

I'm not robot!



Give him over those who are benefited by them. Josephus: Charity is then nothing but justice? Banus: Yes, it is only justice; with this slight difference, that strict justice confines itself to saying, "Do not do another the harm you would not wish he should do to you;" and that charity, or the love of one's neighbor, extends so far as to say, "Do not do another the good which you would wish to receive from him." Josephus: Does it enjoin forgiveness of injuries? Banus: Yes, when that forgiveness implies self-preservation. Josephus: Does the law which prescribes the good to others beyond the bounds of reason and measure? Banus: No, for it is a sure way of leading them to ingratitude. Such is the force of sentiment and justice implanted in the heart of man, that he is not even careful for benefits conferred without his creation. There is only one measure with them, and that is to be just. Josephus: Is always-giving a virtuous action in society? Banus: Yes, when it is practised according to the rule first mentioned; without which it degenerates into imprudence and vice, inasmuch as it encourages laziness, which is hurtful to the beggar and to society; no one has a right to partake of the property and fruits of another's labor, without rendering an equivalent of his own industry. Josephus: Does the natural and cosmic law prescribe probity? Banus: Yes, for probity is nothing more than respect for one's own rights in those of another; a respect founded on a prudent and well-combined calculation of our interests compared to those of others. Josephus: But does not this calculation, which embraces the complicated interests and rights of the social state, require an enlight ened understanding and knowledge, which make it a difficult science? Banus: Yes, and a science so much the more delicate as the honest man pronounces in his own cause. Josephus: Probity, then, shows an extension and justice in the mind? Banus: Yes, for the honest man almost always neglects a present interest, in order not to destroy a future one; whereas the knave does the contrary, and loses a great future interest for a present smaller one. Josephus: Improbity, then, is a sign of false judgment and a narrow mind? Banus: Yes, and roguery may be defined ignorant and silly cal culators; for they do not understand their true interest, and they pretend to cunning; nevertheless, their cunning only ends in making known what they are — in losing all confidence and esteem, and the good services resulting from them for their physical and social exist ence. They neither live in peace with others, nor with themselves; and incessantly menaced by their conscience and their enemies, they enjoy no other real happiness but that of not being punished. Josephus: Does the natural and cosmic law forbid robbery? Banus: Yes, for the man who robs another gives him a right to rob him; from that moment there is no security in his property, nor in his means of preservation; thus, in injuring others, he, by a counterblow, injures himself. Josephus: Does it interdict even an inclination to rob? Banus: Yes, for that inclination leads naturally to action, and it is for that reason that envy is considered a sin. 40. Josephus: How does it forbid murder? Banus: By the most powerful motives of self-preservation; for, first, the man who attacks exposes himself to the risk of being killed, by the right of defence; secondly, if he kills, he gives to the relations and friends of the deceased, and to society at large, an equal right of killing him; so that his life is no longer in safety. Josephus: How can we, by the natural and cosmic law, repair the evil we have done? Banus: Have injured. By rendering a proportionate good to those whom we Josephus: Does it allow us to repair it by prayers, vows, offerings to God, fasting and mortifications? Banus: No: for all those things are foreign to the action we wish to repair: they neither restore the ox to him from whom it has been stolen, honor to him we have deprived of it, nor life to him from whom it has been taken away; consequently they miss the end of justice; they are only perverse contracts by which a man sells to another goods which do not belong to him; they are a real deprivation of morality, inasmuch as they embolden to commit crimes through the hope of expiating them; wherefore, they have been the real cause of all the evils by which the people among whom those expiatory prac tices were used, have been continually tormented. Josephus: Does the natural and cosmic law order sincerity? Banus: Yes, for lying, perfidy, and perjury create distrust, quar rels, hatred, revenge and a crowd of evils among men, which tend to their common destruction; while sincerity and fidelity establish con fidence, concord, and peace, besides the infinite good resulting from such a state of things to society. Josephus: Does it prescribe mildness and modesty? Banus: Yes; for harshness