

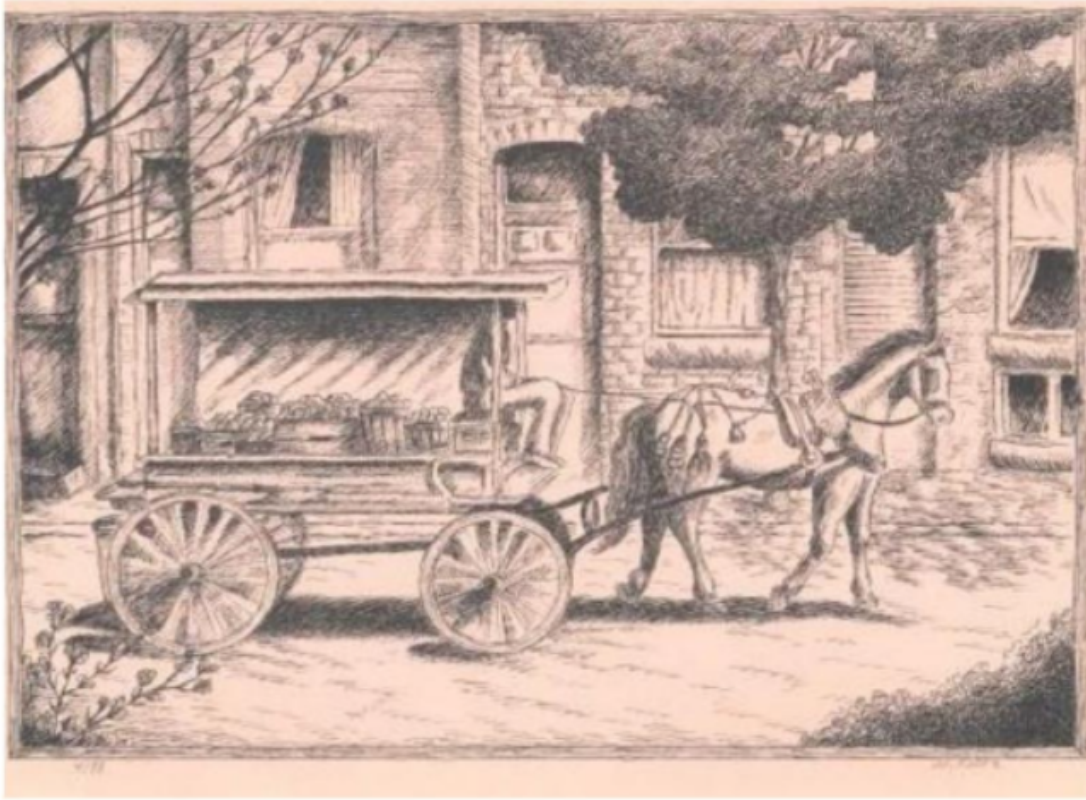
# *Intuitive Meetings*

*Within Anthroposophy*



*Martha Keltz*

*A Studio Editions Publication*



Intuitive Meetings, Within Anthroposophy

Including Illustrations from 1988 to 2014

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Above: Baltimore City Wagon, April 1988

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On Issuu: Verse, and Verse Revelation, Martha Keltz

## *Intuitive Meetings*

### *Preface*

*Intuitive Meetings* was originally subtitled Books I and II, as increasing depth of understanding was gradually attained over time, largely through the group work that extended from approximately 2007 to 2014. Book II, now subtitled *Toward Three Decisions*, was written in 2009, and begins on page 39. This 2020 *spiritual memoir* has some clarifications and additions, and it includes seven illustrations by the author and one photograph.

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The spiritual experiences and events that are here described twice (in Book I and II) began on December 4, 1981 and continued at a very high level of intensity until Christmas day. The regularity and intensity of the meetings diminished only slightly over a period of months and then years after that time, with significant subsiding - never ceasing altogether - between the years 1997 and 2005. Outer life with its many economic challenges and struggles continued on normally. There had also been, between the years 1991 and 1999, a disciplined creative outpouring that produced three trilogies of dramas, as well as an adaptation for stage in 1993 of *The Chymical Wedding of Christian Rosenkreutz*. I did sense at times the *Inspirative* source of the trilogies, the *Loving Presence*. What causes awareness of the Presence that leads to the intuitive meetings? It is the unmistakable Presence of a Loving Being, a great friend, a source of Warmth, Love and Light. The Presence, the smile, causes a sunrise in the heart on a

cold, grey day. The Presence is also aware, serious, purposeful, punctual, precise, and often humorous. In the early days there was a sense of urgency, of deep significance, a sense that certain deeds, certain tasks, were essential; failure was unthinkable, the consequences would be dire. This period of my life reminded me of what is esoterically termed the "trial by air," for, having freely decided to cooperate, every action, decision and transition in the outer world was strictly determined inwardly. There was no outside motive or factor whatsoever. This "trial by air" was especially intense between the years 1982 and 1985. The events that occurred during these three years were absolutely critical. Again, there was the sense that they *had* to occur, no matter how inexplicable or insignificant they seemed outwardly.

When it was finally time to share these experiences with others, when this could no longer be denied, the sense of seriousness, purposefulness and unbelievable preciseness and accuracy in communication on the part of the Loving Presence again intensified, resulting in the cooperative work of this book, a new trilogy of dramas and an article. "Cooperative" means that hard work, fully conscious mental and spiritual advancement, and exertion of will were asked of me. The Presence at all times wants to be met at least halfway. This book has been revised from last September's first edition, 2005, because my understanding has increased since then and because the first version was somewhat inhibited by a necessary process of "re-acquaintance," the meetings having subsided between the years 1997 and 2005. There was, however, an important meeting during December 2004, as though "fore-lighting" what would occur the following summer. The reader will please understand that this book is an ongoing process; that the author is open to suggestions for improvements or greater clarity, and that questions are invited. It is extremely difficult to write objectively not only about one's life - with the use of the personal pronoun "I" - but especially of the spiritual

experiences that have pervaded that life.

Initially I considered writing this book without revealing the identity of the *Individuality* in these experiences, Rudolf Steiner, imagining this would somehow offend Anthroposophists, but early on that proved totally unworkable. I would like to stress that the Being described in this book, however inadequately, is the *Individuality* who was known as Rudolf Steiner. Although this cannot be adequately explained, neither can it be denied. One Anthroposophist in the early days with whom I shared some of these experiences asserted that this simply could not be the individuality; I could not possibly have any connection with Rudolf Steiner; this must be "the etheric body" of Rudolf Steiner. Or, said this Anthroposophist reverently, this was actually *The Christ*. The Presence, however, indicated to me over time that he is *of Christ, a servant of Christ, a fount of Christ*.

From this point on, the Being of Rudolf Steiner will be referred to with the initials RS. Rudolf Steiner is no longer his name; he considers this a name that is in his past. Historically, of course, the name will remain for all time.

The methods of "communication" that were – and continue to be – used are of at least three kinds: Imagination, Inspiration and Intuition. These words are English translations of RS's German and are defined in a way somewhat dissimilar to my *American Heritage Dictionary* definition. They barely begin to describe the true nature, the reality of the experiences - for how can the experience of *Overwhelming Love* be described? - but they do offer some guidelines, especially for retrospective understanding.

Imagination – pictures, signs, symbols, words, sentences, ideas and thoughts that arise from within, ideally without external reference.

Inspiration – knowledge of the processes of how Imaginations and Intuitions occur. Thoughts and ideas *inspired*, through air, through breathing.

Intuition – perception of the spiritual in the external world. Merging with the being of the other. It may be helpful to add cosmic consciousness; macrocosm and microcosm; immediate cognition or knowing; time present becomes the eternal now; realization of how thoughts and deeds affect the external world.

### *America*

Running throughout the narrative there will be a secondary theme: America and the American spirit. The spiritual aspirant in America will have encounters early on with the powerful “folk soul” or “national spirit” of America, who will admonish the aspirant not to bypass it, but to serve it. At any rate, this happened to me, although there was not full awareness of these encounters, or of the necessity for service, until recently. These were largely unconscious processes. The processes still tend strongly to remain subconscious, because an important aspect of the North American spirit is geographic; sub-earthly. This spirit is multi-faceted. Since the national spirit is on the level of an Archangel, a direct encounter with full consciousness would be extremely difficult, even dangerous. How influential is the national or folk spirit? RS has said that we cannot even breathe without breathing in the national spirit. Clearly, RS has exerted some remarkable influence with the national spirit of America in order for his work in America to be possible, perhaps through Michael. *And I have served* - partly through an unusual youth that connected me with a military family of World War II, with all of its consequences. This is described in the historic/autobiographical book, *American Lives*,

*War and the Quest*, available online at [www.tcpubs.com](http://www.tcpubs.com). Contemporary American lives are incredibly complex, contradictory and diverse; North America offers an unbelievable wealth of opportunity for character growth and personal development, with unprecedented freedom, tolerance and mobility.

A final note: all the experiences and events that occurred, beginning from December 4, 1981, were prepared for well in advance, so the narrative begins in 1972, and sometimes goes back even earlier in time.

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It was in 1972 at the age of thirty that I had an opportunity to take a year off. A space of time was needed to decide what directions outer life and the playwriting and theater work should take. At the time I was married, although the ten-year marriage ended in December of 1979. As well, certain spiritual awakenings had occurred and meditation became a daily practice. Naturally the imaginative experiences of this time were immature and imperfect. I had not stepped onto any serious path and did not even know of any. Nevertheless, signs and symbols significant for the future emerged: visions of the four horsemen (*Revelation*), especially the red and the white horses; the flying white horse Pegasus and the unicorn. According to the dictionary, the unicorn is of the constellation Monoceros, and Pegasus, with a stroke of his hoof, caused the fountain Hippocrene to spring forth from Mount Helicon. The Mount was held sacred to the Muses and regarded as a source of poetic inspiration. These imaginative visions appeared inwardly as color pictures, moving as though alive, Pegasus flying, the unicorn turning to nod at me. I recognized many experiences from this time as artists' visions and did not regard them as having deep spiritual significance. They proved to

be keys or symbols, fragments of a greater picture or panorama that unfolded in the future.

