

The Book of Secret Wisdom

THE PROPHETIC RECORD OF
HUMAN DESTINY AND EVOLUTION



Translated from the Senzar by
Zinovia Dushkova

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The Prophetic Record of Human Destiny and Evolution

Translated from the Senzar

by

Zinovia Dushkova

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Note on language: To refer to a human being of any gender, this book uses the word *man*, which has its roots in the Sanskrit *manu* (“thinking creature”), and the pronouns *he*, *him*, and *his* accordingly. This is not intended to exclude women, but simply to ensure readability and clarity, since gender-neutral language can sometimes be cumbersome and confusing. The main text of this work uses personification and grammatical gender for inanimate objects in order to avoid confusion with frequent use of *it* and *its*. Therefore: *Sun*, *Light*, *Fire*, and *evil* have masculine gender; *Earth*, *Love*, *Life*, and *darkness* have feminine gender.

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*This Work
is dedicated
to all Truth-seeking Hearts
of all Countries and of all Races,
for they are graced with
the Cosmic Right — to know
the Truth of the World's Creation
by the Law of Divine Love.*

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SATYÂT NÂSTI PARO DHARMAH.

“There is no Religion higher than Truth.”

THE OLDEST BOOK IN THE WORLD AND ITS SACRED LANGUAGE

The One Source of Truth nourishes the Tree of Knowledge, stretching its roots into Infinite Eternity. In each cycle of human evolution it bears good fruit in the form of a Great Book, which serves as the source of all knowledge and wisdom for humanity for a specific period. And every Book of this kind, like a tree, grows and yields its own fruit for the good of the whole world.

At the dawn of the conscious evolution of humanity, approximately eighteen million years ago, the Sons of Light brought the Fiery Teaching of Kalachakra from the Distant Worlds as a gift for the people of Lemuria, sowing the first seeds of all the existing religions of the Earth. The new pages of knowledge opened in the one universal language of the Sun — Senzar — inviting them to further delve into the books of enlightened knowledge. And thus ever after, each epoch aimed to reveal the secret pages of universal knowledge, thereby facilitating the progress of human consciousness round by round.

Many of the innermost pages of the Great Book were revealed to the human population of Atlantis. They knew more than anyone else, for many secrets of surrounding Nature were confided to them. And their best representatives had gained the right to look beyond the field of vision, unveiling the invisible Life. But the Atlanteans had not accepted the heart as the organ to which one should subordinate the intellect — they honoured the mind above all. And they disappeared from the stage of Life without learning this simple truth: “Knowledge without Love is dead.” Thus, because of their pride, people deprived themselves of the Secret Wisdom, gradually forgetting their pristine universal language. Nevertheless, the Great Initiates remained in every land and nation, guarding the Ancient Wisdom as a sacred trust.

About a million years ago, at the beginning of the evolution of our present humanity, the Sons of Light recorded in the language of Senzar the most ancient book of our time, known as the *Book of Dzyan* — a Tibetan name meaning the *Book of Secret Wisdom*. This archaic manuscript, in its turn, has yielded a multitude of its own fruits for the development of humanity. But as soon as humanity received the highest knowledge, it immediately began to throw these books into fires and subject to severe condemnation those who had presented them with the priceless gifts. Humanity was ready to turn any Messenger of the

Kingdom of Heaven into an outcast. And yet hundreds of thousands of the Sons of Light have walked upon the Earth, leaving profound traces in the history of human development.

Despite the destruction of numerous libraries full of the magnificent scrolls of inexhaustible knowledge, from time immemorial to the present day, there exist secret treasuries of sacred books, written by the Messengers of Light and presented as a gift to humanity. Every line has been crystallized by the heartfelt fires of the souls, who were magnanimous in their giving. Yes, some were burnt at the stake together with their gifts; others were mutilated by cruellest torture. But still there were those who managed to save the sacred manuscripts and, risking their lives, placed one priceless gift after another in secret repositories. And all these unusual libraries — located in the mountains of Tibet, the Himalayas, the Karakorum, the Pyrenees, and other mountainous areas, as well as hidden under the sands of the Gobi Desert, parts of the Sahara, in the sands of Nubia and other lands — can be revealed to the world only when people are able to discern white from black and distribute the priceless gifts solely for the good of their neighbours.

These are the Abodes of the Brotherhood, members of which came from the Distant Worlds. Being concealed in impenetrable mountains and deserts, they are guarded by mysterious powers. Physical flesh is not able to endure the force of the currents that rise like a wall when they are approached. And in order to gain access to them, one needs to pass through many lives with a loving heart and a pure soul. When the time comes, worthy candidates for discipleship might be summoned into one of the Ashrams, where they would be entitled to come into contact with the Highest Knowledge and Wisdom.

The chief of these is the legendary realm of Shambhala the Resplendent, the Abode of the Great White Brotherhood of Teachers. The approaches to this Stronghold of Light are vigilantly protected. For mere curiosity-seekers there is no access beyond the permitted boundaries. An unbidden guest will never reach it and will inevitably fail to find the way to it. However, one who responds to the Call of the Great Lord of Shambhala discovers one's path thanks to invisible signs. Only a pure consciousness is able to correctly discern the symbols which appear to one's gaze. The wise heart alone is able to understand the secret signs that lead the pilgrim to the White Ashram, situated on the White Island. Mysterious white waters wash its banks, but the one who is summoned by the Lord passes through these waters as easily as on dry land.

