

GOOD HEAVENS TODAY



THE COLOUR OF GOD (A LECTURE NOT GIVEN ... OUT OF SHYNESS)

Hermetic Order of the Temple of Starlight®

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THE COLOUR OF GOD

(A LECTURE NOT GIVEN ... OUT OF SHYNESS)

by **Jack van Eijk**

Ladies and gentlemen,

I'm not much of a magician and I'm certainly not used to stand in front of an audience, so what am I doing here before you?

Well, sometimes the heart bursts. When too much love is getting in. Or too much light. You cannot hold it in, so you have to share. Sometimes (but really it is the same as love or light) you see something in a new perspective new Jerusalem, shining, glorious.



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You know as well as I do that those moments, and they are always moment of inner truth, are rare and come unexpectedly and what triggered them is probably something seemingly insignificant, an insect buzzing overhead, a blade of grass catching the sunlight, a simple word in a book already seen a dozen times.

I cannot tell you what I saw. And I cannot tell you why my heart jumped up and went out to reach the embrace of His loving arms. I can only tell you what triggered it and how it unfolded itself. In the meantime you have to pardon me for pacing up and down here in front of your eye's, if I don't walk I cannot think properly. Thank you for this little microphone clipped to the hem of my shirt.

First there was a time I was meditating on the Tree of Life. Then there was in my Palace of Memory a snug little corner with a little note that said: in book such and so there is a reference to this. Of course I had to look it up. And it is about the overflowing of the Chalice from Kether to Malkuth, but also:

'... imagine a ray of sunlight shining through a stained-glass window of ten different colours. The sunlight possesses no colour at all but appears to change hue as it passes through the different colours of the glass. Coloured light radiates through the windows. The light has not essentially changed, though so it seems to the viewer. Just so with the sefirot. The light that clothes itself in the vessels of the sefirot is the essence, like the ray of sunlight. The essence does not change colour at all, neither judgement or compassion, neither right nor left. Yet by emanating through the sefirot – the variegated stained glass – judgement and compassion prevails.'

(by Rabbi Moshe Cordovero 1522- 1570)

Now I'm going to tell you about colours. I' m going to show you, as if you wouldn't know, how science and the Book of Nature turn into magic and the Light of God.

I am afraid that at first I have to bore you, but I'll keep it short. Scientifically spoken colour is a wave length of electromagnetism. It is vibration, not unlike sound. In simple terms you can say that that are two kinds of colour: chemical and physical colours. I will not speak about the latter. Suffices to know that physical colour occurs when light strikes an object and is reflected and refracted in its different wavelengths: the rainbow, the peacock's tail, mother of pearl, it is shimmering beauty, a salute to the divine.

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To tell you about the rapture of chemical colours, I, a mere sociologist as far as it concerns science and so, many will say, not a real scientist at all, I will now take this scrap of paper from my breast pocket and quote some of the beautifully written explanation in Victoria Finlay's book : 'Colour, travels through the paint box'.

The first challenge in writing about colours is that they don't really exist. Or rather, they do exist, but only because our minds create them as an interpretation of vibrations that are happening around us. Everything in the universe – whether it is classified as 'solid' or 'liquid' or 'gas' or even vacuum – is shimmering and vibrating and constantly changing.

Well, dear audience, nothing new so far. You couldn't be on the road of magic if you didn't know this. She goes on:

But our brains don't find that a very useful way of comprehending the world. So we translate what we experience into concepts like 'objects' and 'smells' and 'sounds' and, of course, 'colours', which are altogether easier for us to understand.

The universe is pulsating with energy that we call electromagnetic waves. The frequency range of electromagnetic waves is huge – from radio waves, which can sometimes have more than 10 kilometres between them to the tiny cosmic waves, which move in wavelengths of about a billionth of a millimetre – with x-rays and ultraviolet and infrared and TV and gamma rays in between. But the average human eye can detect only a very small portion of this vast range – only in fact, the portion with wavelengths between 0.00038 and 0.00075 millimetres. It seems a small differential, but these are magical numbers for our eyes and minds. We know this section as visible light, and we can distinguish about ten million variations within it. When our eyes see the whole range of visible light together, they read it as 'white'. When some of the wavelengths are missing, they see it as 'coloured'.

Okay, that wasn't so hard, was it? In a nutshell it is like this: a colour appears before your eyes because an object absorbs some of the white light and reflects the rest. Please pay attention now to the following:

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What is important to remember about 'chemical' colouring is that the light actually does affect the object. When light shines on a leaf, or a paint, or a lump of butter, it actually causes it to rearrange its electrons, in a process called 'transition'. There the electrons are, floating quietly in clouds within their atoms. And suddenly a ray of light shines on them. Imagine a soprano singing a high C and shattering a wineglass, because she catches its natural vibration. Something similar happens with the electrons, if a portion of the light happens to catch their natural vibration. It shoots them to another energy level and that relevant bit of light, that glass-shattering 'note', is used up and absorbed. The rest is reflected out, and our brains read it as 'colour'.

So it is all about vibration and the emission of energy. Cool words, but you could of course well describe this process more lyrical, like Finlay does herself:

'the atoms are busy shivering – or dancing or singing; the metaphor's can be as joyful as the colours they describe.'