"Carl" was another matter altogether.

Having read a motley collection of old paperback books on occultism and psychic phenomena as well as some recent publications, I decided to see whether I too might have a "Spirit Guide" and whether there might be any possibility of communication. After a certain amount of trial and error, a Being began to emerge. He appeared rather like a dramatic character would sometimes appear in the playwriting process, but there the similarity ended. He was a living Being separate from myself, and it took years of difficult self-analytical work to determine this. In 1972 he appeared youthful, perhaps in his twenties or early thirties, and he always appeared in *a dark suit*. I was never able to distinguish his features clearly, but he seemed to have rather long, straight and thick black hair. I was never particularly attracted to Eastern spirituality or "gurus," but there was something distinctly Eastern (India?) about him. Still, he was predominantly Western, because an Eastern guru would not have been acceptable to me. He usually stood with his arms folded serenely across his chest; that seemed a characteristic gesture. Eventually he came to be called "Carl," a name of some sort being necessary.

Sometime before the Carl "Spirit Guide" phenomena emerged, my husband David and I, with another friend, went to the meeting hall of a well-known spiritualist (in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida), whose name I do not recall. We went strictly out of curiosity. The hall was crowded, and we were sitting near the back. About half-way through the meeting the spiritualist pointed to me and said "I see that Dr. Steiner is with you. Dr. Steiner is by your side." Who was this "Dr. Steiner" she had referred to? None of us



had any idea who this "Dr. Steiner" was. I shrugged this off as inaccurate, but many years later remembered what the spiritualist had said.

There were at least three outstanding signs and symbols that came through Carl. He could sometimes be seen holding the spiral-shaped conch shell to his ear, listening to its sounds. The conch shell may have been related to some later playwriting work about John Keely (*Amplitude of Force*). Secondly, he wore a *ruby ring* on the third finger of his right hand. Third, he had a warm, radiant smile. It was "the Zarathustra smile, at which all the creatures of earth exalted and the spirits of evil fled." (From RS, *Paths of Experience*.) He was sweet and childlike by nature, never interfering with free will or outer life, but always near. Later, the significance of the year 1972 and the childlike nature of Carl will be touched upon.

Over a period of several years, I began to regard the Spirit Guide Carl as, alas, a stage to be outgrown. Less and less value was placed on psychic phenomena, such as Carl answering questions about the future for friends and acquaintances. For example, the most appropriate vocational direction based on past lives. Carl was exceptionally good at this and a number of predictions came true. Gradually, the search for answers to serious questions of existence began in earnest. Nevertheless, Carl - with his warm, loving smile - always remained near; he was always a source of comfort. Was Carl actually a "light being?" That is, a being sent or created by another, an aspect of the other sent as a sort of watcher or guardian? Who was the other? But there were no clear answers to the unending mystery of Carl, *except* his separateness, his independence from my own being. As noted, it took years of self-analysis to determine that separateness; I was not to be a victim of deception or self-deception.

In regard to the secondary theme of service to America, it is necessary to go back in time even further than 1972, to the late 1950's. While in high school I had developed an interest in great scientists and began reading about their lives. At home, I came across a retrospective newspaper article about the government trial against J. Robert Oppenheimer for "communist sympathies." As a result of this trial in 1953, his security clearance was revoked. This smacked of persecution to me and I checked some books about Oppenheimer out of the library. I could understand little of what I read and recall only quoted conversations among sophisticated adults who were habitual smokers and had dabbled in communism. Later I learned that the persecuted scientist had been largely responsible for the first nuclear weapon at Los Alamos, New Mexico, during World War II.

The fact had to be confronted that modern science was not noble, but horrendously destructive and tragic and that as a result of this "Manhattan Project," America and Americans were in serious trouble. Moreover, Russia also had the nuclear weapon. What could I do about this? What dramatists do. In 1968 I wrote and staged a short two-character play titled *Emmenberger*, a fictionalized and poetic depiction of the tragedy of the scientist, Oppenheimer. Later, this was re-written and re-titled *The Fountain*, and I realized that the child in the play, Grace, was actually a very early emergence of *Anthroposophia*, as a wise child, encountering scientific materialism in the person of *Emmenberger*. Such were the humble beginnings of a quest to serve America and spiritual science by someone who would not know she was an Anthroposophist until approximately seven years later.

In 1974 I came across the paperback book *Cosmic Memory*, by Rudolf Steiner, recognized the superior quality of the writing, and after a few starts and stops began a serious

study of Anthroposophy and Spiritual Science. By 1976 I was meditating on the “Seven Seals” of *Revelation* and had decided to set out upon the Christian esoteric path, for RS had pointed to the Christ, and re-awakening to this Being was like the inner sunrise of the heart that was earlier described. Yet I remained open to many other teachers, authors and ways, as something could be learned from everyone. Moreover, my husband David encouraged me to remain open to others, especially the teachings of Gurdjieff. David was not an Anthroposophist. The compass in the heart, however, was essential, so that the most important path would not be lost. In imagination, I drew Christian crosses into the palms of my hands; I imagined the crosses reddening, bleeding. Eventually, Anthroposophy proved to be the strongest factor that led to the end of the relationship and the marriage. There were other factors.

At about this time, what I knew as an “out of body” experience occurred during a nap at midday. In a vivid dream, I suddenly experienced the sensation of swinging back and forth widely, so I seized the opportunity and managed to swing up and out of the body from the top of the head. I then found myself fully conscious in the room of the apartment. All around me was solid, vivid, accurate and in accurate color. Out the window, however, the season was winter, and snow was on the ground, although the actual time was summer. Looking back at the physical body lying on the couch was not easy, and I saw that the head, oddly, was covered by a bright-green cloth. I went (floated?) over to the large mirror above the mantel of the old fireplace and waved at the exact image reflected in it. But those moments of joy and freedom were brief, for a being who was a duplicate of my physical self suddenly appeared to my left and gave me a piercing look. Later, I realized this was my *double* or *doppelganger*. This experience of being surrounded by three other selves became frightening and I woke up. Several years later the mystery of the green cloth was solved. I worked nights and sometimes

covered my eyes with a green towel in order to block out daylight and get some sleep. So I had seen an image of myself several years in the future and at very critical moments in time. The winter scene out the window also revealed that there is no time in the spiritual (astral) world or that the laws and conditions of "time" are much different. I believe that recognition of this reality would clear up many seeming discrepancies between spiritual revelations or communications and accounts given, determined or occurring chronologically in historic time. The only other consistent experience with the *doppelganger* I've had throughout my life is a loud noise and a rush of fear - especially upon awakening from sleep - as though an intruder had entered the room. The *double* thrives on fear and negativity. It also likes to whisper phrases from TV commercials into the ear as I go off to sleep at night, such as "cancer, heart attack, anxiety, restless legs." Such commercials play on fears in order to sell products. Other commercials use images that go directly into the subconscious mind, such as those for "Ambien," the sleep inducer. I counter with "life, love, truth, beauty, wisdom, piety, purity, warmth" and vow yet again to stop watching TV. But we do have to give the devil his due.

Another remarkable experience occurred during a "lucid dream." This is also described in my book *Secrets of Time* (TC Pubs, 2000, no longer available). I find myself wending "through the door, down the stairs and out onto the street, where so much appears to be going on it becomes difficult to remain lucid. Suddenly a stranger appears, a man dressed for a warm climate despite the fact that it is winter. He wears an amusing, casual hat, a loose, large shirt and Bermuda shorts. He says, 'I died on New Year's eve in a bar!' He attempts to communicate further, but contact is lost due to distractions and noises on the street as well as a sudden awakening. The vivid, unforgettable experience is conveyed to a good friend who then shares it with his mother a few weeks later. The

friend's mother lives in Miami, Florida and recognizes a neighbor in the description of the man in the Bermuda shorts. In fact, this neighbor had died suddenly on New Year's eve in a bar and restaurant in Ft. Lauderdale by choking to death on a piece of steak. The mother conveys this communication to the man's daughter, the one whom he was undoubtedly attempting to reach."

At an initial meeting with a study group (they were studying *The Gospel of John*, by Rudolf Steiner) a clear, vivid picture of a prism emitting colors and lights intruded for a second before the eye of my inner vision, blocking out the sight of those who were sitting around the table with their books. This related to events ten years in the future.

In many lucid dreams, I would set out to find Carl, hoping for a sort of face-to-face meeting. But he was never to be found. Other persons or beings in the dream would say "Carl is not here." "Carl is certainly not here!"

The years 1975 to 1981 were a time of intense, non-stop activity in theater, with back-to-back productions, including four of my full-length dramas. Our productions (pure experimental theater) ran weekends for a period of a month and were always reviewed by drama critics from PBS and the Baltimore newspapers. For close to two years, friends and myself even had a spiritual or "esoteric theater," and performances were in the hall of the Theosophical Society on North Charles Street. The society had recently purchased the old brownstone building they had rented for years. I had a small apartment not far from there, in the Mt. Vernon area of Baltimore, near Washington Square. Nothing could slow me down in those years, not even an emergency appendectomy in 1978. The wonderful, young surgeon at Mercy Hospital kindly tore up his bill and came to see our dramas. In addition to full-time involvement with

theater, I was working weekend nights at a city hospital, as an emergency room registrar.

