



Court of Record

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His Excellency Matteo Renzi, Prime Minister of 'Italy'

cc: His Holiness Pope Francis, His Holiness Pope Benedict XVI

cc: Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II

Open Letter
Amicus curiæ
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Your Excellency,

*In the name of YHVH, Truth, Our Lord Jesus Christ, Good News for **all** men, women and children, greeting!*

10 In the meeting with His Holiness Pope Francis, scheduled for 11am today, Your Excellency may feel like a bridegroom rehearsing for his wedding day. The lovely bride, the Roman Catholic Church which has surrounded Your Excellency since your birth, may appear to have flounced away with a mind of her own, leaving the priest comforting thee that everything shall be all right.

15 The 'solid and dependable' modern world, is receding metaphorically like the bachelor days, and the 'priests' of forbidden knowledge wish to show thee their tricks at the bachelor party. Perhaps, Your Excellency may wonder, is this 'marriage' more like walking into a scary big Grey spider's net.

"Everything is God's grace", to quote His Holiness Pope Francis and His Holiness Pope John XXIII.

Rome is metaphorically like Jerusalem was before Jesus Christ, the black magic, torture and treachery unable to protect the priests of the Cult of Saturn, the Pharisees and the Sadducees. Yet there is a difference, which is that the LORD, Jesus Christ, is *known* to the *Bishops of Rome*.

20 It is the grace of the LORD that almost everything which we would wish to say has already been said, as in a parable, in the conversation which we quote below. If thou hast not read it before, it is difficult to predict the course of the conversation. The setting is India, pre-World-War-II, in Benares, where an Englishman, Paul Brunton, is in quest of spiritual Truth, where an acquaintance has been scornfully dismissed for suggesting an astrologer.

25 "Let us understand each other. You fully accept the theory that every man's career and every worldly event is controlled by stars whose distance from our planet is so great that it beggars imagination?"

"Yes, I do," he answers quietly.

30 I shrug my shoulders, not knowing what to say.

He assumes an apologetic air.

35 "My dear sir, why not go and try him for yourself? You say in your country, 'The proof of the pudding is in the eating.' Find out what Sudhei Babu can discover about you. I have no use for the cheap charlatans myself, but I believe in that man's genuineness."

"H'm. I am sceptical about those who make a business of foretelling. Still, I shall take you at your word. Will you take me to this astrologer?"

40 "Certainly. Come and have *tiffin* with me to-morrow and then we shall visit him."

We continue to float by broad palaces and old temples and little shrines bespattered with yellow flowers. I look indiffer-

45 ently at the broad stone steps crowded with bathing pilgrims
and reflect that, though science rightly flatters itself with having
put a check to superstition, I have yet to learn that a scientific
attitude should put a check to investigation. If my companion
can produce some evidential facts for the marked feeling of
50 fatalism which he shares in common with most of his country-
men, I shall study them with an open mind.

The next day my amiable acquaintance brings me to a narrow,
archaic street which runs through a heap of flat-topped houses.
We stop before a rambling, old, stone-built structure. He
leads the way through a dark, low-roofed passage and then we
55 climb several stone steps, which are no wider than a man's
body. We pass through a narrow room and find ourselves on
the veranda of a spacious inner courtyard, around which the
house has been built.

A chained dog sights us and furiously barks a challenge. An
array of large pots, each holding some tropical flowerless
plant, spreads along the veranda. I follow my companion into a
dark, frowning room and nearly fall over some broken flag-
stones at the threshold. As I stoop, I notice that loose earth
60 lies sprinkled in the room as freely as it is sprinkled on the
veranda floor. Does the astrologer find relief from his starry
studies in plant-growing, I wonder?

The other man shouts for the astrologer, whose name is
echoed back to us by the ancient walls. We wait for two or
three minutes and assist the dog, by further calls for the astrol-
70 oger, to punctuate the silence of this seemingly deserted
building. I begin to think that we have come on a fruitless
errand, when the sound of someone stirring descends from an
upper floor. Soon after I hear shuffling steps approach our room.
The figure of a slight man, carrying a candle in one hand and
75 jangling a bunch of keys in the other, appears on the threshold.
There follows a brief conversation in the semi-gloom and the
astrologer unlocks another door, through which we all pass. He
draws aside two heavy curtains and opens the shutters which
cover tall balcony windows.

80 The astrologer's face is suddenly illuminated by the light
which falls through the opened windows. I see a man who
seems more like a figure from the ghost world than one of flesh
and blood. Never before have I seen anyone so "sicklied o'er
with the pale cast of thought." His death-like countenance,
85 incredibly lean body and Unearthly slow movements combine
to produce a weird effect. The whites of his eyes are so pro-
nounced as to heighten this impression, their whiteness offering
a strong contrast to the jet-black pupils.

90 He takes his seat at a large table, whose surface is littered
with papers. I discover that he speaks tolerably good English,
yet it is only after some persuasion that I can induce him to
carry on a direct conversation without the aid of a third party
as interpreter.

95 "Please understand that I come as an enquirer, not as a
believer," I begin.

He nods his thin head.

"Yes, I shall cast your horoscope and then you must tell me

if you are satisfied.”

