

Beloved Paul the Venetian

The Beautiful Pearl of Great Price That Is Holy Innocence

The serenity of innocence portrayed in the face of a child of innocence, in all of the radiant outpicturing of the meaning of the soul of God, is beautiful to behold and lovely to encanvas.

In this sense of beauty there is a majesty that far exceeds all of the violence and assertion of temporal power in the world of form. Yet mankind, over the years, have been subjected to the betrayal of the innocence of their soul and of their being by the clanging and the clashing of the world's episodes of armament and might—human might pitted against human might.

The end result is always stain and pain and those objects of life that are difficult for the soul of an artist to portray. For we do not like, we do not enjoy, we do not find excitement in all of the world's "exciting" battles...

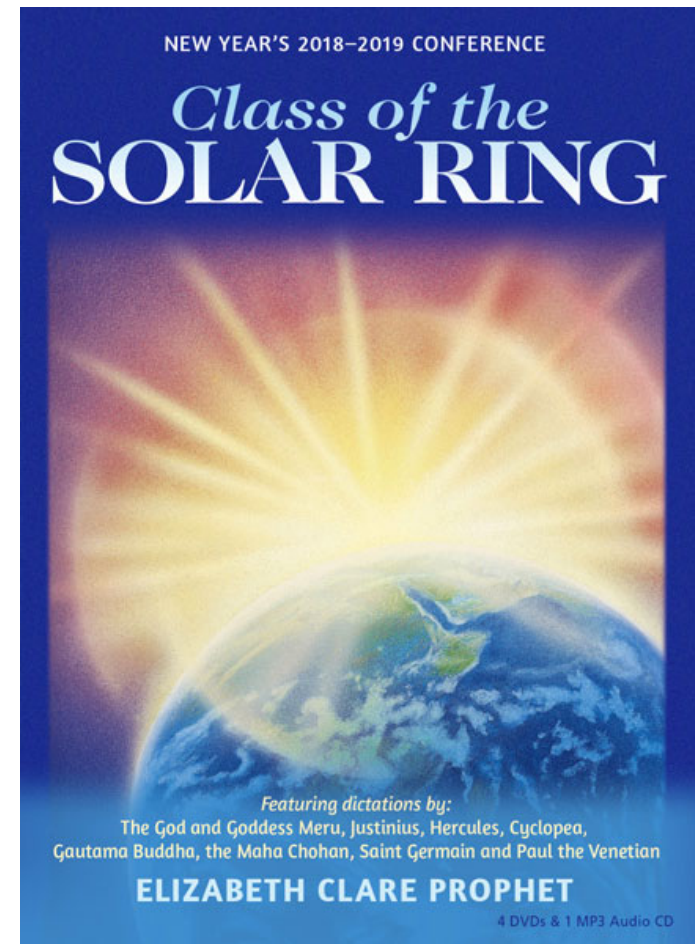
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The end result is always stain and pain and those objects of life that are difficult for the soul of an artist to portray. For we do not like, we do not enjoy, we do not find excitement in all of the world's "exciting" battles and adventures, but we find the greatest excitement in tracing the outlines of a rose or of a child's face of innocence. For there we speak of the majesty of heaven—that which *God* hath wrought; that which is true, brave, and eternal.

Mankind may wonder why I reference this idea of painting the majesty of heaven as brave. Does it not require braveness

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in the soul of man to be able, in an age of materialism and of faith in mortal strength, to portray the qualities of simplicity and love to mankind?

These are not qualities that bring fame to those who seek through art to portray that which would bring them name and fame. Therefore artists who seek fame often find that the world will reject that which they would bring forth of simplicity and love, and so they seek (as they do in this age) to draw those lines of harshness and bitterness that are reflective of the unhappiness of the times.

Yet unhappiness was also filling the cup of life to overflowing in past ages, and those among the peasants and the peasant classes were often without bread and without the necessities of life that are now held so dear by mankind. Yet the landed gentry and the noble of those ages were also experiencing the bane of unhappiness. For with all of their ballroom dances and the excitement of their control of sectional, national, and world situations, they did not find the happiness which they sought but found only a temporary feeling of elation when they were victors over some world situation.

Gracious ones, the age of innocence has far flown from the world and from mankind, and yet there is a longing in heaven to re-create upon earth that true innocence of Spirit that is reflective of the highest God-qualities.

