

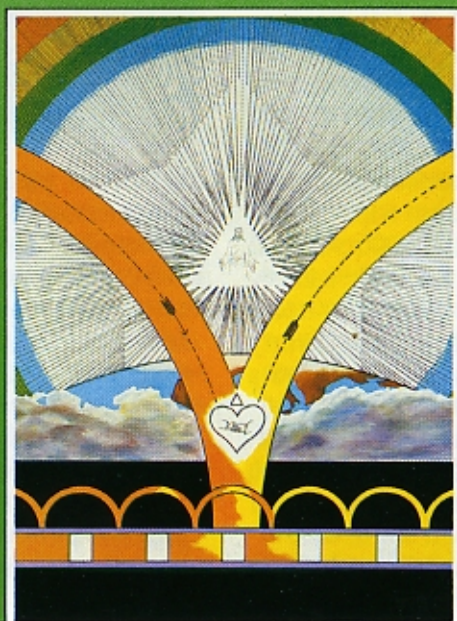
KOSMOS

ENGLISH MARTINUS COSMOLOGY NO.4 1992

INTERNATIONAL SUMMER
SCHOOL 1992

MARTINUS CENTRE 1938

MARTINUS' MEMOIRS
Part Two



The International Summer School 1992

by Mary McGovern

International gathering

From India, USA, UK, Holland and Finland a group of English-speaking people gathered at the Martinus Centre in Klint, Denmark to take part in this year's International Summer School for Martinus Cosmology.

Every morning they donned headphones to listen to a simultaneous translation of a lecture in Danish or Swedish. After a short break the participants divided up into their various language groups for the study groups. The English-speaking group studied two of Martinus' shorter works, "The Road of Life" and "Meditation".

Then there was time to relax on the beach, go for walks, explore the nearby forest or take the ten-minute bus ride into Nykøbing, the nearest town. The English- and German-speaking groups arranged short sightseeing trips in the surrounding area. We saw 5000-year-old graves, a church from the 12th century with typically Danish murals, heard something about the area's early history as a centre for sun-worship, and tasted a Danish version of afternoon tea.

Then back to the centre for more spiritual nourishment - lectures in English or German and symbol explanations for the newcomers.

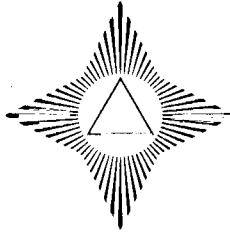
Mealtimes gave people a chance to get to know participants in the other

language groups, to meet old friends and to make new ones.



Spiritual purpose

The courses at the Martinus Centre seek to inspire people to like each other, to work with themselves in their daily lives so as to become more tolerant, loving and understanding of each other. One cannot of course learn to love one's neighbour merely by attending a summer school. Participants, however, left the summer school with a theoretical basis for understanding life in their spiritual luggage and with guidelines for the creation of a happier fate for themselves and others.



From the Martinus Centre 1938

by Martinus

The following is an abbreviated translation of an article originally called "From Kosmos Holiday Centre", published in the Danish edition of KOSMOS in 1938. In 1978 the Kosmos Holiday Centre changed its name to the Martinus Centre.

The winter work in the study groups has long since come to an end but many of the participants, particularly in the new study groups, are perhaps unaware that the winter's work actually continues in the summer, albeit in another form. For these new subscribers and participants in study groups I would therefore like to give a little insight into the course of work in the summer.

