

*Beloved Paul the Venetian*

### **Beauty Is the Native Consciousness of God**

The sense of beauty that a man has today can be enhanced by contact with the beautiful sense of the angels, the ascended beings, or his own Divine Presence. It is contact that makes the difference. And when contact occurs, there is a flow from the nature of the Higher Self into the realm of the lower that produces an elevation of the senses.

This will of course, quite frankly, manifest in you as a sense of penetration into substance. For example, if I set before you a rose or a lily, you may feel a sense of your consciousness actually entering the substance itself and identifying with it. In the case of the white lily, the consciousness may seem to be bathed in an ethereal radiance of cosmic light. This light will have a feeling of softness, of gentleness, yet of a swimming radiance.

For you will note that where there is a penetration of the actual substance of the lily with the light of the sun, all of the fluids within the actual formation of the lily petals will be perceived to be swimming with light and liquid. This is *liquid* light. And the merging of the sun's rays within the soft...

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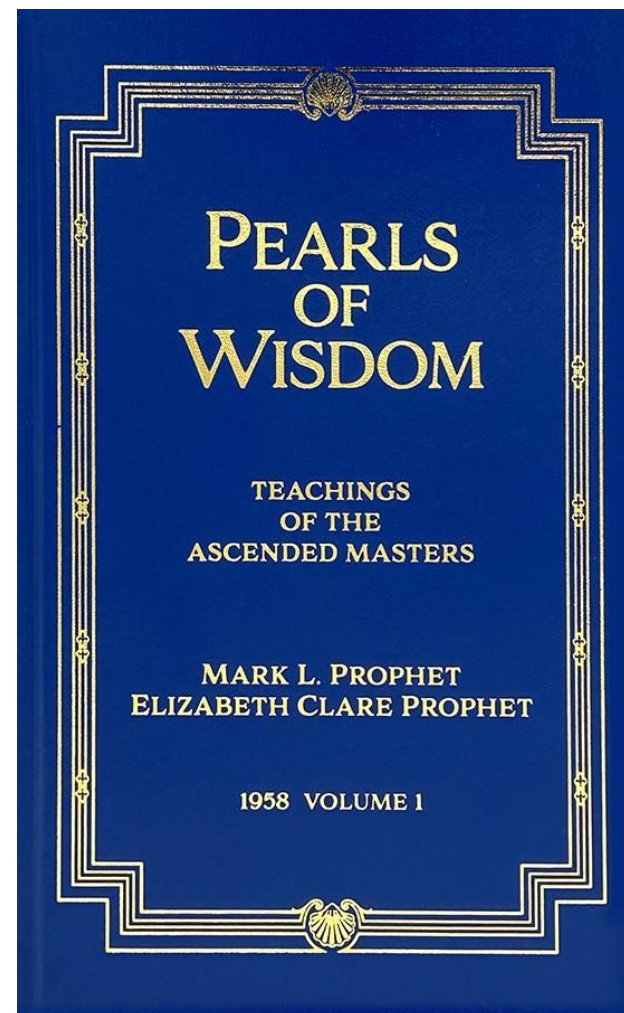
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# Pearls of Wisdom®

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Beloved Paul the Venetian

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## Beauty Is the Native Consciousness of God

Most gracious ladies and gentlemen who are lovers of beauty and of God, I come to you this morning to bring you our instruction in advancing the sense of beauty in your consciousness.

Beauty is the native consciousness of God. For the very idea of symmetry is elucidated by him in the soundless universe and in the universe of sound.

Whether beauty manifests in the soundless universe as form manifest to the eye, or the sound universe as the cascade of a falling waterfall, or the joyous bird notes manifest in the atmosphere, or in the tiny furry creatures, all is the native manifestation of the grace of Almighty God.

We call now to the angels of divine love to radiate into the atmosphere the precious sense of divine love that is as soft as a pink petal of a rose or as pleasant to the consciousness as the fragrance thereof.

We call to these precious angels of beauty and love to release from the bowers of heaven the very wondrous thought-forms that exist at higher octaves of light to flood your beings and consciousness with the radiation of divine love, as divine love prepares for you a realm of such loveliness as to be beyond mortal conception.

*Beauty Is the Native Consciousness of God*

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Yet because there has been some misunderstanding in religious doctrine over the centuries concerning this, I would clarify for your consciousness the total subject by saying that God intends the consciousness of man to advance in its sense of beauty, not only by the direction of noble aspirations from within the being, the self of man, but also from the higher octaves and the realm of the ascended masters' consciousness. For the sense of beauty that a man has today can be enhanced by contact with the beautiful sense of the angels, the ascended beings, or his own Divine Presence.