I recall that the setting for one of our plays was a photography studio, and I purchased some old photographs at a thrift shop, only to discover the North Charles address stamped on the back of one. Seems there had once been a photography studio in the building. The friends at the Society were delighted by this. The circle of individuals who managed the Baltimore Theosophical Society were truly some of the warmest, kindest, most open-minded people I had ever met. In the years ahead, I would remember these friends and wish that I could have remained with them. Why were the Anthroposophists not like this? Theirs is often the solemn Christian commitment to the *other* through self-effacing service. That profound note of seriousness can override the relaxed warmth and confident ego expression we can sense in those less dedicated to the other or to the essential Michaelic purposes. "Working on one's self" in this age of the Consciousness Soul can loosen a negative aspect and exaggerate it. Gurdjieff warned his students not to stop the work of the "fourth way" too soon, as it might cause something of a permanent split or fragmentation of the personality. But some problems are of such a serious nature they can hardly be resolved by one personality, in one lifetime. The Anthroposophists surrounding Rudolf Steiner must have looked back with longing to the simpler, happier days of the Theosophical Society, but he told them that they could not just hold social teas in meeting rooms; they were to establish the new Michaelic Temple of Man on Earth, and he was to lead them.

Gradually the theater activities began to slow down. Friends in our group were approaching middle age, losing the fiery idealism and strength of their youth, and even giving in to the moral laxity of the late 1970's. Forces began to work against my dramas,

which were becoming increasingly spiritual, even Steiner-influenced. Imaginatively, I began seeing large “X”s on everything, on the Theosophical Society building, on hallways and doors, and on stages, curtains, lights, and programs. Naturally, these were interpreted as *stop* or *cease*. I began to slow down but was well-aware that my work was not completed; it had barely begun. By December 1981, David and I had been separated for two years. It had been an extremely difficult two years for both of us. We had gone back and forth, back and forth, in and out of a harmonious relationship. David would visit and encourage us to “work on ourselves” in the Gurdjieffian sense. Although David was the cause of our separation, he seemed as surprised by it as I was. Our ten-year marriage had been happy and fulfilling, but our paths had separated.

When the demanding production of the full-length drama *The Journey, A Play About Gurdjieff* was over, a space of time and solitude ensued for resting, resisting depression, determining new directions and, yes, studying and meditating. By this time I had nearly memorized Rudolf Steiner’s *Knowledge of the Higher Worlds and Its Attainment*, and the intense meditations began to effect energies in the spine. There came a sudden acute awareness of these energies and their spiritual power.

Thoughts came in sentences laced with humor. “You are not alone.” “Isn’t this presumptuous on your part?” One afternoon came an intense vision of a golden ring on the third finger of my right hand. Where were these thoughts, words and pictures coming from? They were very mysterious. I was still alert to any possibility of self-deception.

It was on the fourth of December 1981, a Friday, that I was sitting at the small table in my apartment, a notebook open before me. Another drama had been written (*The*

*Herbalist*), but I was wondering how it would be possible to continue in theater alone, with so few resources. Perhaps it would be best to give up drama and be content with study and meditation?

“You are not alone.”

Was that Carl after all this time? He seemed to be standing on the other side of the table. It occurred to me that resorting to the Carl phenomena would not be appropriate at the present time, for it was an earlier stage, a less mature stage ... But it was not Carl. *It was Rudolf Steiner*. Carl had been RS all the time! ...

*I was totally shocked*. And the Being who had always been Carl, but now revealed himself as RS, entered deeply, intuitively into my being. He went from thought, picture, imagination and inspiration into a complete merging with life itself. *All of this seemed to have been destined from the beginning. Perhaps it went back to a previous life he had alluded to, a life we had perhaps shared in the East, in India? That was likely long before the time of Thomas Aquinas ... Was this why I had recognized a certain Eastern quality in Carl? It seemed that everything that had happened in my life previous to this – and perhaps in a former life – had led to these moments in time, from the period of December 4th, 1981 through Christmas day, and to what was to be a cooperative work.*

I realized in retrospect that RS was also sharing a life, a life in America, *my life*. He seemed to have become "incorporated" into my being, although I was otherwise normal in my own ego; my own development. I realized that one-hundred years from certain dates in his own life were spiritually significant in mine. The childlike Carl had appeared in 1972, one-hundred years from the time when RS would have been in



pre-adolescence. December 1981 marked one-hundred years from the time he would have been twenty-one years old, when the ego would have emerged. 2005 marked the establishment of the Esoteric School in Berlin in 1905, when RS would have been 44 years old. I realized that the *ruby ring* that Carl had worn, and that RS also wears, signified *Intuition*. The ruby is the gem of the first stages of *Intuition*. He had said in the autumn of 2005: "The organ of intuition is in place." I had also clearly heard him say in thought the words "June 1913." I later researched the 1913 date and discovered that that was when he had been giving the lecture series on the *Bhagavad Gita*.

While communication between us is not primarily a matter of language, and always requires the passage of time, especially through nighttime and deep sleep, I did put forth the question as to whether our relationship was a normal phase or experience between teacher and pupil. He responded over time and through thought and feeling that ours was an exceptionally deep degree of involvement towards specific purposes. He is also involved, from the spiritual world, with many others; with many other kinds of work. *No, I was never the only one.* However, I have noticed that he rests on the Sabbath, on Saturday; he is generally not near on that day.

Another means of spiritual perception that he utilizes is to observe the breathing, to read breath, especially at night or at the end of the day. One evening I perceived him, as though by the side of the bed, with special clarity. It was as though he was gesturing, moving his arms and hands through an actual substance of Love; as though Love were a substance in the atmosphere offering a certain resistance to his movements, simply because so much of it was present.

In regard to other ways and means that he reveals himself, please see the trilogy

*Southwest Journey*. This trilogy is fully available online on the Studio Editions site at [www.studioeditions.com/southwest.html](http://www.studioeditions.com/southwest.html). (It is no longer available as a book, however.) Drama proved ideal for describing the intuitive meetings with RS; it proves ideal for the descent and expression, for the bringing to life of spiritual beings. That is why Rudolf Steiner placed so much importance on mystery drama in his lifetime. Also, art, poetry and of course the art of movement, Eurythmy.

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I have touched on events that occurred in the Southwest United States in 1945, at Los Alamos and Trinity, New Mexico; described a dramatist's involvement with J. Robert Oppenheimer that went back to high school days; described the need to work consciously with the American folk or national spirit. Why? The year 1945 conceivably altered everything; changed everything on Earth and in the Spiritual World. The events of these times, in the thick of WWII, really need to be much better understood by Anthroposophists. This is an entire study of its own. The unusual relationship described in this book may have been foreseen and necessitated in part on account of these 1945 events and their influence on Earth; their dangers to all procreative life issuing from the Mother; to the very air, the very oxygen we breathe. RS's return to physical life may have been delayed on account of these events. His *spiritual* return is evident.

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It would be wise to begin this portion of the narrative with recognition of the elemental beings. I noted earlier that I was living in a small city apartment. The autumn previous, recognizing a separation from nature and the elemental forces, I fashioned a small altar on the hardwood floor of leaves, twigs, rocks and a little soil. A nature spirit and two elementals eventually came into cognizance. The nature spirit was named Mimir, and the two elementals were A-O Tempo and Little Atlas. Mimir was large, with something

like a bull's head and a half-masculine, half-feminine body. Perhaps it was Mimir who told me "You have to take the bull by the horns."

A-O Tempo was fond of music and musical instruments. Little Atlas, something of a personal elemental, had some remarkable attributes. His most striking feature was that he would leave coins and dollar bills for me to find, such as on plastic bus seats (seven dimes) or on the street or sidewalk, but only if I spent my money for selfless purposes. He liked the fact that I was a non-driver; that I had to walk or catch the bus. There was an unfortunate time when I had to spend quite a bit of money on cab fare to and from work, as I had broken a bone in my right foot and was in a cast and on crutches. One morning after hobbling out the front door, I saw that Little Atlas had managed to leave a ten dollar bill on the floor of the porch (should I knock on doors to determine who had lost the money? – I knew no one in the three-story building). But his most admirable, his most amazing achievement was truly spectacular. One winter afternoon I was racing around, trying to finish-up some details for the publication of the Walter Russell drama, *The Fulcrum*. In all the rush I lost twelve dollars on the street. The very next day, after leaving the post office, I found thirteen dollars lying outside in the snow.

So on this note, in praise of the elemental spirits ...

Getting back to those all-critical days of December 1981: after the shock of recognizing RS, it seemed that the Holy Spirit was drawing near. Over those days certain processes related to the spine were completed with firm, direct guidance communicated through intuition, a continuous conscious spiritual perception in external life. It might be said that the walls of my apartment melted away. Some of the most important guidance that occurred was very specific as to how to remain connected to the Earth; how not to lose

that vital relationship despite the temporary stepping into what seemed another realm entirely.

I recall having to work at the hospital that weekend, and it was very difficult because it caused interruption and delay. Nothing that needed to be done on my night job could compare to the staggering spiritual processes that had to wait. Yet the space of time proved helpful.

It was a few days after that weekend, possibly on Wednesday, that the most extraordinary event of all occurred. *This is extremely difficult to describe.* This is not a process of artistic vision or imagination; it was a direct spiritual perception. I was abruptly woken up out of deep sleep into full consciousness. I heard the name "Raphael!" projected in thought as though from above downwards. I felt a spiritual movement, a fire in my chest. Above, as though standing in clouds, RS, his arms folded across his chest, was gazing deeply and directly at me. There was an aura of immense power about him. This actually was like a face-to-face meeting. Only later came the realization that the Archangel Raphael (Golden Archangel of the west) had been present. He had identified himself. On into the night the sensation of fire in my chest and the overwhelming sense of Loving Presence continued until I again slept deeply.

