

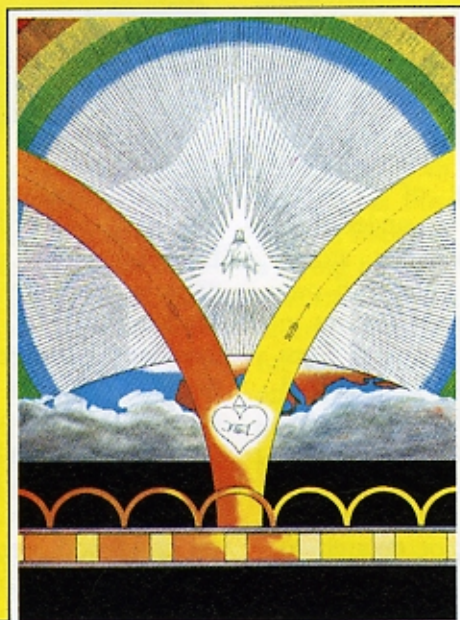
KOSMOS

ENGLISH MARTINUS COSMOLOGY NO.3 1992

THREE KINDS OF FATE

MARTINUS' MEMOIRS

Part One



In this issue...

by Mary McGovern

The evolution of morality

Martinus Cosmology shows the common sense in loving all living beings and in so doing expands our idea of neighbourly love.

The evolution of morality has seen three main stages; the first, an epoch in which we were inspired and guided by "dark world redeemers", whose function it was to initiate us into darkness by inspiring belief in killing as the highest ideal and in death on the battlefield as a guarantee for eternal happiness. Names like *Satan*, *Ahriman* and *Lucifer* remain from this epoch.

The teaching of Christ and other "light world redeemers" took us a step further. Here forgiving one's enemies and loving those that hate us were seen as the way to happiness in this life and in the hereafter. We were to love our fellow human beings. Love to animals is also suggested in Christ's recommendation that the herbs of the field should be food for us.

Cosmic science goes yet a step further. With the advent of physical science we have come to understand much about the cells, molecules, atoms and smaller particles that make up our physical organisms. We have been out in outer space and looked at the earth from a distance; we have studied planets and suns. In *"Three Kinds of Fate"* Martinus points out that these microcosmic and macrocosmic worlds are just as living as the people, animals and plants around us. We are shown that it is not enough to love only people if we are to be happy and healthy; we must also learn to love

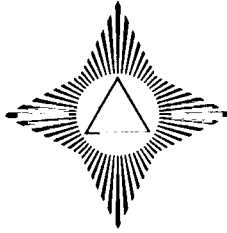
all forms of life including the tiny particles within our organism and the body of the earth itself. Illnesses, wars and natural catastrophies are among the consequences of our failure to love these beings.

Memoirs in English

Since their publication in Danish in 1987 English-speaking readers have expressed an interest in *Martinus' Memoirs*. This



expanded edition of KOSMOS includes the first part of them. The original Danish has 202 pages (including a 50-page appendix by Tage Buch describing Martinus' last 17-18 years) and about 75 drawings, photographs and other illustrations. It will not be possible to publish all the illustrations in KOSMOS but the complete text and some of the illustrations will be published in coming issues. In *Part One* Martinus describes his earliest childhood memories and paints a vivid picture of life in rural Denmark at the turn of the century.



Three Kinds of Fate

by Martinus

Macrocosmos

It can easily be observed that the living being's experience of life cannot exist without being a result of its relation to its surroundings. It must first and foremost eat and drink. It gets the nourishment that it must have from its surroundings. The physical organism in which it lives is also built up from, and must be maintained by, matter from its surroundings. The evolution of its ability to think and thereby its state of consciousness is also determined by its relation to the ability to think and the state of consciousness of other living beings. That these other living beings, and thereby also itself, can exist is determined exclusively by their existence in a world of energy that gives rise to all the conditions that must be fulfilled in order for living beings to exist in this. But in order that living beings can exist in this world of energy, it must be *living*. If it were not living, it would have to be a dead world. But a dead world can exist only as absolute stillness, absolute immobility and thereby as absolute unalterability; indeed, from a cosmic point of view such a world could not possibly exist at all. But since such a

world cannot exist, any manifestation of life or experience of life would likewise be a total impossibility. The living being thus lives in a world of energy that is alive. But a world of energy that is living can exist only as an ... organism. However, since an organism can exist only as an instrument for an I's experience and manifestation of life, the living world of energy that constitutes the living beings' surroundings can thus also exist only as an instrument for an I's manifestation and experience of life. All things in our surroundings - minerals, plants, animals, human beings and so on - are situated in the organism of a living being. As this organism constitutes the earth it becomes evident that the earth is a living being. We see that this being is also situated in a logical and living world of energy, which constitutes an organism for an even larger living being, and so on continuously up into larger and larger organisms. It is these organisms we know by the terms "solar systems" and "galaxies", and they constitute what we call the "macrocosmos". So "macrocosmos" is in no way whatsoever an expression for something dead and lifeless. It

constitutes a culmination of energy and movement, which, as known, is not death's but life's most noble and unshakable characteristic.

Microcosmos

There is an old saying, "As in the small, so in the large." This is strongly confirmed by the above. We live, as just mentioned, in the organism of a living being. For the great majority of the earth's population this view has not yet become generally acceptable and is therefore almost mystical or incredible. But in reality the same order of life occurs in our own organism. It is no longer an unknown phenomenon that our organism is the residence for myriads of living beings, such as organs, cells, molecules, atoms and so on, and that all these forms of micro-life are a vital necessity for the survival of our organism, just as the survival of this organism is an equally vital necessity for the existence of these small beings. So it becomes evident that we exist as macro-beings for these, our own micro-beings. Our own interiors thus form for each of these small beings outer life-determining surroundings for their manifestation and experience of life, precisely in the same way as our macro-being's interiors form outer life-determining surroundings for our manifestation and experience of life.

Mesocosmos

This, the living beings' macrocosmic and microcosmic order of life, thus constitutes a life-determining foundation for every living being's manifestation and experience of life. How could we have such a perfect organism, such a perfect instrument for the manifestation and experience of life as is the case, if this instrument did not consist of living beings? How could we manifest and experience life at all if our macro-being did not exist and was not a living being?

