

Gsch dien



The compelling memoirs of
Clara Louise Kieninger, a woman whose
life-style made her a true humanitarian.

It can truly be said that the life of Clara Louise Kieninger was one of selflessness and service. Yet more than that, her memoirs reveal a soul's initiation on the path that leads to reunion with God.

At the age of twelve, Clara Louise determined to be a nurse, and nothing would dissuade her from that calling. Upon graduation from Lutheran Hospital School of Nursing in St. Louis, she took her class motto, Ich Dien (I Serve) as the guiding principle of her life.

Wherever she served, Clara Louise left the mark of disciplined love even as she set the standard of perfection. Whether on the battlefield in World War I, in the founding of the first school of nursing in Brazil under the Rockefeller Foundation, or as director of nursing in schools and hospitals in the United States, she exemplified the true spirit of nursing—Ich Dien—in all that she did.

To follow the events of her life is to traverse with her the cycles of a service ever renewed as her soul, shuffling off this mortal coil, moved from the finite to the infinite expression of God's consciousness.

Gsch dien

*The compelling memoirs of
Clara Louise Keninger, a woman whose
life-style made her a true humanitarian.*

Edited and compiled by Elizabeth Clare Prophet

SUMMIT UNIVERSITY  PRESS®
Corwin Springs, Montana

ICH DIEN

by Clara Louise Kieninger

Copyright © 1975, 2005 Summit Publications, Inc.

All rights reserved. First edition 1975

Second edition 2005

No part of this book may be reproduced, translated, or electronically stored, posted or transmitted, or used in any format or medium whatsoever without prior written permission, except by a reviewer who may quote brief passages in a review. For information, please contact:

Summit University Press

PO Box 5000

Gardiner, MT 59030-5000, USA

Tel: 1-800-245-5445 or 406-848-9500

Web site: www.summituniversitypress.com

E-mail: info@summituniversitypress.com

Library of Congress Control Number: 2005923321

ISBN: 1-932890-01-7

SUMMIT UNIVERSITY  PRESS®

The Summit Lighthouse, *Pearls of Wisdom*, Science of the Spoken Word, Keepers of the Flame, Church Universal and Triumphant, and Summit University are trademarks registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office and in other countries. All rights to their use are reserved.

Printed in the United States of America

Transferred to digital print on demand March 2005.

I dedicate this humble book to the great and glorious El Morya Khan, beloved Master, teacher, and friend, Chief of the Darjeeling Council, Darjeeling, India, who inspired the writing of it and who is tirelessly working with mankind, seeking to manifest in them the will of God on earth as it is in heaven.

CLK

Contents

	A Word from the Editor	9
	Preface to the Second Edition	14
	A Word from Kuthumi	15
	A Word from Mother Mary	16
	A Word from the Great Divine Director	17
1	Growing Up	21
2	After Business College	27
3	Nursing	33
4	Graduation	45
5	War Service	57
6	At Home	65
7	Brazil	71
8	Denver	91
9	Wartime Service and Back to Brazil	101
10	New York	113
11	Service to the Masters	121
12	At the Summit of Life	131
13	The Promise of the Ascension	151
14	In the Twinkling of an Eye	155
	A Victory of Life	163
	The Annunciation of the Ascension	169
	The Central Temple of Ancient Lemuria	174
	Self-Discipline on the Path to the Ascension	179
	The Honor of God	186
15	Remembrances of Those Who Knew Her	189
	Notes	204
	Glossary	206

*Show me thy faith without thy works
and I will show thee my faith by my works.*

—James

A Word from the Editor

By the time the masters Morya and Saint Germain called me to serve at the Summit, Clara Louise Kieninger was already the Mother of the Flame. Upon the founding of the Keepers of the Flame Fraternity, Saint Germain had designated Clara Louise as one fully prepared in service, in discipline, and in love to keep the Flame of the Divine Mother on behalf of the sons and daughters of God on earth.

It was in 1961 that El Morya contacted me in Boston and said: “I have need of a feminine messenger. Go to Washington and I will train you through my messenger Mark Prophet.” Ever since the age of eighteen, when I had seen the picture of Saint Germain, I had been waiting for the call to service under the spiritual hierarchy known as the Great White Brotherhood.* Thus when the call came, I was ready.

