

### *The Blind Shall See and the Deaf Shall Hear*

**W**HILE THE PHYSICAL disability of blindness is without doubt a great affliction, there is a blindness which has a more detrimental effect upon those who are suffering therefrom: blindness of heart.

An old proverb says: "None is so blind as he who will not see." Every great religion has brought to the people to whom it was given certain vital truths necessary for their unfoldment, and the Christ Himself told us that the truth should make us free.

Many of the sublime truths contained in the Christian teachings have, however, been obscured by creeds and dogmas wherewith the various sects and denominations have contented themselves. They hire a minister, and charge him with the duty of expounding to them the truth of the Bible, but his tongue is tied by the creed of his particular denomination; he is prohibited on pain of public disgrace and dismissal from publishing or preaching anything not in strict agreement with this particular brand of religion desired by those who pay him his salary.

Each minister is given a pair of glasses, colored according to the particular creed which he represents, and woe betide him if ever he dares to look at the Bible save with those spectacles upon his nose; to do so means financial ruin and social ostracism which very few are brave enough to face. So long as the minister keeps his denominational



Frontispiece of John Bunyan's *The Pilgrim's Progress*, The Mansell Collection, London

*Bunyan envisions the pilgrim, laden with sin, setting out from the City of Destruction, rife with churches, for the distant City of God. It is a solitary, because inward, journey.*

spectacles on there is no danger. But sometimes it happens that one of them takes the denominational glasses off, either by design or by accident. He may be of a venturesome nature and somehow has a feeling that there is something outside his particular sphere of vision, or he may have accidentally mislaid his glasses. But, in either case, if he stumbles upon the naked truth in God's word, he becomes unhappy.

*This article appeared in the October 1915 issue of the Rays, but has not yet been retained in any bound edition of Max Heindel's writings, so even students thoroughly familiar with them will welcome this addition to Heindel's published opus.*

The writer has spoken to a number of ministers who have confessed that they had become aware of certain truths but dared not preach them because to do so would call down the wrath of their congregation upon them by disturbing established conditions. And this is not to be wondered at, even King James, who was a monarch and an autocrat, cautioned the translators of the Bible not to translate in such a manner that the new version would disturb established ideas; because he knew that the moment new points were introduced there would be a controversy between the defenders of the old and the new religious views, which would probably result in civil war.

The great majority are always ready to sacrifice truth for the sake of peace; therefore we are bound today' despite our boasted freedom, and no matter how keen may be our physical eyesight, vast numbers among us are blinded by a scale so opaque that it almost entirely obscures their spiritual vision. But in spite of everything the truth crops out, sometimes in the most unexpected places, as the following clipping will show. This sounds more like the musings of a Mystic than the writings of a Presbyterian minister bound to the dreadful doctrine of predestination and commitment of souls to everlasting hell-fire, where dreadful tortures are endured for eternity, even by babes a span long, which have been thus foreordained to suffer for eternity by their creator.

It was written by J. R. Miller, a well known Philadelphia Divine, and is only another indication of the fact that a sixth sense is slowly developing, often, as said, in the most unexpected places, crushing creed with mystic facts and knowledge. The Rev. Miller says:

*Every one of us casts a shadow. There hangs about us a sort of penumbra—a strange, indefinable something—which we call personal influence, which has its effect on every other life on which it falls. It goes with us wherever we go. It is not something we can have when we will as we lay aside a garment. It is something that always pours out from our life, like light from a lamp, like heat from a flame, like perfume from a flower.*

Once when the Christ was alone with his disciples, he asked them: Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am?" And they answered and said, Some say one of the prophets." And Christ answered and said, "But whom do ye say I am?" and Peter said in answer to this question, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God." He had discovered the truth, had seen the Christ.

And the answer of Christ came quickly: "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona, for flesh and blood has not revealed this to thee, but my Father which is in heaven, and to thee will I give the keys to the kingdom of heaven and hell."

Here materialistic religion, which has so often debased Art in its service, can see only a material key, and therefore we find pictures where Peter stands with an enormous key in his hand. But the mystic finds in this incident, that the disciples were taught a great truth in Nature, the truth of Rebirth. By the key of initiation, this mystery was unlocked and the doors of heaven and hell were opened to show them the immortality of the Spirit and that we return to this sphere of action to learn new and greater lessons life after life, just as a child learns its lessons at school day after day.