In Shambhala, indeed, not people but Gods abide. The Greatest Teachers —

the Leaders of Humanity, the Discoverers of the Distant Worlds, the Messengers of the Faraway Stars — in shining bodies of Divine Purity, glide about like Angels, doing their work every moment. Ceaselessly they watch over the world, protecting it from a disastrous fate. A seal of smiles illumines their sunny faces, enchanting the gaze of the pilgrim who is encountering for the first time in their life the miracle of miracles, which actually exists on the Earth.

Here reigns the sacred language of Senzar, from which have originated the tongues of all peoples through the ages. Thus, the roots of many current eastern languages come from Sanskrit, which is based on Senzar. Many words of this most ancient language underlie not only Sanskrit but also Egyptian, Hebrew, Latin, and other languages of various known and yet-to-be discovered sacred texts. The language of Senzar is distinct from others in that, because of its flexible nature, it has no dead or long-entrenched forms of expression. Just like any other language, Senzar has both spoken and written forms of speech, which are substantially different from our traditional understanding.

Conversation among Initiated Adepts, for the most part, takes place on the subconscious level, using thought-forms. And here, by means of two or three “phrases,” one can express that which even several volumes of text cannot, for human words, so often comprising many contradictory shades and nuances, have only limited capabilities of meaning. The concision of the Senzar language enables it to express most completely and compactly any thought, including infinitely extensive phenomena. Symbolism underlies speech. Hence one small symbol, sent in the form of a particular vibration to a companion, unfolds a whole network of images, and fiery signs through the living breath and geometric expression of a combination of rays bring out a whole range of light in sequence, where a particular colour dominates, as though emphasizing the key tone of the message. In this way, we note the presence of light, colour, and sound, contained in a thought-form, thereby completely excluding the necessity of direct verbal contact. The Voice of the Great Silence is heard everywhere in Shambhala, but its sounds are always arranged in the diapason of high-frequency energy vibrations. And they, refracted through a sensitive heart, develop into a specific “word.”

The writing system of Senzar is even more complicated, combining in itself seemingly incompatible elements. These include signs, syllables, and letters based on symbolism. A single symbol is capable of developing into an entire treatise, being easily understandable by an initiated disciple of any ethnic background. Of course, the reader’s level of consciousness is also important.

Colour, light, number, and sound play a significant role in a secret alphabet from which words and sentences are composed. Each letter, possessing its own specific colour of the rainbow, shade of light, number, and mystic sound syllable, has its equivalent in the languages of all peoples of the world and may be reproduced using different cryptographic methods, with the aid of specialized calculation tables. Thus, a new cryptographic alphabet is created in a given tongue while numerological, geometrical, and astrological keys help the reader precisely determine the way to decode this secret writing. Consequently, this language of signs and symbols facilitates the comprehension of a text written in any tongue. Herein lies the value of such scriptures, for their language is unique, affording the opportunity to preserve itself without the imposed changes that inevitably take place in the languages we are familiar with. But special knowledge is needed in order to learn this language of original cryptography, though the acquisition of it is not as complicated as it might seem at first sight.

Above the Sacred Island rises a multi-storey Tower called *Chung*. And here, on one of the floors, is stored the only original copy of the *Book of Dzyan* — among other archaic manuscripts such as the *Book of the Golden Precepts* and the *Book of Maitreya Buddha*. In fact, the Tower of Chung, going deep into the rock and high above the clouds, keeps a great number of mysteries, which were inscribed into the pages of extremely voluminous books.

The gates of the depositories open wide, like a book, ready to endow waiting hearts with secret knowledge. How many unexplored folios one can behold within the Stronghold of Light — only the Great Lord knows! From the earth to Heaven, the rows of books are lined up in an orderly manner, in the order of the Hierarchical Ladder, the highest steps of which are occupied by the worthiest of the worthy.

Here one can see the very earliest manuscripts, recorded on tablets of every kind; and one may discover further blessed signs of engraved human thought by transferring one's reading from stone to invisible books, inaccessible to earthly eyes. Thus, one may find here records of the development of the entire Universe, folios devoted to the study of the physical spheres of the Earth and the history of all the Kingdoms of Nature and Space.

However, not only these records are stored here, but also that of the history of any specific individual, beginning from the moment of their spirit's origin to their descent into dense matter. The books of human destinies are kept in special repositories and they are similar to the Scrolls of Akasha, through whose unfoldment one can watch the unfoldment of one's own life — in any period of

incarnation — just like a film. These books are crystallized by a special kind of fire and, when opening them, one may enter any Space-Time dimension and witness hitherto unseen episodes of one's life. Many advanced souls will succeed in perceiving their future as well on the pages of these books. The volumes of the Subtle Plane contain the names of those who have advanced farther than others on the Path of Light. Their names are expressed in the form of certain signs, for a soul may have thousands of names. And this sign confers the right to open the needed page, where a text starts to appear, allowing one to read about the deeds done in the Name of Light. Here one can find the answer to any question. Seven Books successively reveal the history of spirit's movement through the earthly and Ethereal Worlds.

There is one special Book where not many souls are inscribed — the *Book of Fiery Destinies*. It registers only those who have trod the heroic path and with their self-sacrificing labour have brought the Light of the Empyrean Spheres to the Earth. This Book records fiery deeds, and it is entirely woven from the highest substance of Fire. Only those who are inscribed in the Book are able to read it, for one needs special knowledge in order to understand the Fiery Signs. While in the former volumes one may find deeds of the flesh and soul, this one reflects only the fiery path of the Divine Spirit. And it is possible to read one's destiny for many thousands of years ahead.

