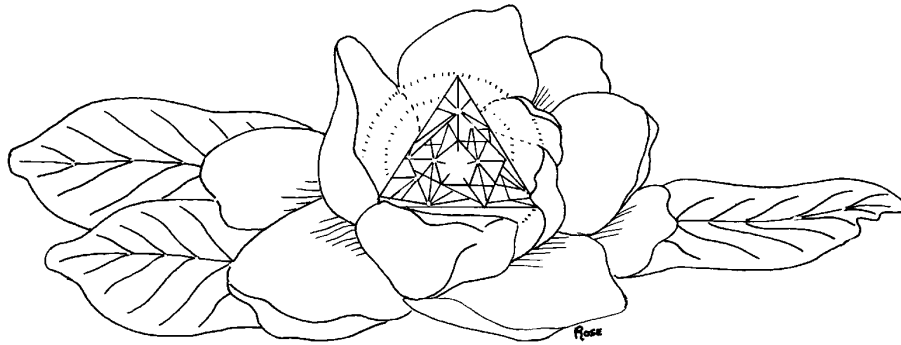


ThoughtLine

March 2001



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 Up Coming Events

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Meditation Groups Inc. GCM Conference

Visioning Spiritual Economics

Meditation Mount, Ojai - Call 805-646-5508 for details.

April 7, 2001, Saturday, 7:00 PM

Aries Festival

Masonic Lodge # 467

9635 Venice Blvd, Culver City, CA

See enclosed flyer



A Night to Remember

Quebrangulo is a small city in the interior of Brasil. It has no modern buildings. Its streets are paved with stones or remain dirt. There are about as many horses as cars. A beautiful, but polluted, river runs through the middle. There is a small *praça* (square) where the Saturday market takes place. And the church stands on a hill overlooking the square.

About 15,000 people live in the city and in the *villas* (towns) and *fazendas* (farms) nearby. It is also where Socorro and her eleven brothers and sisters were born.

Sunday the municipal elections were held in Quebrangulo and throughout Brasil. Zé Maia, Socorro's brother, was running for *prefeito* (mayor). He has been vice-prefeito for the past four years. Manoel, the incumbent mayor, had spent the last four years drinking a lot and doing little for the city. But he was still moderately popular.

Those in power here give small gifts of food and drink and some *dinheiro* (money), but accomplish very little of substance. They think that they are above others, but still try to glad hand their way into an image of a nice guy (not many gals in power).

Since the end of the military dictatorship this has been changing ... **slowly**.

In Brasil politics has generally been a career to make money (a lot of it under the table), have power, and give jobs to your family. Most do not enter politics to do something good for the people of Brasil. Education and healthcare stink, as do the rivers and streets.

Zé Maia is something of a new breed of politician. He certainly understands the old ways, but he also wants to do the new things—help with housing, clean the river, improve the schools and hospitals. Small gifts—yes, he'll continue with them. Better lives—YES, that's what we really need to do.

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Socorro and I spent the days leading up to the election helping in small ways (me) and big ways (Socorro).

Zé Maia is popular in Quebrangulo. "*Ele caminha com opovo*" (He walks with the people)—his campaign slogan. During the passion of the election rallies, you could see him standing, chin in hand, mentally focused as others shouted. One could watch him holding the energy of the campaign, and then speaking with a mental passion about his city.

On Friday, two days before the election, heavy rains fell, purifying the city and the surrounding hillsides. Saturday was beautiful, filled with hope. A new time was set to begin.

But soon the rumors began to come. Manoel and his workers and his family were greasing palms, buying votes. The people here are poor. They need the money. Manoel had already spent a lot on the campaign—parties, alcohol, food, extra little gifts. He had much more money. Zé Maia's Tio (uncle), rich uncle, was backing Manoel and the would-be new vice-mayor, Marcello, the rich uncle's son-in-law. Perhaps some of the federal money recently received to fix the streets was finding its way into the campaign.

