

## *Around the Planetary Peace Table*

**T**HUNDER ROLLED along the horizon for one final drumbeat. Lightning tore the heavens asunder and lit the solemn faces of the Planetary Lords gathered about the peace table.

Just then Mars came running in, with his helmet askew and his scarlet mantle ballooning behind him. In one quick move he unbuckled his mighty sword and sent it clattering into a far corner. Then he sat down near Mercury, the silver winged, and said loudly, "Wars are erupting like brushfire in dry weather, smoke gathers over the fields of battle, and peace conclaves are called! What we need is more action, not so much talk!"

Saturn, entering on the stroke of the cosmic hour, as became the Keeper of Time, bent a grave glance upon the impetuous Lord of Mars.

"Cease this rash frivolity," he commanded. It's time you attended the School of Wisdom, brother. Since when has action minus thought ever brought good? Talk in itself may be childish, but talk with a dedicated purpose moves worlds."

Lady Moon drew a wisp of cloud veil across her slim shoulders and said with mild patience, "Wait as I do, Young Lord, for the Old Ones to speak. Have you not caused enough damage with your undisciplined action? When all have contributed, then I, the Intermediary, shall do my part to fructify the seeds of peace among the men of the earth."

When the Lady Moon had ceased speaking, the kingly Sun arose, in a whirl of golden cloud draperies, and majestically advanced from his throne to the table. In royal tones he spoke:

"We meet to give our gifts to the planet Earth, so



William Blake (1757-1827), Illustration for Milton's "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," Nativity Ode 1, 1809, 25.5 x 19.3 cm, Whitworth Art Gallery, University of Manchester

### *The Descent of Peace*

*The birth of the Prince of Peace in a physical body has consequences not only for Earth but also for the harmonious effect of planetary energies as they impinge on the Earth.*

that peace shall become a reality in the hearts of her people. The Evil Powers have led them into the depths of selfishness and cruelty, but now great sorrow and suffering are bringing them to a realization of the folly of war. Peace shall come to earth."

He paused and drew from his hand a great ring of a single ruby, so radiant that it spilled glorious sunfire in all directions.

“This ring I give to symbolize the healing our suffering Earth must have before life can replace the death that follows selfishness. I bring her confidence in the power of good, prosperity, and success in right living. Take my life-giving gift, O Sorrowful Star. Weep no more. Arise.”

Then they heard a deep sigh as of one ceasing from bitter weeping, faintly borne upon the dawn wind, and they knew Earth was aware of the giving of the First Gift.

Now stately Jupiter came forward, his flowing robes shining with the blue of heaven. He placed upon the table a huge tin-covered tome, heavily inlaid with gleaming turquoise and amethyst and filled the far corners of the heavenly hall with sonorous tones of noble kindness as he spoke:

“I bring my gift for peace on Earth in this symbol of truth and wisdom found only in realms above the material. May our torn and bleeding sister planet use well my gift and build wiser in years to come, for no peace is permanent unless erected upon the truths of Spirit.” He faced the outer space which lay beyond and held out his mighty arms. “O Earth sister, here is my gift. Learn to walk happily in the ways of the higher self.”

Then through the darkness beyond came a faint glow, pulsing brighter and ever brighter, glad news that the Earth took new heart as she received the Second Gift.

Next came Saturn, with indigo garments contrasting strangely with the smooth chaste white of the onyx covered leaden box held between his knotted hands. Placing the box upon the table, he said slowly:

“I bring you new foundations made from the stern lessons of experience—endurance, patience, and chastity. Build well with my gift, for I, the Great Reaper, will require full payment at some future day. My gift I offer freely, yet you cannot partake of its treasures unless you learn to obey the laws of the universe. I sift you and weigh you, O people of Earth. Learn, and my gift will prove rich. Resist, and it shall bring only pain.”

Slowly the bent figure moved to his seat. There was a dead silence. Then from Earth came a groan, for the Third Gift was as myrrh of the Magi giving.

From her chair of yellow roses now stepped the

gracious Venus. Tiny cupids smilingly carried her lustrous golden train. Flowers sprang up at the touch of her fairy feet. Bluebirds flew about her. Her beautiful eyes shone softly as she glided near the table. She held an exquisite vase of gleaming copper, richly studded with agates, emeralds, opals, and diamonds, which she placed with the other gifts as she spoke in tones sweet and gentle.

“Here is my gift. Take it to your heart and cherish it, O Sad Planet, for with it comes harmony and affection—magnetic powers that will dissolve the germs of hate and make your hearts new. Here, O Sister, is love!”

And now, as the far light grew, a sudden soft music began within the changing vibrations of the Earth’s aura. It was a sign of the receiving of the Fourth Gift.

Then Mars arose slowly, bent forward and picked up his sword. His beetling brows wrinkled with intense thought. Then his proud face cleared. He strode forward, holding out the shining sword, as his voice rang like a bugle call.

“Take my sword, brothers. I need it no longer, since peace comes to reign. With it I pledge my organizing genius, my unconquerable courage, and my boundless energy. I give this sword of steel to be forged into things that bless instead of curse. Long ago, O Sister Earth, I would have given this had you called it forth. Now, with a brave spirit and dauntless strength, strive forward in eternal progress.”