The best deeds on the level of countries, peoples, and leaders have been gathered into the depository of experience, finding their place on the pages of numerous books. They are arranged according to the degree of chiaroscuro, as mentioned before, set forth pyramidally by hierarchical principle, at the foundation of which are those folios which are the closest to earthly spheres. Closer to the top are the tablets of the Subtle Plane, crowned by the volumes of *Fiery Destinies*.

In addition, the mysterious Tower houses the records of all neglected opportunities given to the Human Race since its creation. Books burnt in fires, containing the knowledge covering all spheres of life; the most progressive ideas, scientific discoveries and many, many other things, which today could have helped humanity to ascend to the step of Divine Humanity — if only people had accepted all this with their minds!

The entire human life would not be sufficient to copy on paper the contents of even a single folio. But even the most comprehensive volume seems to be amazingly light, since its pages are made from a special composition of matter. Neither fire nor water can affect the compactly written lines, which have been

crystallized forever. Even though it represents a specific historical era, this is a living word, affirmed beyond Time and Space. Light revives before one's eyes, and a statically affirmed word takes on a definite hue of manifested energy, resulting in pictures visible to the human eye. However, it is impossible to describe in human words such concepts as colour, light, and sound that figure on the Empyrean Tablets, written in the sacred Senzar.

For each of the priceless artefacts a special niche was created, which was imbued with the currents of those times when an individual manuscript came to light. Further, the energy constant of the currents is preserved, thanks to a specially constructed covering — a “vitreous” substance, which has a clearly defined geometrical shape. Thus the manuscripts bear within themselves an extremely powerful energy potential for many millennia to come. The *Book of Dzyan* is preserved in a similar manner.

The lines of the *Book of Dzyan* bear secret signs that unfold the entire history of world development: from inception until the very last moment. Its pages may be disclosed before the eyes of pilgrims only by the Great Lord of Shambhala, who has summoned them with a specific aim: to share with humanity the Ancient Wisdom that has been concealed within unknown caves and mysterious multi-storey towers rooted deep in the Earth. And while they who gain access to the Great Book are able to behold it with their own eyes, nevertheless, the manuscript itself must remain in its energy niche, and should not be touched by human hands. The needed pages will open all by themselves, simply from touches on the Subtle Plane by the Instructor of the Human Race.

Nowadays, many volumes of exoteric and esoteric Commentaries on the *Book of Dzyan*, representing all of the innermost sciences, are kept hidden in the secret lamaseries of the East. Each of the ancient sciences, religions, and philosophies of the present stage of human evolution is derived from this Great Book. And that is why all sacred texts and all the works of initiated philosophers and alchemists have the same ideas in common, being only popular interpretations of certain parts of the secret manuscript, presented in a different light. In the meantime, the true meaning was veiled by the Messengers of Light behind symbols, myths and legends, deliberate vagueness and unfamiliar terms, extremely abstruse mathematical calculations, and a secret code of certain words and expressions, plus many other forms of camouflage — the seven keys to which are in the hands of the Mahatmas alone. And each of the seven keys must be turned seven times before the entire meaning is revealed.

The *Book of Dzyan* consists of stanzas, the total number of which is known

only to the Initiates. During certain periods of time, fragments of this sacred manuscript are divulged by the Great Masters of Wisdom through their messengers in a certain Ray, since different epochs demand expressions of different energies, imbuing knowledge with the specific energy “colouring” which is needed for the enrichment of the world in a particular century.

Thus, in 1888, for the first time in the history of modern humanity, nineteen stanzas from the *Book of Dzyan* were revealed by [Helena Petrovna Blavatsky](#) in her landmark masterwork, [The Secret Doctrine](#), comprising two volumes on the creation of the Universe and the origin of humanity, known as *Cosmogogenesis* and *Anthropogenesis*. A third volume — [Theogenesis](#) — which includes nine stanzas of *Dzyan* on the inherent divinity of humanity, was received by Francia La Due between 1906 and 1918.

The present volume is a new excerpt from the *Book of Dzyan* — or the *Book of Secret Wisdom* — entitled *Agapegenesis*. It comprises twelve stanzas, which were originally translated from Senzar into Russian by Zinovia Vasilievna Dushkova in 1995, expounding the symbolism of the mysterious language in the Ray of Love-Wisdom.

The translation from the language of Senzar is complicated by the fact that it is not always possible to find equivalents in other languages for words conveying a complex idea or action. For example, in the matter of finding a human term for the *Divine Infinite Principle* or the *Inconceivable Cause of all Existence*, there are very few words that are able to clearly express the main idea to the majority of people living in the Christian countries. Two of these would be *God* and the *Creator*. But the Christian understanding of these words does not quite correspond to Truth. At the same time, it is better not to use terms such as *Ein Sof*, *Brahman*, or *Adi-Buddhi*, which might only confuse readers who have been brought up in the Christian tradition. Therefore, in order not to be misunderstood and avoid so many complicated terms, the translator, as a rule, uses those words and expressions that are the most acceptable and accessible in the society she lives in.

Unlike the previous parts of the *Book of Dzyan*, the stanzas of *Agapegenesis* were given without the Commentaries of the Great Teachers. This is because they were translated through the Ray of Love-Wisdom, with its particular focus on the heart. A whole volume of commentary could be devoted to each of the twelve stanzas, but the heart, possessing an All-Seeing Eye, allows one to grasp the whole Truth contained in them.

