



BRIDGE TO FREEDOM

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BELOVED ARCHANGEL MICHAEL speaks:

Welcome into the heart and spirit of faith tonight, beloved friends, you who have guarded, guided, and protected the faith of mankind life after life for many aeons of time!

It is my great honor and privilege to re-open the doors of my retreat here in the Western Hemisphere tonight, for the great and magnificent purpose of forming the platform, forming the impetus, forming the actual momentum of energy—UPON WHICH THE LORD OF THE WORLD, HIMSELF, SHALL ASCEND IN MAJESTIC GLORY AND DIGNITY TO HIS HOME!

So do I now offer my gratitude to you for your participation in these scenes beyond the veil of maya, relying wholly upon the instincts of your hearts, the promptings of your spirits and the radiation which we endeavor to pour through the veil of maya into your worlds, particularly into your emotional bodies.

It is a rather marvelous activity when you think that through the human veil, Ascended Beings can contact and commune with unascended beings in a sufficient pressure of conviction that a handful of such unascended beings are willing to stand within their faith in God and those of us who are his messengers, and use voluntarily—without pressure of superstition and fear and doubt—their vital energies, mentally, emotionally, etherically, and physically, to further the evolution of a recalcitrant planet and its people.

The activity begins tonight at Shamballa. You are, of course, all acquainted with Shamballa—the marble bridge, the beautiful temples representing the Seven Great Rays, the great central pool in which play the magnificent flame fountains, and the beautiful temple of Sanat Kumara overlooking the whole!

From within this temple Sanat Kumara has reigned since his coming to Earth, many millions of years ago. From within this temple he has sent forth every messenger of light who has ever carried the message of God and the EXAMPLE OF THE NATURE OF GOD to man. This temple is filled with memories for each of you and for each of us as we look upon it tonight.

Over this temple has always flown the crest, the banner and the standard of Sanat Kumara, which is, of course, the planet Venus, a deep purple field surrounded with the laurel wreath. Tonight, when that standard is lowered for the first time since his coming, the standard of the Lord Gautama will be raised, the two activities taking place almost simultaneously. When the purple banner of Sanat Kumara comes down, the golden banner of the Lord Gautama is run up—the planet Earth, surrounded with the colors of the Causal Body, on a gold field.

You will remember that the beloved Sanat Kumara removed the crown from his own head on New Year's Eve, and placed it upon that of the Buddha, which signified the transference of his powers, partially, to Lord Gautama.

HOWEVER, SANAT KUMARA WILL REMAIN IN THE ATMOSPHERE OF EARTH AS REGENT UNTIL THE TIME ALLOTTED TO HIM BY COSMIC LAW EXPIRES. His visits to Venus, will be governed by the amount of release and relief the people of Earth accord to him. He will be a "commuter," you might say, between the two stars.

THIS VERY ACTIVITY SHOULD CREATE A TREMENDOUS AFFINITY BETWEEN THE EARTH AND VENUS, BECAUSE EVERY TIME HE RETURNS HOME, PART OF THE RADIATION OF EARTH WILL GO WITH HIM, AND WHEN HE COMES BACK, HE WILL BRING THE RADIATION OF VENUS IN HIS WAKE AND IN HIS TRAIN.

In this way we will have a weaving and a meshing of the vibratory action of the two planets, which is ESSENTIAL, REALLY, FOR THE ASCENSION OF EARTH INTO THE ORBIT OF VENUS IN THE SHORT PERIOD THAT REMAINS.

Every Hierarch and every Ascended Being, as well as every retreat, has a banner, a standard, or a flag. You know mine: the blue field with the golden sun and the embossed figures of the Seven Archangels. Each Hierarch and each retreat and sanctuary of the Brotherhood is represented in Shamballa tonight with a standard representative of their focus and activity of light. They are lined up on either side of the central pool where the flame fountains play—almost a hundred deep—those magnificent flags.

