

## The Frequency of Truth

*Is it worthwhile to speak of Infinity if it is unattainable? But it does exist; and everything great, even if invisible, compels us to think about the ways to it. Thus, even now let us ponder about the ways into Infinity; for it exists, and it is terrifying if it is not cognized. But even in the earthly life one can approach and can temper the spirit toward acceptance of the unfathomable. Infinity Book 1 Introduction*

**G**ood Evening Friends and Fellow Travelers:

We are, of course all meditators here, and as travelers on the Endless Way we are, also, all explorers. And, like most explorers, many of us do re-search. We are vitally interested in the details and facts of the physical sciences, and we are fascinated by history, by the evolution of the species through its various forms, as well as ancient and recent civilizations, cultures, customs and so forth. As a group, however, we are rather unique in the annals of exploration.

What makes us unique in the explorer game is our intense interest in and exploration of the un-manifest aspect of Infinity or, one might say of the unfathomable sea we call Nothing. We are consumed with the will to confront the un-confrontable. We have a driving need to discover, not the heavy and measurable facts, the “what was” of yesterday’s world, but the what will be of tomorrow’s tomorrows. We will to understand those elusive, weightless, shapeless, formless beings, the whys and wills of God which are nowhere and everywhere. We search for the **THAT** which exists beyond the “thats” and is found always and only in the silence of the infinite Fiery World.

Whoa! That’s pretty far out, or in, you might say, and, yes, it is rather unusual. Never the less, Infinity or, The Great Silence — as the travelers in that realm come to know and call

it— is where the meditator/explorer spends most of his or her prime exploration time. This is one of the reasons why in the Law of Group Progress, or the Law of Elevation as it is esoterically known, D.K. underscores— as an essential aspect of the dual life of the disciple— the need for disciples to be able to register and discriminate between various frequencies or vibrations, for example, the frequency of the different bodies, mental, emotional and etheric, or the soul or shadow, or the Ashram and the Master. *Esoteric Psychology V.II P. 174-176*

So, I do want to share with you this evening some of the “artifacts”, the realizations and understandings that I have been fortunate enough to encounter and manage to bring back in several recent trips into that eternal wonder land. I must apologize for the seemingly vague and hazy nature of some of these artifacts. However, as explorers, you, I assume, understand the difficulties we encounter when we attempt to move understanding and realization from nothing into something.

As the title of the talk implies, most of these discoveries concern the frequency of Truth. However, one of the latest discoveries and perhaps one of the most significant, at least to my rather easily awed mind, does concern Truth Itself. I realized one day not so long ago, that Truth is simply another name for Love.

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I suppose that most of you already knew that, but it was a real shocker for me. I came upon this understanding when I realized that the frequency of Love was identical to the frequency of Truth. ***What that means is that the frequency which is always present and registered when Truth is encountered or understood is identical to the frequency which always and only accompanies Love.*** Perhaps that fact signifies that— in this Solar System anyway— Love is the Truth.

We, of course, all realize that the *frequency* which accompanies one or another of the Lives that live in the Infinite land of nothing is not the *Life*.

Although the frequency is inseparable from the Life— that is the two always and only coexist— the frequency is not the Life. I know this is somewhat abstract, and I know that those who demand logical explanations and, if not visible, at least some how quantifiable examples, will be yawning about now and wondering what I could possibly be talking about. The best I can do by way of example here is to point out that when we encounter a convex shape, we know that there is a concave side to it, and we know that the convex side is not the concave side.

What I am saying is that an Idea or one of the Beings, which we might call Principles, always carries an identifiable frequency. This frequency is like a signature. It signifies the presence of the Life, and gives the clue to The Name of the Life.

Let me explain that. If we have an experienced and trained explorer, in other words, an occult meditator, there will be an opportunity to make the mental apparatus open to impression by the encountered Life and its accompanying frequency. As a result of the eons of evolutionary development the apparatus with

which we register frequencies, the emotional equipment on this level, is so sensitive we have little trouble in that area. However, most of us are not that good at standing in the Light of the discovery long enough or steady enough for a very good impression to be made in the stuff which makes up the lower mental plane and then to actually get the impression recorded on that marvelous canvas we call the brain. Consequently, after we have returned from nowhere to somewhere, we may have, usually do have, only vague and hazy recollections of the Life we have encountered.