Like all esoteric texts, *Agapegenesis* comprises seven levels of

understanding, and therefore, with every new reading, more and more secrets will be revealed to the eyes of one's heart. This in turn will proclaim the assimilated Truth through the voice of intuition. However, to aid those who are taking their first steps towards studying such books, the [Glossary](#) of words and phrases was compiled. Using the knowledge given by the Masters of the Ancient Wisdom over the last centuries, it is designed to serve as a basis for understanding this work.

And so, beyond Time and Space, the twelve mysterious Stanzas of Love will open before your eyes not only the past, but also the present and future of humanity and the Earth. Thus, bearing in mind the Universal Law of Correspondences, "As below, so above" — it is possible to understand by analogy the development of all Races of Humanity in all their Rounds of Evolution as well as comprehend the path of evolution of our planet, the Solar System, and the whole Universe, according to the Law of Divine Love.

AGAPEGENESIS

Twelve Stanzas from the *Book of Dzyan*

STANZA I

The Genesis of Divine Love

1. The Gods were at work, rotating the Stellar Wheel. They were winding up the hidden mainspring, which then would unfold, manifesting itself in the concept of *Time*. The Earth was waiting for it, for the spot bearing that name was already aware of its mission. A small, barely visible drop of Matter was swirling around in Eternity. And for it the Lords of Destiny had foreordained Love! It was their loving intention to see that Love would fill that little drop and, after condensing it, carry it to its defined ultimate boundaries.

2. The Sun was beginning his Round. He had a defined role — the Bearer of Love. It was his job to imbue that small cluster with the warmth of the Fiery Heart, which finally started to take on a definite appearance. The newly attenuated state of Matter enabled the Sun to carry out the excellent work of filling it with his currents of abundant Love.

3. The Gods knew their Task and set a new pace for their Wheel, which was now vibrating faster than ever. The density of Matter was coupled with firmness and elasticity. The currents of Love had to struggle in order to successfully pierce the stone with their Fire.

4. The new Kingdom of Stones was populating the Earth, endowing her with power over their motionless bodies. The planet, raised by the currents of Love, knew only one way she herself could bring forth Life, and that was Love!

Love! Here she was a rule, a law, a form of Life. Only one thing was required of the Earth: to *love*! And the Lords of Destiny kept strict watch over the fulfilling of Karma.

5. The planet was doing her utmost. She knew how to love, and what it was to be loved. With all the zeal and fervour of her Loving Soul, she warmed the motionless stones, breaking through their hardness and elasticity. They revived, drinking in the generous currents of Love. Stones were resurrected! They began to blossom like petals of Divine Flowers, and took their place in turn. The planet was beautified by a profusion of flowers.

6. The warmth of the Sun became stronger, for he was clearly experiencing the magical Power of the influence of Love. And the flowers loved both their Father Sun and their Mother Earth. They were their children, born in common! The parents carefully looked after their flowers' luxuriant heads of many colours, open wide towards them.

The Universe beheld the work of the Lords, and was pleased with the flowers' first successful appearance. Ceaselessly they worked, imbuing the world with a fragrant aroma. Attracted by the flowers' Power of Love, constellations generously imparted their own... The Lords of Destiny were content: all was proceeding according to their Predestined Plan.

7. Love reigned supreme all over the world! She was calm and content in her earthly domains. All the celestial bodies supported her in that Divine Work. Only the Sun sometimes peered anxiously into the bowels of Earth during the times when she hid her sides from him as she rotated. Because of the density of Matter, the Sun was not able to glimpse what was happening on the other side of the planet.

8. Eventually, robust vegetation girdled the world, hiding the gentle flowers in its shadow and choking their tiny stems with its mighty roots. These giants seized power and began to swallow light greedily, cutting off the warm solar rays from those who were shorter and much weaker than they. Without the caressing warmth of the All-Loving Sun, lesser creatures withered and perished.

9. Evil had appeared in the world for the first time. The Sun was unable to discern what was going on beneath the thick crowns of giant trees. These effectively concealed evil, which had managed to steal in surreptitiously. The All-Seeing Eye of the Sun partially lost its power, for he could not illuminate the hidden back side of the Earth.

10. The condensation of Matter came to the end of its tether. Billions of years had passed, and human souls were still similar to stones... How could they have become so callous and impenetrable? It was a difficult question to answer! They had become acquainted with evil, who was already rotating his black wheel of time in full swing, standing just beyond the border of the Light. While, on the reverse side, the darkness was trying to obscure the whole of the Light so as to transform him into gloom. But for that she needed some assistance from earthlings.

11. The Light was fighting bravely, armed with the One Power of Love. But because he was always ablaze with pure Divine Love, he felt no hatred towards the darkness, nor did he know jealousy. Love was the most powerful weapon, and the darkness was helpless against her. It was necessary to wield that weapon to be omnipotent! But the darkness could not approach the Light openly, for she would immediately burn down, engulfed in the Flame of Love. But by and by she found a way around: she would enter human Hearts, which were alone capable of holding the Sacred Divine Gift.

12. The human Heart started to glow, like the Celestial Star itself. And that tiny sun in a human breast was full of the bright and brimming-over currents of Love. Nevertheless, the Heart, parched with an endless thirst, went on constantly searching — only for Love, for that Divine impulse could be quenched by Love alone. Apparently, the Love of the earthly Hearts did not know satisfaction, for she still had not yet fully experienced the Power of the Sacred, Divinely Supreme Love. An enormous task of recognition lay ahead.

And so to fulfil that Task of pure Heavenly Labour, the Lords of Destiny asked the Gods to launch the Supreme Mechanism which would turn *another* Wheel — one that would go beyond the bounds of Time, leading human Hearts along heavenly pathways to the recognition of True Love.