If rebirth were not a fact in nature, the return of departed spirits such as Jeremiah, Elijah, and others, in the body of the then living Jesus, would have been an absurdity, and it would have been the duty of Jesus as Teacher of his disciples to have explained to them that such ideas were ridiculous. Instead He pursues the subject to discover the depth of their discernment and asks "who then do ye say I am?" And when the answer comes showing that they discern in Him someone above the prophets, above the human race—the Christ, the Son of the living God—He perceives that they are ready for the initiation which settles the question of rebirth beyond all dispute in the mind of the disciple.

No amount of reading in books, of conversations or explanations, can ever settle that point beyond all possibility of doubt. The candidate must know for himself. Therefore, in the Mystery schools of today, after the first initiation has opened the invisible world, he is given the opportunity to satisfy himself concerning rebirth, he is shown a child that has recently passed out of the body. On account of

its tender years it takes birth quickly, probably within a year after death. The new initiate watches this child until finally it enters the mother's womb to emerge as a new-born babe again.

The reason he watches a child in preference to an adult is that the latter stays out of physical life approximately one thousand years, while a babe has a new embodiment inside of a very few years; some even find a new environment after a few months and are born within a year.

During this time the new initiate also has opportunities to study the life and actions of those who are in purgatory and the First Heaven, which are the heaven and hell referred to in the Bible. This was what Christ helped his disciples to do: to see and to know. Upon the rock of this truth the Church is founded, for if there were no rebirth there could be no evolutionary progress and consequently all advancement would be an impossibility.

But what then is the way to realization? is the great question and to this there is and can be only one answer—the unfoldment of the sixth sense by means of which the Mystic discovers this immortal shadow that the Rev. Miller speaks about. Heaven and Hell are all about us. Our own past lives and the lives of our contemporaries have been thrown upon the screen of time and are there ready to be read at any time when we shall build our senses so that we may read them.

The electric light focused through a stereopticon lens projects a brilliant image of a suitable slide when there is darkness, but leaves no visible imprint whatever when the Sun's rays strike the screen. We also, if we would read the Mystic scroll of our past, must learn to still our senses so that the world without disappears in darkness. Then, by the light of the spirit, we shall see the pictures of the past take the place of the present.

This shadow seen by Pastor Miller around the body is analogous to the photosphere, or aura, of the Sun and the planets. Each of those great bodies has such an invisible shadow, that is to say, invisible under ordinary conditions. We see the photosphere of the Sun when the physical orb is obscured during an eclipse, but at no other time; so also with this shadow or photosphere of man: when we learn to control our sense of sight so that we may look at

LORD of all being, throned afar,  
Thy glory flames from sun and star;  
Center and soul of every sphere,  
Yet to each loving heart how near!

Sun of our life, thy quickening ray  
Sheds on our path the glow of day;  
Star of our hope, thy softened light  
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;  
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;  
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;  
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

Lord of all life, below, above,  
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,  
Before thy ever-blazing throne  
We ask no luster of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,  
And kindling hearts that burn for thee  
Till all thy living altars claim  
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

—Unknown

a man without seeing his physical form, then this photosphere or aura may be seen in all its splendor, for the colors of earth are dull in comparison with those spiritual living fires which surround and emanate from each human being.

The fantastic coruscating play of the Aurora borealis gives us an idea of how this photosphere or shadow acts: it is in incessant motion, darts of force and flame are constantly shooting out from every part thereof, but particularly active around the head; and the colors and hues of this auric atmosphere change with every thought or movement.

This shadow is only observable to those who close their eyes to all the sights of earth, who have ceased to care for the praise or blame of men, but are looking only to their heavenly father; who are ready and willing to uphold truth and truth alone; who see with the heart and see into the hearts of men that they may discover therein the Christ, the Son of the living God.