That walk is very, very long and the full length of it, from the foot of Sanat Kumara's Temple to the end of the bridge across the sapphire sea, is massed with beings—members of the Elohimic Court, Cosmic Beings, angels, devas, and Masters. All bear their individual standards and, as Sanat Kumara's flag is lowered, all of the standards are dipped, somewhat similar to your activity of honor when a great personage passes, only, of course this is not a sad moment, it is rather a cosmic moment of rejoicing.

Let us go back for a moment now, and see the activity as it took place. The standard of Sanat Kumara is still waving over the temple. Its purple field is plainly visible with the beautiful Star Venus, and the lovely laurel wreath upon it. Now, as all eyes are focused upon it, it comes slowly down and as it does, every standard is dipped in recognition, love and gratitude for the service it represents. Then, almost with the same action, the gold standard of the Lord Gautama ascends where it now waves, in undulating folds of bright color upon the soft breeze.

The beloved Sanat Kumara is in a pure, unadorned white robe tonight—no vestments of any kind—while the beloved Lord Gautama wears the royal purple robe and the crown and scepter. By his side stands the Lord Maitreya, also in the royal purple robes of authority, with miter and staff.

For the present, it has been arranged that the activity of the previous Buddha—Lord Gautama—and the new Buddha—Lord Maitreya—will be combined, because THE SERVICE OF THE LORD OF THE WORLD IS TO GENERATE ENOUGH LIGHT TO KEEP THE PLANET IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM, and Lord Maitreya's gift is to take the activity of the ceremony wherever possible, because, as you know, the Lord Gautama is not inclined that way. It will be a threefold activity, which will be magnificent—Gautama holding the light, the peace and the illumination, Sanat Kumara as Counselor and Regent, and Lord Maitreya as the head and heart of the Brotherhood in practically all ceremonial service.

Tonight, Gautama has, for the occasion, adorned himself with crown and cape and scepter. Sanat Kumara, Lord Gautama, and Lord Maitreya now appear at the door of the great temple and slowly descend the long flight of steps. As they reach the foot, they turn and look upward, where Sanat Kumara's standard still waves in the breeze. Now, at a given signal, the purple banner is drawn earthward and the golden standard of Lord Gautama is run up. During the slow descent of Sanat Kumara's banner, the flags of the entire assembly are dipped. It is a most solemn moment—in a way, a nostalgic moment, for it portends change, not only for the Celestial Hierarchy dedicated to the welfare of the planet, but to the people evolving upon it, as well.

All flags are lifted now in tribute to the Lord Gautama, and one of the angelic beings, carefully folding the purple banner, lays it gently over the arm of Sanat Kumara. The three great hierarchs are now walking along the wide avenue toward the bridge, smiling and bowing to the assembled Brotherhood, while every banner is dipped in acknowledgment of their presence as they pass.

When they reach the entrance to the bridge, they pause and turn around, seemingly to implant the scenes they have just passed through, in their memories forever. Now the beloved Sanat Kumara stoops and kisses the grassy sward at his feet, while the vast assembly, who have not moved, gaze upon these great Masters of Love with unutterable love and tenderness expressed in their countenances and bearing.

Lord Gautama, Sanat Kumara, and Lord Maitreya stand there for a moment. Then, raising their hands, and touching their hearts and heads in a gesture of adieu, they turn and walk over the bridge and disappear in a blaze of light. The next moment they are standing at the great doors of my retreat in the Western Hemisphere, situated at a place now called Banff, in the Rocky Mountains of Canada, in the North American Continent.

The final ceremony of the transition of power from Sanat Kumara to Lord Gautama, as well as Sanat Kumara's departure for Venus, takes place at my retreat in the Western Hemisphere, which, we think, has a real significance in itself. Those of us who were privileged to witness it will never forget the solemnity of that great occasion.

