
THE GOLDEN WORD OF MARY SERIES



Mary's Message for a New Day

Mark L. Prophet · Elizabeth Clare Prophet

Mary's Message for a New Day



Mark L. Prophet
Elizabeth Clare Prophet

SUMMIT UNIVERSITY  PRESS®

*To all devotees
of the Blessed Mother
and of her Son
Jesus Christ*

MARY'S MESSAGE FOR A NEW DAY

by Mark L. Prophet and Elizabeth Clare Prophet

Copyright © 2004 by Summit University Press

All rights reserved

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, contact Summit University Press, PO Box 5000, Corwin Springs, MT 59030-5000.

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

Web site: www.summituniversitypress.com

Previously published as *My Soul Doth Magnify the Lord!*

by Summit University Press, Copyright © 1974, 1979, 1986


All rights reserved

Design and layout: Brad Davis

Library of Congress Control Number: 2003104588

ISBN: 0-922729-88-3

SUMMIT UNIVERSITY  PRESS

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

Contents



Preface	1
Foreword	23
Introduction: The Soul of Mary on Earth	33
PART ONE	
<i>The Wisdom Aspect of the Christ Flame</i>	
Fourteen Letters from a Mother to Her Children	
THE TEMPLE OF UNDERSTANDING	
An Exposé of the Abuses of Doctrine and Dogma	
by Mother Mary	
1 Darkness Shall Be Overcome by Light!	51
2 A Secret Covenant with God through Total Surrender ..	56
3 Peace, Be Still!	59
4 It Is the Sense of Struggle That Makes the Struggle	65
5 O Mankind, How Lovely You Are in Your God-Identity!	70
6 My God Shall Supply All Your Need	75
7 He Was Made Man That We Might Be Made God!	80
8 The Son Shall Also Be Subject unto Him That Put All Things under Him	84
9 As Men Sow, So Shall They Reap	88
10 Let Us Not Be Weary in Well Doing	91
11 For the Letter Killeth but the Spirit Giveth Life	95
12 Father, into Thy Hands I Commend My Spirit	101

13 I and My Father Are One	108
14 The Correct Understanding of Universal Purpose	112

PART TWO

The Love Aspect of the Christ Flame

Eight Mysteries of the Rosary by the
Mother for Her Children

Christian Prayer Forms and the Evolution of the Rosary	119
Adorations of the Rosary	143
Mary's Ritual of the Rosary for Sons and Daughters of Dominion	151

MARY'S SCRIPTURAL ROSARY FOR THE NEW AGE

The Teaching Mysteries

Sunday Morning - The Second Ray

First Teaching Mystery: <i>The Beatitudes</i>	157
Second Teaching Mystery: <i>The Marriage Feast and the Wedding Garment</i>	158
Third Teaching Mystery: <i>The Unmerciful Servant</i>	160
Fourth Teaching Mystery: <i>The Ten Virgins</i>	161
Fifth Teaching Mystery: <i>The Tares among the Wheat</i>	163

The Masterful Mysteries

Sunday Evening - The Eighth Ray

First Masterful Mystery: <i>The Temptation in the Wilderness</i>	165
Second Masterful Mystery: <i>Raising of Jairus' Daughter and the Woman Who Touched Christ's Garment</i>	167

Third Masterful Mystery: <i>Jesus Walking on the Water</i>	168
Fourth Masterful Mystery: <i>The Transfiguration</i>	170
Fifth Masterful Mystery: <i>The Raising of Lazarus</i>	171
The Love Mysteries	
Monday Morning - The Third Ray	
First Love Mystery: <i>The Love of John the Baptist and Jesus</i>	173
Second Love Mystery: <i>The Love of the Disciples for the Master</i>	175
Third Love Mystery: <i>The Love of Christ and His Members</i>	176
Fourth Love Mystery: <i>The Love of the Master for His Disciples</i>	178
Fifth Love Mystery: <i>The Love of the Father</i>	180
The Joyful Mysteries	
Tuesday Morning - The First Ray	
First Joyful Mystery: <i>The Annunciation</i>	182
Second Joyful Mystery: <i>The Visitation</i>	183
Third Joyful Mystery: <i>The Nativity</i>	185
Fourth Joyful Mystery: <i>The Presentation</i>	187
Fifth Joyful Mystery: <i>The Finding of Jesus in the Temple</i>	189
The Healing Mysteries	
Wednesday Morning - The Fifth Ray	
First Healing Mystery: <i>Christ the Light of the World</i>	191

