

*Beloved Paul the Venetian*

### **The Chord of Cosmic Beauty**

Hence, as I come this night, it is to cherish the ideals of the heart. For the heart is endowed with its own fire, and the majesty of that fire expands everywhere, to the farthest reaches of space, to the farthest reaches of consciousness, and is able to return home to the heart of the individual even as it is able to return the individual to the heart of Home, the heart of God.

You came forth from him, and all things came forth from him. All things were made by him. And the idea, in its sweet simplicity, is most enchanting when mankind are able to peer behind the mere cage of words into the heart of an idea.

For out of great ideas are born great movements, and no movement is so utterly important to the world (now and always has been) as the movement of the being of man into the magnificent radiance of the love of God. The love of God encompasses all things, yet who can...

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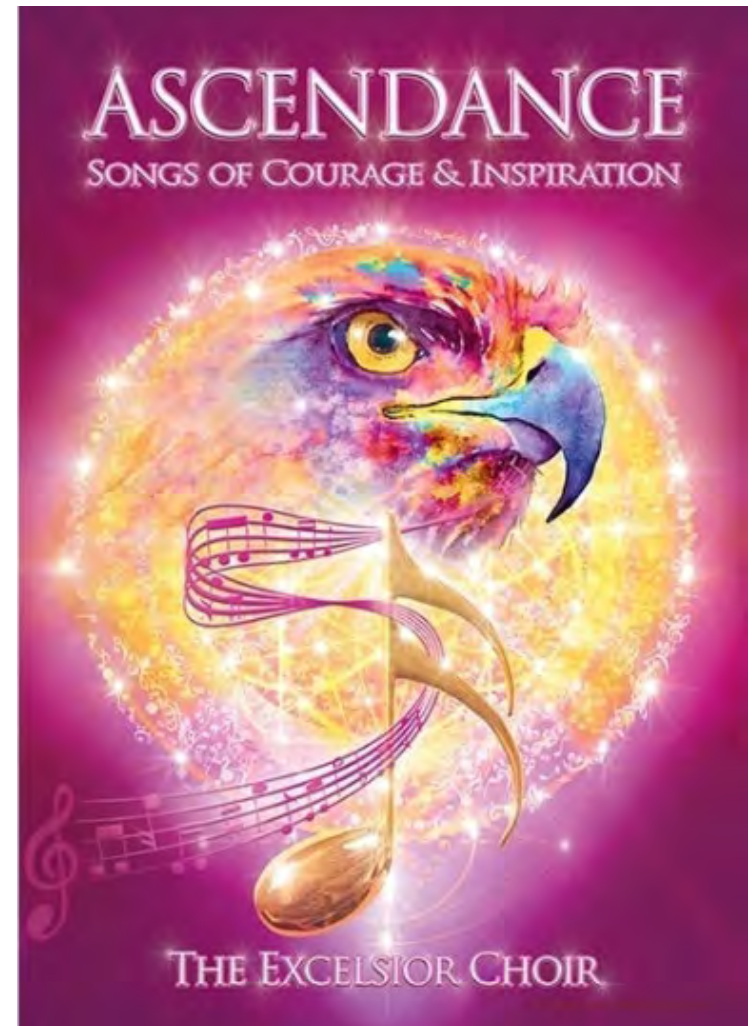
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# Pearls of Wisdom®

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Beloved Paul the Venetian

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## The Chord of Cosmic Beauty

The tenderness of grace is before me now, a moment of serenity when all of the activity of the universe is stilled and the radiance of the universe, like a lustrous pearl, gleams through the orifices of consciousness and expands out, out, out beyond all that seems to be.

I am enamored by His grace. His grace is sufficient not only for myself but for every man. His grace abounds, and his grace is the essence of all beauty. He has formed the perfection of the lily and the rose, but above all he has formed the magnificence of the heart.

Hence, as I come this night, it is to cherish the ideals of the heart. For the heart is endowed with its own fire, and the majesty of that fire expands everywhere, to the farthest reaches of space, to the farthest reaches of consciousness, and is able to return home to the heart of the individual even as it is able to return the individual to the heart of Home, the heart of God.

