

ASTROLOGY

Love, The Temple Builder

ON HOLY NIGHT 1920 at 12 midnight, the Rosicrucian Fellowship Healing Temple was dedicated. On that night, at 11:13, the Moon entered the sign of Cancer. This is of the greatest significance, for Cancer is the sphere of the soul, as Max Heindel has explained, and every stone of our beloved temple must be permeated with the living essence of our souls.

The temple was built with by human industry and generosity. On the rays of Neptune the inspiration was received from the Great Ones in the Invisible Worlds, but the material form had to be shaped by us. Many had a hand in fashioning the temple struc-

Services in the Rosicrucian Fellowship Temple, the Ecclesia, have been held each day from the time of its opening. With the exception of Solstice, Equinox, New and Full Moon Services, the services are specifically for Healing. Once a week, when the moon is in or about to enter a cardinal sign, the concentration keyword is "Healing." During the other six days, a different text is read (called simply "The Temple Service,") and the concentration theme is "Divine Love and Healing." December 24, 2003 will mark the eighty-third anniversary of the first service. Max Heindel purchased the land for the International Headquarters in Oceanside for the primary purpose of conducting spiritual healing. As he writes in the June, 1911 Letter to Students, composed before the formal founding date of the Fellowship (October 28, 1911): "We have named this beauty spot of nature, 'Mt. Ecclesia,' and a building fund has already been started to erect suitable buildings: a School of Healing, a Sanitarium, and last but not least, a place of worship—an Ecclesia, where the Spiritual Panacea may be prepared and sent all over the world to be used by properly qualified helpers." This article appeared in the February 1921 Rays and sets the tone for the Rosicrucian student's work in the world—through loving service facilitated by the intelligent use of Astrology.



Ecclesia Interior, 1920s

The etheric temple, made without sound of hammer, is continually being built with the loving thoughts of members from around the world.

ture, some by the loving labor of their hands, many more by the ardor of their thoughts.

However, the beautiful form will remain but an inanimate combination of perfect geometrical lines unless we fill it with life. We must continue building, building the temple within the temple, so that the lofty, lovely structure of our Ecclesia may be imbued with a soul equal in loftiness and loveliness.

This temple soul is constructed under Jupiter, the builder of souls. First we must build our own souls and then dedicate them as living building stones for the temple soul.

What a task, what a responsibility! But as the “wisdom and the vision” have come to us through the divine rays of Neptune, so the “power” will come through the benevolent rays of Jupiter—provided always that we respond to them.

Cancer has three ruling planets: the Moon is at home in Cancer, Jupiter and Neptune are exalted there. These planets symbolize the threefold constitution of man: body, soul, and spirit. The changeable Moon stands for the body, for this “mortal coil” of matter which is laid aside at death and put on afresh in a different form at each rebirth. The

divine Neptune stands for the spirit, for the eternal ego which “never was born and never will cease to be.” And Jupiter represents the soul which is created within the mortal body, but incorporated into the immortal spirit.

Through the Moon in Cancer the ego is born and reborn into its transitory earthly home; through Jupiter it fashions the only lasting possession gained in this earth life and taken over into its permanent heavenly home; namely, the imperishable soul.

The soul is the extract of all our good thoughts, words, and deeds which, after the death of the body, is amalgamated with the spirit. It is entirely of our making, but through the union with the spiritual ego at the mystic wedding, it becomes immortal as the spirit which is of God’s making

Neptune gives us the soul-building faculty of epigenesis, Jupiter furnishes us with the power to apply this faculty. Neptune inspires, Jupiter constructs.

Jupiter is the least understood among the nine planets, just as the process of soul building is the most mysterious of all, and the astrologer who rightly sees in Jupiter the benign star whose rays give “peace and plenty” must learn from the Mystic Mason the hidden reason why the great benefic protects and heals and blesses with abundance.

Two spheres amongst the twelve are presided over by three stars, namely Cancer and Pisces. In both spheres we find Neptune, the planet of the spirit, united with Jupiter the planet of the soul. But in Pisces the exalted Venus represents the body, a body rarified, beautiful, healthy, pure, quickened in all its fibers beyond the rate of the denser moon vehicle—a body endowed with these superior qualities because generated under a trine or sextile from the Moon to Venus and from Venus to Jupiter—a body made by love.