Second Healing Mystery:	
<i>At the Pool of Bethesda</i>	192
Third Healing Mystery:	
<i>One Born Blind</i>	194
Fourth Healing Mystery:	
<i>The Ten Lepers</i>	195
Fifth Healing Mystery:	
<i>The Two Witnesses</i>	197
The Initiatic Mysteries	
Thursday Morning - The Sixth Ray	
First Initiatic Mystery:	
<i>The Last Supper</i>	199
Second Initiatic Mystery:	
<i>The Vigil in the Garden</i>	201
Third Initiatic Mystery:	
<i>The Trial</i>	203
Fourth Initiatic Mystery:	
<i>The Carrying of the Cross</i>	204
Fifth Initiatic Mystery:	
<i>The Crucifixion</i>	206
The Glorious Mysteries	
Friday Morning - The Fourth Ray	
First Glorious Mystery:	
<i>The Resurrection</i>	208
Second Glorious Mystery:	
<i>The Ascension</i>	210
Third Glorious Mystery:	
<i>The Descent of the Holy Spirit</i>	211
Fourth Glorious Mystery:	
<i>The Glory of the Woman and the Man Child</i>	213
Fifth Glorious Mystery:	
<i>The Triumph of the Divine Mother</i>	214

The Miracle Mysteries

Saturday Morning - The Seventh Ray

First Miracle Mystery:

The Marriage at Cana 217

Second Miracle Mystery:

Jesus Stills the Tempest and Heals the Gadarene Demoniac . . 218

Third Miracle Mystery:

The Feeding of the Five Thousand 220

Fourth Miracle Mystery:

Christ Forgives the Adulterous Woman 222

Fifth Miracle Mystery:

Christ the Bread of Life 223

PART THREE

The Power Aspect of the Christ Flame

Fourteen Messages of the Word of Life

to the Children of the Mother

- 1 A Perpetual Vigil Is the Requirement of the Hour . . . 228
- 2 A Cup of Freedom in His Name 238
- 3 The Chalice of My Heart 245
- 4 Create the World Without That Is Your World Within . 250
- 5 The Prayer and the Warning of the Universal Mother .256
- 6 The Law of the Transposition of Energy 265
- 7 Sons and Daughters of the Dominion
of the Water Element 276
- 8 The Beckoning and the Call of the Cosmic Mother . . 282
- 9 It Is the Father's Good Pleasure
to Give You the Kingdom 289
- 10 The Light That Shines in the Dark Streets
of Jerusalem 297
- 11 Hail, Thou That Art Highly Favored! 303
- 12 Go Forth to Challenge the Night! 310
- 13 The Key to Opportunity 317
- 14 Come into the Arms of the Divine Mother 328

The Chart of Your Divine Self337

Notes341

Illustrations

Chart of Your Divine Self338

Chart of the Rosary137

Preface



Beloved Who Love Life,

I must tell you the story of my conversion to the Spirit of the age of Aquarius. The Mother. The Great Goddess. "A woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars."

My conversion to God as Mother, the counterpart of the God I had always known as Father, was through the blessed, the beautiful Mother Mary. Strange that our Judeo-Christian tradition has not given to us the sense of God in the feminine gender. Yet she is there with him when Elohim (the plural noun for God expressing plurality, polarity, in the unity of the One) create us, male and female, after the image of the Divine Us.

When I found Mother Mary, or rather when she found me, I realized the great canyon of aloneness that I and others experience without Mother. And Mary taught me how we all desperately yearn to know our Cosmic Mother and our soul's aborning in the cosmic womb—how we fill the vacuum with the frenzied pursuits of the pleasure cult, so much noise and running here and there, escaping from the aloneness, her laughter silenced to our soul senses, deadened by drugs. Her footsteps on the threshold of consciousness buried in the beat of rock, hard rock and more rock, rocking to a deep hypnotic sleep the generation she is calling to come home. With our cults of death and dying, we cover over and over the gnawing aching to find Mother.

The pain has been there so long that we no longer recognize it—its cause or its cure. We just get more and more self-sufficient. We're all grown up. We don't need Mother any more. But we keep on looking for mothering. The TV is Mother—the violence, loud

commercials, soap operas, personality parades, talk and more talk never arriving at the truth, and sex of every conceivable configuration. Is this our escape as we sit hour by hour in our silent screaming for Mother? "Mother, look at me, talk to me! Do something! Anything! If you won't praise me when I'm good, then at least spank me when I'm bad. But don't hate me. Mother, please don't leave me alone."

Affair after affair, unfulfilled love, preoccupations with sex, her body, her sacred force in both man and woman—all of these are abortive attempts to get to, and even control, the elusive goddess. And what of abortion? And who is really aborted—child or mother? Is it the anticlimax of the love-hate relationship with the one we really love, who, no matter what we do, won't love us, won't need us, won't notice us—or so it seems.

The computer is Mother, but the alien is also Mother. And fascination with horror, cataclysm and the superhuman, supermaddening intergalactic wars between the personae of good and evil becomes the inversion of our quest for Mother. And when she doesn't come and doesn't come, or so it seems, we see a nation in the act of national suicide, in utter despondence. Or is it in ultimate revenge against her?