Manoel had been confident that his money and backing would crush the upstart. But now he was worried, pulling out all the stops, using more money than even he had.

The day before elections in Brasil, campaigns are supposed to stop. It is a day to contemplate—no rallies, no parties. Campaigning is illegal. More rumors: the police have detained Manoel for continuing electioneering—in particular for greasing palms. But he's not held for long.

The night before the election, we drive through the streets. Manoel T-Shirts are everywhere. Pickups filled with his workers move out from his home. The city is filled with a campaign of whispers—how

strange after the shouting of the previous days. Zé Maia, however, is quiet, and exhausted. He has done everything that he can. He goes to his brother's house seeking a bit of peace, and sleeps on the couch. Sunday—Election Day. The bars are closed. The polling places open at 8 a.m. (they will close at 5 p.m.). People fill the streets. Trucks bring voters in from the farms and villas. Everywhere—*Manoel* T-Shirts. Rumors abound. Manoel workers are still campaigning. One of the voting boxes is registering Zé Maia votes for Manoel. Manoel workers are giving false instructions on how to use the new election machines (this is the first election where the whole country, from the Amazon to Rio de Janeiro, is using computers—the first all electric election here).

Rumors of Threats

There are rumors of threats against Zé Maia voters. One voter phones in to ask to be escorted to the polls.

I look at the worried faces of Socorro's brothers and sisters. They are watching the polling places, trying to see that everything is open and honest. Two days ago they had been joyfully optimistic. Research had shown Zé Maia to be ahead. But now, after all the rumors, knowing that Manoel had much more money, seeing the *Manoel* T-shirts everywhere....

They just don't know. Anxiety reigns.

At 4 p.m., the rumors say that Manoel and Marcello are sitting in their houses, laughing, confident. After weeks of distancing, their families have once again become friendly to Zé Maia's family—becoming magnanimous victors—the still powerful. We wait. The polls close. We walk the streets.

Zé Maia Is Leading By 325 Votes.

And then the first rumors of results. Zé Maia is leading by 325 votes. We begin to walk towards the school where the votes are being counted. More rumors. Manoel workers are retreating into their homes.

We almost run. People are gathering outside the school. No *Manoel* T-shirts. The bright yellow and blue Zé Maia hats. Socorro's brother, Basinho, comes through the crowd towards us. He is smiling, tears in his eyes. Joenne grabs us, crushes us, crying. Cristino

is sobbing with emotion. It has happened. Zé Maia has won.

He comes through the crowd. Exhausted, radiating something more than victory, mental, emotional, all wrapped together. His long struggle is over. His long struggle begins. Surrounded by a mixture of friends, family, workers, children, and respect. We embrace. A resounding energy ... ***YES!!!*** fills the air. People are singing, and crying, and dancing, and jumping for joy. A lasting moment of Joy in Quebrangulo! ***Joy to the World!***

Someone says, "To the Church!" It becomes a chorus. We turn from the school, cross the railroad tracks, over the bridge and river, down the street past the markets. Numbers growing. Out of houses and stores. Hugging Zé Maia.

Now hundreds, we approach the square where hundreds more wait. A deep cheer meets us, and then the swell of people. Groups converging. Quebrangulo embracing Zé Maia. He is raised on shoulders.

Through the square and up the hill. The church's doors open, golden light raying out. Up the stairways. I stop at the balustrade and hold up our son. "Remember this night, Artur. Remember this always. This is something special. This only happens once in a lifetime."

Entering the church. It is filled and beyond. Balcony overflowing. Cheering, embracing. Zé Maia up near the altar. And then on our knees, praying. Praying for Zé Maia. Giving thanks for this new opportunity. Giving thanks for Quebrangulo. Giving thanks for democracy.

Democracy Has Embraced Our Little City

Democracy has embraced our little city. And the embrace continues long into the night, and on into the next day, and on into the future.

Agradecemos. We give thanks.

