

Beloved Paul the Venetian

The Beauty of Creation

O flame of infinite comfort, come forth now within the temples of mankind's heart and knit those hearts together in that beautiful release of infinite peace, that beautiful release of the silence of God's love, the power when all is still. For in the beauty of stillness, the calm pool of knowing begins to reflect his radiance.

And in that reflection there is born the selfsame beautiful obedience that elemental life manifested when it received the impetus of the Holy Spirit and, directed by the ancient covenants, went forth to accomplish the beauty of creation...

That which is within, that light within the heart of the children of God, is beautiful to behold. For although it may seem to be to thee but as a candle in the midst of billions of feet of shallow darkness, the light of that candle is very great when thou considerest it. For it is the essence of thy life, and the meaning of that life is thine to discover.

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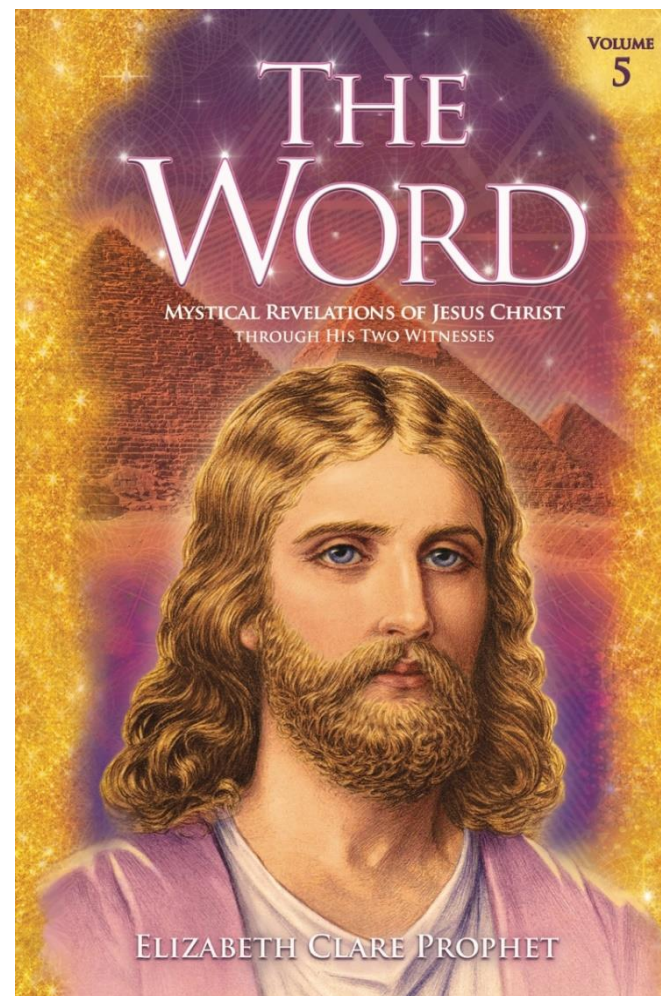
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The Beauty of Creation

O flame of infinite comfort, come forth now within the temples of mankind's heart and knit those hearts together in that beautiful release of infinite peace, that beautiful release of the silence of God's love, the power when all is still. For in the beauty of stillness, the calm pool of knowing begins to reflect his radiance. And in that reflection there is born the selfsame beautiful obedience that elemental life manifested when it received the impetus of the Holy Spirit and, directed by the ancient covenants, went forth to accomplish the beauty of creation.

The miracle, solemnized by the archetypal manifestations of God, is indeed beautiful to behold manifesting at inner levels. I think also (although mankind have corrupted much of the pristine beauty of creation through wrong thought and feeling), that the remnant of that creation also holds a beauty (although somewhat faded, as an ancient painting) from the original design. The cracks and flaws, the hardened pigments occasioned by mankind's hardness of heart, have taken its toll. And I think the canvas does, then, not fully manifest the original beauty of the cosmic creation of God.

But that which is within, that light within the heart of the children of God, is beautiful to behold. For although it may

seem to be to thee but as a candle in the midst of billions of feet of shallow darkness, the light of that candle is very great when thou considerest it. For it is the essence of thy life, and the meaning of that life is thine to discover.

The miracle of life, then, is in the flashing forth of beauty upon the screen thereof. When the curtain goes up and mankind behold the solemn purposes, their hearts leap from the banal consciousness of bondage into the wondrous spirit of liberty, and the pulsations of liberty's flame consecrate mankind to holy purpose.