Yes, we need the Divine Mother. Oh, how we need her! We need her as much if not more than we need the Divine Father because we know that she is the one who will teach us all about him. Without her, we fear to approach his throne. But approach it we must. Where is Mother!

When Mother comes—and when she does, she tells us she's been there always in love—she is teacher. Preeminently, eminently, Mother is the Knower and the known.

First she reassures us in the deepest levels of our psyche that our Father-Mother is one and that our souls were created out of the union of the sacred fire, Alpha and Omega, in the Great Central Sun. She soothes us and dissolves our disquietude with the assur-

ance that our Father and our Mother are indeed one and in love.

She shows us their love in a cosmic panorama—the turning of worlds within and without, and everywhere the multiplication of life by their Word that went forth. This love interchange of the cosmic lovers is light, scintillating light, that ripples across the warp and woof of the whole creation and seals our souls in the Cosmic Egg. Mother gives us the peace that passeth all understanding by sharing with us our origin and the experience of our soul's immaculate conception in the fiery core of universal being.

She teaches us that long, long ago by free will we spiraled far, far away from the hub of life and that we decelerated into time and space dimensions worlds apart, suspended in random freedom in the cosmic womb. In our experiments with energy, we crystallized universes and compartments of consciousness—until the memory of their love and of our souls cradled in its sacred fires became distorted, distended and finally disintegrated.

In the midst of outer oblivion, our only clue is the inner longing quickened by the inner soul memory that once we were one in love.

It is Mother Mary, bright beatific daughter of God, who reconnects our souls to the umbilical cord of the Cosmic Virgin. And the rhythm of her life, pulsing life, is once more our own. Mother Mary is the nearest and most dear incarnation of the Virgin that we know. Through her, we get to her. She is her messenger, the form of her formlessness, the presence of her elusive all-pervasiveness.

Mother Mary, by the grace of her soul's initiations under the Cosmic Virgin, is the one anointed by God to bear to us the Christ in the person of Jesus, the Son. She comes today to teach us how we, too, can receive him into our hearts as the Real Person of our soul. She teaches us how to listen to the still small voice of the Word as he speaks to us in our hearts. And by and by, she explains the mystery of the indwelling Christ.

It is she who tells us of the Son and his redemptive spirit. She teaches us that we are God's beloved children and that through our love of his Son, whom he made her own, we can become the sons and daughters of God and that when we obey his commandments, the Father and the Son will love us tenderly and come unto us and make their abode with us. She is our teacher until we know him as the teacher. But even then, she keeps the vigil of our communion with the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit.

She is the guardian of our enlightenment. She knows us better than we know ourselves. She knows our weaknesses and our worries. She listens as we recount our problems. She helps us measure them against the mountains and the stars. She shows us the nonpermanence of time and space and all that's in it. She makes life beautiful, full and joyous—here and now.

She is priestess at the altar of our heart, tending the sacred fires of the Trinity. She shows us how to bow before the Lord's Spirit, the Comforter sent by the Father and the Son to teach us of a practical self-giving love. Through her we recognize the person who will make us remember all the things the Son taught us when he was with us on earth and when we were with him in heaven.

Even before Abraham was born, he taught us the name I AM and revealed our true being in him. And just before our last parting at Golgotha and then at Bethany, he told us again the name of the Father, I AM THAT I AM, even the name behind that name. And he revealed to us the Word and the great mystery of its incarnation in him. Then he unveiled the truth that "where I AM—in consciousness, in attainment, in love—there ye may be also."

The Mother reminds us that we might do the works that he did and greater works. She, the bride of the Holy Spirit, stands with the Comforter as he explains that through loving obedience to the Father and the wise living of our lives and the giving of our-

selves to the Son in one another, the promise of our inheritance will be fulfilled.

Sometimes when we've disobeyed him and we want to run and hide, she takes us by the hand and assures us that we can face him, receive his chastening love and bravely accept the discipline our souls really need and want. Then by and by when we pass the many testings of our love by their love, she promises us that the Son will ignite the flame of his Christ consciousness in our hearts, making it our very own.

We will then no more be children, but we will be Sons of God and heirs with him of the inner light. And it is Mother who teaches us the path, step-by-step, which leads to this reunion of our soul first with the Father through the Son, second with the Holy Spirit through the Son, and third with the company of saints who have already achieved that union, whether in heaven or on earth.

Our Mother will not leave us—no, she will not leave us alone—until our course is set, the lines of victory crystal clear and we are strong enough, wearing the mantle of her, of him, to meet the challenge of life and win.

