

ELIZABETH CLARE PROPHET



In My Own Words

*Memoirs of a
Twentieth-Century Mystic*

A NOTE FROM THE PUBLISHER

Elizabeth Clare Prophet retired in 1999 for health reasons. Summit University Press acknowledges her extraordinary legacy, and all profits from the sale of *In My Own Words* will go to support her health-care needs for as long as necessary.

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*Memoirs of a
Twentieth-Century Mystic*

SUMMIT UNIVERSITY  PRESS®

Gardiner, Montana

IN MY OWN WORDS:
MEMOIRS OF A TWENTIETH-CENTURY MYSTIC
by Elizabeth Clare Prophet
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Preface

WHEN ELIZABETH CLARE PROPHET was working on her biography, she said that one of her goals was for people “to know me spiritually and humanly.” Both aspects of her life are here. She faced the same issues that everyone deals with—family, joys and sorrows, school and relationships, college and career choices. But through all of this runs the deep current of a spiritual quest that was the central purpose of her life.

In My Own Words tells the story of the early years of Mrs. Prophet’s journey, her first twenty-two years, which were marked by an unusual dedication to the search for God. The seeds of the extraordinary life that was about to unfold are evident.

Mrs. Prophet went on to become one of the most well-known female spiritual leaders of the twentieth century. She appeared on *Nightline*, *Larry King Live* and hundreds of television and radio shows around the world. For almost three decades she led The Summit Lighthouse, a worldwide spiritual movement founded by her late husband Mark L. Prophet. She

Preface

traveled to more than thirty countries and published more than fifty books to deliver her message. She is known to thousands as their spiritual teacher.

Yet even with all of her accomplishments, Mrs. Prophet was never interested in attention or fame. For her, it was the message that was important, and she was simply the messenger. Her concern was always for the spiritual progress of those she taught. If she spoke about herself, it was so that others might learn from her experiences and apply those lessons, often hard-won, to their own lives.

THIS BOOK HAS its origins in 1991, when Mrs. Prophet and members of her editorial staff first began working on it. Their research and writing continued over the next few years, but the book was not completed at that time.

About half of this present volume is drawn from Mrs. Prophet's original writing for the project. The remainder had been completed only in outline form, and the writing had not yet begun. That outline has been filled in by material compiled from her many published and unpublished lectures and interviews. The resulting memoir provides a rare insight into the life of a renowned twentieth-century mystic.

Thomas Merton once wrote: "The spiritual anguish of man has no cure but mysticism." If so, then perhaps we all have something important to learn from the mystic in our midst. In the story of her life, each of us may find a measure of inspiration for our own spiritual journey.

THE EDITORS



ELIZABETH CLARE WULF, AGE 4

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The Heart of a Child

MY HEART WAS the heart of a child. I was innocent. I trusted. My soul knew no bounds. I had no sense of beginnings or endings. Birth and death were artificial demarcations. I had always existed in God. The infinite past and the infinite future were mine, and mine to enter at will. I thought I had come from a distant star.

The heavens were my playground, yet I was content in spaces defined. My play yard. My sandbox. My toy chest. My precious dolls. The rock garden my father built with a waterfall and fountains, a goldfish pond, water lilies, frogs croaking and birds darting to and fro, flowering periwinkle that I would sit upon, thinking it was my very own seat, and other flowers taller than I. The white picket grape arbor, with built-in benches, laden with concord and green grapes. Apple, peach and cherry trees, raspberries, blackberries, strawberries, gooseberries and red currants. These were the first sights and sounds I knew.

I was one and two and three, knowing the smells of springtime—the new grass, the trees budding, the lilac blos-

soms, the sprays of forsythia a maze of yellow, the dogwood, apple and cherry blossoms, the salt air from the sea and the river. Then the heavy heat of summer and hurricanes that put out the lights and tore down trees. The harvests of fall and the burning leaves, Thanksgiving and all the trimmings. And soon the cold winters with snowflakes on my cheeks, snowmen, and Christmas lights on a fresh tree cut from our land.

Childhood days were long and gradually the seasons passed. I observed their comings and their goings with delight and marveled at the ever-new wonder of life around me. Joy was in my heart. I understood the cosmic cycles. I knew that I was I and not another. I sensed the infinite in my finite world with its boundaries of squares, circles, triangles and lines, and clocks, times and schedules.

Sunbeams filtering through the massive silver maple outside my window pried open my eyes each morning. Every day I was born again to a new adventure in this life, in this plane, in this karmic circumstance. I was eager for the challenge.

