

WHEN I SPEAK UNTO THEE

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Taking time to celebrate the Spring Equinox is a marvelous way to orient our thoughts to the rhythms of life that we share with our planet Earth. It is easy for us to forget that we live within her heartbeat and inside her protective atmosphere. We get caught up in our personal needs and responsibilities and forget to witness the astonishing wonder of life. During spring, if we will ourselves to listen, we can hear Mother Earth speak in her language with a renewal of life blossoming all around us. It is up to each of us individually to recognize the grandeur that life on this planet provides and feel and express gratitude for such a privilege and blessing. Indeed, we can take great lessons of spiritual leadership from the selflessness we see in nature.

With this article, I hope to open our inner ears to those patterns of Creation behind our objective conscious life. It is an opportunity to relax and listen for the knocks upon our spiritual door from the Grand Architect. Listen for those higher expressions of life, and feel free to capture them in writing if you so desire. And now, let's move "Upon a Quiet."

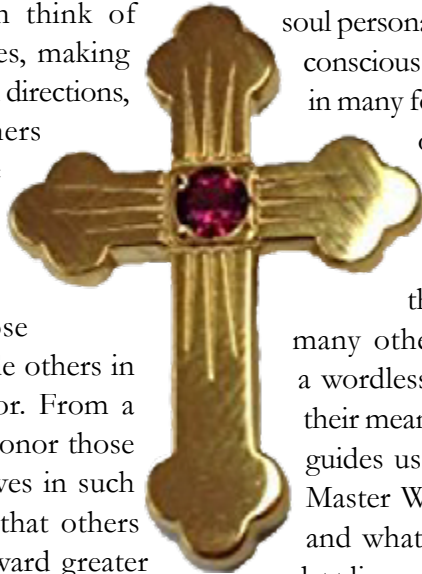
Upon a Quiet

Somewhere back there
Those first thoughts began.
Some were dismissed
Though others were penned.
It is that pit of the forgotten
Where we fathom when and where,
Upon that quiet...
Where thoughts, undressed, are bare.
In that holy resonance,
A breath becomes aware
Prompting our expression
Into such mystical fare.
The light we see was sifted
Through the most divine of sands
Unto this mortal form,
And placed within our hands.
Internal, eternal questions,
They hide inside our dreams
Upon a furtive touch,
Expressing as we breathe.
A floating fog of beauty
Surrounds this path we tread
Knitted to our being,
Allured, we all are wed.

Language is a human creation. While many languages exist in our world, all of them came about as a tool that human beings created to express thoughts and

ideas that appear in the mind, to give direction to others, and so forth. Indeed, there was a time in human history when language did not exist. Let's contemplate a couple of questions: What would have happened if language never came about, if, out of the infinite universes of possibilities, we had found a different form of communication? What form would thought take if there were no words? Do you sometimes think without words? Think about this for a moment.

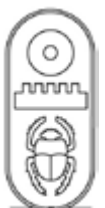
When we speak of leadership on a human level, we often think of someone besides ourselves, making decisions, giving advice and directions, and guiding us and others toward a goal. When we say spiritual leadership, perhaps it brings to mind a priest, rabbi, pastor, or some other person whose life seems devoted to guide others in understanding our Creator. From a mystical perspective, we honor those who sincerely live their lives in such a manner. We recognize that others can and do inspire us toward greater thought and through their instruction they can help us to open up to spiritual channels. We also recognize that spirituality is ultimately an inner journey, one in which we must heed an inner director and willingly follow that director. That is the mastery of self that we aspire toward. Others will inspire us in certain directions at certain times in our lives, yet even when we are following the wise words of another, it is and must be our choice to do so. True spiritual leadership, therefore, must and can only arise from within. Ours is a journey of conscious evolution wherein we learn to listen to an internal guide and guardian that breathes for us, that gave us life, that maintains our existence for us, and that stays with us throughout all of our days. Spoken a little more simply, we always have with us



a companion that keeps us breathing and alive, and that companion has been with us from our first breath and will be with us to our last. It is a truly compassionate, understanding, and unconditional loving guide that never leaves. We simply need to recognize her and learn to listen to her.