The first conference I attended was the Freedom Class held in Washington, D.C., over the July Fourth weekend in 1961. It was there that I met Louise. I looked through the congregation, seeing

* The Great White Brotherhood is a spiritual fraternity of ascended masters, archangels and other advanced spiritual beings. The term *white* refers not to race but to the aura of white light that surrounds these immortals. The Great White Brotherhood works with earnest seekers of every race, religion and walk of life to assist humanity. The Brotherhood also includes certain unascended disciples of the ascended masters.

for the first time a group of students who called themselves chelas of the ascended masters; they came from all over the United States and Canada, and there were many who were worthy of the name. But one stood out among them. Humble, soft-spoken, with a bearing of quiet dignity, she was there. And her presence was felt by all.

Clara Louise was not only a student of the masters. She was their friend. She knew them intimately. Through years of service in the field of nursing—a life lived in fulfillment of the Master’s command “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me”—Clara Louise served the body of God on earth, every part of that body, with the honor and the love which she would accord the Christ.

Her acquaintance with other members of the ascended hierarchy came in later years when she contacted representatives of the Great White Brotherhood and established her morning meditation for the world. From that time on, she called upon them daily as she kept the vigil of the Mother of the Flame, beginning her prayers at five in the morning and continuing from two to four hours on behalf of the youth of the world, the incoming children, their parents and teachers. She carried out this service every day of her life until God called her home.

Little did I know when I first laid eyes on her that she was not only a chela, but an initiate of the Great White Brotherhood—a chela who over the period of many incarnations had received the disciplines of a disciple and the initiations of a soul that aspired to the ultimate reunion with God, the ascension into the eternal Presence of the I AM THAT I AM.

In her final embodiment of service, Louise was continuing the walk with her Lord which she had begun as the Apostle James. It was a walk on the road to Emmaus that had never ended. It was the burning recollection of the experience on the Mount of Transfiguration. It was the fulfillment of the conviction of her

soul that faith without works is dead. To her, Jesus was brother, master, and friend. How often I heard her admonish the young students of the masters as Mother Mary would have done. And when they would become involved in the trivial or in personality patterns, she would say, gently and yet with the authority of the Lord himself, "What is that to thee? Follow thou me!"

To those of us who were a part of the early years of the formation of The Summit Lighthouse and the masters' effort to contact their chelas throughout the world, Clara Louise was a light, an inspiration, and a tower of strength. When my training for the messengership was concluded under El Morya and Saint Germain anointed me as a messenger for the hierarchy, Louise was there. When the masters suggested that Mark and I be united for service in the ritual of marriage, Louise was there. And when our first child was born at Holytree House, Louise held him in her arms and gave him the blessing of the Mother of the Flame for a life of service to humanity.

As the years passed and Clara Louise was promised her ascension by Mother Mary, her friend the master El Morya requested that she write her memoirs so that sons and daughters of the Flame who would keep the Flame of Life for the children of God and carry the torch of illumination of the Divine Mother could follow in her footsteps. To read the story of her life is to participate in a meditation of discipline, one-pointedness, and constancy on a path of service that was preordained. Her sense of honor, her duty to her God, to her country, and to her fellowman took precedence over all else. In the East they call it dharma. It is one's duty to fulfill one's *raison d'être*. Dharma is the determination of the soul to conform to its true nature and to the principles of life as these move the soul from individual to cosmic levels of awareness.

In the path of service which Louise chose by her free will, she was fulfilling the mandates of karma yoga, that is, of actively

balancing her karma through service to life. And her life as she reveals it in her memoirs is one of the perfect meshing of the dharma (duty) of the soul with its karma. It shows how the cause-effect sequences of the past (karma) are fulfilled in a way of life that becomes the soul's mission in the present. Through the path of service and the motto *Ich Dien* (I Serve), which she took upon graduation from the Lutheran Hospital School of Nursing in St. Louis, Missouri, Clara Louise attained, by the grace of God, her eternal freedom from the rounds of karma and the wheel of rebirth.

On October 25, 1970, the soul of Clara Louise took leave of the form which had served her well for eighty-seven years. At the time she was living with Mrs. Cecelia Lewis of Berkeley, California. It was during the birthday celebration of our third child that we received a call at the retreat in Colorado Springs from Mrs. Lewis that the transition had taken place. Our entire family and staff assembled in the chapel to commune with the soul of our precious mother at last born free. So great was her attainment that she ascended on the spot at the moment of her transition instead of being taken to the Retreat of the Ascension Flame at Luxor, Egypt, as is customary with candidates for the ascension.

