

## Triangles – A Journey Towards Synthesis

There are three key words in the title of today's presentation:

Triangles, Journey, Synthesis with the word Journey being at the heart of the matter. It is a collective journey, one that we all share through the work we have in common within the field of service known simply as Triangles. However it is also, for each and everyone of us, very much an individual experience, one that is unique according to the place in which we stand - the culture and the landscape that colour who and what we are, what we are expected to be or would like to be and become. The Tao reminds us that:

“There are many ways to God  
As there are Souls of Beings,  
And there is only One Way.”

And we have to find that Way as we weave in and out of each others' lives, building bridges of understanding and creating pathways through into the future. Every moment in time merges with the Infinite. Through every footstep we place upon the path we can sense “the quivering of the ground” through the soles of our feet and know what lies beneath. And through every eye that glimpses at the movement of the clouds, we can already see the Vision and the light shining on the mountain tops.

Today we are going to pause and reflect and remember the journeys that you and I might have made together across the many lives we have shared. The warm rug that lay in front of the fire in our hearth has been pulled out from under our feet. We remember who and what we are, what we have cherished, what we must leave behind and what resources and provisions we do have that we can take with us into the future. Perhaps you were riding from the east towards the west as I rode up from the south coming towards you from out of your future, from a land that is already in what will be your tomorrow. We meet in the desert at the crossroads and make camp for the night. By the light of the fire, you share with me the tales your father told you of the heroes and I sing for you the songs my mother taught me. We share the night watch and when the morning light comes you go your way and I mine. There have been many songs sung and stories told at different times, and in different tongues, of journeys and battlefields: in Anglo Saxon The Wanderer who made a lone journey in a small caracil that spun around in a fierce ocean between Scandinavia and Britain guided only by the stars; the Babylonian Epic of Gilgamesh and his battle with Enkidu and in more recent times the precipitous journey taken by Nicholas and Helena Roerich from Russia through the Altai Mountains across the Gobi Desert into China, Mongolia and eventually into India in their quest for the treasures of the universe.

It is said by some that when we travel for the first time through an unknown landscape, we do so through the eyes of those who have gone before us, at least initially. However it doesn't take long though for any real traveller to become filled with awe and wonder at the sheer beauty of the place, its differences to one's usual environment, yet its hauntingly warm

familiarity of somewhere and something that is well-known. When we are on a physical journey, this experience of soaking up the atmosphere and becoming a part of a place is always very special. It leads one into new realms of consciousness, making major life-changes or the beginning of a new cycle. As we are coming to the end of an age that we must farewell as we welcome in the new, I am taking you now into a landscape I walked through five years ago, searching as the Roerichs did for the signs of Christ.

Today it is the full moon of Libra and tonight we will see a blood moon here over the Gobi Desert in Outer Mongolia on the edge of the Altai Mountains. We have almost climbed to the summit of what the locals call the Magic Mountain. We are taking a break to turn around and admire the view. Here we are wedged safely between two of the rock faces we must traverse to go either up or down. It is one thing to climb to the top of the mountain and it is another thing to climb back down safely which can often be the more difficult of the two. We are looking down upon just some of the crossroads that span out from this place. There are no signs yet nor features to identify which way we will need to travel down tomorrow.

This morning we walked together around the base of the range and saw the remains of a stone age burial ground. This reminded us of the pictures of animals and the occasional person carved into the rocks across an extensive stretch of a lower mountain range where we camped just a few night ago. There was still snow on the ground and ice. At midnight stars the size of dinner plates filled the deep blue sky reaching down to touch the earth. It was profoundly quiet. Here it is silent too. At the base, near our camping ground there is a well hence the name of the mountain Magic. As we look across we see an eagle on the summit of the mountain on our right. It never moves, never looks down nor up only across. This reminds us of words of Alice Bailey that we have heard before: "keep your eye on the eagle; call down fire; do not look at the ground; be centred in divinity."