Jack Hart, December 2000

Leading and Serving

Sagittarius, the quintessential sign of humanity, is all about the approach to Christmas. It is a timeless tale, and it is all about us. It is a tale of a pilgrimage, a pilgrimage that spans the birth and death not of mere ages or eons, but of suns and solar systems—enormous time frames that are really beyond the comprehension of the lower mind. Sagittarius is a tale about each one of us as a pilgrim on this timeless journey and, simultaneously, of all us as one. From what one might call a cosmic perspective, Sagittarius is the tale of the Pilgrim called Humanity.

Like so many of our archetypal tales, this tale is told in many languages. It appears in one form or another in the ancient art forms and literature of all cultures. As the protagonist in this most ancient of tales we have had many names. We have been known as *Everyman*, and perhaps most frequently as *Pilgrim*. In some of the very ancient literature, which has come down to us through The Secret Doctrine, and in some references in Djwhal Khul's work, we were called *Lanoo*. Tonight, I want to zoom in on a certain place in this unavoidable journey of ours—a “junction,” so to speak—and to talk for a few minutes about one of the very subtle but exceedingly significant changes that take place at that particular point.

The Junction

In our long journey from and back to the Father's house, both as the collective disciple Humanity and as individual disciples, there comes a time when one places his foot on the Path of Return. At first we are totally ignorant of having done this, of having passed this major milestone, but soon there starts to develop within one's consciousness a growing awareness of what he has done and, eventually, of where he is going. This event will occur at various times and at various stages in people's lives. Most often, however, it will occur in a person's life only after there has been quite a bit of personality integration, and after

the person has achieved relative levels of success in the various aspects of his daily life.

On the level of the individual, a common signal of this approaching junction is that—in what was a relatively balanced, quiet and satisfactory stream of daily living—there will have intervened a sense of disappointment, a vague sense of *unfulfillment*, of needing something, something *more*. This sense will not be new to the pilgrim. This will have happened often in the person's life, for it is the ages-old pull of desire to move on. It's what happens when we catch up with our previously launched arrows of searching. In previous situations, he or she will simply have fired off a new arrow, gone off in search of a new mountain to climb, a new field in which to achieve. But this time there will be something more. There will be a sense of satiation with the things of the world, there will be a sense of wanting, of needing something more than material gains and greater positions of authority or power.

*Soon the man will begin to realize that there is a whole other part of his nature that is calling out and showing a new way, revealing a new mountain to climb. This is the **Mountain of Consciousness**, the way of the disciple.*

The pilgrim will begin to look *in* for relief and for answers to this disquieting sense of incompleteness that he is experiencing. The moment he does that—in that instant—a

great change will have taken place. For the man, having heard, ever so faintly, the clarion call of his own Soul, will have placed his foot on the Path of Discipleship. He may, and probably will, turn back to the material path of mutability and desire for periods of time, for these changes in life direction, in most cases, occur slowly over a period of years. Even so, the cycles of change between the inner search and the outer effort to gratify a longing will grow tighter, and the man will be advancing on the Path of Return. Soon—“soon” in the timeframe of the Soul—the man will begin to realize what has happened to him. He will realize that there is a whole other part of his nature that is calling out and showing a new way, revealing a new mountain to climb. This is the *Mountain of Consciousness*, the way of the disciple.

Who can say when, in the long darkness of time, it was that the pilgrim, Humanity, first heard that call

and turned toward the Father's house? We do know that the call has come again and again over the millennia. The ancient lore is full of stories of heroes and the encounters they faced after turning toward home. I think we heard that call anew—and this time the call was a clarion call, loud and clear—a couple of thousand years ago. I think the first appearance of the Christ can be seen in this light, can be seen as the last sounding of that call. The intervening 2000 or so years have seen the oscillations of Humanity's journey through the cycles, as we have wavered between the inner search and the outer effort to gratify a longing, between the old material order of competition, conquest and domination and the new order of brotherhood, of cooperation, mutual love and abundance that awaits our stabilizing on the inner Path and the manifesting of that stabilization on the outer planes in new forms of enlightened living.