But what are we then? We each constitute not merely a micro-being in our

own macro-being, just as we each constitute not merely a macro-being for our own micro-beings. Each and every one of us also constitutes something between microcosmos and macrocosmos. As we have seen, we are of vital necessity connected to the macrocosmos above us and to the microcosmos below us. We thus constitute, in addition to the above-mentioned two cosmoses, a third cosmos. This we have termed "mesocosmos". We see here how high-intellectually, justly, lovingly and thereby divinely founded the living beings' cosmic order of life in the universe is. In order to be able to manifest and experience life at all the living beings must mutually serve one another. In order to manifest and experience life they have been given a macrocosmic organism and thereby a universe or a world in which to live, move and have their being. But in return their own organism must in the same way be a macrocosmos for micro-beings. And just as they get micro-beings in their own organism, so they themselves must be micro-beings in their macro-being's organism. So wisely is the structure of the universe put together that the living beings in order to be the same must contribute the same. In order to obtain conditions for the experience and creation of life they must, in their organism, give the micro-beings conditions for the experience and creation of life.

Mesocosmic fate

As a being's experience of life and manifestation is determined by its relation to these three mentioned cosmoses the nature of this relation is not unimportant. It can be of such a nature that the being finds himself in the most beautiful harmony with all three cosmoses. It finds itself both bodily and mentally, or physically and psychically, healthy, and has a loving way of behaving that is warming and life-giving for itself and other beings. It thus constitutes the completely evolved human being in God's image

after his likeness. But the people of the earth are not completed human beings. On the contrary, they live in war and unrest, they murder and kill, torture and mutilate each other to a great extent. The mesocosmic area seethes and boils like a volcano that can erupt at any moment. By the mesocosmic area is to be understood all the forms of life we know as people, animals and plants. We see that the plant forms of life evolve towards the killing principle and gradually become animals. And here it becomes to a great extent a vital necessity for the beings to kill in order to live. The highest points of light in the beings' fate here are mating urge, the mate and the offspring. Its consciousness is led to a great extent by instinct. We will not enter this area of the mesocosmic condition of fate, but point out merely that this area can be expressed as the budding, perfect human being's embryo-area. From this area the being will develop itself further towards the great final result that is the goal for this evolution, namely "the human being in God's image after his likeness". And here, in the last part of the animal kingdom, the being appears as the unfinished terrestrial human being. It is now so far advanced in evolution that it has become a being that is subject to the law "Thou shalt love thy God above all things and thy neighbour as thyself." To the degree that it cannot fulfil this law it is imperfect.

Compared with behaviour that totally fulfils the aforesaid law of love the behaviour of the average terrestrial human being is still very imperfect. And to the same extent as this is imperfect, that is unloving, to that extent will its fate be based on lack of love on the part of its fellow-beings. This mesocosmic fate is thus determined by its relation to its mesocosmic fellow beings, which means fellow human beings and animals. We have already mentioned that the beings here live in war and that they murder and kill each other. Newspapers, television

and radio every day bring word of the manifestation of the killing principle in many different ways between man and man, and likewise between peoples.

As the law of fate "One reaps what one sows" results in a being getting only the fate that it, through its behaviour, has inflicted on its neighbour or other beings, and thus comes to experience itself the evil or the suffering that it has inflicted on other beings, it cannot avoid being changed. It comes to feel an increasing disgust with its evil behaviour until eventually it no longer has the heart to do evil. It becomes humane and peace-loving. And from this stage in evolution the beings are led further towards perfection by virtue of the guidance and directions of the world redemption that reveal humaneness or neighbourly love as the absolutely only unshakable road to the light.

Microcosmic fate

But the beings' area of fate is not based only on their behaviour towards their fellow human beings and other mesocosmic fellow beings. It is to an equally great extent based on their behaviour towards the micro-beings in their own organism. These small beings are also part of this "neighbour" that one should love as one loves oneself. If this has not been mentioned so much up to now in the guidance and direction of the world redemption and thereby not in the commandments of the religions either, it is because people had not yet acquired sufficient experience or development to understand guidance or information in this micro-field. And it is actually only now, from the twentieth century and on, that people will come to acknowledge that the commandment of love holds true not only for loving one's fellow human beings but also for creating a blessed and healthy way of living for the micro-beings on which the entire existence of our organism depends. This is just as important a karmic condition of life as

loving one's fellow human beings. But here terrestrial human beings are still to an overwhelming degree sleeping beings, which is evident from the ocean of illnesses and bodily sufferings we witness in the hospitals of the world overfilled with sick people. Here there are by the million more or less destroyed organisms, which doctors and nurses with all their might try to remedy. That these illnesses in the worst cases are nothing less than hell for the sources of the organisms in question is also evident.

How can it be that people can inflict upon themselves such terrible suffering or karma? It is because the people in question have given no significant thought to, or shown interest in, their organism. They do not think that it constitutes a residence, a living space or a world for living beings. They do not think either that they themselves have full responsibility for the health and well-being of this organism. One can overburden it with more work than it is built to bear; it must then be weakened and finally succumb. One can also accumulate substances in it that constitute neither food nor drink. One can undermine it with the smoking of tobacco, one can undermine it with alcohol and drugs, and the beings come to go round as absolute wrecks and weaklings, finally succumbing to a far too premature death. One can likewise undermine the organism with incorrect food, which can also lead to illness and weakness. And here must mankind's greatest error, the eating of animals as food, be mentioned. Gradually, as the human being evolves to fulfil the law of love, to love his neighbour, that is the living beings, as himself, it is clear that he cannot at the same time be a creature that absolutely must slaughter and eat the beings mentioned. This is further confirmed by the fifth commandment, "Thou shalt not kill". When God had created the human beings he blessed them and said, "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue

it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." And God said, "Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for food" (Gen. 1: 28-29). There is nothing here saying that one should kill and slaughter the animals for food. The more people evolve in the human or humane direction the less suited they become for tolerating rough, animal food. Man's killing of millions of animals creates a corresponding death-karma for those people involved in the killing of the animals and in meat-eating. This in turn means that to the same extent as they are involved in this killing of animals and meat-eating they are unprotected against unnatural death, whether it be in war, through assault, in any sort of traffic accident, or through other unfortunate or dangerous situations in daily life.