“What is your fee ? ”

100 “I have no fixed charge. Some people of good position pay me sixty rupees; others pay me twenty rupees. I leave the amount to you.”

105 I proceed to make it clear to him that, before we bother about the future, I want to test his knowledge of the past. He agrees.

110 For a while he busies himself with calculations over my birth date. After ten minutes he stoops to the floor behind his chair and searches among a disorderly pile of yellowed papers and palm-leaf manuscripts. Finally he draws out a little bundle of oblong, time-stained slips. He sketches a queer diagram on a sheet of paper and says:

“This is a chart of the heavens at the time you were born.

And these Sanskrit texts explain the meaning of every part of the chart. Now, I shall tell you what the stars declare.”

115 He scrutinizes the diagram with minute care, refers to one of the slips, and speaks again, in that low, emotionless voice which befits his personality so well.

“You are a writer from the West? Am I correct?”

I nod in agreement.

120 He tells me thereafter about my youth and describes, in quick succession, a few happenings of the earlier years of my life. In all, he gives me seven important points about my past. Five of them are broadly correct, but the other two are utterly wrong. Thus I am able to check up on the value or worthlessness of his powers. The honesty of the man is transparent. I am already convinced that he is incapable of deliberate deception. A 75 per cent success in an initial test is startling enough to show that Hindu astrology calls for investigation, but it also indicates that the latter is no precise, infallible science.

130 Once again Sudhei Babu burrows among his scattered papers and then describes my character with a fair degree of accuracy. After that he pictures the mental capacities which have brought me to follow a profession congenial to them. Here again, when he lifts his intellectual head and asks, “Have I read correctly?”

135 I cannot dispute his words.

He shuffles his papers, silently studies the diagram, and begins to speak of the future.

“The world will become your home. You shall travel far and wide, yet always you will carry a pen and do your writing work.” And in this strain he discourses of what is yet to be.

140 But I can run no investigating rule over his prophecies, so I am content to leave them where I find them - written in the stars.

With his last words he again asks if I am satisfied. His fairly correct description of my past forty years on this amazing planet; his almost completely successful effort to show me my mental self - these things silence the criticisms which I have come prepared to utter.

145 I want to ask myself, “Is this man merely drawing a bow at a venture? Is he doing nothing more than a bit of smart guess-work ? ” but I must candidly confess that his prognostications

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impress me. Yet time alone can tell whether there is any worth in them or not.

155 Is my Western attitude toward the dark question of fate to tumble about me like a house of thin cards What can I say about the matter? I move over to the window and stand there, staring out at the opposite house and jingling the silver rupees in my pocket. Finally I return to my seat and question the astrologer.

160 “Why should it seem impossible to you that such distant stars can influence the lives of men ? ” he rejoins softly. “Do not the tides respond to the distant moon in their ebb and flow Does not the body of a woman undergo a change every lunar month? Does not the absence of the sun make men more liable to depressed moods?”

165 “Quite so. But that is a far cry from asserting the claims of astrology. Why should Jupiter or Mars care two annas whether I meet with shipwreck or not ? ”

He looks at me with an unruffled face.

170 “It is better that you regard the planets as being only symbols which stand in the sky; it is not they which really influence us, but our own past,” he replies. “You will never understand the reasonable nature of astrology unless you accept the doctrine that man is born again and again, and that his fate follows him with every birth. If he escapes the results of his
175 evil actions in one birth, they will punish him in his next; and if he does not receive a due reward for his good actions in one lifetime, he will surely receive it in the next. Without this doctrine of the continued return of man's soul to this earth until such time as it becomes perfect, the changing fortunes of
180 different persons would seem the result of mere chance or blind luck. How can that be allowed by a just Deity? No - it is our belief that when a man dies, his character, desires, thoughts and will continue to exist until they enter a body of flesh once more and come among us in the form of a new-born
185 baby. The good or evil actions committed in the former birth will be suitably rewarded or punished in the present or even future births. This is how we explain fate. When I said that you would be shipwrecked one day and in grave danger of drowning, **that is the fit destiny which God, in His hidden justice, has portioned out to you** because of something wrong which you did in a former birth. It is not the planets which
190 force you into shipwreck, but the inescapable results of your former actions. The planets and their positions only act as a record of this destiny; why they should do so I cannot say.
195 No man's brain could ever have invented astrology; it came to us from long ago, when it was revealed for man's benefit by the great seers of ancient times.”

200 As I listen to this plausible pronouncement, I hardly know what comment to make. He would bind one's soul and fortune to the stake of fate, but no healthy Westerner will let himself be despoiled of the prized possession of free will. What inhabitant of the energetic Occident can wax enthusiastic over this belief that it is destiny, and not choice, which directs him to take his steps? I gaze in bewilderment at this lean
205 dreamer, this sallow wanderer through remote signs of the

zodiac. "Do you know," I tell him, "that in some parts of the South the astrologers rank next to the priests, and that nothing of any magnitude can be done without previously consulting them? We Europeans would laugh at such a position, for we do not look kindly upon predictive methods. We like to think that we are free individuals and not the hapless victims of an inexorable destiny."

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The astrologer shrugs his shoulders.