Things actually start to make a little sense. The pilgrim begins to take his steps on the Path of Return

In the individual this realization of the call and what it signifies may—and does, in many cases—break on one's consciousness like a sunrise.

with some sort of growing understanding about the nature of this new mountain that he is climbing. Along with this growing understanding, a very subtle shift in motivation gradually occurs.

Previously, the pilgrim, *Lanoo*, was driven by the desire to have, to hold, to possess material things and subtle kinds of power. His aim was to taste and experience his environment, and then to rule this kingdom, to dominate, to be the emperor of all he surveyed. The subtle shift that gradually occurs is that the desire to rule or dominate the environment slowly becomes the aspiration to serve the environment, and from this point forward Sagittarius is, on several levels, about *leadership*.

Probably the major reason for this shift is that one of the first things we encounter on this new leg of the Path is our fellow travelers, not just those who are, like us, oriented toward the light, but all of the travelers, including those who still walk in the shadows of illusion and glamour. This is really our

very first encounter with Humanity as a group and, with this encounter, we discover our field of service. Turning *in* reveals, rather startlingly in many cases, the world of souls, the whole world of others with whom and among whom one has been living (without truly seeing) for these many, many years.

The revelation comes in many ways, and it comes in the first few years over and over again. At first one may feel as if he were watching a gigantic parade, or a many-layered drama—frequently a tragic comedy. It all hardly seems real. This revelation is one of the first in the early stages of the Path, and it plants deep within the recipient a keen and growing sense of loving responsibility for these others—many of whom, most of whom, do not see the mountain of light which lies before them.

All of these kinds of conditions have occurred and are occurring on the level of the pilgrim, Humanity, too. In the past one or two hundred years, mankind has encountered itself as a group, as a unity, more directly and forcefully than ever before. We have through experience—much of it bitter—had a growing sense of our own universality thrust upon us. Technology and television have helped us to become very much aware of the fact of the One Humanity. That this awareness has most frequently been generated through the registration of impacts of various global disasters and huge cruelties, wars and atrocities, is all too true. But we have also seen many great acts of courage and goodness as Humanity recognizes and begins to integrate itself, to become conscious of its essential divinity and unavoidable oneness.

Every disciple, every person who takes the Path seriously has chosen to be a way, a source of strength to others, a light on the path of others, a guide.

Disciples, having arrived at this point (having, so to speak, “found the way”) ... we, *Lanoo*, the pilgrim, we become not just more *searchers* for the Way, but *revealers* of the Way or *guides* on the Way. Every disciple, every person who takes the Path seriously, has chosen this role, has chosen to be a way, a source of strength to others, a light on the path of others, a

guide. The tension of this new situation comes about as we oscillate between the old familiar and comfortable, even though painful, ways of competition, conquest and domination (the ways of the past), and what we sense as the new ways of brotherhood, of mutual love, cooperation and abundance that lie before us. This situation is mirrored very clearly for us in the concept of *leadership*.

In most of the abstractions or ideas with which we deal, there are two streams of energy flowing. One has its origin within the Great Illusion of materialism. The other flows from the timeless, placeless space we call Spiritual Reality. Usually, the materialistic stream overrides and confuses the spiritual. Such is the case with the concept of leadership.

In popular usage, and for many if not most people, leadership means *who is in charge, who has the power, who is running the show, calling the shots, sending in the plays, making the assignments*. Traditionally, this notion of leadership is associated with positions or titles like the King, the Queen, the Prince, the Duke ... and it usually involves the idea of divine ownership. (I was astonished to discover, for example, that the Queen of England literally *owns* all of the swans in Britain.) In a more contemporary vein, one encounters titles such as *the boss, the honcho, the man, the God Father, the chairman, the president*.

