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***Teaching from Page 19***

***Song of the Waters***

There is joy in the sound of the sweet waves lapping the shores,  
where the sands move and flow in and out of patterns.

I walk the long lonely beach where the gulls call out.  
Past the gentle waves and sandy shores and around the point  
the seas tumble towards the rocks in a different current.  
The waves shatter themselves against the shoreline  
with the violence of passion.

Yet the sweet gentle waves upon the sands  
and the violent waters that leap at the boulders  
are all of the same waters that move from one end of the earth to the other.

Further out to sea the waters of the gentle and the waters of the violent  
merge one into the other.  
The passion that moves the one and the gentleness that moves the other  
are indistinguishable in the whole.

Is this not a picture of life?  
Who am I to judge that which moves another?  
Do I not move both as the gentle and the passionate,  
being neither one nor the other,  
always moving with the sea of life?

With gentleness I meet the shores.  
With passion I meet the rocks.  
Yet, even then, do I not merge with the ocean,  
where neither gentleness nor passion rules?

There, do I not blend into the deeper qualities of deeper waters  
which, from the shore, I never knew existed?