What is love? Since those days of old when the man and the woman wilfully defied the guardianship of the angels and scorned the sanctuaries where they were wisely mated, have they asked each other this question in the moonlight and vainly sought the answer while passion held their eyes fixed dustward under a square from Mars to the Moon or a parallel of Mars and Venus.

What is love? Only the pure vision undimmed by

selfishness and sexual desire and lifted up to starlit heights can read the answer which is written in the heavens when Venus blazes in a white sextile to Neptune, Neptune forms a glorious transmuting trine to Mars, and the body-building Moon is in conjunction with the soul-building Jupiter. The lovers of the new age find a reflection of the heavens in one another’s eyes, and through the great, great stillness of this new love, whose peace is as sweet as that of the heavenly homeland, there rings the answer, solemn as an eternal vow, jubilant as the bells of Christmas: “*God is love.*”

And this is what the new man and the new woman say to one another in the moonlight, “I love thee, my dear one, because thou art a part of God, as I am. From God we came, as searching pilgrims; to God we shall return, triumphant conquerors ; in God’s love we abide; in God’s love we are united—thou and I. And because I love the Godhead in thee and thou findest God in me, there is no allurement for us in the selfish seclusion where passion and pleasure dwell; joyously we bid all living creatures to come and share our love. Because I love thee I do not keep thee to myself, but I give thee to the world that thou mayest love the world and serve the world as thou lovest and servest me. The smile of happiness which thou hast kindled in my eyes radiates forth to all my brothers and sisters of the great universal family. The sweet words of kindness which thou hast awakened on my lips are passed on to all my fellow beings.”

“Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will toward all mankind.”

Oh, how the narrow home love engendered by the moon in Cancer widens into love universal; how the personal Venus love between man and woman expands into fellowship with all the world!

The benign star of universal good will, the planet of love expansion, is Jupiter. He, the magnanimous, makes the heart big and wide so that it may hold a full measure of world embracing compassion. Thus he prepares the race for the New Age of soul union and universal brotherhood over which Uranus presides. Under the fruitful rays of Jupiter the small home bud of human love grows into the world flower of love divine, and under the fiery trine from Sagittarius to Leo, the spirit fire in the

heart of the man and the woman is kindled at the flame in the heart of the universe.

Through Jupiter we receive the baptism both of water and of fire.

The object of baptism is purification. Not until our eyes have been laved in the water of tears and our minds purged in the fire of suffering can we perceive the unity of each with all. As long as we see and seek self and the gratification of its desires we are unable to recognize that unifying love which is God. Therefore, Jupiter, the benevolent, is ruler over the house of sorrow.

In Shakespeare's astrological drama *Cymbeline*, the planetary spirit of Jupiter descends riding on the back of an eagle, and the benign God gives utterance to these words: "Whom best I love, I cross, to make my gifts the more delayed, delighted."

Jupiter's attribute is the hammer. When he wields it, thunder and lightning fall down and shake the trembling earth with the fear and terror of destruction. But after the storm has swept past, the grateful earth smiles through tears, renewed, beautiful. And a rainbow stands in the skies, a promise from God to man, a bridge of love spanning the gulf between earth and heaven.

"The benign ruler of the sorrowful sign of Pisces chastens his children in order to bless them. The strokes of his hammer are terrible, but the chains of self which hold us in bondage are so strong that mighty blows alone can break them. The lessons to be taught through the sign of tears, of sorrow, of bondage, and of compassion have to be learned under the hammer of pain. In the forge of sorrow the armor of self is destroyed and the soul smithied into living gold."

Jupiter's hammer is shaped like a cross, but lo, attached to it in upward flight there is the winglike symbol of the soul (♃).

Jupiter wields his hammer in a twofold direction.

Swung downward it destroys, swung upward it constructs. Jupiter, the destroyer of self, is the constructor of the soul.

The mason's T square is in the form of a cross. Jupiter, builder of souls, is the star of the Mystic Mason. Initiation, over which Jupiter, the teacher, presides in Sagittarius, includes instruction in building. An initiate is a skilled builder, a builder of qualities in the soul and of vehicles *for* the soul.

