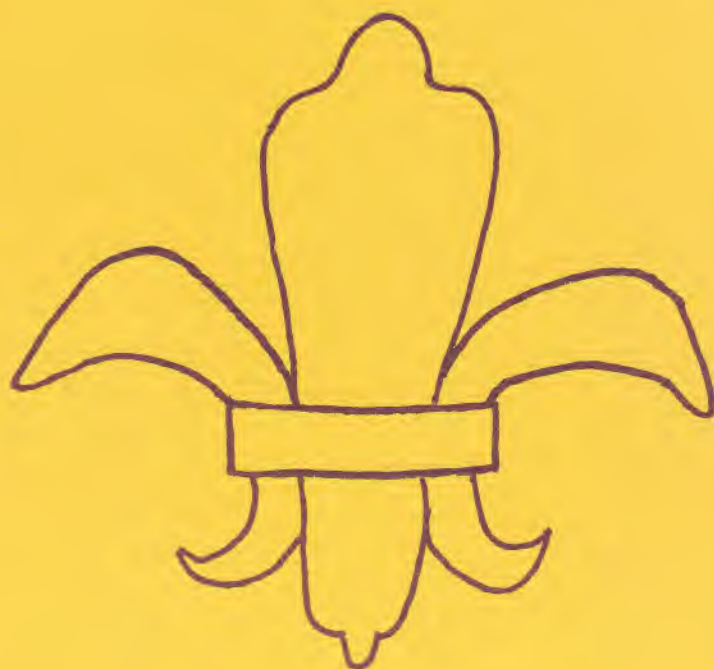


A
STORY
OF



SAINT GERMAIN'S
VIOLET FIRE

A Story of Saint Germain's Violet Fire

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



The New Age Press 

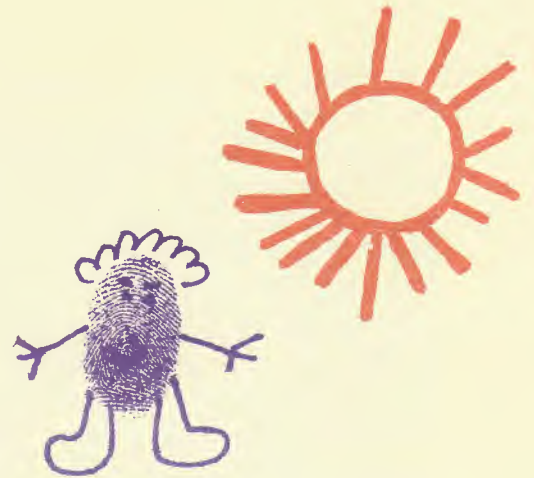
A New Age Church of the Christ Publication

First Edition
August 1980

COPYRIGHT 1980©
THE NEW AGE CHURCH OF THE CHRIST

Published by
THE NEW AGE CHURCH OF THE CHRIST
Kings Park • Long Island
New York 11754
U.S.A.

Tim woke up as the first bright sun beams fell across his eyes. Miss Muffin, his kitten, awoke too. Then Tim remembered that today was special and he hopped out of bed. "Come on, Miss Muffin. Time to get up," he said as he jumped into his clothes. "It's Saturday and Aunt Sarah promised to tell us about a purple fire." Tim could hardly wait. "Aunt Sarah is the best story teller in the whole world," thought Tim as he hurried down the wooden stairs and went into the kitchen.



He ate his breakfast quickly. "Going to visit Aunt Sarah, Mom," he shouted as he dashed through the kitchen door. BANG! The door slammed.

