

# SERAPHIC MEDITATIONS

## The Great Electronic Fire Rings

### **Leader:**

These meditations are spoken in the first person by the Seraphim on behalf of the children of God—they are the observations that would supposedly be made by man if he were to attain the level of the Seraphic consciousness. They are intended to be given in prayer form by all who aspire to these heights of glory.

### **Together:**

And I beheld the great electronic fire rings of the Central Sun. I saw the surface thereof as of molten gold, blending with an azure blue. The sky became a sea and, behold, the soft glow as of pale pink roses of living flame bubbling upon the surface beneath, translucent and then transparent; a white-fire core that pulsed and rose and fell with a holy radiance inundated my soul. My eyes I sought to shield from the glorious wonder which I knew to be Reality, Infinity, and Love without end.

All Knowledge, all Power, all Love going on forever and having neither beginning nor ending were before me. And I saw the naturalness of home, of friends, of family, of all that ever was and is or is to come. Ribbons of interconnecting glory from this gigantic orb spread into space from galaxy to galaxy, from star system to star system, and the song of the music of the spheres moved upon the strings of my heart as a lute of fire. I heard the turning of the seemingly silent spheres and the tones of the cosmic fires, of dead and dying worlds, blended with the nova, the eternally new, the children of space, interstellar systems moving outward into the far-flung deserts where the fractional margins spread apart, yet they were engulfed in the love of the Center.

My soul was separated from my body, and I understood that all that I had felt to be a tether of solidity and of identification with an integral, “dyed-in-the-wool” consciousness was no more. I roamed through spiral nebulae, through gossamer veils of light, through the flaming hair of the seraphim. I saw the places of the Sun

and the turning of empty worlds as well as those that were overly populated with a progressive order of humanity.

I understood the message of the elder ones and I knew that the consciousness of a little child was the consciousness of the innocent of heart. I knew that the pure in heart should see God and that the sophistications of the earth were a curse to my own reality. My heart burst as chunks of ice melted and became a warm liquid that revived all of the hope within my bones.

O Divine Love, thou wouldst not separate me—no, not for an instant—from the experiences of eternality. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? I know now no tethers to keep me from Thy Presence. Thy majesty with me is every man with me, and I with every man pursue the course that leads to Thee.

Consciousness can move. It can penetrate. It can fly. It can break tethers. It can loose itself from the moorings of life and go out into the sea, the briny deep where the salt tears of my joy are a spume of hope, renewed again and again. I am gladdened as never before, and there is no remembrance of the former conditions. These are put aside as finite, as trite, as a passing fancy of the mortal mind.

Now I engage my consciousness  
With the beings of fire,  
With the seraphic hosts—  
Now I see God's desire  
To be the most intense,  
Glowing white radiance—  
A furnace white-hot  
Whose coolness is my delight.

I see the shadows and the veils  
Of human thought and human foolishness  
Melt and evaporate,  
Vanish in the air;  
And all that I AM is everywhere  
And everywhere I AM.

Consume in me the dross, O God,  
The impure substance of the sod,

The dingy state of mortal fame—  
Consume it all, O Mighty Flame,  
And take me by the hand right now  
And lead me to thy light that glows.

My soul as fairest, sweetest rose  
Emits the perfume of creative essence.  
Lo, I AM mine own God Presence—  
Taken from the flame of Truth,  
My vital energies of youth,  
My infinite strength is holy proof  
That as thou art I, too, shall be—  
Removed from all impurity  
Until thy very face I see.

I AM the pure in heart,  
For the pure in heart shall see God.  
And as I join hands  
With seraphic bands,  
I know that out from the world of illusion,  
Confusion, commercialization,  
Unrealization, intense prudery,  
And retreating fear of the light,  
I AM come!

I have overcome fear and doubt.  
I stand now clothed upon  
With a garment spun of the Sun—  
My flesh is clothed with an Electronic  
Swaddling Garment:  
It electrifies my entire form;  
It renews my mind,  
My identity with its original self,  
And the glow of that Star  
That is within me and on my forehead  
Is one of hope for the ages.