Jesus was a carpenter. But the Greek word for carpenter is *tehton*, and *tehton* means builder, a temple builder, who with the silent tools of the mystic artisan fashions the indestructible materials of the inner planes into holy dwelling houses for the soul-wedded spirit.

The rays of Uranus set the atoms of the light ether spinning, the rays of Neptune those of the reflecting ether. Of those two higher ethers the soul body is being formed, the golden wedding garment, the robe of our glory in which we shall greet the Master. And the building song, whose rhythms guide the carpenter so that he may group the priceless etheric materials into an abiding structure of perfect harmony, is intoned by Jupiter. Do you hear it burst forth from the pure lips and the devoted heart of the Mystic Mason? Do you see him standing high upon the temple dome, illumined, transfigured, a

halo around him, woven by the rays of the setting sun? His face is turned westward. Behind the setting splendor of the physical sun he sees arising the Sun of the Spirit, the mystic Star of Bethlehem, and exultantly he greets it—greets it with his life song which is *love*.

God is the architect of the universe, and the constructive force by which He fashions it is love. There is no other force for creative construction, and he who wants to build eternal edifices in unison with God must build by love. Such structures are



The Carpenter

In the case of both St. Paul, a tentmaker, and Jesus, a carpenter, their manual skills were outward signs of an inward ability to both conceive and construct thought structures and to build the soul body through loving service.

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unassailable; and their atoms are grouped together and held together by the highest vibratory rate known in the universe, and the lower frequency in all attacking forces cannot harm nor derange their harmonious order. "Love never faileth." It *cannot* fail because it is both the highest Power and the highest Force existing in heaven, on earth, and throughout the infinitudes of star-filled space. Love is God, it is Life itself. Outside of love no life is possible, only a semblance of existence, imperfect, perishable, and unreal.

Why do our physical bodies die, why are they destroyed by sickness, marred by deformity? Because they were not made by love. God's love, descending from the spirit world through Neptune, intended them to be living temples, but the divine Neptunian ray cannot reach and blend with the fecund Moon ray at the hour of conception unless it be transmitted through the love ray of Venus-Jupiter. As long as it is deflected by the passion ray of Mars a crumbling prison house is built instead of an immortal temple.

And these passion-made, disease-rent bodies come to the Master Healer, and they come to us, His humble ministers, and they cry out in anguish, "Make us whole." Disease is destruction. If we want to heal we must reconstruct. The supreme constructive force is love, and love alone can heal the thousand ailments of the love-starved world.

Christ Jesus is the perfect healer because He is perfect in love. The holy name of Jesus means, "God heals." God is love, and through the expectant silence of our Savior's birthnight there sounds the message of promise: Love heals. All the voices of nature take it up; it is repeated, by all suffering creation. Hark! how it rings out from our new temple, this Christmas promise of the healing love.

Rejoice, O world, love heals! This is the rhythm which has fashioned our Ecclesia. Our Temple is the embodied promise of healing through love.

At the Holy Midnight, the sign of Virgo arises, and the Christmas Sun stands in Capricorn.

Virgo and Capricorn, the spheres of purity and of sacrifice, are the signs through which the healing love rays of Christmas are focussed. Both Jesus, the human, and Christ, the divine, have that love which is so pure that it knows no greater glory than sacri-

ficial giving, giving to the other: "Behold, when I give, I give myself," and "greater love hath no man than that he give his life for his brother."

This love is all encompassing, universal; it includes not only the human race but the whole of creation; it smiles upon the least little brother. Pisces and Virgo, Sagittarius and Gemini, rule our relations to our younger brothers, the animals. The compassionate Good-Will learned under Jupiter through the sorrow of Pisces embraces all that lives. Peace on earth cannot be established until man recognizes the unity of life and venerates God in all His children.

And our mute animal brothers, the abused, the sorrowful, the tortured, the agonized, they know the Christmas message of the healing love. There is a beautiful legend which tells that at the Holy Midnight all the animals in fields and woods, in pastures and mangers, bend their knees before their Savior, the ban of their dumbness is lifted, they speak, they give praise, and he who loves them can understand the utterance of their rejoicing souls.

Ah, he who loves! The keynote of Christmas is love, and if we vibrate to it, the mystic, moonlit wonders of the Holy Night are revealed to us.

