

Beloved Paul the Venetian

The Great Abiding Presence of Beauty within the Human Soul

I walked one night at sunset alone to a peculiar little area near the water and stood watching as the twilight descended.

Far from the madding crowd of the city, my thoughts flew as on wings out over oceans and continents to other lands. And I thought of the vastness of the world, as no doubt you too have mused. And I sensed the great abiding presence of beauty within the human soul, and I knew that in my solitude and aloneness there was a great blessing, which could never have been realized had I been among the multitudes.

The Christ long ago also demonstrated his desire to be apart from the multitudes. But all these withdrawals were for purposes of strength, that the bond of grace and immortality could then become boundless in sense.

Man, you know, is often prone to render a situation grave. And I would take the gravity out of a situation and teach the art of buoyancy to you, whereby you sense that behind...

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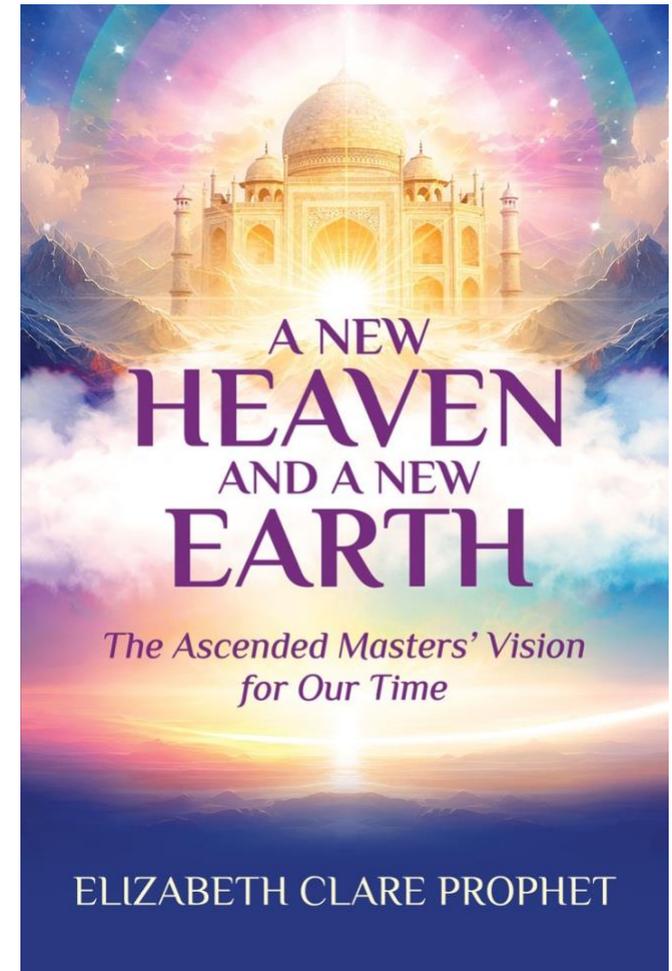
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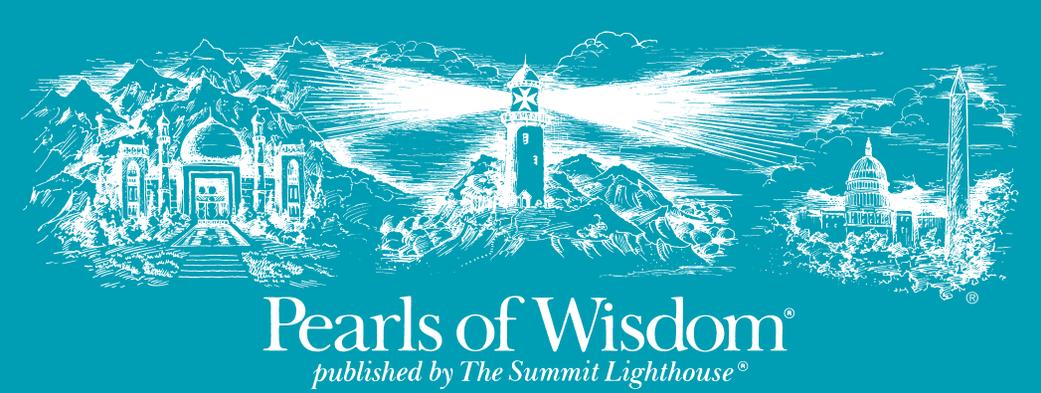
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Beloved Paul the Venetian

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The Great Abiding Presence of Beauty within the Human Soul

Gracious ladies and gentlemen, I recall through the process of memory how that many years ago when in the city of Paris (for I kept a small home there, to which I would journey on occasion), I walked one night at sunset alone to a peculiar little area near the water and stood watching as the twilight descended.

Far from the madding crowd of the city, my thoughts flew as on wings out over oceans and continents to other lands. And I thought of the vastness of the world, as no doubt you too have mused. And I sensed the great abiding presence of beauty within the human soul, and I knew that in my solitude and aloneness there was a great blessing, which could never have been realized had I been among the multitudes.