As we can see here, the killing of animals and the eating of meat create two kinds of fate. As the animals constitute mesocosmic beings, the retribution for the killing of these belongs to the mesocosmic fate. As the reaction of the meat-eating occurs in the organism's micro-world or internal organs, these reactions or the effects of meat-eating are to be expressed as microcosmic fate.

Macrocosmic fate

In addition to the fact that we have two kinds of fate - the mesocosmic, which constitutes the effects of or the retribution for our relation to our mesocosmic beings, that is our fellow human beings and the animals, and the microcosmic fate, which constitutes the effects of or retribution for our relation to the micro-beings inside our own organism - we also have a third kind of fate, our macrocosmic fate. As we with our organism form a universe or residence for the micro-beings in the interior of this orga-

nism, we constitute the macrocosmos for these micro-beings. As it lies within our scope to be able to do good as well as evil towards these micro-beings, we here too get fate or retribution according to the behaviour or the consideration we manifest towards these beings. We already know that, with unsuitable food and the enjoyment of tobacco, alcohol, drugs, dissipation, lack of sleep and other circumstances destructive of the organism's health and normality, we more or less destroy the life-conditions for its micro-beings. With this behaviour we create a miserable macrocosmos for these vitally necessary micro-beings within us. Certain groups of the normal micro-beings cannot possibly live in such destroyed areas of their macrocosmos. And in certain cases there then incarnate less evolved micro-beings in these areas. But this does not prevent the being here, to a corresponding degree, from being an invalid and from appearing as a wreck, as a degenerating and slowly dying object. This fate constitutes the effects of the being not having fulfilled its duty as a macro-being. Instead of making its organism a healthy and good universe, a shining and warming living-space, a divine residence for the life-determining living beings in its own interior, it has for these beings turned this organism into a universe of darkness, an eldorado of suffering whose flames of hell in the form of pain possess the organism's nervous system, consciousness and psyche, and destroy the being's general condition until death liberates it. Thousands upon thousands of people the world over suffer this terrible fate because in their capacity as macrocosmos for their micro-beings, they have not fulfilled the law of love, but through their neglect and unnatural enjoyment have destroyed their organisms. But destroyed organisms cannot possibly be a perfect macrocosmos for micro-beings; indeed, they are if anything more or less a hell for them. But a being that has turned its organism

into a destroyed macrocosmos or hell for its micro-beings cannot expect its coming fate to be a place in the sun, a sphere of happiness and love in the macrocosmos in which it shall itself experience life. It here comes to live in surroundings in which it can get dark experiences of fate corresponding to those that it, with its defective organism, created for its vitally necessary micro-beings. The being's abuse and neglect of its organism thus create not only illness and suffering in it but also have a voice in the being's relation to its macrocosmos, that is Nature or its surroundings. It is this condition of fate we must term "macrocosmic fate". To the degree that the being is unfinished it creates a brutal and dark fate through the three cosmoses mentioned here, which in the worst cases must be expressed as hell itself or the culmination of suffering.

But the spirit of God, which is the same as universal love, still moves upon the face of the waters. The unhappy being is not forsaken by God. In the darkness it slowly begins to get the humane faculty engrafted, and it begins to wander on the road of love. And through new lives it gradually begins to be a shining and warming sun of love for its surroundings and constitutes God's image after his likeness in all three cosmoses. And before this divine flood of rays all dark fate must retreat.

Original Danish title: *Tre slags skæbne*, 1965

Translated by Mary McGovern, 1992

<p style="text-align: center;">Martinus Cosmology INTERNATIONAL SUMMER COURSE 25th July - 8th August 1992 Martinus Centre, Klint, Denmark Programme available.</p>
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Memoirs

Part One

Martinus

Forward (by the publisher)

When Martinus left this world on 8th March 1981 he was 90 years and 7 months old.

When he was about seventy he felt that he ought to write his memoirs. He gradually realised, however, that it would be difficult to find time to do so. He was at that time engaged in writing "The Eternal World Picture" - a work in four volumes known as the "symbol books". He expected to take a couple of years to write each volume.

He realised therefore that if his memoirs were to be written he would have to record them on tape. The tapes could later be edited by others to form a usable manuscript. Martinus approached me and asked if I would help him with this task. I was his neighbour and had known him for twenty-five years.

In the spring of 1963 we agreed that the matter should be tackled in the following way: Martinus was to present himself at my home on three evenings with weekly intervals. He wanted some of his old friends to be present. We invited therefore a married couple, Oluf and Käthe Palm, who had known Martinus for almost forty years, and Per Bruus-

Jensen. Together we should form a "questioning team" that should "pump" Martinus for his memories.

The three evenings were informal. Evening tea was served and after a short chat Martinus declared himself ready to tell us all about his life. A microphone was placed on the table in front of him and the tape-recorder was started.

He then began to tell us about his mother, his birth, his childhood, his days as a schoolboy, as a herd-boy, as a candidate for confirmation, as an apprentice and as a dairyman. That was as far as we got on the first evening. We continued, however, on two more evenings.

The memoirs came to last almost five hours in all.

Martinus did not want his memoirs to be published during his lifetime; I therefore stored the tapes carefully and a couple of years after his death I had them transcribed. In the process of producing the manuscript I have tried to relate all Martinus' memories in the correct chronological order. I have also added some things that he remembered later.

*October 1986, Frederiksberg
Sam Zinglensen (publisher)*

Martinus, perhaps you would begin by telling us about your birth and who your mother was?

Yes - I was born on Monday 11th August 1890, near Sindal in the north of Jutland, shortly after midnight. My mother was unmarried; her name was Else Christine Mikkelsen. She herself was born in 1848 and was therefore forty-two years old when she gave birth to me.

She was housekeeper to Lars Larsen, the landed proprietor of the large farm "Christianshede", which was later re-named "Kristiansminde".