STANZA II

The Knowledge of the Heart

13. The Day arrived. The Wheel gradually gained momentum and led human Hearts towards Knowledge — something the Hearts had known for a long time. But man was not yet able to comprehend the Wisdom of his own Heart. He had not actually guessed that the Heart was capable of *knowing*. And all the while, the still, small Voice, which imparted the wise counsel of Life, was practically inaudible to the insensitive human ear. And even when that Voice rang out with unmistakable clarity, like an alarm bell, calling its hearers to arm themselves with the Power of Love on the eve of death, man attempted to muffle it, preferring to take a roundabout route through the labyrinths and machinations of the mind. But the intellect was not able to perceive what the Heart knew, for it was subject to decay. Evil could easily penetrate thereinto, not fearing any encounter with the bright, dazzling Light of Fiery Thought. Man could think only on the lowest levels. And so the Wheel began a New Round.

14. People gradually began to pay attention to the leadings of their own Heart, becoming convinced that the mind's contemplations, more often than not, led them to wrong conclusions. And the barely perceptible Voice of the Heart, it appeared, had presaged the Truth... And so there was a pressing need to hearken to that which possessed the Wisdom of insight. But how to do this? How is it possible to avoid mistaking the voice of the mind for the inaudible tremors of the currents of the Heart? People became thoughtful once again. And the Heart meanwhile was still waiting for the time when it would be accepted as the best and most faithful friend...

15. The Sun was shining. Keeping a close watch on human Hearts, he tried to nourish them with Fires in a bid to reinforce the power of Life. Life herself was the gift of the Light, for without him, she could not be conceived. Would this world even exist if there were no Sun? He gave the Light, and it was in the rays of Light that Life had spread her Immortal Wings. Yes, Life was immortal, for she was the forever companion of the Light, who did not know death. Life and the Light were One.

16. The Heart, woven out of Light, belonged to Life. The most delicate particles of condensed Matter were used in its formation. The Heart's secret was that it could not live without Love. Only Love's energizing currents could wind the hidden mainspring therein — the spring that allowed the Wheel of Life to rotate. The Heart without Love was dying away, losing its life-force, even turning to stone.

17. The darkness was overtaking those people who had trampled down their inner Light and so were useless to Life. These were the people of death whom evil was penetrating continuously — not only their thoughts, but also their breast, wherein he ruled on a soulless throne of stone. There was nothing for him to fear, for a stone could not strike a spark that would have burnt the darkness' tenacious paws. O, how the darkness desired such hearts! One had to work very hard to get one's own way, and the darkness spared no effort or means to this end, if only she could see herself ensconced on the throne which had previously belonged to Life.

18. Man was endeavouring to grow in grace and wisdom. He had already been able to distinguish the Light from the darkness. In him, these two principles were tightly interwoven, forming a single indivisible essence. Gloomy thoughts swept past, dictating strict orders and generating a combative atmosphere. Evil was amassing legions of venomous thoughts, capable of poisoning the whole Joy of Life with their sinister stench. Joy was the lampion oil which made the Flame of Love glow so brightly. The dark host of gloomy thoughts was successfully depriving the little fire of the nourishment it needed. The flame was gradually diminishing in size, and a light puff of air was all it would take to extinguish it forever. The world was being deprived of Joy, without which both Life and Love would be unthinkable.

19. The Sun, too, was endeavouring to give all that he could. He tirelessly warmed the ever-cooling Hearts in his rays of Love. The Sun wished to apply the full force of his energizing currents to restore human souls to Life. He did not blame people for having lost the Gift — their ability to love. For the Star himself, the most important thing was Love. Therefore, he kept on blazing with greater and greater fervour, so that the Fire-breathing Warmth of his Heart would be enough for all... He was ready to enter into every breast and ascend from the depths of the Earth in the form of billions of tiny lights, which would scatter like stars and delight Eternity with their munificent currents of Love. But to that end

it was necessary to find such people capable of accepting the mighty Warmth of Heaven, unafraid of being burnt alive in the Fire-breathing Flame of Love. To become the Sun — this was something only man could wish for. So, day by day, the Sun circled the Earth in search of him...

The Gods were turning the Wheel and winding up the mainspring, which was merging with the powerful spirals of the new currents being sent to the Sun's aid. They were proclaiming the beginning of a New Era, which would be experienced under the Sign of Fiery Love.

STANZA III

The Sowing of Love

20. The Light was triumphing. The Light knew how strongly people felt the need for him. The human Heart was in need of the Fires of Love; that was already established as the undeniable Truth for everyone. The Gods knew their work. And above all — they knew the Periods. Being beyond Time and Space, they were fully aware of the great significance of the designated Periods by which the world was ruled. The Bright Light had broken through. He had pierced the layers of darkness piled up by human ignorance. Penetrating the dense veil of Matter, he glistened in the gloom. The Light was given birth in the soul. He was palpably felt by man.

21. Wonderful changes started happening in the world. Once they realized the whole life-giving Might of the Flame, people began serving the Fire. They were burning in their Hearts. But the tongues of Fire were still erratic and did not reach very high. Man had given Life to the Fiery Seed, and now he began to glimpse a faint and still immature shoot, not knowing how to make it grow. With his still limited knowledge, he reached out and touched the Flame. Knowing from his earthly experience how necessary it was to water shoots for more vigorous growth, he generously drenched the germinating seed in water. Only, the water extinguished the fire with a hiss.