Now, ladies and gentlemen, as an example I want you to look at the red banner in the southern quarter of your temple. The banner has absorbed a part of the light, it has actually changed at an atomic level and it has raised its energy level. As far as I'm concerned, that's magic enough for a lifetime. But I will rephrase it, so you will see how the One Creator pours out His wonders over us in paradoxes. Because this banner has done something naughty. It has absorbed light, mostly the blue and yellow wavelengths, and has **rejected** the red, send it on its way to our bewitched eyes and mind. You could say, in a way, that the banner is **any colour but red**.

You there, sir, in the front, forgive me my intrusion, you wear a black robe. We, lovers of the occult, we know that it has a lot of symbolic meanings to use this black. But a scientific fact has opened my inner eyes for another meaning. Your black robe, sir, has absorbed all the Light it could catch, literally. Nothing has escaped its attraction, it was like a hungry vortex, a child sucking dry it's mother's breast. You ponder on this.

And maybe you could also let your thoughts flow to the altar, a black cube or decked with a black altar cloth. How marvellous, how appropriate, this total absorption of the Divine Light, in the centre of our gathering, coming to us by way of His Solar agent!

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'Something wrong with my white dress, mister', I can hear the lady over there think. I must apologize. And reassure you, milady, it is the most wondrous token of your love for us. Your dress will not absorb the Light, it will send all of it, all the possible wavelengths of light, back to us in a burst of energy, an emission of pureness out of an object, your dress, that, in a way, in itself has no colour at all, but in its humbleness is the thrusting block.

If I have any time left on this stage, I will tell you something about the Song of Colours.

But first I will put you in a small experiment. You see, the other day I had this conversation with my grandson of seven about the imagination. Because he wanted to be a wizard. And he had boasted on school that his granddad could really work magic. I confessed to him that before I had conjured all kinds of objects from his pockets, but that those were just tricks. 'So it's not true' he said disappointed. 'O, but it is true', I said, 'I can work magic. And because you are not a baby anymore, I will tell you a secret: everybody can work magic, but most people have forgotten how.' I saw a twinkle in his eye. 'So I can do magic too?' he said. 'Sure, but it is not an easy trick or something, it is hard work.' 'How then', he said. 'Well, in the first place, you have to really really want something very very badly and think of it every day, for weeks and weeks and maybe longer. And you have to make a picture of it in your head, very precise. Let's see if you can do this. Close your eyes.'

So it started. And he was really good at it. But then he said: 'all I see is what I've seen before'. It was from memory, he meant. 'No', I said, 'you can see whatever you want. Imagine a cat with, let's say, a chickens head, can you do that?' He could do that easily and he smiled. 'Make the cat blue', I said. No problem. After a while he opened his eyes and said: 'it was more blue then....then...' 'Yes, I said, 'inside you is a paint box with all the colours of the world.'

So, ladies and gentlemen, I ask you to close your eyes and picture a blue cat, just that, I don't trust you with chickens. Now concentrate on the blueness of it, make it as intense as you can. Hold it for a while.

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I predict that the blue you see with your eyes closed is bluer than almost anything you could see with your eyes opened. That is because it has become an archetypical blue, it is as it were a Briatic blue. You could also say that the outer light is outshined by the inner light.

I will now conclude with the Sound of Colour. As you have noticed it is not unusual to compare colours with music. Finlay used it as a metaphor when she spoke of the soprano with the high C, shattering a wineglass. Buddhists have an elaborate system in which the chakras have colours as well as notes described to them. Just as colours have a wavelength, so do sounds. Only how you could compare them, was a riddle to me. But I'm fortunate to have a good friend, Paul van Wierst, who - besides being a painter, a shaman (if only he knew) and a grumbling seeker of truth – is a kind of 'homo universalis'. Somewhere in the treasure house of his mind (or else his enormous library) was the answer.

As far as I understood the wavelength of light – and so colours – is measured in Ångström and those of sound in Hertz. But light has much shorter wavelengths, the frequency is higher, that is to say, the vibration is much more intense, than is the case with sound. You could say that light and colour are a higher octave of sound. Apart from that there is no reason why you couldn't compare them. He showed me a table: violet compares with G and red with a high F, the colours in between accordingly.

So you could easily write a hymn in colours. Or vice versa, substitute your red banner in the south for a note in high F.

Well, when God spoke: 'there be light', sound preceded light. It is a just metaphor for his creative Breath. But from my point of view the highest level of energy must have preceded everything. So I tell you, for sure, God spoke in bursts of light. He was laughing all the time, out of pure joy, and it came out in colours!

by Jack van Eijk, Amsterdam

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Ina is a trained psychiatric therapist, sociotherapist, and healthcare manager. She is a certified NLP practitioner. She designs all her training modules in such a way that they integrate modern therapeutic systems and archaic magical systems such as Qabalah and Ceremonial Magic into one system. In this way your spiritual practice increases emotional, mental and spiritual health and growth.

Ina is the author of the Solo Magical Training of the Hermetic Order of the Temple of Starlight, called 'The Order of the Exalted Land' and the author of the book 'The Temple of High Magic', ISBN-13: 978-1-59477-308-2

Ina teaches spiritual Ceremonial Magic through intensive training weekends all over Europe.

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