As I peered through the coordinates of heaven and earth, and my playpen, I was bathed in the golden glow of the sun. It was my reality. I took for granted the gentle presence that was always with me through my darkest days and trials untold. It seemed to be a bridge from the nuts and bolts of my human existence to the timeless, spaceless, dimensionless realm from which I had come. It was the sheer gladness of the sun. And my child smile shone from the Source of Life I felt within me as well as without.

The beauty of God was never far from my mind or heart. And life was a continuum of that beauty—I had always believed that I had always been and always would be. Each day I was on a mission of self-discovery. I had to know who I was, where I had come from, and where I was going.

The Heart of a Child

The quest for meaning brought on the endless “Why?” followed by questions that few or none could answer. Neighbors, parents, friends and teachers alike became exasperated with my whys. But by and by, as my life and mission unfolded, God answered every one of my childlike questions, and he revealed to me the mysteries of the kingdom in his good time. Can we not, we who seek his kingdom, say with Saint Paul, “When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child.... Now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.”¹

As I look back, I see that my mission was a seed planted in my soul by the Great Sower of the seed of life. It was a seed taken from my Tree of Life and sealed until the cycles of its gestation should commence according to the timetable of my Father-Mother God.

AT BIRTH AND in early years, I retained some conscious awareness of the realms of light from which I had descended into my mother’s womb, entering the body prepared for me in this life. But as with all children, the memory faded as the soft spot at the crown closed over.

Above in the heaven-world, my soul could soar at night while my body slept in my frilly pink-and-white bassinet. Unencumbered by the limitations of my developing brain and body, I journeyed in the etheric envelope and the astral sheath, as is common in soul travel. On inner planes I knew my reason for being. I was a free spirit—neither child nor adult, but an evolving part of God. The zeal of my mission was upon me, and I served with angels and advanced souls to prepare the way for its fulfillment on earth in this life.

I knew before birth that I was yet burdened by karma. And I knew that the circumstances of my life would offer me the supreme opportunity to complete the balancing of my karma in this embodiment and to do so through the very mission itself. Therefore on inner planes I worked tirelessly with the saints, the Eastern adepts and the angels to prepare for that calling.

THE BUDDING AND sprouting of the seed of a mission depends upon the care that is given to the seed and to the soil in which it is planted. Unless emotional and physical needs are met, child-man may miss the mission for a lifetime or several. Unless the mental stimulus is there from conception, child-man may not bring back from his Tree of Life fruits needed for soul nourishment. Mental stimulus is necessary so that the seed might be quickened in the fertile soil of memory, mind, desire—those elements that continue with us but must be re-anchored in the physical sheaths of consciousness with each new birth.

Yes, we carry our past with us, but its links to the outer personality must be fixed anew. When parents, teachers, educators, pastors, friends and relatives all contribute to the proper milieu for the child, then the mission can be accomplished. When karma barricades the soul and those responsible for the soul are irresponsible, the mission can be lost.

Every newborn arrives with the bag and baggage of positive and negative karma that must be balanced and that will be brought into play in this life. Every newborn comes with a psychology carried over from many past lives. This psychology is reflected in his astrological birth chart, which outlines both positive and negative karma.

The Heart of a Child

The positive momentums, talents and attainments will afford the child wind in his sails and a safe passage if he will maximize them. These talents must not be buried, neither by himself nor by his parents. They are his to multiply; and if he does so, he may experience the abundant life that Jesus promised.

The negative karma recorded in the birth chart requires responsibility and resolution, readiness for hard work and joyfulness in the labor of the Lord's vineyard. The challenges and initiations that will come can all be met if he will enter the path of discipleship under Jesus Christ, Gautama Buddha, a saint, an ascended master² or even a great teacher on earth. Wise are the parents who teach their children to obey the laws of God and man and to maintain a humble and merciful heart. Wise are they who take them on their knee and teach them the Ten Commandments, the Golden Rule and the Great Commandment.³

Because God has given the gift of free will, no mission is guaranteed. Each one must nurture the seed that God has planted in the garden of the soul. Until the child can accomplish this on his own, his parents, family life, school and the schoolyard, the neighborhood and its influences may be a daily impingement on the soul and the soul's receptivity to the inner calling—heard from above but not yet articulated in thought, in feeling or in words.

Yes, both the soul and the mission are fragile. Parents and teachers who know this will surround the children entrusted to their care with positive reinforcement of the signs of their destiny and with a spirit that lets them know that it is possible to overcome every obstacle in life—with God.

THE DEEP DESIRE to be who I am in God has been with me since my earliest moments, as time and limitation began to be clocked in cycles of feedings, my going out and coming into my body, being in my crib, my house, my carriage—as the days turned into nights and the nights turned into days.

