

# ThoughtLine

June 2010

## Up Coming Events

COMMUNITY MEDITATION MEETINGS

## The Three Linked Festivals of Spring

Gemini, Wednesday May 26, 2010 @ 7:45 PM

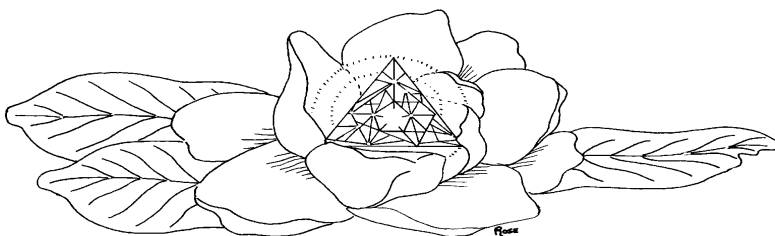
Cancer, Friday June 25, 2010 @ 7:45 PM

Leo. Sunday July 25, 2010 @ 7:45 PM

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## Workshops/Classes (To participate, please call to arrange a meeting)

- ▶ Building the Lighted Way - Sundays @ 9:00 AM
- ▶ Building the Lighted Way - Tuesday Mornings @ 10:30 AM
- ▶ The Nature of the Soul – Tuesday Evenings @ 7:00 PM

## Group Meditation Work

May 14<sup>th</sup>, 2010 through June 11<sup>th</sup>, 2010

As the purpose of the will of God (known and understood in the Council Chamber of Shamballa) seeks to influence human will, it is an expression in hierarchical terms as the will-to-good and in human terms as *goodwill*, as *loving determination* or as *a fixed intention to bring about right human relations*. *Discipleship In the New Age* P.172-3

June 12, 2010 through July 11, 2010

People are apt to regard magnetic potency as evidence of love; it is, in reality, evidence of the radiation of love when enhanced and strengthened by first ray energy. It is the admixture (if I may use such a peculiar term) of love and will which produces radiation. *The Rays And The Initiations* P. 375

## *Arcana Workshops*

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*Arcana Workshops is a non-profit tax exempt corporation. Donations are greatly appreciated and tax deductible*

## 3

**W**e have had this thing going with the number 3 for as long as there is any record of anything, including myths and ancient stories of previous ages and even previous solar systems. It has always been there lurking away in the background like some beckoning flame.

### Visions of an Early Memory

I am 5 years old. I am sitting in a classroom with maybe 25 other children all of whom are 6 year olds. It's a Catholic school. I am there because I was only 5, and my mother could not get me enrolled in the public school. My birthday is in December.

The seats are all bolted to the floor and aligned in rigid rows of devotion. I am sitting near the back of the room. A nun is moving up and down the aisles with a big book in her hand. She is talking, but I am totally focused on what she is doing with the book.

As she approaches each child, she slides the book between the child's

back and the back of the desk seat. The child must be sitting far enough forward in the seat and have his or her back straight enough for the book to move up and down in the space. I am familiar with this drill, familiar and prepared.

I am sitting like a little ram rod. I am holding a deep breath, my hands clasped on the top of the desk. I am looking up as the nun approaches me.

Although this is the second week of school, I am still taken aback by her. She is like nothing I have ever seen before; It's like she floats rather than walks. She is just a face, an apparition with a face poking out of a white container of some sort of hard stuff, like cardboard, surrounded by a huge black cape. I cannot feel her. I cannot smell her. I am terrified, actually, because a day or two before I witnessed what occurred when the book did not slide easily up and down.

The book slides easily between me and the desk seat. I relax my breath. She smiles, but I do not feel the smile like I do when my mother smiles at me. She stops and looks around the class, and then directly into my eyes. There is no smile in her eyes. It is like ice. And that is when I first hear about the 3.

"The Holy Trinity," she said "is the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost." As she said

***"The Holy Trinity," she said "is the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost."***

this she touched her forehead, or the cardboard thing, then her chest and each shoulder. I felt stunned, transfixed.

When later in life I recalled this episode, I thought of it as having been branded.

That evening, when I was in my bed I was seeing her face. I recall clearly that I was not interested in either the Father or the Son, but I was very concerned about the Holy Ghost.