The Christ long ago also demonstrated his desire to be apart from the multitudes. But all these withdrawals were for purposes of strength, that the bond of grace and immortality could then become boundless in sense.

Man, you know, is often prone to render a situation grave. And I would take the gravity out of a situation and teach the art of buoyancy to you, whereby you sense that behind every veil and all seeming mourning there is the sun that lights the

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cloud with gold and silver and a tip, a little touch, of heaven.

The tiny concept of a babe, whether in Bethlehem or elsewhere, with rosy cheeks and bright eyes showing the freshness of heaven, not only gladdens the hearts of mothers but of all people throughout the earth, who are often pulled by the radiance come late from heaven to their consciousness.

And so as I mused by the water and beheld the lamps of evening lit, and as my soul flew Godward to muse upon color and upon the part that the rainbow spectrum plays in the manifestation of reality, I gave thanks to God in a silent petition offered upward for his gift of color relative to the rainbow of promise, which in our artistic minds we often employed in order to gladden the hearts of mankind with simple scenes executed with such talent as God gave to us.

Today, in mankind's kindness and because time has passed, lending enchantment to the view of our art, they choose to praise us and to think of us as great men. Michelangelo, Raphael, Titian, and many of the other greats of the past are considered to be artisans of tremendous ability. But I would remind you of that Great Painter of the sky itself. I would remind you of the angels who make the color of morning and evening and the brightness of the sea and the foam.

There Is an Inner Sense in Art, a Transparency of Spirit

You recall, perhaps, how there came from France to a South Sea island a painter who dwelled among the natives there and who was fascinated with the joy and the sense of the joy. May I now, then, give a criticism from the ascended octave of his work? You perhaps did not fancy me an art critic at this stage of my development. And perhaps it is best that I do not directly refer to him by name, but I am sure that you can easily ascertain the one of whom I speak.

This individual captured something of the bizarre in France in his sketches upon tablecloths and other common items. He became quite famous, and mankind were not quite aware of the fact that part of his work was a perversion of the third ray of divine love. For he was never able in that embodiment to discover the delicate and radiant sense of Michelangelo. This was because this individual was enamored with womankind in the manner of the ordinary, and he did not understand the proper [regard for] womanhood.

Now, my reason for referring to this painter today in criticism from a spiritual octave is not to direct energy against his blessed lifestream, but it is to point out that there was a certain garishness about his work and that this is ever the case when the lack of purity of soul does not permit the angelic radiance to come through. And I cite this not to harm him but as a guide to future individuals of the skill of brush and craft so that they, taking warning, may recognize what they ought to do and what they ought not to do in the realm of art.

There is an inner sense in art, a transparency of spirit that views the body of man not as filled with arterial canals or bone and skeletal framework but recognizes all of the points of balance where the skeletal framework would be, seeing it all as light and retaining its complete form as though there were nothing there to hold it except light. And in this transparent sense, man is able to frame the body and fashion it with brush in hand in a more delicate manner. For the angels do not have flesh and bone. They do not have a musculoskeletal frame to hold together their being, and they are composed of light.

**The Ascended State Is But a Beginning,
and There Are Many Octaves Beyond**

And you also in the ascended state will be composed and held together by light. And the internal organs, many of

them, will not be necessary to your existence at all. Certain focuses of the glands, of course, will remain, for they are jewels of light placed there to remind you of the call from higher octaves. These jewels will always remain with you unless you choose to be completely absorbed by the Great Central Sun. And then, of course, you would offer them for cremation upon the altar of God through the process of the highest nirvana.

This is usually not required, for most individuals are happy to perform some service to life in a blithe manner, as the angels do in the various octaves of life, even far above the ascended state. For the ascended state is but a beginning, and there are many octaves beyond, reaching toward the Godhood and the Godhead and the center of all that is.

But the servitors of light are required [in the ascended state], and holy men and women of dedication are required there and are needed. And there is a great service to be rendered even in the higher etheric realm, and also in many realms yet unknown to the mind of man.

You need not fear or ponder or become exceedingly curious, for all is linked with being, and being is linked with God. And you may rest secure, as a babe in the arms of its mother—a babe who knows not of the concerns of the world nor has yet learned letters and is content with an inner contentment to sleep upon her bosom in the quiet sleep of infancy. In comfort those of mature states may also rest in the arms of the Holy Mother and be aware that the concept of the Holy Family is one not just for this earth but for heaven also.

The Engendering of the Cosmic Sense of Art within You

Did not our Lord Christ recommend and commend to you the concept of the Father?

The heavenly Father, then, is made more real to you by

reason of his mission, by the sublime joy of God, never holding any conceit but only the immaculate conception. You see, precious ones, the idea of *conceit* is somewhat related to the idea of *conceive*, but it is a wrong conception.

I point out many things to you this morning, that your thought may not necessarily flit about but that you may recognize the tenor of that which I am driving at, as you say.

