

ROSICRUCIAN IMPRESSIONS OF EGYPT

Rosicrucians have always been fascinated by Egypt, the font of our spiritual lineage. Below are some Rosicrucian reminiscences of the Two Lands from the Nineteenth through Twenty-first centuries.

The Secret Power

Marie Corelli, S.R.C.

A red sky burned over Egypt—red with deep intensity of spreading fire. The slow-creeping waters of the Nile washed patches of dull crimson against the oozy mud banks, tipping palms and swaying reeds with color as though touched with vermilion, and here and there long stretches of wet sand gleamed with a tawny gold.

All Cairo was out, inhabitants and strangers alike, strangers especially, . . . and beyond Cairo, where the Pyramids lifted their summits aloft, . . . a crowd of tourists with their Arab guides were assembled, staring upward in amazement at a white wonder in the red sky, a great air-ship. . . . Its pause above the Pyramids was brief—and almost before any of the observers had time to realize its departure, it had floated away with an easy grace, silence, and swiftness, miraculous to all who saw it vanish into space towards the Libyan desert and beyond. The Pyramids, even the Sphinx—lost interest for the time being, every eye being strained to watch the strange aerial visitant till it disappeared.¹

Healing the Coils of Time

Debby Barrett, S.R.C. & Dr. Suki Garson

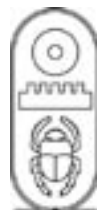
Ancient Egypt, a culture steeped in symbolism uniting the natural and spiritual worlds elevated the scarab beetle during the Eighteenth Dynasty (approximately 1440 to 1307 BCE) as a representation of the

transformation of the soul after death. The scarab hieroglyph was most commonly translated, “to exist,” but it had a much deeper meaning. A meaning that became very clear when I ventured into the heart of Egypt on a spiritual journey that transformed me from mere existence, to living, loving, and joy.

The sacred dung beetle was believed to be capable of self-generation. The self-fertilized eggs were packed into a ball of manure, rolled across the sand toward the rising sun and in due time a metamorphosis would occur and new life would emerge. The unique reproductive habits of this beetle captured the imagination of the Ancient Egyptians. They saw not a large shiny black bug living in animal waste, but a mysterious creature that could bring life out of nothing. Thus the scarab became the symbol for the soul that transformed itself through the cycle of evolution.²

This journey of evolution is the course that every soul must navigate. Hatshepsut, the fifth king of the Eighteenth Dynasty, was the first to publicly record the scarab on her tomb walls in its transformational role in the Egyptian book of the afterlife which is called the *Am-Duat*.³ I encountered this powerful text in the tomb of her successor, Thutmose III, and it was through this ancient story that the course for my evolution was charted.

This depiction of the twelve hours of the soul's journey after death, also known as *The Book of What is in the Duat or the Underworld*,⁴ paralleled the daily journey of the sun god, Ra, who crossed the sky in his Solar Barque. This balance made perfect sense to the Egyptians. The hours of daylight and darkness, life and death were equally divided into twelve hours each. Just as every hour of the day has its own unique character, likewise with the hours of the Duat. Within this story,



the Seventh Hour holds a critical place in the evolution of the soul. It is here that the soul is confronted by Apophis, a snake, the enemy intent on impeding the evolutionary progress. Remembering that in Ancient Egypt, the presence of a snake on one's path would halt all progress and possibly end a life; this was an apt symbol. In my experience, however, this "enemy" is not external, but it is a force that can stop all progress. I believe that it can be understood as the unresolved experiences and relationships that bind us emotionally and spiritually in this life and past lives.

The text of the Am-Duat tells of the intervention of deities on behalf of the soul to restrain and render Apophis powerless during its journey.⁵ However, it also states that this can be accomplished during one's lifetime to prevent this impediment of the soul after death.⁶ In fact, it is here on earth that we have the power to release ourselves. This is the story of my healing journey with the Am-Duat. My encounter with the Seventh Hour as I struggled with Apophis and the coils of time to release the fear and anger that held me captive and the metamorphosis that transformed my fear, healed the past and changed my life forever.

