

## *The Language of Flowers*

### *Peace: A Legend of the Golden Rod*

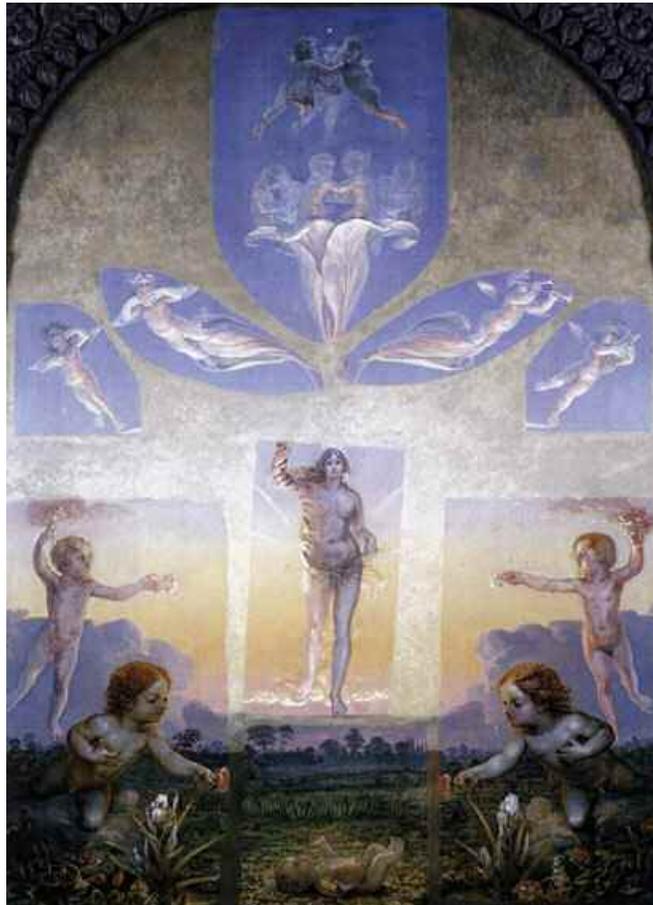
*“My soul, there is a countrie  
Afar beyond the stars  
Where stands a winged sentrie  
All skillful in the wars.  
There above noise and danger,  
Sweet peace sits crowned with smiles  
And One born in a manger  
Commands the beauteous files.”*  
—Henry Vaughn

**A**S MAN IS LEARNING to understand and commemorate the mystery of the changing seasons, so also the angels know and keep sacred vigil at these holy times. We must ever remember, however, that the angelic life wave touches a much higher plane of spiritual consciousness than that of the human. Consequently the angels know a deeper meaning and receive a greater inflow of spiritual ecstasy at the time of the four seasonal solar festivals.

As man worked in ages past with the animal kingdom, and helped in the formation of animal bodies, so are the angels giving their ministrations to the kingdom of plants.

One of their most joyous tasks has been to embody within the flower kingdom the highest ideals and noblest conceptions of man. Joyously they have woven all the fragrance and beauty of his highest thoughts and deeds into flower-symbols of tender loveliness.

How gladsome is their rejoicing when they dis-



Oil on canvas, 1809-10, Philipp Otto Runge, Kunsthalle, Hamburg

#### *The Great Morning*

*“Our joy in flowers is derived from paradise. Thus every flower has for us a special significance, assuming human features which we associate with our joy.”—Philipp Runge*

cover one who, though still wearing a garment of flesh, is able to see and understand their work with the flowers, and to interpret the mystic messages which are inscribed upon each colorful petal.

There is a time of the year which the scientists term the autumn equinox and which the mystic knows as the season of the great spiritual inflow. The angels, too, reverently observe this sacred festival, for they are privileged to see from their high place in the etheric realms that great Ray of Light which gradually descends upon the earth, enveloping and suffusing the planet until, to eyes not blinded with the veil of mortality, it appears to

become a body of radiant, vibrant gold.

This light grows brighter and more powerful until it penetrates into the very heart of the earth. It is then that the angels can no longer contain their great joy for the work of redemption which they know is being accomplished both for man and the planet upon which he dwells. And so they fill all the world with their songs of rejoicing.

Sometimes there are those who are pure enough to glimpse this great Light and to catch an echo of this angelic chorus, and have called this time of spiritual ecstasy the Holy Night.

The angels labored long and reverently in the work of transmitting a bit of the essence of this Divine Light into its spiritual prototype, the flowers. At last their work was complete and in soft, feathery plumes of golden radiance there blooms each year in the autumn time the flower that symbolizes the Great Impulse. Gleaming in the yellow tones of the Christ's own color, the golden rod breathes forth a reflection of the rays from the Sun.

An ancient Gaelic legend gives to September the synonym of peace because this was the month of the Immaculate Conception of Him whose name is Peace. To commemorate this truth in flowers the angels have given to the earth a preponderance of golden blossoms in the autumn time.

A poet has caught this message and sings: "Oh, Peace! the fairest child of heaven,/ To whom the sylvan reign was given."

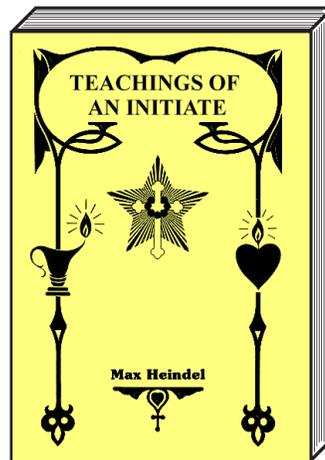
During the months in which the golden light of the Christ is suffusing the earth, the angels have wreathed it in blossoms of the same lovely hue. Chief among these is the golden rod which carries the message of the new ingress of Life and Light, when "peace is on the earth and in the air."

These brilliant blossoms, woven by the angels to bear the message of the annual sacrifice of the Christ, were aptly chosen as the national flower by a great pioneering people of the new world whose ideal is Peace and whose dream is Fellowship. And so it is that during the sacred months of the ingress, this lovely symbol of its coming gives forth the glad tidings in showers of blossoms, and heralds in its beauty that angelic chorus so soon to be sounding: "Peace on earth and good will among men." □

—Corinne S. Dunklee

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