

Initiation “Peace On Earth, Good Will Towards Men.”

My dearest Murshida:

3/21/25 9:00 A.M.

Here in your wonderful room I sit, awaiting the hour of noon, when the sign of the cross shall be made in the heavens, and the sun pass over the equator. This lovely room with its spiritual atmosphere—here where I have sat in meditation, morning, noon and night for the last twelve days—an atmosphere of calm and peace. Once when I fled here when someone came to the grounds, my strength and courage were not only renewed but doubled like that of the giant Antaeus in the story of Hercules. At night if there was any fear, fear itself grew afraid when I neared the threshold and stronger and stronger I became in body, heart and soul. There seems to be a sign over the door: “Abandon all **Fear** ye who enter here.”

Yet not one hour have I been alone; God said—and it is noted in the diary—that an angel with a flaming sword stood outside and only those who could see, could pass. So the birds remained and other creatures and humans never disturbed me. “You have nothing to fear but yourself.” And God Himself has been with me. Even now I was not to start writing until the hour of nine and when a voice from the silence said “Begin,” and I thought I lacked at least five minutes, I found the hour had passed by two minutes, Time and again have I known the time.

And not only in this, but in the matter to food, fuel, matches, etc. my doubts proved false. I thought I did not have enough wood and week Thursday went out and brought some in, the only time except for a moment Friday when I went no further than the porch. And how vain! My original stock of wood will last several days if I should stay. And the same applies to food and matches.

Over your bed there is a quotation: “The Light Eternal According to the Kabbalah.” And I have felt that where Gewurz failed, I have succeeded; that I might bring joy to your heart both as a Mureed and a son of Israel. I saw Gewurz’ handwriting on the wall of the front room and felt it was “hand writing on the wall.”

I have brought with me every word I have written in diary, articles, poems and essays to lay them this morning on the altar of Him alone Who is Creator. Step by step have I risen, to find myself in Him. Every prophecy or hint in the diary has been realized. He offered me poetry or music. I chose poetry and while these may not be works of art, therein there is a promise and there is an inspiration. I have felt at times like a mosque with my head as dome reflecting the light from underneath. Then I have felt as a circle with a point inside. Facing the south, the point is God, Hafiz in front of me, Pir-o-Murshid to the left, the Rab to the right, and you behind me. And each one of

you always took the same post. When the Murshid and Rab came together, they were on either side. And it seemed that Pir-o-Murshid stood on the left, nearest my heart. When the inspiration came from God it came through the heart, but when the Pir-o-Murshid was there, he seemed to be whispering in my left ear. His nearness to my heart brought love. You seemed to be behind or even in me, my very backbone, giving strength and courage. Hafiz was in my forehead, holding the mirror there, that the light from within might be reflected without. And the Rab on the right side seemed to be guiding my hand, even using it himself.

Murshida, I have been shown by the Grace of God, as you can see and read, the possibility of being “a light unto the Gentiles and a glory unto thy people Israel.” My words first seem like a baby trying to speak and day by day the inspiration increased until suddenly I saw “The Art of Creation.” And if I have not gone more deeply into the Truth, it is because I myself have asked God to guide me slowly and make my steps sure.

When you handed me the Awarifu, you were giving me a gem of esotericism! But who can see it? Step by step I saw and realized what Nufs-Nachash was until it was demonstrated to me spiritually and in scientific terms what the origin of evil was. I see how man creates evil, not God, and yesterday when I was given a key to the Cosmogony of Moses and the understanding of the Bareshith, not even thanks in words could express my debt and gratitude to Him. But my greatest joy was the pleasure or happiness it might bring you, that you have another Mureed. I feel (I have) passed the stage of Shari’at and well on the road of Tarikat, towards Hakeekat.

Last night it seemed as though Christ Himself were with me, giving me the instructions He gave to His disciples when sending them forth and repeating ever and anon, “Be wise as serpents and harmless as doves.” So long as I remain true to God, I feel I can reflect His Light and help to spread the Message, to go to Los Angeles or anywhere. “The Lord is my shepherd, whom should I fear?” I am ready to teach the New Testament and explain much of the Old with God’s help and under your directions.