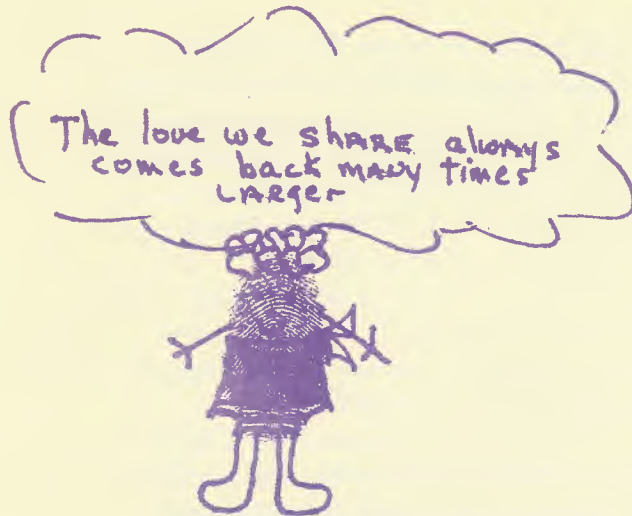


"Sorry, Mom," he called as he ran down the path that went through the meadow. What a beautiful meadow it was. The grass was tall and green and the daisies were in full bloom and smiling up at the sun. Tim stopped running. He took a deep breath. He could smell the flowers, the tall, green meadow grass and the wet moss near the stream. The fresh breeze and the warm sun on his back felt good. "I'm so happy," Tim yelled out so all the daisies could hear. Miss Muffin had followed him so he reached down and scratched her head. Miss Muffin was happy too. Tim could hear her motor — PURR PURR PURR. Why do you think they were happy?

"Better get going," thought Tim, "or I'll never get to hear about that purple fire." He couldn't even guess what that might be all about. But he knew if it was something Aunt Sarah knew about, it had to be super good. Tim had known Aunt Sarah since he had been a small baby. He was big now though. He was seven years old. He thought about how Aunt Sarah always smelled so fresh and clean — like lemons. She wore her white hair in a braid that was twirled on top of her head like a hat. Then there was the blue and white checked apron with the big pockets covering her dress. The things that were in those big apron pockets always surprised Tim. One day Aunt Sarah produced a red and blue marble bag with a leather draw string. Another time there was a ball of kite string. "How did she know that I lost my ball of kite string," wondered Tim. He didn't know how old she was but that didn't matter. Aunt Sarah was the greatest. She always had time to sit and talk with him about anything.



Tim and Miss Muffin hurried along the meadow path that led to the beautiful green glen where Aunt Sarah lived in a little white house with a front porch surrounded by beds of flowers. There were red and yellow fuzzy flowers, some white daisies, even some blue and purple pansies that looked like they had little faces. It was a friendly place. There was a weeping willow tree beside the little white house that was so big that Tim couldn't get his arms all the way around the trunk. "The grandfather tree," is what he called it.



As he approached the glen, he could see Aunt Sarah sitting on the porch. He could hear the squeak, squeak of her rocking chair. That was Aunt Sarah's place. There was a smaller chair on the porch for Tim. He waved his hand and called, "Hi, Aunt Sarah." She stood up, smiled and waved back. Tim ran up onto the porch and straight into Aunt Sarah's extended arms. "Golly, Aunt Sarah, you give the best warm hugs," said Tim as he looked up into her bright, twinkling blue eyes.



"Thank you, Tim," she bubbled. "The love we share always comes back many times larger." As she sat down in her rocking chair Miss Muffin jumped into her lap and curled up in the blue and white checked apron. "My, my, you look eager this morning," she said.

"I sure am. Don't you remember? You said you would tell me about the purple fire," said Tim as he plopped in his chair facing his favorite story teller.



Her blue eyes twinkled brightly and she lightly touched the side of her mouth with a finger. "A purple fire," she repeated. She paused for a moment and then chuckled, "My goodness, you're right, Tim. I did say Violet Transmuting Flame, didn't I?" Aunt Sarah settled back in her rocking chair — squeak, squeak. It was time. Her eyes twinkled. Tim sat on the edge of his chair waiting eagerly.

"The Violet Transmuting Flame," she began, "is a gift to all the people of the planet Earth from the Ascended Master Saint Germain."

"Who's Saint Germain," asked Tim as he blinked his eyes.

"Well," Aunt Sarah continued, "Saint Germain is the Director of the Violet Transmuting Flame. It is his duty to supervise the work of energizing and charging the Violet Fire so it will be ready at a moment's notice to go into action."

"Gee!" sighed Tim.

Aunt Sarah smiled. "Let me see now." She paused as she rubbed her ear and looked toward the meadow. "If someone gives you a gift, you have to know what it is before you can use it correctly."