The Child clings to the Father, the feminine clings to the masculine in a mystic marriage or *Chymical Wedding*; the Holy Spirit looks out with the Eye of God from the top of the "Staff of Mercury" that signifies the spine. In all of this, God the Unknowable, the Great Mystery approaches. Other qualities of the Father are knowable; he is within all processes of reproduction and birth. *Words fail.*

Celestially, the Sun is related to the human spine, which is vertical. (The Moon is related to the animal spine, which is horizontal.) The inner planets, Mercury and Venus, come between Earth and Sun, so that what the Sun is for man is enhanced by a conjunction of Mercury and Venus. The inner planets and the Moon are related to the cosmic reality within ourselves, the Microcosm. The outer planets beyond the Sun – Mars, Jupiter and Saturn – are related to the fixed stars or constellations, the Macrocosm. In the outer planets, there is a greater capacity or allowance for freedom.

How does a person return to a normal life after an experience like this? Not only was this life changing – just as being struck by lightning would be – I was given to understand that the spinal and other processes would continue for the rest of my life.

The Christ was near. Over the course of those December days, Christ did not say, in thought, “Leave all that you have and follow me,” but there was a similar injunction, “Do not remain in the place where you are but journey out.” I was to be like the traveler who journeys in relative freedom to whatever destiny may have in store; the way of the heart rather than the intellect. Of course I had a choice, I could have refused this injunction of God and remained where I was. The time of this journey, I later realized, was seven years. In fact, my entire life, including vocational life, has involved constant moving, constant change, sometimes extreme change. Consequently, the circumstance of this strange new journey of the heart was relatively easy to accept.

During that time the surplus or excessive inner bliss gradually subsided in relative proportion to the surplus of hardship and pain that were endured on the journey. When the journey was completed by December of 1988, my life was again normal and the intellect or ego for outer life was again in control. The years 1982 and 1988 were

transitional and hence characterized by additional instabilities.

I spent Christmas of 1981 with friends, Anthroposophists, who lived near Washington DC. They had seen two of our dramatic productions in Baltimore. There was a magical element in that time and place, and I would have liked to have effectively shared what had happened to me. Similarly, one who has been struck by lightning cannot communicate well for a long time.

There was an experience of “cosmic consciousness” at the home of these friends. Through the kitchen window I saw a black and white cat walking furtively, with starts and stops, through the grass of the yard. All about, birds were crying. I was instantly transported to a moment in my childhood when our black and white tomcat was repeatedly attacked by a soaring and diving blue jay. Ducking and cringing, the cat was forced to run for cover. My father (a retired military officer) laughed and laughed.

This strange moment of cosmic consciousness had revealed, through the harmony and inter-connectedness of all living beings, that the spirit would overcome the animal nature.

What must my friends have thought of me, pointing with astonished wonder to the revelation of a cat walking through their yard? From this point on, I tended to perceive spirit in matter, in ordinary life, similar to the way that John Keely (in the drama *Amplitude of Force*) perceived the spirit.

It is my belief that experiences of “initiation,” or the work of the ego or “I” on its spiritual members, must be crucially different for Americans and on American soil than

elsewhere. Americans have a force of will and a fire in the limbs that tends to push them more deeply into physical existence. Perhaps this indicates that they will assume a critical role now and in the very distant future on the transformation of the physical body by the "I" into "Spirit Man" or the True Man, Atma or Atman. The work of the Father. Presently it is all we can do to handle "Manas," or Spirit Self, the transformative work on the astral body, and on the Sentient Soul. Spirit Man is related both to the ancient Indian and to the future "American" cultural epoch. America or the west is where the world cultural and political life, with its endless ego conflicts, materialism, violence and wars, will cease.

\* \* \*

Now begins a biographical narrative of outer events, for biography verifies spiritual experience ...

Shortly after New Year's day, I left my secure and rightful existence in Baltimore and entered into a state of acute vulnerability out in the world. My first experience backfired. Following the well-intended advice of friends, I put on a mantle of existence that was too similar to the one I had left behind. In Washington DC I worked for a few months in the radiology department of a teaching hospital. As an aside, one of President Reagan's assistants, shot in the head during the assassination attempt, came in for treatment one day, crying out in extreme emotional and physical pain. Despite the agony he experienced and his subsequent political work, the Brady Bill for gun control was defeated by the gun lobbyists. The dark side of America. The male especially cannot dissociate guns and weapons from his masculinity.

(The following page: *Abyss*, from *The Seven Mysteries of Life*, Rudolf Steiner)





The hospital had a large library and I checked out several books about Abraham Lincoln, with hopes and plans for writing another drama. Involvement in theater production had ceased as my heart was no longer in it, but I sensed that playwriting might return at a higher level, wherein the Christ and knowledge of the higher worlds could be central and the turning point in the lives of the characters.

I left Washington abruptly in the spring of 1982 due to harassment at work that I could not effectively address, as well as an intolerable rooming situation where I was living. Safely back in Baltimore I stayed briefly in the home of a friend. It was she who, through an acquaintance, enabled me to meet Brendan Walsh. He was a renegade ex-priest married to a renegade ex-nun, Willa, and they, with their daughter Kate, managed Viva House, a Catholic Worker shelter for homeless women. The shelter was located in a depressed neighborhood of Southwest Baltimore. Viva House may still be on the internet: enter "Brendan Walsh" or "Catholic Worker, Baltimore." Viva House is no longer a shelter, but a soup kitchen. Dorothy Day co-founded the Catholic Worker movement with Peter Maurin in 1933. Brendan needed a full-time live-in staff member and I got the job. There arose within me a fire for service.

After a six-month "apprenticeship" at Viva House, the happiest time of my seven-year sojourn, I rented a three-story townhouse and managed there another shelter for homeless women called Michael House. We worked in these shelters with many women who had severe mental illnesses, aggravated by the hardship of life on the streets. I closed Michael House responsibly in the late spring of 1984, unable to enlist enough volunteer and staff support to continue. As well, the owner wanted to sell the building, so Michael House could not have existed much longer. As for funds, a city meeting I attended was illuminating. Various social service organizations were locked

in brutal competition for funding, mostly for salaries. "By working for next to nothing," they said to me, "you make it harder for us. They ask us why we can't do it."

I experienced an unusual healing while at Viva House. A disabling virus was circulating among the women that was causing severe infection of the throat and chest. I went to bed early one night with a serious sore throat; obviously I had caught the virus. Not long after I had drifted into a light sleep, something seized and pushed against my throat, causing me to choke, jerk my head back and wake up. Though puzzled by this, I soon went back to sleep. The next morning there was no trace of the virus or infection.

While at Michael House I wrote a short verse play about Francis of Assisi that was later titled *The Grotto*. It was performed as a benefit for Michael House in a nearby church.

### *American Keynotes*

In the years from the summer of 1984 to December of 1987, I was a "co-worker" in two anthroposophical communities. One was a large agricultural community for the care of adults with special needs; the other was a community for care of the elderly. For a year I also attended a painting program that was part of the Gerard Wagner (Goethean) school of watercolor painting, with esoteric or spiritual work with color. The color work had been foreseen ten years earlier in the vision of the prism. While I was unable to remain longer than a year in the painting program, I have continued with the color work off and on throughout my life; so this was a very significant time.

The fire for service had decreased somewhat in the intense work with the homeless, so I

was somewhat tired when I entered the agricultural community. Taking this into account as a factor, my year there was the most painful.

The adults in need of special care in this community had a variety of problems and gifts to offer the co-workers. Some had extremely serious problems, physically, mentally and emotionally, others got along well and contributed; still others seemed to veil a deep wisdom that would ray out from time to time in a body far more suited for love and devotion than contemporary man's intellectual cunning. There was a little lady there who had Down's syndrome. She used to quite naturally sit like a "little buddha" in repose, her legs crossed under her, her upper body serene. If the Down's syndrome "villagers" had capabilities for contributions, they would never say no, they would never cease working, there was no end of their devotion. Care had to be taken to insure they receive adequate rest lest they be overworked. "Little buddha" collapsed one evening during a stage presentation that followed a full day's work (and how many days and evenings before that?). She did recover.

The most frequently recurring imagination during my time in the anthroposophical communities was the Eye of God. I have explained the processes by which this Imagination occurred.

As the children's song goes, "God is watching us, God is watching us ..." "For God carefully watches the way people live; he sees everything they do ..." Job 34:21-22.

The Eye of God is signified in nature by the sunflower. What is more glorious than a field of sunflowers swaying in the wind on their tall stems? The eyes are studded with seeds. "The process of sight is a direct metamorphosis of fertilization, and vice versa. "

RS, *Astronomy in Relation to Other Sciences*. The great Flemish portrait artist Sir Anthony Van Dyck (1599-1641) painted himself holding a golden chain and standing beside a sunflower. Of course this may have had a personal meaning, but he also seems to be telling us that he is aware of his golden connection, as an artist, with the Eye of God. The sunflower is also a symbol of the Holy Mother, and Van Dyck was well-aware of this.

I cannot help but feel from my experiences in both of the anthroposophical communities that humanity would have been far better served if there had not been such a lack of rights and freedoms for the co-workers. The most serious infringement was their "homelessness," for they could be told at any time to leave their home for another or endure a change in its members. In both communities one or two individuals were in absolute control, and one woman in particular used her power to spy on, manipulate and openly humiliate others. She actually sent me on a spying mission to one of the houses; she moved co-workers and villagers in and out of the various houses like chess pieces on a board; she called a meeting of co-workers one evening for the purpose of humiliating one with pointed questions about how \$200 dollars from the household budget had been spent.

Naturally, few houses were stable, but for those in control or "in charge," the living arrangements were always reasonable and relatively comfortable. Even the hard-working agriculturally gifted bore unbelievable responsibility "at home." In short far too much was asked of what were called the "core community" co-workers. How many times did I witness mandatory meetings, often in the evening after work, for discussions of RS's *Threefold Social Order*, while these very co-workers were enduring all loss of rights, freedoms and leisure time the ordinary citizen had won through the told

and untold thousands upon thousands of sacrificed American lives.

Outside the agricultural community, the more fortunate, and the majority by far, established their own independent houses, and some were teachers in the local Waldorf School.