"In one of our old books, the *Hitopadesa*, it is declared:

215 **'No one is capable of opposing the predestinations of fate, which are written on the foreheads of men.'**" He lets his words sink in. Then he continues:

"What can you do? We must bear with the fruit of our actions."

220

But I am dubious about this statement and express my feelings.

The prophet of personal fortunes rises from his chair. I take the hint and prepare to leave him. He murmurs musingly:

225 **"All is in the power of God. Nothing can escape Him. Who of us is really free? Whither can we go where God is not?"**

At the door he adds hesitatingly:

230 "If you wish to come again we may talk further on these matters."

I thank him and accept the invitation.

"Very well. I shall expect you to-morrow, after the sun has gone down, about the hour of six."

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Next day I return with the dusk to the astrologer's house. I have no intention of accepting all that he tells me, but neither have I formed any plans for rejection. I come to listen, possibly to learn, though the latter rests on how far his statements can be verified by experiment. And at this time I am ready enough

240 to make experiments, but only if sufficiently strong reasons can be given for them. Yet Sudhei Babu's reading of my horoscope has stirred me to the perception that Hindu astrology is not superstitious nonsense, and that it may well warrant a deeper investigation. That thought represents the limit of my present attitude.

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We sit facing each other at his large writing-table. A paraffin lamp throws a dim light upon the scene. Millions of other Indian homes are being lit to-night in the same way.

250 "I have fourteen rooms in this house," the astrologer tells me. "They are filled with ancient manuscripts, which are mostly written in Sanskrit. That explains why I need such a large house, although I live alone. Come and see my collection."

255

He removes the hanging lamp and leads the way into another room. Open boxes are ranged around the walls. I peer inside one of them and find it full of books and papers. Even the

260 floor of the room is hidden under a multitude of papers,
bundles of palm-leaf manuscripts and books whose covers are
discoloured with age. I take a small bundle in my hand; each
leaf is covered with incomprehensible, faded characters. We
go from room to room and find the same scene everywhere.
265 The astrologer's library appears to be in a state of hopeless
disorder, but he assures me that he is familiar with the where-
abouts of every book and paper. It seems to me that his house
has gathered the wisdom of Hindustan. Surely much of the
strange lores of India is contained in the almost undecipherable
pages of these ancient rolls of manuscript and in these Sanskrit
books?

270 We return to our chairs and the other man informs
me :

“Nearly all my money has been spent in buying those
manuscripts and books. Many of them are very rare and cost
me large sums. So it is that I am very poor to-day.”

275 “What subjects do they deal with ? ”

“They deal with human life and divine mysteries, while
many are concerned with astrology.”

“Then you are also a philosopher?”

His thin mouth relaxes into a half-smile.

280 **“A man who is not a good philosopher will make a poor
astrologer.”**

“I f you will pardon me for saying so, I hope you do not
over-study all those books. I was shocked at your pallor
when I first met you.”

285 “T h a t is not surprising,” he replies calmly. “I have not
eaten for six days.”

I express my concern.

290 “It is not a question of money. The woman who comes
every day to cook for me is away ill. She has been away for
six days.”

“Then why not call in another woman ? ”

He shakes his head firmly.

295 “No . My food must not be cooked by a lower caste woman.
I would rather not eat for a month than permit that to happen.
I must wait till my servant's health is restored. But I expect
her to return in a day or two.”

300 I peer at him intently and notice that he wears the sacred
thread of “The Sons of Brahma.” The triple cord of woven
linen which nestles under his chin is placed around the neck
of every Brahmin baby and is never to be removed till death.

So he is a Brahmin¹.

“Why trouble yourself with a superstitious caste restric-
tion,” I urge. “Surely your health is more important than
that ? ”

305 “It is not superstition. Everyone gives out a magnetic
influence which is quite real, even though the instruments of
your Western science have not yet discovered it. The cook

1 Knower of Brahman, a knower of YHVH, Ground of Being, Christ.

310 who prepares food throws her influence into it, unconsciously
of course. A cook of low character will thus taint the food
with bad magnetism, which passes into the person who eats
the food.”

“What a strange theory!”

“But it is true.”

315 I change the subject.

“How long have you been an astrologer?”

“For nineteen years. I took up the profession after my
marriage.”

“Ah , I understand.”

320 “No , I am not a widower. Shall I explain? When I was
a youth of thirteen I prayed often to God for knowledge, and
so was led to various people who taught me and to different
books. I became so fascinated by study that I would sit up
325 reading all day and far into the night. My parents arranged
a marriage for me. A few days after we were married, my
wife got angry with me and said: ‘I have married a human
book!’ On the eighth day she ran away with the man who
used to drive our carriage !”

330 Sudhei Babu pauses. I cannot help smiling at his wife's
caustic comment, though her speedy elopement must have
created a sensation in conservative India. But the ways of
women are tortuous and beyond the compass of a man's mind.
“After a while I recovered from the shock,” he continues,
335 “and forgot her. All my emotions were blotted out. I went
deeper than ever into the study of astrology and the divine
mysteries. It is then that I took up my greatest study, the book
of *Brahma Chinta*.”