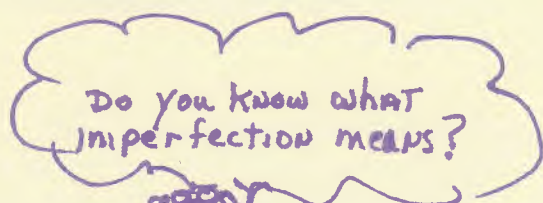
"Yup, that's right," agreed the boy.

Tim moved his chair closer as she continued, "Transmuting may sound like a big word."

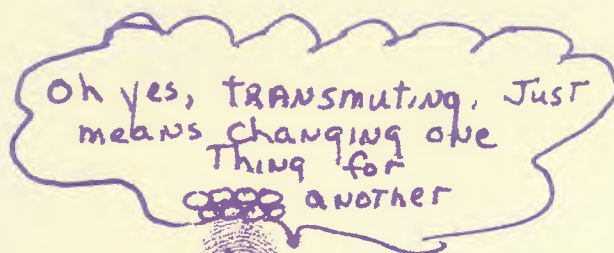
"It sure does. I can't even say that one," said Tim as he scratched his head.



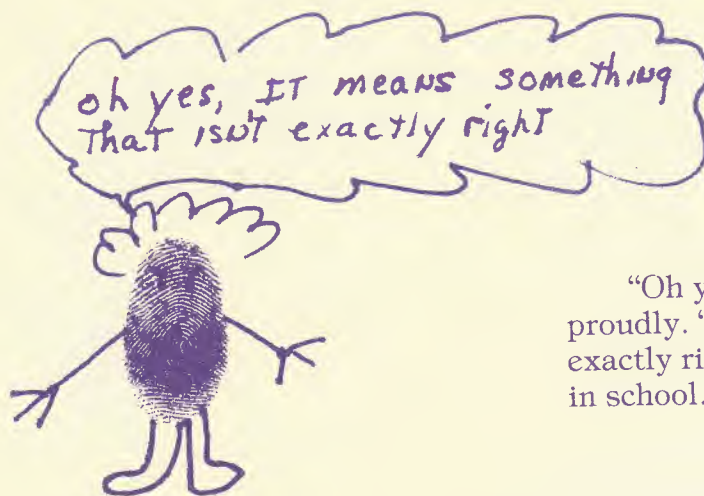
Aunt Sarah laughed and rocked forward in her chair. Miss Muffin tumbled off her lap and landed in a heap on the floor. Tim laughed too. Miss Muffin stood up, eyed the two humans, turned her back on them and strutted off the porch. "Humph," thought Miss Muffin, "sunbeams are more comfortable than human laps. They don't move when you least expect it either."



"Now where were we," mumbled Aunt Sarah. "Oh yes. Transmuting just means changing one thing for another, Tim."

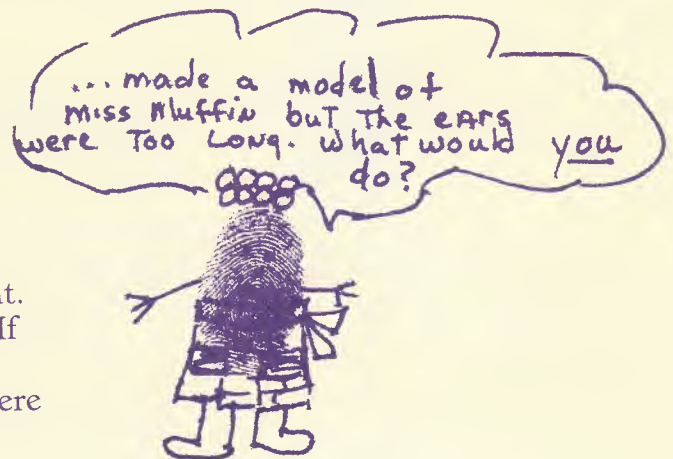


That's what the Violet Fire or Purple Fire does -- it changes imperfection into God perfection. Do you know what imperfection means?



"Oh yes," answered the boy proudly. "It means something that isn't exactly right. I just learned that word in school."

"That's correct, Tim. You're a smart boy to remember such a big word." Aunt Sarah thought a moment. "Tim," she said looking at the boy, "If you had a piece of clay and made a model of Miss Muffin but the ears were too long, what would you do?"



Tim watched Miss Muffin stalking a butterfly. "Gosh, I'd just take them off and make them the right size," he answered. Aunt Sarah's chair squeaked as she rocked. Tim knew from the big smile on her face that she was pleased with his answer. He felt happy.