In the gathering darkness, the Light grew dim upon contact with this cooling Matter. Once again, a forbidding time was at hand, when rampant extinguishing forces could come into play. Yet the servants of the darkness were unaware of a central fact: that their Period had expired, and they were helpless before the Divine Power of the Seed. Even though the Flame was now practically devoid of its bright tongues of illumination, it was able to revive again. The Seed held within itself the ability to send forth new shoots out of the depths to replace the fading ones. The Light was inextinguishable.

22. The Stellar Period had defined a New Round. At this point it would be impossible to return to the past, since all bridges would be burnt. And they would be burnt by none other than man himself. The most important thing was to discern where the Light was and where the darkness was, and what the past

and the future meant for him. Through wise discernment of the essence of all things, he was able to build the saving bridge that would span the abyss and lead him to the Kingdom of the Light. But, all too often, people were stubbornly closing their eyes, unwilling to glimpse the Bright Path which was right beneath their feet, and blindly burnt the bridges that would lead them to the shore of Salvation. Insisting on their own way, these blind ones were depriving themselves forever of the Kingdom of Eternal Fires, preferring to remain instead in the total gloom of ignorance. Thus began to unfold the stratification of humanity, which was to make the last step beyond the border of the darkness or the Light. That was their Final Choice, for the Period — as designated by the stars — had so determined.

23. Love once again came to life in the world and diffused the Almighty Rays, which were even able to pierce through the most incredibly dense masses of petrified Matter. And, little by little, people began to open their eyes. They had long known that even a stone was capable of loving, protecting, guarding, and bringing happiness to their owners — owners whom they indeed loved. Yes, the world was brimming over with Love.

Man beheld how a flower which he had mercilessly torn from its stem would incline its beautiful little head towards him, dedicating the last moments of its life to a declaration of Love — Love for him, a man. Yes, a flower is able to love even a slayer that has brutally severed the thread of its marvellous, innocent life. Flowers forgive everything, because they sincerely love man — even men who are most in “love” with the money they receive for the “goods” they sell. The flowers very much hoped that people would open their eyes and understand how it was even painful to love them...

Indeed, humanity was coming nearer to this understanding, for the language of one flower was always understandable to another member of the floral kingdom. After all, it was not so long ago that human beings were flowers themselves, covering the whole planet in a carpet of beautiful bloom. But the Gods did not pluck them...

24. A Time to blossom and a Time to bear fruit. Were not bounteous fruits being borne by those that had been blooming so luxuriantly, in accord with the Periods established for them? Yes, their fruits were fresh and fragrant. But at first they could be seen only by the Creator — the One who had sown the Seeds. His was the Hand that had generously scattered the Divine Seeds on the Earth. But some of them fell among thorns and were choked. Many fell in stony places...

God was waiting for the harvest. He longed to see the Divine Fruit, for like would bear like unto Him, as an apple tree would bear an apple and a pear tree a pear. Thus, in everything, His Law would be obeyed. The Seed germinated and hastened to bear fruit. All the shoots were by now firmly established, showing strong stems. Only their fruit was still in question. And only as the fruit ripened was it possible to judge the results. But for that the Periods had not yet come. In the meantime, the fruit was absorbing everything granted to it by a generous world. And the roots, whether they were sunk into the darkness or into the Light, served to determine the fruit's true value...

Thus the Gods directed the Motion of the Wheel towards the New Period. And that was the Season of Reaping, designed to effect the final calculation of the ripened Divine Harvest.

STANZA IV

The Gift of Mind

25. The Sons of God came. They descended to examine the Field, wherein the Golden Seed was emerging. But the Earth had already been partially poisoned with the foreboding fumes of evil. Poison seeped into soil, threatening to envenom the new shoots. The plants resisted as they strove to develop according to the Programme laid out in the Core of the Seed. The Fiery essence of the Seed was impervious to the darkness. Evil hid himself, lying in wait for an opportune moment to attack the shoots just as they were on the point of breaking through... The Sons of God discerned the lurking danger — henceforth evil would fall under their eagle-eyed control.

26. The Gods awaited the arrival of the Sons who had been sent to the Earth. The Sons were delayed, however, as they attempted to expose all the spheres that had been seized by evil. They were trying to explain certain Truths to the people, but these people did not have sufficient intelligence to properly understand the Sons of God.

27. The Great Sages of Insight cried unto the Gods turning the Wheel to hasten the coming of the Periods, when man would be endowed with a more perfect mind... And man became thoughtful...

He began to notice that his skin had quite recently changed from that of an animal to something quite different — a human one. But a sinister, lower power, one based more on instincts than reason, held sway inside of him and prevented him from ascending. The Sons of God therefore undertook the enormous Task of transmuting instinct into *intuition*, which would allow man to hear the Voice of the Heart.

28. The work was in full swing on the Earth. Immortal Beings were walking amongst mortals, effecting colossal transformations in human Hearts. And as the condensed clusters of matter steadily softened, losing their impenetrable stoniness, man became capable of feeling with the Heart. There were still many things he could not yet understand, but already he was speaking of what he *felt* in his Heart. And so he took the first step towards the Country of Immortality.

29. The Sons of God noticed that some of the mortals were now robed in seamless Immortal Garments. Their Hearts were blazing, being reflected with all their fervour and purity in the Great Divine Fires. In them, the power of the animal principle had been obliterated forever, and all instincts of the past overcome. These were Earthly Gods, created from ordinary people. Once they were qualified to replace the Higher Toilers of Light, the Sons of God left the Fields of the Earth and returned to the Gods on high.

