

Echoes
FROM
Mount Ecclesia

January 10th, 1914
Oceanside No. 8 California
Flora M. Kyle, Editor

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In the second act of Parsifal, where he has accidentally come to Mont Salvat, the Castle of the Holy Grail, and is being led by Gurnemanz towards that Holy Place, he remarks, "How is it that we move so fast? We seem to fly through space without exertion." And it seems that it is almost the same on Mt. Ecclesia. Things move so fast and events follow each other in such rapid succession, that it is almost like rubbing Aladdin's lamp and producing the magic castle. At any rate, it keeps this poor scribe on the jump, to chronicle events correctly, and we ought to have a great deal more space in the *Echoes*. But the printer says that Mr. Heindel will have to rub the lamp again and produce a larger printing office and a larger press before that can be done.

Last month, we thought we were taking time by the forelock when we spoke of our busy time constructing the Pro-Ecclesia; and of **preparing** a palm drive which was to materialize sometime next spring. But even before the last *Echoes* had been printed, holes were dynamited for seventy-eight palms. My, but didn't they shoot! The whole administration building shook, and on the 9th of December the palms were all in place. Most of them are ten

feet high, but a few are six footers, and you have no idea what a transformation it has made on Mt. Ecclesia. They give such a beautiful oriental effect, and the Pro-Ecclesia has also been finished. All in one short month—or even less, for Christmas Eve is only three weeks and six days removed from Thanksgiving Day, when we laid the foundation. But we all worked to do it, and we think we have broken all building records in accomplishing the feat of putting up a building plastered inside and out; tinted, decorated and wired for electricity in that short space of time.

One of the students was going to draw a little sketch, to insert in the *Echoes*. But as that has not materialized, we shall endeavor to picture it in words; for of course you want to know all about it. It is built in so-called Mission style, with three bells hung, as seen in various California Missions, above the entrance. The roof has also the usual beautiful curved mission tile, and the windows are of a very artistic diamond design. Standing upon one of the highest points on Mt. Ecclesia, it may be seen for many miles, and is already being noticed by all who pass. And there is considerable traffic along Mission Avenue which runs past our Headquarters; this being one of the highways of Southern California.

The acoustic properties of the Pro-Ecclesia are very fine, every word spoken, in even the lowest voice, is plainly heard by every one. And the resonance of the organ is thus added to, in a manner which must be heard to be appreciated. The ceiling is a very light cream, the walls are tan, and all the woodwork is finished natural. Thus the color scheme is most beautifully unobtrusive; and therefore restful to the senses. The system of lighting is indirect light, thrown toward the ceiling and thence reflected into the hall, diffusing itself softly

and without that glare which is so trying in the ordinary method. The rostrum is situated in the West, and an alcove, in the center of the west wall, contains the Rosicrucian emblem, consisting of the blazing star upon a blue background; the white cross with its black rim and the blood red roses. This is only exposed during the services; at all other times, a curtain hides it. This curtain bears the following inscription: "God is Light; if we walk in the Light, as He is in the Light, we have Fellowship one with another." During the services, the hall is darkened and the alcove with its emblem is most beautifully illuminated by concealed lights, arranged on all sides thereof. In front of the curtain, spoken of above, there is a stand with a handsome bible, sent by a student in one of the central states. And over the alcove is the inscription "Christian Rose-Cross." On the left side of this alcove hangs a copy of Hoffman's "Youthful Christ", most artistically executed by Gertrude Jarrett, one of our valued workers in the office. Over this picture is inscribed, "Ye are my Friends." On the right, is another copy of "Christ kneeling in Gethsemane"—at the commencement of His Passion. And above this picture we see the inscription, "Awaiting the Day of Liberation." This beautiful picture is by Stewart Vogt, a noted artist, and a student of the Fellowship. Both pictures are thus expressions of love on the part of students. It should also be noted that a very considerable amount of the construction work on the building itself was done by students at Headquarters. Thus, this building was built for love, in a very large measure; and is therefore much more precious than if the work had been done entirely by help hired on a commercial basis. Surely, it will be more easy to build the unseen spiritual temple, around this nucleus on that account.

THE DEDICATION

The day before Christmas we had a strenuous day, putting the finishing touches on the new building. So on Christmas Eve we set the alarm clock to waken us a half past eleven, and went to bed early. All rested and many slept. But at five minutes to twelve we were in the Pro-Ecclesia, ready for the service. And isn't it remarkable! There were just thirty-six present, making the mystic number nine. You may remember that there were nine present at the ground-breaking; and nine at the first spiritual service held on Mt. Ecclesia. This without any premeditation, but it just "happened," if there is such a thing as chance. Indeed, the thirty-sixth member came to Oceanside unexpectedly late on the evening of December 24th.