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Yet, what seems to stay powerfully and profoundly with us is

the frequency of that encountered Life. We remember the frequency, or to use a completely inadequate word, we recall what the encounter “felt” like. After one or two registrations of a frequency, one will always recognize it, even if one does not recognize or understand completely the Life that is accompanying the frequency.

This fact is the basis for D.K.'s assertion that, “Nothing in heaven or hell, on earth or elsewhere can prevent the progress of the man who has awakened to the illusion, who has glimpsed the reality beyond the glamour of the astral plane, and who has heard, even if only once, the clarion call of his own soul.” ***A Treatise On White Magic P. 223*** Once heard, the clarion call of one's Soul will never be forgotten. This is, as most of us know profoundly true, even though it may take several incarnations between that first hearing and the ability to become completely transfigured by that splendor we call the Soul.

So, in the beginning, it is primarily the frequency of the encounter which we recall. It is my conclusion that at some time or another, in some incarnation or another, perhaps when

we lived those lives as hermit mystics in caves or as monks or nuns in the various monasteries of the world or as probationers or disciples of one of the Masters, at some time in our evolution into this place, into this room, into this company where we are right now, all of us with out exception have encountered not only our own souls, but the Cosmic lives we call Love and Truth. I say this because, although we may seldom actually recognize or understand Truth, we all are totally familiar with the frequency of Truth. The universal name which has been given to this frequency is Beauty. The frequency of Truth is what we call Beauty.

Another way to think of a Life's frequency is to think of its quality. Beauty is the quality of Truth, and as we all know so intimately and deeply, Beauty is the field in which Love operates. As a Life and its frequency always and only co-exist, Truth and Beauty always and only co-exist. Beauty is the signature of Truth.

Intuition, which means a direct encounter with Truth, is always accompanied by an enormous charge of the frequency we know or recognize as Beauty. Each of our bodies registers this impact in its special way. The heart and higher mind register it as Joy. This is why the Master Morya calls Joy a Special Wisdom. The emotional vehicle is very highly moved by this frequency, frequently causing us to weep and behave in other strange ways. The etheric vehicle is also highly affected by such an encounter. And of course, when we find ourselves swimming in the sea of Beauty, we all feel very happy, even when we are weeping.

This is why it is so hard to stand steady in the light. The explorer needs to learn to withstand Beauty in order to see Truth clearly. As the Buddha remarked, "The eye that brims with tears can not see clearly."

This brings up another very important point about Beauty and Truth that is frequently overlooked. We know that Beauty is the clothing that Truth wears. We know, therefore, that whenever we encounter Beauty, we are also encountering Truth, even if we cannot fully grasp it. I would suggest that we all begin to realize that when we register Beauty, we are experiencing the outer layers of what we call intuition.

When we are moved by a wonderful lyric poem or piece of music or art, we need to remember this. When next we are standing on the side of a mountain overlooking a beautiful valley or watching a wonderful sunrise or sunset, or observing a tiny baby or small children at play, we need to remember this. It is Beauty, the frequency of Truth that is causing us to experience that wonderful clarity we call joy, that is moving us on all of the various planes.

However, it is Truth and Love that we are actually seeing.

Somehow in front of us, somehow within the poem or painting, or landscape or sky-scape we are beholding Truth. Truth is being revealed. God is making a statement about Infinity. He is giving us a lesson in harmony, or symmetry. He is revealing the inner workings of synthesis of Light, Reality and Immortality.

I think that if we start looking for the Love and Truth that must be present when we register Beauty we will begin to penetrate the field of Beauty, and move into the Real, for Beauty is the beckoning doorway, actually, a veritable marques, into the silence, into the Infinite. The habit of looking for Truth and Love when we register the presence of Beauty will begin to reveal what is actually present, the Love Wisdom which is generating, so to speak, the field of Beauty we are registering.

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Let me share an example. One day I came upon my mother, Loretta, in the front patio garden of our house. My mother who was in her eighties at the time was not what one would usually call beautiful. When I came upon her that day, she was bending over and peering into an epiphyllum bloom. This particular variety is called the Conqueror. The blooms, a very deep and startlingly iridescent orange, are about the size of a saucer. The sun was shining directly on the bloom and the orange light from the bloom was reflected full into Loretta's face.