When we journey down the mountain and walk around a little way, we come to a Buddhist shrine. I take a stone from my pocket that I brought with me from my homeland that came from the seashore of the village where I once lived: Paekakariki, the perch of the green parrot. It had been given to me on my wedding day and I wanted to leave it somewhere in the Gobi, somewhere special where I could say goodbye properly to the triangles co-workers who gave it to me and to the one I married and had left behind. It didn't seem to be quite enough on its own, it looked so small and grey so I found another stone and etched onto it a simple triangle within a circle with a point in the middle. Look, you can see it there in the picture, the second on the left. Miraculously a gold scarf had blown towards me along the ground before I reached the stupa, so I picked this up and tied it to the edge along with all the others. Then I thought of my special three co-workers, and all of us, as I said the Great Invocation.

The Lonely Planet Message I received this morning on my phone before I wrote this down told me that: reliving our best ever trips is good for the soul. And yes, yes, yes, it is. With our thoughts focussed now on today, our planet can indeed be called a lonely place, as loved ones and multitudes pass away without dignity or a sense of what is sacred. Leaving behind his Arcadian days, Pan, a God of flocks and herds has once more played his pipes on the

mountain tops, in caves and lonely places. He has suddenly and unexpectedly reappeared, and being half man and half goat, he is causing fear and terror like a stampeding herd. Pan, meaning all in the Greek, is associated with Nature and the Universe, and today his pipes can be heard right around the world. A note has been sounded, some might say a clarion call, others an alarm bell, to wake us up and look at ourselves truthfully, the journey we are on, where we want to be and need to be and what we must become. We all have our part to play, our individual instrument to tune and sound in harmony with that of the group note. We have 'panned' out right around the world, finding ourselves exactly in the right place where we can be of greatest service to face the current crisis.

The Chinese character for crisis means not only disaster but also opportunity and the arrival of the corona virus has brought us both: fear of what we must face and leave behind and courage to create together a new future for the whole human family. The pandemic brought pandemonium, as cars and people disappeared from the streets and went into bubbles, tucked away in isolated unity. This, we are told, is what will make all the difference. We already know what it means to work in isolated unity on the mental plane, where in silence and stillness we link with each other to open the inner Eye and let in the light.

Just as the pan pipes must have at least three tubes, we must consider and hold in mind, at least three words and their right relationship one to the other: Light – Love – Power and World – Health - Organisation. It is only when we cross borders, break down walls that divide and learn how to work purposefully towards effective globalisation and internationalism that we will succeed and pass through this current crisis. It is through our circle of light and network of triangles that we construct the real "great defending wall." We refocus and reorient the vision we share from the mountain top of our world, in its entirety.

We were told to think in terms of unusual combinations of factors, so we can link with sources of divine supply to ensure a direct inflow of this essential energy into our field of service. DK spoke of: the art of "refacing and recovering that which is lost" and how to find and develop this will be different for each one of us according to our location on the planet and the perspective from which we work both scientifically and creatively. Remember - the signs will be given to us at the crossroads as to the direction we must take. Recognise the one that is right for us. Listen quietly; develop an inner sense of what is happening away from the clamour and confusion of the battleground of our senses. Sound a note of clarity and find where and with what it resonates. We must travel lightly: what can we contribute and release for the benefit of the whole rather than just for ourselves? It need not be a matter of giving up and doing without, but simply making space free within ourselves for the light to pour through and be distributed, releasing that which belongs to an old era and is outdated and revealing that which was tucked away for a future moment that has now arrived. In the past the latter has been covered over with veils or blinds which may have hidden or protected a mystery until the time was right for its revelation. That time is now. We have been told that it is easy to lift the curtain of the future and unveil the Mother of the World.

The great seal of the USA always offers a wealth of clues as to what course of action should/could be taken as do other symbols and mottos. In its right claw the Eagle holds 13

arrows, the symbol of war, and in the left claw a laurel leaf with 13 leaves, the symbol of peace and of the victor. It is to the left that the Eagle is facing. Thirteen is of course the number of rebirth and transformation. The 13 stars form the Star of David and Solomon's Seal, one of the keys to the mysteries.

Here we have a poster that many of you will be familiar with: Goodwill is Love in Action. This was designed and first printed in the 1970s in NZ by the Triangle Centre at Paekakariki. There are four sets of three triangular petals of the lotus making twelve in all and with the central point we have thirteen. The number of Synthesis. The keys to the next journey have been given.

Belinda Baird