Wedded then to holy purpose, mankind seek constantly to please the beloved, and the flame of life flashes forth in right conduct, right speech, right thought, and the reflected image, which resembles the purity of the original design.

Oh, how intricate are the weavings, precious ones. And I think that if mankind could behold each strand as it is placed in the garment of being, they would realize more fully how important is the placing of each thread in completing the pattern as God intends.

A Miracle of God's Love

Now I recall how a very poor young lad—embodied in France long ago, sometime after the passing of Jeanne d'Arc—did offer unto a poor widow and her sick child a loaf of bread, which was all the substance that he had left, and he did not reserve so much as a crumb of it for himself. And this lad went into a great cathedral to pray, having offered this gift unto the woman, who joyously accepted it as a gift from the angels.

It came to pass, as he went into the cathedral to pray, that the angels of God came and comforted him, and there was given unto him a holy vision. And he saw the land of Palestine and the multitudes gathered upon the hillsides, and to him

the great ritual drama of the Christ in his Sermon on the Mount¹ became a living thing—before the advent of motion pictures and before mankind possessed the power to re-create in imagination these designs from the akashic records.

To this boy, by angelic hands, was given this great and precious gift of witnessing in faithful representation every act concerning the Master Jesus in his full delivery of the Sermon on the Mount. “Blessed are the poor in spirit. Blessed are the pure in heart.”²

The ringing tones of the Master were heard forth from him in fluent French, the lad’s own native tongue, and the lad’s heart was gladdened by the miracle of God’s love. This young lad felt no pangs of pity for himself because he was anhungered, and he rejoiced in the opportunity of having been the donor of some grace to a part of life.

**Re-creation and the Power to Create
Is a Thing of Beauty and a Joy Forever**

What a different message this is, precious ones, to that sorrow that occupies the mind of some, who in base self-pity do feel that their lot is not a happy one, whereas God has given to them a scale of opportunity whereby they may rise from the sands of the present upon the desert (or seeming desert) of self and find that at the command from on high the land bursts forth into blossoms. And the rose and the essence and the perfume and the flowers and the magic of light and loveliness kindle the desert with blossoms.

And the dust mingles therewith, and all is God’s light, a sea billowing with angelic forms—a sea of splendor that like the flowers of the grass will ultimately pass from the screen of life but not from the screen of consciousness. For as a field of wheat waving in the wind, as the living wheat that the disciples took and did eat as they passed through the wheat fields,³

so in the blessed memory of mankind, re-creation and the power to create is a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

In the divine imagery, in the divine image, mankind awoken to a dream of immortality and its reality. In the divine image and the image of consecration, the fires of Almighty God are banked upon the shores of man’s consciousness, and mankind, coming then to a new land of self to discover, find their freedom in the I AM Race consciousness.

**I Come to Reconsecrate
a Flame of Beauty to the Earth**

“America, we love you.” These words pour forth in this blessed land consecrated to Saint Germain, consecrated also by the power of the Goddess of Liberty’s flame. And I think it shall be my privilege to stand above this place in the upper atmosphere when she speaks her words to you on the morrow⁴ and I pour my adoration down upon you as she rekindles the torch of your being in accordance with the divine design.

Now as a flower opes its petals to the sun
To drink the beloved radiance
That falleth as the gentle rain,
So do I ask that once again
Ye shall consecrate your being
To the magic of a lute
That like an entrancing flute
Blows and pipes its notes anew.
The consecration, oh, so true
That brings a sense of beauty, too,
And loveliness beyond compare
A blossomed immortelle so fair.
God’s own face to thee is shown,
And thou dost know thou art not alone
But ever surrounded with radiance fair,

The power and love of a maiden's prayer
 To gladden then the very air
 With a sense of beauty beyond compare.

I AM come this night to reconsecrate
 A flame of beauty to the earth.
 The sense of beauty is gone;
 The house of God is desolate.
 The people's hearts are affrighted
 And they tremble
 As though peril were in the cup.
 And the poison of iniquity is spread abroad in the land,
 And greed and selfishness are on every hand.
 And men in the barrenness of their soul
 Do fail and fail to reach the goal.

