

Boris de Zirkoff Pays homage to H P Blavatsky

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Bridge of Glory (1923) Nicholas Roerich, Nicholas Roerich Museum, New York

H. P. B.

a **MAGIC** name with a power all its own, with a meaning deeper than speech, with a message unique and enduring! A name, truly, with a Cosmos in it!

The power of a name lies in the ideal which it represents, in the thought which it embodies, in the inspiration which it brings forth. And “H.P.B.” represents the loftiest ideal of mankind — that of renunciation of self-love and of tireless labor for the spiritual liberation of the human race from the bondage of material existence.

It embodies the noblest thought which the Seers and Sages of all times have proclaimed — that of the essential Unity of all that is. It stands for the most inspiring idea which the mind can conceive — that of beginningless and endless evolution along the spiral pathways of the Universe.

More than a hundred years ago H.P.B. was born in a country whose chaotic genius resembled her own, until the fire of her will had shaped her inner life into a Cosmos. Misunderstood, persecuted, victimized, she stood undaunted amidst the clashing hordes of a heartless world, and silenced her foes by the mere power of her Being.



Exhaustless in her resistance, unfathomable in her deep-seated realty, her Spirit was anchored in the very depths of Mother-Nature, and reached to the primeval eternities of the Universe.

In an age of decadence and denial, with torrential energy she cast herself against the clouds of materialism stifling the spiritual life of man. With unparalleled force she asserted the transcendent reality of Spirit. With indomitable courage she proclaimed the basic principles of Truth. Fresh and strong as the primeval forces of Nature, her character was of such magnitude as to divide the world into her adherents and her opponents.

The vast surge of her creative activity swept from one continent to the other, across the distances of land and sea. The spiritual flame with which she touched the hearts of men cleansed their natures and burned away the veil before their eyes. As only those can who have earned the right to be Teachers, she imparted a new life-impetus to the would-be disciple and quickened to germination the dormant seeds buried within his heart. Only those who have passed through it know the reality of the burgeoning of energy as possessed by certain souls. Some there are who may *teach* a truth and yet may not *be* that truth. But who can impart a truth in its surging vitality, so that it fructifies in the lives of others, except one who himself possesses the richness and depth of this life-impulse by reason of having become it! Hence Message and Messenger are invariably one and the same in the occult laws operating behind the veil of illusions.

A worthy Messenger of the Masters of Wisdom and Compassion and Peace, she stood alone, facing the opposition of an unbelieving world. The bigotry of religious fanaticism, the skepticism of materialistic science, the vindictive jealousy of all who knew that the light she brought would sooner or later dispel the darkness in which their own petty schemes were wrought — all these and vastly more of a nature which the humdrum world, in its blind conceit, is unable to perceive, she met, faced, and conquered.

The sword of spiritual knowledge with which she hewed at the malignant materialistic growth of a passing age, she wielded with wisdom and consummate skill. The rifts in the leaden masses of heavy clouds through which, high above, we catch today a glimpse of the infinite blue, bears testimony to the greatness of the power that rent them asunder.

Abused and vilified, slandered and persecuted, she asserted the truth of the Message which she was sent to proclaim, and, when the first mad onslaught of antagonism had subsided, it was seen that her mere presence among men had confounded the arrogant negations of those who laughed at the reality of spiritual Being.

She flung down the gauntlet to the religious sectarianism of her day, with its gaudy ritualism and the dead letter of orthodox worship. She challenged entrenched scientific dogmas evolved from minds which saw in Nature but a fortuitous aggregate of lifeless atoms driven by mere chance. The regenerative power of her Message burst the constricting shell of a moribund theology, swept away the empty wranglings of phrase-weavers, and checkmated the progress of scientific fallacies.



Today this Message, like the spring-flood of some mighty river is spreading far and wide over the earth. The greatest thinkers of the age are voicing well-nigh theosophical thoughts, couched sometimes in the very language which H.P.B. used. We witness the turning of men's minds towards the treasure-chamber of esoteric knowledge which she unlocked for us. Some day public recognition will be given to the truth of her teachings, to the depths of the source of knowledge from which she drew, and then H.P.B., the "direct agent" of her Teachers, will take her rightful place in the history of our spiritual awakening, among other Great Souls who have stemmed the tide of disintegration, pointed the way to the mountain-tops of Spirit, and, having shown mankind where Truth can be found, taught it, like the Druids of old, how to hold that "Truth against the World."

The writings of H.P.B. stand by themselves. They speak louder than any human commentary to those who have ears to hear, and the ultimate proof of the teachings they contain rests with the disciple who attunes his mind and heart to the cosmic harmony which they bring to light. Like all mystic writings throughout the ages, they conceal vastly more than they reveal, and they mean to the student just what he is able to perceive in them — neither less nor more.

Unchanged by time, unmoved by the phantasmagoria of the world's pageant, unhurt by scathing criticisms, unsoiled by the vituperations of petty and dogmatic minds, these writings stand today, as they did at the time of their first appearance, like a majestic rock amidst the foaming crests of an unruly sea. Their clarion-call resounds as powerfully now as it did of yore, and thousands of heart-hungry, suffering, disillusioned men and women, in search of truth and peace, are turning their eyes to the enduring Message contained in H.P.B.'s far-flung literary work.

Great Souls, Warriors of Light, descend into our midst from worlds supernal. They often are but Messengers of still greater Beings completely beyond our reach or ken. They bring with them another spark of that Promethean fire which kindles upon our altars the flames of thought. They pass like blazing meteors through the night-sky of human sorrow. They mould gigantic structures with godlike hands and vanish sooner or later beyond the mystic veil which hides from us as yet the world of silent Realities. Their home is there, within a sea of Light which humans call genius, Truth, creative inspiration. And although for a time we are unable to follow their journey and to witness their work behind the veil, yet we have with us tangible proofs of their existence, of their passage through this valley of shadows, and the assurance of their return on the crests of spiralling cycles when the time is ripe.

We commend her writings to the weary pilgrim and the seeker after enduring spiritual values. They contain the answer to many a harassing problem. They open wide undreamt of portals, revealing vistas of cosmic splendor and lasting inspiration. To the fainthearted but sincere student, they bring new hope and courage. To those who have already traveled on the Path, they are a comfort and a staff, as well as a guide and Teacher. And to those few who are ahead of others, valiantly scaling the solitary passes leading to the Gates of Gold, they convey that secret knowledge which alone can lift the heavy bar which must be raised before the Gates admit the pilgrim into the land of Eternal Dawn.