“Perhaps you will tell me what that book is concerned
with ? ”

340 “The title can be translated as *Divine Meditation*, or as *The*
Quest of Brahma, or even as *God-Knowledge*. The entire work
contains several thousand pages, but the part I study is only
a section. It took me nearly twenty years to collect even that,
345 because it exists only in scattered parts here and there. I have
slowly obtained these different parts through agents in the
various provinces of India. There are twelve chief divisions
among its subjects, and many subdivisions. The chief topics
are philosophy, astrology, Yoga, life after death, and other deep
matters.”

350 “Do you know if there is any English translation of the
book ? ”

He shakes his head.

355 “I have never heard of one. Few, even, are the Hindus who
know of the existence of the book. Hitherto, it has been
jealously guarded and kept secret. It came originally from
Tibet, where it is looked upon as very sacred and only chosen
students are allowed to study it.”

“When was it written?”

360 “It was composed thousands of years ago by the sage
Bhrigu, who lived so long ago that I cannot give you the date.

It teaches a method of Yoga which is quite different from all others which exist in India. You are interested in Yoga, are you not ? ”

“How do you know that ? ”

365 For answer, Sudhei Babu quietly produces the chart which he has constructed around my birth-date, and moves his pencil among the strange glyphs which represent planetary configurations and zodiacal signs.

370 “Your horoscope surprises me. It is out of the ordinary for a European, and not even a common one for an Indian. It shows that you will have a great tendency to study Yoga and that you will enjoy the favour of sages who will help you to delve deeply into the subject. Yet you will not limit yourself to Yoga alone, but become versed in other mystic philosophies.”

375 He pauses and looks at me straight in the eyes. I receive the subtle impression that he is about to make a statement which will be tantamount to a revelation of his inner life.

380 **“There are two kinds of sages: those who selfishly keep their knowledge to themselves, and those who, after obtaining enlightenment, share it freely with others who are seeking for it.**

Your horoscope shows that you are almost at the gate of illumination and therefore my words will not fall on deaf ears. I am ready to impart my knowledge to you ! ”

385 I am taken aback at this strange turn of affairs. I first come to Sudhei Babu to check up on the claims of Indian astrology; I come again to listen to his further defence of its basic postulate. And now he unexpectedly offers to become my teacher in Yoga!

390 “If you will practise the methods of *Brahma Chinta* **you will need no teacher,**” he continues. **“Your own soul will become your teacher.”**

I suddenly realize my mistake and wonder whether he has read my thoughts.

“You take me by surprise!” is all I can say.

395 “I have already instructed a few persons in this knowledge but I never regard myself as their master - only as their brother or friend. So I do not undertake to become your teacher in the ordinary sense. The spirit of the sage Bhrigu will simply use this body and mind of mine to *communicate* his teachings to you.”

400 “I do not understand how you can combine the profession of astrology with the teaching of a Yoga system?” “

His thin hands spread themselves upon the table.

405 ”The explanation is this. I live in the world and serve it through my work, which happens to be astrology. Secondly, I refuse to be looked upon as a teacher of Yoga, because in our *Brahma Chinta* the only teacher acknowledged is God. He is the only preceptor we acknowledge. He, as the universal soul, is in us, and will teach us. **Look on me as a brother, if you wish, but do not look on me as a spiritual preceptor. Those who have a teacher are too apt to lean on him and to depend on him instead of their own soul.**”

410 “And yet you depend on astrology for guidance,” I retort

quickly," instead of your own soul."

415 **"You are not right. I never look at my own horoscope now
- in fact, I tore it up many years ago."**

I express astonishment at this statement. He replies:

420 **"I have found the light and do not need astrology to guide
me, but those who still walk in darkness find it helpful. I have
placed my life entirely in the Lord's hands.** I carry that act to
its proper conclusion by giving up all care about future or past.
Whatever the Lord sends, that I accept as His will. I have
given my whole self - body, mind, actions and feelings - to the
will of the Almighty."

425 "Suppose you are threatened with death by a murderous
ruffian, would you do nothing and accept that as God's will ? "

430 **"When any danger arises I know that I have only to pray
and instantly to receive His protection. Prayer is necessary
but fear is not.** I pray frequently and the Lord has marvellously
protected me. Yet I have been through great troubles.
Through all of them I was conscious of His help and I trust
Him fully under every event. One day you, too, will disregard
the future and become indifferent to it."

"There will have to be a remarkable change in me before that happens," I observe drily.

435 "That change will surely come."

"Are you certain?"

**"Yes, you cannot escape your destiny. This spiritual rebirth
is an event which comes from God, whether one looks for it
or not."**

440 "You say strange things, Sudhei Babu."

445 The idea of Deity is the unknown factor which enters into
so many of my conversations in this land. The Hindus are
essentially religious and I am often tantalized by the familiar
way in which they introduce mention of God. Is it possible
for them to appreciate the view-point of a doubting Westerner,
who has surrendered simple faith for complex reason? I
realize that it will be unavailing and suit no practical purpose
to throw up this question of Deity into argument with the
astrologer. I have no taste for partaking of any theological
450 diet which he will probably place before me, so I turn the subject
back to less controversial ground.

"Let us talk of other matters, for God and I have never
met."

