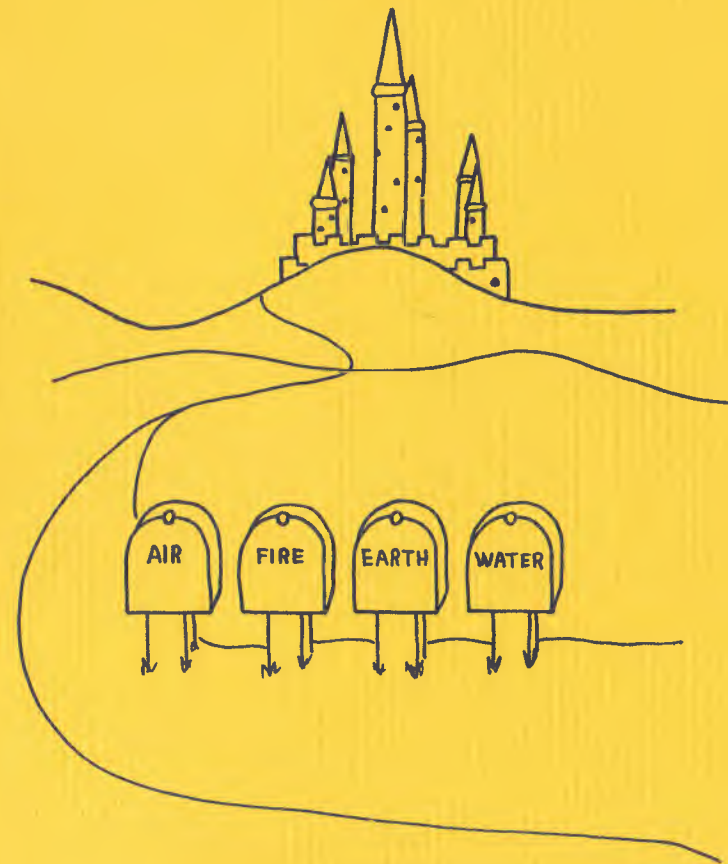
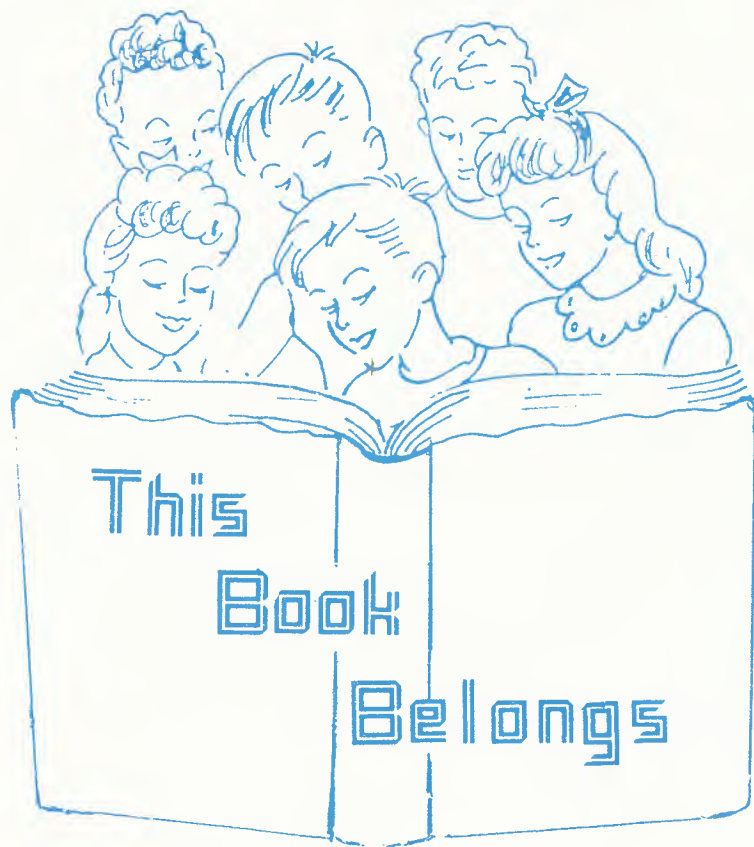