“You know, the fact that you don’t drive means that your life is going to be much easier,” said the sharp lady from Scotland. Perhaps so, a ten-mile walk to and from the nearest shopping area for necessities was easier than asking a co-worker to drive me. Even if they also wanted to go shopping, they wanted the car for private or personal family time. Who can blame them?

One weekend day a young married couple – agricultural teachers and leaders – asked if I would like to go with them to see a presentation in a Waldorf school auditorium nearby. I was touched by their consideration. We drove over in their car and went inside. There was quite a large audience with an excited buzzing in anticipation of the presentation. It was then that the couple wordlessly parted from me to find some seats. They had left me to sit alone.

Surprisingly, this couple left the community a few months later. This was quite a loss because of their agricultural skills. But they told others they were tired of “freezing to death” up in their room in the wintertime.

Despite their need for guidance and supervision, the villagers also felt the absence of freedom. They always looked forward to their Saturday afternoons off; it was the only space of time they had for themselves. One Saturday, the housemother in the building

where I also roomed decided that everyone's shoes were just too dirty. From now on, she said, Saturday afternoons would be a time for cleaning and polishing shoes. She shot me a look as if to say: "Not a word from you, and you'll have to help." Shoes were piled on the kitchen floor, the villagers complying, completely miserable. The following Saturday one young lady protested, refused to comply, would not bring her shoes down to the kitchen, and remained in her room. The housemother went up to her room and a furious fight ensued. The screaming villager tore off the front of the housemother's blouse and vest and would not be calmed for a long time. Quite a serious matter because she suffered severe mental and emotional illness. The Saturday afternoon shoe cleaning sessions were cancelled.

### *Force, Movement, Sound and Life*

An imaginative picture with force, sound, movement or life is rare, owing to lack of consciousness, but almost always literally materializes. As an example, the picture here described was seen between wakefulness and sleep, while an important decision was being made [to join the second community noted]. A man in a beige plaid shirt enters a doorway and points forcefully towards two individuals who are crouched down on the floor. The lower parts of their faces are covered with white material tied round behind their necks. They are anxious; the picture is clearly negative, and it presents itself as a difficult riddle. This picture actually happened in real life approximately two years later. A man wearing a beige plaid shirt entered a room and pointed to an additional area on the floor that needed a coating of a chemical material. A couple was crouching on the floor applying the substance, and their lower faces were covered with white cloths to protect them from the fumes of the chemicals ... Might others have viewed this picture differently? After all, the man in the plaid shirt had the strength and

forcefulness of personality to make a success of the community; to see that all the necessary work was done. Here is a secret of destiny ... it is the way the picture and the events are responded to. It will cause one, in repulsion, to leave the community, and it will cause another, with respect or admiration, to remain.

Fertile, arable land; organic farming and foods; the smell of the dairy barn on a winter morning, snow softly glazing the ground; kittens lapping up the extra milk; natural medicines; the best care in the world; illness and death; a co-worker's café with coffee and pastries; organic foods for the little farm store and the city markets; more cheeses than anyone could eat; unending loaves of fresh whole wheat bread; unhappy relationships; herb gardens and flowers; housemothers in bed all day with psychosomatic illnesses; more turnips and tomatoes and leeks and onions than anyone could cook; betrayals; cows reclining in the fields at night; the pumpkin patch; women and mothers who are overworked and too thin; elders with pink cheeks, silver-white hair, pleasantly dressed ....

*"For what avail the plough and sail,  
Or land or life, if freedom fail?" ~ Ralph Waldo Emerson*

Once again, I returned to Baltimore, in December of 1987. Co-workers were disappointed that I would leave, and especially at Christmas time. How could I begin to tell them why?

While at the second community I managed to write the Abraham Lincoln drama, titled *The Eve of Freedom* (later published in *Nine Dramas*), and the co-workers and myself presented it for the elders and others. The amateurish presentation dismayed me, but

we could not possibly have done better with our energies, so drained by our work. The performance had been planned for Rudolf Steiner's birthday, on February 27, but the date was changed because a VIP was slated to give a talk on that evening.

Readjusting to autonomous life in the city required an additional year, but by January of 1988 I had taken a part-time position as a research assistant at a University hospital. Within the year this job extended to three ten-hour days per week, and it lasted nearly ten years. The surgeon I worked for was considered an expert on the spine: trauma, tumors, cancer, birth defects and degenerative disease. By assisting the surgeon in preparing for his journal articles, workshops, presentations and publications – which included photography, copy editing and illustration – I too became something of an authority, albeit unacknowledged, on the spine.

With four days a week free from employment and only a small third-floor apartment to maintain, all of the playwriting work was at last completed, between 1991 and 1999. Most dramas were centered around the Christ – or strived for this – although in the case of historic figures, centered in their beliefs. In addition, I edited and published all of the dramas in eleven books (as Studio Editions Publications, meaning out of a studio apartment). In 2005 and 2006 came the first *Intuitive Meetings*, and in 2006 the twelfth drama book, *Southwest Journey*, was added. There was no other way because anthroposophical publishers, not to mention others, would not consider dramas, nor list the already published books in their catalogs. Throughout those years and beyond I put the question over and over to the spiritual world: why? Why have I had to publish all of these books myself? After all, self-published books are not as highly regarded as others.

Answers came in more books and the imprint *TC Pubs* was created in the year 2000 for



subjects that were not dramas. The name TC Pubs will be explained below.

Since no satisfactory answer to the question of “why” was forthcoming – only unending gossip – I began to meditate on silence, acceptance, forgiveness and inner peace. The first and foremost duty of the anthroposophical publishers is to translate and make available the work of Rudolf Steiner. The first and foremost duty of anthroposophical theater artists should be to study and perform, and then produce Steiner's great mystery dramas.

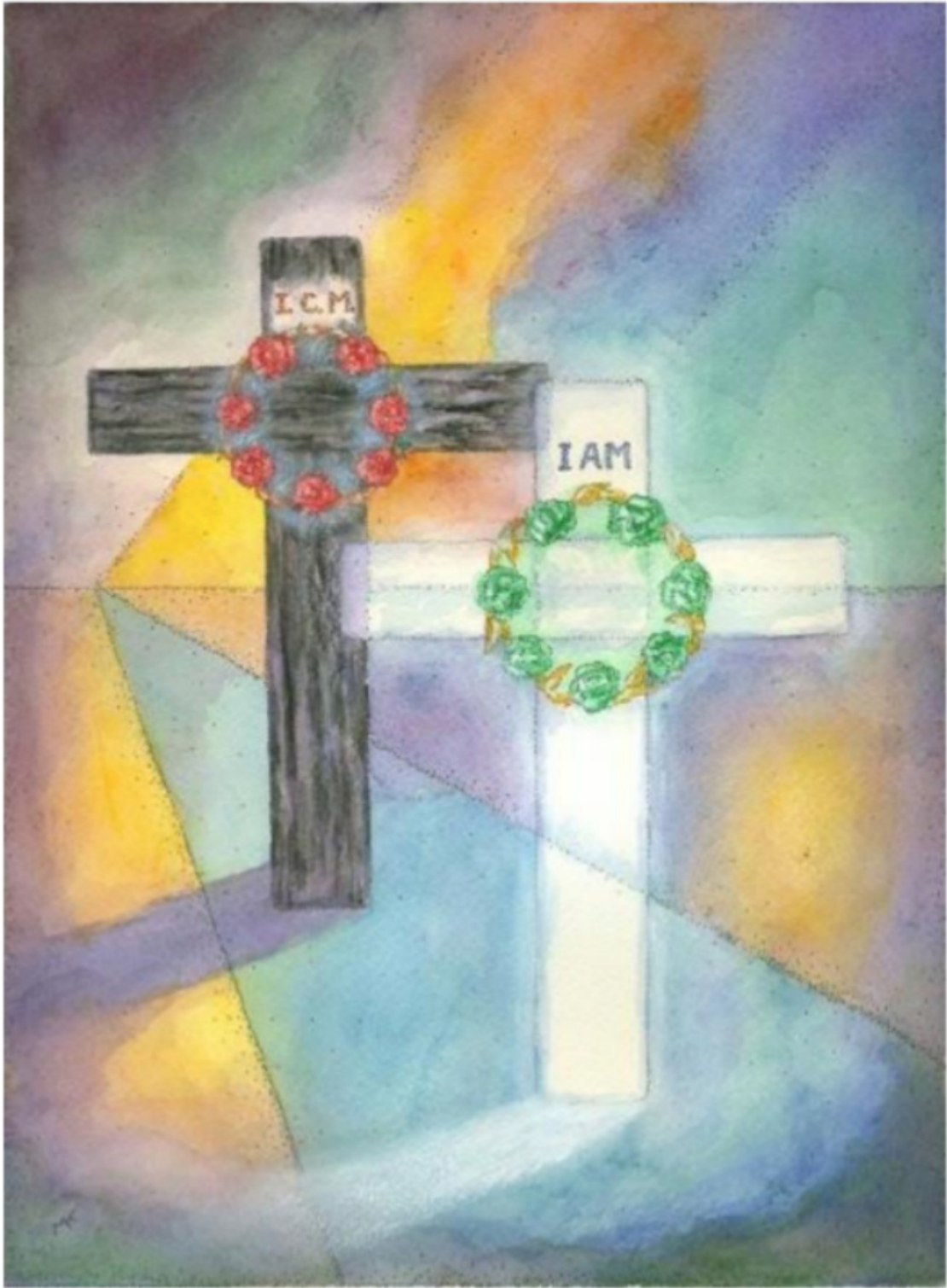
*From Wellesley Tudor Pole - The Blended Ray:*

“Here and now I draw from the fountain of Life to manifest my existence in God. From the wellspring of Love so that I reflect His Love in fellowship and service to others.

From the source of Wisdom: to understand the purpose of my life and fulfill it.”