The light from her Presence and the joy of her reunion with her beloved friends of light—with her teacher, Serapis Bey, with Mother Mary, whose presence she had become, and with her own twin flame, the ascended master Amen Bey—descended upon us like the gentle rain of the Holy Spirit. We meditated upon her life as the organ played her soul's keynote, "Calm As the Night," and Mark delivered the ascension service. On the third anniversary of her ascension, Clara Louise described her ascension experience and her service with the hosts of heaven in a dictation she gave through me to students of the ascended masters attending Summit University in Santa Barbara, California.

We have included this dictation, together with a subsequent dictation given November 10, 1974, as the fourteenth chapter of her memoirs.

As I prepared these pages for publication, I realized that the grand conclusion which we must draw from a life lived in God by one who walked among us is that by his grace we, too, can go and do likewise. By the example of our contemporary, one so near to our hearts, we are inspired to follow in her footsteps even as she followed in the footsteps of our Lord. Her victory gives us the hope that one day we, too, might leave behind the modes of time and space and enter the cycles of eternity.

As I read the memoirs of Clara Louise during the hours preceding the transition of my own Mark, I found myself merging with the spiral of her life. I traversed with her the cycles of a service ever renewed as her soul, shuffling off this mortal coil, moved from the finite to the infinite expression of God's consciousness. And it was in the simplicity of the words and the life of the first Mother of the Flame that I found the strength to bear the cross which all who would follow the Christ in the regeneration must bear. We therefore release these memoirs with the prayer that all who read them might find his strength and his unfailing love for a life of service and that all might espouse with the beloved Clara Louise the motto *Ich Dien*.

Elizabeth Clare Prophet
Mother of the Flame

Retreat of the Resurrection Spiral
Colorado Springs, Colorado
February 26, 1975

Preface to the Second Edition

The second edition of *Ich Dien* includes all the text and illustrations from the first edition of the book. It has been expanded to include the four dictations by Clara Louise given since the first edition was published.

On this, the thirtieth anniversary of the book's first release, we are very pleased to be able to make it available again after being out of print for some years. It is our hope that a new generation of lightbearers will now be able to draw inspiration from one whose dedication to service made a difference in so many lives.

The Editors
Summit University Press

A Word from Kuthumí

O sacred passion, Divine Love's reality, recognizing in all pure divinity, seeing no taint there nor effect of mortal soil, but only the royal figure of the Christ Child in all! This is to capture in time the form of eternal things to come.

A Word from Mother Mary

How tender is the flame of service! It is a living thing— invisible, yet visible in word and deed. It manifests the content of the jeweled casket of the heart; and it serves to tremble the harp of Life like unto angel hands that wipe away tears of human sorrow and, in the infinite, compassionate way of God, translate darkness and despair into Light.

The profession of nursing, when recognized as a divine opportunity, serves to bind up not only the physical wound, but also the inner hurts resulting from the clashes of life which infiltrate men's thoughts and feelings. Just as mankind seek to emulate the ladies of heaven, so the ladies of heaven seek to the present hour to reach out and express God's love through all serving hands and hearts on earth, through tongues attuned to heaven's pitch, through hearts inspired and inspiring.

If the magnificence of the Christ Child concept, leading individuals and nations to harmony and happiness, is to be realized, its meaning must be drawn closer to mankind by all who serve their many needs. The crowded marketplaces of life require love as much as does the mighty cathedral; and when the game is won and victory attained by the planet, it will be recorded as the deed of many hearts and many lives, not the least of which may be thine.

A Word from the Great Divine Director

The Golden Rule for all ages is “Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.” This is the code which shall raise all civilization unto the permanent Golden Age. Fearless men and women are needed who can observe this rule in all their affairs. Now to *miss* the goal-target of understanding is *misunderstanding*. No one, however, can *misachieve*. To do so is merely to be *mischievous*—and that without valiant purpose!

The unbounded energy of waste and disobedience always returns to the man or nation sending it forth. When virtue is enthroned in man and country as the ideal of each precious moment of life, the glorious civilizations that shall be born will lift up the garments of the world. No longer will civilization trail in the dust its garments of beauty and perfection. Wise rulers will exalt the divine tradition by noble acts daily performed.