We therefore, in our release to you this day, speak of the majesty of an angel's face. We speak to you of the great glow of power and of the transcendent love that is in the face of an archangel. We speak of the reflection of heaven in the face of a babe—yea, in the innocent of heart and consciousness, who by reason of their devotion have embraced the power of heaven and of heaven's truth.

Certainly you must understand that we are well informed

as to the consciousness of mankind and to the conditions of imperfection that are dwelling within mankind's thoughts. We know that they are far from innocent. But we would bring to you this day a ray of hope, and we would bring this ray of hope even to those whose worldly sense of sophistication is possessed with a complete, or reasonably complete, knowledge of the world's descent into darkness.

We would bring to you the hope of the Christ and the hope of the hand of God, which is able to wipe away from the screen of your mind the banalities of all of those expressions of darkness and shadow that have plagued the world for so long. These are not truth. These are not holy reason. These are not holy purpose. These stem from the ignorance of men, and they create and re-create patterns of pain and darkness, which have no part in the mind of God.

Therefore, take faith! Take hope! Take renewed courage this day! God is able to wipe these patterns of darkness from your mind and to replace them with the innocence of heaven in an age that is not of innocence. This is the plan of God—to fill the world with valiant men and women and to flood into the minds of the youth in this day and age the understanding of cosmic innocence.

The meaning of this is sweet. It is the thought of God reflected in the babe of Bethlehem, the thought of God that penetrated the density of two thousand years with a ray of hope. The thought of God is manifest in each child brought forth into manifestation, who receives the holy breath. With the incoming of that sacred breath of God, the child becomes a living soul, clad with the innocence of heaven until mankind—by their thoughtlessness and carelessness—do cast upon the clean linen of that one the mud of human thought, spackling the clean, white garments with that which does soil the tenderness of the soul.

But God be thanked, and the beauty of God be thanked. For the divine intent reigns supreme forever, and holy innocence is crowned, *always*, with the majesty of the Son of God. Thus the glow-ray of the Supreme One is captured by some artists in part, so that on canvas and by paint and oil, men are able to see the beauty of God penetrating through the sunlight of Reality.

As we pause to consider the meaning of holy innocence again and again, we would bring this meaning to the feet of kings and priests. We would bring it to the feet of prophets. We would bring it to the feet of righteous men and even to the feet of the wicked, and say:

“Here is thy lost cause. Clothe thyself now with this, which thou hast once rejected in thy youth. Take it now, and accept it. It is the veil of Christ. It is his countenance, which he has offered to you then and now. Reject it once, and it comes again. Reject it again, and it comes again and throughout all eternity. So long as man shall breathe the breath of God, the thought of God shall come again and again. Men may reject; they may turn aside. But they can never escape the face of their own Innocence, because it is the face of God.”

When men understand that the old image, the old boundaries, the old landmarks of cosmic identity must one day be sought by all, they will hasten to apprehend that which God has apprehended long ago for all—the victory of the free and not the victory of the spoilers, who in taint have continued to ruin the lives of men by their own lives.

Poor examples are they, filling the screen and the stage of life with all the sordid examples of crime and debauchery, reaping in due course of time the full reward for all that they have sent out. They are of all men most miserable, and at inner levels their plight is too terrible to paint, too terrible

to reflect upon. For we would rather extend the olive branch of peace and the thought of hope to the world so that the youth of the world may find once again, even in this age of materialism, the beautiful pearl of great price that is holy innocence.

As I speak these words, I see before me the faces of the world's children. I see before me the face of their Holy Christ Self—their angel in heaven, who always beholds the face of the Father and his radiant innocence. As I see the faces of the children and the face of God reflected in the face of their Holy Christ Self, I say to the world:

“How can you betray them? How can you offer to them the horrible lines of distorted forms of art? How can you offer them monster creations and abortions* from the astral world? How can you draw in line, by power of hand and mind, those things which belong in the pits of horror and ought to be transmuted by violet-flame substance, never to be anymore, to vanish from the screen of the universe and to end their existence?”

When the universe breathes through all her pores the substance of the sacred fire—the fingers of God caressing the screen of life with renewed hope—how can men, made in his image, mar that image?

Yet they do. And it is temporary, for they have no permanent power to despoil the virgin beauty of God! Nor have they permanent power to mar the face of childish innocence! And nor can they take from you, who are adults and who embrace your Holy Christ Self, the beauty of the innocence of heaven that is given to you!