ONE BOOKLET IN A SERIES OF PUBLICATIONS
FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE NEW GOLDEN AGE

TIM MEETS

THE ELEMENTALS

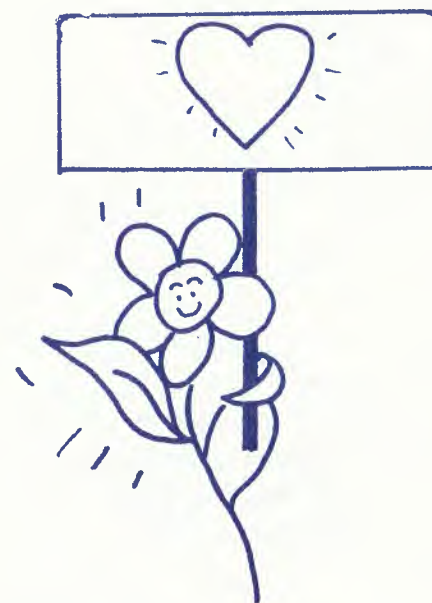




To _____

TIM MEETS

THE ELEMENTALS

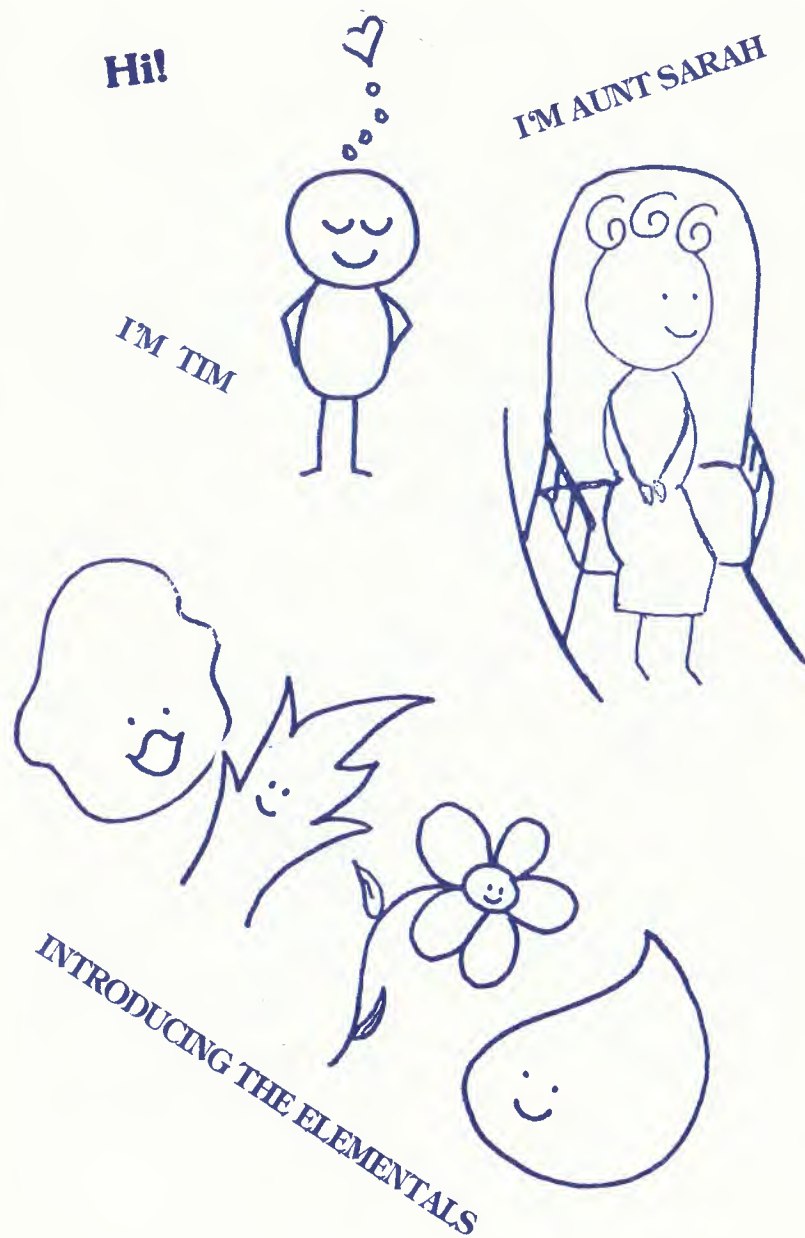


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TIM MEETS THE ELEMENTALS

Sitting on the porch steps at Aunt Sarah's house, Tim watched a brown and orange butterfly dance around the flowers. He could hear her rocking chair squeal behind him. "Aunt Sarah, when I was walking through the meadow, I heard someone whispering, I looked around but didn't see anyone."