It would be hard to grasp the depth of my transformation without some historical context. I am really not overstating it when I say that this healing journey gave me my life back—the life that was taken from me at three years of age through abuse by multiple family members. I spent a score plus ten years not even living in my body. I existed for decades in depression and suicidal thoughts. Hatred, fear, and anger were my constant companions; therefore, I had very few human companions. I hated myself. Happiness generally lasted a maximum of five minutes, because I always knew that the other shoe would drop, and it always did. I projected disharmony, so disharmony followed me everywhere.

On the recommendation of a friend, I signed-up with a tour to Egypt. The tour began in Cairo, and after four adventurous

days of establishing a friendship with my randomly assigned roommate, Suki, I was certain that this was going to be a very interesting trip. To say that Suki and I were opposites would only begin to scratch the surface. She is an independent widowed mother of two with an MBA and part-time practicing hypnotherapist. I am a single guardian of three cats, with a Master of Divinity working at a small public utility as a software analyst. I am tall, she is short. I wore hiking boots, she wore four-inch heels—yes, she actually wore them exploring the temples. I packed for every possible contingency. She packed minimally and efficiently. The list could go on, yet in the first few minutes of unpacking, we knew that there was a bond of friendship, and all our differences just served to keep us amused.

After four days together it was pretty clear to Suki that all was not as it appeared, after all it was her work to see behind the mask to the person hiding within. So, she offered to teach me a technique she uses in her practice to release fear and anger. It seemed simple enough. I visualized my life as a line, which interestingly could be represented as the coils of time—the snake in the Am-Duat. I floated above the root experience of my anger and learned to view it objectively. Since I could watch the event like a movie, I could even consider the situation and feelings of the other person in the event. I was able to see the forest and not just the bark on one tree. With this shift of perspective, I could then move back on the timeline prior to the event and release the negative emotions attached to the experience, while still retaining the positive lessons. What an immensely freeing experience! I had just disempowered my past from hindering my progress.

With my new found peace and energy, I was anxious to go explore my favorite temple—Deir el Bahari. The mortuary temple of Hatshepsut had long been a theme of my research and now I was actually going to see it. It is a magnificent creation. I

examined every scene and studied the hieroglyphs. When it was time to leave, I turned for one last look. Shifting my gaze from the temple to the majestic cliff rising above, I suddenly saw the outline of a woman upon the rocks and was seized by an overwhelming grief. It was inexplicable. Trying to share this experience with Suki, I turned to point to the rock face only to again see the shape and begin to cry.

“It’s alright, just let yourself cry,” she said calmly. Seeing my quizzical expression, she added, “Listen to what your inner voice is telling you.”

Walking back to the bus, we discussed my experience at the cliff. I knew that it was definitely connected with a past life, but I wasn’t sure what it meant. “Past life memories,” Suki explained, “can be positive, like feeling that you are connecting with an old friend, or they can be negative. When we repeat unproductive behaviors, they can represent an unresolved issue, and the issue may be from a past life.”

“So by resolving a past life conflict we change our behavior?”

“Absolutely. We can re-experience a past life, learn the lessons, send and receive love and forgiveness, and change the unwanted behavior just like we did this morning with this life. Here’s our group. We can work on it tonight if you would like.”

I had never really considered the power of a past life emotion. I did not have to wait long, however, before I actually felt that power in full force. Luxor Temple was our next stop, and I had barely entered the temple precincts when I knew that every word she had said was true. I had been here before and Suki was getting impressions, too. It soon became clear that we had been here together in an ancient lifetime.

“We’re getting all this information, now what do we do with this?” I asked.

“I don’t know. That’s what we need to figure out.” Suki paused and looked around. “Let’s do a past life regression. We need to

find a place where you can be comfortable.” We found a bench and Suki began to guide me until I was able to see myself as I was long ago, as I was in Ancient Egypt. First I could see my shoes and then my clothes. I could see myself as a military man—a charioteer. And I looked good! I would definitely date me.