When I awakened in the morning in my baby body, I awakened to wet diapers, an empty stomach and my own crying for my bottle, my mommy and my daddy. But I retained the sense of the will to be, of determination, the desire to drink the cup of life, all of it. To know God, to find him, to commune with him as he might reveal himself to me and talk with me—this was my longing in my early years.

A baby can think these thoughts because the mind of the child is the mind of God. Our minds are but extensions of the one universal Mind. The new body, brain and central nervous system are means through which the mind of God communicates in outer self-awareness.

Make no mistake, the child you hold in your arms has the cumulative awareness of his immediate past life or even many past lives, depending on his or her level of soul development. At the subconscious level, the soul knows all things past, present and future of her existence.

Advanced souls come “trailing clouds of glory,” as Wordsworth wrote, descending from the heaven-world for another round of service. His “Ode: Intimations of Immortality” tells the cycles of their coming:

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,

The Heart of a Child

And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy.
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Souls who have lived on the astral plane⁴ between lifetimes through numerous sequences of birth and death carry momentums of lower vibrations and desires. Even so, their self-recognition is there at the subconscious level, though they may not fully come to know who and what manner of lifestream they are until well after they have reached adulthood, and sometimes not at all in this life. For to be given the records of one's past and the knowledge of who one has been, one must desire to know, to take responsibility for one's actions, and to change.

Notes

All quotes from the Bible are taken from the King James Version.

1. I Cor. 13:11, 12.
2. The ascended masters are enlightened spiritual beings who once lived on earth, fulfilled their reason for being and have ascended, or reunited with God. The ascended masters are the true teachers of mankind. They direct the spiritual evolution of all devotees of God and guide them back to their Source.
3. The Great Commandment: “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.” Matt. 22:37–39.
4. The astral plane is the lowest vibrating frequency of time and space; the repository of mankind’s thoughts and feelings, conscious and unconscious.
5. Mark 10:27.
6. John 5:17.
7. Mary Baker Eddy, *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures* (Boston: First Church of Christ, Scientist, 1971), p. 468.
8. Exod. 20:3.
9. Matt. 6:24.
10. Mary Baker Eddy, “Feed My Sheep,” 1887.
11. The collective subconscious of the planet has been described by the ascended masters as the astral sea. Souls departing this earth must navigate through these realms of darkness and illusion in order to reach the octaves of light known as the etheric plane.
12. Rev. 16:7.
13. William Shakespeare, “Sonnet 30,” lines 13–14.



ELIZABETH CLARE PROPHET is a world-renowned author, lecturer and teacher who has pioneered techniques in practical spirituality, including the creative power of sound for personal growth and world transformation. Among her best-selling books are *Fallen Angels and the Origins of Evil*, *The Lost Years of Jesus*, *The Lost Teachings of Jesus* series, *Kabbalah: Key to Your Inner Power* and her Pocket Guides to Practical Spirituality series, which includes *Creative Abundance* and *Violet Flame to Heal Body, Mind and Soul*.

For almost three decades Elizabeth Clare Prophet provided leadership for The Summit Lighthouse and the Keepers of the Flame Fraternity, both founded by her late husband Mark L. Prophet. Together they established Summit University in 1971. Four years later Mrs. Prophet founded Church Universal and Triumphant and Summit University Press. More than one hundred of their books have been published by Summit University Press and a wide selection of them are translated into a total of twenty-nine languages. They are

the world and from online booksellers.

During her career Mrs. Prophet taught in more than thirty countries worldwide, conducting seminars and retreats on such topics as karma and reincarnation, angels, prophecy and the mystical paths of the world's religions.

Mrs. Prophet retired in 1999 for health reasons and is now living in Montana's Rocky Mountains. The works of Mark L. Prophet and Elizabeth Clare Prophet continue to be published by Summit University Press.

You've heard about her for years...

Now, for the first time, the real story—
in her own words.

From modest beginnings, Elizabeth Clare Prophet rose to become one of the world's most compelling, charismatic and controversial spiritual leaders. Her life and accomplishments have been chronicled by others. But never, until now, has there been a firsthand account.

In this book, Elizabeth Clare Prophet tells the story of the search for her life's mission during her first twenty-two years. It provides an unflinching view of the struggles and the triumphs that helped to define her life.

One day when I was visiting Red Bank, Mother and I were sitting alone at the kitchen table talking about years gone by. . . . Suddenly she turned to me and said, "Betty Clare, I have a confession to make. . . ."

By now my heart was pounding. I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

EXCERPT FROM *In My Own Words*

This memoir is a glimpse into the life and character of an extraordinary figure in New Age spirituality. It offers an intimate look into what it means to be a mystic in the today's world.

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