The two great hierarchs approach each other from either side of the great altar, ascend the steps together, and stand facing each other, their Causal Bodies blazing out like great fans (identical in size) in all the glorious colors of the rays. Now they approach each other until they meet within the flame on the altar, where they become one, at which moment there is a tremendous flash of light, followed by an expansion of the flame, which passes through the entire atmosphere of Earth.

At that precise moment, the Causal Body of Sanat Kumara is withdrawn from the body of the Earth, while that of Lord Gautama enfolds it in its embrace. The Causal Body of Sanat Kumara becomes the aureole encompassing him and his entourage on the journey to Venus.

I will now ask you to sing the song to Sanat Kumara, beloved ones, so it might be said that his return to Venus was accomplished on the energies of the Earth people (audience sings, as requested). The transition of Sanat Kumara, and those who accompanied him, to his own beloved star, was accomplished in a beautiful chariot, fashioned out of etheric substance, by the visualizing process of chelas on the Earth plane who were aware that this transition would take place within a specified period of time.

The actual journey was accomplished, of course, with the speed of light, and almost immediately they had arrived within the orbit of Venus. In the meantime, the Lady Venus, with her court, had come out to meet her Lord. As the two companies approached each other, Sanat Kumara descended from his chariot and, in the simple white robe he had donned when he transferred the robes of state to Lord Gautama, he went forward alone to meet his queen.

The Lady Venus also came forward unaccompanied, and as these two great beings greeted each other with outstretched hands, the light of their Causal Bodies encompassed them, and they were lost to the sight of the watching multitudes for a moment. Now, the music and song of the angelic choir fills the atmosphere, and the voices of the people of Venus can be heard as they sing the song of welcome to their beloved King—the same song they sang as he departed from them so many aeons ago, but now rendered in the joyous tones of happiness.

Sanat Kumara and his beloved Venus now give praise and thanks for his joyful and victorious return, and for the successful accomplishment of his mission of love. It is not difficult, beloved ones, when you have passed through the veil of so-called death, when your inner sight is cleared, and you can look with unscaled eyes upon the creations of the psychic and astral realms that bind souls round in darkness, to be fired with enthusiasm and, in the fuller freedom of your etheric vehicles, go into action to set souls free.

But, when you must rely upon our words and upon our honor and upon your own faith in tasks undertaken and accomplished by yourselves, then great, indeed, is the benefaction to the soul who does so stand and, boldly facing the unseen—utilizing both the powers of invocation and visualization—set into motion cosmic activities of mercy and purification which have, in a short span of time, freed souls who have been impounded for long ages, slept through aeons of time or had been earthbound and by this very self-imprisonment had not been willing or able to find out the will of their own I AM Presence, or even if they knew that will, could not fulfill it and complete their destiny.

Beloved friends, sometime, some place, somewhere, either on this or some other planet of the system or any of the inner spheres, each created intelligence must come to a point where there is surrender of the INTELLECT, of the FEELINGS, and of the SENSES to the God-Self.

Beloved friends, it is the service of those who serve with me—the defenders of the faith—to keep alive the faith in God within the hearts and souls of men, the faith in their own divine destiny, which knowledge should raise them above the limitations in which they are now submerged. It is to intensify and expand that faith that the legions of my kingdom constantly breathe upon the soul-light of men, and in that breathing, give something of ourselves, something of our nature, which service enables men to “keep on keeping on.”

This beautiful sanctuary at Banff was prepared for our use by the beloved builders of form, assisted by members of the angelic host, at the time of the descent of the first root race, accompanied by the Lord Manu and myself. It was hewn out of the rocks and adorned with the most exquisite diamonds and sapphires, drawn from the heart of the mountains with the cooperation of the beloved Virgo. I remember the occasion of my first visit here and the feeling of love, the deep love, that surged through me for the dear planet and for the blessed beings who, in loving harmony and beauty, fashioned such a magnificent, such a holy and completely beautiful gift, for our visitation and our use.