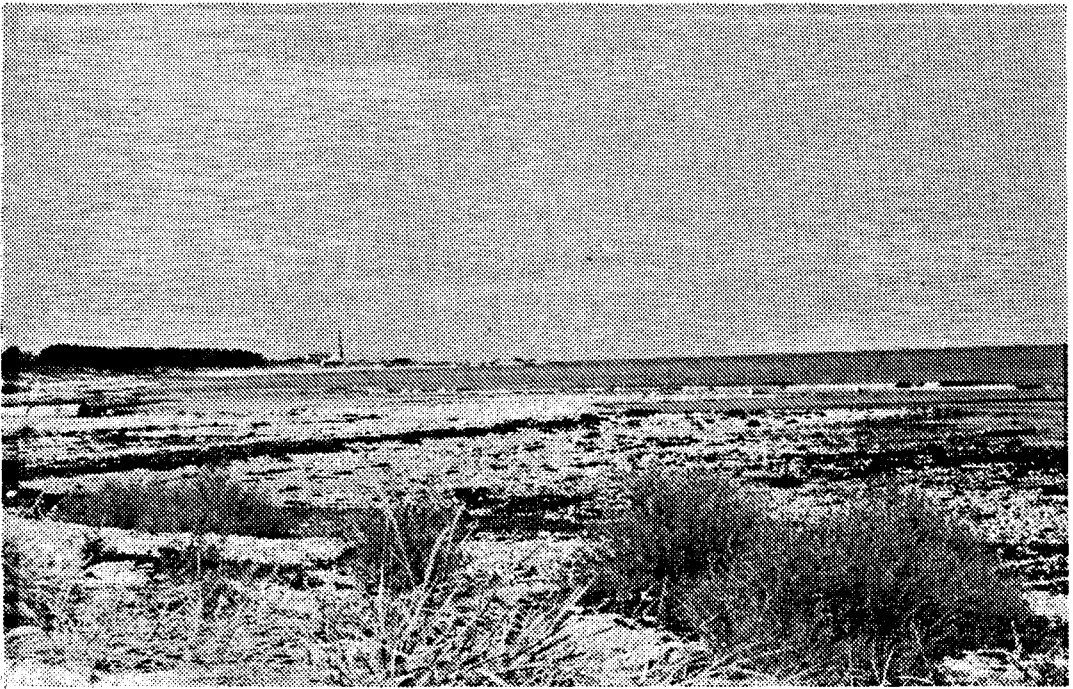
When spring approaches, the evenings begin to get lighter and it is usually then that most people become tired of lectures. I therefore realised even at an early point in the history of the cause that the energy to get down to studying and listening to lectures that the increasingly long, dark evenings of autumn particularly animate is not to anywhere near the same extent present when spring, with its sun and light, approaches and Nature calls people out into the open. But this is a matter of course. The enervating and nerve-racking work with which most people are obliged to maintain their existence causes in the not very sunny time a quite natural slackening; only the most energetic and vital can come through unscathed. It is this slack-

ning that is part of the reason why the daily work is felt by many as a treadmill.

When the healthy and vital person who has an occupation he normally likes gets this feeling then it is in the majority of cases a matter of lack of sun and air having reduced his energy so that work has become something of an overexertion. This lack of sun and air is in turn really the same as a "lack of horizon".

The fact is that Man, throughout his long period of evolution from animal to his present state, has lived in the open countryside. The many splendid sounds and colours have been his cosmic mother's milk through centuries of time. He has played and hunted in the "green" forests by the "blue" sea. Tear-filled eyes have beheld the "blue" sky, and "green" leaves have caressed his cheek during his wandering up through the many stages and steps. His cries of joy and of fear have vied with the sound of the breakers of the ocean and the crash of the thunder, just as he has fallen asleep millions of times to the gentle rustling of the breeze in the treetops.

Indeed, the sounds and colours of Nature are the spiritual nourishment with



which Mother Earth has brought up her young son. I see lightning and thunder in his being. In his anger is the icy coldness of winter, while the lonely whisper of spring and brook have become his love song. The blue sky is often copied in his eyes, and on his cheeks the soft glow of sunset is immortalised.

But the same sounds and colours will continue their divine work of creation. They are the "word" with which God "creates the human being in his image". And from the terrestrial human being's eyes the glow of God's countenance will come to shine and sparkle and its body will become an expression for the very incarnation of love. His revelation will be summer's sunlit warmth and flower-scents, its dawn and twilight, its overwhelming lushness and glowing colours. And from all this splendour in his being only one purpose will shine: love, love and more love.

This, Nature's complete appearance in the terrestrial being, is *the human being in God's image after his likeness*.

* * *

The creation or evolution of the terrestrial human being has thus taken place in the open countryside, supported by all the dominant sounds and colours of Nature until its meeting with what we call "civilisation". As evolution has progressed he has become imprisoned. In the struggle for his daily bread he has gradually become locked in a prison of other sounds and colours: the banging and hammering of machines, motors and cogwheels, the wailing and whistling of sirens, words of command, the shouts and cries of injured people are drowning out the wonderful sound-harmony of Nature. Dark, sad, sooty and blackened factories and workshops have come to replace the playground in the open countryside by forest and beach.

But with civilisation's exclusion of the human being from his millions-of-years-long co-existence with Nature and the influence of its dominant sounds and colours, the great problems - illnesses - began to get out of control. Nervousness, sadness, melancholy and depression became direct consequences of the lost horizon.

