

**SEVEN ROOTS  
OR  
SOMETHING LIKE THAT**

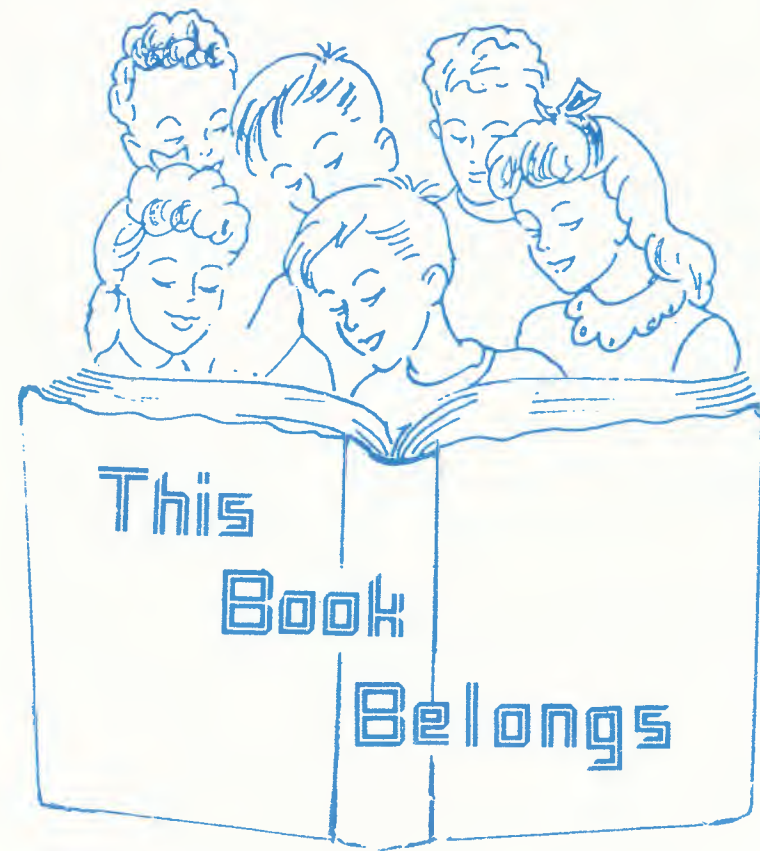


ONE BOOKLET IN A SERIES OF PUBLICATIONS  
FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE NEW GOLDEN AGE

**SEVEN ROOTS**

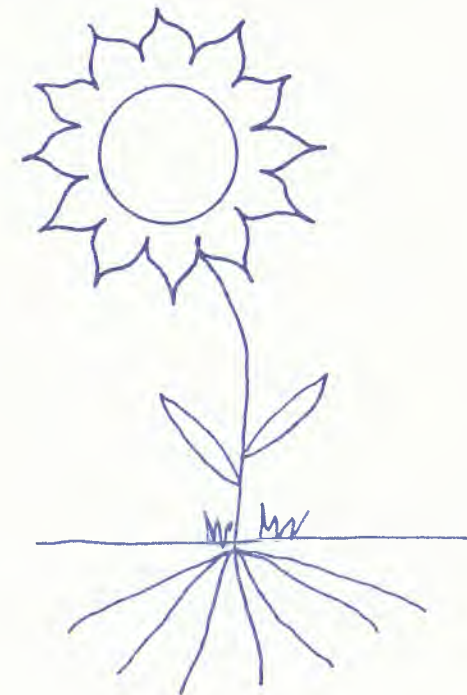
**OR**

**SOMETHING LIKE THAT**



**To**

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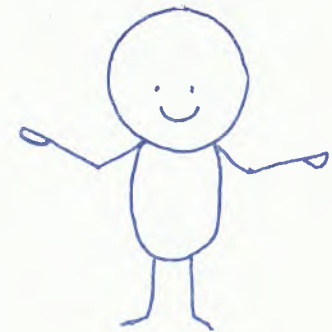
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**HI!**