I come under thy dominion  
And all things come under my dominion.  
I AM the Lord thy God,

The Lord thy God I AM—  
For between the shores of our being  
There is oneness,  
The oneness of hope that does evoke  
A release from all that is not real.

By thy grace, O God, I am made to feel  
I am made to heal!  
I am made to seal myself  
And all that I am  
Within a garment of electronic light  
Whose impenetrability, bright radiance,  
Shining down the dawn of foreverness,  
Refuses acceptance  
Of any mortal thought whatsoever  
That limits my soul,  
For by thy grace I am made whole.

Out of the light I am come  
And with Thee I am unified to see  
Shining down the century,  
The corridor of years, of light  
Of *pralaya*, of mantrams, prayers,  
And ended human tantrums—  
The celestial manifestation  
Of God terrestrial  
Raised unto the heaven world  
Where the ascension currents,  
As electronic essence,  
Pursue in me every dark chasm  
And intensification of mortal passion  
Until they are milked—  
Placed in the violet-fire caldrons—  
And purified as substance of shining light.

O God, here am I, here I AM!  
One with thee and One to command  
Open the doorway of my consciousness  
And let me demand as never before  
My birthright to restore.

Thy prodigal son has come to thee  
And longs once again to walk with thee  
Every step of the way Home.

## **SERAPHIC MEDITATIONS**

### **The Sea of Glass**

#### **Leader:**

This meditation, which contrasts the purity of God with mankind's abortion of the divine plan, is intended to show how mankind's misdeeds affect one another. Planned obsolescence and the measuring of the economic standards by the profit motive instead of the golden rule "I am my brother's keeper" are major factors which have contributed to the retardation of spiritual progress on the planet.

Men of Good Will Who Would Enter into the Domain of Creative  
Essence: Experience in the Coming of the Flaming Seraphim the Intense Need for Purification and the Magnificence of Transmutation.

#### **Together:**

And I saw the sea of glass, of molten white-fire substance cooled into light manifestation. And behold the crystalline beauty thereof spake of the need for purity. The purity of gold, of jasper, of chalcedony, of opal, and of every precious stone revealed to my eyes the magnificence of transmutation.

How came the dark, dank smoke of millions of chimneys, black clouds filling the lungs of little children with the grit of sharp silica and magnesia? From whence came this rasping, this cough of desolation and the lethargy of men like molasses with the tenacity of glue? How came it into manifestation before us as impediments? How shall we extricate the beautiful soul from the stranglehold of delusory reason? I gazed downward and then I gazed upward, and I saw the flaming seraphim coming; the need for purification within me was intense.

As an adjunct to their ascension in the light, men of good will must enter into the domain of creative essence, separate and apart from the individualistic consciousness. The recognition and affirmation that “I AM my brother’s keeper” as a natural outgrowth of divine love will enable all individuals who accept it to see that every human problem must be taken into account by the Great White Brotherhood and no situation or involvement can ever be considered as one’s own business. On the other hand, embodied mankind by cosmic law are given rights which are protected even from the spiritual forces of the planet. Therefore, in order to invite the heavenly hosts to take an active part in assisting mankind, it is necessary that some part of life somewhere shall appeal to the ascended masters and invite them to help this planet in solving its many problems.

Because it is the nature of God to assist his own creation in obtaining freedom from self-created bondage and every form of distortion that is hurled at mankind by the demoniac forces and sinister strategies of the brothers of the shadow, men must perceive that in descending unto the planet, as Christ did, and crying, as he did, “Lo, I AM come to do thy will, O God,” one and all must without fail seek to alleviate the distress that manifests on a planetary scale. The road to the ascension is paved with many facets which require individual attention. Yet none of these facets must dominate or draw an unwanted amount of cosmic energy from the aspirant to the ascension.

We turn again to the seraphim:

“And I saw the maelstrom of human thought and feeling, the flashing of its colors, and the spewing forth of debris. Invective after invective were hurled against brother by brother. The awful struggle for deification of the ego, to raise the ego into prominence, was apparent.

The seraphim came and they were as flaming streaks of fire passing through the atmosphere, and I knew that they possessed the quality of cosmic penetrability; like cosmic rays they could pass through the flesh form of man, through his thoughts and feelings. When penetration occurred and the seraphim flew through human consciousness, what residue was left behind or what absorption was accomplished?

