

Beloved Saint Germain

The Ascension Is the Only Goal That Is Real

*No Sweeter Story Can Be Told
Than That of the Redeemed Soul*

**Ascension Day Address 1963
Part 1**

Blessed ones of the light, the pearl of greatest price was given to man with his own divine identity. The words “I AM,” so treasured by many of you, ought to be treasured by the world for their content. For their content is wholly divine, for it is a reflection of light. God is light. And this wondrous radiant circle of being is light, as a cup running over with divine grace and opportunity.

Men so frequently, in their meanderings around this planet, fail to perceive the true purpose of their being and find themselves sidetracked, as it were, by a million and one ventures into fruitlessness. The difference - that is, the essential difference - is simply...

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“Ask anything of me...”

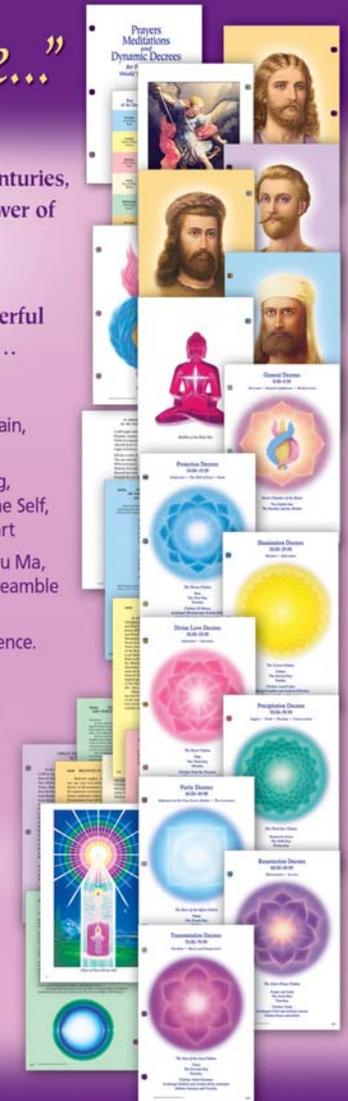
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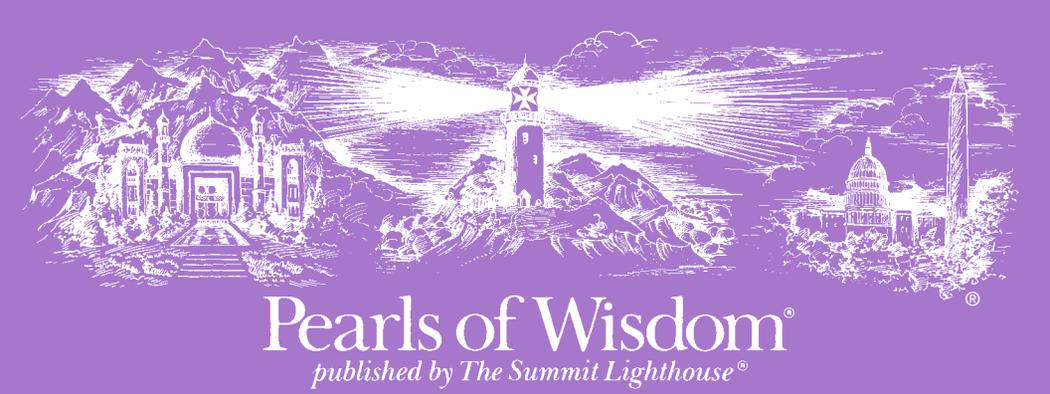
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Beloved Saint Germain

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The Ascension Is the Only Goal That Is Real

No Sweeter Story Can Be Told Than That of the Redeemed Soul

Ascension Day Address 1963

Part 1

Gentle ladies and gentle men, I am here this night charged with the radiance of eternal spheres, holding an immaculate concept and enjoying every minute of it. I wish to render specific thanks to those who have assisted the holy cause throughout the past year. For it is indeed a most grateful occasion when I can render specific thanks to those who have embodied within themselves those holy measures of devotion which I know so well from my experience while yet embodied in human form.

