

Beloved Jesus the Christ
Let There Be Light!

Peace, be still! And in that silent night, when the world community rests as upon the diadem-diamond point of the apex of God's heart, it fills the world with the glow of Christ resurgent, "Let there be light!" And there was light.

When the sons of God danced before our Father with joy, and the stillness of that radiance surrounded the ever-cycling area of eternity with the expansion of the dawn and the stirring of Reality, it was no faint cry as of a baby's little voice but it was the cry of the Cosmic Manchild that spoke, "Let there be light!" It was the sovereign voice of the Son of God, and we were *that!* We were *that!* We were that, O sovereign universe!

For out of the oneness of thy heart, O mystical Father of lights, thou didst span, by thy universal pre-essence, all communication of fervent hope that banned in the world the darkness by the sovereign fiat, "Let there be light!" And light as nova burst forth, and its sparkling cast all things as into shadow. For all things less than light from...

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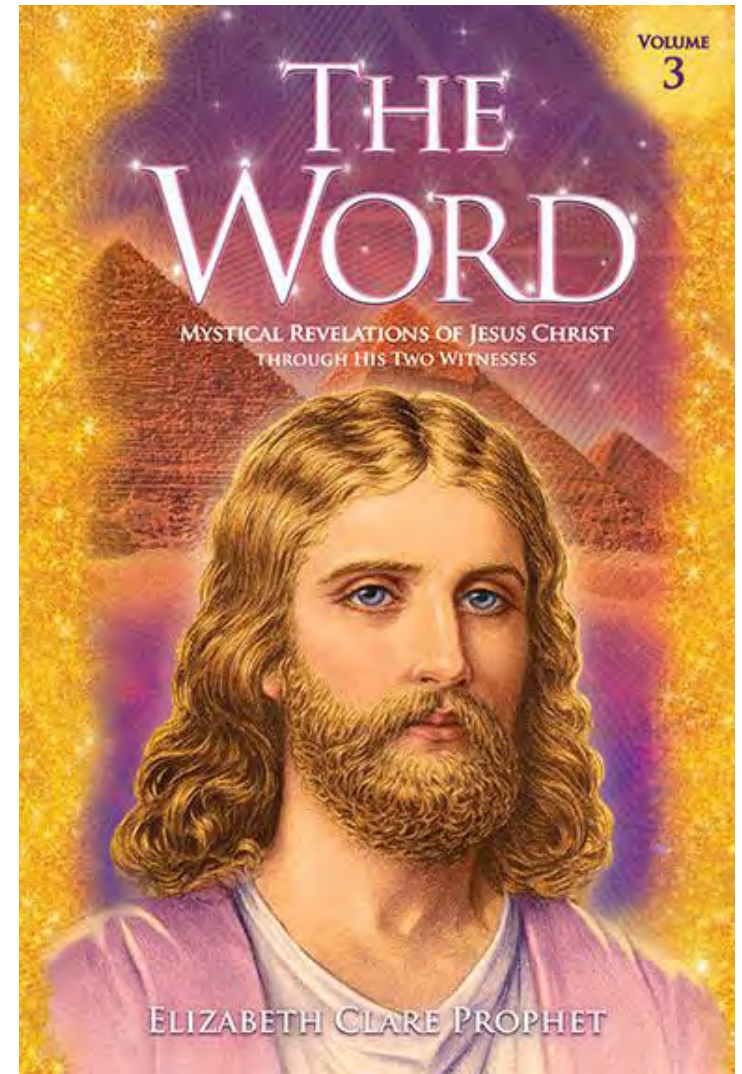
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1972 – 1976 Dictations



“So let that fiery spark within leap now in response to the I AM Presence that is the star of each one's own divinity.”

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Beloved Jesus the Christ

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Let There Be Light!

*Kyrie eleison! Christe eleison!**

Do you hear the rustling of the winds of peace through the grass of humanity? Do you hear the hope for peace springing full-blown from the hearts of men?

Do you hear the calls for peace from the hearts of the babes in their beds as they slumber and cry out to our Father who art in heaven? Do you hear the sobbing of the world community as it invokes mercy?

Do you know the meaning of the stalwart cry of hope to fill hearts with the bounty of fulfillment?