30. Labour was transforming all living things. Wherever vigilance was abandoned, the darkness appeared at once, bringing her inner laws into play. But she could not approach a toiler, for she knew that Labour was a Prayer to the Light. Taking advantage of the departure of the Sons of God, evil began to invade the Souls of Light — those that had accepted the Heavenly Burden of Fire — with his countless legions of gloom. The darkness endeavoured to confront these Souls of Light with equal, or even stronger, forces of evil. She had already found such people, catching them at the very moment when they had let go of the Sacred Labour which had been entrusted to them. After tricking them into believing that one could enjoy the fruits of somebody else's labour, the darkness did not allow them to work and instead put a sword into their dangling hands. Evil permitted the forceful appropriation of that which had been given for the good of the whole world, as it had been cultivated for everyone.

31. Menacing whirlwinds of darkness skimmed over the entire planet, spiralling from one end of the globe to the other. These black wheels spun as if by a giant hand, sweeping up all living things in their path. The darkness was determined to raze to the ground all the new shoots that were threatening to cover the Earth with a Field of Gold.

God's Seeds sprouted tender shoots as they broke free from the deep ruts they had been trampled into by the gloom, and promised a rich harvest. Those who had cultivated their Divine Seeds in the Fire were now joined by new souls. They had a great desire to assist their brethren who had risen from the ashes and now shone like lodestars before the eyes of sighted people. Hearts followed the Light-Bearers, prepared to pass through a deep abyss of gloom, carrying with them their inner Divine Light undefiled.

32. The time had come. People began to talk about the Periods. They started to rise above the concept of *Time* and break away from the ground. Man understood that he was the nexus of the decaying temporal and the undecaying *eternal*. He

was the possessor of two opposite poles, on one of which was the epicentre of death, and the other one — the centre of Immortality. He was, at one and the same time, the son of ashes and the Son of God. It was indeed a challenge to understand himself, since he had been woven entirely of contradictions, which had taken up a firm position inside him, unwilling to change their own polarity. He was being torn apart: on the one hand, the mortal was luring him with all its might, while on the other, the immortal was attracting and charming him with the marvellous Fires of Spirit. Man kept swinging from one extreme to another. Decaying, earthly treasures held no importance for the Light, but decay could not recognize the Divine Gifts of Eternity. A fierce internal struggle was underway: man was in conflict with himself.

33. A gong struck. The Third Round of the battle was over. Balance had won. Man understood that he should not rush about and fret, thereby weakening his precious life forces. His two poles, like two scale-pans, he resolved to keep in balance, not letting evil outweigh his divine heritage. The pan of Light was feathery and weightless. He must no longer add dark deeds to the opposing pan of darkness; at the same time he would sort through its contents for worthiness, so as to burn whatever he didn't need as superfluous rubbish. The work progressed quickly. Man glanced sometimes into one of the pans, and sometimes into the other. Keeping constant watch over new additions to the pan of Light was difficult, for it was so weightless and invisible that it was a challenge to perceive just when the pan of evil started to outweigh it...

A high degree of alertness was required. And the Gods decided to set a New Period for the Round of Earthly Time, so that mankind would be armed with this priceless Gift of Heaven.

STANZA V

The Persecution of Love

34. The Light of Illumination touched the Earth. The long night that had dominated human consciousness was losing its thickly hued layers. The dark veil of ignorance began to drop from people's eyes as they opened their vision and were imbued with *alertness*.

35. Those who most longed for the Light were touched with Fires by the Sons of Heaven. Their flash of illumination spread among the chosen. Those people absorbed the Fires with eager enthusiasm, adding to the luminous capabilities of their Heart. The world became lighter and brighter. But, still, one had to work hard to kindle the Fires in the Light-Bearers' companions. And the Sons of Heaven called for help from those who had preserved the lucidity of the Flame.

36. Sparks were flaring. And with the New Era came a great inflow of Fire. Many people were already carrying the Divine Flame within their breasts. Nevertheless, they were in the minority, compared with the whole mass of humanity. These Light-Bearers were recognized immediately, for it is impossible to conceal the Light. They spoke of God, of Pure Heaven embraced by the Flame of Love, of the Sons of Eternity.

The darkness was irritated by such "flowery" speeches and, wanting to wrap everyone in an even denser veil of ignorance, she infused malice into the minds of her listeners. Consumed with violent rage and blinded by anger, the sightless groped for stones. Stones from stony hearts, interlaced with a hail of curses, rained down on those who were bearing the Light of Love...

Love was beaten, tortured, burnt... But she was ineffaceable, for she was drawing upon Immortal Forces within herself. She *loved*, and that was all that mattered... Sparks were igniting.

37. The Gods saw how desperately the Warriors of Love were fighting. Armed with the Divine Gift, they walked the Earth with a single Mission in mind — to *love*. For them, the most important thing was to preserve Love for humanity intact. They did not expect a loving response in return, as they failed to meet Love in those who had extinguished the spark of Fire within themselves and had

grown cold. Love was to ignite their godlessly smoking wick. The Bearers of the Flame touched everyone in sight. Some were ignited at once, promising to preserve and cultivate their tiny Flame, while others averted their eyes; still others took a stone out of their bosoms, which they had harboured there in place of their Heart. Yes, a stone had replaced the Heart! But the Gods knew how to work with such dense Matter, which at some point would turn into a gentle igniferous scarlet flower. On and on they laboured.

38. A drop of water can wear away a stone. A seemingly weak force defeats a stronger one. Water gushed into the world. And the strongest of all was a tiny drop, for the drop knew that it was one with the Limitless Ocean of Eternity. It started in to work, polishing dense granite-like masses.