455 He looks at me fixedly, his peculiar black and white eyes
searching my soul.

460 **"The chart of your horoscope cannot be wrongly drawn or I
might keep back my knowledge from an unready mind. But
the stars move without fault; what you are unable to grasp
to-day will linger in your thoughts for a time and then return
with double force.** I tell you again that I am ready to impart
the way of *Brahma Chinta* to you."

"And I am ready to learn it."

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465 Evening after evening I visit the old stone house of the
astrologer and receive my lessons in *Brahma Chinta*. The

470 pale lamplight throws flickering patterns upon his narrow face
as he initiates me into the arcana of this primitive Tibetan
Yoga system. At no time does he adopt the attitude of spiritual
superiority or egoistic tutorship. He is humility personified
and usually prefaces his instruction with the phrase, "In this
teaching of *Brahma Chinta* it is said:"

"What is the supreme object, the final goal of this Yoga of
Brahma Chinta?" I ask him one evening.

475 **"We seek the condition of sacred trance, for in that condition
man obtains perfect proof that he is a soul. Then it is that he
frees his mind from his surroundings; objects fade away and
the outside world seems to disappear. He discovers the soul as
a living, real being within himself; its bliss, peace and power
overwhelm him. All he needs is a single experience of this kind
480 to obtain the proof that there is a divine and undying life in
himself; never again can he forget it."**

A shred of doubt prompts my enquiry:

"Are you sure that all this is not a deep form of auto-
suggestion?"

485 A ghost of a smile curls around his lips.

**"When a mother gives birth to a child, is it possible that she
can doubt, even for a single moment, what is happening
And when she comes to look back on that experience, could she
ever think that it was only an auto-suggestion? And when
490 she watches her child grow up beside her year after year, can
she hesitate at any time and disbelieve in its existence? In the
same way, the labour of spiritual rebirth comes as such a
tremendous event in one's life that it cannot be forgotten; it
changes everything for one. When one enters into the sacred
495 trance, a kind of vacuum is created within the mind; God - or,
as you do not seem to care for that word, the soul, the higher
power, shall I say, enters and fills that vacuum. When that
happens, it is impossible to avoid becoming filled with intense
happiness. One also feels a great love for the whole of creation.
500 The body will appear to an observer to be not only in a trance,
but apparently dead, for all breathing stops when the deepest
point is attained."**

"Is that not dangerous?"

505 "No. The trance is attained in complete solitude or a friend
may be permitted to watch over one. I frequently enter into
the sacred trance and can always emerge from it whenever I wish
I usually stay in it for two or three hours, and fix the time of its
ending beforehand. **It is a wonderful experience because
what you see as the universe I see again within myself!** That
510 is why I say that all you need to learn can be learnt from your
own soul. After I have communicated the complete Yoga of
Brahma Chinta to you, no master will be necessary; you will
need no outside guidance."

"You have never had a teacher yourself?"

515 "None. I have never looked for one since I discovered the
secrets of *Brahma Chinta*. Nevertheless, some great masters
have come to me from time to time. This has happened when I
have entered the sacred trance and become conscious in the
inner world. These great sages have appeared before me in

520 their psychic forms and placed their hands on my head in
blessing. Therefore I say again, trust the guidance of your own
soul and teachers will come unbidden to you in the inner
world.”

525 For the next two minutes there is a brooding silence. The
other man seems to be caught up in a cloud of thoughts. Then,
very quietly, very humbly, this strange tutor says:

“**Once, during the sacred trance, I saw Jesus.**”

“You mystify me ! ” I exclaim.

530 But he does not hasten to explain. Instead, he suddenly
rolls the whites of his eyes upwards in a most alarming manner.
There is another minute of intense silence, and only when he
brings his eyes back to their normal appearance am I reassured.
When he addresses me again a faintly enigmatic smile
hovers once more around his lips.

535 “Such is the greatness of this sacred trance that death cannot
catch a man while he is in it. There are some Yogis on the
Tibetan side of the Himalayas who have practised to perfection
this path of Brahma Chinta. Because it pleases them to do so
they have secluded themselves in mountain caves, where they
540 have entered the profoundest degree of the sacred trance. In
that condition, the pulse stops, the heart no longer beats and
the blood does not flow through the unmoving body. Anyone
finding them would think that they are dead. Do not imagine
that they have gone into a kind of sleep, because they are as
545 fully conscious as you or I. They have entered the inner
world, where they live higher lives. Their minds have become
released from the limits set by the body and they discover the
whole universe within themselves. One day they will come out
of their trance, but then they will be many hundreds of years
550 old ! ”

So once again I hear this incredible tradition of perennial
human life. Apparently it will follow my feet wherever I go
under this Eastern sun. But shall I ever track down one of
these legendary immortals and behold him face to face? And
555 will the West ever discover and accept, as a scientific and
psychological contribution, this ancient magic cradled in the
bleak climate of Tibet? Who knows?

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560 My last lesson in the fantastic doctrines of the Yoga of
Brahma Chinta comes to an end. ...

- Paul Brunton. *A Search in Secret India*². [continued below]

While the ‘west’ has arrogantly forgotten, India remembers. The west, by classifying things, like in
geography, ‘this is Egypt’, ‘this is India’, ‘this is Rome’, ‘this is England’, etc., forgets that all this is **One**.