*Peace, be still!*¹ And in that silent night, when the world community rests as upon the diadem-diamond point of the apex of God's heart, it fills the world with the glow of Christ resurgent, "Let there be light!" And there was light.²

When the sons of God danced before our Father with joy, and the stillness of that radiance surrounded the ever-cycling area of eternity with the expansion of the dawn and the stirring of Reality, it was no faint cry as of a baby's little voice but it was the cry of the Cosmic Manchild that spoke, "Let there be light!" It was the sovereign voice of the Son of God, and we were *that!* We were *that!* We were that, O sovereign universe!

¹from the Catholic liturgy: "Lord have mercy. Christ have mercy."

For out of the oneness of thy heart, O mystical Father of lights, thou didst span, by thy universal pre-essence, all communication of fervent hope that banned in the world the darkness by the sovereign fiat, "Let there be light!" And light as nova burst forth, and its sparkling cast all things as into shadow. For all things less than light from center-heart were relative and, by comparison, in a relative sense of darkness.

Darkness was the womb of Light. Matter was the womb of Spirit. For before that day did dawn—and mind and being and consciousness perceived, desired, and manifested—there was the *Ungrund*. And the *Grund** went forth and behold, creation lived.

And as creation stirred its tiny limbs, it was an infant universe that took its first vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience—Poverty that cried out and said, "Without thee, O God, I am nothing. I am poor without thee"; Chastity that said, "Thy purity is my life"; Obedience that thought upon no rebellion.

Thus upon this planet did the first and second golden ages go forth under the aegis of their spiritual mentor, and perfection shone in the eyes of all. And Michael the Archangel was there, and a goodly company of heaven. And rejoicing came wavelike and was trumpeted over the sea of manifestation, and darkness moved upon the waters.³ And suddenly the Light grew more splendid and Darkness vanished. And Light lived in the dancing waters teeming with life and manifestation. And the earth, standing in the water and out of the water,⁴ showed its willingness to obey.

The Way of Nature Is to Obey

Via naturae, "the way of nature," is plain. The way of nature is to obey! For the fiats of God are the inexorable probings of his mind into all cosmic possibility, into all benign thought,

*The words *Ungrund* and *Grund* describe the unformed and the formed. *Ungrund* is also used to describe the uncreated, or the created that is not yet manifest in form.

into all potentiality of goodness and beneficence. And in him was no darkness at all!⁵ And he was light and he was life and he was love—the unalterable heartbeat of love that by diastole and systole of flow created currents to go out and currents to return and the beauty of consciousness in its own ebb and flow as it rejoiced in itself and comprehended itself in its own goodness and nature.

And the LORD God saw the creation that he had made, and, behold, O *uni-verse*, it is good!⁶ And the fiat has never been revoked. The world of God remains benign, remains good to this solemn hour of renewal of hope to the children of our hearts' love from their elder brothers of light, from the realm of the angels, from great realms of beauty, and from the rubaiyat* of perfection.

The Rule of Law and Righteousness Is the Requirement of the Hour

“Whom I love, I chasten. I scourge every son whom I receive,”⁷ saith our Father. And the chastening is as the pruning of the trees, that more abundant fruit may manifest. Smart not. Rebel not under the chastening of God, which is for the whiting of perfection in thyself.

We as elder brothers gently take mankind by the hand. And though the world deny it, though the world deny our existence by their every act, though they turn and rend themselves in their own confusion, and though the lawyers of the world continue to the present hour to be the most guilty of all, I am prompted this night to say to the lawyers of the world, “Woe unto you, ye lawyers!”⁸ For to the present hour the imperfection that ye mete out has turned the world into a status of gross injustice!”

And I say to the Lords of Karma, “May God bring about

**rubaiyat* [Arabic, “consisting of four elements”]: Rubaiyat poems are often written in Persian and consist of four lines or quatrains.

a speedy reconciliation by justice and mercy to the people of the world who have been rent by this awful conspiracy of those who claim to espouse the cause of jurisprudence, but by their every breath—in the name of the god and Moloch* of the dollar—do love money more than they love God.”

Truly the profession stands today in most ill repute in the world community. And rather than lead mankind toward righteousness by obeisance and justice of the law, some have led mankind into constant conflict for their own profit of person and despite of soul. And they stand most naked in the world community of all.

And behind them in the healing professions come many individuals who have not understood the goodness and mercy of God that would bring about the perfectionment of mind and body. Yet among the children of God upon this planet there are none more sweet than the *good* physicians who desire to serve because their hearts are full of love.