John bore record of her appearance, the Woman clothed with the Sun, along with the "great red dragon" in the twelfth chapter of the Book of Revelation. According to the cosmic clock, she emerges at the threshold of consciousness at the hour of Aquarius. At the end of the two-thousand-year Piscean dispensation of Jesus Christ, she comes to give birth to the Manchild within us all. Her defender is Michael the archangel, who defeats the dragon, the Fallen One, and casts him and his angels out of heaven into the earth. There they continue "to make war with the remnant of her seed, which keep the commandments of God and have the testimony of Jesus Christ."

The Manchild, O children of the Woman, is the individual Christ consciousness. And she is in the process of giving birth to

this Christ Child within your soul. Being with this Child, she cries, travailing in birth, and is in pain to be delivered. We are living in the moment of her birthing, our birthing. And it is we who are being born into our Higher Self.

The dragon is standing by, ready to devour her Child as soon as it is born within us. His seed who inhabit the earth today are the tares which the enemy has sown among the wheat. They are the children of the wicked one. They vehemently oppose on every frontier of consciousness the coming of age of the Woman in both male and female and the coming of age of her Manchild within every soul born of God. This opposition is manifesting as the subtle serpent with his false logic of the sufficiency of human solutions to human problems without the Presence or the Person of the Son of God.

Today our conceptions of life are so colored by this force of Antichrist, this force that is "anti" the light in you and me, that we are quite often outraged by the truth which the Mother brings, until she exorcises the rage implanted in the recesses of the collective unconscious by the offspring of the wicked one.

They are the raging rebels against life who dance their do-it-yourself death dance, entrancing our youth into deeper and deeper levels of a self-hypnotized death. Their death is so insidious because it is so gradual, a slipping away from selfhood while the body and the surface senses are still in motion. It is a death of awareness, of sensitivity to life—of the will to be. Their hatred of the Virgin is so virulent that they daily make a spectacle of sweet death, sugarcoated death. No more the free choice—life or death. Life is no longer real. The only choice is what color, what flavor death.

We watch as little children are lured to drugs, to violence, horror, hatred, war, murder and suicide. These fill the vacuum of boredom that a sort of existence has become without the personal equation of the Mother. Now we see the imagination of some

men's hearts as it was in the days of Noah is "only evil continually." We watch as even the educated are magnetized into the glamour of the self-destructive subculture of the seed of the wicked as they march single file, like robot ants, to the Last Judgment and the second death.

They know their time is short. They seek whom they may devour. They sing their songs about coming from hell and going to hell and taking America with them by revolution, rock and drugs. So goes the madness of their lurid logic. And no one seems to know it is they who are the unreal.

They are the loud illusion, ghosts of their former time and space, spending their last energy on radical inverse, perverse, obsessive departures from the rhythm of life that is the order and geometry of a cosmos—the cosmos that is us, that we make up, that we're made out of. And so their violations of the law of love are against us personally, not just against the impersonal "them."

"He that is not for me—the cosmos that I AM—is against me. When any part of the One suffers, it is I who suffer." So says our Mother. So say we, when we are a part of her, no longer apart. Therefore we mobilize to exorcise the cancer of self-apartness that is eating away at the body of God—of us children.

But, alarmingly, a larger and larger segment of our society is anesthetized by the subliminal permeation of noise and nihilism and perhaps psychopolitical as well as chemical warfare where perceptions of the Real and the unreal in good and evil are altered drastically and people fear the enemy without, not knowing he is within. And anxiety itself becomes the syndrome of a society in inertia, afraid to grow—though well aware that that which ceases to grow ceases to be—afraid to live and afraid to die.

She comes, the Saviouress, to rescue us from the downward spiral of the degradation of the age. Let us hear her call and give answer before it is too late! Too late and the eyes of our souls can no longer meet her tender eyes.

Mother Mary, archetype of the Woman, has taught me this and much more concerning her Fátima prophecy, but her message is terribly hard to bear and very unpopular. It is nevertheless true.

Mother Mary could not teach me until I would recognize her as teacher—and listen. But how could I recognize her, seeing I did not know her—seeing all my life I heard only hatred of her name and ignorance or a malicious neglect of her office both human and divine. With all of the anti-Catholic, anti-Mary prejudice drilled into me since childhood by a fanatical fear, unbelievable, how would I recognize the one who was the key to Mother?

There was only one way it could have happened, and it did—by conversion. I was converted to the Mother by Mary.

I was in Boston finishing my degree in political science at Boston University and preparing to go to Washington, D.C., to serve the ascended masters. But before I left that city, I was to have one of the most important experiences—if not the most important—on the Path. It taught me more about myself than years of philosophy or logic or psychology and the best instructors.

I realized that I had had a prejudice imposed upon me since childhood that I had never challenged and never reasoned through for myself. Like anything that we are taught and we accept early in life, it was just there growing inside of me. Childhood indoctrinations can become such a blindness, such a blight on the natural unfoldment of our souls! Sometimes they are so entrenched that often we do not break the stranglehold of our prejudices for decades or even in a given lifetime.