When at the beginning of 1890 she realised that she was pregnant she arranged, since she could not have me with her at the farm, that her half-brother and his wife should adopt me as soon as I was born.

This couple, Jens Christian and Kirstine Frederiksen owned a little smallholding called "Moskildvad", which lies seven to eight kilometres from Kristiansminde. In spite of the fact that they were poor and had eleven children already, they agreed to adopt me. Most of the eleven children were, however, old enough to have "flown the nest". They had gone into service leaving only two boys, aged three and five years, at home.

Early in August, when my mother realised that the delivery was imminent, she left Kristiansminde and went to Moskildvad. Since cars were a rarity at that time the short journey was made by horse and cart.

Late in the evening of Sunday 10th August it was realised that labour had begun. Midnight came and the clock on the wall struck twelve. As it finished striking something remarkable happened: the clock fell to the floor with a crash and was damaged beyond repair.

And so I was born!

Shortly after the birth my mother returned to Kristiansminde leaving me in the care of my foster-parents.

The clock that fell on the floor ... that was very remarkable ... it must have been a warning. It must have marked that one epoch was over and a new one had begun!

Can you tell us about the time immediately following your birth?

I was a very sickly baby; I lost so much weight that my foster-parents did not reckon on my surviving. On 31st August they hurried to have me baptised. However, I survived the illness but was very puny. At school I was the second smallest of thirty children.

My foster-father made his living as a roadmender on roadworks in the neighbourhood, and in the winter by felling trees in Slotved Forest with the forester. To the house belonged about five and a half acres of land, where his only cow and some sheep could graze. He also had permission to let the animals graze along the road and on the hillsides. He kept pigs and hens too.

Can you tell us anything about who your real father was?

Actually I have never really been very interested in who my father was. At Kristiansminde, however, there was a bailiff called Mikael Christian Thomsen who was alleged to be my father. For this reason I was given the surname Thomsen.

But there is much to suggest that it was really Lars Larsen who was my father. Every month my foster-parents received a child allowance from Kristiansminde, and it was always double the stipulated amount - which the bailiff Thomsen certainly could not have afforded.

As a boy I often had the experience that people who visited my home would burst out: "Oh! Isn't the boy the image of Lars Larsen!" And there are other things too that suggest that Larsen was my father; I will come back to them later. He was unmarried, and I believe he

Sometimes my foster-mother would be invited to Kristiansminde. I used to come too because my mother wanted to see me from time to time. My foster-mother took me by the hand and then we walked the seven to eight kilometres to Kristiansminde.



My mother was the housekeeper at Kristiansminde. She also managed the farm's dairy. I remember my mother as a mild and friendly woman who smiled lovingly at me. But I felt more secure when I held my foster-mother's hand. I was too small to understand who my real mother was.



was half-Jewish. He was born in 1838. My mother always called him "husband"(1). As a boy he had been adopted by a countess and from her inherited Kristiansminde, Kølskegård and Store Revstrup, which he later sold.

When he was staying at one of the other estates my foster-mother would sometimes be invited to Kristiansminde. I used to come too because my mother wanted to see me from time to time. My foster-mother took me by the hand and then we walked the seven to eight kilometres to Kristiansminde. Since I was used to only a small, spartan home it was a great experience for me. Here there were large elegant rooms with carpets on the floors and tapestries on the walls. The estate had many animals and its own dairy, which my mother managed with the help of certain girls. I remember my mother as a mild and friendly woman who smiled lovingly at me. But I felt more secure when I held my foster-mother's hand. I was too small to understand who my real mother was.

After each visit my mother saw to it that a farmhand drove us home in a horse and cart.

Did your mother never visit you in Moskildvad?

Yes, she occasionally came to see us. And she promised me that I would certainly be allowed to study when I grew up. Then I could become a school-teacher.

But she died when I was eleven years old. She got cancer and was taken from Kristiansminde to Hjørring County Hospital (*Hjørring Amtsygehus*), where she died on 9th November 1901. She was operated on for a cancerous tumour and was given a blood transfusion. At that time, however, the doctors did not know anything about blood types. In her last months she lived exclusively on milk and

died a few days after the operation at the age of 53.

I went to the funeral at Kristiansminde. Her coffin lay open in a room there and I sat on a chair near the coffin while the door was open into the dining-room where a horde of guests sat eating a huge dinner. I thought it was an unappetising arrangement, but that is how things were done at that time.

I can remember that Lars Larsen walked backwards and forwards moaning, "Oh, my poor Christine, my poor Christine!" with tears running down his cheeks.

In the churchyard at the old Sindal Church I noticed that his eyes never left me for a moment.

He himself died ten years later at the age of 73.

Did you inherit anything from your mother?

She left almost nothing. Only a few volumes of Family Journal (*Familie Journalen*) and a wardrobe containing some clothes. My foster-father sold the wardrobe for 35 crowns, which was then put into a bank-book towards my confirmation.

But I was happy to inherit so many Family Journals; I had always lacked reading matter. There was never any money to buy magazines or books.

How would you describe your childhood home Moskildvad?

I was happy, even though it was very small and spartan. I grew up with my two slightly older foster-brothers. My foster-parents were almost kinder to me than to their own two boys.

In the house there was only one living-room, and it was not very big. We lived, ate and slept there.

There were two beds filling the entire length of one side of the room. We three

1: *Translator's note:* The Danish "husbond" (no longer in current use) is ambiguous meaning both "master" and "husband".

boys slept in one bed and our parents slept in the other. There was also a table and some chairs as well as a chest of drawers and a stove. That was all. At that time there was no central heating, radio, television, telephone, electric light or even a toilet.

Opening off the room there was a door to a small kitchen, from which one could go straight into the cowshed. The door opened directly onto where the cow stood. There was also space for a couple of pigs and some hens. And finally there was a barn.

When I was fourteen years old the house was rebuilt so that we also had a bedroom and a scullery. But there was still no toilet, not even a privy. One just went out to the cowshed and squatted in a corner.

What can you tell us about your earliest childhood memories?