Now you must not of course think that I have anything against technical development. On the contrary, I fully appreciate that technology can be an invaluable boon to mankind where it has not, as is now the case, become physical and mental prison for them. But when it, as happens now, keeps the human being for many hours of the day imprisoned in dark premises filled with bad air and deafening noises, it is no wonder that the human being again begins to be drawn towards the glorious and beneficial sounds and fresh colours of Nature. One begins to discover that the blooming meadows and the green forests, the blue sea and the silvery lakes, the wide views and the far horizon are still a vital necessity for the evolution of the human being, even if he perhaps does not yet understand that these details are the symbol of his cosmic future.

But the facts is that more and more people turn to forests and beaches as soon as the opportunity presents itself. Great crowds of the cities' youth are on the move every summer Saturday to spend the weekend in the open air. The Nature Conservancy Board has been set up in order to preserve the countryside for the people and extend its right of access to the forests and beaches. Everyone tries as best he can to return to Nature. On foot, by bicycle, car and boat the young son of Nature tries to return to Mother Earth. He must now and then seek rest in her divine embrace in order to gather renewed energy to continue the enervating life in which the fight for daily bread, in the form of "modern civilisation", still keeps him imprisoned.

* * *

The Kosmos Holiday Centre (*now known as the "Martinus Centre"* - ed) has been created in harmony with the course of Nature in order to contribute to helping people to use their holiday to come together under the glorious sum-

mer sun and in the summer breezes, by its blue waves and green fields and there gain energy and strength to endure the hardships and problems that the daily struggle for existence may bring.

But in order that the centre can be for its guests what it is intended to be, a great deal of preparatory work must be done... (*Here follows a description of work done prior to the 1938 season. - ed.*)

...But even if there is a lot for us all to do, it is a supremely great pleasure to be able to render our guests and friends of the cause the greatest possible service so that everyone will not only come to feel at home in the colony but also experience being among friends through whom the proximity of the divine spirit can be felt or experienced.

But in order that this great goal can be accomplished and the divine spirit can shine over our co-existence in the colony it is necessary *that every single one of the guests co-operates*. This will happen only if *you each decide in the holidays not at any point whatsoever to occupy yourselves with the shadow-sides of the other guests, but on the contrary see absolutely only the light sides of their behaviour*. If everyone decides this, I can guarantee every one of our guests a happy holiday from which he or she can return with not only renewed joy in living, health, courage and energy to overcome their daily problems but also *with inspiration and strength to continue contributing to the creation of the behaviour, morality and culture that can be the only salvation of the world*.

And on this basis I bid all our guests welcome to the centre.

Original Danish title: *Fra Kosmos Feriekoloni - Sommerarbejdet i Kolonien* from the Danish edition of KOSMOS 1938.

Translated and abbreviated by Mary McGovern, 1992

Memoirs

Part Two

Martinus

You were also to be confirmed 1904

Yes, it was in the summer of 1904. First I had to go to the priest. I very much liked going to him. He had a lovely presbytery with a large garden. There were children from two schools; we sat in a room opening onto the garden with the doors open. I was very fond of Bible History and was the first to answer when the priest asked about something. I was also the best at remembering hymns.

But one day, just so that I shouldn't become far too important, I was tested on one of the hymns that I couldn't remember properly. The priest had to help me twice; it was very embarrassing.

The priest was a staunch member of the Inner Mission(1); he cursed and swore and always threatened us with hell.

I could not understand that what he said could be right, that a little child who died before it was baptised should suffer eternal damnation, and that there was a curse on children that were born outside

marriage. I myself was born outside marriage, but I couldn't believe that Our Lord was angry with me because of that.

I began to doubt that everything the priest said was true.

I was confirmed in October - on 2nd October, if I remember rightly. I was given a very fine set of dark confirmation clothes. It was the first time I had worn a shirt front and collar, but I wasn't used to such stiff clothes. I was given fine shoes too, so I was very elegant.

Were they bought with the 35 crowns you inherited from your mother?

No, that wasn't enough, even though we got much more for our money in those days.

The day after my confirmation I was allowed to put my confirmation clothes on again.

I was to go to Ulstedbo Farm where I was a herd boy. The owner of the farm wanted to give me a confirmation present. It was also to be a farewell present

1: An evangelical branch of the Church of Denmark

since I was about to stop working as a herd boy.