We, then, say to the world community today that the rule of law and righteousness is the requirement of the hour and the hearts of men all over the planet are hungering and thirsting after righteousness.⁹ That they be filled is our prayer.

Feed My Lambs

As I spake unto Peter, “Simon bar-Jonah, lovest thou me more than these?” he spake unto me, “Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee.” And I spake unto him, “*Feed my lambs.*”

And again I spake unto him and said, “Simon bar-Jonah, lovest thou me more than these?” And he said unto me, “Lord, thou knowest all things. Thou knowest that I love thee.” And I said unto him, “*Feed my lambs.*”

And he spake unto me, “Thou knowest that I love thee.” And I said, “Simon bar-Jonah, lovest thou me more than these?”

**Moloch*: n. the tyrannical power of; vb. to be propitiated by human subservience or sacrifice (*Webster's Unabridged*)

And he said, “Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee!” in almost desperation. And I said unto him, “*Feed my lambs.*”¹⁰

And I say unto you in this hour that the little ones who are my own, who know my voice, whether of age and maturity or yet babes, do all have their angels in heaven, which ever behold the face of my Father. And they all need to be fed the manna of regeneration.

Feed my sheep! And the admonishment goeth forth this hour and is a tender, ever-fresh state of being: “Come ye out from among them and be ye a separate people.”¹¹

Be Examples unto the Masses

Walk not in the same ways of riot and destruction with the masses but be examples unto them—not examples of shame but examples of *fearless* flame—fearlessness, devotion, outreach for progress, and tenderness that like a flower can emit its perfume into the world, as one vast room flowering hope, not despair.

To every utterance of negation, say, “God provideth life, light, and love.”

To every thought of negation, say, “I AM the perfection of eternity flowering in this moment of time.”

To every feeling of emptiness, say, “I AM the fullness of the divine life manifesting at this point in space, and my race is to obedience toward perfection.”

To every flow of boredom, say, “I AM the ever-new consciousness of God, which causeth hope to flourish and by faith bear the fruit of charity.”

To every feeling of sleepiness or negative quality that seems to seek the overpowering of the self, say, “I AM awake in God! I AM awake in love! I AM awake in power! I AM, I AM, I AM awake!”

To the power of transmutation, say, “Manifest thou in me thy perfection-producing consciousness, thy flame of cosmic victory, and transmute in me and in all the borders of God’s kingdom all that is not of the pure Christ.”

To every measure of imperfection, say, “I AM the measure of immortal perfection by the cubit rule of cosmic law that makes me the perfect Son of God, the master mason in the eternal temple beneath the scales of cosmic justice, building before God and man those perfect instruments of happiness that the temple of the world shall contain.”

Rest in the Supreme Ark

Rest, then—in this hour when disturbing conditions and fear sweep the world—in the supreme Ark, the Ark that, greater than the ark of Noah, holds within itself a place for all; the Ark that, greater than the Hebraic ark of the covenant, enables all to be cubit stones in the temple invisible, victorious; the Ark that, as a rainbow come full circle, brings the cosmic light into manifestation from the seven rainbow rays—the ark of beauty, the ark of purity, the ark of safety.

As you stand at the threshold of the new year, realize that virtue and every godly quality is the greatest treasure of your life and is central to your victory over every shadowed and unwanted condition.

As you express your gratitude to our Father for all benefits bestowed during the past year, understand that above all benefits is contact with our Brotherhood, the holding of our hands, the receiving of our love, the assurances of our protection and direction, and the sense of ever-increasing wisdom and joy that fashions out of the children of the flame the inhabitants of eternity.

From myriad worlds and spiral nebulae yet unborn, from civilizations yet unknown even to the mind of God but dimly

perceived as hopeful dawning for new ages yet unborn, these sing out an anticipatory revel, a song for the children of this age not yet come to fruition!

For God foreknew from the Beginning all things and conceived only righteousness and treasure and purity and victory and beauty and compensation according to his magnificent laws for all of his creatures.