The first thing I can remember was a little episode when I was a few years old. We were eating at the table in the living-room. We had rice pudding; my mother thought that I ought soon to be able to feed myself with a spoon. But when she put the spoon in my hand I could not guide it to my mouth by myself, and most of the rice pudding ended up in my eyes. So I was quickly finished with that!

The house had a straw roof, which on one side reached almost down to the ground. In the winter when there was snow the boys amused themselves by sledging down the roof from right up at the base of the chimney; but they were not supposed to.

My foster-mother kept the house nicely clean and fed us well. At that time vegetarianism was an almost unknown idea; since at that time it was thought necessary, we ate a good deal of meat and fish. One could get good fresh fish from Frederikshavn. My consumption of meat and fish was, however, minimal, and if at any time an animal was to be slaughtered I ran a long way away. It was a

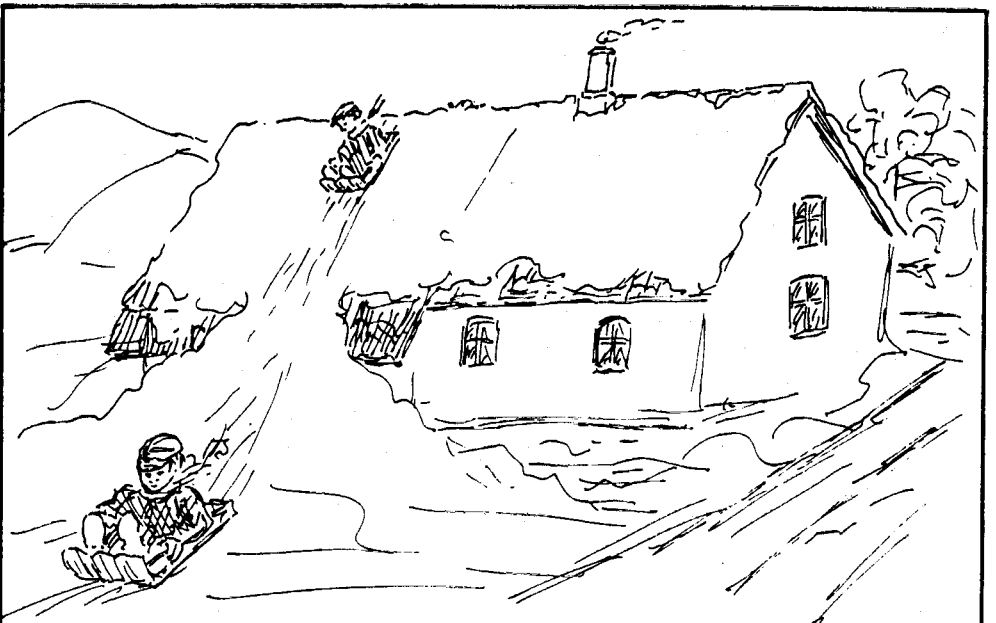
nightmare to me.

The floor in the living-room was scoured white. Every week my foster-mother went down on her knees and scoured the floor with a little sand and a handful of straw. Domestic appliances such as vacuum cleaners were totally unknown at that time.

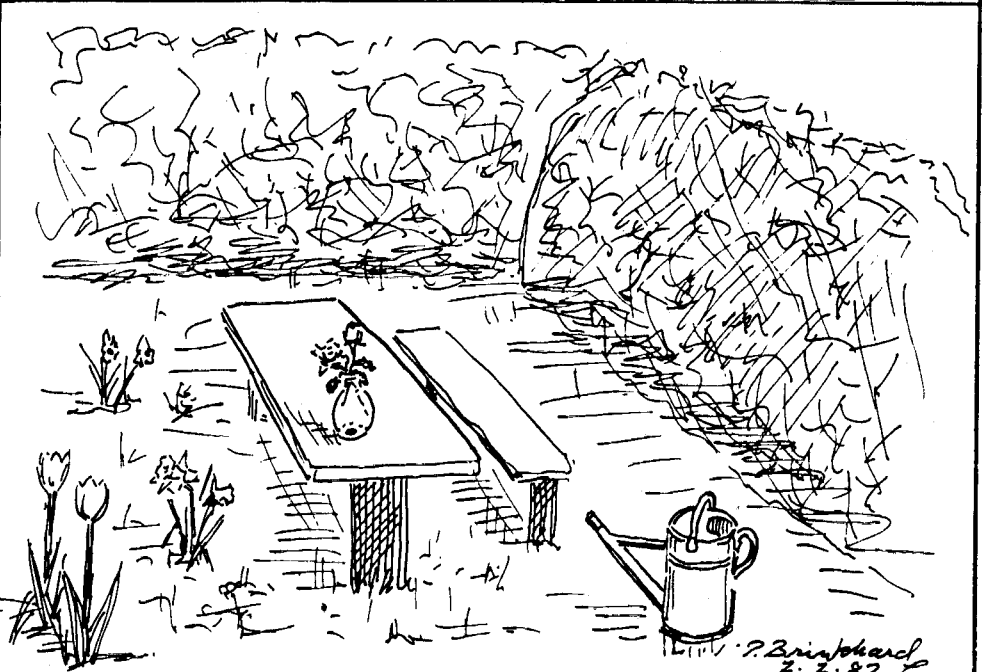
A small part of the five and a half acres attached to the house was laid out as a garden where there were both flowers and vegetables. My foster-mother had arranged a corner of it as my own little private garden with a little table and a bench. On the table there was a vase. One day I discovered a 5-øre coin in the vase. When I ran into my foster-mother and showed it to her, she said, "Our Lord has given it to you because you are a good boy!"

The land around the house was very hilly and I was very fond of sitting on the top of a hill, from where I could see far around. I could see the train that ran between Hjørring and Frederikshavn. I would sit on this hilltop and dream myself far away. I felt that something other than this little world must exist. One day someone gave me a pair of binoculars; this was the most perfect present - with them I could see all the way to Tolne Hills!