39. It was as though drops of hot tears were falling on the unyielding surface of a stone. The stone was helpless in the face of that steady tap-tap-tapping. It was knocking at the door of its soul, demanding that it open itself to the whole world. The world waited. The stone was silent. But the drop proved to be stronger, and washed away all soulless barriers with which the darkness had attempted to smother the stone's ever so delicate nature. Now it was free and open to all. And the New World believed in it...

40. The Sons of God finally caught their breath and let out a quiet sigh: the scale-pan of evil was becoming noticeably lighter. They breathed out a new stream of fresh Fires in response to the Call of the Hearts that reached them from the bowels of Earth. Plunged into darkness, the planet resembled the night sky, for she was all a-twinkling with little sparks of stars — these glowed in the Hearts of those who had preserved the Fire safe from the malicious claws of forces that would extinguish it. The Sons of God were reaching out with stellar silver threads towards the Hearts of the Light-Bearers, turning them into immortal carriers of Divine Currents. Such people were able to love and to know what Love is.

41. The outer covering of the planet looked something like lace. Bright glowing threads were being interwoven in a fanciful pattern, faithfully streaming the Divine Current which was bearing the life-giving Power of Love. And the Earth began to breathe in these Fires.

42. The Sun was blazing, filling all the channels of the life-bearing artery of the

Light with streams of new Fires. And even the people of the Earth noticed that — from their point of view, at least — the excessive activity of the Sun was burning through everything.

43. The world began to be ruled by completely different currents, which had come to replace the old ones, carrying within themselves the aroma of Divine Spheres. Even the Earth had changed her appearance. She could not resist the renewing power of the Fires. The planet also renewed her continents, especially those which she had previously submerged to the bottom as needing the purifying effect of water. In the Flame of yawning craters, she had burnt away anything that could not fit in to the new Life. Now she was being nourished by other currents, desiring to rid herself forever of the mistakes which had stained her mantle in the past.

With the transformation of her appearance, the Earth sought release from the clutch of the filthy hands of evil that were blackening her spheres. For evil had gone into hiding, and was now immersed in the gloom of non-existence. But therein, too, remained his carriers — carriers that formed the greater part of slumbering humanity. Evil was trying with new strength to bring back his former glory-days and, in this, his main hope, as always, rested on people. For they would have to hate literally everything in order to infuse the whole soil with seeds of hatred, which were alone capable of choking the gentle shoots of Love.

44. Gloom was once more on the attack, using human hands and feet to trample the deeds of the Light. Man seemed to be a vessel for cruelty and insidious malice. He knew no peace, feverishly attempting to reap God's bounty with bloodstained instruments. But the Light had no knowledge of hatred; condemnation was alien to him, along with the many other weapons comprising the arsenal of the darkness. The Light was capable only of loving. And so he loved...

45. Malice was devouring itself, oozing with anger. It was counting on provoking hatred in response to hatred. But the Light-Bearers totally rejected condemnation and spiteful attacks in response, for they perceived no enemy. Nor would they pervert the energy of Love by transforming it into its opposite. They had confidently taken their places on the pole bearing the imprint of Love. For them, the opposite pole, from which only cold hatred was pouring forth, held no attraction at all.

The darkness was losing strength: her army simply melted before her eyes as

it drew near to the Warmth of Loving Hearts. Rarely did anyone forsake the Camp of the Light. Deserters were becoming ever harder to find, and it was now almost impossible to win over to the dark side anyone who had recognized the true value of Divine Love.

46. The Flame did not die out. Rather, it shone ever more gently, illumining the world with a steady Light. Balance was established on the planet. The scale-pans were gradually stabilized, manifesting a balance of power...

Everything lay low, held in abeyance: the darkness was afraid of making a single step towards the Light, for she could easily be dissolved in the fervent embrace of the Flame; nor did the Light advance, for he had no right to attack or to impose his warmth or the Light of Love upon the unwilling. Light responds only to the Call, and does so in the twinkling of an eye, filling the crying Heart with generous currents of Love...

The two huge pans of the scales were being held by the Invisible Hand of Humanity, which was free to place into them either evil or good, calling upon the forces of either the darkness or the Light. All the Worlds stood still, awaiting the Final Choice that the people of the Earth, now divided and clustering at two opposite poles, were obliged to make. Humanity was deciding its destiny... The Gods stood still and, just for a moment, stopped the motion of the rotating Wheel of Time.

STANZA VI

The Final Battle

47. The hour had struck. Time began to flow in its designated channel. People were searching for those who were nearer and dearer to their Hearts. Many united in groups, forming societies knitted together by a single idea or aspiration. The idea of good or evil was that connecting link around which communities were organized.

Humanity had made the Final Choice — in favour of Good. Evil therefore decided to change this Progress of Evolutionary Movement towards the Light, and to lay decisive battle against the idea of Peace. Thus began a series of global wars.

48. The Fireflies died, unable to withstand the attacks on their perishable bodies. But the Immortal Souls departed heavenward and, once again robed in human skins, returned to the Earth with strength derived from the Immortal Fires. They resumed the battle the darkness had imposed on them. Stars were supporting their chosen ones, unceasingly strengthening their Hearts with the currents of Love. Aglow with the thought of Good and Light, the Loving Hearts of the Fireflies were being immersed into pitch darkness, where their mission was to sow the Seeds of Love. The gloom of ignorance again and again erected solid walls of misunderstanding between the Bearers of Light and dormant consciousnesses. Evil knew that he could still find a great number of willing servants among the slumbering souls.

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