

The Putting on of the Garment of the Lord

And So, My Beloved,

I come to you in the presence of a love that we have shared, not for one life but for many lives. And our longing to be one—your longing to be one with me and my longing to hold you in the embrace of the ascended master consciousness—sets up a polarity between heaven and earth that is a magnet of love whereby your yearning to come home daily propels your consciousness higher and higher into the realm of Spirit even as you cast the net of your consciousness into the depths of the cosmic sea.

Desiring to be loved, to be free, to be whole, is the legitimate striving of the soul for union with the I AM Presence. And each successive entering in to that Presence through sacred communion and meditation increases the desire for oneness, even as the desire is fulfilled. Like the sweetness of honeysuckle on the summer breeze, you drink in the flame. You are surfeited with God's love. You are satisfied for a moment. But then, having tasted the bliss of his consciousness, you desire even more and then more. And again you drink in the fragrance of love. You are filled and you think that your soul will never be able to contain the love of God until another day when,

By your desiring God,
You have become on earth
As in the flaming yod—
A galaxy of God
Desiring to be God.

As you increase the magnet of the heart's love by loving God, forming a sun of even pressure around the heart—spinning like a top, whirling by the motion of his love—realize that having created this sun center, you are now in a position to create other worlds of causation. As the sun of the heart is composed of energies gathering in a focus of devotion and desiring to be, so

It is a causal body here below
Whirling in time and space
That all might know
That God is as real on earth
As he is in heaven,
That to each one—
To each perfected daughter and son—
He has imparted the secret of the leaven.
And the leaven is the lump of gold,
Of fiery love from worlds untold
Concentrated as energy's pearl—
A causal body, a cosmic whirl
That Elohim and Christ Self now do hurl.

Whatever you create within the heart of purity and perfection, you can project to any point in time and space. By the action of cosmic grace in and through the threefold Christed flame, you can repeat the electronic

pattern of the heart, the fiery ball, the mother-of-pearl, by a thrusting of the mind and consciousness, by a willing in God's will to be that purity and that perfection—anytime, anywhere. For, you see, it is the I AM Presence, through your knowing and your seeing and your proving of the law, that has brought forth in you this masterpiece, this sphere of iridescent light. And the I AM Presence is capable of projecting that sphere, that image of the Christ, that forcefield of cosmic consciousness, to any point in time and space throughout the cosmic egg or on the curve of infinity as it pleases the I AM THAT I AM.

Take then, beloved ones, my proffered gift—my love whereby I place upon you now the garment of my consciousness of love. Let me help you with that cloak. Won't you put your arms into the sleeves as I assist you? Won't you take the gift then and understand that as you have apprenticed yourselves to me, an artisan of the Spirit, you have learned to chisel out of light, to etch in fire, and to coalesce molecules by the power of the spoken Word—to create (what else?) the perfect sphere, the perfect pearl. As you have created one, so you can create many. The pattern may be duplicated again and again. You have then but to make the call to the I AM Presence and to me in the name of the Christ

To duplicate the offering of the causal body rare
Wherever hearts with a sigh in silent prayer
Do plead before the bar for freedom from bondage,
From sickness and from sin—
Wherever minds reach up for perfection's mark
And souls chant the hymn of the sacred ark.

The pearl of great price of your I AM Presence
Can be hurled to every soul in need—
'Twill reach the mark with victory and godspeed!
This is how the Lord answers the prayers of the humble
Offered unto the saints.
This is how the Lord distributes the manna of his love—
“Give us this day our daily bread,”
As sacred scriptures are being read
And the recitation and the response is being said.
This is how hierarchy, sponsoring the faithful
In all the churches, mosques, and temples of the world,
Reaches out from the center of God
To deliver the law and the divining of his rod.

Not one, not a million or a billion,
But an infinity of whirling pearls of sacred fire
Can go forth from your heart hour by hour
As your heart becomes the seat of authority
And your love the scepter of priority.
To will to love, to love to will—
This is the signet of the priest-kings.
And thus the rule, the golden rule,
Of new-age hierarchs
Who stand upon the mountains of the world—
Feet firmly planted on the earth,

Hearts meshing with Spirit's new birth—
Come forth to declare
The government by sacred law
And honor in the flame.
These are our emissaries come to rule in his name.

We are the sponsors of a new race
And a new course of civilization unbound.
Will you sponsor lifewaves
By enfolding life with a daily release
Of causal bodies round?
Will you inundate the earth
With spheres of violet, gold, and blue
Rolling down the hillsides,
Down the valleys through and through?
Like Omri-Tas, Ruler of the Violet Planet, and his priests,
Who sent forth one hundred and forty-four thousand
Violet-flame balls for the light and the victory
Of freedom's release.*
What cosmic beings have accomplished
You can, too,
By willing the light of the Christ
And keeping the flame anew!

Now see the pearl within your heart
Beginning to turn.
O see it whirl!
And as it whirls faster and faster,
Scintillating mother-of-pearl
Emitting crystal sparks
And starlike flashes—
Watch now how
Spheres of light
Of pink and green and white
Come forth from flaming spiral—
Threefold wonder of the heart!

Toss the ball, O children of the sun!
Toss the ball that hierarchy has tossed to you!
In this the game of life and the game of cosmos
No one is allowed to hold the ball.
Keep it moving, keep it moving, one and all!
Let none fall.
Let none miss the mark—
Let none miss in this game of life.

Throw that ball to souls
Waiting for a burst of illumination,

Yearning so for peace!
Toss the ball
And watch it burst aflame
In heart and mind and soul
Of one reaching up to catch the sphere
Of cosmic consciousness.

And so, my beloved,
With the yearning to be one,
To come home,
There is a yearning to share
All that you know,
All that you have been given,
With other parts of Love—
Other children of the sun.
So much love is compressed within
The fiery sphere of flaming sun
That you must share it
With another and another and another.

And so before you burst with love,
Quickly toss the ball
And see how with each tossing of the ball
The sphere multiplies
A thousand times a thousand
Until all of life
Is receiving and giving,
Receiving and giving,
Catching and throwing,
Throwing and catching
The endless chain of bubbles—
Bursting light bubbles
Of Christ Self-awareness,
Of godly good pleasure.
They are for the measure
Of the impartation
Of the cadence of love.

I AM for the One and the Whole
In the center of being of all.

Lanello

*On July 1, 1961, following the first dictation delivered by Omri-Tas, Ruler of the Violet Planet, to the mankind of earth, conferees who attended the Freedom Class in Washington, D. C., witnessed the physical precipitation of hundreds of violet spheres over the nation's capital. Copyright©The Summit Lighthouse.