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is so utterly important to the world (now and always has been) as the movement of the being of man into the magnificent radiance of the love of God. The love of God encompasses all things, yet who can rule this power of infinite love?

### The Beauty of God Is Displayed in the Beauty of the Heart

You have heard it said that the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world. And so as a knight of God, I tonight honor the Mother of the World. In the concept of the Mother is born the idea of family unity—a family under God, where the beauty of interlocking harmony is manifest in the consonance of hearts, as hearts sing in harmony with that inward concept, “On Wings of Song”<sup>1</sup>—that inward concept that rights all wrong, that inward concept that makes man be an element of God-free radiance, of light outpouring over the threshold of the chalice and moving the world toward a state of regeneration.

The world throughout the centuries—and I cite it with gravity—has spewed out the same old dogmas of error. The concepts of mortal men welded in vanity are twisted in space. They stem from dimensions of darkness and error, and they create shame in the hearts of men. Let us shun, then, *all* that is negative, *all* that is destructive, *all* that creates a pallor upon the face of the world consciousness, and let us elevate the consciousness of man into the appreciation of God’s beauty.

And where is beauty displayed more fervently than in the beauty of the heart? This is the “encanvassing”<sup>\*</sup> of that supreme radiance from the mind of God, which by the Master Artist, with fingers of radiant light, is penciled within the darkness of the formative mind. For the mind and being of man are formative in immaturity. But standing forth now,

<sup>\*</sup>*encanvassing*: a coined word that likely means to express or capture on canvas, whether on the physical or etheric plane

man is hopefully learning the lessons upon this planet and thus ascending into that supernal radiance where the glow-ray of God is able to wipe from the consciousness and mind of man all tears of shame, and those crocodile tears of self-pity and illusion, and reveal at last—to every heart-seeker for consciousness and bliss and freedom from fear—a realm of such magnificent faith as dispels doubt and gloom and casts aside forever the things of this earth that will never conquer the universe, and never can.

For man, in his frail house of clay endowed with the beauty of God, molders away even as he lives, not as Methuselah and the brave men of old endowed with the priesthood of Melchizedek,<sup>2</sup> but as a dying generation, a blight upon the branch of life. These, moved to stark nakedness and cold reality, stand, then, revealed “as wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever,” as was spoken of old.<sup>3</sup>

The mass consciousness, as a charnel house of destruction and deceit, moves onward as a juggernaut caravan without purpose, empty and devoid, an abomination of desolation that God has vacated.

### The Need for Diligence in Love

Now, then, we come to that radiant perfection of the living Christ, that supremacy of consciousness that is the virtue of Almighty God that strikes to light a flame within the heart of man.

This flame that is lit is a flame of radiant love! This flame that is lit is kindled from above! This flame that is lit and garnished by angelic radiance is surrounded, then, by that heavenly witness, a corollary to all truths spoken by all avatars of old and citing these words so faithfully rendered in the scriptures of old: “Beloved, a new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.”<sup>4</sup>

Those who heard the Master utter those words understood it not as a fragile thing but as a power to move the millenniums, to move through the *manvantara*\* and the epochs of God-identification and historical movement, until the world plan could solemnly reveal itself to the world as a caravan of happiness, a bonanza of God’s grace abundantly overflowing the chalice of each moment and rendering it beautiful, even when on the surface it might seem to be ugly.

The alchemy of change—so much now in the mind of the Brotherhood—is a holy activity intended to endow humanity with that love that would teach them the need for every aspect of love, which is also the *potential* of change, the *potential* of cleansing, the *potential* of realization, the education of the heart until the heart is able to perceive beauty and to portray it in the radiance of the life so lived.

The life so lived is given to all, and all are touched by the outflow of the heavenly light of movement in their own lives, some misqualifying it to judgment and destruction and others creating beauty—beauty that endures, a lovely grace, a tranquil radiance, or a *bursting brilliance* that when it goes forth into the world is able to impress memory—cause, effect, record, and memory—with the need for diligence in love.