South America, land of immortal promise! In thy domain is the future of mankind! Precious treasure of the Inca (*inner calling*)! The call of the Inca shall be revealed as truth in heart and mind behind the masks of confusing personality. The power of noble origin shall flash forth upon the screen of Reality to endure not for a moment, but as a shrine of the eternal kingdom to honor both Creator and created.

O goal-fittedness! O future purity! Appear now as the inspired moving of the coming race. Quicken the hearts of men

and women today, and let the wind of the Holy Presence quiver both limb and trunk; let the unguents and the needed balm for healing be applied to the world, until the radiance of peace appears and men are spared needless pain.

What is that to thee? Follow thou me!

—Jesus

CHAPTER 1

Growing Up

Four generations ago my ancestors came from Saxony, Germany, and settled in Baltimore. Later they came to Missouri, where their descendants still live.

Mother was born in Missouri and at the age of nineteen was married there. She had several suitors, one the choice of her mother and the other her own choice. She was unhappy about her mother's choice. Mother's eighteenth birthday was celebrated with a party, and her mother promised that the first suitor to arrive (they had to come by horseback) would receive her consent to the marriage. Father had a much longer distance to come, but he arrived first. Grandmother, true to her word, made the announcement of the engagement. Mother and father were married, and the two elder children were born in Missouri.

Father brought his family to Kansas and they settled in Junction City. There was no church or religious school in Junction City, so the family decided to go to Topeka. By this time there were five children. I, the youngest, was four years old,* and the eldest was fifteen.

Before the family left Junction City, a pioneer friend, the mother of three sons, asked mother if she would look after her

* Clara Louise was born in Junction City, Kansas, on September 16, 1883.

boys should anything happen to her. Mother promised. Within two years, the mother of the boys passed on and the three brothers were brought to Topeka and became a part of our family. To our attic—large, roomy, and well-lighted—mother added three beds; and this served as a dormitory for five boys—my two brothers and the other three.

The three boys that came to us were Catholic. The eldest was sixteen, the youngest eleven. He was sent to the Catholic school to prepare for his confirmation. They were well trained, as all pioneer children were, and fitted well into our family life.

The eldest boy eventually found employment in a candy kitchen and later bought it. One of his chocolates is still on the market; it is one of the well-known delicacies. In a few years he returned to Junction City to the farm and married. The second boy found employment in a mill. The third one was interested in office work and found employment as an office boy. Later he became an executive in one of the large companies.

We lived on the corner, across the street from the church and school. My mother's sister lived in the middle of the block, next to the school, in a pretentious home. Our home was simple, but ample for all and happy.

The church was a stone structure. The ground floor served as the school, and the top floor served as the church. The pioneer families were closely knit. Many were families of affluence. All worked together to build Topeka, spiritually as well as socially and physically. Soon a schoolhouse was built and a teacher appointed. (Previously the minister had both the school and the church.) A parsonage was built next, and finally the new church.

When I was eight years old, a beautiful sister was born. We loved her dearly and she then and always has added to the joy of the family.

Mother was gracious, understanding, and patient. If she was ever discouraged or tired, we never knew it. She never

complained, never once lost her courage and taught us never to lose ours, and when offense or disappointment came, to raise our souls so high that offense not could reach them. This helped through many trials. When we had small hurts or bruises, as children do, she would look at them, smile, and say, "That you will forget long before you get married."

Father was stern but kind, not always as patient and understanding as he might have been. His word was final. We saw the real father, though, when there was illness in the family. He grew kind and patient and in later years was fun. I once asked him why he had been so stern and so ready to punish. He answered, "To make you what you are today."

Our home was a gracious home. The door was never closed to anyone. All who needed help were always welcomed. Our playmates were always graciously received and always welcome to stay with us for meals. Mother was a wonderful church worker. We were trained by example and kindness what the Golden Rule really means and to practice it as she did.

In those days men started the day's work at 7:00 a.m., and in our home breakfast was served at 6:30. We children were up and ready for morning devotion by 6:15, fully dressed, combed, washed and happy. Mother and father were always the example. On winter nights after dinner there followed study hour, popcorn and apples, evening prayer, and bed. Mother heard our prayers at night. She had a sweet voice and taught us many lovely and sweet songs. Mother would sing with us until we fell asleep. I remember many of them and always have sung them and do now when sleep does not come quickly.

