

THINKING BACKWARDS

In my Initiation I was taught to think backwards, and I am more and more convinced of the value of this practice. By thinking backwards the man who is nigh bankrupt sees his wealth slowly, or quickly, increasing instead of slipping from his grasp. There is nothing to fear when one thinks backwards, and oft' times the further we go the more pleasing is the outlook; childhood is ahead of us instead of behind, and our last thought of this life, that of slipping back into the womb of our Mother.

Even further than that we many go, until we find ourselves as a tiny spermatzoon leaping joyfully back to the Loins of our Father. Then, even should we remember the present, have we not learned much and rediscovered the basic principle in ourselves; for that seed is as alive within us now as it was in him—ever multiplying and dividing, ready to leap forth again on Its eternal mission.

Things sometimes seem very ordinary when we look at them as they appear to us now, but one little 'trip backwards' and we return refreshed. That which seemed so 'ordinary' becomes wonderfully illuminated by the light of our newly awakened memory of the past.

The Master Therion, it was, who taught me to think backwards, and this is the way I have come to think of the Master Therion. This method fills me with joy, for it leads towards my ideal. Listen!

I was with Him today. He was very ordinary, even a little petty it seemed. There was nothing about Him to arouse my enthusiasm. He was too near for me to appreciate Him. Before I went to see Him he was more interesting, because I imagined he would be so much better than I found him to be. But a little while ago I was with Him on Oe-sopus Island, and there, as I remember, He seemed

even better still. He told me such and taught me so much that I delighted greatly in His company.

But before that, a little while before that, He was better still. I had just come to New York to visit Him, and there seemed so much He could tell me and be to me, for was He not my Magical Father, and had I not given up all to be with Him in His Work and to learn from His example the Way of Life and the True Path?

Yet, even before that He seemed better still; for months I had longed to be with Him, to listen to His words of Wisdom, that mine Understanding might be perfect—even as His Son's should be. Then I had but lived with Him on other Planes, and though others had told me much that might have disheartened me . . . yet but I must hark back again.

Before that—last December in fact—He seemed very wonderful; even though perhaps I felt that I might find my Path led to a place where I must meet Him in terrible conflict—for was he not the Great Magician of the Path of Beth?

But, before that, had I not thought of Him as Pure Wisdom—the Word of the Aeon—so that His Attainment was such a wonderful thing that it affected every living thing. Did I not feel that every thought of His was a Word of Power, and that every Act was a Sacrament of utmost Purity?

And before that, had I not plunged into the Abyss to become NEMO, sitting in Darkness and Sorrow, that He might Attain fully the Grade of Magus? Had I not before that given Him up, so that He might be free?—because I thought so much of all that He had done for Humanity, and for me. What a wonderful conception I had of Him then.

And before that, was he not my Master and my dearest treasure?—for from Him I received the Secrets of High Magick. Did not His Image surpass the Stars in my sight?

But even before that, had He not come to me in the City of Vancouver, in His body of flesh, and appeared so fine and perfect a man that all who met Him were delighted in His presence; even in the presence of His body, for that it encased a soul of such Wonderful Power and Brilliance that all was Light in His Presence.

And before that, had He not been to me as Frater O.M., a mysterious Being; One with the Great White Brotherhood whose Nature was but dimly shadowed in my mind as my Highest Aspiration, so that the whole Power of the Deity seemed enshrined in him? Wonder beyond Wonder that He might even be V.V.V.V.V., the Light of the World Himself, disguised under the name O.M.

And before that—PERDURABO—He that shall endure to the End. Nameless, almost unknown to me perhaps, but living for the Good of Every living thing—even me.

And before that? I knew him not: He was one with my Ideal my self.

And now, He is my Ideal; insofar as I know Him not. Today it may be He approaches the Infinitely Small. Yesterday He appeared as the Infinitely Great.

And to-morrow?

Achad, 1918

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After thinking it over for another 30 years I still feel that perhaps this is the best way to view the Master Therion.

Achad, May 13, 1948