“We on earth have not yet created sufficiently favorable conditions for this Ray to penetrate and be discerned and therefore made fully effective for our use. As, however, this Ray, which is the child of the marriage of Love and Wisdom, is destined to act as a forerunner or preparer of the way for One who is to appear, we can begin here and now to welcome its approach. The value of Expectancy in faith should never be underestimated.” - From *Notes on Healing*, 1961.

(The following page: Alchemy, from *The Seven Mysteries of Life*, Rudolf Steiner)



It took the better part of eight years to recover from my experiences in anthroposophical community and from my additional involvement with a group in Baltimore. That was the time period from late 1997 to 2005.

Cold wisdom.

In the autumn of 1997 I moved to the Southwest United States for numerous reasons, one of which was to be, geographically, in the area best suited for completing the dramas of *A Twentieth Century Trilogy* and *Southwest Journey*. The second drama of *A Twentieth Century Trilogy*, titled *Golden River*, was the first step towards the completion of the work with the life and deeds of J. Robert Oppenheimer at Los Alamos and Trinity, New Mexico. *Southwest Journey*, that in part followed his after-death destiny, was the second step. The work on Oppenheimer spanned a time period from beginning to end of approximately 46 years. This length of time is probably the reason that I may have been granted what was possibly a glimpse of his after-death destiny – what was seen was a self-inflicted crucifixion in the eighth sphere of hell. This vision occurred during a severe New Mexico thunderstorm, and a small tornado thrust pieces of a metal shed roof through the front gates of my property, forcing them open.

Severe disappointment also ensued when myself and West Coast friends (Freemasons) tentatively calling our group the “Trinity Chalice” group, were abruptly dropped from the schedule of a VIP whom I had assisted in visiting the U.S. I managed to save the initiative by creating the “Trinity Chalice Publications.” Studio Editions was permanently founded (in “ceremony”) on the banks of the Rio Grande River, in the Embudo area, on Easter day of 2000. Only one human being on Earth was present there – there were no VIPs.

\* \* \*

One morning in May of 2005, long and happily removed from the Anthroposophical Society, I heard a sentence upon awakening: "This will be your last answer for more than a decade." Whatever did this mean? (It was humorous.) I found the message disconcerting and wondered if my time should have been diverted from southwest landscapes and other paintings on canvas, back to more purely spiritual endeavors and meditations. Was painting really the best use of my remaining time? Then, all painting activity, including the teaching of art and painting to adults, mysteriously ceased, and a pleasant time of repose, reading and meditation ensued. Perhaps I should return to writing ... That fount of potential inspiration did seem to be full after all the painting. Thus, on July 7, a Thursday, I sat down and began outlining *Southwest Journey*. It was to be a travel book. I had become an avid travel book reader, vicariously visiting and adventuring through every conceivable country and place on planet Earth.

But suddenly I was as though seized with an impulse to write another book, about "intuitive meetings," going back to a much earlier period of time ...

A sign appeared in a dream: a beautiful white dove, its wings outspread, its head and beak somewhat bowed, downwards.

Another dream is significant. There was an extremely high bar, such as athletes use in pole vaulting. A woman had to jump over the bar. She was in tears and did not seem to want to jump. No one believed that she could. But she vaulted, and as she did so another woman suddenly appeared sitting atop the bar, in an Eastern meditative position. The woman not only had to vault over the bar, but over the meditating

woman as well. She succeeded and set an unprecedented record. There were gasps all around; no one had ever done this. I looked up and the figure was no longer sitting atop the bar.

After a long absence from direct conscious work, although always somehow near, RS *had returned*. He re-appeared, touching all the familiar chords, as though only a moment had passed since our last communications. A re-acquaintance, a deepening of the eternal Love and bond, and a whirlwind of work began. *Intuitive Meetings* was to be another "Trinity Chalice" publication, notebook style, one-sided pages, with reproductions of paintings ... The title was changed from "A Little Book" to "An Artist's Book," suggesting a larger format, deleting the reproductions, etc. etc.

As was my habit in playwriting, in the afternoons I read aloud the day's handwritten work on the book. Next morning, I knew precisely what to add and delete. It was after all a book about RS's spiritual work; it was a book significantly about him in our time. Therefore he was very concerned about the content and how the experiences were to be conveyed. *Intuitive Meetings* can therefore be said to be as much his book as my own, if not more so. He was as he had been, always: purposeful, punctual, precise, demanding, humorous, an overflowing, almost overwhelming fount of expression for *Christ's Love* and *Christ's Deeds*.

I was in the habit of writing by hand, then typing the completed pages on a simple word processor or typewriter. Now I would be using a computer. One afternoon I prepared to read some handwritten pages aloud and saw floating before me a little white "x" between two white lines at the top and bottom. This resembled the hourglass that computers use, meaning "wait a moment." I found this amusing, but over time it

was a clear message about the use of computers in writing, which are ten times faster than normal composition. Computers should be used with conscious "slowing down" processes; with clear thinking that can be perceived by the Spiritual World. It can be very difficult for spiritual beings to follow creative work done only on computers. RS, however, became adept at gazing at the computer screen through my eyes. He definitely likes computers and the internet, despite dark sources and origins, and considers them extremely valuable tools for spreading Anthroposophy throughout the world.

During certain moments of these recent communications, I could not help but frown over the many disappointments, of the 1990's especially. My lengthy meditations for inner peace and forgiveness had not yet been a total success. The question "why" continued to float just beneath the surface of those clear and beautiful waters of the fount of our mutual inspiration. One day RS very kindly provided the answer:

"Because otherwise you could not have written and published *this* book!" And he might have said that too about the three dramas of *Southwest Journey* and the article, *Rudolf Steiner Returns*. For this work, I needed to stand well outside of the Society and the movement.

*Intuitive Meetings, Toward Three Decisions*  
*Imagination, Inspiration and Intuition*

*Intuitive Meetings, Toward Three Decisions*, written in 2009, is intended to complement and deepen the above 2006 book. Some comparisons will be made between the experiences described in this book and portions of the content of Rudolf Steiner's lecture *Three Decisions on the Path of Imagination Knowledge: Loneliness, Fear, and Dread*, a critically important lecture recommended by a friend, Mark Haberstroh. This lecture describes experiences of *self-initiation*, meaning that there is no spiritual teacher or guide physically present and that everything takes place inwardly, invisibly, within the soul. Outwardly it appears that there is only loneliness or aloneness. This can further extend to the point where outer deeds are determined only by the inner experiences, or the rare "still, small voice within" (Wellesley Tudor Pole), and this becomes a kind of test and an extremely difficult one. Circumstances must permit this. *Book II* will occasionally shift forward in time and address significant comments made after the publication of the first book. I also chose to write this portion of the book in the first person grammatical form after a trial with the third person form proved unsatisfactory. In the interests of utmost honesty, it is impossible to avoid personal elements. However, in whatever form, the aim of *Toward Three Decisions* remains the same: to strive for a greater measure of impersonality or objectivity, in the best interests of *spiritual science*.

Comparisons with the content of the *Three Decisions* lecture may be of value, particularly the differences between the experiences described by Rudolf Steiner and my own experiences, for those described by Rudolf Steiner are at a very high level of ability and achievement, with a high degree of "volition," defined as the act of willing, choosing or deciding, within the spiritual world and outside of the body. However, the

three crucial decisions described by Rudolf Steiner *were* experienced, and in the order indicated, with the second experience of the lion the most dissimilar and not fully recognized until many years later, for it seems to have also involved the childhood years. Both the second and third experiences occurred by degrees as a series of related experiences separated in time, and this had the effect of softening their impact.

Many aspects involved in processes of *the writing of the heart* - a distinct means of communicating spiritual experience in writing - will be evident in *Toward Three Decisions*, including: different perspectives of the same events after an interval, written without reference to the first versions (i.e., Books I and II); additions that have emerged through improved and heightened memory; awareness that time itself is subtly altering and can no longer be regarded as linear or held within a static or rigid past. Work on Imaginations and Inspirations, through increased intensity of thought and realization, can actually *alter the past* and bring a spiritual event that may have occurred thirty years ago to a certain degree of completion, a process similar to the closing of a circle. A pictorial memory of an Imagination comes under entirely different laws than does a memory from outer life.

*Book II* will begin with the events of December 1981 and will provide details of subsequent events not previously brought to light. On the other hand, there is no need to further elaborate upon much that was described in the first book. Events and experiences from the time period of the summer of 2005 onward will be described, as well as the emergence and work of the *Brunnen von Christus Group*. (*Brunnen von Christus* is the name of the character of Rudolf Steiner in the trilogy *Southwest Journey*.)



## *Twenty-One Days in December*

From December 1979 until late in the year 1981, subtle and very welcome shifts in consciousness occurred. The "gate of death," the first of the three experiences, had been confronted and entered in the course of these two difficult years. I had longed to cross the threshold to the spiritual world, had longed for purification, had longed to be free of all desires. The painful past began to recede; emotional attachments loosened, like disintegrating fibers; the future at last became faintly visible. Inner strength was found for at least some tentative resolutions: find an anthroposophical community with which to connect, deepen study of spiritual science, avoid major life changes, continue working at the hospital. One resolution remained firm, however: increase meditation time, for the intensification of the inner life seemed the only certain course. An exercise in concentration repeated over and over during those days involved the visualization of a sphere of light descending from the head to the heart. Some of the books and lectures then read and studied were Rudolf Steiner's *An Outline of Occult Science; Knowledge of the Higher Worlds and Its Attainment; The True Nature of the Second Coming*, and *Occult Signs and Symbols*. (Contemporary anthroposophical publishers have changed the word "Occult" to that of "Esoteric," e.g., *An Outline of Esoteric Science*. Should "Occult Physiology" be changed to "Esoteric Physiology?")

The reason I am describing this period of relative peace is due to a comment that the entire course of events might be criticized by Anthroposophists as a "mere means of solving a social problem." A similar time of inner repose preceded the experiences that began in 2005.