Aunt Sarah stopped rocking. "That's interesting."

Tim turned around without getting up. "Who do you suppose it was?"

"The fairies."

" The fairies!"

"Yes. They were probably sprinkling the meadow with green." She winked at him. Sprinkling the meadow with green sure thought Tim. But then Aunt Sarah didn't lie about things either. She stood up and straightened her apron. "let's go sit in the garden."

Oh, boy, he thought. The garden was a magical place. Tim remembered the day he looked everywhere for Aunt Sarah without success. Finally he decided to check the garden again. He paused under the rose covered trellis and sniffed so deeply, the sweetness made him dizzy. this is great, he thought, but I wonder where Aunt Sarah is. Drifting into the garden, he saw Aunt Sarah walking in the sun. Then right before his eyes, she disappeared in the brilliance. "Aunt Sarah", he screamed, running toward the light.



"I am here," she said.. Tim whirled around and there she was, standing right beside him. He never did understand how she did that, so he called it garden magic.

"Tim!" Aunt Sarah's voice reached into his dream. "Are you coming?"

"Oh, my gosh!" He raced around the corner of the house and skidded to a stop under the trellis. Sunbeams dancing around Aunt Sarah seemed to turn into rainbows when they touched her. More garden magic, thought Tim.

Aunt Sarah closed her eyes, tilted her head back, and took a long deep breath. "Thank you, God," she whispered. Opening her eyes slowly, she motioned for Tim to join her. As she raised her hand, he felt like he was floating. In fact, when he realized that he was standing beside her, he wasn't sure he hadn't floated there.

"It's the love poured into it by the elementals that makes our garden so Lovely," said Aunt Sarah, quietly.

"Huh?" Tim's mind whirled. What did she say? Oh, yeah, now I remember fairies in the meadow love and something about elementals.

"A fairy is a member of the Elemental Kingdom," said Aunt Sarah, as if reading his mind. "You and I are members of the Human Kingdom."

"Human Kingdom!"

Aunt Sarah sat down on the thick carpet of grass and leaned against Grandfather Tree. She winked at Tim. "Did



you know that everything on Planet Earth depends on the Elemental Kingdom for life!"

Her statement instantly transported Tim, body and soul, back to Now. He sat down beside her. "Did you say everything on Planet Earth depends on the elementals for life?"

Yes, I did."

"What do they do?"

"The elementals provide the air we breathe, the earth we walk upon, the water we drink and fire to keep us warm."

"How come?"

She pulled on her ear and thought for a moment. "Ah, yes, that's it," she said, smiling. "If you and a friend open a lemonade stand, you have to work together to make a profit."

"Right!" he said. He knew all about the lemonade stand business.