565 The original and pure teachings of Atlantis and Egypt, condensed by Moses, explained by Jesus,
clarified by Muhammed is seen above, *living* in India. This is not to say that all Indians are enlightened,
far from it. The point is that the living consciousness of Christ, preserved by the *Bishops of Rome*, is the
spark that can once again restore Christ-consciousness, the state of *Listening to YHVH, SH’MA, or,*
Brahma Chinta.

There is more in this parable:

570 ... I persuade the sedentary astrologer to venture out of his house,

2 www.courtofrecord.org.uk/archive/A-Search-in-Secret-India/

575 which he rarely leaves, and give his limbs a little exercise. We
wander through narrow alleys, in an effort to avoid the packed
bazaars which bar our way to the river. With all its ancient
squalor and unhygienic overcrowding, Benares nevertheless
presents a variety of colourful sights to the man who wanders
its streets afoot.

580 It is afternoon and my companion carries an open, flat
parasol on his shoulder so as to keep off the sun's rays. His
frail figure and weary languid movements do not conduce to
quick progress, and I change our route in order to shorten our
journey.

585 We pass into the Street of the Brass Workers. The air rings
with the hammers of bearded craftsmen, and their products,
shining brazen vessels, gleam in the sunlight. Here, too, are
multitudes of little brass images - earthly representations of the
chief gods in the Hindu Pantheon.

590 An old man crouches in the shade by the roadside in another
street. He looks up at me with feeble eyes and pathetic face.
His fear removed, he begs for alms.

595 We drift through the Street of the Merchants of Grain, where
little wooden platforms exhibit piles of red and golden grains.
The shopkeepers sit on folded legs or squat on haunch and heel
beside their goods. They throw a few glances at the odd
couple that passes by, and then resume their patient waiting for
customers.

600 Odours mingle indiscriminately in the other streets. As we
approach the river, we walk right into a region which seems to
be a hunting ground for those who seek alms. Lean beggars
drag themselves along the dusty road. One of them comes
near to me and looks inquiringly into my eyes. He possesses a
face of unspeakable melancholy. My heart is moved
embarrassingly.

605 Farther on I nearly stumble over a fleshless old woman, whose
body is a bunch of hanging skin and protruding bones. She,
too, glances into my eyes. There is no reproach, only dull
acceptance. I bring out my purse. Immediately she becomes
an animated creature once again. She extends a skinny arm
and takes the proffered coins.

610 I tremble at my own good fortune in having plenty of food,
good clothes, proper shelter and other desirable things. When
I think of the haunting eyes of those unfortunate wretches, I feel
guilty. By what right do I enjoy the possession of so many
rupees, so many annas, when those poor beggars own nothing
more than rags? Suppose, by some accident of birth or fluke
615 of fate, I had been born in the place of one of them? I play
for a while with this ghastly thought, but horror eventually
causes me to send it into oblivion.

[editors note: duplicate paste below deleted, line numbers unchanged]

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What is the meaning of this mystery of chance, which, by the mere fortune of birth, puts one man in dirt-stained rags upon this road and another in silken robes in yonder river-side palace? Life is truly a dark enigma; I cannot comprehend it. "Let us sit down here," says the astrologer, when we reach the Ganges. We sit in the shade and look down the river upon the stretch of broad stone steps, rambling terraces and jutting platforms. Little groups of pilgrims are constantly coming and going.

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The shapely forms of two slender minarets soar gracefully into the pearly sky to a height of nearly three hundred feet. They mark the charming Mosque of Aurungzeeb, that Muhammedan anachronism in this most Hindu of Hindu cities. But the astrologer has noted my sad preoccupation with beggars, for he turns his sallow face towards me and says: "India is a poor country." His voice is somewhat apologetic. "Its people have been sunk in inertia. **The English race possesses some fine points and I believe that God brought them to our country for its benefit.** Before they came life was unsafe; law and justice were often set aside. **It is my hope that the English will not leave India; we need their help, but it should be given in friendship now, and not by force.** However, the destiny of both nations must fulfil itself."

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"Ah, your fatalism returns again!"

He ignores my comment and falls into silence. At length he asks:

690 **“How can the two peoples avoid God’s will? Day is ever followed by night, and night is ever followed by day. So is it with the history of nations. Great changes brood over the world. India has been sunk in sloth and inertia, but she will change until she becomes filled with desires and ambitions, which ever precede activity. Europe burns with practical activities, but the strength of its materialism will pass away and it will turn its face towards higher ideals. It will seek out the inner things. And the same will happen to America.”**

I listen in silence.

700 **“For this reason the philosophic and spiritual teachings of our land will travel towards the West like a wave of the ocean,”** he continues gravely. “Scholars have already translated some of our Sanskrit manuscripts and sacred books into Western languages, but many texts are hidden away in cave libraries in out of the way parts of India, Nepal and Tibet. Those, too, must eventually be made known to the world. The time will come before long when the ancient philosophies and inner knowledge of India shall unite with the practical sciences of the West. **The secrecy of past times must give way to the needs of this century. I am glad that all this will happen.”**

705 I stare into the greenish water of the Ganges. The river is so strangely tranquil that it hardly seems to flow. Its surface shimmers in the sunlight.