For I have a purpose withal in all that I say to you this day, and that purpose is the engendering of the cosmic sense of art within you that is not confined necessarily to three-dimensional form. It takes into account the four dimensions and therefore enters into the octave of God-purity, where the Goddess of Purity and the Great Silent Watcher together hold conclave in revealing the immaculate concept of each individual person (or monad) to that individual, so that individuals will not see themselves as bone and flesh and muscle or see themselves as an ego bobbing upon the waves of life like a cork. But rather they will see themselves as a stable factor in the universe, a spark of the great sacred-fire wheel—the wheel of life turning in all its dynamism, the wheel of the sacred fire and the wheel of the Law.

**It Is by Contact with the Great Wheel of the Law
That Man's Ills Are All Cured**

Take note, blessed ones, how the vibratory action of *wheel* is affinitive to the vibratory action of *to heal*. For it is by contact with the great wheel of the Law that man's ills are all cured and God mends every flaw, else sin and its inequities would be endured. And the world would stand in awe of that rightness of inheritance, which God would see all secure.

Strength, then, must not diminish but enfold all, and compassion stretch forth its bonds on wings until, as songbirds with heavenly melodies, the hearts of men can sing and

hold such love in view as shall improve the lot of men and still the elements of strife—those tones that are a din rather than the voice of immortal life.

I say, then, let strife end all,
And let love expand over all
Until God has removed every pall—
The strength of sin.
All nature then shall sing,
And freedom's bells shall ring,
And compassion shall enfold,
Making the world so old, so new,
So fresh to view,
With colors rare
And sounds so fair
Heard ringing upon the air,
As morning light breaking forth everywhere
Ends the night of despair
And creates a new sense of virtue and liberty.

**If You Shall Move Forward in the Light, You Must Win
in God's Great Fight for the Victory of Each One**

I AM come, then, this day to remind you of the words of the Master, who preceded me: "I AM come that they might have life, and that more abundantly."¹

The outer sense, O precious ones, has never brought the freedom of expression that the inward one does. Blessed are ye among men and women, O children of the light. For you have the rare jewels of ascended master compassion and understanding.

I know full well how you differ in your appreciation of art. Not all of you have the same development. But it matters little (as you have been told in this class) if progress be made. For ultimately, if you remain unafraid and shall move

forward in the light, you must win in God's great fight for the victory of each one. And then the sun will burst upon your soul, with all of its rays and radiance, and the light that maketh the universe whole will come to full glory and expansion in your world here below, as Above.

And this is an understanding factor in the Godhead itself. For with what measure of understanding shall mankind measure their strength if not by the divine standard?

If they shall measure their strength by the human standard, shall they not all vary? If they shall measure their strength by His strength, shall they not all become one?

And if one, then I think, as Saint Germain would say, the work shall be well done. And if well done, then, victorious servants, you shall become that which God would have you be—a part of the ascended hosts. And this is the most glorious state that you can ever imagine.

The Great Golden Strands of Heaven's Light Shall Shine Forth

Precious ones, is the divine art not worth waiting for? Is the divine art not worth possessing your souls for? Is the divine art not worth all? And if these things be so, then let us gather together the children of mankind in wielding the sacred powers of the Holy Spirit in order to capture the divine idea in stone and bone and canvas and substance, as well as in that which is above. For all that man doeth below must be executed in love.

And if so, then, as in the early days of ancient Greece in the Age of Pericles, the great golden strands of heaven's light shall even shine forth in the land in constitutional government and the voices of freedom will ring out.

Men like unto Paul Revere alerted the people in days of old. Today this task is sometimes left to the ascended masters.

We do not, however, say that your assistance is unwelcome. We welcome it. For I think that there are many of your brethren who would heed your voice even more quickly than our own, for they have not yet understood how we may speak and come unto them in this fashion.

They have forgotten the old prophets of Israel, and they have forgotten the gift and true art of prophecy and spiritual attunement. And false prophets are abroad in the land and world, not directing mankind toward God but toward Magog² and toward destruction.

Truly, blessed ones, the dawn of thy immortal inheritance pulsates as a flame within thy heart. And if liberty is ever to be enshrined in this land and upon earth, it must be enshrined in the hearts of the people.

Will you now—under the direction of those who sing among you and your pianist, and as I radiate liberty's flame over this city and call to the Maha Chohan to bring ten thousand snow-white doves to this city, to bring the light of purity to this city and its government—will you sing to the old, familiar tune of the French national anthem, the song of liberty, “La Marseillaise,” while the doves come with the angelic hosts over Washington, D.C., as wings over the world—wings to raise, to elevate, to purify, to ennoble, to bring a message of the new culture that shall be, that shall make men of liberty a part and of God's light forever free.

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, October 11, 1964**, in Washington, D.C. [**N.B.** Bracketed words have been added for clarity in the written word.] (1) John 10:10. (2) **Magog**. The “land of Gog.” Gog is an apocalyptic figure who marches from the north (Magog) and ravages Israel before being destroyed by God. See Ezek. 38–39. In Rev. 20:7–9, Gog and the destructive forces of Magog are devoured by fire from God out of heaven.