Father always asked the blessing at the table, and the youngest child followed with a sweet prayer. I was the youngest for eight years. We were taught early to thank God for every gift of life. How often mother would sing at her work. How often she would say, "I have my home, my children, and I am so grateful."

We never heard a complaint from her. We were taught to eat what was served, which was no hardship, for mother and the maid were excellent cooks. We were, as were all children, taught respect for elderly people. We did not curtsy, but always met and greeted elderly people graciously.

Mother and father were lovers of flowers and growing things. We had flower gardens. Father had a small vegetable garden. Many of the beautiful and fragrant flowers we had then are no more.

Everyone in the neighborhood had gardens; and at night after they were watered, the air was sweet with sweet fragrances and with sweet songs sung by mother and children. Sunsets were glorious. There were also bad storms—thunder and lightning. Mother taught us fearlessness. Thus the years sped on, a happy and joyous childhood.

I remember how thrilled I was at the confirmation services of my brother and sister. My uncle took my sister with him immediately thereafter to his home in the South, where she remained for five years, until mother thought she should come home and be part of the family again. I remember my reaction when I saw her. She had left, a lovely young girl; she now returned, a beautiful young woman of seventeen. She was married within a year to a young man who had fallen in love with a picture of her which she had sent to mother. He visited the family and saw the picture. After that there was no other girl for him. The families knew each other well and were delighted.

When he first came to see her after she returned home, he came only once a week, and ten o'clock was going-home time. Later he was allowed to stay until eleven. After about a year's courtship, which was fully supervised by my parents, they were married. This, of course, was not unusual; most families supervised their daughters' social life very carefully.

My sister and her husband had two beautiful daughters and

lived to celebrate their sixtieth wedding anniversary. They outlived both of their daughters. The elder daughter died in 1919 of encephalitis following influenza. The younger lived to be forty-seven years old, but was a semi-invalid all her adult life. Throughout the years, she was always a smiling, joyful example of fortitude to her many friends, who loved to visit her. No one left their home without feeling uplifted in spirit by her cheerfulness.

I was confirmed when I was twelve. Our preparation for confirmation was special classes in catechism and Bible study for two years before confirmation. These classes were held after school—twice a week the first year and three times a week the second year. We were orally examined, consecrated, and dedicated on Palm Sunday in the presence of the congregation. On Easter Sunday we had our first Communion. I took the confirmation and Communion very seriously; I trembled as I accepted beloved Jesus as my guide, and he has remained so all throughout these years.

Six years later I was graduated from Topeka Business College and received my diploma in business administration.

As children we were taught to be just and honest. The Golden Rule was so imprinted on us that we never forgot it.

One day mother received a small basket of lovely pears. One of them seemed to have disappeared. She asked who had taken it. No one answered. For some reason, she felt I had and asked me if I had taken it. I answered, "No, mother, I have not even touched them." She did not believe me. My punishment was—no pear. They were a rare delicacy and were enjoyed by the others. I did not care about the pear, but I did care that mother doubted me; and to this day I cannot eat a pear. In me was born that day the sense of justice, and the Goddess of Justice has been in my heart ever since.

On another occasion, when I was in the eighth grade, the

teacher accused me of cheating. Once a week we had a spelling test. We wrote the examination in a book which was kept by the teacher and passed out for the tests. There were no single desks. My seatmate, a brilliant student, was absent from the foregoing test and asked me if I would repeat the words of that test, which I did. Neither she nor I thought anything about it. Suddenly I heard the teacher say, "Louise, take the front seat." I took it, and the test continued. The test was always given fifteen minutes before noon. I remained behind when the class was dismissed and asked permission to speak to the teacher and said to her, "Since you accused me of cheating before the class, would you be kind enough to explain to the class that I was not cheating?" She answered that she would and said to me, "After you sat down, I realized my mistake." When the class assembled, she did apologize, and I was very grateful. Spelling and mathematics were two of my Red-E subjects.

*Ich Dien means "I serve."
It was the motto of the school of nursing
attended by Clara Louise Keninger. But her
life was more than one of service. It was
one of discipline. And love.*

*From the battlefields of World
War I to the school of nursing she founded
in Brazil, her dedication to humanity
stands as an inspiration to all who choose
to share in it.*

ISBN 1-932890-01-7



9 781932 890013

51495



EAN



\$14.95

SUMMIT UNIVERSITY



PRESS®