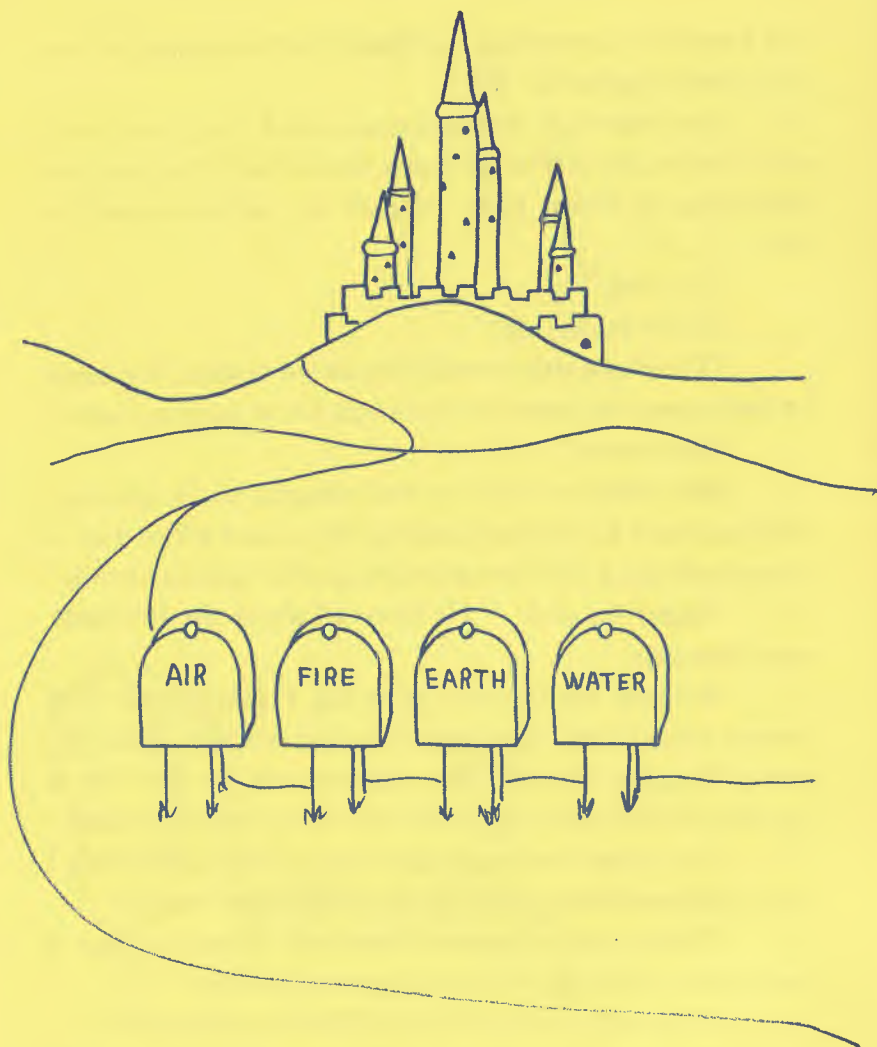
"Because the Universe is so big, Father-Mother God created departments to supervise certain activities. The Elemental Kingdom is one of those departments. It's their job to provide the elements man needs to survive on Planet Earth."

Tim smiled and nodded his head. That's like when I pour the lemonade and my partner collects the money."

"That's how it works," she said. "Everyone has a special job to keep the business running smoothly."

"How many partners run the Elemental Kingdom?"

"There are four partners. They are called Directors."



"Geel!" said Tim, holding up four fingers. "That's not very many for the whole planet."

Aunt Sarah smiled. "Each Director has many helpers called elementals."

"Boy, that's good!" he said.

"The four Directors are known as Air, Fire, Earth and Water."

"Wow!"

"It's easy to remember if you think of the first letter of each element Air, Fire, Earth, Water "A", "F", "E", and "W". That spells A F E W. There are only A FEW Directors to do so much important work for Father-Mother God on Planet Earth."

"A FEW Air Fire Earth Water." Tim grinned. "I can remember that."