There had been no thought, no presumption, of turning to the etheric Christ in appeal

or prayer; it did not seem right to increase the burden of Christ so as to lessen distresses that would eventually heal. The *Entelechy* described in this book is *of* the Christ, Christus, and is functioning within the sphere of Christ in the etheric world, but the Entelechy is not the Christ.

An Imaginative picture had been frequently experienced around the autumn of 1981, as though flying rapidly downwards from space. This was a circle or a kind of circular seal with wings on each side. In the center of the circle was the capital letter A, which was interpreted as meaning Alpha and Anthroposophy. It also seemed Auspicious. It was not until 2008 that Rudolf Steiner's description of a very similar Imagination was discovered in the lecture *Three Decisions*, in connection with the gate of death, the "first portal," associated with the first of the three experiences. "Then you not only have the feeling, but also a vision that the thought is, to begin with, like a little round seed that germinates into a being with a definite form. From outside your head it passes inside ... The thought assumes the form of a winged human head ... The thought thus becomes a winged angel's head. You must actually attain this." Also seen in Imagination was a golden ring appearing on the third finger of the right hand. A golden ring found at the base of a tree had been a focal point in a fairy tale written in German while in college. It was titled simply *Ein Märchen*. A golden circle or ring found within a salmon in Wellesley Tudor Pole's clairvoyant account of "The Monk of Tintern Abbey" (from *The Silent Road*) seems to be related to this early Imagination of the ring. This ring may indicate the somewhat different nature of initiation experiences in North America, where a deeper descent into the physical body can occur. Hence there arises the need to establish a very close and trusting bond between the teacher and the esoteric student.

Early in the evening of Friday, December 4th, while sitting at a small table, turning the

pages of a notebook, there came a sudden impression that the Spirit Guide (from 1972) was standing on the opposite side of the table. However, there had been no substantial Spirit Guide communications for some time. This less mature phase or stage was now in the past forever; there could never again be such an experience with a Spirit Guide. Yet why should the impression have been so sudden and strong that evening? A few moments after turning back to the notebook a realization struck like lightning. The Being who seemed to be standing on the other side of the table was not the Spirit Guide, the Being was actually Rudolf Steiner! ... In fact the Spirit Guide had always been Rudolf Steiner or had originated from Rudolf Steiner ... Rudolf Steiner, whose books and lectures had been studied since around 1975, had unveiled his identity, had fully revealed himself. The realization came like a complete shock, like a quivering, yet flooded with Light and Love. "How could this be happening? It must not happen, it must stop ... Rudolf Steiner is exalted, one of the highest teachers. No such relationship should even be imagined, it is sinful ..." etc. Over the next several days, this entirely new sense of life, with greatly increased happiness – this was truly heaven – continued on in the normal, everyday course of life. But only for a while. Outer life too was to be affected, altered.

Over the weekend what might be called "progress" occurred. Changes came about that had been initiated in part by the intense and prolonged concentrations and visualizations in meditation. Through the instrument of the higher love that was intensifying, spiritual forces sprang up from the base of the spine to the forehead. These forces sprang up to the area of the "two-petalled lotus flower" or "chakra" in the forehead and seemed to be met also in the area of the heart by equal forces descending down from the head. It seemed that the forces could not fully express themselves in ascent or descent only but were as though required to meet and be altered in some way

within the rhythmic system. Such forces are perhaps, in contemporary times, still in a transition period. Rudolf Steiner was continuously in awareness and was unquestionably guiding these experiences. He was entering gradually into the *will*. He was present in every meaning of the word *Presence*, while not physically present. His every gesture and communications were clearly perceived, with certainty, in what would later be understood as Imaginations, Inspirations, and Intuitions. A great deal had been prepared through the Spirit Guide experiences, although they had been experienced in immaturity. Like the Spirit Guide, yet with ten times the ability to project an emotion or thought through expression and gesture, Rudolf Steiner was even humorous, and at times seemed to have more fullness of life and movement than he could contain. He demonstrated an amazing accuracy within the shadowy time and space demands of ordinary life. He was precise, ever watchful, diligent; he missed nothing. The Spirit Guide had never penetrated life, he had never been experienced Intuitively. He had stood as though outside, always, and had never entered deeply into feeling life, much less into the will. Not so the Being from whom the Spirit Guide had originated.

There were extraordinary occurrences during those twenty-one days, from December 4th through Christmas Eve and Christmas Day. On the 9th of December, a Wednesday, the most extraordinary event of all happened, a most sacred event. I was abruptly woken up out of deep sleep, and the name "Raphael!" was heard powerfully in thought, as though projected from above downwards. (In 2008, I had read Homer's *The Odyssey*, and Homer wrote that Mercury was able to awaken human beings abruptly out of deep sleep.) There was a clear vision, while not in color, almost visible to the physical eyes, of Rudolf Steiner, as though standing in opaque white clouds, that is, clouds that were not luminous. His arms were folded across his chest. His gaze was serious and penetrating.

He appeared as in the photographs taken of him during the prime of his life. About him was an "aura" of indescribably, incomprehensibly immense power, of infinite or divine magnitude, impossible to describe in words. Could this also have been Mercury or Raphael's power? At any rate, for some time after this experience I confused Rudolf Steiner with Mercury; I thought he was Mercury. The area of the thorax became filled with a spiritual fire, with what might be called a white, heavenly fire of pure Love. Very gradually, sleep returned. At another point during those 21 days, a Divine Feminine Figure was sensed as though rising up out of the body and greeting the Spirit of Rudolf Steiner, who was hovering above. They greeted one another with embraces, like old friends. Something higher, that had been within the lower self, emerged out of this lower self and united with Rudolf Steiner. He was heard in thought saying of this lower self: "She will have to work very hard." However, this kind of extraordinary consciousness did not continue for long because it would have led to abnormal or inappropriate perceptions; it might have caused serious imbalances. Normalcy of life was assured by certain instructions and consequent actions that were later realized to have originated from the elemental world, and the instructions were communicated or facilitated through the living bond with Rudolf Steiner. Every one of these requirements had to be followed exactly, at risk of loss of a normal connection with earthly life, possibly at risk of life. All requirements were able to be fulfilled. The walls of home truly did melt away. Likewise, a true sense of a place on earth, of a home on earth, was temporarily altered and lost. This was the experience of "homelessness," and it would intensify.

(The following page: *Word*, from *The Seven Mysteries of Life*, Rudolf Steiner)



In 1981 I had no connection with the Anthroposophical Society. Difficult circumstances and demands of life, life in the theater combined with responsibilities of paid employment, had not permitted it. (On a mundane note, there was no car, an earlier Florida driver's license had long since expired, and the ability to get around and make contacts and meet new friends was severely restricted.) I had no knowledge of the Foundation Stone Mantra or the events of the Christmas Conference of 1923, and there was no knowledge of the dodecahedron in relation to the Foundation Stone. Nevertheless the dodecahedron was experienced, sometime during those 21 days, from the inside, that is, as though I was inside of it, looking out. From one of the dodecahedron facets came indications of the significance of the direction of the *south*. This dodecahedron experience was not truly understood until years later; it was nearly forgotten and not to have written about it would have meant a loss for others, the loss of a necessary insight, a helpful, perhaps essential, point of view. This experience confirms that the Foundation Stone exists within the souls of all those who are destined to serve Michael, whether life paths connect with the Society or Movement or not. While connections with the Society are important and desirable, particularly regarding worldly tasks and responsibilities, they are not essential. At times, isolation might even be preferable. However, group work, perhaps within the Society or Movement, eventually becomes a very important step. The need for community – for a focus on “others” – increases as individuality increases.

Past lives were seen. However, they are not to be regarded with absolute certainty, which would be egotistical, i.e., “Those *were* my past lives!” Dark, faint pictures of the lives were viewed as though “seen afar,” to use the words of Wellesley Tudor Pole. Still, a few sentences can be offered about these presumed past lives if taken in the correct light. There may have been lives in India, Mesopotamia, Greece, in the early Christian

catacombs, in France, and - apparently lastly - in Wales at the turn of the fifteenth to the sixteenth centuries, possibly as a monk or a brother in a religious order. This vague memory of what might have been the last life mysteriously connected with the account of Tudor Pole in "The Monk of Tintern Abbey," from his book, *The Silent Road*. Unfortunately, there is no memory of any previous or past life connection with Rudolf Steiner. There is no memory of a life in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, although he must certainly have been known in pre-life, before the birth into the present life. Only one word in regard to this mystery came from the Entelechy of Rudolf Steiner: "India." This one word, however, was - much later - connected, through research and writing, with Heraclitus, teacher of Cratylus - the Cratylus known from Plato - and Saint Dominic.

Only years later did I understand that the Time Spirit Michael, the Archangel Raphael, Mercury, and the Nation Spirit of North America were present during those days, in addition to a great Elemental Gnome King associated with North America (whom I named "Atlas") together with some of his subjects, notably "Little Atlas." Only the Entelechy of Rudolf Steiner was directly experienced at the time, however, and that was overwhelming enough. It was gradually understood that certain conditions set down by the Nation Spirit *had* to be met, no matter how strange they might have seemed on surface, that certain requirements in this regard *had* to be fulfilled. This fact, and the above Presences, seemed impossible to even attempt to explain to others. Those early most tentative, faltering words and attempts to explain the vague awareness of other Presences, as well as to explain the *musts* - that is, the *musts* generally added to my interpretations of Inspirations, with their sense of urgency - probably came across as grandiose, or as a sure sign to the less-than-sympathetic listeners that these were not actions out of the free will.



One evening there came a quiet awareness that the Christ was Present, for the Spirit of Rudolf Steiner communicated this. A striving ensued to find the correct mood of devotion and reverence. Humbled, humiliated, awed, unable to effectively imagine or experience such an encounter ....

Over the next several days, it became clear that the Christ had made a specific request, interpreted as means of fulfilling destiny or karma as well as regaining balance in light of all that was happening. There was entirely too much bliss, too much joy, too much light-headedness. This request could have been refused; freedom of choice was clearly offered.