Memory has not failed me, you see, beloved ones. For I will remember the occasion when I myself, in the fashion of the Christ, rose into the atmosphere, shook aside the folds of human density, and obtained that priceless treasure—that iridescent pearl of true Being, which is the reflection of God within the folds of man's being.

Blessed ones of the light, the pearl of greatest price was

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given to man with his own divine identity. The words "I AM," so treasured by many of you, ought to be treasured by the world for their content. For their content is wholly divine, for it is a reflection of light. God is light. And this wondrous radiant circle of being is light, as a cup running over with divine grace and opportunity.

Men so frequently, in their meanderings around this planet, fail to perceive the true purpose of their being and find themselves sidetracked, as it were, by a million and one ventures into fruitlessness. The difference—that is, the essential difference—is simply one of Christed application in the manifestation of the Christ upon the planet in an ordinary individual, who is not ordinary at all except in his own concept [of himself]. And an application made in the cause of vanity could well give men their ascension *if* they would only recognize that it is in [the wise use of otherwise] wasted moments that men can recoup the great drama of the ages within the forcefield of their being and win for themselves the victory of immortality and the freedom which we of the ascended octave know so well.

It is true, dear ones, that the world suffers today in a pain of their own creation, but it is for a holy purpose and not for the cause of human vanity. For, you see, we would cut their chains and we would long ago have released men. But to release them without their own achievement and without their having achieved the purpose for which they came into embodiment would be more foolish, still, than to leave them to buffet themselves against the rocks and the thorns of life until they turn to their own Divine Presence. Then they will recognize, at last, that the hour has come and now is when they ought to hear the voice of their own mighty I AM Presence and turn to that Presence, embracing their God-identity with the long lost love of a son for his eternal Father.

The words “Eternal Father, strong to save”¹ fill my being now with the sense of the radiance of the light beaming from the lighthouse of God-identity upon the restless sea of humanity and bringing hope to those mariners tossed about upon the rocks of temporary delusion, fear and doubt. May we free them from their delusions. May we help them to know the truth of their being.

How silly it is, beloved ones (and I wish to speak most plainly), for mankind to hold in their consciousness a feeling of sharpness or a feeling of harshness. Beloved ones, there is no one upon the planet, not even *one* individual, mark you, who of themselves, if they knew for a certainty the entire plan of creation, could for a moment perform a single act of disservice to Deity. For they would immediately recognize that to do so would be to cut themselves off from the blessings of life.

And it is, therefore, basically in ignorance rather than malice that mankind create their tiny and pitiful errors. Forgive them, blessed ones, that they may forgive you, and know freedom that is like the holy breath pouring through the very center of your being, enjoining you to God and to eternal felicity.

What is good faith, beloved ones? Good faith must, of necessity, be born of a sturdy heart that is willing to brook human opinion to obtain an eternal reward. Men who lack faith, beloved ones, have often not amounted to a great deal among mankind or even in the world to come. It is true that they kept, within the treasured napkin of their being, the one talent which life gave to them. And they spoke unto the Divinity saying, “See, I have this talent safely kept.” But they were unwilling, it seemed, to be good stewards of the eternal faith that was given to them.²

Pray for them, beloved ones. And I do say pray for them, for they must find some form of assistance from on high.

The crutches of human delusion will not keep them nor succor them for a long time. Sooner or later they will be fallen individuals, until the mills of the gods, which grind exceedingly small,³ will crush and bruise them against the rocks. And this is not our will, it is not your will, and it is not God’s will.

Then, blessed ones, extend to all, both now and always, a feeling of complete peace. And you yourselves will find reflected back, from the mirrored surfaces of the universe, the very same vibratory action which you send out. How many of you have spent much time this past year sending out vibratory actions of the ascension to your fellowmen? How many of you, beloved ones, have envisioned, for those whom you might ordinarily think least likely to succeed, the success of their ascension in the light?