*I'm little Molly*



*I'm Tim*



*I'm Aunt Sarah*

**Come visit with us  
through the following  
Pages of Fun -----**

"Little Jesus wast thou shy once  
And just so small as I

"And what does it feel like to be out of Heaven  
And just like me

"I should think that I would cry  
For my house all made of sky

"And at morning twould distress me  
Not an angel there to dress me --

Excerpt from Ex Ore Infansium  
by Francis Thomson



## SEVEN ROOTS OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT

Sometimes Tim liked to sit quietly with his own thoughts. Stretched out in the shade of the tall oak tree, he watched the tall meadow grass swaying in the breeze and listened to the red birds singing. All of a sudden he felt a thump on his leg, "Oh! Molly," he said. Molly was his little sister.

Tim stood up. "Do you want to go for a ride in Red Flyer?" he asked. Red Flyer was a wagon, or an airplane, or a ship, or whatever you needed at the time. Once it was even a flying carpet. Molly loved to ride in Red Flyer. Her eyes sparkled and she hugged Tim around his legs. That's as far as she could reach.

"I know," said Tim. "Let's go see Aunt Sarah." He ran to the house yelling. "Mom. Mom."

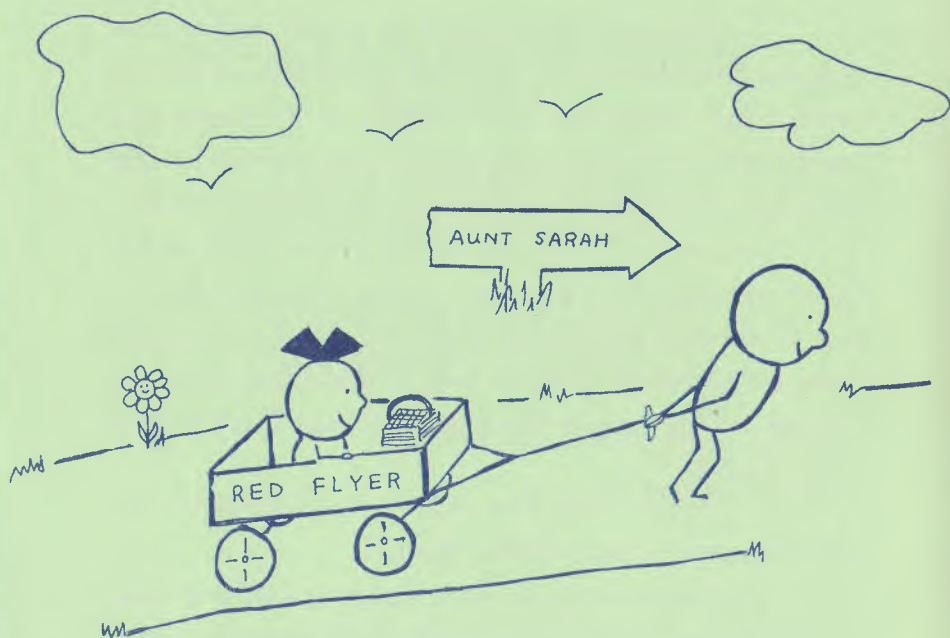
Mother was in the kitchen making a pie with some berries Tim had picked in the meadow. When she heard him yelling, she turned around. "What is it, Tim?"

He skidded to a stop in front of her. "Mom, can Molly and I go visit Aunt Sarah?"

"Do you promise not to get in her way?"

"We promise. Don't we," said Tim, turning around just as Molly waddled into the kitchen. She was only two years old and couldn't walk as fast as Tim.





Mother picked up Molly and swung her in the air. "Molly, my bright eyes, are you ready to go visit Aunt Sarah with Tim?" Molly laughed. "All right, children, would you like to take some berries to Aunt Sarah?"

Tim smiled. "Gee, Mom! That would be super. Aunt Sarah likes berries. She told me so."