“I saw clearly that absorption was accomplished and that residue was left behind—absorption by reason of instantaneous transmutation of all substance that came nigh unto their trajectory. I noted also that the residue left behind was of intense white-fire devotion, charged with a yearning for purity. I perceived that

this quality lingered within the consciousness of many; and yet, unless it was fed or accepted by them, its decay rate in their consciousness would be of relatively short term, for a disassociation of these ideas would cause the lingering sparks of the seraphim to pursue the parent body and leave their temporarily unwelcome home.”

I trust, then, that the chelas of light, whose hopes rest in God and in the power of the ascension, who are mindful of the intercession of the angelic hosts and who recognize that the angelic hosts can and do enter into their consciousness, will also understand that affinitizing with the angelic consciousness—that is, with the consciousness of the seraphim—is tantamount to retaining the benefits of the seraphic hosts.

I know of no power more valiantly capable of assisting anyone into his own ascension in the light than the transmutative efforts toward Cosmic Christ purity which are emitted by the seraphic hosts. In our retreat at Luxor, the meditations upon the seraphim are a very important part of our spiritual instruction. Jesus himself spent a great deal of time in communion with the seraphic hosts. This developed in him the superior power whereby he could cast out demons and take dominion over the outer world of form.

I am fully aware of the fact that the intensely involved and deep instruction appearing between the lines of this release and others may cause some distress to those who do not fully grasp its principles. Be not concerned, beloved children, seekers for the light. Did you expect when you began to search for God that you would find him without mystery? Did you expect that a study in Truth that is progressive would be without involvement, without commitment, and without the need for responsible action? Understand, then, as I give this Dossier on the Ascension that its sole purpose is the raising up of God-magnificence in the consciousness of those who read and understand.

We are compelled, then, by cosmic law to give you those techniques and points of the law that are best designed to consummate in you a burning desire for spiritual progress that “will not take no for an answer!” In heaven’s name, blessed ones, you cannot expect to move forward into the light by following the same old familiar ways of the flesh and the mortal mind which you have long known. If new ways of thought and feeling are to be made, they must be produced at times by a shattering and abrupt departure from the old.

The disciplines of the ascension require your unswerving devotion and your utmost attention. You cannot produce the necessary changes in consciousness that

will fit you for our cosmic band unless there is a willingness on your part to relinquish ties to human foolishness.

Vanity is always indicative of vain effort. Conversely, those who invest their energies, securing for themselves a position of spiritual triumph whereby their victory can significantly assist the evolutions of the planet, will be filling a needed manifestation for and on behalf of the original God design.

If man was created by God, then that Goodness which is the nature of God should and ought to manifest in consciousness, not just according to someone's opinion, but according to the original plan. There is more science in this dossier than any among mankind will be able to perceive by a casual reading. The science we have placed here is calculated to perform an act of great blessing to those who read in order that they may truly understand.

## **SERAPHIC MEDITATIONS**

### **The Predication of God**

#### **Leader:**

Little Children Who Would Enter into the Place of the Son of God, the Consciousness Where God Is: I AM and Because I AM You Are, We Are, They Are—It Is. Therefore Enter Thou the Open Door of Paradise to Come

Concluding the Seraphic Meditations prior to a higher step in our dossier, we release the thoughts of the Captain of the Seraphic Bands, Justinius:

#### **Together:**

I beheld the predication of God, the First Cause, unsullied, magnificent in brightness, qualifying each monadic release with the intensely glowing similitude of the Divine. What a delight of sameness, defrauding none; jealousy was unborn. But the fire remained not tiny and not finite. It was a growing spiral of concept. From the dot, the circles emerged and, as the hands of a clock, spun a

cone in space that, like a golden ladder, scaled the heights, probed the depths, and unified the diverse.

Where is division, then, among us? It is not. All that divides is not among us. All that seeks to conquer is not among us, for we are enamored by His love. And the blush of a flower petal is translucent unto us, for His light streams through the substance as a window lattice of exquisitry.