In the evening my two foster-brothers and I were put to bed early so that our parents could have some peace. Our father sat and read the daily newspaper, the "Vendsyssel Times (*Vendsyssel Tidende*)", and our mother sat with her needlework. But sometimes it was difficult to get peace. We three boys lay in the same bed, with me in the middle. My foster-brothers liked to lie and nudge me and tickle me so that I couldn't help laughing. Our father shushed us but in the end the cane was brought out and we were for it. But it was really only in fun. He hit only on top of the quilt, and I at any rate, who lay well protected, could not feel anything. The more he hit, the more I laughed. I was always very easily



P. Brinkhard
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P. Brinkhard
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provoked to laughter.

My foster-brothers began to go to the "Station School (*Stationskolen*)" in Sindal. One day the teacher came and asked my foster-mother, "Where are your two boys?"

"They are at school!"

"No, they haven't been there all week!"

She was very surprised at this, but then she understood that they had been playing truant and gone to the woods instead of to school.

She stood there ready with the cane when they came home. And then they both got a thorough thrashing. I thought it was such a terrible sight that I ran far away into the field.

One Sunday, when I was about six, I had some new clothes with shiny buttons. With my foster-father I went down to the meadow where there had been a peat bog. There was a ditch, and I amused myself by jumping to and fro, to and fro. Suddenly everything went black. I thought, "What is this?" I had fallen into the ditch, which was filled with cut slices of peat. Luckily my foster-father was at my side and managed to pull me up.

When I came home to my foster-mother she was very angry and I was very close to receiving my first thrashing. But if I had drowned she would have cried.

Were you not always trying to rescue flies and other creatures that were in difficulties?

Yes, that's true. Sometimes I would see a couple of flies or other small creatures stranded in a little water that was spilled on the table. I would try to help them.

"Kill them!" said my foster-mother.

"Kill them? No, no - one can't do that; then I couldn't expect Our Lord to help me if I were drowning. I am a kind of Our Lord to them!"

"You are really crazy!" she said. She thought a little about it, but that kind of thing was not normal to her.

One of the great experiences of my childhood was the annual national meeting of the Home Mission(1) that took place in the woods very near my home. It was in the summer and it was almost always lovely weather that day.

Many of the participants arrived in Sindal by train and then walked out to the woods. They came right past my home in their festive clothes, many of the women with fine parasols. It was such a long way to walk in warm weather that there was always someone who came in to ask for a glass of water.

Didn't they use the opportunity to proselytize?

Yes, some of them tried to preach to my foster-mother. One of them asked, "How is your relationship to Our Lord?"

"Our Lord and I get along just fine!"

"Oh - because I spoke to Our Lord before I left home. Have you spoken to Our Lord today?"

Even though my foster-mother was religious she didn't believe in that kind of thing, and when they had left she said, "Talk to Our Lord? What a load of rubbish!"

In the mornings my two foster-brothers were given cups of coffee before they went to school. Eventually it was my turn to be given morning coffee, and, since the cups were still on the table, my foster-mother poured my coffee into one of them. I made a bit of a fuss about this since I wanted a clean cup. She couldn't understand that; she had no feeling for that kind of thing. So I turned the cup round and drank from the opposite side.

"You and your fine manners! It must be because of the rich trash you come from," she said. But apart from that she was always kind to me. She only once

1: An evangelical branch of the Church of Denmark

lashed out at me, but even then she missed.

I had a pet name: it was "Titte". On my first day at school we had to tell the teacher our names. I said, "Titte Martinus Thomsen!"

"Titte," said the teacher. "Is your name Titte?"

The children laughed and said, "Now peep(1) at one another!"

I went to the station school for four years. There were two teachers, one male and one female. On the roof of the school there was a stork's nest that was used every summer by a pair of storks. It was Denmark's most northerly stork's nest.

After my four years at that school I was moved to a new one, built out in the country among some large farms. Here there was only one teacher and in the summer and autumn there was school only twice a week from 7 to 10am.

What did you actually learn in school?

Psalm verses and catechism. And a little geography and arithmetic. And sometimes a little Danish history and nature study.

One day the teacher explained that the Earth was round like a globe. When I came home from school I told my foster-mother what the teacher had said, but she was very sceptical. "What a lot of nonsense - you can see for yourself that it is flat!"

When I was nine my two foster-brothers had gone into service and I was now alone at home with my foster-parents. But then they adopted a little girl who came from a very poor home.

It was very self-sacrificing of my foster-mother: she had taken care of me and her own eleven children, yet she was now ready to take care of yet another child. The little girl was called Frida and I often went for walks with her in her

pram.

I can tell you about a few incidents from when I was nine or ten years old. Up to that time I had actually never heard music. Then we had neither radio, gramophone nor television, and there were few that could afford a piano. I was walking past the parish police officer's house, which lay hidden behind a hawthorn hedge.

I had been on an errand for my foster-mother and now I heard the most beautiful piano music pouring out of a window, played by the parish police officer's wife. I stood fascinated and listened until the music stopped. I felt a violent desire to learn to play myself.

Seven years later I got a job working for the parish police officer and then his daughter sometimes played for me. But I will return to that later.

One summer day I went for a walk with my foster-mother. Having left the house and gone into the woods, we lay down on the grass to enjoy the sun. We fell asleep, but a little later we woke up because a fox was sniffing at us. There were foxes' lairs in the woods, but it was the first time I had seen such an animal.

Our nearest neighbour had a little girl called Petra. For a couple of years she was my only playmate. Although she was three years younger than I was, we played well together, and when she was seven years old and began to go to school I helped her with her homework and taught her the letters of the alphabet.

One day some fairground performers came with their tents to Sindal. One of the tents advertised "Living Pictures". I had no idea what it was - but it turned out to be films, which at that time were quite new and unknown. A child's ticket cost 15 øre. I got the money from my foster-father and set off on my way.

Inside the tent there were some long rows of benches, and the first four rows

1: *Translator's note:* Untranslatable play on words. The Danish "titte" means "peep" or "peek" as in "bo-peep" or "peek-a-boo".