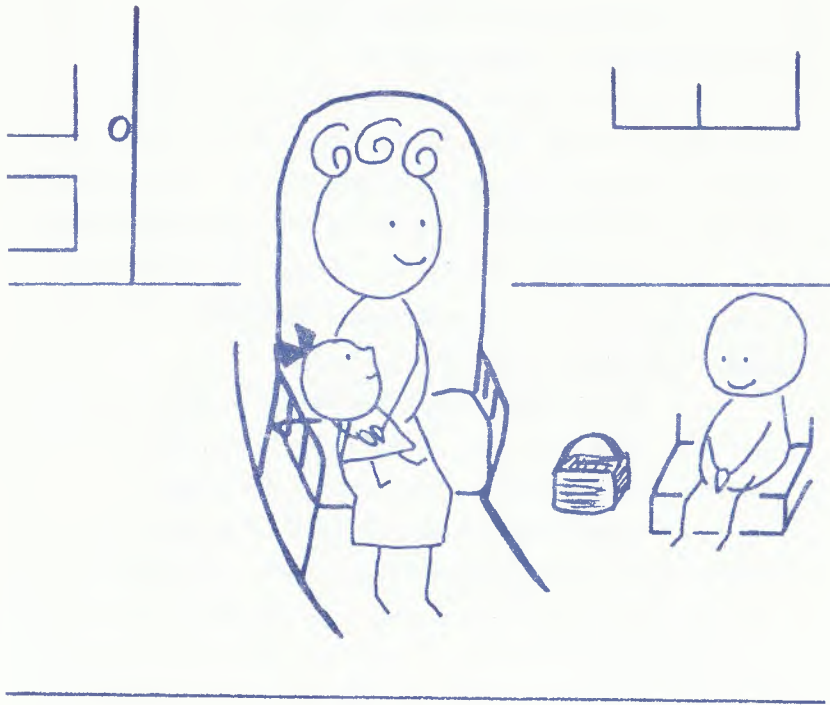
Mother filled a pretty yellow bowl with berries. Then she covered the bowl tightly and put it in a picnic basket. "There!" she said, handing the basket to Tim. "You carry this and I'll carry Molly." They walked out into the warm sunshine.

Red Flyer was parked under the tall oak tree. Mother sat Molly in the wagon and Tim put in the picnic basket. "Hang on, Molly," he said.

Mother kissed them both on the forehead. "Have a good time," she said. They waved as Red Flyer carried them down the meadow path toward Aunt Sarah's house.

Even though Molly didn't talk very well, Tim could understand her. They spoke to each other with their minds. Mother seemed very pleased when she found out. She said something about seven roots. Tim knew that trees and flowers had roots but he wasn't too sure about the seven part. "Do you remember when Mom talked about those seven roots, Molly? Let's ask Aunt Sarah about it."

Moving slowly along the path, Tim spotted the Rabbit Family babies. He stopped with a jerk. "Look, Molly,"



he whispered, pointing at three small brown balls of fur. The little bunnies hopped closer. Tim picked up one and put it in Molly's lap. She giggled and rubbed her nose in its soft fur.

Tim and Molly played and talked with all the birds and animals that lived in the meadow. The bunnies were their favorite though. "We have to go now," said Tim. The bunny hopped out of Molly's lap. "We're going to visit Aunt Sarah but we'll stay and play longer next time."