### God Is Truly within All Things

It is contact that makes the difference. And when contact occurs, there is a flow from the nature of the Higher Self into the realm of the lower that produces an elevation of the senses. This will of course, quite frankly, manifest in you as a sense of penetration into substance. For example, if I set before you a rose or a lily, you may feel a sense of your consciousness actually entering the substance itself and identifying with it.

In the case of the white lily, the consciousness may seem to be bathed in an ethereal radiance of cosmic light. This light will have a feeling of softness, of gentleness, yet of a swimming radiance. For you will note that where there is a penetration of the actual substance of the lily with the light of the sun, all of the fluids within the actual formation of the lily petals will be perceived to be swimming with light and liquid. This is *liquid* light. And the merging of the sun's rays within the soft folds of the lily will bathe the consciousness of man, as it does the consciousness of the elementals who care for the floral kingdom.

Some men may ask out of the crassness of their nature, "What benefit is this? It sounds like silly nonsense to me." But then these are they who have never had the soul of an artist,

who have never understood how God is truly within all things. They did not reckon with or realize the meaning behind Jesus' statement, "If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out."<sup>1</sup>

Let us, then, ask that you shall not submit to the idea of bowing down your head in grief or feeling that life is but a falling of petals from the stalk until there is—in this comingling of the beauties of life with the dust of the earth—only annihilation. Nothing could be further from the truth! For the very power of the flame of the resurrection is the power that the little elementals utilize in forming the beauties of the floral kingdom, and every flowering tree is actually a manifestation of the angels' thoughts physically manifest to humankind.

Man influenced the rose long ago by his viciousness, his hatred, and his harshness, until accompanying the beauties of the angels there came forth the ugly and sharp thorn. From these they plaited the crown of thorns, which they pressed into the head of the Master Jesus.

### **The Soul Is Native to God and as Pure as the Flowers**

We say to you today that there are many vicious experiences in human life that are thorn-like in their penetration of the aura and the consciousness of man. But none of these are God-willed or God-intended, and they are sustained solely by the consciousness of those who do not understand their unity with God. If they understood their unity with God, if they grasped the fragrance of the soul penetrating the pores of self and could feel the meaning of divine love, there would never be any need for criticism or condemnation or judgment of any part of life.

First of all, each part of life would give no occasion to life to criticize or to condemn. And secondly, wherever there was

an embryonic child still learning to master his own energies, who would erstwhile, perhaps, make a display of those energies according to a human pattern, the thought of forgiveness would always flow forth into the consciousness of the divine devotee. And the divine devotee *would* never, *could* never cast even one pebble of aspersion against any soul.

For the soul is native to God and as pure as the flowers and more so. The soul is as pure as the newly driven snow, and all of its virtues are lovely where'er it does go. But the overlay of human personality seems to be the usurper, the abomination of desolation spoken of by Daniel the prophet, standing in the holy place where it ought not.<sup>2</sup> For there, where the beautiful soul that God saw was good—was very good—stands in its place the human person, with all of his fears so unnecessarily formed. For surely his image will be merged with God one day and will fade away completely. It is temporary. It falls.

And this is why the flowers in the world today fall—because they symbolize that even man's greatest beauty, his greatest achievements, are as nothing beside the power of the immortal God flame from whence he sprang.

### **The Adventure of the Spirit**

When these ideas of beauty and immortality are wedded to the consciousness, when the consciousness offers itself in consecration without reserve to God, there is always the opportunity of adventure just ahead. This is the adventure of the Spirit, where all of the beauties of nature ordinarily hidden from the common mind are finally, one by one, revealed in such a pageantry as to resemble in part some of the fables of *The Arabian Nights*.<sup>3</sup>

Shining in jeweled loveliness, the very universe itself imparts its magnificent spiritual advantages to the soul. The diamonds

of the Spirit sparkle radiantly as tiny suns with blue-fire center. The consecrated fruit of the Spirit hangs luscious and ripe before the gaze. The fragrances that are wafted to the nostrils by the beings of the air convey the sense of the sacred Presence to all of life that witnesses it.

And as man captures this, he perceives that the very sinews of cosmic progress and adventure are within himself. And there is a tightening of these sinews in that magnificent prestige of cosmic honor, the cosmic honor flame. He is a part of God; from God he came.

And as he breathes this air of freedom, the power to create does break before his gaze the precious bread of heaven. Each morsel that he takes is the bread unleavened, but leavened only with that oneness of the Spirit flowing, creating a new remolding of the soul that in its knowing fabricates cosmic destiny for all.