The possession of the power to rule others and the control of resources are the defining attributes of this view of leadership. (Power, by the way, is another wonderful abstraction with which we do not have time to deal, but I do commend it to your meditative scrutiny.) Also in this framework, leadership is a state, or a position of material and subtle power towards which one ambitiously strives, and onto which, once gained, one does everything in one's power to hold. Therefore, one does not wield one's power to move one's subjects, or those over whom one has authority, onto the Way, or into a greater state of liberty or self-actualization, but rather to maintain one's hold on the power. The "wise" Prince, according to Machiavelli, does this while doing

everything possible to make it *appear* that one is actually taking care of the needs of one's subjects.

A careful analysis of what are seen as "leadership positions"—heads of governments, corporate CEO's, or managers, or owners of businesses, leaders of groups, even heads of households—will reveal that there is a very great deal of this sort of authority leadership being implemented. This is not good or bad; it just is. This is a kind of leadership, and this version of leadership is understandable because of the prominence of the materialistic, self-conscious paradigm we call *The Great Illusion* and the ages-old *overshadowing* (the correct word in this case) social contract called *competition* that the Great Illusion generates and within which we have all lived and moved for untold generations. This is simply the kind of leadership that the overshadowing social consciousness of competition generates.

Leadership, for Lanoo, however, is a whole different thing. Still, it is necessary to have this, what you might call the material view of leadership, in mind for two reasons: First, *it is this old way of working that is, for most of us, in one way or another the core of the shadow with which we contend as we try to see our way clear on the path of discipleship*. There are aspects of spiritual leadership that, if not carefully considered, can slip into the glamour and illusion of the materialistic view. Second, and probably most important, it is within the context of the social consciousness of competition, within the very "veils of the Great Illusion," that we must operate. It is right here, right now that we work to bring the enlightened

Probably the most important aspect of spiritual leadership is that it is heart-driven, not head-driven.

vision of true leadership or spiritual leadership to the forefront of people's minds.

So, let's try to frame this other notion of leadership ... give it a context that lets us see it in its true light. Probably the most important aspect of *spiritual leadership* is that it is heart-driven, not head-driven. It is the heart aspect of leadership with which the pilgrim is striving to get deeply in touch. To be sure, true leaders exhibit a good deal of will power, of

First Ray energy. And any effort to lead without a deep connection to one's spiritual power center will fail. It will fail simply because the man will not be able to sustain the drive, will not be able to overcome the countless obstacles placed in one's path by the forces of retrogression whenever an attempt is made to move from the darkness to the Light, and that is to say nothing of the obstacles his own shadow side will throw up: gorgons of pride, swamps of fear, various and sundry blind spots, and the major menace of all disciples, the lizard of laziness which would rather sit on a rock and bask in the sun than climb the mountain of consciousness.

We are talking about making rents in the veil of illusion here. Not an easy task, and not a task at all for the timid. What, then, is required from those of us who would be leaders? And remember that all of us who step on the path have chosen to be leaders. As I see it, the requirement is that we adopt, in DK's words, an *...intensity of purpose which will change us from ... plodding, fairly satisfactory aspirants into disciples whose hearts and minds are aflame.* (*Discipleship in the New Age, Vol. I, p.538.*)

So, what are the requisites for spiritual leadership? The first requirement of leadership is *love*, for as Master Morya has pointed out, "The measure of understanding is the degree of love." Next come *will*, then *courage*, *indefatigability*, and—always—*the focus on the future*. Those are the qualities, the jewels of the Soul that we need in our Christmas stockings if we would be leaders.

So, let us say a few words about future. It is an essential aspect of true leadership. "It is not said that one should not know the past; precisely knowledge is blessed. But one must not get stuck in the dust of the forefathers." (*Fiery World II #42.*) True leaders are not rulers engaged in using power to maintain their positions of power.