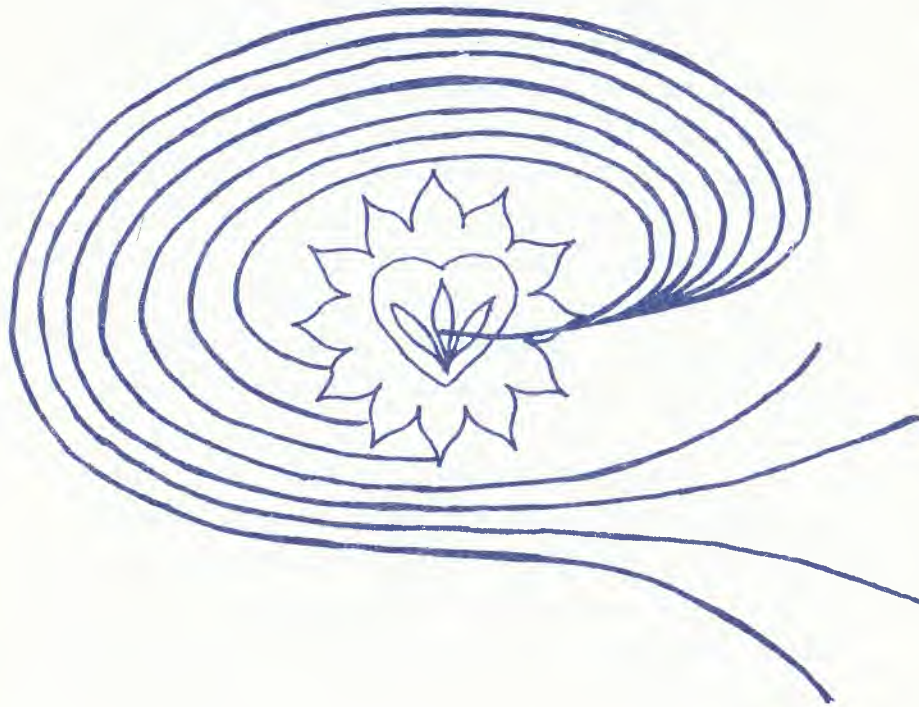
Red Flyer rolled on down the path. Tim still wondered about those seven roots. "Look!" he shouted. "Grandfather Tree is waving at us." Grandfather Tree was the giant weeping willow that shaded Aunt Sarah's yard. Tim walked faster.

Aunt Sarah was waiting for them. While Molly scrambled out of Red Flyer, Tim shoved the picnic basket at Aunt Sarah. "For you," he said proudly. "Picked them myself."

She smiled and opened the basket. "Ah! My favorite! Thank you, Tim," she said, hugging him. "We'll eat berries and cream later." They climbed up the wooden steps to the porch.

Aunt Sarah set the basket on the floor and picked up Molly. Then she settled back in her rocking chair. "Well, now," she said. "I can see you two have a question."

Tim dragged his chair across the porch and sat down in front of Aunt Sarah. He spoke slowly. "Mom said something about seven roots."



"Seven roots. Hmm!" Aunt Sarah looked toward the meadow and thought for a moment. "Seventh Root Race. Is that what you heard?"

"Yeah! That was it. Seventh Root Race." Tim moved his chair closer. This sounded like the beginning of a story and he wanted to hear every word.

Aunt Sarah rocked slowly. She pushed the curls back from Molly's forehead. "This is the beginning of a new Age. It's the seventh time Father-Mother God has sent a new race or group of beings to live on Planet Earth. It's the first time any of them have had a physical body.

Tim's mouth dropped open. "The first time," he gulped. Aunt Sarah had told him about reincarnation, the cycle of many lifetimes on Earth. "The first time. Gosh, won't that be hard?"

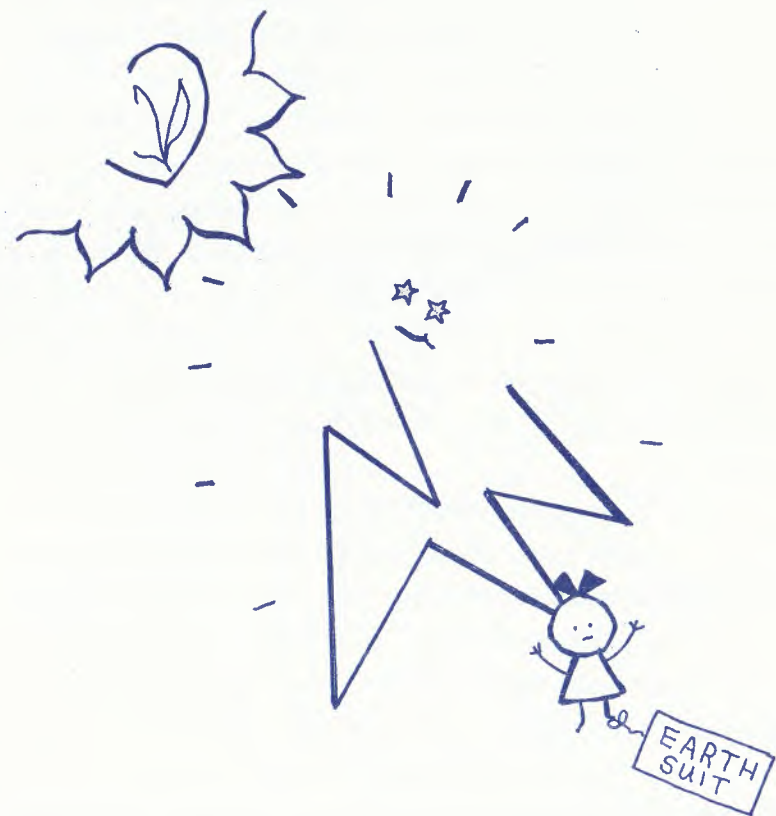
"Is it hard for you living in your body?" she asked.