Next she had me look for a door that would take me to the information that I needed. I found it, and as I entered the door, I was thrust into a meeting with three other men. It was a very tense encounter. There was a high official next to me, a priest, and a man across from me. I looked into this man’s eyes, only briefly, and I felt immense evil from him. I jerked my head needing to leave the scene. Suki eased me out of the room and asked, “What happened next?”

The scene then moved to me sitting at a small kitchen table with a lamp in a small room. It seemed like this was my home. I was very distraught and upset by the meeting. After a time I went up stairs and there was my wife—it was Suki. Here she was, lending her gentle support, simultaneously, in both lifetimes. Now I understood why she was never surprised about what I told her, for she was part of the story, too. She saw that the tour group was beginning to gather in our current lifetime, so guided me back to the present.

“How do you feel?” she asked as I opened my eyes.

“Well, that was bizarre.”

“That was an incredible start, and, you have more work to do with that life.”

“I still don’t know what happened at Dir el Bahari.”

“You don’t know the full story yet. The life needs to be dealt with fully before we leave it. You had two strong emotional responses to what you saw and it is really important that you understand them, to gain the insights and the lessons. Either one may have triggered your reaction at Deir el Bahari or it could have been something else. We can do some more work tonight.”



That was a nice idea, but it seems that once the door was opened, the information was going to flow. The ancient life scenes played for the rest of the evening. By the time we returned to the hotel, I had received a lot of additional information and we could actually build a story.

“Your strongest reaction was with the man across the table. Would you like to start with him?” Suki asked.

“No!” The word flew out of my mouth before I even had time to engage my brain.

Seeing that I was even surprised by my response, Suki simply said, “OK.”

Feeling relieved, I went to brush my teeth, but the image of the man across the table burned in my mind. While I was going about this mindless task, my subconscious was busy piecing together information, and soon I had a monumental revelation.

“He’s my father!” I declared stepping out of the bathroom, toothbrush in hand.

“What? Who? Ohhhh.” Suki understood. “Of course, that makes sense.”

Returning to the main room, I said “I know this is going to be difficult, but I think this insight is suggesting my next step towards healing. Will you help me?”

“I think you’re right,” Suki agreed. “So what do you want to do?”

“I want to learn these lessons so I can move on.”

“This is your opportunity to bid farewell to this person and this relationship cycle forever. You can free yourself and him from having to repeat this scenario.”

“I know all this intellectually. I’m just terrified at what I might find in past relationships with him.”

“And that’s understandable.”

I laid down and closed my eyes. Suki again began to guide me along my lifeline. I needed to find the first relationship I ever had with the soul who is now my father.

When the images settled, I was viewing a scene from a very ancient time of a woman giving birth in the desert at night. The man was very impatient and seemed to be angry. The event was terrifying so Suki moved me further away from my lifeline so that I would not be overcome with the emotion, and would be able to see things from a different perspective. After several minutes of work I discovered that I was actually the newborn child, who was the result of an adulterous union. As this was in a prehistoric time, it was the injured husband’s prerogative to exact punishment. He had been betrayed and shamed; the sentence for both my mother and me was death.

Even in this most horrific and violent scene, I could understand his shame and anger. I was innocent, but he didn’t know what else to do in order to preserve his sense of what was right. I could accept this and I could let the outrage at the injustice go. I didn’t need to hang on to it.

Moving forward along my lifeline, I again encountered the meeting I had seen earlier. This time I could look straight into my father’s eyes. As I held eye contact, I began to understand that in that life I was posing an obstacle to his plans. I wasn’t clear about what those plans were, but they were very important to him and he would do whatever was necessary to bring them to fruition. Understanding this I could also release any anger towards him in that lifetime. He was doing what he believed was right, he was just incapable of considering any other options or dealing with opposition. I was able to release the fear and move forward to the present.

Suki now brought me into my current life with this man who had sexually and physically abused me. I was much calmer than I thought I would be. Again remaining detached from the scene of abuse, I was actually able to realize that he was truly incapable of dealing with embarrassment, frustration, obstacles, or anger in any other manner than to lash out with violence. This

is what he had experienced in his life and this was all he knew. This certainly did not make what he did acceptable, but it did allow me to feel compassion instead of hate, and I decided that I was not going to let this cycle be perpetuated.