and obduracy, by alienating from us the hearts of other men, give them an inclination to hurt us; osten tation and vanity, by wounding their self-love and jealousy, occasion us to miss the end of a real utility. Josephus: Does it prescribe humility as a virtue of things? Banus: No; for it is a propensity in the human heart to despise secretly everything that presents to it the idea of weakness; and self abasement encourages pride and oppression in others; the balance must be kept in equipoise. Josephus: You have reckoned simplicity of manners among the social virtues; what sacrifices and being generous. Josephus: What do you conclude from all this? Banus: I conclude from it that all the social virtues are only the habitude of actions useful to society and to the individual who practices them; That they refer to the physical object of man's pres ervation; That nature having implanted in us the want of that pres ervation, has made a law to us of all its consequences, and a crime of everything that deviates from it; That we carry in us the seed of every virtue, and of every perfection: That it only requires to be developed; That we are only happy inasmuch as we observe the rules established by nature for the end of our preservation; And that all wisdom, all perfection, all law, all virtue, all philosophy, consist in the practice of the axioms founded on the natural and cosmic law. Josephus: What are these axioms? Banus: Your Father is the Cosmos. Your Mother is Nature. Your brothers are your fellowmen. Live in harmony with the laws and forces of the Universe, Nature and of your own being. Preserve thyself. Learn the natural and cosmic laws. Live in peace with yourself, with humanity, with Nature and the Universe. Live in creative love with and for your fellowmen that they may live for thee. Peace Be With You 44 45 CREDO of the International Biogenic Society We believe that our most precious possession is Life. We believe we shall mobilize all the forces of Life against the forces of death. We believe that mutual understanding leads toward mutual cooperation; that mutual cooperation leads toward Peace; and that Peace is the only way of survival for mankind. We believe that we shall preserve instead of waste our natural resources, which are the heritage of our children. We believe that we shall avoid the pollution of our air, water, and soil, the basic preconditions of Life. We believe that we shall preserve the vegetation of our planet; the humble grass which came fifty million years ago, and the majestic trees which came twenty million years ago, to prepare our planet for mankind. We believe we shall eat only fresh, natural, pure, whole foods, without chemicals and artificial processing. We believe we shall live a simple, natural, creative life, absorbing all the sources of energy from the sun and the atmosphere of our planet. We believe that our planet must start with individual efforts, as the whole depends on the atoms composing it. We believe in the Brotherhood of God, the Motherhood of Nature, and the Brotherhood of Man. —composed in Paris in 1928 by Romain Rolland and Edmond Bordeaux Szekely APPENDIX Excerpts from "The Discovery of the Essene Gospel of Peace Many words are devoted to St. Francis in this book, and with reason. In addition to all his other attributes, he was also the last personification of the Essene spirit. Since the gentle troubadour of God brought his message of love, purity and simplicity, no one has appeared who has represented so totally the Essene spirit. With the coming of the industrial age, things of the spirit have assumed less and less reality in our lives, until now we have almost completely forgotten that we are born of the Earthly Mother and the Heavenly Father. The god of the twentieth century is technology—whose vast machines are wholly dependent on limited fuel sources—a computerized god we have programmed to produce material things, most of which we do not need and much of which is even harmful. A good example of how our priorities have shifted in the last few hundred years is the reaction of the world to the disco vey in 1945 of the Dead Sea Scrolls. True, there was great excitement. But it was the excitement of a major archeological find, not the celebration of a spiritual rebirth. The mass of books and articles that followed the discovery almost all dealt exclusively with dry technical details and confusing theological arguments, interspersed with commen taries on the commentaries, all punctuated with footnote after footnote. What has happened to us? There was a time in our past when the very air crackled with wonder, when birds sang songs of mystery, and it was possible to meet a saint in bare feet on the dusty road and soar with his spirit into unknown realms of holiness. Now euphoria is attained through drugs and self-destructive techniques, and religion, more often than not, is a matter of duty and righteousness, on