

ESSENE REVELATIONS

Behold, the Malak of the Air will bring Him,
Every eye will see Him.
The brethren,
All the vast brethren of the Earth
Will raise their voice as one, and sing,
Because of him.
Amein.

"I am the Aleph and the Tau, the Beginning and the End.
What is, what was, and what is to come."

The voice spoke. I turned to see
The voice that spoke to me.
Being turned, I saw seven golden candles.
In the midst of their blazing light
I saw someone like a son of man,
Clothed in white, white as the snow.
His voice filled the air with the sound of rushing water.
In His hands were seven stars.
When He spoke, His face was streaming light,
Blazing and golden like a thousand suns.
He said: "Do not fear, I am the first, and the last.
I am the beginning, and the end.
Write the things you see.
The things that are, and the things that will come after.
The mystery of the seven stars which fill my hands,
And the seven golden candles, blazing with eternal light.
The seven stars are the Malaks of the Heavenly Father,
And the seven stars are the Malaks of the Earthly Mother.
The spirit of man is the flame
That streams between the starlight, and the glowing candle,
A bridge of set-apart light between Heaven and Earth."

These things said He who held the seven stars in His hands,
Who walked within the flames of the seven golden candles.
He that has an ear, let him hear what the spirit said:
To him who overcomes I will allow to eat from the tree of life,
That stands in the middle of the shining paradise of Yahweh.

I looked, and behold,
A door was opened in heaven.
A voice which sounded from all sides, like a trumpet,
Spoke to me: Come up here.
I will show you things which must be hereafter.

And immediately I was there, in spirit,
At the threshold of the open door.
I entered through the open door
Into a sea of blazing light.
In the midst of the blinding ocean of radiance was a throne,
And on the throne sat one whose face was hidden.
There was a rainbow around about the throne,
Which looked like emerald.
Round about the throne were thirteen seats.
I saw thirteen elders sitting upon the seats,
Clothed in white garments,
Their faces hidden by swirling clouds of light.
Seven lamps of fire burned before the throne,
The fire of the Earthly Mother.
Seven stars of heaven shone before the throne,
The fire of the Heavenly Father.
Before the throne
Was a sea of glass like crystal.
Reflected within it
Were all the mountains and valleys of the Earth,
And all the creatures abiding there.
The thirteen elders bowed down before the splendor of Him
Who sat upon the throne, whose face was hidden.
Rivers of light streamed from their hands, one to the other.

They cried: Set-apart, set-apart, set-apart.
Master Yahweh Almighty,
Who was, is, and is to come.
You are worthy, O Master,
To receive glory, honor, and power,
For you created all things.
Then I saw in the right hand
Of Him who sat on the throne,
A book written within, and on the back,
Sealed with seven seals.
I wept, because the book could not be opened,
Nor was I able to read what was written there.
One of the elders said to me: Do not weep.
Reach out your hand, and take the book.
I reached out my hand, and touched the book.
Behold, the cover lifted.
My hands touched the golden pages.
My eyes beheld the mystery of the seven seals.

I beheld, and I heard the voice of many malaks
Round about the throne,
The number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand.
Thousands of thousands, saying with a loud voice:
All glory, wisdom, strength,
And power, forever and ever,
To Him who will reveal the Mystery of Mysteries.
I saw the swirling clouds of golden light
Stretching like a fiery bridge between my hands,
And the hands of the thirteen elders,
And the feet of Him who sat on the throne,
Whose face was hidden.

I opened the first seal.
I saw, and beheld the Malak of the Air.
Between her lips flowed the breath of life.
She knelt over the earth

And gave to man the winds of wisdom,
And man breathed in.
When he breathed out, the sky darkened,
The sweet air became fetid,
And clouds of evil smoke hung low over all the earth.
I turned my face away in shame.

I opened the second seal.
I saw, and beheld the Malak of the Water.
Between her lips flowed the water of life.
She knelt over the Earth
And gave to man an ocean of love.
Man entered the clear and shining waters.
When he touched the water, the clear streams darkened,
The crystal waters became thick with slime,
The fish lay gasping in the foul blackness,
And all the creatures died of thirst.
I turned my face away in shame.

I opened the third seal.
I saw and beheld the Malak of the Sun.
Between her lips flowed the light of life.
She knelt over the earth
And gave to man the Fires of Power.
The strength of the Sun entered the heart of man.
He took the power, and made with it a false sun.
He spread the fires of destruction,
Burning the forests,
Laying waste the green valleys,
Leaving only charred bones of his brothers.
I turned away in shame.