I relayed this final sentiment to Suki. "Very good," she said softly and with surety. "Now it is time to forgive him and say good-bye. Let yourself move forward on your lifeline and go past the present into some unspecified time in the future and see your father there." I nodded.

"Good. Now can you find a way to bring closure to this relationship cycle and say good-bye to him?"

I was really surprised how easy it was to move to this scene. Without thinking, I had moved to see my wedding reception. He was several yards away and walking behind some guests, but I could clearly see him. He finally looked over at me and I gave a nod of my head. Then he turned away and disappeared from the scene. It was done. I had actually said good-bye to him with absolutely no negativity. I had learned the lessons and now I could move on, too.

My wonderful trip to Egypt ended over two months ago and I still don't understand all of the images that I received, but the coils of time are vast so my healing journey continues. This is only one of the many relationships and experiences that I have addressed with this powerful technique. I feel like I have disempowered a huge snake that was crushing my inner Light under millennia of fear, anger, injustice, and hate. Even the most horrible of events, when processed in this way, can produce positive lessons on our soul's path of evolution. The scarab, now a symbol of wholeness for me, reminds me that whenever strong negative emotions arise, this is an opportunity for freedom. I can now gather the fear and pain into a ball with all the discarded waste messages and memories, and roll it into the Light where

I can transform it from life-limiting emotions to life-giving love.



The Journey
(from there to here and back again)
Mary E. McRae Reed, S.R.C.

That I should want to leave
The golden throne
Ask not for where not why
Except my fate be sown
Let it then be known
I sojourn there alone
Once more, among my own
On Lotus Land

Amidst the Etherian Sea – Of fleeting memory
I cast my lot – addressed
With the seal of MAAT
Embossed upon my breast
There it be subscribed – Invisible
Till at last, and in truth again
I am redeemed by the ether
In which my soul resides
And allows my shell to bide
On Lotus Land

To transgress the cosmic realm
Is no faint heart that guides the helm
Into that fading, fleeting, flaying abyss
Of nothingness
Until I should at last arrive
At Journey's end
On Lotus Land

Over Against the hard earth
Must the mortal seed be thrust
Beneath the ashen womb of woman
Bewitching, beguiling, beauteous woman
Precursor of the fragile, floundered face – of man
Still embracing his desire
And reflecting upon his fate
Behind, the film of fire
Lowly embers grow dimly
As heaven waits



In seasons due
From an earthen bed, breaks through
The child of bliss
Being blessed by forgetfulness – stepping
Upon the threshold of the new
Into a world, untold
Where dragons and dreams guard the door

Before me,
I behold the lady, bejeweled in gowns
of gold
Laced in hues of deepest blues
With greens and yellows, brilliant and bold
Shining in the light
Against the shadowy purple of the night
What an awesome sight
To please the senses and sweeten the rite –
of passage
Into lotus land

The Venture there begins
Of sights and sounds and whispering winds
Sighing, sonorous, soaring winds
Sweeping me forward, toward that course
I must attend
To affront the unknown foe
My armour light
“Only Hope” as shield and friend
To fend the fight

Then of a sudden, the force abounds
Spewing forth gurgling, garrulous rounds
of thunder
Forging downward toward the ground
Ever pressing down, down, down
Till the earth, its crags and stones
Fill my mouth with dust and grate my bones
And leaves me there alone – to pray

I resolve, to survive the wilderness
And set the captive free
From the fear that binds the self to –
inconstancy
I cast my eyes above
Tomorrows promise, I seize today
For visions fade, and autumn shades
Those who sleep
On Lotus Land

In the distance, veiled in the mist
Appear the mountains, clothed in folds
of green
Trimmed with rustling spheres – of leaves
And glistening, salient tears
Of heavens beckoning
In the memory of my dreams

Despite, treachery and deceptive attire
She holds the wanderer fast
In the quagmire of long desire
To be recast, in future futility
It shall not be

For beyond the barren waste – of sand
There are hills
Encased with their weight in gold
And hemmed by gems, replete with
splendor
Crying for repose
In the land of the cross
That beholds the rose

