

COMMUNION



AN ALLEGORY

SARAH A. MERRELL - WOLFF

COMMUNION *-An Allegory*



WHAT do we know of the basic reality of this universe? Does it lie in the form side, or is it one of consciousness? It is both, we think, and yet both of these aspects do not satisfy one who seeks Reality. Let us consider the world as the Garden of God; the Masters as the Gardeners therein, and *Communion* as the Revealer of Reality.

In this glorious garden of God stands a bush of yellow roses. What is a *Rose*? Does its name, its form, its color, its odor, answer the question of the soul seeking its essential reality? No; they are simply aspects of the Rose, revealing different gradations of substance, different expressions of life in different divisions of manifestation.

What is *Man*? Does the name, form, quality, mind or consciousness, answer the question of the soul seeking the substance of *Man's* Reality? No; they do not.

What is a *Planet*? Does its name, form, quality, function, immensity, answer the question of the seeking soul? No; they do not.

What WILL answer these questions? Questions ever arising in the mind and heart of souls seeking to come closer to the Great Reality called "God."

One word—*COMMUNION*—carries the revelation and the answer. Let those who would KNOW raise their consciousness to a higher dimension and listen, not with the brain-mind, but with the soul-mind, and extract, through Communion, the essence of Reality embodied in the following Allegory:

THE LIFE CYCLE OF A ROSE AS OBSERVED THROUGH THE ALL-SEEING EYE

What is Life? I asked. My Soul answered: Consider the Rose. Is it not the result of Communion? Did not the elements meet, and kiss, and leave a new substance in manifestation as the result of their meeting? Earth, seed and water met and mingled, then followed a process of disintegration and death, then New Life came; a thread of living green won its way into the upper world, its roots well hidden in the earth below. The air and sunshine passed that way and touched the tiny stalk so timidly seeking its God. Blind it was, yet aware through *feeling* of those tender touches. Upward it reached, ever upwards, sending out branches here and there, awaiting always the tender touch and striving to understand its message. As it grew stronger, the glowing sun, the soft rain and the tumbling wind worked their will upon it, bringing to birth the powers of strength, will, firmness, endurance and perseverance. As yet it had not opened its eyes, but grew to fuller stature with each new experience. When it reaches maturity, then and then only can it *know*. The difficult process of growth brings to birth a tiny bud. Day by day the bud enlarges in size and potency until a first delicate petal unfolds. Strange new feelings come to the rose bush—here is a part of itself that is different; it is delicate, sensitive; the rough wind, and the hot sun hurt it, and the bush seeks to hide this part of itself under its leaves for protection. Petal by petal the bud unfolds, and one day the God, whose duty it was to care for the garden, passed that way and seeing the partially unfolded bud, bent and touched it tenderly. A thrill of delight passed through the lovely flower, and eagerly it strove to unfold more petals that it might at last have the Opened Eye and see the God whose touch it had learned to love. Its thrill of delight sent out upon the waves of air a fragrance, as rare as the rose was beautiful. Many Gods passed that way, absorbing with delight the fragrance of the lovely quivering flower. The Rose did not know she was beautiful, nor did she

yet see the beauty of the great golden world of light; she only knew of that higher, inner world through feeling and touch. Step by step she approached nearer and nearer the Great Event. At last an intense longing to see and know surged through her being and the Great Day dawned. With the rising of the sun she opened her last three petals and gazed with leaping heart into that golden glory. Straight into her throbbing heart He poured his golden rays of light and fire and another miracle happened. Outwardly the wonder Rose began to droop, but she had seen and known her Lord, the Sun, and communed with Him in his glorious world of Light. A deep peace came to her and she began to understand the meaning of her past life; she studied the experiences of birth, illumination, death, attainment, with equal gaze, realizing them to be but processes to some great end; that end involved in something greater than herself, something in which she played a part, an important part, to be played again and yet again, until the Drama of Manifestation through Evolution was over. Beyond this point she did not seek, since the Rose is wise and seeks only that which moves within her sphere of life and duty.

One by one the golden petals dropped, the tender heart drooped and withered, seeming to become hardened and useless, for a strange new thing was forming where the golden heart had quivered. The soft, tender heart became harder and harder, the golden color became darker and darker until a hard black substance was formed, and the consciousness of the beautiful rose was troubled. Why had she changed so? Why was her beauty and fragrance all gone? Then came a fearful day, she fell from the bush to find herself stepped upon and ground into the dirt by the feet of the very Gods who had loved her in her day of Beauty and Fragrance. Deeper she sank into the mire, until wet and cold and shivering, she lay in utter darkness all alone. This, she thought, is what they call death. The dark black form began to swell and then to decay, and as she felt it becoming a thing of repulsion and pain, she pressed first in one direction and then in others, seeking to find a way out of the

darkness and misery. She did not notice that whenever she struggled in any direction, she left tiny lines of living substance, rootlets that seemed to belong to the darkness, for they gathered nourishment from it. Then she found herself seeking to rise upwards, ever upwards again, and one day she drove through the heavy darkness into the warmth and air of the inner world. Then she made a discovery—she herself was becoming a bush! As the bush grew and flourished, her happiness knew no bounds, for she began to realize that in passing through the birth and death of rosehood she had won to Immortality, for now she herself could give birth to roses without number, and live again in them, as well as in her own conscious life. Onward she went, filling not only the air, but homes, churches, sick rooms, happy rooms, with beauty and fragrance. Countless the gentle love touches that now were hers, and once in a while one of the Gods so loved one of her forms that he would hold it to his face and draw her fragrance deep into his very being, mingling her life with his. This was the moment of ecstasy, for the indrawn breath of the God united her with the God Kingdom. Then came a new strange experience; one day a most beautiful God, after absorbing her soul with his breath, took her petal by petal within his mouth and crushed and mingled her substance and form with his. Now came an illuminating experience; as part of her soul and substance became one with the God she loved, so her consciousness was merged with His, and through that merging she looked out upon a greater life than she had ever known. Slowly her understanding of life and its meaning grew and through union she learned that, one day, she too would become one of the Gods she loved and admired. Resting quietly and happy in this knowledge she continued to draw to herself whatever was necessary for her further evolution. Content to await the pleasure of the Great God she worshipped, he found her an adaptable instrument; then began her training in a new incarnation. As she pressed ever onward, helping all who came within her sphere of service there came a day when she met One

who understood, who moved within a higher ether; that One, within the ether, pressed upon her inner being, the Kiss of God. A great Light flashed in her consciousness, a Light that became the power of direct Knowing, and she entered into a realization of the Unity of all Life, of all the Gods in the One Supreme God, who was her own Divine, Eternal, Omnipresent SELF.