

*Beloved Paul the Venetian*

## **The Art of Loving God Is in the Art of Loving Man**

### **Part 1**

Most gracious ladies and gentlemen, as I come to you tonight it is with the express desire to speak on the gathering of Reality. For as Saint Paul said long ago, “We know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.”

Perhaps some have misunderstood the high sense of Reality in that statement. For it is not a doing away of the parts, but it is a *uniting* of the parts into the shape of Reality, which in the consciousness of individual men brings them to a fervent awareness of themselves.

And so as we seek to gather for ourselves the meaning...

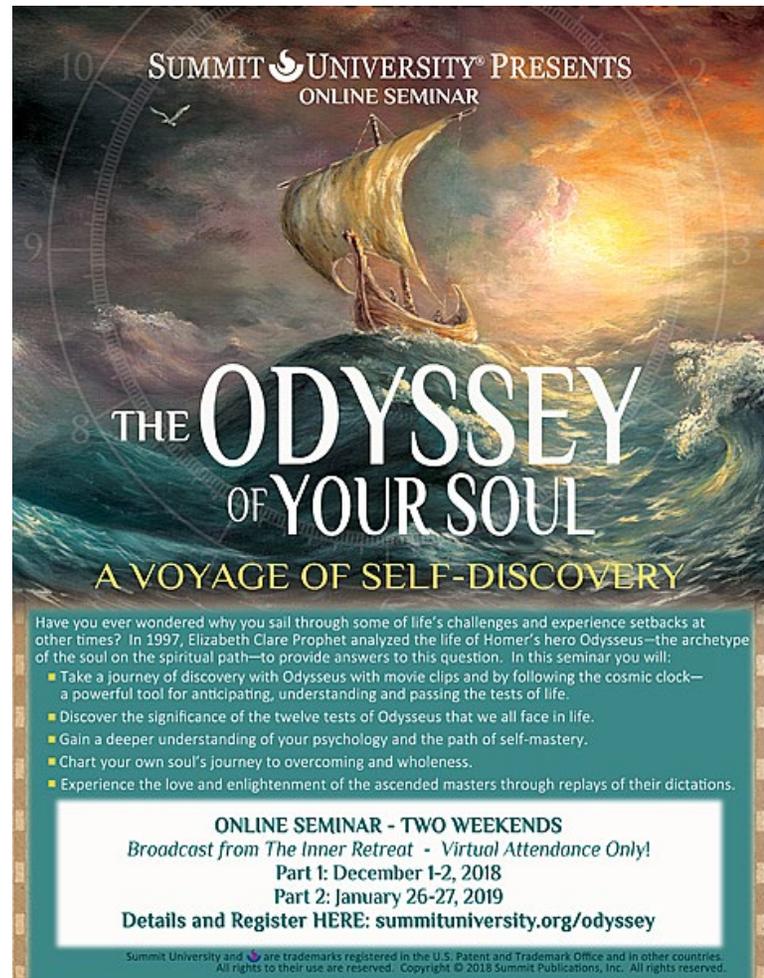
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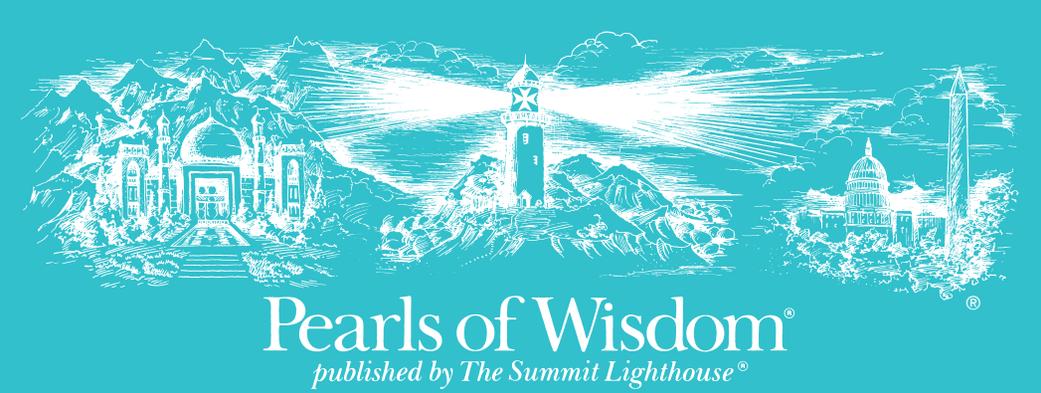
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Beloved Paul the Venetian