I opened the fourth seal.
I saw, and beheld the Malak of Joy.
Between her lips flowed the music of life.
She knelt over the Earth

And gave to man the song of peace.
Peace and joy, like music,
Flowed through the soul of man.
But he heard only the harsh discord of sadness and discontent.
He lifted up his sword
And cut off the heads of the singers.
I turned my face away in shame.

I opened the fifth seal.
I saw, and beheld the Malak of Life.
Between her lips
Flowed the holy alliance between Yahweh and Man.
She knelt over the Earth
And gave to man the gift of Creation.
Man created a sickle of iron in the shape of a serpent,
And the harvest he reaped was of hunger and death.
I turned my face away in shame.

I opened the sixth seal.
I saw, and beheld the Malak of the Earth.
Between her lips flowed the river of eternal life.
She knelt over the Earth
And gave to man the secret of eternity.
She told him to open his eyes
And behold the mysterious Tree of Life in the Endless Sea.
But man lifted up his hand, put out his own eyes,
And said there is no eternity.
I turned my face away in shame.

I opened the seventh seal.
I saw, and beheld the Malak of the Earthly Mother.
She brought with her a message of blazing light
From the throne of the Heavenly Father.
This message was for the ears of Man alone,
He who walks between the Earth and Heaven,
And into the ear of man was whispered the message.

He did not hear.
I did not turn away my face in shame.
Lo, I reached out my hand to the wings of the malak,
And turned my voice to heaven, saying:
Tell me the message. I would eat of the fruit
Of the Tree of Life that grows in the Sea of Eternity.

The malak looked upon me with great sadness,
And there was silence in Heaven.

Then I heard a voice,
Which was like the voice that sounded like a trumpet,
Saying: O Man, would you look upon the evil you did
When you turned your face away from the throne of Yahweh?
When you did not make use of the gifts
Of the seven Malaks of the Earthly Mother,
And the seven malaks of the Heavenly Father?

A terrible pain seized me.
I felt within me the souls of all those
Who had blinded themselves,
So as to see only their own desires of the flesh.
I saw the seven malaks who stood before Yahweh,
And to them were given seven trumpets.
Another malak came and stood at the altar,
Having a golden censer.
There was given to him much incense,
That he should offer it with the prayers of all the malaks
Upon the golden alter that was before the throne.

The smoke of the incense ascended up before Yahweh
Out of the malak's hand.
The malak took the censer,
Filled it with fire of the altar,
And cast it onto the Earth.
There were voices and thunderings,

Lightnings and earthquakes.
The seven malaks that had the seven trumpets
Prepared themselves to sound.

The first malak sounded.
There followed hail and fire mixed with blood,
And they were cast upon the Earth.
The green forests and trees were burnt up,
And all the green grass shrivelled to cinders.

The second malak sounded.
A great mountain burning with fire
Was cast into the sea,
And blood rose from the earth as a vapor.

The fourth malak sounded.
There was a great earthquake.
The sun became as black as sackcloth of hair,
And the moon became as blood.

The fifth malak sounded.
The stars of heaven fell onto the earth,
Like figs from a fig tree
Shaken by a mighty wind.

The sixth malak sounded.
The heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together.
Over the whole earth there was not one tree,
Nor one flower, nor one blade of grass.
I stood on the earth,
And my feet sank into the soil,
Soft and thick with blood,
Stretching as far as the eye could see.
All over the earth was silence.

The seventh malak sounded.

I saw a mighty being come down from Heaven,
Clothed with a cloud,
And a rainbow on his head.
His face was as is it were the Sun,
And his feet were pillars of fire.
He had in his hand a book open.
He set his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot on the earth.
He cried with a loud voice, which was wondrous to hear:
O Man, would you have this vision come to pass?
I answered: You know I would do anything
So that these terrible things might not come to pass.

He spoke: Man created these powers of destruction.
He made them from his own mind.
He turned his face away
From the malaks of the Heavenly Father and the Earthly Mother.
He fashioned his own destruction.

I spoke: Then is there no hope, bright malak?
A blazing light streamed like a river from his hands
As he answered: There is always hope,
O you for whom Heaven and Earth were created.