The Services were opened with an organ prelude by Mrs. Berghall, a gifted musician, who had come up from San Diego to assist in the celebration. It filled our hearts with joy, and served to properly attune the spirits to the occasion. An appropriate hymn was next sung. Then Mrs. Heindel read the story of "The Annunciation," The Birth, the phenomenon attending, and the wise men who worshipped as told in the Gospels. And while she read, Mr. Heindel operated the stereopticon from the back of the hall, projecting appropriate pictures upon the screen. Then the beautiful Christmas Carol "Holy Night" was sung; the words having been written by Mr. Heindel, who objected to the words commonly given, because they contain no lesson and no hope for us. And he wanted to emphasize the fact that the Christ Light, which then shone, is now as bright or brighter than ever; that the Star which then guided, is now to be seen, as well as then. Each having within himself or herself the guiding light that will eventually lead us to Christ.

Next year we may perhaps have that carol and music printed, so that we can send it to students in time for use on Christmas Eve.

Then followed the dedication address by Mr. Heindel. He said in part; My dear sisters and brothers, we have met here tonight to dedicate the first building devoted solely to worship of God, along the lines of the Rosicrucian teachings. This is an inestimable privilege, for which we cannot be too grateful. But though our hearts may swell with love and gratitude to God for this house, so beautiful in its simplicity, let us not forget the words spoken at the time when we laid the corner-stone. After all, this is only a dead pile of stones and unmeaning timbers. God does not dwell in houses made by hands. If we want to meet with God, we must build in and around this place the unseen spiritual temple, so grandly and gloriously portrayed by Manson in "The Servant in the House," as he said, "Some people never see it at all." But it is a living thing, and only such a living thing can house the living faith where-with we must abide in the world, and take part in its work, to bring about the Kingdom of Christ, Who for our sakes is now groaning and travailing, awaiting our manifestation as Sons of God.

"When you enter it," says Manson, "you hear a sound as of some mighty poem chanted, that is if you have ears." And to the spiritual senses all true temples emit a sound vibration, a spiritual harmony, which diffuses itself over wide areas, strengthening all that is good, in all who come in contact therewith. But unless we learn to sing songs of love **with our hearts**, and not only with our lips, this poem will never be heard from Mt. Ecclesia. It is, therefore, necessary that we all should learn thus to sing, so that whether we ever hear this music ourselves, it may go out to comfort the sorrowing

souls all over the world, regardless of whether they know whence this music comes or not.

"Presently you will see the church itself, a looming mystery of many shapes and shadows leaping sheer from the floor to dome. . . . The work of no ordinary builder," says Manson, and later, "It is yet building." Indeed, that is true. For though we may finish the physical structure of what we call "a house of God," as we have today finished the work on this building, **the true Temple**, not made with hands, but of the numberless acts of love and kindness, **is ever building**. This pile of physical material which we have here brought together, is already beginning to decay. But that unseen church, made up of immortal acts, grows more resplendent, as day by day we add new deeds of love to those already built into it. Let us not deceive ourselves, however; this work is not all joy. As Manson says, "Sometimes the work goes forward in deep darkness; sometimes in blinding light. Now beneath the burden of unutterable anguish, now to the tune of a great laughter and heroic shoutings like the cry of thunder." **There are nights as well as the days of the soul.** It is not always Palm Sunday, when the world hails with acclamation, the bringer of glad tidings; but each and every one has also his Gethsemane, from time to time. Beside, what credit is it to us if we work diligently when the smile of approbation greets us on every hand, or when we feel within ourselves, that wonderful joy which comes in doing the work of God, and we go forward with long strides and unabated vigor; driven by an impelling inner urge, content and satisfied.

But we cannot always expect to have such conditions. And it is in the night, when crucifixion looms darkly upon us, when even the nearest and dearest of our friends seem to desert us, leaving us in the "Garden of

Gethsemane,” that we must prove ourselves staunch workers, looking up to the Father, ready for whatever sacrifice be demanded of us, saying, “Thy Will be done.” And it is characteristic of this night of the soul that the inner urge to work is generally wanting; so we do not feel a desire to serve God, but are rather inclined to enter the broad path. Let us remember, however, that only by being faithful to the end, that shall we ever be able to say “*Consummatum Est*” (It has been accomplished). May we each and all prove worthy **visible workers** and temple builders, so that when we have exhausted the possibilities of our present environment, we may merit a larger sphere of usefulness as Invisible Helpers of Humanity.

**Excerpts from paper read by
Mrs. Fannie Rockwell**

And then ensued a novel service, like reading and response with no one there to utter any word. Alone, I spoke to that I am:—“You must know peace without.”

“I’ll seek it, oh that it might be like this within.”

You must not search, but know you’ve found. Can I live up to what I know? Oh that I might stay here always. No, living is the only way to prove what you have found. Live in the Kingdom day by day.

Is that the Kingdom out there, where cups of bitterness are drained to dregs?

Yes, when you know it to be so, and know whose cup you share.

Potential joy, enough to thrill the world, was heralded when Hosts from Heaven sang: “Peace on Earth, good will to men.”