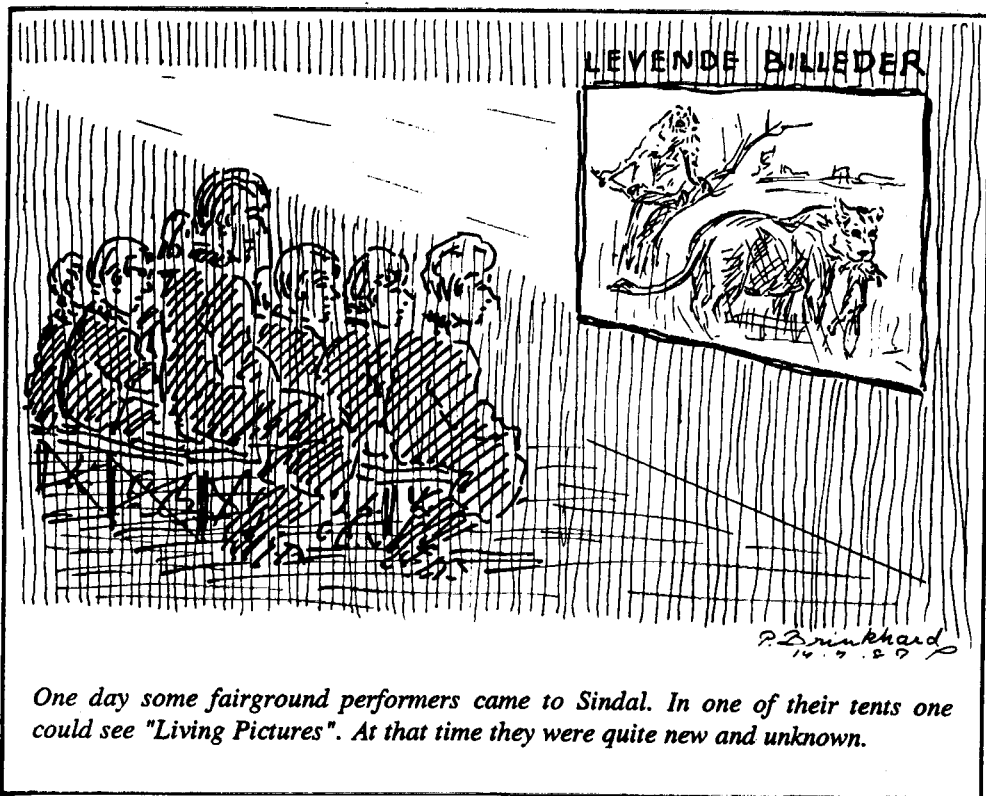


When I was a child it was not usual to have one's photograph taken. But one day, when I was eleven, a photographer came to my school. He was to take a group photograph of all the school's pupils, so we arranged ourselves in a group in the school yard.

My foster-mother gave me 25 øre so that I could buy one of these group pictures.

The above is an enlargement from this group picture, and it is the only photograph that exists of me as a boy.

I can, however, remember that in my childhood home there was photograph of me at eight years old where I stood beside a dog that was also eight years old. But that photograph has disappeared. I have never managed to trace it.



were for children. I sat with the other children and the show began.

Three short films were shown, each lasting only five minutes.

The first film showed some wild animals in a jungle. The next was from Paris, where one saw some of the very first cars driving around the city streets. The last film was from Spain and showed bull fighting in an arena.

I thought it was a pity for the bulls that they were to be killed, but I also thought that it was exciting and impressive that one could make such living pictures.

Another time I had to do an errand in Sindal in the late evening. The moon was shining brightly when I was to return home. Near the railway station there was a place where the train to Frederikshavn passed by a bridge over Uggerby Stream (*Uggerby Å*). From the road one could see this bridge; it lies quite close by. I stopped a little and looked down into the water that flowed slowly under the

bridge.

Suddenly I saw something remarkable. Under the bridge there emerged the figure of a woman. Her hair hung in two plaits below her shoulders and she was wearing a checked dress. It was as if she came out of one granite wall and floated above the water. And, without leaving ripples in the water, she disappeared into the bridge's opposite granite wall.

I got goose-pimples and waited in astonishment to see if anything else happened. But nothing did, so I hurried home to tell my foster-mother what I had seen, but because it was so late in the evening I did not tell her about it until the next morning.

She said merely, "Oh well - there have been many who have killed themselves there!"

For her, supernatural things were not unknown.

In the neighbourhood there was an old house whose inhabitants were for some years plagued by hauntings in that

they could hear a child crying. The sound came from the floor in the living-room. When they broke up the floor one day, they found the skeleton of a little child. At one time someone had lived in the house and had got rid of a newly born baby by burying it under the floor.

It was common knowledge that there were women who could carry out witchcraft and black magic.

One of the most remarkable stories that I often heard was about a poor woman who had no money to buy milk, but was nevertheless able to get it in a certain way. When she saw that her neighbour's cows were out in the field with milk in their udders she fetched a couple of awls. The shaft of the awls had the form of a cow's udder. She stuck the awls up in the ceiling-beam of the low-ceilinged room. Then she began to "milk" the awls - and milk really came out of them. At the same time one of the neighbour's cows lost her milk and when the cow was due to be milked no one could understand where the milk had gone.

At that time it was common in old houses to have a "*Cyprianus*", a book of magic, which was not to be removed from the house. A genuine *Cyprianus* was from the Middle Ages and was written in red ink or blood. In my home we too had a *Cyprianus*. It was a little unbound book; I do not know if it was written in blood, but the letters were at any rate red. It was much older than the house, and it was so faded and worn that most of it was unreadable.

It was said that one day the previous owner of the house had wanted to get rid of the book. It was lying on a shelf in the living-room; he took it down and went to the kitchen range and threw it into the fire. When he came back to the living-room a little later the book was again lying in its old place on the shelf.

The book was full of old household remedies, invocations and mysteries. As I said, most of it was unreadable, but I

remember there were instructions as to how a lad could win the love of a girl. He should take an apple to bed with him in the evening and let it lie in his armpit all night. The next day he should give the apple to the girl, and if she ate it she would be just as fond of him as he was of her.

Another piece of advice could be used by a farmer who wanted to irritate his neighbour, or who wanted to prevent horses and carts approaching his farm. By full moon he should dig a little furrow across the road. In this furrow he should bury the intestine of a pig, and then he should smooth the surface to hide the furrow. And now it would be impossible for horse-drawn vehicles to approach, for no horse would pass the buried intestine of a pig.