Nor is that thing which thus surrounds us a shadow,

that fades when the sun of life has ceased to shine in the physical body. Far from it. It is the resplendent garment of the human spirit, obscured during physical existence by the opaque garment of flesh and blood. When John L. McCreery writes about the friends who have passed over, that

*They have but dropped their robe of clay*

*To put a shining raiment on*

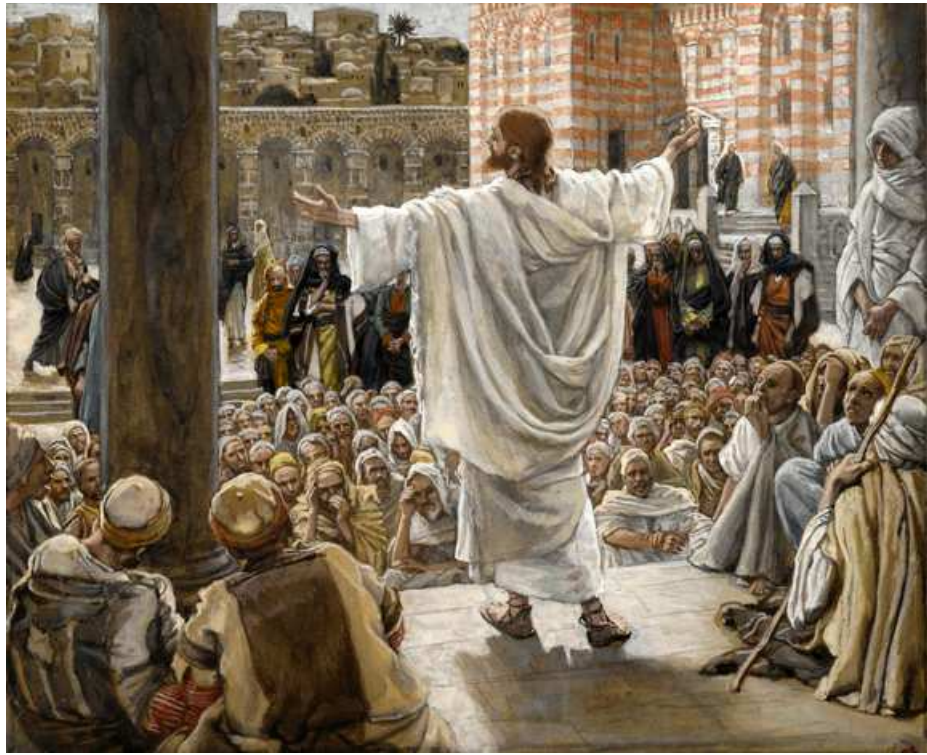
he is incorrect. Their raiment is truly "shining," but they do not put it on at death. It would be more correct to conceive of ourselves as wearing a garment of intensely brilliant soul-substance which is hidden by a dark and lusterless "coat of skin," a physical body. When

we drop that, the magnificent house from heaven spoken of by Paul (2 Cor 5) becomes our normal habitation of Light. It is the *soma psuchicon* or soul body (mistranslated *natural body* in 1 Cor. 15:44) in which we shall meet the Lord at His Coming, for "flesh and blood," such as we use at present, "cannot inherit the Kingdom of God. "

There is a great deal of difference in these auric emanations observed by the Rev. Miller, in fact, there are as many different auric types as there are people. The play of colors is never the same. If we were to watch the sunrise and sunset for a lifetime, we would never find two exactly alike as to color, cloud effect, etc. Similarly, when we watch the play of human emotions as revealed in the aura, there is an infinite variety even in the same person when placed in identical positions and conditions at different times.

In a sense, all sunsets are alike; certain people see no differences, but to the artist the variegated color-play is sometimes actually painful in its intensity. Some may also view the luminous auric cloud with but a vague appreciation of its import.

But when a Christ beholds the Promethean strug-



*J. James Tissot, Brooklyn Museum of Art*

*"O Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but you would not!"— Matt 23:37*

gles of poor blind humanity, what wonder that he cries, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how oft would I have gathered you under my wings!"

Unless we are prepared to become "men of sorrows," we should not wish for the extension of sight which enables its possessor to penetrate the opacity of the body revealing thereby the soul, for from thenceforth we are bound to bear our brother's burdens in addition to our own. But whoso becomes a *servant* has with all the sorrow also a joy and a peace that passeth all understanding.