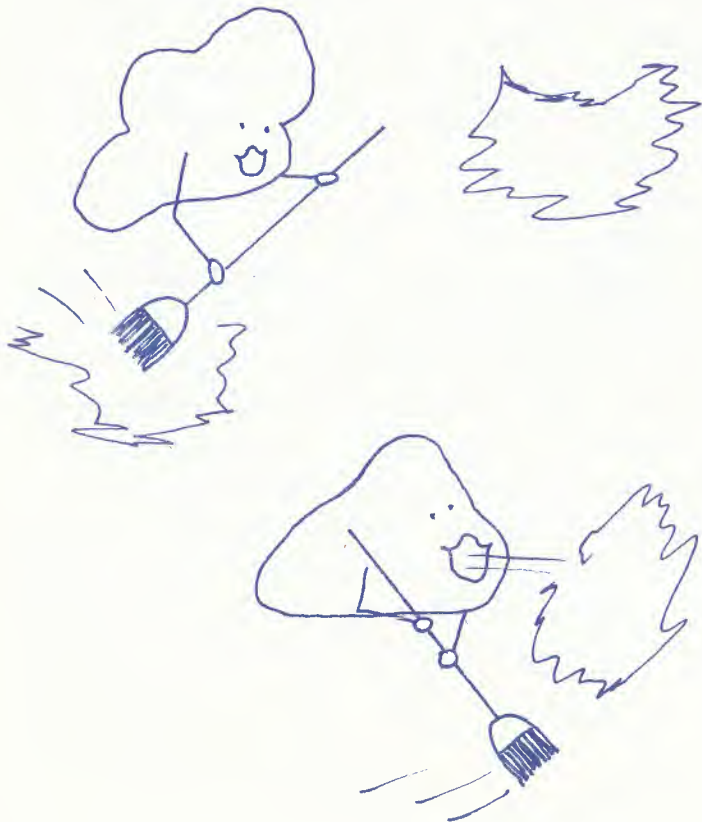
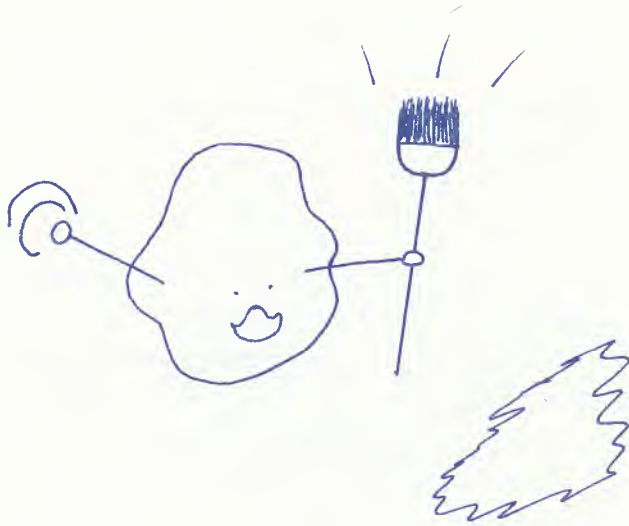
Suddenly he jumped to his feet and grabbed his throat. "Air!" he grasped. "Aunt Sarah, we can't live without air!"

"That's right," she said, calmly. Tim didn't know how she could be so calm about something as important as air.

"Sit down," she said, putting her arm around his shoulder. "The elementals of the air are called Sylphs."

"Sylph!" Tim giggled. "That's a funny name."

"If you belonged to the Elemental Kingdom, Sylph wouldn't be a funny name. People who live in other countries often have names that sound strange to us. Father-Mother



God know who you are. That's the important thing.

"Sylphs," he repeated. "They provide the air we breathe." He took a long, deep breath. "I'm glad somebody does."

"They also fill the sails of boats on the ocean and help propel airplanes through the sky," she added. "But their most important job is to clean up smog and pollution".

"You mean the harmful smoke from factories and cars? We learned about that in school. Some people get sick from pollution".

"The Sylphs do everything they can to keep the air clean. But it is a big job."

"When the wind blows are the Sylphs sweeping up?"

"That sound logical."

"Gee," said Tim, stretching his neck and sniffing deeply, "they sure are doing a good job here in the garden. It smells so clean."

Looking at the beauty surrounding them, Aunt Sarah smiled. "The Sylphs and Gnomes are working together."

