

#14: Reprint from *The Golden Scripts*, Fellowship Press 1969, 1941)

The Golden Scripts For Those Who Are Called to Service

by William Dudley Pelley

Note: I edited a number of pieces of this book together and created this theme-centered reprint. The Golden Scripts is an esoteric bible-like book, channelled from an unidentified spiritual teacher who feels similar to the way I imagine Jesus might feel. Its language and rhythm is often inspired and I have always loved the book as it was one of the first that reaffirmed my own choice to be of service in the world and gave me solace when I experienced isolation. This is best read slowly, while considering what each sentence means.
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Hear my voice speaking in your hearts; these are my commandments: Seek out no circumstances which entrappeth you; deliver unto him who asketh of you in circumstance; be faithless in performance when the adversary beckoneth; do good unto those who misguide you by correcting your activities silently to conform to my instruction.

Let no thought issuing from you perplex or dismay those working in my service; we have much work to do, we have much power to generate in small things before essaying great. Those who have brought you thus far on a wearying journey never go hence, deserting you; lo, they would cease to be my servants if thus they erred.

Harken not to the counsel of the ungodly who consider only the material advantage; prosper in your own houses, not in the courts of the worldly thoughtless. Now I say more: The Lord God hath chosen us to lead a great people; why tarry ye in circumstance devoid of honor? Whatever cometh is just; whatsoever ye encounter is sent. I say rise above it and be leader of the minions. I seek those who think aright, those who cherish no illusions about their own identities, those who make no mischiefs in the wake of fell circumstance, those who arise to the glory of each dawn of opportunities. Abide ye in me, knowing all things await our plannings, infinite in prospect and beauteous in purpose. . .

There are ninety-and-nine who have no voice worth audience: behold there is one who cometh with Truth; wait for the one, though ninety-and-nine assail you with mockeries. When one cometh loving you, he maketh order out of chaos, not chaos out of order; ever so be it. . . Beloved, harken to my voice: I call you as of old, knowing that ye answer. Think not ye are neglected in that the times are not of kindness; greater indeed must be your bitterness ere ye know the secret of my delay in using you. I would not have you think that I ever make mischiefs; I make only order for that is mine essence. Twice two maketh four, twice four maketh eight; the things of spirit are ever positive, even as numbers in pure mathematics. Things of spirit come not at suggestion; they come by lengthy merit and delay. Steel

yourselves through circumstance; I say it is your arbiter, I say it is your mentor; it maketh you strong; greater things have I to give you when the moment arriveth; lesser things come first.

I call you to a harvest whereof ye have sown, not of error but of rectitude; pleasantly I call you, having thought for your futures. I speak sincerely when I say that all things maturing foreshadow themselves; thus are ye tested to perform, knowing the outcome and altering to meet it. . . I say it cometh to you that ye stand upon thresholds of holy achievement, ye have keys to enigmas placed in your keeping; use them in loving confidence that the accounting shall be valiant which ye give unto the Father.

Where ye travel hath importance. There are trails to be followed that are heavy with drama, there are paths to be known that are burdened with suffering, there are heights to be gained that are mighty with honor. Think ye well on these things. My mission on earth encompassed a suffering; your missions to earth would interpret that suffering; my mission was Peace as a practical plan; your missions cause men to embrace that plan, whereof I did enlighten you. The way is not easy; neither is it difficult. I say that we shall yet do miracles together as we did them in the flesh when the centuries were young. Only my spirit in men's hearts can save them from disaster. But there cometh no extinction.

Verily there have been many visitations between us when work among the nations would bring the Plan to pass. It is as I have told you: Ye have volunteered before; ye have met many issues and vanquished them for me; we are made of Spirit Made Manifest by the Father for constructive good in the lives of all peoples. I say we are one flesh! My work is your work, your work is my work; great are its members, great its partitions, great have been the ramparts before evil we have builded, higher shall they tower in the years that lie ahead. Not once, but many times, shall ye come back for me upon the Father's business. I say it is the order, though its choosing is your own. Like unto me have my servants loved the world. Verily ye are they. Like unto me have ye had compassion for the multitude, like unto me have ye found favor with the Father in that ye brought righteousness unto those who had it not.

Therefore, take heed to your speech and diplomacies. Take heed that ye are the souls of emancipators whom the Father hath sent to speed me in my mission. Behold it was called of you that ye should approach revelation through suffering, yea even through turmoil. Was it not so with me? Ye have tumult in your hearts. Was not mine troubled also? I adjure you, beloved; have desire unto goodness; do the Father's work with me in a world that hath called you. Be not dismayed if your minds have finiteness; be strong to concede that I live in my person, that I live as a brother, that I live as a friend, that I am your comrade and breathing co-worker, that the world is our vineyard, that its Grapes of Beauty ripen.

Be not of troubled soul for the things of earth that knead you. There are mansions prepared for you in worlds that are greater. Would ye have stayed in them, dwelling in heart's ease? I say that it hath pleased you, as it hath pleased me, to be abroad in flesh, ministering to the humble, giving sight to the blind. Hath all the world your vision? Are not all men born blind? What greater glory ennobleth the spirit than giving sight to those cloaked in a darkness? I am Prince of that world unseen by mortal eye, greater and more vital in reality than the world that is seen. Let us therefore be calm, and ennobled, and stalwart to our trust; my love goeth out

to you, moment by moment, as ye struggle with thoughts that are greater than the heart which knoweth them too well. Thus do I dwell in you continually as ye do dwell in me. My spirit is with you, it abideth with you always. . .

Wherever human souls aspire, and love, and struggle, there is my spirit opening doors to Truth; Spirit Transcendent underlieth all life, and no idea conceived by him who knoweth this secret can ever be other than the force which overcometh, that raiseth him up so that all else is added. When ye travel, think of me; in your arriving dwell on my presence opening doors to receive you; remember that my love ever hovereth over you; ye are mine emissaries; no harm can befall you that I suffer not myself. For inasmuch as ye are created, so are ye created perfect. Come up to that perfection and let it give you sureness. Transcend mortal sense and come up to Understanding. See the minions of the world groaning in their serfdom, but partake ye not of it. Ye are the Ransomed, whereof ye ransom others. . .