Oh, gosh, thought Tim. There she goes again answering my question with a question. "I've had this body since I was a baby. I'm seven now," he declared. "It works okay."

Aunt Sarah smiled. "Right! You've had seven years to get used to your body .... your earth-suit."

Tim thought that was a funny thing to call a body. The more he thought about it though, the better it sounded. "Earth-suit. I like that," he said. "Our body is an earth-suit we wear while we live on Planet Earth. It protects God Within. We live in a house to protect us from the weather. Earth-suit.





That's a neat name for a body.

Aunt Sarah cuddled Molly in her arms. "Do you remember when Molly was a baby?"

"Sure!" Tim answered. He smiled at his sister. "It was super when she came. She wasn't much fun to play with at first. All she did was eat and sleep."

"All new babies sleep a lot," said Aunt Sarah. "It's the way they get used to being in their earth-suit."

"Get used to being in their earth-suit?"

"Yes," said Aunt Sarah. She smiled. "When a child is born, it leaves its Home with Father-Mother God."

Tim's eyes lit up. "When people are born, they leave their Home with Father-Mother God and come to Earth. When people die, they leave Earth and go back Home to Father-Mother God."

"That's it exactly, Tim," said Aunt Sarah. "I'm very proud of you."

"Gosh! Thanks, Aunt Sarah." Tim always felt extra special good inside when Aunt Sarah complimented him that way.

She continued. "While a being is in the Spirit world, angels help it get ready for life in a body. Birth is quite a shock. When it's born, a free spirit discovers it's trapped in a very small baby earth-suit. It can't even walk or talk."

"That's yucky!"





"It is a shock," Aunt Sarah agreed. "When a baby goes to sleep, its earth-suit rests so it can grow strong and healthy. While its earth-suit is resting, the baby's God Within is free to visit its home in Spirit."

"So that's why babies sleep so much," said Tim. "They're getting used to their earth-suit. That makes sense. Does that happen to all babies?"

"Yes," she answered, giving Molly a hug. "It's important for our little ones to know they're welcome. Give them lots of hugs and kisses. Talk to them. They understand. They'll try to answer you, too. But the words get mixed up because they're not used to their tongues either."

"Baby talk, you mean?"

"Well, now! Let me see." Aunt Sarah rubbed her chin. "If you had three pieces of bubble gum in your mouth, could you say supercalifragilisticexpalidocious?"

