

Though Your Sins be as Scarlet

AFTER I HAD GIVEN birth to my first child, the physician warned me that should another child be born to me it would in all probability cost me my life. Worse still, he told my husband. Would that I had paid no attention; would that the seed of a foul crime had never lodged in my mind! Thereafter I was afraid of the consequences which the birth of another child might entail. It was not death that I feared but the suffering. I could not endure that and I would not. I thought only of physical anguish.

Four years passed, and the deed was done. "The thing which I greatly feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come unto me!" (Job 3:25) The commandment, "Thou shalt not kill" was broken. Before the bar of eternal justice I now stood convicted of the heinous crime of abortion.

Coward-creature that I was to listen to the persuasions of physicians and friends! Who would share with me now the mental torture that knew no bounds? Doubly horrible was this sickening deed, for there had been not one but two little lives sacrificed upon the altar of abominable selfishness.

The hour of reckoning came now, and with terrific speed and effect. Thereafter the fearful specter of remorse departed not from my heart. This confession would not, perhaps, have ever been written but for the hope that it might serve as a warning to some other potential criminal—for there are many of them—who might otherwise allow herself to be led into a similar quagmire of sin.

I knew the evil of my act before the thing was done, but like the poet I bade my conscience be

still and, alas, my soul received a scarlet stain. I grew heartsick. It now mattered not to me that the sun continued to shine as brightly as before, that birds sang sweetly, that beautiful flowers bloomed. Friends vainly tried to cheer and comfort me.

My beloved child smiling into my eyes served only to remind me that I had wickedly deprived two other little ones, who should now be sharing equally with her my protection and love, the very opportunity of birth and the experience of earth life.

Waking life now mocked and tormented me until it became a burden almost too heavy to bear. Nightly I dreamed of little children. Every night, and all night long, I seemed to "mother" and worry about some little child. Often it was a sick and ailing little one I comforted.

Was the wretched deed that I had done responsible for the fact that each night as soon as I fell asleep I dreamed immediately of little children? I wondered. Was I forced to care for these little ones to expiate my sin? Or did I, of my own free will, as soon as I could escape from waking life, hasten to the heaven world where little children dwell, there to care for them because I loved them so? I was quite happy while I worked with children on the higher plane, but when I awoke to another day of remorse there seemed no sense, no purpose in life, and no hope.

Then it was that I remembered that which for so long I had forgotten—that the privilege of prayer was not denied me, unworthy though I was to claim it. But for what should I pray? For forgiveness? No, never! But for punishment rather, for a sure and speedy retribution! In an agony of

repentance and remorse I at last poured out my whole heart in supplication to Him Who said, "Come unto me...and I will give you rest," and "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

Providentially enough it was at this period—a wonderful turning point in my life—that I came in touch with the Rosicrucian Fellowship Teachings, and with all possible speed I set about applying the logic of that glorious Philosophy to the solving of my life problems. At that particular time it was the twin Laws of Rebirth and Consequence that impressed me. The Law of Rebirth was the "Ariadne's thread" by which I was enabled to unwind my way out of the maze of sin and difficulty into which I had wandered as a result of wrong-doing.

Wholeheartedly I set about reorganizing my scattered forces and readjusting my life in accordance with the principles of right living as taught in the Rosicrucian Philosophy—and with amazing results. To me the Teachings proved a boon that could not be overestimated, and before long, through prayer and meditation, I was enabled to bring my life, in a measure at least, into tune with the working of Nature's laws, which are the laws of God. Thereby I worked out my own salvation, as all must work out theirs.

Bringing the Law of Rebirth to bear upon the problem at hand, I earnestly prayed for the lost babies to return to me, but always I remembered to say, "Not my will, but Thine be done!" I was not only willing but also glad oh, how very glad, to offer my body as a living sacrifice in order that an Ego might have the opportunity to incarnate with a mother whose whole prayer was that she might be found worthy to receive it!

My supplication was quickly answered, and because it was, I rejoiced and was exceeding glad. I was to experience motherhood again, to be given a chance to expiate the wrong I had done, the one thing my Spirit desired above all others.

There is not much more to tell, only this, and from it the reader may draw his own conclusions. A few months later, on a midsummer afternoon while the Sun shone high in the heavens, there were laid on my bosom little twin girls! Not one, mind you, but two! In answer to my prayer? In

To My Son

You are my son, and yet not mine,
For Life has only loaned you to me for this
little while
That we might learn some lessons failed in
long ago.
If we have learned them well, I cannot judge,
Who see but this small segment of the whole.
I only know that I have loved you well,
And sometimes, or so I think, have loved you
wisely,
And I have sought to give you strength,
And that clean bravery which dares to do
The things the world derides,
And I have tried to set you free from faults
which bind,
And together we have walked a little way
Along the Path which leads to Life.
I know that I have failed in many ways
To build my dream-ideal of motherhood,
And yet I also know
That by these very failures you will learn.
Where not to tread.
And so, my son, I set you free;
I loose my hand from yours,
That you may walk alone.
My mother-work is done:
My trust is given back to That which gave,
For you have come to manhood's open plain
And need my guiding hand no more,
Until the turning Wheel shall bring us back
again
To learn new lessons in a land as yet unborn
And in that time, I wonder, shall we be only
friends,
Or will I carry you another time beneath
my heart?

—Rona Morris Workman

expiation of my sin? Let those scoff who wish to do so, but be it remembered that a few years before, I had been guilty of the crime of sacrificing not one but two little Egos on the altar of abominable selfishness. □

—C.B.B.