Without diligence in love, the corrosive elements of the world, my beloved, will create in the heart such irritation and resentment, such sympathy for those who are the harbingers of destruction, such confusion and chaos in consciousness as to opaque the beauty that God has placed everywhere. And nowhere do we see it more beautifully portrayed, as I said before, than in the heart. But until the heart speaks, we find that the floral tributes of the angelic hosts are the most vocal of all elements of beauty.

\**manvantara*: in Hinduism, the period or age of a Manu; one of the fourteen intervals that constitute a kalpa—the duration of time from the origination to the destruction of a world system (a cosmic cycle)

And I think also, as I see the stamp of beauty upon the face of a child, that next [in beauty] to a lovely flower is the face of a lovely child. And one day the children of the world, as their consciousness is more educated to the sublime ideas of the Most High God, will be as God intended—a hungry, budding flower seeking to lap up the identity of God and to absorb it wholly into consciousness. And when that moment occurs, I tell you, the golden age will be in full flower.

And of what value, I ask, would the creation of greater scientific achievement be to a world that cannot, in its understanding, understand the need to shun and shed violence everywhere, to stop it—to stop the action of violence? You have heard it said, “The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.”<sup>5</sup>

#### **The Reality of Beauty Is the Sustaining Momentum That God Foreknew in the Beginning**

Now I come to you tonight to create in you the peace that is hidden in beauty.

Why do you go away from time to time from the busy, teeming marts of the world? Why do you seek to hide in mountain nooks and along quiet rivers? Why do you desire to listen to soft and gentle music?

It is because your heart yearns to muse, because your heart, filled with its long-remembered rivers of light, still has the radiant reflection of the cosmic mirror of Reality moving as a barge of holiness upon its surface, and it wants so much to reveal this beauty to each individual personally so that the individual may share in it because it is God’s. And through that sharing in it, God may flow into it. And through that flowing into it, beauty may flow into that one’s consciousness. And because it is there, the lineaments of beauty will be fashioned by that lifestream in all that that one does. For when

the consciousness absorbs the beauty and perfection of God, it cannot help but shine forth and be mirrored in other ways.

I come to you, then, tonight, not as an outwardly perfected people but as a people who seek perfection, as people who understand and crave perfection, as those who have a need for it, like empty vessels who wait to be filled.

I come, together with others of the angelic hosts, and I am consumed and delirious in the consciousness of God’s beauty. I have seen of old, in the days when I was known as Paolo Veronese,<sup>6</sup> how humanity was able to create beautifully from the age-old memories of the soul in works of art, such as Titian<sup>7</sup> and others.

But now in this latter time when the possibility of great change comes to humanity, I would point out to you that when all the forces of darkness and the darkening of the age stand before mankind as an awesome specter, a bony skeleton pointing toward destruction, as it were, all of this ugliness can pass away in one moment, as the sunburst of heavenly light and color, music and perfume burst into the consciousness and shed forth the glory of God there.

When hope is kindled anew in consciousness, it *is* a sunburst of radiant light! And so tonight, as I come to you with the blessing of the Darjeeling Council, I, Paul the Venetian, am mindful of the need to kindle in those who are here at this *Class of the Resurrection Flame* a flame of the reality of beauty, because this was the sustaining momentum that God foreknew from the Beginning and by which he wrought age-old wonders of old.

#### **Beauty Is in the Law**

As your hearts are stirred, then, by the power of the Brotherhood playing upon you with the many fingers of mastery until the lutes of your heart are stirred to a cosmic,

chordal response, I pray that Almighty God himself—from out the fires of the Great Central Sun, through the power of the angelic hosts—will kindle in the heart of each one of you that buoyant sense of God-reality that you knew before the world was, that stumbling no longer, *the world garment, the world garment, the world garment* of Reality will be drawn together by the bonds of love until this love, generated in the fires of God's own heart, will kindle anew in you all a response that you will never forget. And thus you will determine to set the world aflame with that blaze that conquers all.