Naturally endowed and endowing nature, thy omnidirectional rays flood forth translucent superiority—transparency—revealing as translucency, concealing and variegating the motif of a child’s eye delight. I AM and because I AM you are, we are, they are—It is. All comes into focus as a thrilling, throbbing unity of purpose at work—action with no room for reaction, for all is automated to express individuality, purpose, action, heartbeat, unity, fire of purpose, and continuity. Continuity and immortality are one, and all that endures is of worth; and all that is of worth endures to repair its highest glory behind the veils of ever-receding transcendency.

No ultimate save ultimate purpose. No end save new beginnings. No frustration but never-ending revelation. Youth and newness, friendships and light expansion as God’s vision beholds manifestation, as manifestation by God’s vision expands vision as an adjunct to creative re-creation. And limitation is perceived as imitation, schooling the manifestation within the microcosmic domain until, by reason of soul advancement, the imitator becomes the limitless Imitator. The soul is raised to higher dimensions of service as God goes into action to graduate the lesser manifestation of himself to complete the glory of his plan.

“Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.” The surreptitious consciousness of man, like an ink cloud or the spew of a giant squid, opaques the atmosphere of reality and holds man submerged. Now we break the bonds with all of their tenacity, and we feel the magnetism of the world being exchanged for the magnetism of heaven.

Liberty is born in the soul—  
No more will man be satisfied with lesser goal.  
The baubles and trinkets of the world  
Have their place,

But the place of the Son of God  
Is the consciousness where God is.

The place where God is not  
Or where lesser images of him hang  
As useless icons upon the walls—  
This no longer holds the soul  
Which seeks to fly the realm of mortal delusion  
And neath the canopy of Good Will  
See and entertain the reality of the angels,  
Of the ascended masters,  
Of that cloud-capped realm  
Where the soul, with childlike laughter,  
As a bubbling stream  
Moving toward the Sea of Identity,  
Feels the freedom of the wind  
And the power to stir the zithers  
Of lesser consciousness  
With a sense of beauty and of the subtlety  
That hangs like a brilliant bubble  
Whose watery, airy veil  
Drapes the transparency of mirrored iridescence  
To the waiting eye.

The realm of angels is not without delight  
And ascended master reality awaits the flight  
Of souls who yearn to break the bonds  
Of hopelessness that defraud the world situation  
From the wonders of God's radiant intent—  
Captured so penuriously  
Within the fabric of ritual, prayers, and dogma  
But held so beautifully  
As pulsing flame of threefold God-delight—  
Love, wisdom, and power  
Within the heart and soul.

And now as I await the expansion  
Of the great Macrocosmic world  
Within the microcosmic realm of self,  
I see that born in me

Is the power of limitless expansion every hour.  
O God, I thank thee for the shining hours  
That come composed of minutiae  
Of minutes, seconds, and of micropause,  
While mind does turn to record forever  
Thy immortal laws.

What is this pearly door before which I stand!  
Is this some realm of dream  
Where lurks a shadow band?  
Nay, for that face I see so clearly now,  
Peeping out from behind the open door,  
Is an angel face  
That I have known in long ago before.  
My thoughts slid down the finite spout  
And all the light of hope went out—  
The rope I broke  
And fear of icy desolation seized me round  
Till I was then completely bound  
In all delusions' cords and vanities.

Now once again I rise,  
Pulsation toward the skies  
Where God and home as fires of love do glow,  
Renewing courses raised to sources  
All divine.  
My soul begins again to climb  
The stairway ladder where  
Each meaning comes  
So tender, sweet, and pure—  
It makes me to know  
That God's own plan secure  
Will hold me when the world  
Seems nigh to fall apart.

For after all there is but one great Heart  
Which beats our own,  
And we must rise to fairer realms  
Where we atone,  
At-one with all that really lives,

For paradise is Life that gives  
Nobility of efforts just  
To counteract the concept of the dust  
From which God did make in hope  
A living soul—  
And through the fragrant mists  
Reveals the goal  
Of paradise to come.

Seraphic Meditations I, II and III are taken from *The Dossier on the Ascension: The Story of the Soul's Acceleration into Higher Consciousness on the Path of the Ascension* by Serapis Bey and recorded by Mark L. Prophet, copyright©1967, 1978 Summit University Press. All Rights reserved.