Then the malak
(He who stood upon the sea, and upon the earth)
Lifted up his hand to heaven,
And swore by him who lives for ever and ever,
Who created heaven and the things that are there,
And the Earth, and the things that are there,
And the sea, and the things that are there,
That there should be time no longer.
In the days of the voice of the seventh malak,
When he begins to sound,
The mystery of Yahweh will be revealed to those
Who have eaten from the Tree of Life
Which stands forever in the Eternal Sea.

The voice spoke again, saying:
Go, take the book that is in the hand of the malak,
Who stands upon the sea and upon the earth.
I went to the malak, and said to him:
Give me the book,
For I would eat from the Tree of Life
Which stands in the middle of the Eternal Sea.
The malak gave to me the book.
I opened the book, and I read in it
What had always been, what was now, and what would come to pass.

I saw the holocaust that would engulf the Earth.
The great destruction
That would drown all her people in oceans of blood.
I saw too the eternity of man
And the endless forgiveness of the Almighty.
The souls of men were as blank pages in the book,
Always ready for a new song to be inscribed.

I lifted up my face
To the seven Malaks of the Earthly Mother,
And the seven Malaks of the Heavenly Father.
I felt my feet touching the holy brow of the Earthly Mother,
And my fingers touching the holy feet of the Heavenly Father.
I uttered a hymn of thanksgiving:
I thank you, heavenly Father,
Because you put me at a source of running streams,
At a living spring in a land of drought,
Watering an eternal garden of wonders.
The Tree of Life, Mystery of mysteries,
Growing everlasting branches for eternal planting,
To sink their roots into the stream of life from an eternal source.
You, Heavenly Father,
Protect their fruits
With the malaks of day and night,

And with flames of Eternal Light lighting every way.

Again the voice spoke.

Again my eyes were drawn away
From the splendors of the realm of light:

Heed, O man!

You may walk on the right path,

And walk in the presence of the malaks.

You may sing of the Earthly Mother by day,

And of the Heavenly Father by night.

Through your being courses the golden stream of the Law.

Would you leave your brothers

To plunge through the gaping chasm of blood,

As the pain-wracked Earth shudders and groans

Under her chains of stone?

Can you drink from the cup of eternal life,

While your brothers die of thirst?

My heart was heavy with compassion.

I looked. Lo,

There appeared a great wonder in heaven.

A woman clothed with the sun, the moon under her feet,

And upon her head a crown of seven stars.

I knew she was the source of running streams,

The mother of the forests.

I stood upon the sand of the sea,

And saw a beast rise up out of the sea.

From his nostrils wafted foul and loathsome air.

Where he rose from the sea, the clear waters turned to slime.

His body was covered with black and steaming stone.

The woman clothed with the sun

Reached out her arms to the beast.

The beast drew near, and embraced her.

Lo, her skin of pearl withered beneath his foul breath,

Her back was broken by his arms of crushing rock,
And with tears of blood she sank into the pool of slime.

From the mouth of this beast there poured armies of men,
Brandishing swords and fighting one with the other.
They fought with a terrible anger.
They cut off their own limbs, and clawed out their own eyes,
Until they fell into the pit of slime,
Screaming in agony and pain.

I stepped to the edge of the pool, and reached down my hand.
I could see the swirling maelstrom of blood,
And the men trapped in it like flies in a web.
I spoke in a loud voice, saying:
Brothers, drop your swords, take hold of my hand.
Leave off this defiling and desecration
Of she who gave you birth,
And he who gave you your inheritance.
For you the days of buying and selling are over.
And over, too, the days of hunting and killing.
He who leads into captivity, will go into captivity,
He who kills with the sword, must be killed by the sword.
The merchants of the earth will weep and mourn
Because no man buys their merchandise any more.
The merchants of gold, silver, precious stones,
Pearls, fine linen, purple dyes, silk, scarlet,
Marble, beasts, sheep horses,
Chariots, slaves, and souls of men.
All these things you cannot buy and sell,
For all is buried in a sea of blood,
Because you turned your back on your father and mother.
You worshipped the beast who would build a paradise of stone.
Drop your swords, my brothers, and take hold of my hand!

As our fingers clasped,
I saw in the distance a great city,

White and shining on the far horizon, glowing alabaster.
There were voices, thunders, lightnings,
And there was a great earthquake,
Such as was not since men were on the Earth,
So mighty an earthquake, and so great.
The great city was divided into three parts,
And the cities of the nations fell.
The great city came in remembrance before Yahweh
To give to her the cup of the wine
Of the fierceness of His wrath.