The Violet fire is a very Precious gift



... Change unkind Thoughts, and
feelings and actions INTO Love
peace and understanding

The chair stopped rocking and Aunt Sarah looked straight at Tim. He knew that when the chair stopped rocking what she was about to say would be important. Miss Muffin even stopped chasing the orange and yellow butterfly. She jumped back up onto the porch and sat beside Tim's chair. Aunt Sarah spoke very slowly. "Tim, the Violet Fire is a very precious gift. It has the power to change unkind thoughts, feelings and actions into love, peace and understanding."



She stopped a moment and watched as the boy wriggled in his chair. "What is it, Tim?"

Whenever the boy had a question, he couldn't sit still — he wriggled. "Does that mean that people all over the world, even children my age, can help to get rid of yucky nasties?" asked Tim.

SAINT GERMAIN WANTS every person TO KNOW
ABOUT The Violet Fire and USE IT TO free
Themselves and The world from
UNKIND things



"Yes, it does," came the answer. "If you are truly sorry for a wrong feeling or action, you can call for the Violet Fire to come and take it away and change it into love. Saint Germain wants every person to know about the Violet Fire and use it to free themselves and the world from the unkind things." She stopped and thought for a moment.

Oh dear Tim, I wasn't scolding
I LOVE you very much
I have tickles in
my stomach
Some times, TOO!



"Tell me," she went on, "have you ever had butterflies in your stomach?"

"You mean tickles," giggled Tim.

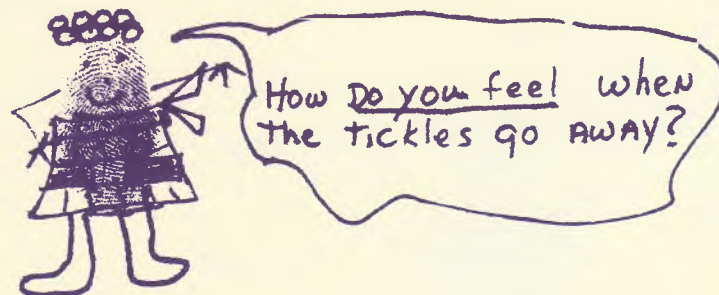
"Yes," she answered. "The feeling that comes when something frightens you or perhaps you did something that you knew was not for the best and you got tickles or butterflies in your stomach."

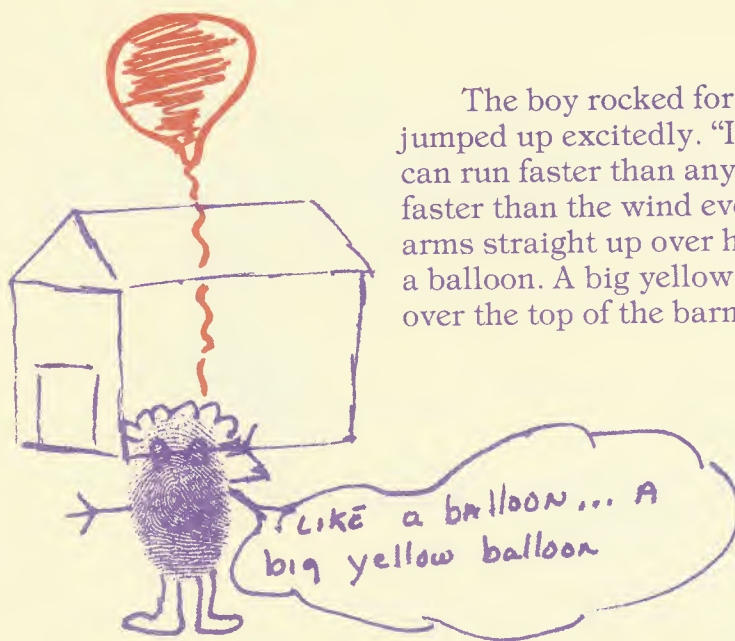
Tim looked down at his sneakers. One of the laces was untied. As he started to tie the lace, he looked up and whispered, "Well, yes. But gee whiz, Aunt Sarah, it's hard to be good all the time."