Over the years, the number 3 appeared again and again in my life, usually around my studies of literature, poetry,

mythology, philosophy, and history. I was intrigued by how this particular number was a part of many situations. I did not realize that 3 was actually a core concept of creation until I was 28 or so. Then a series of events occurred in my life which led to the opening of a lot of previously dimly sensed doors and clarified my perception of very many things. For one thing, I realized that things were, and had been for a very long time, happening in my life in series of 3.

### ***A Matter of Perception***

I suppose that one could say that this was just a matter of perception. One could arrange one's life in any kind of series one wanted to. However, the wave pattern of initiation building to a crisis which would result in a relatively significant insight and or change of direction which would then lead to another iteration of the cycle was, to me, unmistakable.

3 has always been on my mind, mostly on a back burner, in a ponder chamber, but always also rather close to the surface. I have gone back over a number of passages in my life and seen this series of three working out. For example, I started to read when I was 3. I have twin brothers who are 3 years older than I, and by the time I was 4, I had read all of their school books. This is what motivated my mother to try to get me into school when I was 5. By the time I was 7, my parents were divorced. In October of my 8<sup>th</sup> year, my brothers and I were sent by the divorce court to Glenwood School for Boys which was a major change in my life that commenced as I entered my 9<sup>th</sup> year.

That this rhythm was a part of my life came to me, as I mentioned, in a flash of

realization. I was 35. I suddenly understood that a series of actions that I had initiated was working out in three year hunks. Looking back, I could clearly see the chain of events that had led me to the point upon which I was standing, and I was starting the third set of three, at what would be the 7<sup>th</sup> year.

As it turns out, often but not always in these series, the number 7 is a key point. The 7<sup>th</sup> is always the first number in the third set of three, and it introduces a kind of linking or transition energy between two sets of 3. Generally, it's like there are two sets of three, a linking set and then the next two sets. This is what gives everything this kind of spiral motion. In the particular situation to which I am referring, the culmination of events opened the way for me to put service to humanity at the top of my priority list.

### ***The Presence of $\beta$***

Gradually the presence of 3 in all things began to become more and more clear to me. And one day not that long ago, I realized that 3 is the basic, the fundamental building block of the manifested universe. 3, as the fundamental building block, is always, in every manifestation of anything, the first thing to appear.

200 years ago, in the final lines of his "Ode On A Grecian Urn," John Keats pointed out a basic fact regarding the nature of Cosmos that was little understood then and not that much better understood now. For example, T. S. Eliot, himself a great poet, observed, "on re-reading the whole Ode, this line strikes me as a serious blemish on a beautiful poem, and the reason must be either that I fail to understand it, or that it is a

statement which is untrue. . . . The statement of Keats seems to me meaningless: or perhaps the fact that it is grammatically meaningless conceals another meaning from me.”

The statement Eliot is referring to is the last couple of lines of the last stanza of Keats' Ode:

***O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede  
Of marble men and maidens  
overwrought,  
With forest branches and the trodden  
weed;  
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of  
thought  
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!  
When old age shall this generation  
waste,  
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other  
woe  
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom  
thou say'st,  
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,--that is  
all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to  
know."***

T.S. Eliot was correct in saying that he failed to understand the statement. The statement is true. And like most such statements, its truth is simply not accessible, as Keats clearly points out, through the intellect,

***"Thou, silent form, dost tease us out  
of thought  
As dost eternity: Cold Pastoral!"***

Such understanding can only be reached through what we call the intuition. Intuition, like most of the terms that we have to work with, has been defined by intellectuals looking through the lens of form analysis. It has been confused, that

is merged, with intelligence and is most often seen as a kind of intelligence. It is not.

Intuition is nothing like intelligence. It needs to be seen from a different level. It cannot be measured by intelligence tests. Intelligence deals with the dense physical world of forms. It works in and with that which is informed, revealing its parts and functions. It is concerned with logical connections between parts. Intuition is not logical. It does not use logic to analyze or take things apart or put things together, rearranging them perhaps into different shapes or whatever. These and many other such mechanical functions are the substance of intelligence.