Mystical teachings are inextricably tied to this journey of conscious evolution as we squint to hear the guiding hand of creation. Every symbol utilized in our work, whether written word or otherwise, is a reminder of the unfoldment of our soul personality journeying through this conscious realm. These symbols come in many forms; the title of this article, our beloved Rose Cross, ritual and ceremony, the accoutrements of our sacred spaces and where they are placed, and many, many others. These symbols create a wordless route for us to listen for their meaning, and this effort to listen guides us to that inner voice of the Master Within. At the root of who and what we are is a pure desire, a dazzling splendor, that pursues our journey with us that there may be a conscious recognition of what it is. That splendor speaks and guides us without our knowing, though our mystic desire has guided us toward discovering it.

In AMORC Affiliated Bodies, before some of our ceremonies, we tie an apron of service around our waist. We tie the cord of this apron in the form of an ankh, a symbol of everlasting life. In other words, we prepare ourselves for work and worship toward a greater understanding of the eternal life that we intuitively feel we are a part of. All human beings share this journey and share in the work of discovering that sweet mystery of life. We are symbolically bound together through work and worship, and are bound together



through a spiritual egregore, a shared energy that we are constantly creating together through thought, word, and action.

Indeed, there is an apron of knowledge and service, of work and worship, that mystic workers like all of us have borne around our waists since the dawn of humankind. This symbolic apron is actually very real, for it binds us together through our shared thoughts and energy. Knowledge that is sewn into its fabric makes its way to our conscious minds to remind us of our purpose: to serve one another on this magical path. When this knowledge within all of us speaks unto us, its purpose is to shed our illusions and guide us toward our greatest inspirations, our greatest peace, and our greatest love, back to that which is lost, back to the roots of our emanation.

Let us journey together toward that quiet void where calmness resides. In our minds, let's give voice now to that silent sweetness that breaks through our muddled ego and finds its way to our thoughts.

Silent Voice

Silent voice, she peeks randomly
Voicing a secret residing in me.
A question she forms without
answering
“Who are you, really, to hear me be?”
Thoughts chase now this flickering
flame
That etches upon minds canvas stain.
“Before I came and after I leave
Where am I during this life reprieve?”
Ah, useless upon this path I traverse,
Leading to nowhere upon this earth.
Yet silent tomes, she comes again
Renews her nudge that never ends
That my inner ear I cannot close
To the voice softly hidden in hallowed
prose.

True wisdom lies beyond our mortal thoughts and the illusions we have created in this mundane world. A mystic's task is to make our way through the minefields of life and recognize that no matter what is happening, our earthly incarnation is a privilege to experience and to be a part of. We are all working parts of an evolving consciousness to reconcile the real and





the unreal within ourselves so that there is an ever-greater conscious awakening and awareness of the pure beauty behind our creation. Such beauty remains invisible to the naked eye. It is in this way that wisdom pierces the darkness and we hear the sweetness of that still voice that never relents.

While we say that much of our experiences on Earth are illusions, we do not say that this life is not real or not important. This life we lead is an evolutionary reprieve in the journey of our soul personality. We know that our soul personality predates our current incarnation, and we know it survives beyond it as well. The experiences we might have when we are not incarnate as a human being on Earth remain a mystery, though we have clues. We experience other forms of consciousness during our lives: we sleep and dream; we experience in-between states when falling asleep or awakening; we have premonitions, hunches, and *déjà vu*. We experience sublimity through prayer and meditation, and sometimes are overwhelmed with inspiration and joy. Some of us perhaps experience astral projection. These varying levels of consciousness and conscious experiences occur as a natural element of

being. For centuries, some societies looked at these experiences as strange, out-of-the-ordinary occurrences, an aside from normal waking consciousness, casting them away and placing little importance upon them. Students of mysticism, however, recognize that all aspects of being are placed within us for guidance through such experiences. We do not discard them, for this is the still small voice that speaks! We recognize that the nonmaterial is just as important, if not more so, than what is commonly called the real. These conscious levels are necessary for our evolution, even though they transcend objective experience.