Then, as for me, I’ll take the utmost that was done for me, and when I fail to live as “in

remembrance,” with deep humility, I’ll take forgiveness, too—So lead Most Kindly Light, outside into this Kingdom near. . . . I looked back through the path I’d come. I turned myself about. And then the guiding spirit spoke: “If your heart is right, your will is mine, you will not return the way you came. When you can realize, you’ll know your griefs were borne upon the cross.” I slowly dropped the plummet down, down, down to test my meed of faith, and then I gave my grief to Him. The trial entrance far behind the door of sorrow, pitiful, was sealed; the earth caved in and barred the way. And I advanced the other path, the Resurrection Road. Although I could not measure love Divine, I lifted all my self aloft and said: “Oh God, if this my all-consuming human love is infinitesimal when gauged by Thine for me, fill me with just as much as I can feel, and make it world-wide like Thine own.” I knelt for benediction, and, too sacred, far, to put in words, was the overpowering pouring from that fount of overflowing and abiding Love from which no height or depth, or things above, or things below, or any other creature can ever separate.

**Excerpts from paper read by
Mr. Joel Hawkins**

What reason can there be that we should not cease to follow the intellect? It has brought us only misery in the past; has led us from the pure, the good, the beautiful. It has caused us to express the very worst in our nature. It has made us cold and unfeeling and has deadened our faculties; smothered the fire of love and brotherly kindness which should burn in every human breast; made us proud, self-centered, egotistic and selfishly ambitious. O, it is high time that we renounce this false savior and

realize that it leads us not to God.

But ah! what sweet love and reverence wells forth from the heart, from the very depths of our being. Sympathy and compassion so great that it enfolds the world. Those are the moments when the heart has sway. Aspiration so great that it seems the soul is lifted to the very throne of God. All the hidden genius of one's nature, all the eloquence of the soul, pours forth in unspeakable gladness. Fain would one gather all humanity under this protecting care and tell them of the peace and joy he has found. Such are the moments when the heart has sway. That is a saviour which will lead us to salvation and to God.

But must we consider ourselves alone? Look at the intellectual man as he passes among his fellows, cold, unfeeling, a frigid iceberg. Outwardly he may be all smiles and attractive politeness, but within the forces of repulsion have full sway. Must we be such as that? Shall we move about in the world throwing a damper on the souls of all we meet? Shall we help to crush the finer feelings of the world? Shall we help to blunt and deaden the sensitive souls we so often meet? Ah! how forbidding is such a life! Unprofitable to ourselves, uninspiring to others.

Then look at the tender, loving soul, moving among its fellows. A kind word, a soft caress, a soul-felt sympathy, and other souls feel a tinge of love, of joy, and of gladness. What an inspiration! A burning brand of love to fan the smoldering embers of its fellows! A beacon light that saves other souls from wreck. Ah! let us be such as this, let us so live that we enlighten the world by our very presence. There is no true love but induces love in others; there is no true joy but others feel its thrill. Then let us love, with the heart not with the head; and let us serve with heart and not with mind.

There is no depth so great but the love-filled heart can fathom; there is no goal so grand that the heart may not attain. Without us and within us, around us and above us, there dwells the ever-beating life of God. The heart and the heart alone, can ever know its presence, can ever feel the thrill that sweeps all else aside. 'Tis the heart alone which ever leads to God.

Look at the great Life as it pulsates before us. The plants spring into verdure a little while and pass away, to come again. The animals dwell with us a few short years and pass into the great Beyond, while others take their place. Generation after generation of humanity rise and fall in never ceasing sequence. Nations come and nations go like waves upon the water. Continents are held above the ocean for a space of time and sink beneath. Suns and planets spring into being and fade into the source from whence they came. Life, everywhere, life! And what is That which stands behind the scene, which holds all things in rhythmic sway? Ask the heart, for God can only speak from the very depths of the soul.

Ah! we are part of That which governs all! That is our home, and there our Infinite Mother calls. Long have we wandered from the bosom of our Mother God, but never left her fond, protecting care. Now She is calling us, "Home, come home"; and our hearts echo, "Come home." And we're going home with a song of joy, we're heeding the call of our Mother's love. And our hearts overflow with compassionate love for millions who are struggling blindly. So we'll stretch out our hands to our brothers in need, and we'll tear from their eyes every bandage! We'll lead them all to their Heavenly home, we'll leave not a one to wander alone. And there in that Presence, so calm and sweet, we'll kneel for the last time and repeat. "Our Father, Who art in Heaven."

Students who are affiliated with Headquarters by virtue of being on Mr. Heindel's list of correspondents may apply for admission to the school.

The rates are \$6.00 per week or \$25.00 per month for those who are content to dwell in tents; but if room in a cottage is desired, the rate is \$7.00 per week or \$29.00 per month. This is for board and room only. Students are expected to support the school by voluntary contribution. As accommodations are limited, application must be made in advance.

We are also prepared to receive patients at the Sanitarium, whether members or not; the rate being \$7.00 per week or \$29.00 per month for the physical accommodation. There is no charge for healing, but patients are also expected to give as they have received. The rule about application for admission applies to patients also and the reason is the same.

At the Oceanside garage we have a rate of 50¢ each where two passengers come together from the depot to Mt. Ecclesia and return. When anyone comes alone they charge 60¢ for the round trip. This includes a reasonable amount of baggage and it is cheaper than the expressman's charge, so call up Main 25 on arrival in Oceanside and they will call for you at the depot.