He addresses me yet again:

715 **“The destiny of each race of people must be realized, just as the destiny of every person must be fulfilled. The Lord is omnipotent. Men and nations cannot escape from their self-earned fate, but they may be protected throughout their troubles and even saved from great dangers.”**

“And how does one obtain such protection?”

720 **“By prayer, by keeping a child-like nature when one turns towards the Almighty, and by remembering Him not on one’s lips, but in one’s heart, especially before one begins any action. In happy days try to enjoy them as a blessing of God, and in troubles try to think that it is very much like a medicine to heal your inner disease. Fear Him not, as He is all merciful.”**

725 “You do not believe that God is remote from this world, then?”

730 **“No. God is a Spirit which is hidden in people and throughout this universe. If you see any beauty in Nature, a beautiful landscape, for instance, do not worship it for its own sake, but remember that it is beautiful because of the Deity present in it. See the Divinity in objects and people, and do not be so captivated by the outer forms that you forget the inner Spirit which gives them life.”**

735 “You mingle your doctrines of fate, religion and astrology in a peculiar manner, Sudhei Babu.”

He gazes solemnly at me.

“Why so? These doctrines are not of my creation. They have descended to us from the most distant ages of the past.

740 The tremendous power of destiny, the worship of our Creator
and the lore of planetary influences were known to the earliest
peoples. *They were not such savages as you Westerners
imagine.* But have I not prophesied? The West will redis-
cover before this century closes how real are these invisible
forces which enter into the lives of all men.”

745 “It will be extremely hard for the West to give up its inborn
notion that a man's will is free to make or mar his own life.”

750 **“Whatever happens is by His will and what seems like free
will really works by His power. The Almighty returns to men
the good or evil fruits of their thoughts and deeds in earlier
bodies. It is best to accept His will, but one will not tremble
under sorrows if one looks to Him for the strength to endure
them.”**

755 “Let us hope that you are right, for the sake of those
unfortunate beggars whom we have just encountered.”

“That is the only answer I can make,” he rejoins shortly.

**“If you would follow the path into your own soul, the way of
Brahma Chinta which I have shown you, these problems
would clear themselves.”**

760 I realize that he has now conducted me to the limits of his
argumentative possibilities and that I must find my own way
henceforth.

765 One of my coat pockets hides a fateful telegram, that bids
me whisk myself into a train out of Benares. In another pocket
there reposes a folding kodak. I ask the astrologer to pose for
his photograph. He politely declines.

I press him more insistently.

770 “But why?” he remonstrates. “My ugly face and shabby
clothes?”

“Please! Your photograph will remind me of you in later
years when I may be in distant lands.”

**“The best reminder,” he replies gently, “will be holy
thoughts and unselfish deeds.”**

I yield to his objection reluctantly, and the camera dis-
appears again into my pocket.

775 When he rises to return at last and I begin to follow him, I
discover, close by, a seated figure, who has taken shelter from
the terrific sun under a huge, round, bamboo umbrella. His face
is fixed in rapt meditation and I perceive by the ochre colour
of his robe that he is a holy man belonging to a superior order.

780 We go a little way and find a cow - possibly a member of the
sacred variety which abounds in Benares - sleeping in that
strange posture familiar to its kind. It lies across our track
with legs doubled back under its abdomen.

785 We reach the shop of a **money-changer**, where I hail a
carriage and then our ways part.

- Paul Brunton. *A Search in Secret India*

Homo sacer

Your Excellency may already know about the ancient laws of Rome, the Twelve Tables³ and the rigorous ways of days gone by. There may be a 'Cato Institute', but there are no Cato-like men around.

790 A copy of our recent letter to His Excellency Mr. Bernard Bajolet, Director General of External Security, FRANCE, was forwarded via the Permanent Mission of Italy to the United Nations, where we suggest the arrest of 'Dangerous Idiots' who may be planning a "*la terreur spectaculaire*". We suggest that Your Excellency study this and our most recent letters now published at www.courtofrecord.org.

795 The LORD, Jesus Christ, needs no 'legionaries', His Merciful presence transcends space, time and official biscuits, yet we read, "Cardinal Velasio De Paolis to ordain 35 legionary priests". There is no mention of sanction from the *Bishop of Rome*. The symbols on Cardinal Velasio De Paolis clothing indicate a certain hubris. The 'Legionaries of Christ' is not some ancient institution, it was founded in 1959⁴, when the idea of Vatican II was germinating. The said organisation does not have the greatest public reputation. They must be continually investigated by a competent ecclesiastical tribunal.

800 The question, we believe, Your Excellency must ask the *Bishops of Rome*, is, "is this man, Cardinal Velasio De Paolis, merely a dangerous idiot or a *homo sacer*⁵?"

We do not wish ill on any man, not even arrest. We know that it is the LORD, YHVH, who comes as all men, women and children. We come in His name to urge 'legionaries' to "Put up thy sword into the sheath".

805 *Matthew 18:11 Then said Jesus unto Peter, Put up thy sword into the sheath: the cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?*

We suggest to the *Bishops of Rome* that this man, "Cardinal Velasio De Paolis", is mercifully "set apart", with no rights and functions in civil religion or administrative matters, for the good of all men, women and children.