Our teachings affirm that we can transcend the physical through thought. Like all of our work, we must consider the levels of this proclamation. What thoughts are we speaking of? Do we have control over our thoughts? Where do our thoughts come from? We have random thoughts that make their way to us throughout the day. We have inquisitive thoughts, work and family related ones, and so forth. Many of the thoughts that pass through our minds are influenced by outside elements. The key is to discipline our thoughts, which can lead to a discipline in our way of thinking. We can have control over our thoughts, and it requires that we listen from a place



outside of our name personality. Over and over, we study that our real nature is invisible, eternal, and divine. We intuitively know this axiom to be true, yet we have difficulty living it. Start with thought; your thoughts are your experience. They are your connection to the invisible, eternal Creator, a life companion that urges you to explore your consciousness. It is imperative that you develop your method for pure thought. When the voice of wisdom and truth speaks unto thee, are you ready to hear it? This voice comes to you as a form of thought, does it not? When we petition the Cosmic for assistance, we never know from what direction the inspiration for assistance may come. It may come from words spoken by a friend, it may come from a scene in a movie, or it may come directly to us as a thought. In any case, we must be ready to hear that inspiration, to process it, to transform it, through thought, into that which we need.

To help develop our pure thought, remember that simple, yet sacred axiom: Seek that which is and is not. Some of our thoughts are not our thoughts. Continue to examine your way of thinking. Open yourself up to that holy voice that is always there, ready to guide you upon every breath. When we are implored to seek that which is lost, recognize that we

are lost through our objective illusions until we seek beyond them.

There is a Cosmic hand that scribes above. Through our sincere prayers and meditations, it finds our longing, and we, autonomically are guided with its loving wisdom. When we experience the beauty of an inspiring ceremony, whether it be a church service, a Rosicrucian Convocation, or otherwise, it is scribed from above. When you witness such an event, you are unable to see all that went into its creation, the energy, history, intention, and effort behind it. Think about this: How might you write a ceremony that describes the Divine's love for you? Would participants be able to see your intention if they were to witness your ceremony?

Mystery schools such as the Rosicrucian Order, AMORC, bring the work of the Masters to the fore on this physical plane through the moving symbolism of rituals. We enjoy those precious moments of silence in ceremony, a time to roam the longings of our nature, and to probe the boundaries of our hearts and minds. In stillness, we listen. As our ceremonies unfold before us and the various officers float within our glance, we see a pureness conveyed through subtle, quiet, wordless discipline. Simple gestures such as holding



The Grand Temple Shekinah, at Rosicrucian Park, San Jose, California.



a small, solitary flame before them evoke a part of our inner nature outward. Such subtlety guides them toward revealing to all of us the light, life, and love of the Divine in our midst. Our teachings, our rituals, our beloved home sanctums, compel those joyous yearnings that might otherwise remain hidden behind the bustle of worldly thought. When you step into a convocation, or your home sanctum, or any spiritual ceremony that you are guided to in life, what is it that you seek? You are seeking your inner church; your inner soul is searching for an avenue to reveal itself to you. Your soul, perhaps unbeknownst to your conscious mind, nudged you into that ceremony. For there is a sacredness in our mystical work, a tranquility that enfolds us and carries us to a different level of understanding, where the loud and the lurid are silenced, and blessings may be recognized and received.

What is your heart's desire? Go now, into the depths of your being, and ask your unseen self.

Unseen Self

Will you come to me
Upon pleas finding quiet rest?
Will you come to me

Upon moments of great duress?
Oh muted cues and weary heart
Exploring that unknown abyss,
Your bewildered throes I ponder
Those glimmers that beckon bliss.

Will you come to me
When tears adorn my falls?
Will you come to me
When joy abounds my halls?
Your touch brings inspiration,
A glimpse of your subtle wares.
Yet desire's hold must relent
As you slip through the grip of my
prayers.

Oh my mysterious unseen self,
Animating that which I see
Upon my thoughts alone you appear...
This magic of you through me.

May you ever roam within those thoughts that dwell deep in your soul, that bring you pure contentment, so that you are prepared to hear and listen when the Master speaks unto thee.

All of the poems in this article were written by the author and are available in the book, *Upon a Quiet, Poetry by Michael Shaluly*, at <https://www.rosicrucian.org/rosicrucian-books>.

Video

<https://youtu.be/z5sP1Nrvf4Q>