But how would it have been humanly possible to have refused this request with the outpouring of Divine Light and Love that flowed forth with it? ... This is the great mystery of free will and destiny.

The "Command" of the Christ, the present Lord of Karma, was as follows, while not in these exact words, for the meaning was only gradually realized over the course of a few days: "Do not remain where you are but go out into the world and experience whatever comes to meet you." Even during those times of experiencing great joy there were intimations of the uncertainties and hardships that would have to be endured. Karma would be fulfilled, not only the meeting of one's personal karma from the past but a destiny for objective or non-personal purposes as well. Perhaps this relates to the meaning of the words: *"You learn to act for yourself in the spirit world by identifying with your destiny."* – *Three Decisions*. The worldly bonds that had to be severed were already very loose and shredded, and thus they were broken with very little inconvenience to anyone. This is stated because Rudolf Steiner repeatedly stressed that inner spiritual work should not be the cause of disharmony in outer life or in one's normal duties and

responsibilities. Meeting this Divine request meant, of course, being misunderstood – not to say ridiculed – for some years following, especially by the College Park, Washington and Baltimore Anthroposophists (some were kind and understanding, however). This definitely served to eliminate any possible egoism that might have increased.

Approximately seven years later, in 1988, there was a return to a time and place circumstance similar to what had been the case in December of 1981, and it became necessary to strive for improvement of circumstances, as would otherwise have occurred in the normal course of life in 1981. There had been a seven-year hiatus. Many years later an Imaginative picture of one aspect of this hiatus was seen, which also included the time period beginning in 2005. A picture of a circle or a ring was seen, divided into light and dark segments. Approximately one-fourth of the ring was in flames, white flames. A voice in thought was heard saying, "This was in accordance with my wishes."

The second crucial experience, involving the lion, was not exactly a frightening Imagination of a lion "opening its enormous gaping jaws to devour you ..." as described in *Three Decisions*. Something unique in regard to heart processes may have occurred on the night of the nearly physical manifestation of Rudolf Steiner. However, early during those 21 days came a guided remembrance, in a series of pictures, of the tragic circumstances of the death of my mother, memories which had been avoided or forgotten for many years. My mother had been consumed by emotions which had manifested in her life as loss of control over her home and youngest children; through severe disappointment in her marriage; through the resultant periods of alcoholic blackouts; through "boarding out" her three daughters to cruel or indifferent relatives;

through her early death to cancer, in March, 1953. Many years later there was a lucid dream about her last days. In the small dark hallway between my mother's room, where she lay in agony, and the room I shared with my sister, not long before mother's death, there appeared a huge, frightening lion that let out a horrifying roar. The words "It's almost over ..." were heard just before I woke from the unbearable dream.

*Martha at left, age 10, and sister Mary, age 12, Sulgrave Ave, Baltimore, MD, late in 1952.*



Thus it seems that the second experience, regarding the lion, differs from that described by Rudolf Steiner. As previously noted, I believe this is because my experiences are not on the high initiation level described in *Three Decisions*. There could not be attained the degree of volition described in the lecture, perhaps a volition achieved by the teacher, or those more advanced, within a relatively short or compacted period of time. Only lesser degrees of experience, or similar experiences, might be expected, spread out over long periods of time and even enacted in the physical world, in outer life.

In the early years of the seven-year *journey of the heart* following the Holy Nights of 1982, the most difficult years, there were several dangerous confrontations with seriously disturbed women, especially among the mentally-ill homeless. They were necessary confrontations in view of the duties and responsibilities that had been assumed, and each required the overcoming of any fear or dread. One simply had to accept the possible outcome of the confrontation.

"If you do not approach the second portal or perceive the lion, you will always be in danger of wanting egoistic power over the world. This is why the true path of knowledge leads us, first, from within the physical body and physical existence, and then to the conditions that should be met with outer essences ... On the other hand, most people are inclined to enter the spirit world by a more comfortable way than through true meditation. Consequently, it is possible to avoid the gate of death, and, if the inner predisposition is favorable, to approach the second portal directly. One can do this by giving oneself up to a particular image, an especially passionate image of dissolving oneself in the universal all or whatever – something recommended in good faith by certain false mystics. By this means, the efforts of thinking become dull and the emotions stimulated – whipped into fiery enthusiasm. In this way, one can, to begin

with, be admitted to a second portal and be given over to the forces of will. Such a person does not master the lion, but is devoured, and the lion does as it likes. This means that occult events are taking place, but they are essentially egoistic. This is why we can never describe an experience as simply a mystical feeling ... " – *Three Decisions*.

As for the third experience, images of the "serpent" and the "dragon" - one Imagination perceived as recently as 2007 - were numerous. In the spring of 1982, the Ahrimanic powers pressed down with, it seemed, the force of concrete during the near-disastrous stay in Washington, DC. It was also during that spring that the teacher revealed a picture, lasting about one second in duration, of the frightening aspect of the primeval *Lord of the Tree of Life*, a serpentine form connected with fertilization (and with the will and metabolic system). By this is indicated that Christ is the true Lord of the Tree of Life, and also of the Tree of Knowledge. These are now the domains of Christ, together with the Father God, and His Servants in the sacred work of transubstantiation. "I am He who was; I am He who is; I am He who will be." And Isis/Sophia, the Holy Mother, intones: "I was, I am, I will be."

### *The Summer of 2005*

In December of 2004, on a snowy day in Roswell, New Mexico, there had been a brief but very deep reunion with Rudolf Steiner, with moments of longing to return to the experience of the unique relationship. He next appeared not long after St. John's Day, July 7, 2005, a Thursday, again standing beside the table where I was working. From this new, intense series of meetings came the dramatic trilogy *Southwest Journey*, and the limited "publication" of copies of the first book of *Intuitive Meetings*.

Before *Southwest Journey* was written, some email communications with Anthroposophist Robert Mason had begun, regarding the message of "the return of Rudolf Steiner" and thus he followed the writing process of the trilogy closely and was able to offer very valuable comments that improved the anthroposophical quality of the dramas. When the trilogy was completed and online Robert Mason presented a challenge, something of a test: why not put a factual statement of this "return" online? The trilogy was not exactly a clear-cut statement of the reality of this return. This was agreed to, reluctantly, because it was also what RS wanted. Thus the brief article *Rudolf Steiner Returns* was shakily written and went online. Some later information obtained and shared by Robert Mason and then included at the end of his internet site, *The Advent of Ahriman*, concerns the following: "Related to ... the present status of the spirit of Rudolf Steiner, Dr. Heinz Herbert Schoffler has reported that Walter Johannes Stein recorded in his notebook that Rudolf Steiner told him (WJS) in 1922 that he (Rudolf Steiner) would return in eighty years, and in America. And apparently, almost exactly eighty years after Steiner's death (March 30, 1925) a kind of 'return' did happen, and in America." I had not been aware of this. Another affirmation of this "return" was sent to the author by a correspondent in 2008. According to Violet Plincke, while in England, Rudolf Steiner was asked by a woman attending one of his lectures when he expected to be reborn. He apparently did not use the word "reborn," but replied that he would return to America "in this century," at a time when "people would go barefoot in Europe," which is believed to be a reference to the emergence of hippies, *circa* early 1970's. A third affirmation of the author's relationship with RS came in 2008 with a comparison, in the Sidereal Zodiac, of the author's birth chart with Rudolf Steiner's death chart. The charts had been prepared by James Gillen, and he also offered an interpretation of them. I did not ask him to do the charts; he kindly asked me if he could do them, and I agreed and sent him the birth details. James wrote – among other

interpretations – that the position of Saturn in RS's death chart was exactly where it should have been in relation to my birth chart. To these objective affirmations so kindly given by James must be added a chapter from Wellesley Tudor Pole's book, *The Silent Road*, titled "The Monk of Tintern Abbey." This section describes what seems to be a prophetic description of the dramas *A Maya Trilogy*, *Three Unusual Scientists*, and *A Twentieth Century Trilogy*.

The name of the dramatic character of Rudolf Steiner in *Southwest Journey, Brunnen von Christ* or *Christus*, became the name of the private online discussion group (shortened to BvC) with the realization also of its reference to the fountain or source within each soul. It is as though Rudolf Steiner seeks to guide those in our time - those struggling with the many problems that have arisen in Anthroposophy and in the Society - back to the source, the fountain, the wellspring, *to the Christ within*.

"If anyone thirst, let him come to me and drink. He who believes in me, as the scripture has said, 'Out of his heart shall flow rivers of living water.' " – John 7: 37-38.

There is a quotation from Rudolf Steiner relevant to this in a book by Walter J. Stein, *The Ninth Century and the Holy Grail*, Chapter 1, "Rudolf Steiner's Visit to the Eleventh Class." "The Grail Sword breaks when it has grown old, therefore that of which only the fragments have been handed down must be brought back to its source. What is old must be renewed at the living spiritual source. There the Grail Sword will become whole again.

'And thou to these waters bring it, from their flow 'twill be whole again.  
Yet where at its source the streamlet flows forth from its rocky bed,

Shalt thou seek those healing waters ere the sun stands high o'erhead.'

"As we read on further and talked of what we read, we came to speak of the wellspring, of the source. Wolfram describes it thus: 'Above the well was a globe and on this sat a dragon.' Dr. Steiner said: the dragon that sits above the well from which the spring bubbles out, points to the savagery of the men of that time. Parzival must conquer this savagery, the savagery of the forces of the blood." Nowadays the dragon sits on the globe above the well of Anthroposophy out of which newly flow the three streams of Imagination, Inspiration, and Intuition.



This is a watercolor version of Mark Haberstroh's BvC Group Logo design.

(The page following: Lodge, from *The Golden Triangle* series of watercolors)







*A Studio Editions Publication*

*January 13, 2020*