"Oh dear, Tim, I wasn't scolding," she said as she patted the boy's shoulder. "I love you very much. I have tickles in my stomach sometimes too." That made him feel better. She went on, "When I call for the Violet Fire, it takes away the tickles. I feel free. I feel happy."



"How do you feel when the tickles go away?" she asked.



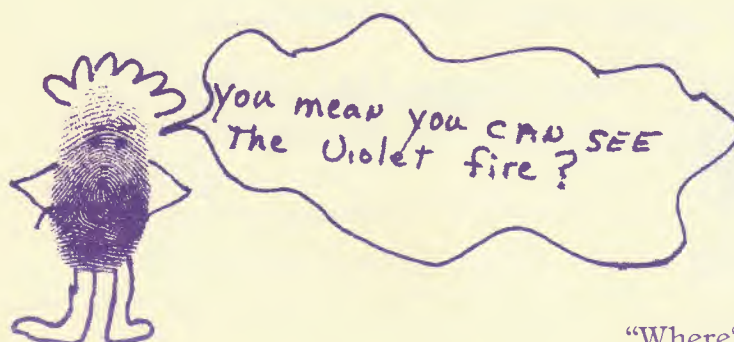


The boy rocked forward in his chair and jumped up excitedly. "I know," he shouted, "like I can run faster than anyone in the whole world -- faster than the wind even." Then Tim threw his arms straight up over his head and exclaimed, "like a balloon. A big yellow balloon that can float clear over the top of the barn. That would feel super good."

The boy settled back down into his chair and picked up Miss Muffin. He scratched behind her ears. She started to purr. Squeak, squeak -- even Aunt Sarah's chair sounded happy as it rocked slowly. Tim liked to see Aunt Sarah smile. It lighted up the whole place. He watched intently as her eyes sparkled and then he noticed that she was staring at something in the meadow. Tim turned around to look. He couldn't see anything unusual. "What are you looking at?" he asked as he turned around to face her.

She didn't answer right away but continued to gaze toward the meadow. "Oh, I was just thinking and enjoying the beautiful feeling of the Violet Fire," she answered as she turned her attention back to the boy in front of her.

"You mean you can really SEE the Violet Fire," gasped Tim as his eyes opened wide. He whirled around to look toward the meadow again.



"Where? Where is it?" he cried.

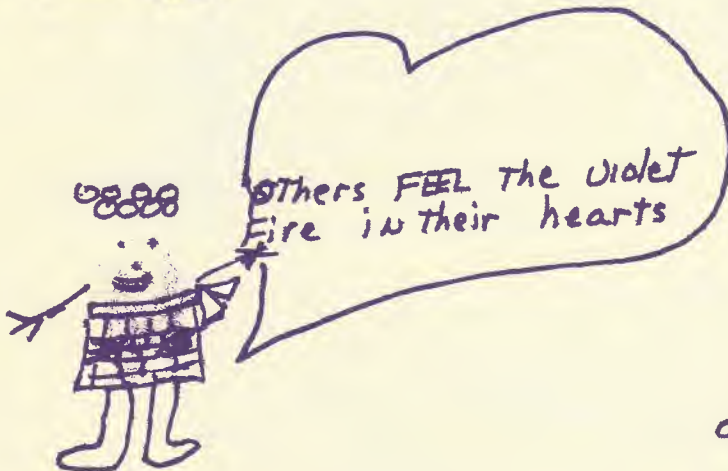
The kind woman put her hand on his shoulder. "Tim, sit down," she calmly beckoned. As Tim slumped in his chair, Aunt Sarah went on to explain. "Some people can SEE the Violet Fire with their eyes."

"But, Aunt Sarah," interrupted the boy.

"Now Tim, listen and I shall explain," she continued. "Some people SEE the Violet Fire with their eyes."



Some people SEE the Violet Fire in their mind. And still others FEEL the Violet Fire in their hearts. So you see, my young friend, there is no need to feel disappointed."



Tim was confused and wriggling in his chair. "Why can't I SEE the Violet Fire?" he asked as his head drooped.

She smiled and held his small hands. "My child, have you ever looked for the Violet Fire?" she asked. Tim looked into her sparkling blue eyes trying to find the answer. He couldn't find it there. He looked down at his sneakers. That lace had come untied again. Miss Muffin was playing in the flower bed. She couldn't give him the answer either. "Hmm," thought Tim. "Where could it be?"