The old boundaries of sin and stain
 Continue to wreak the havoc of pain.
 And mankind know they must find the way
 To break the shroud
 Of death that cries so loud:
 "Come, play with us
 And feel our dust,
 For we eat, we drink, and tomorrow we die.
 We perish and our life will fly.
 So let us, then, drink the cup—
 The cup of happiness complete
 That comes from mortal substance sweet
 And despises God's own law and truth
 And findeth naught but pain in truth"—
 Because they understand not the Way.
 I AM the Way, so let us pray:

Our Father dear, hear our prayer
 And consecrate these people fair

Whose face is like an angel's prayer, in reality.
 O thou dawn of God, eternity,
 That everywhere does show, disclosing,
 Reveal the forces, then, opposing
 All that is the light of God.
 And let Babylon fall that is not the Law,
 And let men's hearts then turn in awe
 Because the truth of God is plain.
 It is the life; then don't complain
 But do thou, O thou children wise,
 The acts of God, and don't despise
 The chastening of his blessed rod
 That leads you, calls you back to God.

On bended knee,
 Let mankind see
 I AM the power to make you free.
 Then call and call and call again
 And let all bondage go indeed,
 For God will be with you as you speed
 Your prayer of love to his own throne,
 And you shall feel no more alone.
 Self-pity gone, your soul will be
 Consecrated to the free.

The Way Is Thus Made Plain

Precious ones, I call to God, to his Almighty altar, that you understand clearly what I am speaking to you in the beauty of poetic release, that you understand that the Way is thus made plain, that you may be consecrated through the power of inspiration and the song of joy within your own souls to awaken from the constant threat and shadow of the pall of mankind's own iniquity.

You know, precious ones, mankind continue—and I do

mean continue—to repeat the old mistakes continually. And they wonder why they do not learn divine artistry. They wonder why *they* do not become painters of divine beauty. They wonder why they do not find their freedom. It is because sometimes, unbeknownst to them, there lurks within the darkness of their thought something of which they are not wholly aware, and it is urged upon them to discover through the power of Christ illumination all that needs correcting within their world.

Many times I have come to you and I have urged upon you the sense of beauty. I come now, this night, to urge upon you the sense of beauty of soul. When you stop and pause, precious ones, to consider the goal that is before you, the majesty of Christ—and I regard him as having a visage that is not mean but one that is indeed filled with the radiance of victory and God-determination—then I say, let all who will emulate him find the will to stimulate themselves by divine fervor, to determine to overthrow all that hinders and opposes the victory of their life and world.

God's Word Is Consecrated within You

You cannot know, precious ones, until you are willing to shatter the human matrix, just how much the human matrix has done to oppose the freedom of your soul. You think sometimes, precious ones, that a little thorn has no meaning, and yet how great a beast can be brought low in whimpering, howling madness because of the pain of one thorn when placed between the toes.

And therefore I think, precious ones, that you will recognize how gracious it is when you spend your life in a beautiful way:

To free others from strain and sin and pain
And fill them with the vigor for the fight—

Not, precious ones, to scatter among mankind fear and fright.
It is so easy for tumult to be spread abroad in the land
And for fear to appear at every hand.
And then I think that if he could
Almighty God would shed a tear,
But because his perfection is so clear
He holds the soul and doth revere
All that is his divine plan—
The plan of God for every man.

O precious ones, listen, and listen clearly,
For I have been told by an angel
Who had the boldness to speak,
That the bells of heaven shall ring this night
And can be heard audibly
By those who have the courage
To lift high their ear.
In the upper atmosphere right here,
The joy bells of the LORD are ringing clear.
A sound of joy and peace will be heard then,
Throughout the world by the power of God's Word.
His Word is consecrated within you;
It is beautiful. It is lovely. It is a joy forever.

Listen, then.
Listen to the sound of the angels.
Listen to the crescendos of their hearts of gold.
Listen to the anthem of the ages.
Listen to the anthem of the free.
Hear it echoing from the depths of eternity.
As I am speaking to you,
This beauty is pouring out all around you.
It is like a series of lights that glow.
It is like welcome fires here below.

That which comes from above the plain,
 The truth that lives as Christ shall reign
 Within thy heart, where I AM free,
 The power to know is given to thee.

Will ye, then, remain all bound
 When by God's law and holy sound
 The tone of OM resounding then
 Is like a prayer, a great Amen?
 The angels' voices in the air
 Do now make music everywhere.
 And life Edenic then is born.
 'Tis like the beauty of a cosmic morn,
 When the birds do sing
 And joy bells ring
 And freedom maketh all a king.

