

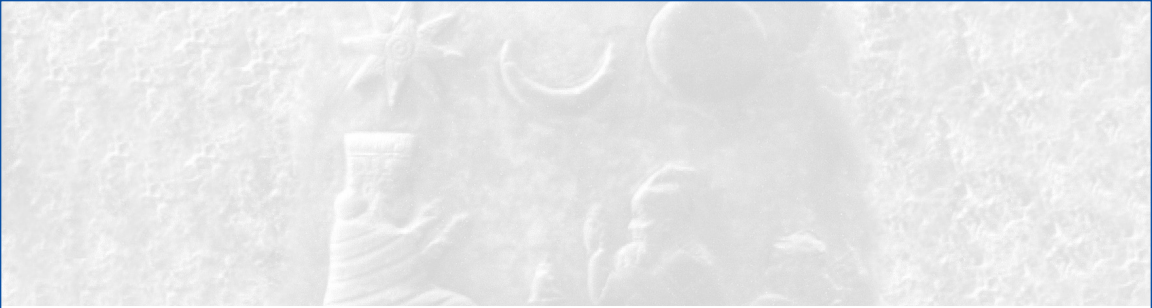
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BACK TO THE ROOTS

PATHWORKING

The pathworkings in this book are not chosen at random. They are stories whose images are very carefully chosen, and whose images have been used in our culture for centuries: accidentally and deliberately, in fairy tales and folk stories, in mythological stories and in normal speech. These images have specific effects on the Inner World.

At the moment that you project yourself inside the story, your emotions and feelings will interact with the story. These movements in the Inner World have the goal of stimulating certain processes in the consciousness.

This form of meditation is specific to Spiritual Magic and affects the daily life of people. This meditation method is practiced with the symbols that are classically connected to the Sephiroth and the paths of the Qabalistic Tree of Life.



THE ROBE OF THE MAGICIAN

To give you an idea of the importance of the ritual clothing and the experience this gives, I will take you with me on a pathworking journey. First, prepare yourself for a meditation. Take care that you will not be disturbed during the exercise. Make sure that you are comfortable. First relax and stabilize your breathing into the rhythm of four counts in, hold two, four out, hold two. When you look toward the black of your closed eyes, imagine looking into the blackness of a starry night. In your mind, look downward, and you will see that your feet are standing on a floor with black and white tiles.

Now the floor appears to be moving. It seems to stretch out in all directions. You are highly impressed by the wideness of the landscape, and it only stretches itself out farther in all directions. It becomes bigger as you are aware of your own heartbeat. You see that, slowly, stars start to appear in the space above you and below you. Now you clearly hear the voice of a female guide:

“I will take you with me to a place on the Inner Planes where you will be clothed in Divine robes. It is important that you lay down your common clothes. Take off your clothes and cleanse yourself with the Waters that come down from Heaven.”

To your amazement it starts to rain softly. The black and white floor starts to change shape, and stairs develop in black and white. The water starts to reflect the starry heavens. You decide to undress yourself and bathe in the basin that forms at your feet. You decide to drench yourself in the basin.

When you come out of the Waters, it has started snowing. In spite of the white flakes that descend on your skin, you do not feel cold. Together with the white flakes of snow, a golden spider descends on a thin thread.

The spider hangs before you, and she weaves the snowflakes into a pattern. To your amazement, the snow crystallizes on your skin into a silk robe that is decorated with the most beautiful ice flowers.

“I dress you in the purity of a winter night. This absolute purity is the state of your soul when you cleanse yourself in the primordial source of the universe. To take care that your core remains pure as long as possible, I will now weave a mantle of concealment for you. This I weave from velvet threads, black in color, which I will spin out of the starry night.”

You watch how the spider works: she tears threads out of the night and, where she pulls them out of the surface, little holes form in the velvet black depth. The spider tells you:

“Because I weave the mantle of concealment, an activity is generated. Everywhere that I take threads from the night, a void is created. This nothingness will fill itself. The cosmos always returns to its state of balance, and the emptiness that is caused because I weave for you your mantle of concealment will fill itself with fate. And now watch how the emptiness fills itself with star fire. In this way a horoscope is created. Do not fear, because fate will strengthen your soul and give it more splendor than ever.”

The spider finishes the beautiful black mantle that is woven from the starry night.

“Now we need the materials with which to fasten this mantle onto your white robe.”

The spider starts to work again, and she plucks fire from the stars of the Zodiac from the heavens, and attaches sparks of stellar fire on a brooch. The jewel radiates, and as you watch it you have realizations without understanding where they come from.

“See here, the jewel of wisdom,” the spider says. “This appears to me an excellent brooch to pin the mantle of concealment onto your left shoulder. Now we need another pin to fix the right side.”

The spider looks into the night sky and says thoughtfully: “The mantle

of concealment will embrace you and protect you with the Understanding of the Great Mother.” And promptly a supernova explodes in the dark night, a blood red explosion against the deep black background.

“Ah . . .” the spider says. “Of course! The mantle is pinned on the right side with a black rose with a blood red heart: the symbol of the Great Mother.” The spider takes the explosion out of space and weaves it into a brooch of black obsidian with a kernel of blood red star ruby. This she uses to pin the mantle at your left shoulder.

“You are now dressed in the regalia of the novice. All other pieces of clothing of the Heavenly Man are woven by me when you have earned them yourself. You need to create the warp of the threads by your aspiration, hope, and prayer. The woof you create by endurance, sound thinking, and sweat. The regalia of the Initiate are hidden in the secret spaces that you find at the sides of the road of the Ladder of Light.”