This temple was used throughout the first Golden Ages. People who wished to be revitalized came from all over the landed surface of the Earth. In the flame on the altar they found nourishment for the particular project or idea they wished to externalize. Those standing within it found the primal seed of their idea growing and developing in a magic, mystic way and very often, before they had descended the steps of the temple, the ephemeral concept of the picture they had in mind had been clothed in a clear, concise mental image in the feelings and often precipitated, if it were a small object, in their hands.

This is the activity of faith, beloved ones. It is giving life and substance to that which is ephemeral—to that which lives in the realm of ideation—and which dies so often for the lack of clothing it in the substance of the FEELING WORLD through faith before it is lowered into the more dense substance of the physical world.

After the fall of man, when man had withdrawn his attention from his Presence and became absorbed in the creations of the outer world, this temple was closed to the material mind. It has remained vibrating in the etheric realm during the long centuries in between, to the present day.

Many of the temples used in Atlantis and Lemuria have been raised into the etheric realms. Some day they will be lowered again, when man is spiritually ready to receive them. It has happened that one or more of the precious stones used in the construction of these temples has been put in the hands of a high priest or the head of a spiritual order, where they form a connection with the Celestial Hierarchy.

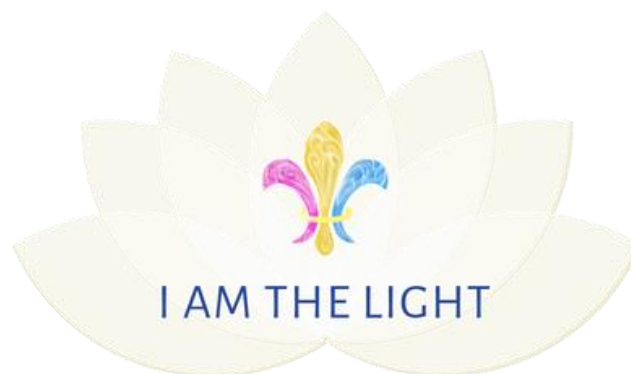
There are several dozens of the stones from my own temple in the possession of individuals at various points on Earth's surface today. The lifestreams, in whose possession they happen to be, are not always aware of their origin or whence they came, but they do sense the mystic quality that radiates from them, and treasure them accordingly.

Do you know, beloved ones, that the very substance of your own homes, the furniture within them and all your personal possessions are charged with the vibratory action of your own lifestreams? Everything that you think and feel and speak is registered within them at all times. The temples that were drawn forth in the early days were all protected by the priests and priestesses and guarded, so that no discord could charge into their substance.

When lifestreams came for help and assistance, there was a CONSCIOUSNESS AND A QUALITY WITHIN THEM which was absorbed by the applicant and suppliant for grace. This I know you are endeavoring to do today, through your blessings to the spirits of the homes and sanctuaries and foci where the various flames are located. Where you have a CONCENTRATE OF THE SACRED FIRE there is an ESSENTIAL REQUIREMENT for the MAINTENANCE of HARMONIOUS ENERGIES IN ORDER TO HOLD IT IN THE PHYSICAL WORLD.

I must speak to you for a moment about the people of Venus . They have been without their lord for millions of years. He is now returning to his star on a thirty-day visit, and from this time on, he will never be very far from it. He will come and go at intervals, as occasion demands, and as you of Earth purify the remaining cores of distress, and allow him to do so.

The people of Venus and the beloved Lady Master Venus herself have prepared for Sanat Kumara's reception. The Great Kumaras, the angelic host, the priests and priestesses and the people, themselves, are all in a festive mood and in a state of great spiritual expectancy. This great star now shines forth brilliantly, and Sanat Kumara smiles as he stands in his robes of white, with his beloved queen beside him in full view of the entire populace. They bow in acknowledging the love and gratitude expressed by their people at his return. The radiation of love and happiness pulsating from the star Venus is indescribable.



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