When we have had our spiritual eyes opened, and have learned to see this heavenly vision, the Christ within the hearts of men, there are other steps that take us further along the path. When we learn to close our ears to the clashing and clamoring throng, to the quarrels of men over this, that, and the other unessential thing, when we have learned that the creeds, dogmas, and all earthly opinions are of no value, that there is only one voice in the universe worth listening to, the voice of our Father that speaketh ever to them that seek His face, then we shall be able to hear the Song of the Spheres, spoken of in the immortal *Faust* in the inspired words:

*The Sun intones His ancient song  
'Mid rival chant of Brother spheres,  
His predestined course He speeds along,  
In thunderous path throughout the years.*

As in the case of the photosphere of the Sun that is seen only during an eclipse when the physical orb has been obscured, so it is also with the Song of the Spheres—it is not heard till all other sounds have been silenced, for it is the Father's voice. And in this sublime harmony of the spheres the keynotes of Wisdom, Strength and Beauty reverberate through the whole Universe, and in these vibrations we live, move and have our being. Love divine pours out upon us in unstinted measure through each cosmic chord to cheer the despondent and urge the laggard.

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your father...ye are of more value than many sparrows."  
"Come unto me ye that are weak and heavy laden," rest upon the great cosmic heart of the Father. His voice shall comfort and strengthen the soul. Each year and age this great cosmic chant changes.

Each life we learn to sing a new song. God in all and through all works His miracles in nature and in man.

We are usually deaf to the magic wrought by the silent sound of the divine word, but if we can learn to hear, we shall sense the true nearness of Our Father, closer than hands and feet. We shall know that we are never alone, never out of His loving care.

As the Sun and planets give both light and sound, so man also has his keynote of light and sound. In the medulla burns a light like the flame of a candle, but it does not burn steadily, quietly, and silently; it pulsates, and at the same time it emits a sound which varies from birth to death and may be said never to be the same. As it changes, so do we change, for this sound is the keynote of the human being. In it expressed his hopes and his fears, his sorrows and his joys as they have been worked out in the physical world, for this fire is kindled by the

archetype of the physical body.

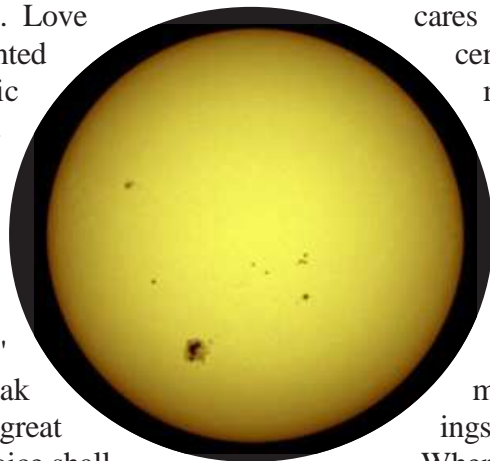
The archetype is a vacuous sphere, but by sounding a certain note it draws to itself all the physical concretions which we see here as its manifestation—the body which we call the man. In this sounding flame the greatest number of nerves in the human body have their root and origin. This place is the vital spot in man, the seat of life, the kernel of the shadow which Pastor Miller spoke about. When we find that point, we have almost reached the heart of the man.

To reach that supreme point, other steps are necessary; however, we are usually so wrapped up in our own interests, regardless of the interests and cares of other people, that we are self-centered. This must be overcome; we must learn to bury our own sorrows and joys, to stifle our own feelings, for just as the light of the Sun hides the photosphere, and the opaque physical body of man veils the beautiful auric atmosphere, so also our personal feelings and emotions and interests make us insensible to fellow feelings.

When we have learned to still the feeling of our own hearts, to think little of our own sorrows and joys, we begin to sense

the beating of the great Cosmic heart, which is now in travail to bring many sons to glory. The birth pangs of our Father-Mother in Heaven are sensed only by the Mystic in his highest and most sublime moments, when he has entirely stifled the selfish wailings of his own heart, for that is the strongest and most difficult enemy to overcome. But when that has been achieved he senses, as said, the Great Heart of our Father in Heaven. Thus step by step we approach the Light, even the Father of Lights in Whom there is "no shadow."

Let us make this very clear, that it may be a mark of some achievement to be able to see "the shadow"; it may mark a higher step in attainment to be able to hear "the voice in the silence"; but above everything, let us strive to feel the heart-beats of our fellows, to make their sorrows our own, to rejoice in their attainments and to guide them to our Father's bosom for peace and comfort. □



*Sun's Photosphere  
(with sunspots)*

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