Did you have any duties at home?

Yes - I had to muck out the cow and the pigs - and the henhouse; from the stream that ran past the house I had to fetch water for the animals; and for the household I fetched clean spring water from a pipe.

I had also of course homework that had to be done.

Sometimes one of our sheep would give birth to a lamb, which would be very pampered. I often had to help the lamb to drink milk from a feeding-bottle. I could not understand how later anyone could have the heart to slaughter the lamb.

At the age of twelve I got a job as a herd boy on a big nearby farm called "Ulstedbo". It had large fields that were later parcelled out. Though I still lived at home and went to school, I looked after the cows in the field. Together with the hands I was given food at the farm. But it was such poor food that I did not eat much of it. I got much better food at home.

How many cows did you have to look after?

There were 30 to 40 cows, and it was a very large field. There was not even a fence at that time, which is why they had to be taken such care of. I drove them around and they ate a lot of grass; when they were satisfied they lay down.

Then I could rest too - and on rare occasions I had something to read. Otherwise I could pass the time by carving whistles, cows or stalls from twigs.

Towards evening I drove the cows home to the farm. In the cowshed they

all knew which stall they should be in. I thought that it was a lovely job.

To be continued in the next issue

Original Danish title: Martinus' Erindringer

Translated by Mary McGovern, 1992

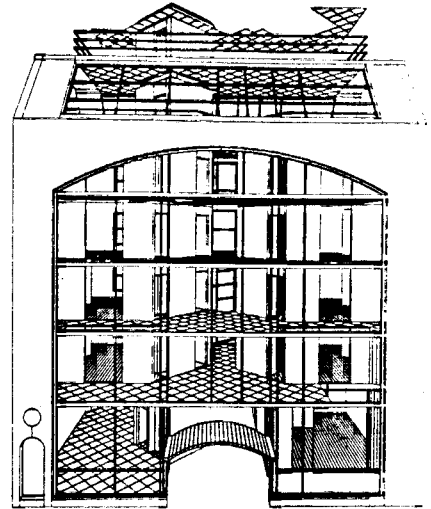
A technical vision

by Mary McGovern

I have just been shown round a house that doesn't exist. I could admire the architecture, the choice of furnishings, the view from the windows, the texture of the wallpaper; I could enjoy the sun rising in the kitchen and - a few seconds later - setting in the living room; I could test the natural and artificial lighting in the study, the ventilation, the central heating and much more.

But the house is not built yet. It exists only as a model - not the usual physical model composed of cardboard, wood or plastic but a three-dimensional computer model composed of electronic data. It forms part of "TeknoVision", an exhibition of the future currently running in Copenhagen.

Using their computer programme the architects could design the exterior and



interior of the building and "try out" various types of building materials, windows, heating systems, waste-disposal systems and so on before starting building. Potential harmful effects on the environment could be measured and reduced or eliminated before building began; suggested changes could be effected immediately and the effect on cost seen at the touch of a button.

Technology will play an increasing part in our future. No physical paradise on earth would be possible without it. We often see technology being used destructively, for example in war (the weapons of the Gulf War come to mind). Technology can also be used constructively. Here was one example of technology being used to improve the quality of our lives.

MARTINUS COSMOLOGY

Martinus Cosmology provides an all-embracing world picture logically describing and analysing the spiritual laws of life. In his works Martinus describes a concept of life which can be summarized as follows: All living beings have eternal life. Man has reached his present stage through evolution through the mineral, plant and animal kingdoms, and is at present a sphinx being, part animal and part real human being.

The temporary goal for our evolution is the establishment of a real human kingdom, a union of all nations in one global state capable of guaranteeing every living being on earth peace, justice and a completely happy life.

Through reincarnation and evolution Man gradually develops new faculties which change his way of

thinking and acting. The law of karma, "what you sow you must also reap", guarantees that he gradually becomes perfect, a moral genius capable of differing between good and evil. The human being of today will thus finally appear as a real human being – "man in God's image after His likeness".

THE MARTINUS INSTITUTE in Copenhagen was established in 1932 in order to make Martinus' literature available.

THE MARTINUS CENTRE in Klint, Denmark is a school for the study of Martinus Cosmology. Courses are available in English.

Martinus Cosmology is not the basis for any kind of sect or association.

LITERATURE

Martinus (1890–1981) was a Danish writer. His entire output is known collectively as "The Third Testament", and comprises "Livets Bog (The Book of Life)" in 7 volumes, "The Eternal World Picture" in 3 volumes (symbols with explanations) and about 30 shorter books. At present the following publications are available in English:

Livets Bog (The Book of Life) Vol. 1

The Eternal World Picture Vol. 1

Logic

Easter

Marriage and Universal Love

Meditation

The Fate of Mankind

The Ideal Food

The Mystery of Prayer

The Road to Initiation

The Road of Life

Martinus Cosmology – An Introduction

COVER SYMBOL

The symbol on the front cover, which is called "The perfect man in God's image after His likeness", shows the perfect way of behaving or what it means "to turn the left cheek when one is smitten on the right".

At the bottom of the symbol we see the course of evolution through many lives from animal (orange) to the perfect man (yellow). The rectangular areas symbolize our physical earthly lives from birth to death. The smaller pale yellow areas between these show that we find ourselves in spiritual worlds between our physical earthly lives. After each stay in these worlds a new earthly life begins based upon the qualities and talents we have developed through previous physical lives. The orange and yellow arcs show that our fate is

a result of our own actions from previous lives as well as our present life. The large orange arc which stretches from the left side to the middle symbolizes an unpleasant or so-called "evil" action which is sent out towards someone. This is answered by friendliness and understanding symbolized by the heart and the yellow arc. The symbol therefore shows the perfect man's total initiation into fate and the mystery of life, his understanding of eternal life, evolution and the law of fate: "as thou sowest, so shalt thou reap".

Through this eternal law we will all learn to differentiate between what is evil and what is good. We will become perfect; we will become "the perfect man in God's image after His likeness."

KOSMOS

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