O God, let thy kingdom fair
 Now appear to every heart.
 Let the eyes of the heart expand;
 Let the eyes of the soul understand.
 And let that darkness that has covered the land
 Be broken, the iron band!
Shatter it now in God's own name!
 I say, let *all* claim
 That victory that God would have
 Descend upon the souls of men!

O, blessed ones, awake, awake!
 And feel the beauty, for God's sake!
 For he has given his all to thee
 That thou mayest breathe his air so free
 And know that *I AM liberty!*
 Thy flame is flashing in the air!
 That flame is heavenly joy so rare!

Oh, take it now
 And to the light bow
 And feel that *God is ever thou!*

Blight Shall Disappear as God's Beauty Appears

Ladies and gentlemen, in the name of liberty's holy flame, I say to you in honor of America and in honor of the true France—for I was once a dauphin thereof—that the flame of liberty shall this night expand in this place and in the hearts of those who will receive it, until beauty shall take the place of ugliness, and blight shall disappear as God's beauty appears.

So go and do thou likewise. In God's holy name, I AM, and for the sake of the prayer of the Master Jesus: "All that thou hast given unto me, I have kept, and none of them are lost."⁵

Father, I thank thee.

Pax vobiscum et spiritu tuum.

Adieu.

"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 **Thursday, April 15, 1965**, during the *Victory Class 1965* Easter conference, held in Beacon's Head, Vienna, Virginia. 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, audio, and video products are available at <https://Store.SummitLighthouse.org>. The widest selection of audio files, including dictations, are available at www.AscendedMasterLibrary.org. (1) Matt. 5–7. (2) Matt. 5:3, 8. (3) Matt. 12:1–8; Luke 6:1–5. (4) **Goddess of Liberty's words to you on the morrow.** On April 16, 1965, the Goddess of Liberty gave a dictation through Mark L. Prophet in which she admonished: "Let there be an emptying of the trash of human nonsense from the containers of the mind, and let mankind renew the patterns of God-ideaation which will summon from the four corners of the universe that precious substance of the sacred fire that is a living, breathing flame-substance which I hold high in the torch, which I hold high in my arm, yea, even in my right arm and right hand, holding up to enfold you for the elect of the world to see the great blessing of cosmic destiny. . . . The question which ought to be seriously pondered by you, blessed ones, is just what are you putting your attention upon? Just what are you interested in becoming? Are you interested in becoming more man-like or more God-like? It is up to you to decide and 'choose ye this day whom ye will serve.' [Josh. 24:15] Therefore, stand fast this day in the mighty powers of the spiritual light from on high, the generative powers of God, the regenerative powers of God, and make all things new by light and by devotion." (5) John 17:12; 18:9.

I Raise My Cup to Thee

Beloved mighty victorious Presence of God, I AM in me, my very own beloved Holy Christ Self, Holy Christ Selves of all mankind, beloved Lord the Maha Chohan, beloved Mother Mary, beloved Paul the Venetian, beloved Archangel Chamuel and Charity, beloved Heros and Amora, Elohim of Love, beloved Lady Masters Nada and Venus, beloved Goddess of Liberty, beloved Jesus the Christ, 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 Liberty and the adoration flame ablaze with my heart, I decree:

I humbly invoke the expansion throughout my being and world of your qualities of divine Love, Wisdom, and Power, Freedom and Liberty—compassion, tolerance, forgiveness, forbearance, patience, goodwill, unity, brotherhood, tact, diplomacy, culture, beauty, perfection, and self-mastery.

I ask to be taught your ability to magnify the Good in my fellowmen, to help each one to fulfill his divine plan, to liberate and develop my own individual talents and powers, to harmonize, raise, purify, and perfect my feeling world and that of my brethren; yea, to be a constant comfort—to love all Life free.

I decree, I accept, and I AM the full outpouring and manifestation of your Love and Life, beloved great ones. Use my lifestream to channel your blessings to all life upon earth and to magnify the LORD so that all may see and know that the Light of God that never fails is the threefold flame beating within our hearts!

And in full Faith. . . *

*This decree is printed in the decree book *Prayers, Meditations and Dynamic Decrees for Personal and World Transformation* (#1778), p. 303, no. 30.05.