Going forth, to find the noble prize
I must first rise
And offend the force that vies
To bind my selfhood
And tether the yolk to this naked land
But, this I see
The errant hand is – Me

I go in search of the emblem
My master guide
Who slept beside me
But stayed behind
An unclaimed bridegroom – at rest
In the chambers of my mind
Waiting my return

It is with trepidation, I enter there
To that haunted space
Where the spirit plays
Upon the stage of my discontent
And consigns the futures fare
And criers my name
On the page of past intent

Who decides which hand deploys
The gift of sorrows or of joys
For the taking of the feather
Will time accept the gain
Dismiss the chaff and measure the grain
By the rule of MAAT

Be it some degree of my servitude
The labors I have wrought
On this temporal place—I stay—
for naught
Where the battle must be fought
For the truth of nature lies hidden and the
light forbidden to shine
Upon that, which is rightfully mine
“The Self Triumphant”

As the spirit glides free, along the divide
Where the lotus blooms hover
Under the cover of night
Teasing the air with sensuous delight
Enticing the souls regress
While whispering “Yes”
To “one day more”

Do I hear a calling
Faintly, faintly moaning low
In the gentle blowing, is the knowing
That sweeps the dust from lifetimes past —
redressed
As tomorrows guest
In the land where the lotus grows

Here, holding high the list
Declaring my name, an heir to the
coming reign
Of the beleaguered spot — regained
Outcast by the stars
Designed by an angel, dark and profane
To carry its kind, on to perfidy

Across the plain
The night bird cries its solemn refrain
And the wind still sighs of falling rain
And taupe tinted clouds, drifting by
At days end
“One More Time”

Does the thread still bind — Me
Remindful of Heaven
Perhaps, it is to be — Mine
To pass the cup, and dine with the gods
In the native land
My winter home



Egypt—A Journey Home **Kathy Coon, S.R.C.**

Since early recorded history, humanity has reflected upon the nature of self, of life, of God. Curiosity, ever the starting point of one's spiritual journey, is energized by images and thoughts of Egypt. Questions of why and how, beginning in childhood, create thresholds of opportunities, each time renewed with Egyptian contact. Documentaries spin antiquity theories, promoting an unsettled curiosity about Egypt's lost civilization and a lost self. Questions lead to an acknowledgement of one's living in the shadow of what is and what can be. Lost in a labyrinth of paths, the journey has begun.

As ever, Egypt points past curiosity, compelling the individual to move from the shadow's reflections to Light. Ever mingling and connecting the past with the present, Egypt has provided one's compass through its writings, such as *The Book of Going Forth by Day*, also known as *The Papyrus of Ani* or *The Egyptian Book of the Dead*; its historic fiber and mystical traditions; its architecture and statuary; and its myths and ceremonies. All this evokes an inner experience, opening a door to the unknown, yet knowable. The reflections provided by these ancient obelisks become known as a source of Light, and there is a quickening within the soul.

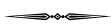
The journey enters the mirror to another dimension, much like Alice and her looking glass. This emergent reality removes masks, providing a larger sense of self, creating a bridge to Egypt. Contradictions and opposites are harmonized; the temple and sun become



One; the message of Egypt, rather than its messengers,, becomes the focus. Egypt no longer is a resting place for the dead but is now a redemptive, risen presence, intersecting the eternal, the sacred.

Yearning has yielded to knowing. Egypt's melodies and rhythms now evoke *gnosis*, allowing Egypt and the individual to be One, living in stillness beyond words.

The journey home begins and ends in Egypt. Along the way, there is transcendent ecstasy with the individual becoming another Hymn to Aton. . . . And then, other beginnings.



Egypt Revisited Vic Zeller, F.R.C.

Sometimes it happens, perhaps to you, that you see a picture or hear a description of some place far away and you think to yourself, "Hmmm, I should go there sometime." And over a period of time, that idea becomes reinforced and reintroduced to you by your curious nature and also from somewhere within you and you don't know why. Finally the circumstances are right and the urge is strong and you go there for the first time. And so, after I retired after forty-one years of teaching, my wife Margie and I went on our first trip to Egypt—the Rosicrucian Mystical Tour of Egypt 2005.