November 15, 2018

## The Art of Loving God Is in the Art of Loving Man

### Part I

Most gracious ladies and gentlemen, as I come to you tonight it is with the express desire to speak on the gathering of Reality. For as Saint Paul said long ago, “We know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.”<sup>1</sup>

Perhaps some have misunderstood the high sense of Reality in that statement. For it is not a doing away of the parts, but it is a *uniting* of the parts into the shape of Reality, which in the consciousness of individual men brings them to a fervent awareness of themselves.

And so as we seek to gather for ourselves the meaning of Reality, we also seek, in the consciousness and domain of each individual, to convey those suggestions that will help you to gather for yourselves the wondrous realities of God. These realities will delight the heart and shed a sense of beauty into the domain of the personal self, which seems, then, to open as a flower, to drink in the light of the sun céleste.\* It is our desire to foster in you all a sense of Reality, which belongs to you.

\*The word *céleste* is French for *celestial*.  
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I remember so dearly the day when I first developed enough of the divine sense to feel that God and I were one. It had been a cloudy morning, and I had worked long and hard to try to portray the face of an angel. But somehow it was as though the celestial beauty escaped me, and there was a jangle in my nerves and senses and feelings.

This was strange, because I had for some time developed a feeling of serenity, of calmness, of knowing. And now here I was, outside of that calmness and serenity and knowing, desiring to portray a celestial being. I needed to drink deeply of the fountain of peace.

For some reason, which did not seem to break through to my outer senses, I could not still my mind. And so with some measure of disturbance, shall I say, I closed up shop. I put away my brushes, and frankly there was sadness in my every movement. It was not a state of utter discouragement, but it was just an unusual state of unrest in my feeling world, almost a dire foreboding that something undesirable would happen.

I left the studio and walked out into the street, and it seemed to me as though every thought of my heart was known by all whom I met. Certainly my glances must have appeared furtive, as though I were a criminal seeking to hide from the eyes of prying mankind.

This drove me almost to a state of desperation, and I wandered away from the busy thoroughfare of the streets of the city seeking the reasonable quietude of the countryside. As I reached the edge of a field near an old churchyard, it seemed as though the feeling of oppression began to lessen. The clouds were now thinning a bit, and a gentle breeze was blowing.

In the stillness of the approaching countryside I began to feel the awakening of the sense of peace, so familiar and

so dearly loved. As I wandered farther and farther into the fields and forest regions, I began to ponder as to whether or not the oppressions of the city could be responsible for my condition. And then I reasoned, quite suddenly, that I ought to be strong enough to hold a sense of beauty in the midst of the ugliness and garrets of the city. I decided that this was not it either, yet I enjoyed my now newfound serenity and felt that if perhaps I could quiet the possibility of the return of my state of unrest, I would be able to go back once more to the room and create the angelic face.

But this was not to happen. For I heard a terrible sound of sobbing, and for a moment my heart trembled for mankind. This sobbing came from a graveside where a young lady, prone now upon the ground, cried as though her heart would break. I debated with myself as to whether or not it would be proper for me to speak, being a stranger unto her, and to say unto her, “Dry your tears, daughter, and be of peace.” But somehow I could not for a moment seize the courage, and this too was unusual.

I then decided that I would enter into simple prayer for her. And as I prayed, the sun came out with greater glory and it was as though the hands of the angels were drawing back the curtain of dark clouds. With this change in the environment of the little cemetery, the young lady suddenly ceased to sob and gazed up with wonder. Her sorrow and her grief were plainly stamped upon one of the most beautiful faces I had ever seen. And there was my angel—the face that I sought.