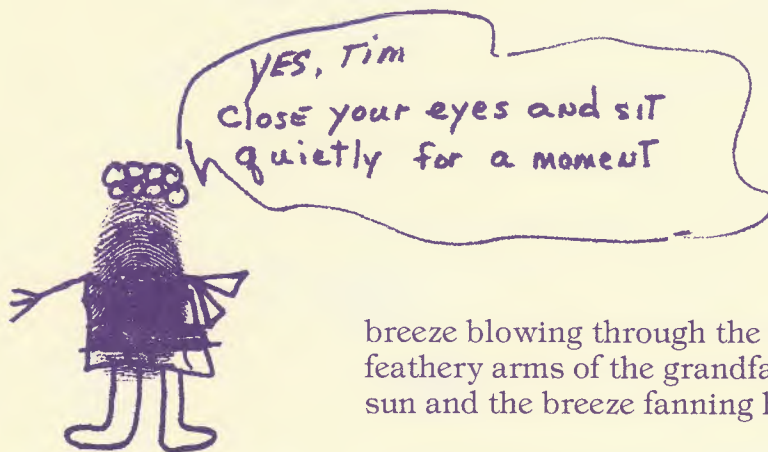


He looked up at Aunt Sarah. He loved her very much. "I guess I never have looked for the Violet Fire. Is there a special place to start looking?" he asked.

Aunt Sarah gave him that smile again. His own personal smile. "The special place is within you, Tim," she said quietly.

"Within me?" he gulped as his mouth dropped open in surprise.

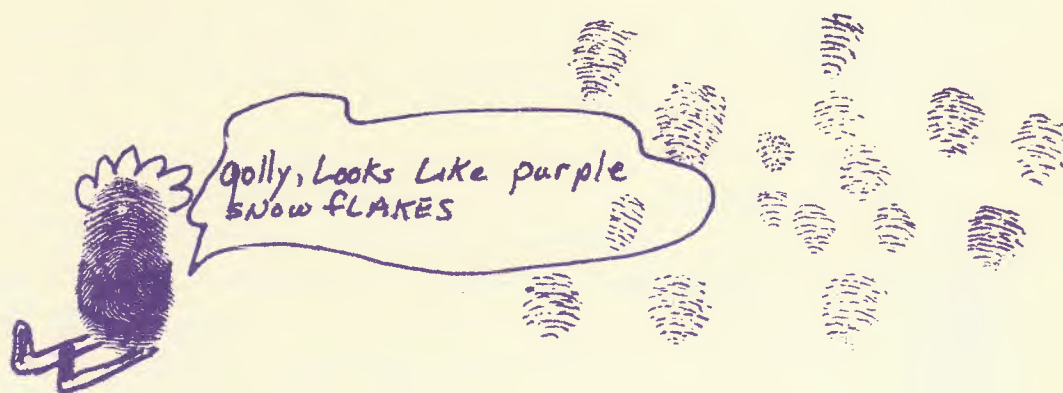




Tim closed his eyes and he could hear the squeak, squeak of the rocking chair. He could hear the birds singing and the

breeze blowing through the tall meadow grass and the long feathery arms of the grandfather tree. He could feel the warm sun and the breeze fanning his cheeks.

What can you hear and feel when you close your eyes and sit quietly?



Tim felt good inside and outside. "Now I want you to think about the Violet Fire. What have we said about it?" asked Aunt Sarah quietly. Tim was quiet and did as she asked. Suddenly he started seeing pictures in his mind. He grinned and then started laughing. "What is it?" Aunt Sarah asked.

"Golly, it looks like a bunch of purple snow flakes," Tim answered. "They're flying all over the place. Is that the Violet Fire?" asked the boy still chuckling.

"What does it feel like?" asked his aunt. Tim was still giggling as he answered.

"Well, they kind of tickle. But they're warm too."

He sat quietly and suddenly burst out, "WOW! All the yucky nasties were turned into butterflies and they're going all over."

"Do you feel better now that you have seen the Violet Fire?" asked Aunt Sarah.



"They're surrounding all the unkind things."



"Wow! Sure do," screeched Tim with delight. "Does the Violet Fire look the same to everybody?"