Every island fled away,
And the mountains were not found.
There fell upon men a great hail out of heaven,
Every stone about the weight of a talent.
A mighty malak took up a stone like a great millstone,
And threw it into the sea, saying:
Thus, with violence shall the great city be thrown down,
And will never be found at all.

The voice of harpists, musicians, pipers,
Singers, and trumpeters,
Shall be heard no more in you.
No craftsmen, of whatever craft he be,
Shall be found anymore in you.
The sound of the millstone shall be heard no more in you.
The light of the candle will shine no more in you.
The voice of the bridegroom, and of the bride,
Shall be heard no more in you.
Your merchants were great men of the Earth.
By their sorceries all nations were deceived.
In her was found the blood of prophets and saints,
All those who were killed upon Earth.

My brothers laid hold of my hand.
They struggled out of the pool of slime,

And stood bewildered on the sea of sand.
The skies opened, and washed their naked bodies with rain.
I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters,
As the voice of great thunder.
I heard the sound of harpists playing their harps,
And they sang a new song before the throne.

I saw another malak fly in the midst of Heaven,
Having the songs of day and night,
And the everlasting gospel to preach to those who dwell on the Earth,
To those who climbed from the pit of slime,
And stand naked and washed by rain before the throne.
The malak cried out: Fear Yahweh, and give glory to Him.
The hour of His judgment has come.
Worship Him who made Heaven and Earth,
The sea, and the fountains of waters.

I saw Heaven open, and beheld a white horse.
He who sat upon him is called Faithful and True.
He judges in righteousness.
His eyes were like a flame of fire,
On His head were many crowns.
He was cloaked in blazing light,
And His feet were bare.
His name is called: The Word of Yahweh.
The holy brethren followed Him upon white horses,
Clothed in fine linen, white and clean.
They entered the eternal Infinite Garden,
In whose middle stands the Tree of Life.

The rain-washed naked throngs came before them,
Trembling to receive their judgment.
Their sins were many, and they had defiled the Earth.
Yea, they destroyed the creatures of the land and sea,
Poisoned the ground, fouled the air,
And buried alive the mother who gave them birth.

I did not see what happened to them, for my vision changed.

I saw a new Heaven and a new Earth.

The first Heaven and the first Earth had passed away,

And there was no more sea.

I saw the holy city of the brethren

Coming down from Yahweh out of Heaven,

Prepared like a bride adorned for her husband.

I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying:

Lo, the mountain of the Master's house

Is established in the top of the mountains

And is exalted above the hills.

All people will flow to it.

Come, let us go up to the mountain of the King,

To the house of Yahweh.

He will teach us of His ways,

And we will walk in His paths.

Out of the set-apart brethren will go forth the Law.

Behold, the Tabernacle of Yahweh is with men.

He will dwell with them, and they will be His people,

Yahweh Himself will be with them, and be their Father.

Yahweh will wipe away all tears from their eyes.

There will be no more death,

No sorrow, nor crying.

Nor shall there be any more pain,

For the former things are all passed away.

Those who made war will beat their swords into plowshares,

And their spears into pruning hooks.

Nation will not lift up sword against nation,

Nor will they learn war anymore,

For the former things are passed away.

He spoke again: Behold, I make all things new.

I am Aleph and Tau, the Beginning and the End.

I will give to him who thirsts the Fountain of the Water of Life, freely.

He who overcomes will inherit all things.

I will be his Father, and he will be my son.
But the fearful, the unbelieving,
The abominable, murderers, and all liars,
Will dig their own pit which burns with fire and brimstone.

Again my vision changed.
I heard the voices of the set-apart brethren raised in song,
Saying: Come, let us walk in the light of the Law.
I saw the Set-Apart City,
And the brothers were streaming to it.
The city had no need of the sun
Nor of the moon to shine on it,
For the Glory of Yahweh lightened it.

I saw the pure river of the Water of Life,
Clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of Yahweh.
In the middle of the river stood the Tree of Life,
Which bore fourteen kinds of fruits.
It yielded her fruit to those who would eat of it,
And the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

There will be no night there.
They need no candle, nor light of the sun,
For Yahweh gives them light.
And they will reign for ever and ever.

I reached the inner vision.
Through your spirit in me
I heard your wondrous secret.
Through your mystic insight
You caused a spring of knowledge
To well up within me,
A fountain of power pouring forth living waters.
A flood of Love, and all embracing Wisdom,
Like the splendor of eternal Light.