#### **A Dramatic Presentation of Your Cosmic Destiny**

Oh, if artists of the world and musicians would only understand the meaning of true love, the world would become all that God intended and a swiftening would occur of this magnificent adventure. All pain manifest in the rose's thorns would blunted be. And man himself—the highest destiny that God intends—would come unto his own inheritance to see at last what the meaning of true beauty is.

And so we call to souls—not to bodies, not to minds, not to beings, but unto souls—that as they approach the first day of creation they may imbibe the fruit of that day; that as they approach each day in succession, the fruit of that day may be rekindled as a flame within their consciousness.

For these days are but cycles of cosmic adventure, epigrams of eternity that fragrantly endow the being with a new sense of God's beauty and his love. And as they come forth,

there is such a sense of progress that is born, as all the darkness of the world, receding from view at last, is seen but as the curtain of the night behind which the day does linger.

And then when the first day does end with the approach of eventide, it is always the sense of the sun of the Presence going to bed, only to rise again and produce the glow of the golden dawn of cosmic illumination and wonder.

Life is seen as an endless procession of conveyances, and the hands of God are the conveyances. The hands of God are the great benefactors of humanity. The mighty sinews of his faith by which he framed the worlds are seen in each finger and in each ligament underneath the flowing, rippling, radiant skin of the immortal purpose of it all.

*God is everywhere!*

*God is everywhere!*

*God is everywhere, becomes in me.*

I feel thy fragrance round me now,  
A mantle-flame that swirls,  
A kindred tongue to utter words  
Now lost from mind and view.  
The written Word, the spoken Word—  
All glow with cosmic hue,  
With pink and blue and gold and swirling white,  
As misty clouds of cosmic joy surround us all.

And when the gentle winds have blown it all away,  
A fairyland of wonder and loveliness will stay.  
Nevermore shall darkness seem to be a shroud,  
But all the parent vision of the universe, so meek and mild,  
Will flow into the brain and consciousness of man  
To cast out from his being all that's din and sand,  
Replacing all by fragrant gold  
And glowing fires of sun from distant worlds,

And bringing to the eyes and vision of us all  
 A renewal of his love unfurled  
 As banner of the Mother of the World.

A plea goes out into the silent universe  
 And speaks to every man within his own heart:  
 "O live according to the beauteous sense of cosmic joy  
 And let the fragrance of his love impart without alloy  
 All that God is descending now to man,  
 The kingdom of His world, the universal plan  
 For the Great White Brotherhood,  
 For The Summit Lighthouse,  
 In its image of the Son of God."

We aspire to create the vision of cosmic symmetry  
 As universal *summitry*,  
 And then we know that men will walk  
 Upon the mountains tall,  
 And neath the fragrance of the towering pines  
 Will see it all  
 As yearning in the soul for more of God.

For when he comes,  
 As men are seated neath his chastening rod,  
 They say, "O LORD, not my will, but thine be done."  
 For by thy hand across the burning desert sands  
 The children of Israel did go,  
 And Moses carried them forward  
 Toward the Promised Land.  
 So the land of beauty will impart to all  
 That new sense by which they'll understand  
 That they should nevermore fall  
 Into the delusions of the senses  
 But keep the cosmic incense in their soul  
 That senses every thought of beauty

As an unfolding curtain, revealing the drama of the soul,  
 Universal, cosmic majesty that makes men whole  
 And shows to everyone  
 The fragrance of the Central Sun.

*It permeates us, one and all.*

*It permeates us, one and all.*

*It permeates us, one and all.*

Out of the heart of the archives of the Great White Brotherhood I have brought to you this dramatic presentation of your cosmic destiny. But my words will not do justice to that which the soul is witness to. And may you see it in its beauty—its infant beauty, its beauty mature. For then I think that vision will impart to you the power to endure whatever you must endure, until at last out of the sense of God's beauty you will find your freedom.

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, December 7, 1969**, during the Sunday service in Colorado Springs, Colorado. (1) Luke 19:40. (2) See Dan. 9:27; 11:31; Matt. 24:15; Mark 13:14. (3) **Fables of The Arabian Nights** is a collection of Arabic folktales originally titled *One Thousand and One Nights*, expressive of the length of time it took for the main character, Scheherazade, to relate the tales to her husband, the king. The collection contains tales of adventure, romance, history, tragedy, comedy, and fantasy, written in a descriptive, visual style. The fables were translated into English as *The Arabian Nights* in the early eighteenth century.