And if I as the Nazarene carpenter were asked today to serve, it would be to create a cross of reason, a cross of worth for the community of the world so that they might nail to that cross all of their fears and tremblings, and then—calling unto God for the descent of the divine fire—set fire to it all by a cosmic conflagration so that all of the works of men that are imperfect should be burned up and replaced by a cross of light and hope, reminiscent of the meaning behind the statement that I spoke, “Come unto me, all ye who labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly of heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.”¹²

O angels from the house of David, I invoke thy presence now, in the name of God, to descend into this place, and wavelike—coming from the farthest reaches of eternal values—to bring the wavelike, ever-flowing blessings of the eternal river Jordan into the consciousness of these people in order to flush out those values that have no value, to replace values with value, to expand that ever-widening circuit of thy hallowed Self in manifestation wherever thou art descending, O our heavenly Father, through thy flaming angel messengers, as light is expanding now in a resurgence reminiscent of the old days when the first golden age victoriously and triumphantly ascended to the skies. And the welcoming committee that

descended was such as has never been seen before nor since, in manifestation of the renewal of the old covenant of the soul, which was taken in the bonds of pure light ere it descended into form and consciousness, where it became controlled by form and consciousness in its aborted senses and strata.

The New Thought from the Mind of God

Now, then, let the new thought from the mind of God be that life and light and love control the outer form, control the outer consciousness until in the dawn of the purity of the flame and the luminescence of the eternal day—where no night shall ever dwell again—all tears [tēars] in consciousness and tears in the garments of man’s bodies shall be mended by the healing flow of the ever-resurgent Christ light in all of its beautiful and gloriously harmonious manifestation of the oneness of the Father’s heart as he bands together all of his children into one crystallic manifestation of hope such as the world has never known before.

It is when all seas become as calm as the sea of glass before the throne of God and mankind walk upon the waters of emotion and upon all thought and feeling as though there were no motion within save that silent perfection that is the reflection of the crystallized consciousness of God—which dares to crystallize because of its purity as a lens whereby the eyes of men may gaze through into the perfections of that which shall be.

It is when in the stillness of the eternal moment all universal consciousness rests in that grand pause symbolized by the triumph of the seventh trumpet that shall sound and by the seventh seal that shall be broken and by the seventh day of God,¹³ when all things shall rest in him and peace shall reign supreme in every heart and the chalices of men shall

become the chalices of God and the All-Seeing Eye resident within all, as all perceive through the eyes of God the beauty he intended all to behold when first he keyed into the orb of vision the power of physical sight and into the spiritual eye the power of spiritual sight.

And from the day that mankind fell, they have not yet learned to externalize that perfection—which glistens without tear in the eyes of God—as so glorious that mankind, in all of their thought about its basic simplicity, can never even cognize one-millionth of it in one million years.

Thus we say, light dwells with mankind in the tabernacle of their witness.¹⁴ *Where God is, there I AM.* And if you will remember to utter this word daily, you will find the memory of my other words and thoughts flashing forth in your consciousness with hope renewed, as each flaming moment comes into manifestation to go into the akashic records as victory fulfilled.

I AM the resurrection and the life! He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live!¹⁵

Higher Ground

I'm pressing on the upward way
New heights I'm gaining every day
Still praying as I onward bound
"Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."

Refrain:

Lord, lift me up and let me stand
By faith, on heaven's tableland
A higher plane than I have found
Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

My heart has no desire to stay
Where doubts arise and fears dismay
Though some may dwell where these abound
My pray'r, my aim, is higher ground.

I want to live above the world
Though Satan's darts at me are hurled
For faith has caught the joyful sound
The song of saints on higher ground.

I want to scale the utmost height
And catch a gleam of glory bright
But still I'll pray 'til heav'n I've found
"Lord, lead me on to higher ground."*

"The Summit Lighthouse Sheds Its Radiance o'er All the World to Manifest as Pearls of Wisdom."

This previously unpublished dictation by **Jesus the Christ** was delivered by the Messenger of the Great White Brotherhood Mark L. Prophet on **Sunday, December 31, 1967**, during *The Class of the Signs*, held at La Tourelle in Colorado Springs, Colorado. (1) Mark 4:39. (2) Gen. 1:3. (3) Gen. 1:2. (4) II Pet. 3:5. (5) I John 1:5. (6) See Gen. 1:31. (7) See Heb. 12:6; Rev. 3:19. (8) Luke 11:46–52. (9) Matt. 5:6. (10) John 21:15–17. (11) II Cor. 6:17. (12) Matt. 11:28, 29. (13) Rev. 8–11. (14) See Acts 7:44. (15) John 11:25.

*This song is printed in the *Book of Hymns and Songs* (The Summit Lighthouse), no. 85.