810 For precedent, we can point to how England governed itself with 'mad' King George III. The business of managing the estate of lunatics and idiots has a long history in England. Cardinal Velasio De Paolis and his legionaries are not about to 'conquer' the world. The legal point about 'Caesar's Law' has already been made. Rome is no longer governed by Caesar or a 'Grey Pope'. The Cult of Saturn and all the Egyptian, Zoroastrian and other cults in Rome, have barely scratched the surface of God's Law ...

815 **Roman ruins**

In Italy, many crib scenes feature the **ruins** of ancient Roman buildings in the background. This shows that the birth of the child Jesus marks the end of the old order, the pagan world, in which **Caesar's claims went virtually unchallenged**. Now there is a **new king**, who relies not on the force of arms, but on the **power of love**.

820 - His Holiness Pope Benedict XVI⁶

His Holiness' Christmas message of 2012, quoted above, triggered our ongoing intercession. Our first *Act of Faith*, our *Open Letter to Professor Richard Dawkins*⁷ regarding the debate at the Cambridge Union

3 https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Twelve_Tables

4 https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Legionaries_of_Christ

5 https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Homo_Sacer

In early Roman religion *sacer*, much like the Hebrew *קדוש* *qadosh*, denotes anything "set apart" from common society and encompasses both the sense of "hallowed" and that of "cursed". The *homo sacer* could thus also simply mean a person expunged from society and deprived of all rights and all functions in civil religion. ...

... *Homo sacer* is defined in legal terms as someone who can be killed without the killer being regarded as a murderer; and a person who cannot be sacrificed. The sacred human may thus be understood as someone outside the law, or beyond it. In the case of certain monarchs in western legal traditions, the sovereign and the *Homo Sacer* have conflated.

6 www.courtofrecord.org.uk/christmas

7 www.courtofrecord.org/Dawkins

Society about the relevance of religion in the 21st century, is something to study and discuss with the *Bishops of Rome*.

825 His Holiness' veiled prophecy above about 'ruins' is not just about Rome. There are some who wished to "light a fire at the heart of the world" ... by the grace of YHVH, this has been averted. The only fire they can now light is sub-*perineum*, a fire that only the LORD can put out.

830 Yet ruins have manifested – in Gaza, in Ukraine, in the Philippines, and even in Italy. Compared to the plan to set off the Yellowstone Super-volcano, these can be seen as minor. By the grace of the LORD, the tragedies mentioned have not had a world-war level of death.

835 The wishes of this Court of Record continue to manifest: www.haarpstatusnetwork.com claims that this weather control weapon has been reversed, bringing the drought in California to an end. Yet what we wish is not this kind of extreme reversal. For example, the headline "Why Is The US Treasury Quietly Ordering "Survival Kits" For US Bankers?"⁸, reveals this childish mentality to throw the gearbox into reverse at a hundred miles an hour just to see what happens and to blame the process of the dissolution of the banking system.

Your Excellency must work with the *Bishops of Rome* to ensure that legal documents are served on all responsible parties showing that all Cardinals and other busy-bodies in Rome or Nuncios have been stripped of all powers, ecclesiastical or civil.

840 Your Excellency must work with the *Bishops of Rome* to ensure that alternate systems are put in place to ensure that civic amenities remain functional. We believe that President Putin, amongst others, can be relied upon to ensure this. Your Excellency must, in return, assist the Bishops of Rome to ensure that a catastrophic deflation, denial of credit or other stupidity⁹ by 'bankers' is avoided.

845 We have read that His Holiness The Dalai Lama is in Rome and that His Holiness Pope Francis is unable to meet His Holiness. We suggest that a discrete meeting is arranged, if it is not possible with His Holiness Pope Francis, with His Holiness Pope Benedict XVI.

Our messenger too awaits such a discrete audience. Perhaps Your Excellency is able to facilitate such and attend the meeting. In addition to our telephone/fax number 06.45.22.02.28, His Holiness Pope Francis has the local contact details of our messenger who will deliver this message and return there.

850 ***The Bridegroom and the Church***

'Jesus Christ' is present in thy heart, "in the kingdom of heaven". Each of us destined to participate in this divine drama is "getting married" ... some with a particular predestination, such as any competent astrologer can confirm regarding Your Excellency and the Roman Catholic Church. The LORD Himself shall show thee this!

855 As for Cardinal Velasio De Paolis, we have just checked and seen that he is experiencing Neptune conjunct natal Saturn. The mystic nature of the LORD shall remove clear legal distinctions he believes he sees – hence our writing above regarding *Homo sacer*, by the grace of Jesus Christ, is reflected by the planets that "move without fault". He was born for the Church and the Church shall show him the Holy Pathway of the LORD.

860 We send our love to YHVH for Our Holy Fathers, Cardinal Velasio De Paolis, legionaries, the men, women and children in Rome and thyself!

Yours faithfully,

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8 www.zerohedge.com/news/2014-12-10/why-us-treasury-quietly-ordering-surival-kits-us-bankers

9 www.courtofrecord.org/stupidity