***I could not tell for a few seconds where the bloom ended and Loretta began.***

I was completely stopped by the vision. There were no parts, no separation. I could not tell for a few seconds where the bloom ended and Loretta began, or which was actually radiating the light, the bloom or Loretta's irradiated face. She must have heard me for with out rising up, she turned and looked at me. A stream of iridescent orange light seemed to flow from her, and she simply said, "Isn't it beautiful." I think that I literally saw Loretta's Soul looking out of those eighty plus year old eyes in that wrinkled and lined face.

I have never again seen the elders among us, either men or women, in the same light as I did before that experience. The immortal soul is quite close to the surface in many of our elders. It is as if the soul were taking advantage of the personalities loosening grip to come in and have a look around before its vehicle slips away. The Beauty and Truth that streams forth from our elders from time to time is only obscured by our conditioned thoughts about age and death.

That was an example of moving from the registration of Beauty to the realization of a Truth. I know that many of you have had similar experiences in your lives, and these kinds of experiences will become more and

more common as we move deeper under the influence of the 7<sup>th</sup> Ray Lord, for this Lord, "The Manipulator of the Wand" is "The Revealer of Beauty" and "The Bestower of Light From the Second Lord."

Truth realized is not always that easy to express in mundane thought forms, or, for that matter, in any medium of the lower three worlds. Truth realized is, of course, the genesis of all art. An artist of what ever kind is simply trying to share with us through the metaphor we call art—poetry, painting, sculpting, story telling—

the Truth which he or she has encountered. In the case of the disciple, this works out in spiritual living, the way we live our lives. This may be what D.K. is indicating when he says the art of the Aquarian Age will be the art of living, and that spiritual living is "loving synthesis in action."

There is another way to look at this. Everyone agrees that humans do not make Truth. Truth is. Evolution, human evolution, is really the gradual development of our ability to realize Truth.

If, for example, we had evolved far enough now, we would be able to register the presence of the 5<sup>th</sup> Kingdom. It is here now of course. Most of us simply cannot register it, or register it fully. We are simply not occupying or conscious of the dimension, the "here" where the Hierarchy "is now". We are not open to it. We have not as yet developed, finely enough, the sensitivity to that "here".

On the other hand, we readily register the presence of Beauty, which is the frequency of Truth. So, if Truth is and Beauty is the frequency of Truth we should always be able register Beauty. We have to wonder why we fail to see Beauty so often. The obvious

explanation is that we are frequently lost in Maya, the Great Illusion of Separation.

There is something we can do about this. A habit of the explorer, the warrior explorer, is to think Truth, that is to be constantly conscious of Truth, of its existence. Truth is there. If we are not seeing it, it is because we are being bamboozled by Maya and the Great Illusion. So, a good practice we can take to the exercise floor we call our daily lives is to start to consciously look for the Truth that must invest everything. When we start to see the Beauty which lies at the heart of all beings, we will be closing in on the Ceremonial Ritual of Sanat Kumara's daily Life which has to do with the revelation of always greater levels of Truth.

At the aquarium in Monterey, California, I came upon a huge tank full of these very large, incredibly beautiful pale pink and blue, gossamer jelly fish. As jellyfish do, these were moving up and down in the water in some kind of ancient and profound ritual dance. As I watched, the rhythm of the dance began to move in my consciousness. The space between the dancers and the observer seemed to dissolve. You know the experience. It is like there was a Truth being expressed in that tank of jellyfish.

It came to me as I watched, that Beauty is the Sea within which the gossamer fishes of Truth swim. It took only a second for me to move the vision from the jelly fish tank to our planet swimming in the Sea of Beauty we call the sky and from there to our solar system, one of countless billions, swimming in the Sea of Beauty we call Space and then on to the *realization that these images*— from the jelly fish swimming in the tank at the aquarium to the Crab and Orion nebulas swimming in space— *these images are but the outer forms, the garments of Beauty, which Truth assumes as it unfolds or manifests in time and space.* These forms are beckoning doorways to the Infinite Beauty of the Fiery World where one might gain, from breath to breath, a tiny glimpse into the significance of Life, of Truth, of the Infinite.

As we approach the waiting Great Ones this evening, let us recall the Masters words. **“Traveler, you must be conscious of the Fiery World as something real, and which nourishes life. Traveler, apprehend that your earthly life is the very smallest part of your existence. Traveler, accept the Guiding Hand.”** *Fiery World II P.263*

Tom Carney, Taurus 2003

### *The Sacred Mountains From Darjeeling, India*