I had always received much comfort in Catholic churches. While I was studying in Europe, I made a pilgrimage to the Catholic cathedrals. But I still believed, as I had been told, that Catholics worshiped idols, that Mother Mary was some sort of a goddess that allowed herself to be called the “Mother of God” and other such things. I thought people worshiped her person in place of God. I didn’t understand why you needed to go through

Mary to get to Jesus to get to God. And I was taught that people made her equal with or even greater than Jesus Christ or Almighty God himself.

I found myself reacting with intense feelings to the images and icons of Mother Mary all over Boston. One in particular was a huge mural which covered the wall of the subway I took to BU every day, bearing the title "Queen of the Universe." If she was so great, why did she allow this blasphemy! I was angry with her. With all of the other problems that made for division and confusion in Christendom, why didn't she come down and straighten this one out! I guess I was disturbed only because deep down inside of me I really loved her, and I wanted to know her as she was, as she is and not as others had portrayed her to me.

But even in my willfulness and independence, God had been showing me little by little how utterly and totally inadequate my subjective awareness was, that I really could not in any way expect to be found acceptable as an offering to him or even be found in his likeness without someone else who had already come into that close relationship.

In other words, I was being shown and I was coming to accept, with a newfound humility and patience, that I desperately needed a teacher. The Path has cardinal principles, it has initiations, it has teachings, and these we put on and wear like a garment, cycle by cycle. We can go only so far in preparing ourselves for the coming of the King. Then, because we do not see ourselves as we are, we need another, wiser than ourselves, to tell us how to trim our lamps.

So God had answered my call and sent Mark to me, the teacher who was to become my husband and beloved co-worker on the Path. He was the visible sign of the heretofore invisible ascended masters. Through him I first heard the Word of the Lord delivered by Archangel Michael in the full fire of the Holy Spirit. Through him I found El Morya (the beloved Saint Thomas More).

A truer friend no soul has ever known. Even my search for Saint Germain (Saint Joseph) was ended.

That sunny day in Boston I was in the joy of the Presence of God, the hosts of the Lord, the holy angels! They were real. They were moving among us to help us in this "time of trouble" that Daniel foresaw. There was hope, much hope in my heart for the world. Confident in the Lord, I was walking, fairly skipping, along the sidewalk in the middle of crowds and traffic on a lunch hour, praying and talking to God in joyous realization of his servant sons and daughters, the ascended masters. I had found what I had been looking for. Yet, though I really didn't know it fully, one thing was lacking—one area of my life was still a void. It was in this state of my unawareness, my ignorance and, yes, I do confess, my conscious/unconscious programmed hostility toward Mary that she found me.

All of a sudden I looked up—and there she was! I was face-to-face with the Blessed Mother. I saw very clearly, for the first time in my life, the beautiful Mary, a being of great light. A charge of light and indescribable joy passed through my body, traveling like a loop of electricity from my head to my feet and back again.

I remember the exact place in the pavement where I was stopped—transfixed, transformed. She had the face of a young maiden, a daughter of God. She was Michelangelo's *La Pietà*—alive and well and glorious. I saw her at once as Mary, the Woman of the age, and as the light emanation of a greater light. She was clothed with the Sun behind the sun. Her immaculate heart was on fire with an energy that she transmitted at will to me, to anyone. It was clear that she was the one whose pure devotion to the Father was a crystal stream whose issue was the Son, Jesus Christ.

There she was before me, the most transcendent and lovely young woman, full of grace and truth and beauty and integrity. She looked like a young girl you would see in this century, suspended above and before me, as real as you are, as real as I am.

She was someone you could invite into your kitchen to have a cup of tea, someone you could talk to about anything. She was someone just like me except in another dimension. Except she really wasn't quite like me. She was something much much more. Her Presence was resplendent with the light she had adored and become. It was evident that by her meditation upon the macrocosm, she had become something of a cosmos all her own. She had entered into and consciously become a part of life, infinity, that I had not. She had realized a greater portion of the Self than most of earth's evolutions had any idea was there to be realized.

There was enough of her (the divine part) in me and enough of me (the human part) in her that I knew that whatever she had done to become what she was, I could do it too—if she would show me the way. I knew this truth because her Presence communicated it to me. Her Presence was one of possibilities, infinite possibilities, not just for me but for all women—and for men as well. Her very person said, "I AM what I AM because the Son of God is born in me. He can be born in you physically/spiritually, symbolically/actually. And when he is, you will know the same I AM Presence where you are...the works that I do shall ye do also, and greater works."