At that time it was usual that every farm had a watchdog. Ulstedbo was no exception; the watchdog there was called Faithful. It was very faithful and vigilant, despite the fact that it had gradually become blind.

It could be dangerous for strangers to approach it. But it was always very friendly and trusting with me. But that day was an exception. Since I was wearing my new confirmation clothes I must have smelled differently to what I usually do because when I, as I usually did, went over to clap and pet it, it became very aggressive.

It barked violently and jumped at me.

Before I got out of its reach it had destroyed both the sleeves of my new jacket.

I spoke reassuringly to it and now it realised who it was it had attacked.

It became very unhappy and was quite inconsolable for many days.

After my confirmation I was to become an apprentice. I was asked if I wanted to be a tailor. But I didn't want to. I was then asked if I would like to be a cobbler, but I didn't want that either. I had actually always reckoned on becoming a teacher, but there was no money for that.

I myself don't understand how I got the idea that I should become a blacksmith. But it was my own idea.

So my foster-father and I walked the long road to Baggessvogn Farm, where there was a smithy.

It was a 7-8 kilometre walk. The farm was near Kristiansminde. The blacksmith and his wife were from Funen and were actually very nice. He wanted to employ me as an apprentice. I was still to live at home. It must have been in March 1905. I had to get up early every morning and walk 7-8 kilometres - and the same again in the evening on the way home. But I was not sorry about that; I was very fond of the countryside, and the birds had be-



When I was 14 years old I was apprenticed to a blacksmith. Fortunately it lasted only two months because I wasn't strong enough to swing the sledge hammer.

gun to sing.

But after some time a little room where I could sleep became vacant at the smithy. It was a very small and primitive room, and the bed was the worst I have ever come across. I was not big and strong, and the quilt was so heavy that I almost couldn't turn over in bed. There were some big heavy lumps in the quilt, and it was so cold and clammy in the room.

I didn't like my work in the smithy either. One should strike while the iron is hot, but when I had struck only a few blows with the sledge hammer I was so exhausted that I couldn't lift it any more.

But the blacksmith shouted, "Strike harder, damn you, strike harder!".

I wasn't used to that kind of tone and was very unhappy about it. I was home only on Sundays.

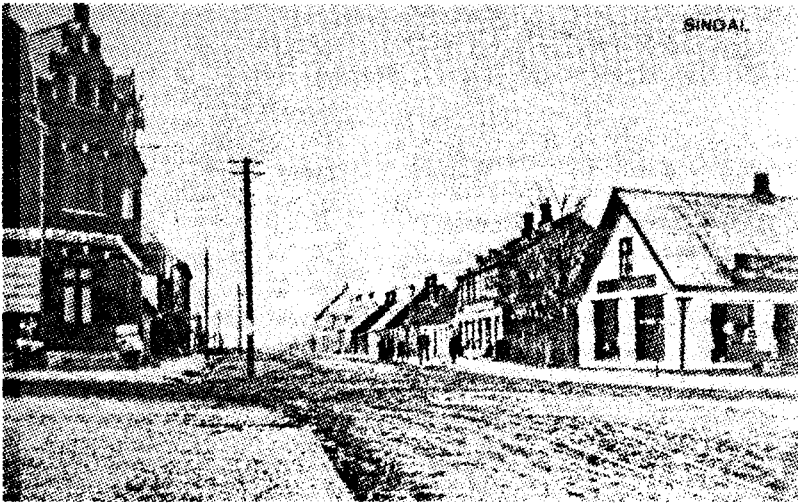
But there were some people who lived in the neighbourhood who had noticed this little fellow who walked along the road crying. They talked to my foster-father about it. They thought that it ought to be possible to find another job for me. And at last I was relieved of this job.

There was then no other way out than going into farming.