the schedule every Sunday or Saturday morning at eleven o' clock. That state of wonder and awe before the miracle of life, which burned so brilliantly in the Essene Brotherhood at the Dead Sea, and which faded out with the passing of the last Essene, St. Francis, was mine to kindle once more with the discovery of the Essene Gospel. It is a book of wonders, not only for the wisdom and guidance contained in its pages, but because it shines and glows with the lost spirit of ages past, when the distaste between man and God was not so great and when all of nature sang with the voice of angels. The Essene Gospel is not the only manuscript of its kind in the Secret Archives of the Vatican. There were Gospels supposedly by Matthew, Barnabas, James, Peter and Thomas, used by the Manichaeans, together with the "Book of the Obstetrician," "The Essene Book of Genesis," "The Cantos of Christ," "The Physiologist," written by "Essene heretics" and attributed to Ambrose, the pamphlets of Tertullian and the manuscripts of Simon the Magician. All these manuscripts were condemned as apocryphal and "damned for eternity" along with their authors and followers. There was a time when the publication of any of these unknown writings would have stirred tremendous excitement among seekers of truth, and raging controversy among dedicated theologians. Now we are surprised at nothing. Nothing shocks us anymore. Ever since the first nuclear explosion, the realization of living on the brink of annihilation has altered irrevocably our perspective on life and death. Accustomed as we are to daily violence and terrorism in some part of the world, dispute over the authenticity of an apocryphal text seems unimportant and frivolous. But fatalism and indifference will never solve the monu mental problem of how to avert world catastrophe. We must involve ourselves again with the miracle of life. We have opened the Pandora's box of nuclear energy; we can also open with the key of truth the hidden treasure-house of ancient wisdom, waiting to be discovered in a forgotten manuscript, an ancient scroll, or in the unknown seat of knowledge within ourselves. We must rediscover our place in the world-picture, our original role as the partner of the Creator, helping to sow and harvest and make the earth once more a Garden. We must make our own discovery of the Essene Gospel. We must let St. Francis sing in our hearts, in THE SOURCE They lived in the desert, on the shore of an ocean of sand. They came to this burning wasteland because it was less cruel than the persecution they suffered from their fellow man. And the barren desert they planted a garden which grew and flourished for many hundreds of years. They guarded among them the most ancient knowledge and the greatest treasure of holiness the world had ever known. They were the Brotherhood of the Essenes. Even they were not sure of their origins, so lost in time was the memory of their beginnings. Moses had been one of them, and the prophets of old. The Children of Light of ancient Sumeria were of their blood, and healers and teachers from the ancient time before the Pleistocene Cataclysm, which we call the Great Flood. The Brotherhood has always been with us. When they had planted their garden in the desert, they watered it with loving care. They rose at dawn to commune with the Angels of the Earthly Mother, and to contemplate her manifold gifts. They praised the Angel of Sun in its rising and it setting, and they gathered the dew of morning from the desert plants, using it to bring the Angel of Water to the most arid of all places on the earth. They read from the Book of the Earthly Mother, and used their understanding to achieve total harmony with their environment. They communed with the Angels of the Heavenly Father at dusk, and learned from the Law how to bring the kiss of peace to the troubled brow of those who sought from them healing and help. They taught the Holy Law; they transcribed it with endless patience on scroll after scroll, that it might be perpetuated. They wrote songs of praise, of gladness, of sorrow. They shared the joys and grieves of men even as they overcame the limitations of humanity. They sent out healers. And one of these was Jesus, the Essene. He walked among the sick and the troubled, and he brought them the knowledge they needed to cure themselves. Some who followed him wrote down what passed between him and those who suffered and were heavy-laden. The Elders of the Brotherhood made poetry of the words, and made unforgettable the story of the Healer of Men, the Good Shepherd. And when the time came at last for the Brothers to leave the desert and go to another place, the scrolls stayed behind as buried sentinels, as forgotten guardians of eternal and living truth. A dark age began, a time of savagery, of barbarism, of book-burning and worship of empty idols. 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