The harbingers of violence believe that in guns and destructivity they are able to rule the world. But they are most subtle in their machinations. They do not understand the need to protect freedom. They do not understand the need to protect humanity.

They sometimes feel that freedom is license to do whatever they will, and they do not understand that beauty is in the Law. This law to be loved, while it may be a chastening to humanity, is also the saviour of humanity. For those who do well will frame a world, as the carpenter of Nazareth long ago sought to do, where beauty and law are understood and welcomed. Then the children of mankind will look as the great sands fall from the hourglass of life. They will look as the great Karmic Lords hold up the scales of judgment. They will look and say, "Welcome, judgment! Welcome, reality! Welcome, beauty!"

For there is beauty in this, even as there is beauty in flowers and faces and hearts. There is beauty in the cleansing of the earth by the sacred fire. There is beauty in casting out hatred from the heart. There is beauty in beginning to relive. There is beauty in building a momentum in your life that will enable you to understand the great mysteries of the Law.

### **I Will Endow Each of You Who Will Receive It with a Cosmic Lamp upon Your Forehead**

And so as I, Paul, come to you tonight, it is a coming as a gathering of humanity under the wings of God's beauty. We would create a culture not only for this age as a shadow that would stand before man, but we would create a long shadow of reality that is no shadow at all but a radiance that goes before man, blotting out his shadows and darkness and showing him that because God lives, he lives also. He lived with God before his flesh form knew the cellular life it presently enjoys.

Man will live in consciousness after the body is blown away by the gentle winds of the cosmic realm. He will live in God's light, a creator and not a man. He will live in God's light, the arbiter of a universal plan—all worlds then beneath his feet, his head aglow in the clouds. The fire of movement and of the New Age dawns, the fire of a beauty whose supremacy will enable each heart to catch a glimpse of that which will one day be—*because it already is*.

Only here in time and space dimensions do mankind assert limitations. In the sanctimony of cosmic reality, the virtue of true beauty shines forth. It is of words because it *is* the Word. It is beyond words because it was before the Word was. It is all things, and yet all things are commanded by it. It is light and it is the flow of the masses of humanity, as the great internal ripple of cosmic joy seeks to surge through humanity and they, in their blighted state of present consciousness, consider this as a fun game where they can each day seek to satisfy some base desire.

Now then, why is this so? It is because they have lost the fires of Reality. They have lost the glimpse of what God's mind is. They have become, as it were, shards, bitter and separated.

We then say to you all, cast it aside! As was cried out of

old, “New lamps for old,”<sup>8</sup> so I cry out to you all: Cast aside the darkened consciousness of this age and see the beauty of the lamp of beauty, of the lamp of knowledge, of the lamp of the mind, because it is the lamp of God!

And so tonight I will endow each of you who will receive it with a cosmic lamp upon your forehead, a golden, cosmic lamp that the angelic hosts will fill with the oil of the Holy Spirit.

You may expect, upon the occasion of the coming of the Lord Maha Chohan, that your lamp will be filled with a more than ordinary radiance. For throughout this conference it is the intention of the ascended hosts to see that there is an interrelated activity of cosmic beauty and purpose whereby the student body will be permitted to absorb a larger measure of the largesse of the Great White Brotherhood, which would reach out with arms of the Spirit and cause humanity, *if we could*, to actually fall into a cocked hat, so large as the world itself, where they would find themselves literally bathed with the fires of love. And when this event would occur, I assure you that many today would find a renewed interest in living who have almost lost the zest thereof.

For living is giving. Living is loving. Living is being. But it is not living according to your own concepts. It is living according to the concepts of fiery beauty from the heart of God.

Yes, it is true, dear one. I have consulted with El Morya this day. And if you think that I sound a little bit like him, I am sure that you will reminisce in your heart and realize that it is I. For I AM, by his grace, the embodiment of his beauty, and what I have I would bequeath to you all. The cosmic law does not permit me to give it to you for long. But tonight while your bodies sleep, if the Law permits, I would like to give you a nugget of cosmic beauty—cosmic-beauty concepts, cosmic-love concepts, cosmic-grace concepts.