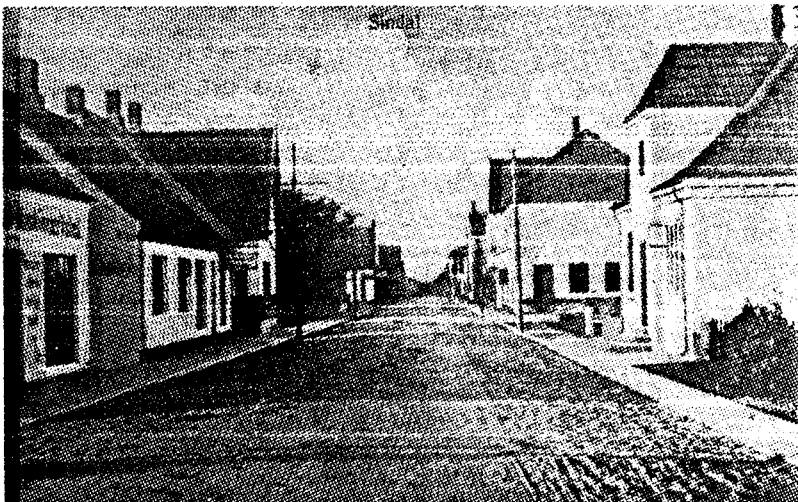
The rural postman who came to my home had a small farm. I knew him very



The pictures show what Sindal looked like when I was a boy.



It took me a quarter of an hour to walk to Sindal.



well; sometimes I helped him deliver newspapers. He could now use such a fellow as me on the farm.

He and his wife were terribly kind and decent, so I felt as if I was at home. There I could sleep up in the attic. It was much better than at the smithy. I did odd jobs. I weeded the beets, I looked after cows, I did the milking and many other things.

That was from May to November. I was 15 years old.

After that I got a job with the parish police officer in Sindal. He had a small farm. I was there for two years and there too I did all sorts of odd jobs. I didn't have much time off. I had a room on the farm but it wasn't a good room; it was adjacent to the cow stall. And in the winter I had only the warmth that came from the cows. The room was very damp with water running down the walls. When it was frosty there was ice on the walls; that wasn't particularly pleasant.

But the parish police officer was very a very decent man; he was almost 70 years old.

Some of his cows were to be fed with concentrated fodder and I stood with him up in the hayloft. He filled the fodder into small troughs while saying that this was for Laura, and this was for Bothilde, and this was for Lotte, and so on. It was the cows who had these names and I had to see to it that each cow got its own portion.

Wasn't it the parish police office that you were to teach to ride a bicycle?

Yes, that's right. Every spring he got the idea that he would like to learn to ride a bicycle, but he never learned it. It took place on the main road, which sloped downwards. He sat up on the cycle and tread on the pedals. At that time the bicycles could not free-wheel and he tore off down the road. I was to run (behind him) and hold on to the back of the bicycle. But in the end I couldn't keep up and had to let go. When he realised that I no longer kept up with him he

began to wobble and shortly afterwards he fell off onto the side of the road where there was luckily him until I had finished laughing. I was always easily provoked to laughter.

Then he didn't want to cycle more that day. But the next day he was ready to try again ... but with the same result. In the end he gave me the bicycle, which made me very happy. Now I could learn to cycle myself; I learned very quickly.

Besides me there was a farmhand and a labourer on the farm, and this labourer was a drunkard. He had bottles of spirits stored in various places. Every day I had to eat with this half-drunk labourer and the farmhand, and when we were given porridge or soup we had to eat with a spoon from the same plate.

I had very little desire to eat in this way so I often went home and got some of my foster-mother's good food.

When I had worked for the parish police officer for two years I resigned. He was sorry I did because he liked me.

He had a daughter who was good at playing the piano. I liked piano music very much and was sometimes allowed to come into the living room, where she played for me. She wanted to teach me to play but a stop was put to that. It would never have been accepted that a country bumpkin like me could get too close to the parish police officer's daughter.

I left the parish police officer in November 1907. I was 17 years old and now had to find a new job.

The youngest of my foster-brothers was employed at a large farm near Kjøge. He told me that I could also get work there, if I wanted. I wanted to see something new, so I left Jutland and ended up at this farm on Zealand. If I remember rightly it was called Tureby Farm. Here my foster-brother and I were employed as apprentices to the herdsman. There was also a third apprentice; he was the son of the Master of the Royal Hunt.

On the farm there were a couple of

milkmaids who were not Danish. They were Polish or Russian, if I remember rightly, and they couldn't speak Danish. The herdsman was very brutal and he treated the two foreign girls like dogs. One evening they were given a beating. My foster-brother and the other apprentice witnessed this and would not tolerate it. They threatened the herdsman with a hiding and complained to the proprietor. But the proprietor could not see that the girls had got anything other than what was good for them.

So that was the end of our stay there. We left immediately. It was around Christmas-time 1907.