No human sophistry has power over the thought of God and the angels. No human sophistry has power over the infinite hand of Christ and the identity that is soul reality.

*monstrosities

I contemplate, then, this day
 The meaning of renewed life
 As it flashes forth through mind and heart
 Of those inspired patrons of the art—
 Those who will take their pen or brush in hand
 And ask the power of light to command
 That they may trace in beauty
 Infinity for all to see,
 A touch of God to make men free.
 O gracious ones, how the need mounts up
 For men of courage, wedded not
 To gold of human worth,
 But wedded to the joy
 That takes delight in cosmic mirth.
 Peace, tranquility and light—
 These are the substances of right.
 Gracious ones, employ them
 In all thy doings—
 Thy hand and head and heart,
 Eschewing evil and embracing good.
 So, then, the children of the world may have their food,
 The spiritual bread that beauty brings,
 And in their hearts to innocence let them cling
 And see the face of God.

Precious ones, I am releasing today the substance of the thought of God's beauty into the world. And I am hoping against hope that the thought of the world will also capture some of this thought of innocence and revert away from that which has so destructively laid traps into which the young and tender fall.

Precious ones (who love light, who love God, who love truth and whose hearts yearn to see the manifest design of

God outworked and outpictured), realize that hope liveth on not only in our hearts but in yours. It is the hope that God-victory will come to all, that they who sit in darkness shall see a great light,¹ that they whose eyes are blind may have the scales fall therefrom,² that the power of old that descended to Saul upon the Damascus way³ may also come to all men's thoughts, to those who pray and also to those who *prey*—p-r-e-y—upon mankind.

Let all come to the “Damascus way” in order to know that it will be hard for them when they kick against the pricks. But through the returning currents of their karma (which I urge the Lords of Karma to direct), they will find that they, who have marred the world and have sought to mar it, may yet turn to serve the light and to utilize their talents for the release of holy innocence into the world.

There is so much beauty in the ethereal realms, gracious ones, that my ascended soul reels to behold it. It exceeds all that I have ever thought it would be, and it is *here*, and it is *there*, and it is *everywhere*. It is awaiting the outpicturing of the chalice mind and the fervent spirit to portray it so that none may fear life but draw nigh unto God, who *is* life.

Thus life may draw nigh unto you in the innocence of its pure and original patterns, which are released into the hand of every angelic being and released into the eye of every lover of God, who, in seeing him, beholds himself.

I thank you.

“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 **Sunday, May 8, 1966**, at La Tourelle, Colorado Springs, Colorado. (1) Isa. 9:2; Matt. 4:16. (2) Acts 9:18. (3) Acts 9:1–22.

To Beloved Venus A Prayer for Loveliness

Beloved mighty victorious Presence of God, I AM in me, my very own beloved Holy Christ Self, beloved Lady Master Venus, beloved Guru Ma and Lanello, the entire Spirit of the Great White Brotherhood and the World Mother, elemental life—fire, air, water, and earth! By and through the magnetic power of the immortal, victorious threefold flame of Love, Wisdom, and Power anchored within my heart, I decree:

1. O beauty supreme, thou Light of my soul,
Envelop my form and now make me whole.
To Venus I call, thou matriarch true,
O lady of heaven, mold me like you.
- Refrain: Come, come, come by all thy Love
From our Venus star above:
Flood thy Flame through my soul,
With thy Love's beauty my being enfold.
2. With pink, blue, and gold radiance seal,
By perfumed caresses, my being reveal:
Majestic I AM and one with thy glory,
Direct, O God Presence, my life's wondrous story.
 3. Living Light of the morning star,
Let not vain thoughts my being mar;
I AM God's flame, eternal youth,
Mold me, shape me in heaven's Truth.
 4. I pray for loveliness, beauty, too,
Oh, make and keep me ever like you—
Wise, compassionate, loving, and kind,
Beautiful form of the pure God Mind!

And in full Faith I consciously accept this manifest, manifest, manifest! (3x) right here and now with full Power, eternally sustained, all-powerfully active, ever expanding, and world enfold-ing until all are wholly ascended in the Light and free!

Beloved I AM! Beloved I AM! Beloved I AM!*

*This decree is printed in the decree book *Prayers, Meditations and Dynamic Decrees for Personal and World Transformation* (#1778), p. 304, no. 30.06.