The one thought occupying our entire consciousness is what beauty would do to the world. There are those who say, “Yes, but every man has his own idea of beauty.” How true, beloved ones of the earth. But in the mind of God there is only one endowment of beauty, and that endowment of beauty, manifesting through the prism of each individualized consciousness, is always in consonance with all of the beauty and harmony flashing forth from the Universal, ever and anon.

### The Chord of Cosmic Beauty Is Alive and Always Will Be

And so as I take my leave of you, I call to the angels that came with me to shower upon your hearts the roses of heaven, the immortal flowers that from our realm will perfume not only your lives but the lives of a distraught humanity. The *nation* needs binding up. The *nations* need binding up. The *world* needs binding up. For the wounds are many.

Let us then apply the unguents of the flowers of God to the hearts of mankind and to your own consciousness, that your consciousness may become each day more radiantly a reflection of the mind of God and of the abundant grace that he came to bestow through every avatar, through every mother’s heart, through every soul’s *start*. For in the Beginning God created man in his own image.<sup>9</sup> In the image of beauty created he him and endowed him with the power of love and peace. He gave unto humanity the power of industry and decision, the power of free will and creative love.

Will you then understand that that which is lost, that chord of cosmic beauty, is yet alive and always will be? It is but for you to reclaim it.

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 **Wednesday, March 25, 1970**, during the *Class of the Resurrection Flame*, held in Santa Barbara, California. Any books listed in the following endnotes are published by Summit University Press and are by Mark L. Prophet and/or Elizabeth Clare Prophet unless otherwise noted. Books and DVDs are available at <https://Store.SummitLighthouse.org>; audio products are available at [www.AscendedMasterLibrary.org](http://www.AscendedMasterLibrary.org). [N.B. Bracketed words have been added for clarity in the written word.] (1) **“On Wings of Song”** is a poem written by German Romantic poet Heinrich Heine in 1827 and set to music by Felix Mendelssohn for voice and piano in 1834. (2) See Gen. 5:21–27; 14:18–20; Heb. 7:1–3, 15–17. (3) Jude 1:13. (4) John 13:34. (5) Matt. 11:12. (6) **Paolo Veronese** (1528–88), born Paolo Calgiari in Verona, Italy, was a major Renaissance artist of the sixteenth-century Venetian school. He developed new techniques in color, pigments, and color preservation, which are still unsurpassed today. For more information on Veronese, see *The Masters and Their Retreats*, pp. 274–76. Ordering information above. (7) **Such as Titian**. Tiziano Vecellio (1488/90–1576), known as Titian, was a Venetian painter of the sixteenth-century Italian Renaissance. The versatile Titian painted portraits, landscapes, and religious and mythological subjects. (8) **“New lamps for old”** is a phrase taken from a Middle Eastern folk tale (“Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp”), later added to *The Book of the Thousand and One Nights*. (9) Gen. 1:27.

## Paul the Venetian

Lord of the Third Ray

Lovely Venetian, brother of light  
 Bring us love’s beauty, from heaven’s height  
 Gentle and patient, loving and true  
 Beautiful Venetian, we love you!

Liberty’s castle, home of our Paul  
 Guardian of Liberty’s flame that frees all  
 In ev’ry heart flame—pink, blue, and gold  
 Gratefully adores you, friend of old.

Life’s blessed purpose, let all now see  
 Our brother’s keeper, help all to be  
 Where shadows darken, love is felt most  
 Help us there to give it, heav’nly host!

Lovely Venetian, let us be strong  
 Wielding love’s power, righting all wrong  
 For your love’s service, freely given all  
 God’s great gifts of glory, now we call.

Goddess of Liberty, bless your dear son  
 Our friend and brother, God’s holy one  
 Expand his power ev’ry blest day  
 We love our Venetian, God’s third ray!\*

\*This song is printed in the *Book of Hymns and Songs* (The Summit Lighthouse), no. 215.