Intuition is rather difficult to describe because it is formless. Intuition does not "do" anything at all. It is simply the occurrence of timeless, that is instantaneous, realizations of a previously unseen or unrealized level of synthesis. Intuition events occur in a kind of vacuum we call the silence. These kinds of experiences are what Master M. calls Straight Knowledge. They do not deal with in-form-ation. There is no "ation", no "inning" no action involved in intuition. Intuition is simply the name we give to those realizations concerning meaning and significance of that which has no form. Intuition reveals the energy field before "ation," before action, that puts it into an image, a form, or body. These fields which have no form cannot therefore be categorized, analyzed, deconstructed, classified or understood via logic or what we call intelligence.

The energy which makes up the "dimension", the field in which intuition occurs, is what we call Love. Love, to the Scientists of the Inner Community is Pure

Reasoning Will. Love is the heart of each Cosmic Dimension. It is the Bridge.

The “Golden Mean” has long been a piece of boilerplate in the Wisdom. It is most often seen from an intellectual or form-focused point of view as the horizontal razor edged path that lies between the “pairs of opposites” or two opposing forces. A slip into either side of the path is doom for the disciple.

Not a bad thing, this metaphor has served to introduce the need for a balanced approach to life. The balance aspect has largely been overlooked, however, and it has frequently been twisted or perverted to mean that a little of each side of the Path is O.K. Thus was created the “slippery slope” into illusion and eventual delusion or into materialism and form death. Such a condition is available to the unwary on either side of the razor edge.

Still, this is not a bad thing. It

***In perfect balance, there is no weight.***

is a training device. And as such it has helped enormously to develop discrimination through baseline unavoidable training in experimentation, experience and hopefully or maybe eventually some learning and expression.

The Golden Mean, however, is not the horizontal training path which lies between the pairs of opposites. It is actually the vertical path of love that connects two always and only co-existing aspects of one field that may or may not be informed. There is zero opposition involved in this connection. The Golden Mean transmutes and eventually transfigures all illusory pairs of opposites into the negative and positive poles of creation. The creation is a perfect harmony and demonstrates a perfect

balance in which, as Master R. has pointed out, there is no weight.

The Golden Mean is the vertical Golden Path which lies between two great centers of force and which connects the higher and the lower. It is the doorway, the heart path into the Pure Reasoning Will of the Father and out through the heart path to the worlds of idea and eventually, form life. It is the Way to which we have given the name, the anthakarana or the rainbow bridge.

There is no form of any kind in the dimension of the intuition. There is simply a connection which manifests as realization of pure Will, pure Intention, pure Concept. There is a kind of Knowing—total, unequivocal, absolute clarity—regarding the Will and Intention which appears as Principle. This knowing is without any form whatsoever. There is

nothing to be analyzed or categorized. These

Principles of Intention and Will can only be experienced, and to experience them, one must leave intellection behind. And we see another of those cryptic and deeply profound comments, “The measure of understanding is the degree of love.”

For many, many of our brothers and sisters their hugely powerful intellects present the greatest barrier to participation in the experience of the dimension we call the intuition. There are many aspects to this barrier. Perhaps chief among these is the barrier of pride. When one has spent many, many years in the pursuit of information, facts, data—what passes for knowledge in the world of the intellect—and one has gained a reputation as a great intellect, one is loath

to set that aside and enter naked into the silence. Unfortunately this is the only way in.

Again, Master R has challenged us to "Dare to set aside our forms."

Intellect, being what it is, has defined or generated many thoughtforms around the meaning of intuition. These definitions make it seem that the intuition, this way of Knowing, is accessible to the intellect. But it is not, and that it is not is not understood at all by the intellect.

### **Love Wisdom**

Intelligence, if used in love, can lead one to the door of the intuition, and intelligence, if held in love, is receptive to Love and becomes the handmaiden of Love necessary to create those forms which will embody with purity the Intentions of the Logos. The marriage of intellect and Principle through the golden mean of Love is what we know as Wisdom.

There are definite frequencies associated with forms that actually embody Straight Knowledge that are indelibly obvious. These forms are, after all, the products of the linkage between the Intent of the Logos and the World of Ideas, that area of mind which we call the "higher mind" in which Purpose is first and most purely out-pictured. The frequencies are those of love. They are unequivocally inclusive, radiant, magnetic, compassionate. They endeavor to implement and foster that aspect of the Father's Intent that was realized or intuited in the Silence.