I can see now the relation between Moses, Fabre D’Olivet, Murshid and the Tarot in regards to creation. Bareshith bara Elohim hashamayim Vihaarets. **In the first principle God created the selfsameness of the heavens and the selfsameness of the earth.** And what is meant by “reshith” or “principle?” This is what F.D. calls “Providence” and Pir-o-Murshid “Love” and the “Heavens.” This is what F.D. calls “Will” and Pir-o-Murshid “Harmony.” This is the action of vibrations, energy. And earth? This is what F.D. calls “Destiny” but Pir-o-Murshid “Beauty.” The principles correspond identically and can be proven scientifically.

And the more I have pondered, the more I found that the Prophet Mohammed Himself was expressing the greatest principles of science inwards, that God is Love and He is Beauty, etc. I am beginning; to see further into the great declarations of Judaism and Islamism, to see behind the philosophy of Plato and Pythagoras in ways I could hardly dream of. When I first came here I placed Pir-o-Murshid’s picture over Fabre D’Olivet’s and said the Rab looked pleased. And that has seemed to be the key to all thereafter.

Not long after you left for your trip around the world, I broke the rosary and meditated without it. The night after I determined to go to Los Angeles and go into Purdah before hand, I looked and it was fixed. Many times I wanted to fix it, but could hardly bear to look at it. And whether it was fixed by my mother or an Unseen Hand, I care not. But it was a sign and from that night till now, I have been growing, growing in a way to give you comfort. I trust I have not failed, that I shall be pure in heart and remember God. Knowing the Law, how much greater my sin, if I obey not.

“Truth is now on earth.” Truth has always been on earth despite deluders that it has been kept from man except at certain ages and in secret ways. “When the disciple is ready, the Master appears,” and God has always looked after His children. The mysteries have never been lost and never will be lost, but their outward form may change. Today one joining the Church of Universal Service is really being initiated into the Lesser Mysteries.

My future—that is in God’s hands. It is now four and one half years since I began studying with you and five and one half since we met. I have always wished to carry on the work of the Rab and it may be so. I have also desired to continue the true American Philosophy of Emerson and Whitman—to serve the Jews and Americans first in humanity—then others. Now I leave all these things to God, yet feeling if I keep my covenant with Him, my wishes will come true. I have already dedicated all to Him, even though I have planned articles like “Asoka and Charlemagne,” which seem attacks on Christianity. But I shall go slowly.

The gift of poetry is entirely from Him. I have never cared for poetry but I feel more and more the spirit of the Sufis, and I almost can say “with God’s help and Hafiz” I may succeed.

You will note in my diary about my name, I feel I have realized my name.

Samuel Shemuel “In the name of the Lord.”
even “The word or the voice of the Lord.”

Leonard Leon is a lion; **Ard** from Arduus, valiant

Leonard Valiant as a lion

Initiation comes from the Latin and means “a beginning.” Beginning of what? Beginning to live and express oneself. Everyday have I read much from the “Gayan” and step by step realized it. I feel I am ready to begin, Murshida. I feel I can say “God bless you” to others as you have said it to me.

My meditations have been like the cleaning of machinery at night so the factory will produce more at day. I have needed little sleep. My brain has been as a servant, actually working on hours, not allowed to work at certain times and often getting tired while working. Much of what I have written may hardly be legible, but the inspiration was so great at times, my hand flew and the writing may have suffered. I have not read my diary or articles over except to make two small changes in poems.

I hand these to you. Some may be ready for publication in "Sufism," some with a little change, others are but ideas in formation, some are not for publication, some can be distributed freely, especially among the poems. I should like the "Maypole" to appear in "Sufism" at an early date, if it be your wish.

Needless to say how I shall enjoy Pesach and Easter this year. I have lived Pesach and Easter. God has blessed me with the finest weather. From the moment I entered and the rain stooped, I felt him in the air. If you read any of this or say anything to the Mureeds (Khalifa excepted), tell them that the door is open. I have not had many Visions or phenomena, but the greatest of phenomena has been the opening of the door of my heart and I have felt like Walt Whitman, without a grain of conceit, "I am full of good things." "I never knew I contained so much goodness," for I have found I contain God and all Goodness is in him.

Soon I enter into my last meditation before the sun crossed the equator. I again thank you with all my heart and soul and mind for your benefits and blessing and to Him above be all honor and glory forever. Amen.

Faithfully and sincerely,

Your Mureed and disciple in Israel.