

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO



It seemed an eternity, waiting for June 24 to arrive. Although it was an adventure Christi could not resist, she was undeniably fearful when she considered the prospect. She and Hap had speculated generally about what they might expect, but she nonetheless felt totally unprepared. Then again, perhaps nothing would happen. That was equally unacceptable.

Hap was coming for dinner at 6:00 p.m., before the event was expected to commence. Christi wanted to be sure he was there when the sun was low and the dining room was filled with rainbows. Even though she knew he couldn't see, she felt on some level he would experience them.

She prepared fresh corn given to her by a neighbor, broiled wild salmon with a sauce made with dill from her garden, and tossed a fresh green salad. Then she set two places at the end of the table on Wedgwood blue placemats that matched the dining room walls. When June and Hap drove up precisely at six, Christi was in the front yard to greet them. She opened the car door and took Hap by the arm.

"Sorry to be in such a hurry," June said from behind the wheel. "I'm late for a church committee meeting. We're planning summer Bible school."

"I'll see Hap gets home okay," Christi assured her. "I have no idea when that will be. I don't quite know what to expect."

"No problem. Hap's been so excited, I don't want him to miss even a minute of this adventure," June said, winking at Christi.

"June, don't tell stories on me," Hap scolded.

As June drove away, Christi assisted Hap up the steps and through the front door.

"Here to the left is where I believe something might happen," she said as they entered the dining room. Just as she had planned, it was alive with colorful rainbows.

Hap approached the table and stood silently. He took a deep breath. "Indeed, the energy in this room is overpowering."

"What do you mean? Do you feel something?"

He paused a moment in thought. "Have you ever been to Stonehenge or Avebury?"

"No, I've never been to Stonehenge and I've never heard of Avebury. What's their connection to my dining room?"

"They are both Stone Age sites in England where megalithic stones are placed in certain patterns. They were sacred sites in ancient times," Hap explained, as he took a few steps around the room, running his hand along the edge of the table. "Near Avebury there is a ceremonial chamber. Great granite stones form several small rooms, and these rooms are covered with a huge mound of dirt. It's called East Kennet Long Barrow. The last time I felt energy this strong was about seven years ago when I visited that chamber."

Hap was again quiet, then turned toward Christi. "This is a very special place, like a vortex. Something is going to happen here."

Christi stood motionless. "It does feel different." She looked out the window and noted the setting sun. "Let's eat, Hap, before it gets any later. After dinner I have some things I want to show you." She led Hap to his place at the table.

During dinner, Christi recounted the unusual events that had occurred since she had moved to the old Tyler place, and felt relieved at last to tell someone about the "dream" as she called it, the meeting that had taken place in the dining room soon after she'd arrived. She recounted the discussion among the men who were at the meeting, about it being time to proceed with their work because the table had been returned to their meeting place, the room where they had often met to create the vision of a nation under God. She told him about the first note left on the table and how she assumed it was a prank.

After dinner, she read him each of the notes from Washington. "I didn't keep copies of my replies," she explained. "I wish I had, but I never expected them to disappear." Then she carefully laid the bundle from the secret chamber on the table. She gently opened the old Bible and read the inscription.

*To our V. D. Brother, Geo. Washington
On the occasion of his healing as an Antient Mason
Lodge of Social and Military Virtue, No. 227
Grand Lodge of Ireland*

“That’s where I saw it!” she exclaimed. “The Grand Lodge of Ireland. Remember when you were telling me about the history of the Masons? You said the colonists were members of the Irish Grand Lodge. That must have been what George Washington belonged to.”

“I’m sure it was. He would never have been associated with the Moderns. They were the Tories.”

Christi continued.

*On the Festival of the Nativity of
St. John the Evangelist
This 27 day of December, 1756*

“Another nativity, Hap. Didn’t the note say today was the Nativity of St. John the Baptist?”

“Those were the two most important dates for the Masons,” Hap exclaimed. “They were required to hold regular meetings on the Nativity of St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist. Today, June 24, is the approximate time of the summer solstice, the beginning of summer. December 27 is near the winter solstice, the commencement of winter. That relates to the idea of balance and parallel associations.”

Christi spread the heavy cloth that had contained the other items on the table. She took the fingers of Hap’s right hand in her hand and carefully began to trace each design painted on the cloth.

He immediately recognized what it was. “This is called a floor cloth. These designs used to be painted on the floor of the Masonic lodges, but that was expensive and difficult to maintain. So the designs were later painted on a heavy cloth, like this, that could be placed on the floor when they were holding a meeting.”