Thoughtforms which do not carry these frequencies are not products of intuition.

Let us take another look at Keats's statement.

### **Cold Pastoral!**

***When old age shall this generation waste,***

***Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe***

***Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,***

***"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,--that is all***

***Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."***

"Cold Pastoral." What he is saying is that all of the apparently arrested actions depicted on the urn—the still unravish'd bride, the mad pursuit, the struggle to escape, the pipes and timbrels, the wild ecstasy, the bold lover who will never kiss, but ever love, the maiden whose beauty will never fade, the little town with empty streets, all of the common human things and the common human behavior that interlaces them—are the enduring Beauties and the deep Truths of human life. Although generations will come and go, these passions, these beauties, these forces and energies will endure, for these are the essence of human being.

Thus, "Beauty is truth, and truth beauty." The only way to know this fact of metaphysics is to experience it. Consider this statement from Master D.K.: "Does it mean anything to you when I say that the ceremonial ritual of the daily life of Sanat Kumara, implemented by music and sound and carried on the waves of color which break upon the shores of the three worlds of human evolution, reveal—in the clearest notes and tones and shades—the deepest secret behind His purpose? It scarcely makes sense to you and is dismissed as a piece of symbolic writing,

used by me in order to convey the unconveyable. *Yet I am not here writing in symbols but am making an exact statement of fact. As beauty in any of its greater forms breaks upon the human consciousness, a dim sense is thereby conveyed of the ritual of Sanat Kumara's daily living. More I cannot say*" (*The Rays and Initiations*, 246, 7).

It is a fact that we most often approach truth through the doorway of beauty. This is because truth and beauty always and only coexist. To put this into some language that may or may not be more accessible, we could say that Truth is the Father's intention and Beauty is the resulting form that embodies his intention. The point is not what the form is; the point is what the form conveys at its deepest level of meaning and significance.

I do not know in what form you, whoever you are, most frequently confront beauty. For

me, and I suspect that this is so for most people, it has been in nature—the mountains, meadows, seashores, my garden. And to renew this experience has been the unrealized but driving force that has drawn me and my family into the mountains and to the shores of the ocean over the years.

Recently I have learned to also see beauty almost everywhere. Just the other day, I was, for example, literally stunned into silence by a confrontation with beauty. I was shopping for groceries in a largish, crowded market when a woman pushing a baby carriage came by where I was inspecting artichokes which I was

thinking where quite beautiful examples of symmetry and color. The woman stopped to look at the artichokes, and I looked down into the carriage. I was confronted by this tiny little Soul looking up at me. There was an instant flash of soul to soul recognition between us, and, I mean quite literally, the carriage filled with the light and beauty of that very recently incarnated Soul.

For years, my reaction was to just be in the beauty. To say WOW! and to feel that energy go through my equipment. I have been living for the past 30 years or so about a half mile walk from the shores of the Pacific Ocean. So I have made countless trips to that place where land and air and water meet, that place where magic is wrought. It was this reoccurring experience as much as daily meditation

that opened my heart to the realization of what had always eluded me before.

***It's rather simple. Truth is the Father's aspect, Beauty is the Mother's aspect. The middle field, the field between Truth and Beauty is Love. These 3 always and only co-exist.***

It's rather simple. Truth is the Father's aspect; Beauty is the Mother's aspect. The incredible energy that draws us again and again to the shore of beauty wherever we find it—other souls, the mountains, forests, in a museum looking at great art, at the ballet, a concert listening to something like Mahler's 5<sup>th</sup>—that energy is Love, the second aspect. The middle field, the field between Truth and Beauty, is Love. These 3 always and only co-exist.

There really is no such thing as dualism, for The Father who is nothing or zero always and only manifests as three. This ancient and hardly understood fact will

steadily become realized and will transfigure the Planet as we know it. There is also no non-dualistic thing, no Oneness. There is 0 and there is 3.

That we have been lost in the Illusion of the Great Lie of "2ness" the "pairs of opposites," for a very long time is so. Now, in this New Age, we are beginning

to be able to see reality as it is. We can see now, as Keats was pointing out, that Beauty is Truth and Truth is Beauty, and the factor that lies between is Love or Joy if you prefer, for "Joy", as the Master has pointed out, "is a special Wisdom."

Tom Carney  
June 2010