"That's a good question," said Aunt Sarah, "but I think you can answer that yourself."

His nose wrinkled as he opened his eyes and squinted in the sun light. "How's that?" he questioned.

"You saw the Violet Fire within YOU, right?", she asked.

"Right," he eagerly answered. He thought a moment and jumped up. "Oh, I get it. Everybody who sees the Violet Fire inside himself, will see his own Violet Fire. So everyone doesn't have to see the same thing," he reasoned. What does your Violet Fire look like? Can you draw a picture of it?

Aunt Sarah looked so proud of Tim. She gathered him up in her arms and gave him a big hug. "You're right, Tim," Aunt Sarah cried. When she was very happy, Aunt Sarah cried.

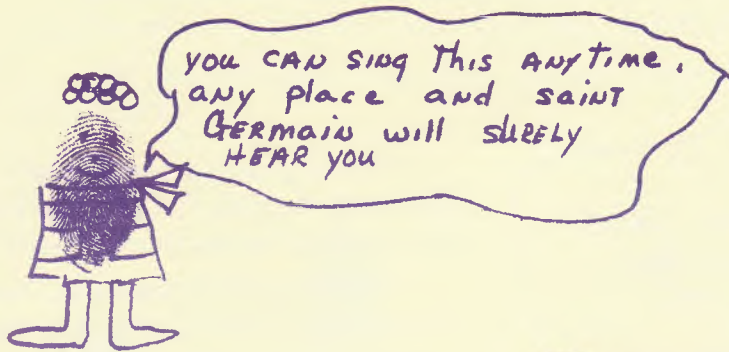
"Aunt Sarah, don't cry," pleaded Tim. He kissed her cheek.

"I'm so happy, Tim. It's OK to cry when you're happy." She wiped her eyes and smiled at the young boy, "I'm all right now."

Even though her eyes were damp, Tim could still see the twinkle.

Aunt Sarah," Tim started, "How can we ask Saint Germain to send the Violet Fire to us?"

"She settled back into the cushions on her chair and began rocking slowly, squeak, squeak. "When I was about your age," she began slowly as if remembering a pleasant time long ago, "my grandmother taught me a song about the Violet Flame. You can sing this any time, any place and Saint Germain will surely hear you. You can just say the words if you want or even read them silently to yourself."



The Violet Fire

Saint Germain, Saint Germain, Blessed Saint Germain
 Send me now your Violet Flame, I use it every day
 I am the Violet Flame, the Mighty Cosmic Power
 I am the Light of God, Blazing like a Sun
 I am the Violet Flame, enfolding everyone
 I am God's Sacred Power, Freeing everyone.



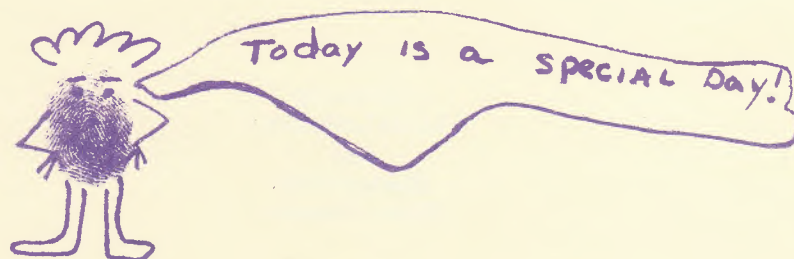
"Gee, that's a fun song," cheered Tim. "Even Miss Muffin is happy," remarked Tim as he watched the kitten frolic. "She looks like she's playing with someone, doesn't she, Aunt Sarah?"

"She's playing with the flower fairies," said Aunt Sarah as she stood up to watch.

Tim's eyes shot open wide. "The flower fairies!" he exclaimed.

"That's a story for another day," said Aunt Sarah as she stepped down from the porch.

Tim wrapped his arms around Aunt Sarah and gave her a big hug. "Have to go home now," he said as he unwrapped himself. As he started down the path, he stopped and turned around. Waving his hand, he called, "Thank you, Aunt Sarah. I love you." Then he turned back on the path and started whistling and marching to the new song he had just learned. "Today is a special day," thought Tim!



The Beginning

Written by
Linda Levkulich
and
Illustrated by
Elaine Johnson

A Publication for the Children of the New Golden Age 