He ceased as all the Planetary Lords broke into spontaneous applause, nodding their heads in deep approval. Down the distant wind came a mighty choral of human voices, as though men were united in singing a thanksgiving. The rosy light was now shot through with sparkles of diamond blue; the tense heavy atmosphere was lifting.

Then came Uranus with a mantle of rainbow blue tipped in crystal points of light so blindingly bright that none could bear to look long upon it. He, carried in his mighty arms a chest of chalcidony and opal—brilliant and strangely fascinating as it gleamed through his Aquarian aura. He set it down amid the gifts on the table and unclasped the lock. Instantly out shot a magnificent rainbow which hung in the air like a shimmering miracle of God.

“This is my gift,” said he. “The rainbow of hope for the grace of brotherhood which has now come to the Earth. In this prism of color lies the source-root of every country’s flag based on liberty, truth, and justice. I give my gift in the new awakening of all peoples to unity and equality, making a world government possible. With my lightning I purged you, O Sorrowful



Tapestry, 1909. Morris & Co. weavers. Based on painting of Sir Edward Burne-Jones (1833-1896), Birmingham Museums and Art Gallery, England

*Love Leading the Pilgrim*

Star. Now through my vision let me raise you up to that peace in Christ that passeth all understanding.”

The challenging words faded, but the rainbow grew in brightness, bent to stretch over immeasurable space, and came to rest upon the distant Earth. Then could be heard the ineffably sweet tones of the astral chimes ringing in the giving of the Sixth Gift.

Now Neptune moved forward with magical grace, his robes of iridescence and silver melting and breaking like waves of foam, his crown blazing with light. In his hands he bore a shining trident of platinum, set with aquamarines and corals of mystic beauty.

“Lo! my gift is this, great Lords,” came the lurking music of his voice. “A realization of divinity—an ideal of men to become gods. I bring initiation for those who thus seek the way of divine awareness. In the offering of this gift, I lift you up, O Sister Earth, so that you may know the wonders of divinity.”

Upon this, there came a great symphonic music out of the mysterious void so vast, so overwhelming, as to sweep through the Hall in waves of unearthly beauty that made every heart tremble for the joy that it envisioned. The stars were singing

their great cosmic upswelling to the Father-Mother Spirit.

And this was the giving of the mystic Seventh Gift.

Up strode the dark Lord Pluto, in dusky red garments cunningly woven in black with mysterious designs. From his somber brow a polished lodestone emanated terrifying sparks of fire; a jewel of gleaming malachite and red jasper looked out from his breast like a huge eye. He held his cupped hands closed, then slowly opened them as he whispered the words:

“See I give the seed which all must plant. Herein lies the mystery of birth, death, and regeneration. I give it, though I know Earth man is yet unable to realize the fullness of its message. I must give it so that man may be taught the mysteries of transmutation and thus be prepared to use the secrets yet to be revealed to him. Take this seed, O men of Earth, and in its planting pray to see life in truth—life transmuted from base to realms divine. Carefully tend the seed Pluto gives you!”

Now came a sound as of a giant seed breaking through the crust of ground with its new-sprouting power, and from that far spot gleamed a tiny gold ray. This was the giving of the Eighth Gift.

Into the pregnant silence now stepped Mercury, with his staff of climbing wisdom, winged shoes,

and silver cap. Light as flashing quicksilver were his brilliant words that made such a contrast to the gloomy Lord of Death.

“I bear a gift as invisible as air!” he proclaimed. “I shall give to the people of our Sister Planet a pair of wings to lift their minds, to give them a memory of all they have seen and an image to create what they will become. By means of my gift men shall use thought and reason and never again give credence to the madness of war. Earth Star, I give you these wings.”

He flung wide his arms, and a pair of wings, resembling a violet and golden butterfly, flashing with crystals, seemed to fly down to rest among the other gifts.

From the Earth came a clear murmur of approval. And this was the giving of the Ninth Gift.

Finally came the Lady Moon, in flowing robes of green and silver, flecked with pale moonstones and opalescent pearls. Her fair face glowed with an inner radiance as she floated light as a moonbeam

to the pile of noble gifts given by the Planetary Lords.

With one sweep of her bright arms, she embraced these symbolic offerings, and cried, “Now, at last I may give my gift! Through my magic touch the children of Earth shall receive your gifts and nurture them to full maturity in their hearts. Angels shall attend them until they come to join the ranks of the gods. Peace flows in the music of my moonlight—wisdom, peace, love, and brotherhood. Here are your gifts, O Sister Earth.”

She rose to a magnificent height, with stars in her compassionate eyes and trailing moon clouds far behind her, gathered all the glory of the heavens to her tender bosom where rested the treasure of a lordly host, and then descended with the speed of light into the dimness until she was naught but a spark in the outer spaces.

There ensued a long and vibrant hush. Then spoke a Voice from the infinite heights above: “Peace on earth, good will to men.” □

—Marguerite A. Wing

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