I spent Christmas in my childhood home with my foster-parents.

And now I wanted to be a dairyman.

In the course of the following ten years I worked as a dairyman in a series of dairies around the country. I applied for a vacancy at Høgholt Dairy near Sindal. I got the job and began in January 1908. I was there for only three months so I don't have so many memories from there.

I kept my next job seven months. It was at Lønstrup Dairy. It was a little private enterprise belonging to a farmer. There were only three of us at the dairy: a manager, a dairymaid and me. We began work early in the morning and were finished by lunchtime. But then we helped the dairymaid. She and the manager were girlfriend and boyfriend. But things were very much up and down with them; the one moment they were in love and the next they were fighting so that the house shook. We sold some milk directly to the neighbours, and one day the manager had, in the dairymaid's opinion, chatted a little too much with a young girl who was buying milk. A little later, when he was sitting at his writing desk, his girlfriend tiptoed in and poured a bucket of water over him. She thought that he needed cooling down.

The dairy's machinery was very dilapidated but there was no money to re-

place it. Many small dairies bought used centrifuges, boilers and other dairy equipment that had been thrown out by larger dairies. The steam engine's regulator didn't work - it sat there merely as a form of decoration - and the boiler was far too small. In order to increase the pressure of the steam in the boiler we put a weight on the security valve. It helped the pressure, but it was both dangerous and illegal.

Sometimes a strop broke off and the machine went out of control. We had to rush to turn off the steam.

And the centrifuge was lopsided and made so much noise sometimes that the coachmen who had come to collect the milk tiptoed outside. They had heard stories from other places about boilers that had exploded and had gone through the wall landing far out into the field.

Sometimes a factory inspector came to inspect the dairy. When the manager saw him down in the yard he rushed to find the boiler book. In the book he was supposed to continuously write down how many times the machine had been running. But he neglected this, and now he rushed to scribble something in the book. When the inspector was given the book he could see that someone had just written in it. But he said only, "Well, you have certainly been busy!", and left it at that.

TO BE CONTINUED IN NEXT ISSUE

Original Danish title: *Erindringer*

Translated by Mary McGovern, 1992

NEWS

from the Martinus Institute

Livets Bog in German

The Third Testament - Livets Bog, Vol.1 is now available in German (from the Martinus Institute).

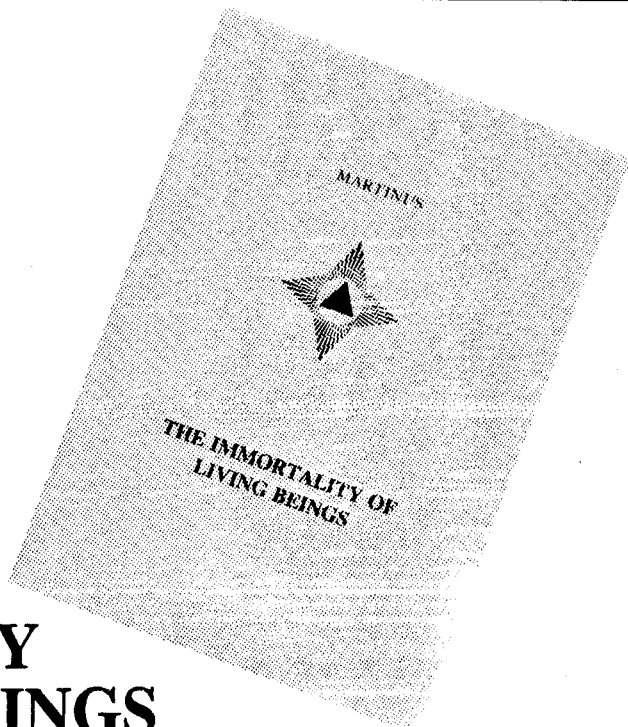
Translation into Polish and Spanish

A Polish refugee and a Spaniard living in Denmark have begun translating Martinus into Polish and Spanish respectively.

Advance notice

Next year's International Summer School at the Martinus Centre, Klint, Denmark will take place from 24th July till 7th August 1993.

New Book



THE IMMORTALITY OF LIVING BEINGS

by Martinus

Now available in English. Comprises three articles: *The Immortality of Living Beings*, *The Necessity of Spiritual Science* and *Primitiveness and Superstition*. 89 pages, 25 x 17.5 cm. Price: £3, \$5.50, DKK30,- plus postage.

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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