“What on Earth was it used for?”

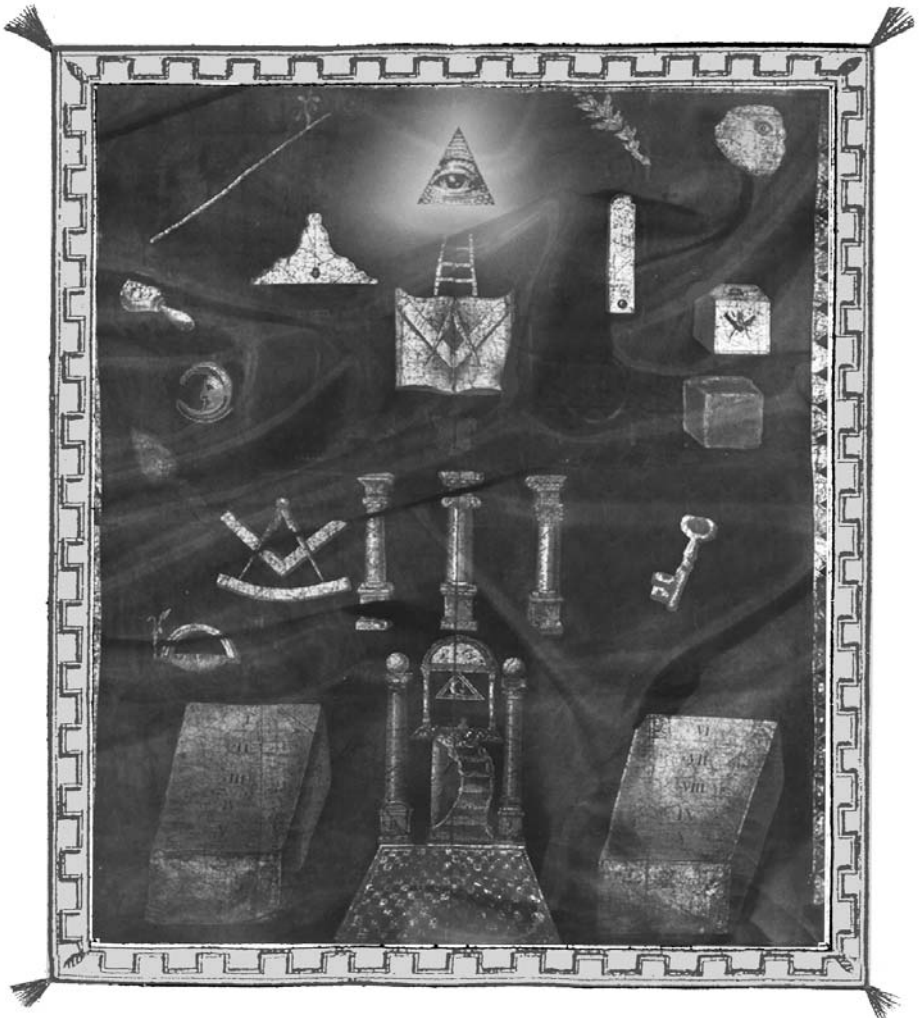
“Floor cloths were teaching tools, used to illustrate principles taught in each of the three degrees of Masonry.”

“It looks like a checkered floor in the foreground, with stairs ascending at the rear,” Christi said as she traced the design at the center bottom for Hap.

“That represents the ground floor, the physical world, composed of opposing or complimentary forces—light and darkness, mundane and fantastic, yin and yang, male and female. The stairs, of course, lead to the higher realm.”

She continued tracing. “Here, in the middle area there are three columns.”

“They must be in the middle chamber of the soul. They were no doubt used to teach about the ‘Rule of Three,’” Hap speculated. “The three branches of government reflect this Rule of Three. In construction, be it the physical or spiritual plane, there is particular strength in three, like the Holy Trinity, and the triangle. It’s a way to incorporate unity, harmony, and balance to achieve strength. And above that, I’ll bet there’s an open holy book, the entrance to the Spirit. For Christians it would be the Bible, but any teaching of a unified deity was accepted. And above all, I’m sure you will find the Divinity itself, represented by the Glory at the top of the floor cloth. Am I right?”



“Yes. I’ll show you where they are.” She guided Hap’s hand over the designs.