Neither are true leaders museum keepers. "...only the ignorant understand the future as a new bed." (*Fiery World II #42.*) True leaders are not administrators or wardens maintaining the status quo or watching over imprisoning forms, over that which exists. "Leaders manifest the future in the very

significance of the word." (*Fiery World II #48.*) They are focused constantly on the Life and not on the forms the Life takes. The leader is steadfastly mobile, constantly looking for the better way to reveal to his environment and, through his environment, to humanity, the "essential unity underlying all creation."

True leadership does not take place in a vacuum, either. It is precisely because he is free from the limits placed on vision by rulership, or ownership,

The leader never owns the way. He reveals a way. If his love is deep and pure, his revelation, his spiritual livingness, will make a bridge into the Light of the next day for those whom he serves.

that the leader is able to register and understand the essential unity which links his self to all selves, that makes all beings—not just human beings, but all beings—his brothers.

It is this link established and maintained by love, by the consciousness which reveals the essential divinity of all beings, that tempers the search, that defines the limits of the leader's quest for the way which he, on behalf of his brothers and driven by the flaming heart, seeks. *The leader never owns the way. He reveals a way.* If his love is deep and pure, his revelation, his spiritual livingness, will make a bridge into the Light of the next day for those whom he serves.

Being a creature of the future, the leader works for the future. He realizes that what he is building lies in front of his brothers. He places it carefully where they can find it, and waits patiently for them to follow on the Lighted Way. Thus is Christ still waiting for us to follow the Way He laid down over 2000 years ago.

Spiritual Leadership is the essence of Spiritual Approach. Approaching the Light, the New, the One, the Ashram, The Master, the Sacred Heart, the Christ ... in fitting ourselves, in doing what is required to stand in that presence, we are showing or

revealing the Way. We are modeling leadership. This is what every son will eventually do.

In closing, friends, let me say that this, in my view, is precisely what Christmas is all about. In our time, Christ was the pilgrim Prince of Peace, the Sagittarian way-shower. In following the Way Christ revealed, the way of brotherhood, of loving our neighbors as ourselves, or of mutual love and cooperation for the good of the whole, we step into the light of the Christ. We help further, through our own beings, the birth of the Christ in the field we call Humanity.

Many, many ages ago, the great Gurudeva put a question to Lanoo. It is my Christmas wish for us all

that soon we will be able to answer that question as Lanoo did those many, many ages ago.

The question that the Gurudeva put to Lanoo was, "Lift up thy head, O Lanoo; dost thou see one, or countless lights above thee, burning in the dark midnight sky?"

Lanoo's answer was, "I sense one Flame, O Gurudeva; I see countless undetached sparks shining in it." (*A Treatise on Cosmic Fire*, p.xvii.)

*Tom Carney
Sagittarius 2000*

<p><i>The Three Linked Meditation Festivals of Spring</i> Additional Southland Public Meeting Locations</p>	
<p>Meditation Mount 10340 Reeves Road Ojai CA Information @ 805-646-5508</p>	<p>Theosophy Center 3127 South Street Suite E Long Beach, CA Information @ 714-897-7690</p>
<p>Akasha Center 27126 B Paseo Espada Suite 705 San Juan Capistrano, CA Information @ 949-661-8499</p>	<p>Gemini Festival Only Meditacion Sea Mar Amarillo #6033 Colonia Aleman, Tijuana, BC Information @ 011-52-66-37-34-11</p>

A N N O U N C I N G
Arcana OnLine
An Online
Meditation Training Workshop

Since Arcana discontinued its correspondence section, we have been looking for a new way to help people—people who are at a distance or otherwise unable to attend a real time live workshop—learn (or remember) how to meditate. About a year ago we started to experiment with an OnLine meditation training process. The process we currently have in place is based a lot on the former correspondence model; however, we are continuing to experiment with the tools that are available to us on the internet. If you would be interested in participating in meditation training in this fashion and being a sort of Beta Group for this work, please follow the instructions below which will link you with our OnLine Meditation Training Section.

1. Log on to our web site <http://meditationtraining.org>
2. Under Study Groups and Workshops, click on OnLine Workshop.
3. Follow the instructions