**Lessons from Mount Shasta and**

**The New Jerusalem**

**First encounter with the White Brotherhood at Mount Shasta – June 2000**

Barreling down the freeway from Washington to California, I pulled off at the Gazelle rest stop, a desolate little piece of frontage real estate with a magnificent view of the north side of Mount Shasta. A little road ambled away from the freeway corridor and its attendant noise, so I follow it and came to a quiet spot near a smoothly rushing river, pulled over, and got out. God, It’s good to stretch the legs and jump around and breath cool fresh air. I had gotten up early and drove on before breakfast or meditation, so I settled myself for both. A little fruit sufficed for one and I was on to the other.

This trip was years ago and I had been developing meditative practices for twenty years by that time. The culmination was the “Caddy,” though I did not know its name in that innocent moment beneath the shining presence of Mt. Shasta. I had worked with the three dimensional Star of David – two interlacing (my new favorite word) three-­sided pyramids, also known as the Mercaba. It had undergone a number of transformations over time, such as spinning the pyramids in opposite directions, changing the bottom one for a cube or in Hawaii -­ a sea shell, painting the faces with different colors, etc. During one particular meditation, the faces of the pyramids had been gilded with triangular golden circuit boards. They appeared complete before my eyes, and snapped on to the sides with a tiny musical 'ʹclick.'ʹ After a couple of years of this sort of sacred geometric play, I thought I would like to create something new and more complex. So I did, over years.

There is a short meditation I had done religiously for almost forty years or so by that time. It was small enough to do no matter how busy or where I was. This became the basis. “The sun star, my soul star and the earth star, are one.” That's it. At first I just visualized the sun shining down on me and the earth – simple. Then one day I saw twelve golden rays come down in a circle around me when I said, “the sun star.” “My soul star,” created two spirals, a pink one and a blue one, around each sunray moving in opposite directions. “The earth star,” was the impetus or this twelve-­ sided structure to reverse itself with the former sun point in the center of the earth. That double stellated, twelve-­sided figure became the basic building block. Eventually it was composed of seven such figures, moving in many possible ways in many possible combinations and in many colors.

That morning beneath the full glory of the snowy mountain, I created this sacred geometric form and was sitting in the center in meditative peace as I had done for years, when suddenly, it took off straight toward the mountain. As we (myself and the now functioning vehicle) came close to the mountain, I could see a large cave. As we approached, I saw there was a wall at the mouth of the cave and to my astonishment, it opened like a camera aperture, and we flew inside.

The inside of the mountain was lit by the radiant walls, and I could see vast halls and chambers receding deep inside the stone core of Shasta. A group of spirit beings came forward to welcome me -­ Rudolf Steiner (my main man and spiritual guide through Anthroposophy) at the front. I hopped out of my vehicle in amazement. I was welcomed in and ushered into a large room with high vaulted stone ceilings. Even though it was incredibly spacious, there was an immediacy and intimacy when talking with others, the voices did not disappear into the magnitude of the space but remained close to my ears. I was given a tour and had an interview in a 'ʹboard room'ʹ with a large table and a few interesting-­ looking 'ʹpeople.'ʹ I do not recall the content, but awe and amazement were my primary emotions throughout the whole experience.

There were many hallways leaving the main space in different directions and many rooms off the hallways. One especially huge working area had a hologram of the earth suspended over a large table with a bas relief of the world'ʹs geography which would change to the area under scrutiny with a smooth gliding motion. The ambiance in each large room was warm, concentrated and amiable, though there were often many beings (human and different) in each space. Work was being done and everyone was deeply engaged in their conversations and activities. There were papers and drawings on tables and suspended above them. The people and light beings were happily engaged – eyes shone, and laughter occasionally punctuated the pleasant busy murmur of many activities going on at once.

When it was time to leave, the greeting party escorted me to the landing platform. As I prepared to hop back into my vehicle, Rudolf Steiner patted her and said, “You have the Cadillac of astral projection machines, here. She is a marvel. The Mercaba is the model T Ford. This baby is the “Caddy.” We all laughed uproariously. I had no idea. I was simply 'ʹworking'ʹ my meditations and enjoying the sacred geometry.

A moment later, I opened my eyes to the bright sunshine and dappled shade along the side of the road. The mountain gleamed in the sun. My heart and mind overflowed with gratitude and wonder. I would need a little time to process everything.

I got back on the road and continued south to attend the Summer Lucid Dream Camp at Stanford University and then fly to Europe for the conference on “Esoteric Streams in the World'ʹs Religions” in Dornach, Switzerland. I was so busy for a few months that I rarely even thought about Shasta and my experiences therein.

However, when I returned and traveled back north, I stopped and meditated and entered the mountain again. I was greeted by Rudolf Steiner and a smaller group this time. Again I was taken in and again, I cannot recall the content of our interactions, only the peacefully focused, uplifting vibes and feelings. I was shown classrooms with tables and lecture halls like little amphitheaters where many people were sitting and members of the White Brotherhood and other highly evolved beings were talking, drawing or explaining holograms. I was invited to come to afternoon classes from 2 to 2:30, when I could.

Those classes proved to be very rich experiences, but I had a real challenge with time and discipline, which gave me ample opportunity to address those issues. I did so with varying degrees of success over the next decade.