I smile as I contemplate the censure you might this night bring upon yourselves. But I wish to relieve you of this. For I assure you, blessed and beloved ones, that it is not so much my intention to censure you as it is to praise you for the good that you have done in the past and to point out how much more good you can do in the future by giving to all the highest stature that heaven intended them to have and to obtain.

You know, blessed ones, there is no greater deterrent in the world to man’s progress than to cast a stone of stumbling in his brother’s pathway. And yet millions do this daily with never a thought of the fact that the recording angels are busy writing down each such deed. And it is not so much a matter of its being recorded, blessed ones, as it is that the stones placed in another’s pathway are usually encountered in one’s own pathway within a fortnight.

And this is because the Great Law, in its earnestness and its desire to see man free, quickly carries these burdens men have placed in the pathway of another and puts them directly in the pathway of the one transmitting them. This is so that

men may redeem them and pick them up, one by one, and cast them aside. And thus they find a karmaless way, in preference to a way of karma and heavy burden. It is always the desire of heaven to free men by the power of forgiveness from the weight of every oppression.

And it is my desire this night, as your Knight Commander and friend, to inform you that these are the little ways, the tiny ways by which men obtain heaven. Heaven, beloved ones, may be taken by storm.⁴ And the violent,* prevailing in prayer hour after hour, may wrest, as Jacob did from the angel,⁵ some element of assistance which will cause them to ascend in the light. But, blessed and beloved ones, for every one who takes heaven by storm, the majority take heaven in the quiet way of daily obtaining victory until, at last, the little victories become greater victories.

And it is much as though a man's life consists of first a tiny brook, bubbling happily along in the springtime, that then joins hands with another tiny brook in a forked union until the babbling brook becomes two babbling brooks. And then the twain become four, and they rush on toward the greater sea of life. And there is one merger and then another—a union, a union of hearts, a union of purposes. And at last all of the tiny tributaries come together in one mighty river, like the Amazon, flashing forth to the sea. And the crowning glory of existence becomes the mighty restless purposes of eternity.

How glorious it is for men to contemplate that their energies, becoming one with the current of life, are designed to exalt their fellowmen and to help them, when necessary, swim against the crosscurrents and to flow with the tide of mighty light that leads back to the great ocean source of Being.

Blessed and beloved ones, there are many analogies

**violent*: of persons: Displaying or exhibiting passion, excessive ardor, or lack of moderation in action or conduct. Marked by intense or unusual force, and with some degree of rapidity; not gentle or moderate. Extreme, intense, utmost; rushed, hasty, impetuous.

drawn from nature which we can give. There are many stories we could tell. But there is no sweeter story that can be told than that of the redeemed soul—the individual who has recognized that it is time that he arise and cast off his fetters, one by one, and return to his Father's house to obtain his inheritance, that he in turn may serve the cause for which he came into embodiment and being.

to be continued

"The Summit Lighthouse Sheds Its Radiance o'er All the World to Manifest as Pearls of Wisdom." This previously unpublished dictation by **Saint Germain** was delivered by the Messenger of the Great White Brotherhood Mark L. Prophet on **Wednesday, May 1, 1963**, at Holy Tree House in Fairfax, Virginia. It was given on the anniversary of Saint Germain's Ascension Day (May 1, 1684). [N.B. Bracketed words have been added for clarity in the written word.] Part 2 of this *Pearl of Wisdom* is published in this volume, no. 4. (1) "**Eternal Father, strong to save**, / Whose arm hath bound the restless wave, / Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep / Its own appointed limits keep; / Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee, / For those in peril on the sea!" (first verse) "Eternal Father, Strong to Save," often called the "Navy Hymn," is sung at the Naval Academy in Annapolis, Maryland, and also sung on ships of the British Royal Navy. (2) Matt. 25:14–30; Luke 19:11–27. (3) "Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small; / Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all," Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "Retribution," in "Poetic Aphorisms," translated from Friedrich, baron von Logau's *Sinngedichte* (1654). (4) Matt. 11:12. (5) Gen. 32:24–30.