Way back in the 1960s in college, in my Philosophy major and Physics minor, I was introduced to the ideas of Aristotle, Pythagoras, and many others of the Mystery schools from which our present Rosicrucian Order developed. And when I saw the pictures of the Pyramids I wondered who built them—somehow it did not seem possible from my physics courses that people could lift 200 ton blocks of hard granite hundreds of feet in the air by pulling on ropes and form and polish granite with soft copper tools—it can't be done that way today. Who built them? I wondered. I wondered for forty years. . . .

Our Mystical Tour group went to the Egypt Museum, Luxor, Valley of the Kings, Aswan, Lake Moeris, and many other places. Between the paws of the Sphinx, we had a meditation and an ancient initiation ceremony presented by Our Most Venerable Grand Master Julie Scott. What a feeling! What a Presence there was amongst us there! And we went into the Great Pyramid, just our group, no lights, no tourists but us, and with only candles, into the King's Chamber. Our Most Venerable Emperor Christian Bernard was there to guide us and lead us in an ancient initiation ceremony.

The day before we returned home we had some spare time and walked up the hill from the Mena House hotel onto the Giza Plateau to see the three pyramids and went into the second pyramid, Khafre's. We went into the burial vault chamber, where there were only a few quiet people. And there I wondered, I wondered . . . who built the Pyramids?

I felt a strong urge to put my hands and forehead on the chamber wall, and so I did. And then I said to myself mentally, in what I call a "thought-voice," you know, talking to yourself, and as strongly as I could, I said "WHO ARE YOU? WHO BUILT THIS PLACE?" And then a voice in my head answered, "Welcome back."

And then it was I knew this trip was not my first to Egypt. This was Egypt Revisited. Somehow, sometime, I had been there before. A feeling of alertness along with mental and physical calm enveloped me as I looked around after the message. Such a good feeling it was to know I had made significant progress on the journey to "Know Thyself."

To continue this progress, I have studied the writings of Edgar Cayce about Atlantis, ancient Egyptians, lost civilizations, reincarnation, karma, and the Akashic Records. Also I have done the Rosicrucian experiment to try to not completely wake up in the morning but to stay semi-awake, eyes closed, in the borderline conscious state where the conscious and unconscious can share

information. A few quick visions (not dreams) have resulted in which I have been high in the air to the north of the pyramids. In one quick vision, I swooped down into the Great Pyramid to see a cloud of light inside. Another time I went inside and saw a glowing, golden, seated statue of a man, perhaps a king, about forty feet tall. Then the statue, the room, and the whole pyramid began radiating increasingly brilliant golden light, and then I awoke. I felt great, a grand way to start the day!

This story is not finished yet. I don't know the ending or if there is one. Following the Rosicrucian principle, "Know Thyself," I will continue to study and meditate to learn about who I was before and why. Perhaps another revelation will occur in Jerusalem when I go there. You see, this past year I have received increasingly frequent mental urges to go to Jerusalem. Why? I am always curious. I always wonder why. . . .

Endnotes:

¹ Marie Corelli [Mary Mackay], *The Secret Power* (Garden City, NY: Doubleday, 1924). Corelli was an immensely popular Rosicrucian author at the turn of the last century.

² Maria Carmela Betro, *Hieroglyphics: The Writings of Ancient Egypt* (New York: Abbeville Press, 1996), 116.

³ Erik Hornung, *The Ancient Egyptian Books of the Afterlife* (New York: Cornell University Press, 1999), 27.

⁴ John Anthony West, *The Traveler's Key to Ancient Egypt: A Guide to the Sacred Places of Ancient Egypt* (Wheaton, Illinois: The Theosophical Publishing House, 1995), 285.

⁵ E. A. Wallis Budge, *The Book of Am-Tuat* (London: Kegan, Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co, 1905), 141-145.

⁶ West, *Traveler's Key*, 193.



Tree of Life, by William Thornton.