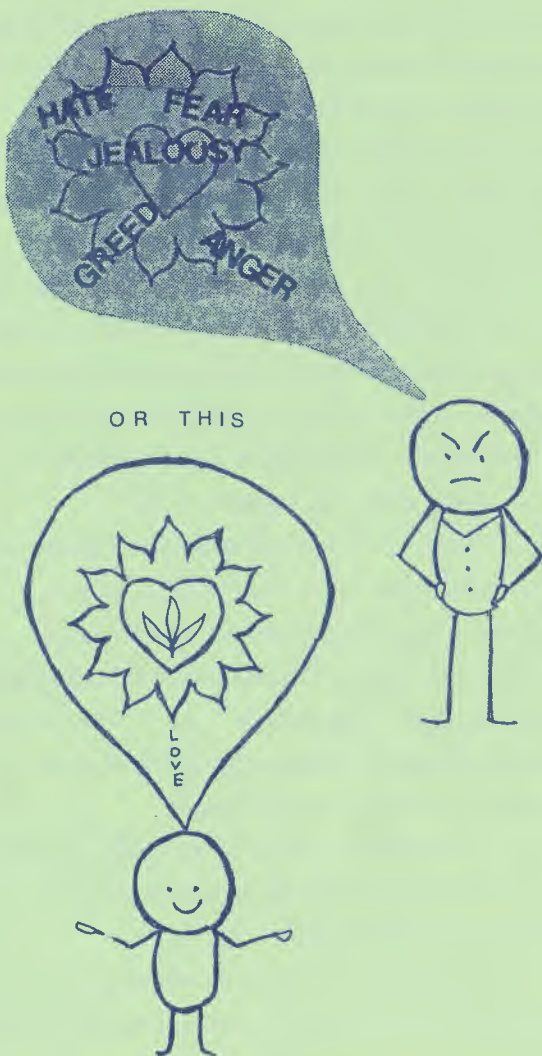
Tim laughed. "Yeah! That would be hard. Well, if they can't talk with their mouth ..... " Tim stopped in the middle of his sentence. His eyes got as big as saucers. "I know! Molly does it! She talks with her mind."

"That's the way it seems to work," Aunt Sarah said.

"That's really neat. Babies are smart, aren't they? Why can't big people do that?"

Tim saw a tear roll down Aunt Sarah's cheek. "They've forgotten what it's like to be close to their Home in Spirit. All people are spiritual beings living in a physical world.

ARE YOU LIKE THIS ?



As some people grow older, they let daily events cloud the veil between the spiritual world and the physical world. Then they can't see from one side to the other."

"What veil. What events?" asked Tim eagerly.

"The veil is like a window between two rooms. If you want to see from one room into the other, the window must be clean. The veil is a window between the spiritual world of Father-Mother God and the physical world we live in."

"Oh! Okay," said Tim. "When the veil gets dirty, you can't see through it, just like a dirty window. What makes the veil dirty?"

When people forget they are Children of God."

"Oh!" Tim sat quietly and looked up at Aunt Sarah and Molly. "Does the veil have anything to do with the Seventh Root Race?"

"Not really," she said. "When the children or the first members of this New Age come into their earth-suits, there is no veil."

"Wow!" Tim shouted. He perched on the edge of his chair. "How come?"

"These children of the New Age waited millions of years to come into a body. While they were waiting, Wise Teachers taught them Universal Laws and how to apply them. When the Laws are applied, there is no veil. That's why these children are always in contact with their Home in Spirit even though they're living in the physical world. Do you understand, Tim?"



"I think so," he said. "You mean they're living in both worlds at the same time."

"That's right." She smiled and gave him a hug. He got that extra special good feeling inside again.

"If they live in both worlds at the same time, can they do miracles?" Tim asked.

"Miracles! My goodness!" Aunt Sarah chuckled. "Harmony would be a better word."

"Harmony. You mean like in music?"

She nodded her head. "Yes, there's Harmony in music. But Harmony is in all life. Harmony is Divine Order. It's all of Father-Mother God's Kingdoms working together in Love. The children of the New Age can walk and talk with the angels, the nature spirits and the animals."

"Gee! that's super! Did you know Molly and I talk to the bunnies?"

Aunt Sarah smiled and nodded her head.

"Oh! Well, what about music?" he asked.

"Music?"

"Yeah!" he said. "Sometimes I hear music in my head even when there's no radio or television around."

"If you're open to your Home in Spirit, the veil is lifted and you can hear the Music of the Spheres."

Tim squealed with delight. "You mean I can hear the angels singing?"

"Certainly," she said.

"Can everyone hear the music?"

"No," said Aunt Sarah. "That's why it may be hard for the New Age children at first. They won't understand why everyone can't see and hear as clearly as they do. But they will bring much music, art, love and beauty to the people of Planet Earth."

Molly wriggled down from Aunt Sarah's lap. She stepped up to her big brother and slid her small hand into his. "Well now," said Aunt Sarah, "are you two ready for a dish of berries and cream?"

## THE BEGINNING



A Publication for the Children of The New Golden Age

## MY NOTES