On Christmas we celebrate the descent of the loving Christ Spirit in whom God's love is perfected, and the birthday of the loving Jesus in whom human love found its sublimest expression. Jesus was the first perfect man. His body, immaculately conceived, was so purified by selfless, sacrificial love that it vibrated to the very pitch of the Sun Spirit, and as the first master builder of our evolution, he had through love fashioned within himself the glorious, golden, immortal soul body. His birth occurred nearly two thousand years ago, but the fragrance of his holiness still lingers with us; for the aura of a saint is imperishable, and he was the greatest of all saints. At the Christmas season when the Christ draws into the jubilant planet, and with him the very essence of love divine, the aura of Jesus, the man, mingles with the aura of Christ, the God, and the protective influence of this combined love aura is so great that it is projected into the nights before Christmas and extends over the nights after Christmas, from the time the Sun enters Capricorn until the twelfth night following.

These twelve nights are set apart from all other nights of the year, and Shakespeare, the initiate, writes of them in Hamlet:

*Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.*

The unassailable peace of the Holy Night, in which all evil comes to naught before the power of love, is prophetic of the New Age when "under the iridescent glory of the Uranian sky, luminous with the soft glow of a never fading light, a regenerated, united mankind will unfold wings of immortality; and ever youthful beings, radiant in their golden wedding garments, will live in peace beyond understanding and in plenty beyond measure."

If we but love enough, we are invincible. No harm can penetrate an aura made by love. If we but love enough, we draw to ourselves all good gifts bestowed by Jupiter, the opulent planet. He gives us a lasting opulence of soul qualities, and with the opulence of our own souls we shall endow the soul of our Temple. If we but love enough we shall receive the panacea. If we but love enough we shall heal the race. And our Temple shall stand forever—a bulwark of the Christ, a stronghold of the New Age—If we but love enough. □

—Margaret Wolff

THE CHURCHMAN always emphasizes the necessity of faith, while the Statesman emphasizes, and places his reliance on, work. But when faith flowers into work, we reach the highest ideal of expression. Humanity may, and does, admire lofty sentiment and brilliant oratory; but when a Lincoln unbinds the shackles of a down-trodden race or when a Luther revolts in behalf of the fettered spirits of humanity and secures religious freedom for them, the outward action of these emancipators reveals a beauty of soul never discernible in those who soar in cloudland, but fear to soil their hands by actual work in the temple of

humanity. The latter are not true temple-builders and would be unable to gain inspiration from the sight of that wonderful temple described by Manson in *The Servant in the House*. The author calls him "Man-son;" this may mean that he regards him as the Son of Man, but it may also be that he meant Mason, for the Servant in the House was also a temple-builder. It is wonderful what insight the author of the play must have had when he planned the scene where his servant, the workman in love with his work, tells the worldly minded Churchman, who is full of platitudes and as vile as a whited sepulcher, of the temple which he, the workman, built. This conception is a mystic gem and we append it for the reader's meditation:

"I am afraid you may not consider it an altogether substantial concern. It has to be seen in a certain way, under certain conditions. Some people never see it at all, for you must understand this is no dead pile of stones and unmeaning timber; IT IS A LIVING THING.

"When you enter it you hear a sound as of some mighty poem chanted. Listen long enough and you will hear that it is made up of the beating of human hearts, of the nameless music of men's souls; that is, if you have ears. If you have eyes you will presently see the church itself, a looming mystery of many shapes and shadows leaping sheer from floor to dome, the WORK OF NO ORDINARY BUILDER.

"The pillars of it go up like the brawny trunks of heroes; the sweet human flesh of men and women is molded about its bulwarks, strong, impregnable. The faces of little children laugh out from every cornerstone; the terrible spans and arches of it are the joined hands of comrades; and up in the heights and spaces are inscribed the numberless musings of all the dreamers in the world.

"It is yet building, building and built upon. Sometimes the work goes forward in deep darkness, sometimes in blinding light, now beneath the burden of unutterable anguish, now to the tune of great laughter and heroic shoutings like the cry of thunder. Sometimes in the night one may hear the tiny hammerings of the comrades at work in the dome—THE COMRADES THAT HAVE GONE ALOFT."

—Max Heindel,

Freemasonry and Catholicism, pp. 28-29