I wanted to be like her, and I knew that I could if I embraced her and her path. Mother Mary was not just Mother Mary! She was Mother Mary *and* the Spirit of the Lord, who was with her and in her. What's more, she was the teacher—someone who had walked the earth and successfully overcome the trials and tribulations of her time and her space and ascended (accelerated the light of her soul) unto her Father and my Father, her God and my God. She was someone who had understood God as Mother uniquely as no other woman had ever done. She was someone who could teach me how to be me, how to be woman, how to be one with God, as Mother.

Today Mother Mary represents to me one among many of the

hosts of the Lord who are feminine beings—personifications, exemplifications of God as Mother. She is one of the ascended masters who has realized the self as Mother, who has taken that Mother energy to its logical conclusion, who has reunited with the Trinity and, by her own consciousness of God, brought forth the avatar of the age, Jesus Christ.

The love of her heart poured out to me. It melted my soul, my self. In the presence of her immense compassion, I was being wrapped in the swaddling garment of her understanding. She knew my sin and understood it. There was an exchange. She took my sin and consumed it in the sacred fire of her heart. She gave me her understanding. By her wisdom I was made whole. In that instant I realized that I had loved her, the real Mother Mary, forever.

Mother Mary was my friend. In my inner soul, I had always loved her, but my outer mind had been programmed. How could such a dichotomy exist in one person? I realized that I had accepted into my being, if for a moment or for an hour, the same hatred that was abroad in the world for the Mother of Christ. As it is the power of 'anti-Christ' that denies the Son of God within us, Mother Mary explains that it is the hatred of Mother, or 'anti-Mother', that denies the source of that Christ consciousness in all. That denial effectively closes off to the children of this generation the rising fountain of purity that is the Mother light within their own temples.

All of that unreal overlay from earlier years dropped from me, and I saw her in all of her beauty and radiance and love and utter humility before God and before his light burning in my own being, however imperfect. I felt ashamed that I had allowed myself to be shrouded in the world's death consciousness covering the Mother. And I thought, what other brainwashing have you accepted because it is the way of the world? Think of it! All of this you have taken in from other people, contrary to your truest feelings, and from people who have set themselves up as authorities

in matters of the soul in the sanctity of its communion with the Spirit. This you were willing to accept without literally going to the fount of life and demanding your own empirical, scientifically spiritual proof when life as God, as Mother was so ready and willing to reveal itself to you!

I became so enamored with Mother Mary that I didn't walk, I *ran* to the nearest Catholic church! I went down the aisle. I knelt before her statue in full awareness that I was kneeling before a representation of the Divine Mother. I was worshipping neither the statue nor Mother Mary. I was bowing to the light within her, the light of the one God that had manifest itself to me in the Person of that Mother whom Mary had become. I acknowledged her as teacher because she was the example.

I called to her and to God the Father, whose daughter she is, for forgiveness. I called to God the Son, whose Mother she was, for forgiveness. And I called to God the Holy Spirit, whose bride her soul had become, for forgiveness. It was all too clear—to offend the Mother was to offend the Trinity. No wonder the world was in such a shambles! No wonder the Antichrist and the Dragon were in such prominence!

I could feel her love flowing to me and her forgiveness dissolving all misunderstanding. In that moment, I gave her my life. And I knew I was giving myself to God in her, to the God she adored, who has assumed her soul into his Spirit in the blessed initiation of the assumption.

I gave my life to the light in her heart—"that was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." I reconsecrated my life to the one God in manifold expressions in his sons and daughters. Now I knew another magnificent expression, one who by free will had made his image her own. It was perfectly clear that in the being whom I saw, the image of Christ had been magnified in her heart until his image was reflected not only in her Son but also in her radiant soul.

And I said, "Mother Mary, forgive me! forgive me! forgive me! and let me be your instrument. Let me go where you lead and let me nourish your children. Let me mother life and set life free. Let me be your hands and feet. Let me be your heart and your temple. And let me serve your children, minister to them and bring comfort to life. Here, take my temple! Let me go and find your children and give to them your love and light and your understanding. Use me. I am your daughter. My life is yours and I will go forth to defend your children." I felt her love, I felt her forgiveness, and I had a newfound Mother.

Mother Mary has been a part of my desiring God and seeking God all these years. I felt that, like Saul, I had been blinded by the deadly beast of religious bigotry, which allowed me to despise another part of God, a most sacred part of God, through an educated self-righteousness. My conversion was, through her blessed intercession, the healing of my soul by the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit. Through her, the 'blinding' light transmuted my other blindness and I was reconciled to all three.

To see her was to love her. She held up no barriers to herself. She allowed me to love her. She gave herself to me. She beckoned me to enter her meditation upon the Son. In so doing, I entered the upper room of her consciousness. I became one with her.

