

ROSICRUCIAN IMPRESSIONS OF EGYPT

Rosicrucians have always been fascinated by Egypt, the font of our spiritual lineage. Below are some Rosicrucian reminiscences of the Two Lands, from the Nineteenth through the Twentieth centuries.

A red sky burned over Egypt, —red with deep intensity of spreading fire. The slow-creeping waters of the Nile washed patches of dull crimson against the oozy mud banks, tipping palms and swaying reeds with color as though touched with vermilion, and here and there long stretches of wet sand gleamed with a tawny gold.¹

—Marie Corelli, S.R.C.

The sacred dung beetle was believed to be capable of self generation. The self-fertilized eggs were packed into a ball of manure, rolled across the sand toward the rising sun and in due time a metamorphosis would occur and new life would emerge. . . . Thus the scarab became the symbol for the soul that transformed itself through the cycle of evolution.²

This journey of evolution is the course that every soul must navigate. Hatshepsut, the fifth king of the 18th dynasty, was the first to publicly record the scarab on her tomb walls in its transformational role in the Egyptian book of the afterlife which is called the *Am-Duat*.³ I encountered this powerful text in the tomb of her successor, Thutmose III, and it was through this ancient story that the course for my evolution was charted.

—Debby Barrett, S.R.C.

I resolve, to survive the wilderness
And set the captive free
From the fear that binds the self to —
inconstancy
I cast my eyes above
Tomorrows promise, I seize today
For visions fade, and autumn shades
Those who sleep
On Lotus Land.⁴

—Mary E. McRae Reed, S.R.C.

As ever, Egypt points past curiosity, compelling the individual to move from the shadow's reflections to Light. . . . Yearning has yielded to knowing. Egypt's melodies and rhythms now evoke *gnosis*, allowing Egypt and the individual to be One, living in stillness beyond words. The journey home begins and ends in Egypt.

—Kathy Coon, S.R.C.

The day before we returned home we...went into the second pyramid, Khafre's. We went into the burial vault chamber and there were only a few quiet people there. And I wondered, I wondered—who built the Pyramids?

I felt a strong urge to put my hands and forehead on the chamber wall and so I did. And then I said to myself mentally, "Who are you? Who built this place? And then a voice in my head answered, "Welcome Back."

—Vic Zeller, F.R.C.

Endnotes:

¹ Marie Corelli [Mary Mackay], *The Secret Power* (Garden City, NY: Doubleday, 1924). Corelli, a Rosicrucian, was an immensely popular author at the turn of the last century.

² Maria Carmela Betro, *Hieroglyphics: The Writings of Ancient Egypt*, ed. Leslie J. Bockol, trans. S. Amanda George

(New York: Abbeville Press, 1996), 116.

³ Erik Hornung, *The Ancient Egyptian Books of the Afterlife*, trans. David Lorton (New York: Cornell University Press, 1999), 27.

⁴ Mary E. McRae Reed, excerpt from "The Journey," unpublished poem, 2005.