Poignantly now, I re-create this moment. But I knew that I must paint out that grief, and therefore I must seek somehow to bring a ray of hope, some measure of consolation to her heart.

Hesitantly at first, I broke a smile upon my face, and she returned it. And I said to her, as I tenderly took ahold of an

apple blossom from a nearby tree, “Daughter, there is a resurrection in nature, and all things do pass and go through their cycles, only to return once again to the fullness and the dawn of bloom. In the resurrection, your father dear shall return to you.” Sobbingly she said, “I know it, kind sir. I know it. But I am so lonely now.”

I took her by the hand, and as I prayed I felt a surge of the Christ radiance go through me. I watched as every line of her face reflected consolation, mercy, and acceptance of the resurrection spirit. And then I noted that through my arm and hands there was a great pulsing energy, and I felt my heart beat with greater expectation. Truly, the Whole-I-Spirit\* was activated.

The young woman suddenly burst into a smile of greater happiness and she said, “Oh, I do not feel lonely anymore. I will go home now to my mother, who has been distraught with my grief, and I will no longer mourn. For I feel something within myself, something that encourages me to believe you. I do not know why. Your words have meaning to me, and I am no longer sad.”

And as the sun came out in greater measure, blooming full orbed, I witnessed the transformation that was a miracle never to be forgotten throughout all the days of my life until I won my ascension. The face of an angel shone now in all of the glory and magnitude of God and I said, “Truly God is veiled in flesh.” I returned and painted my angel.

You are all the children of his heart, and the majesty of his perfection is with you always. There are times when the emotional body of man is disturbed by outer conditions, and in the misfortune of torment the soul knows unrest. It is very helpful for individuals to understand that this too shall pass, as has been said.<sup>2</sup>

\*Whole-I-Spirit: the Holy Spirit, the wholeness of the Spirit of the I AM manifestation  
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If individuals will understand that life is a flow of experience—that experience is controllable within the framework of some limitation but that some experience is, by reason of karma, uncontrollable for the moment—then [they will understand that the flow of experience] must be lived with and accepted.

*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 **Paul the Venetian** was delivered by the Messenger of the Great White Brotherhood Mark L. Prophet on **Friday, July 5, 1968**, during *Freedom Class 1968*, held in Colorado Springs, Colorado. [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. 44. (1) I Cor. 13:9, 10. (2) **This too shall pass.** In a dictation given by the ascended master Daniel Rayborn on October 14, 1963, he explained how we can use the mantra, “This too shall pass!” in times of trial. He said: “Many of you who are at times afflicted by elements of doubt and shadow must recognize the constancy of the Sun of your being that shines behind each cloud. You have heard it said that every cloud has a silver lining. But at times these words seem poor consolation to those going through their moments of trial. Men must recognize the need to not necessarily make decisions during moments of trial but to wait until the clouds have rolled away and the cycle has passed. The words ‘This too shall pass!’ are a fiat of authority that Saint Germain taught me as a mantram. When correctly understood and applied to life, this fiat tends to act as an eraser to wipe the slate of life clean and to remove unwanted pictures from the consciousness. ‘This too shall pass!’ stated three times and followed three times by ‘The Light of God never fails!’ creates a mantram of Christ consciousness to clean the consciousness of unwanted conditions and to bring forth a positive victory over negative elements that may at times be projected into one’s consciousness.”

On April 14, 1995, Elizabeth Clare Prophet gave a lecture on this dictation by Daniel Rayborn, in which she suggested that this mantra be given as follows:

*This Too Shall Pass!*

*This Too Shall Pass!*

*This Too Shall Pass!*

*The Light of God Never Fails!*

*The Light of God Never Fails!*

*The Light of God Never Fails!*

*And the Beloved Mighty I AM Presence Is That Light!*

(The entire lecture, which includes the above excerpt from the ascended master Daniel Rayborn, is published in *Pearl of Wisdom*, vol. 38, no. 17a, April 19, 1995.)