As she offered her exalted state to me, I offered my lowly estate to her. I knew I had something to give her, the one thing she did not have—a physical body, a mind, a heart, a soul to magnify the Lord on earth and to magnify her heavenly presence. I would witness. I would tell her story. I would challenge the ignorance and the malice heaped upon her blessed name and person. And whatever she told me to do, I would do it gladly.

How else than by just words and deeds does one right the wrong of so grave an injustice? Though God forgave me fully in that hour, I had to go and search out the people I had erroneously influenced by my error. And what of other millions yet suffering

from the fraudulent claims of the false ones? Denying the children of God access to the Mother, they had cleverly denied them access to her Son. The hatred of Mother Mary was the hatred of the womb that bore him to us. If the Father had so venerated her, surely our failure to do the same was an offense to him.

Yes, I became one with Mother Mary. And in the years since then, I have communed with her heart and her soul. She is immense—as immense as the universe her consciousness fills. Yes, to me she is my Queen of queens and the Queen of the Universe, gladly. Her power is the power God gives her. And she gives it freely to all who acknowledge her service in love, to all who give adoration to the Mother, God as Mother, through her sacred name. It was a conversion complete that has never left me, nor has the intensity of the moment of her love to me and my promise to her.

When I speak of conversion, I speak of entering into communion with God, perhaps with one of his saints, East or West, or a communion with his light, his Presence. Conversion is more than an intellectual apprehension or an emotional experience. It is entering into a spiral of energy, of being and then becoming that spiral, that energy, that being. In a real conversion experience, we find that all of our own consciousness and energy has been truly converted, or “turned around,” to flow with the movement, with the direction of that consciousness of God, whom we have contacted in one of his emissaries.

So many of us have taken our inspiration from people who have lived among us or from those who have lived in the past and not necessarily from those who have entered into God consciousness. Today, as never before, there is a door that is opened in heaven and we can take our inspiration from the true saints of the inner Church, East and West. I call them, and they call themselves, ascended masters. Because they have passed their tests in earth’s schoolroom under the master teacher Christ Jesus. Because they have become one with him. Because he has given to them the

mantle of his soul's mastery. Because, by his grace, they have ascended to his Presence. Because he has fulfilled his promise to them:

If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him....

Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee: as thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him....

That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us....That they may be one, even as we are one: I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one....

Yes, the ascended masters are the saints who have kept the sayings of Jesus Christ. In them his Word is fulfilled: "If a man keep my saying, he shall never see death."

And so I was liberated, by the intercession of the Mother, from one of those pockets of hatred. And a freeing of my energy came about through the freeing of my thoughts and feelings, both conscious and subconscious. Ever since that moment, I have felt the Presence of Mother Mary with me, teaching me what it means to be Mother, to be willing to take up the responsibility that is upon all women to be guardians of the flame of the Trinity in our husbands and our children, in our communities and our nations.

I believe there is no liberation for any woman without the confession that Mary became one with God as Mother and, because she did and she is showing us how, we can also. If I can't see the Mother light in her and in her Son, how can I expect to see it in myself or in my family?

Mary tells us, "This is the age of the liberation of woman. This is the age of the coming into awareness of God the Mother. I am

simply a pioneer, a wayshower going before you to show you that what I have become, you also can become. Whatever you see in me of God, I have realized so that every son and daughter, through this Mother light, this Mother energy, can own the full potential of God-awareness. As I have been called the Mother of God, the one who gives birth to his Son on earth, it is that you also might do the same."

To 'mother' God is to nourish the life of God on earth in Matter, in embodiment, here in time and space. And this is our calling as sons and daughters of God. And when we realize the Self as Mother, we too will mother the flame of life—first on the altar of the temple of being and then in one another—to give succor and teaching and service and help to other parts of life who are in need, greatly in need of Mother.

We can't go any further on the spiritual path unless we have a reconciliation with our own Inner Self as Mother, God as Mother within us, the World Mother, and then God as Mother in many saints who have gone on to realize the Self through that Mother flame, not the least of whom is Mother Mary. The understanding of Mother is the liberation of the creative feminine beauty, the aspiration, the energy within us that is a white light of purity. It is a moving stream of consciousness.

The Hindus have meditated upon Mother and called her the Goddess Kundalini, describing her as the white light, or the coiled serpent, that rises from the base of the spine to the crown, activating levels of cosmic consciousness in each of the chakras (spiritual centers) through which it passes along the way. In this world, the souls of men and women alike are intended to realize the Self as Mother by raising up this sacred fire, called the 'Kundalini'—after the Goddess.

In the caduceus, its threefold energies are seen as a staff with two entwined snakes. It is a spiritual energy which, impelled by our adoration of the light who is God, travels from the spiritual

center that corresponds with the base of the spine (Muladhara) to the spiritual center that corresponds with the top of the head, or crown (Sahasrara). The key to unlock this energy, which we all need for the consummation of wholeness within ourselves, is the adoration of the Mother, God as Mother—that portion of himself that is feminine which he has placed in every part of life. The Hindus have called her the divine Shakti—the Great Counterpart, the Conscious Force, of the Trinity. She is known by several names denoting her several offices, functions, aspects, in relation to the Persons of the Godhead: Maheshwari, Mahakali, Mahalakshmi, Mahasarasvati—Wisdom, Strength, Harmony, Perfection.