He nodded as she traced, continuing his explanation. “These levels are also represented in the design of our government, in the local, state and federal levels of government, with God above all. One nation, composed of divisions, unified under God. A meticulously balanced design with the spiritual realm being reflected in physical form. As above, so below.”

“Each cornice on the columns in the middle is different.” She described the details of each. “Do you know what they mean?”

“They represent three different characteristics or agencies that are essential for balance, on both the physical and the spiritual levels. The Corinthian column represents the active, creative, expansive aspect of the psyche—or the Masonic lodge, as the case may be. The physical is always a mere reflection of the spiritual. The Doric column represents the passive, reflective characteristic or agency. The Ionic column represents the agency of balance, the one that coordinates the other two and maintains equilibrium.”⁴

“How do you remember all of these details?” Christi asked.

Hap smiled. “It’s not so hard. These were effective teaching tools. If you think of the three branches of our government and the purpose each was designed to serve, you have the functions represented in the three columns painted on this floor cloth.”

She had to think for a minute. “The Corinthian must represent the executive branch, the active, creative aspect of governmental power. The Doric represents the legislative branch, the reflective, right? With so many people who have to consider the issues, I guess it has to be. And of course, the Ionic column represents the judiciary, the agency maintaining equilibrium between the other two. Are you saying these three aspects of the psyche were known from ancient teachings and our Founding Fathers incorporated them in the form of our government?”

“Exactly. To conform with holonomy—the law of wholeness.⁵ They were applying universal principles that apply to every structure. They knew precisely what they were doing. That’s why our democracy has been so enduring. So long as these principles are adhered to, it will continue to endure.”

“And what if we veer off course?”

“We won’t survive. It’s not possible. Look at Hitler’s regime. It was controlled from the top, everything subject to one master with no

balancing forces. It was a system that relied on fear for the ruler to maintain control. But fear is actually a weak force. It couldn't compensate for the lack of harmony, balance, and unity that exists when the Rule of Three is followed. The founders were precise in what they constructed."

Christi glanced out the window. "Hap, we have time for a quick walk around my garden before it gets dark. Let's go enjoy the evening air."

"First, we must put the floor cloth on the floor," Hap instructed. "I think the Masons are going to hold a meeting here."

"I'll put the Bible and the compass and square on the table, and the three candlesticks. I have a box of long candles in the cupboard. We'll light them when we come in," she said going to the kitchen.

Hap located the fireplace and carefully spread the floor cloth in front of it. When everything was in place, Christi guided Hap out the back door and down the steps to her garden area adjacent to the woods. The early evening air was cool and fresh. The woods surrounding the house were filled with the melody of a cicada orchestra, punctuated with the occasional cooing of a dove.

"Hap, I'm bothered by how we have forgotten our past. We're like a village that has lost its storyteller and no longer remembers or understands its history," she said as they strolled.

"That's not exactly correct. We haven't forgotten. Much of this ancient knowledge was never revealed to the masses. It was believed to be too powerful to be entrusted to any but a select few. It appears the time has come for this to change."

"But why now? Why us?"

"Of course, we're at the commencement of the third millennium, passage into the twenty-first century. But more important, we're at the dawn of a new age, the Age of Aquarius. Christ was born at the commencement of the last age, the Age of Pisces. Did you know Pisces means fish? Some believe that's why the fish was the sign of the early Christians—it stood for the Piscean Age, an age that has now come to a close," Hap explained.

"What is the symbol of this new age, the Aquarian Age?"

"It's Aquarius, the Water Bearer. Aqua is Latin for water. The Piscean Age was an age in which the masculine energy was predominate, but in the Aquarian Age, feminine energy will take its rightful place, returning us to balance."

"You mean we might have a woman for president?" Christi laughed.

Hap nodded. "It's more likely now than in the past. That's just one potential implication of the dawn of this New Age. Some people will advance quickly as the transition takes place. Others will choose to leave, in their own way, perhaps in epidemics or natural disasters. Undoubtedly, significant changes in law and government lie ahead, as well. As this new age commences, change seems to be everywhere."

Christi tugged Hap's arm, signaling a need to change their direction. "Hap, it's gotten dark. It's time we go inside. Don't want to miss anything." As they ascended the stairs to the house, Christi's fear began to reemerge. She pulled Hap's arm closer to her. "I'm so grateful that you're here. You know I could never do this without you."

"Nonsense!" he retorted. "Don't entertain such limiting beliefs. A belief in limitation becomes the cause of limitation."

When the candles were lit and all was in order, they positioned themselves on the stairs and waited.