Nature (Prakriti) is Mother, a manifestation of the Motherhood of God, mothering every creature through the extensions of herself in the beings of the elements, fire, air, water and earth. Even the entire Matter universe is Mother—a womb of time and space and energy where we are in gestation until the fullness of our cycle is come and we enter 'cosmic consciousness'.

And so when we say, "Hail Mary!" it means "Hail, Mother ray!" We are greeting the Woman clothed with the Sun, the feminine principle of the Godhead, whom we know and love surely and above all in the beautiful Mother of Christ but who is also resident, though dormant, in man, in woman and as the light in our innermost being. The white sphere of the Mother is sealed in the sacral, or sacred, base chakra until we love her enough to magnetize her—to actually coax her to mount the spiral staircase and rendezvous with our souls in our very heart of hearts. Here in the Holy of holies, we recite with her,

Hail, Mary, full of grace. The Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.

Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us, sons and daughters of God, now and at the hour of our victory over sin, disease, and death.

We enthrone her as our beloved Mother and she reunites us with the Trinity, the threefold flame of life. She takes us by the hand and leads us all the way to the summit of Being, the crown of crowns where God is All-in-all.

Mother Mary has assured me that the path of Kundalini yoga is indeed a part of Western tradition. And this is why she appeared to several of the saints with the safe and sound method of raising the Mother light through the rosary. This is why the saints have been portrayed with a white light upon their heads—because they have opened their crown chakras and entered into direct oneness with the I AM Presence. They have entered into the bliss of God.

The great mystics of the Western church have written down their experiences with this beloved God and their souls' 'coming in' and 'going out' of that Presence. We know that the great lights such as Saint John of the Cross and Saint Thérèse of Lisieux and Padre Pio have all had this inner experience, so filled with the divine passion, the bliss of the beloved as to defy comprehension by those who interpret the signs of the cross as mere martyrdom.

In the ritual of the rosary, wherein we always contemplate the mission of the Son in sacred scripture, we are guarded from the abuses of 'forcing' the chakras (in the violent taking of heaven by force about which Jesus warned) by the angels of the Trinity and the Mother. Only pure motive for the very love of God and our service to his children, not self-glory, should impel the love of Mother upward, onward, carrying our soul to the bliss of reunion.

Some false teachers have gone forth to wreak havoc among the children of this generation with their false teachings on the Mother light. They have presumed to teach Kundalini yoga without the anointing of the Trinity without the aegis of the Mother. They have taught it as a psychic phenomenon and left their all-too-trusting victims vulnerable to the dangers of the premature and uncontrolled release of this all-power of the Mother. Insanity, sexual obsession, demon possession and serious emotional and

psychological disorders have left many frightened and turned off to the real path of Mother through their encounters with the self-styled gurus.

But after all of this, the Mother still reminds us of the words of her Son, "I will not leave you comfortless," and she comes to us with the Person of the Comforter to teach us the right way, the light way, that both Jesus and Gautama used to attain the victory that is ours to win—divine Selfhood through the adoration of the Mother flame.

So I have become a student of this Mother ray and this Mother energy. I have identified with it so much that some people have called me "Mother." It's a simple title, one of respectful regard, as you would call a Catholic priest "Father" or the head of a convent the "Mother Superior." It doesn't mean anything more than that. It doesn't mean that I'm exalted. It means that I am exalting God within me as Mother every hour. That is the path of my devotion.

The devotion to the Mother is the understanding that in the Aquarian age, when we raise up this light by pure love to the Mother—(1) as person (in God and in his emissaries) and (2) as principle (the mathematics, the science and the energy of the Kundalini)—then we will experience the quickening of our own Real Selfhood.

Then we will have the answers to the fundamental questions of who is this God the Father? And who are we as his sons and daughters? Who is this God the Son? And who are we, male and female, as his father and his mother? Who is this God the Holy Spirit? And what is this soul within us, man or woman, who longs to be his bride?

This book is a compelling message to all who, having been through these turbulent soul-searching decades, still have the courage to seek her and to know her as she is. Mother Mary reveals the Mother in her New Age teaching and in her New Age

rosary. First she teaches the path of wisdom through the enlightened self-knowledge of the Son, and second she teaches the path of love through devotion to the Trinity by way of the Sacred Heart of Mother in the daily giving of the rosary.

Try it. It worked for me. And she tells me, with faith it won't fail to work for you.

Elizabeth Clare Prophet