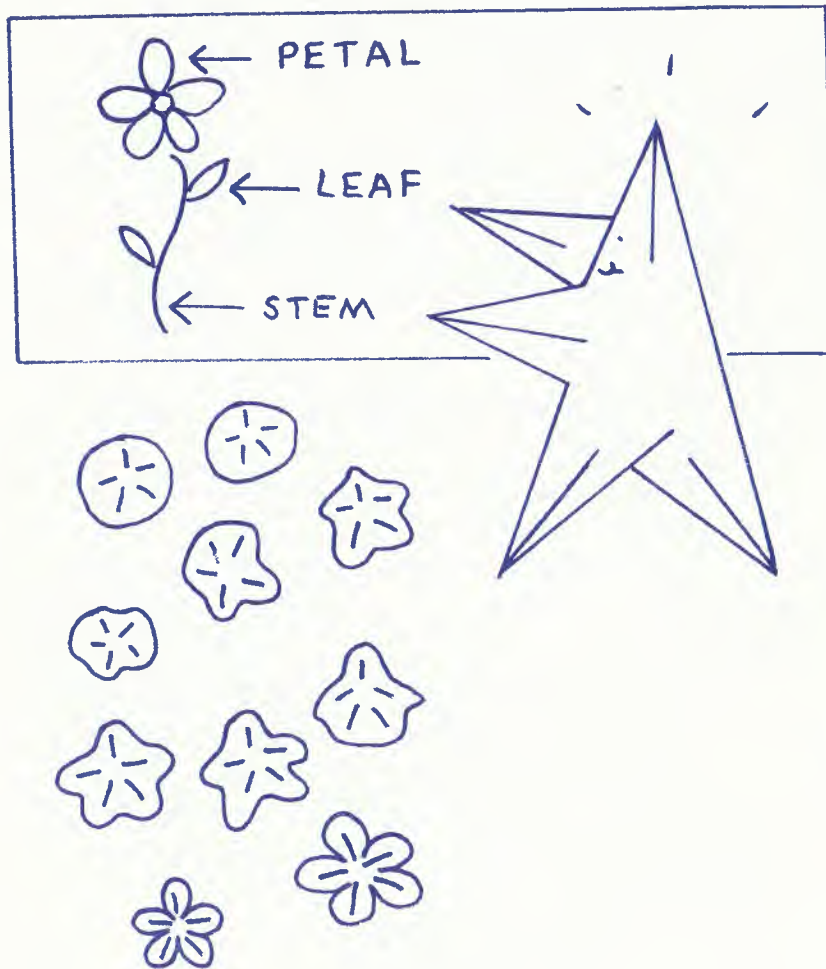
"Gnomes?" Who are they?" Tim asked.

The elementals of the earth," she answered. "These nature spirits embody the flowers, trees, mountains and even the Earth we walk upon."

"How do they do that?" asked Tim.

"They go to school."

Tim's eyes lit up. "I go to school, too!"



Aunt Sarah gently touched a daisy growing nearby and Tim thought he saw it nod to her. Smiling, she slowly bowed her head in response and continued. "While they're in school, a teacher gives the elementals a pattern to study. Have you ever watched anyone use a pattern to make something?"

"Sure! Mom uses patterns to make dresses."

Aunt Sarah smiled. "The elementals use a pattern too. It may be a daisy or a blade of grass."

Tim sat quietly, thinking. Then he looked at her. "Are elementals different sizes?"

"Oh my, yes!" she answered. "A baby can't do the things you can do."

Tim shrugged his shoulders. "Course not!" he said, feeling very grown up.

"It's like that in the Elemental Kingdom too," said Aunt Sarah, smoothing the grass with her fingers. "A baby nature spirit can embody a blade of grass or a daisy. It isn't strong or wise enough to embody a tree or mountain."

"Geel!"

"Grandfather Tree looks happy today, don't you think?" she asked.

"He's the best tree in the whole world," said Tim.

"He is grand," Aunt Sarah agreed. "Every leaf on his branches is a young nature spirit. When fall comes, the leaves change color, dry up and fall off."

Tim's mouth dropped open. "You mean when the



leaves are dead, the nature spirits are dead too?"

"Oh my, no!" said Aunt Sarah. "The young nature spirits leave their leaf body and go back to school when the season ends. Even though Grandfather Tree's branches are bare, he's still alive because a Deva, an older and more experienced elemental, is with him."

"Do the young elementals go back to school to learn how to become Devas?"

Aunt Sarah smiled, proudly. "Why, Tim! That's exactly what they do. All the elementals, no matter what Director they work for, learn and grow in their world just as humans learn and grow here on Planet Earth."

Tim jumped up and wrapped his arms around the trunk of the giant willow tree. "Now I know why I love you so much, Grandfather Tree."

"Tim, look!" said Aunt Sarah, pointing toward the meadow.

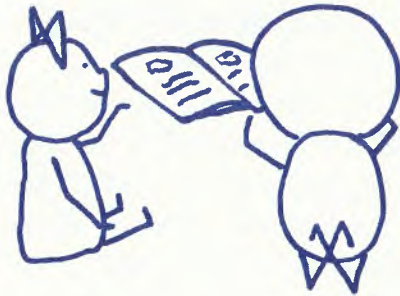
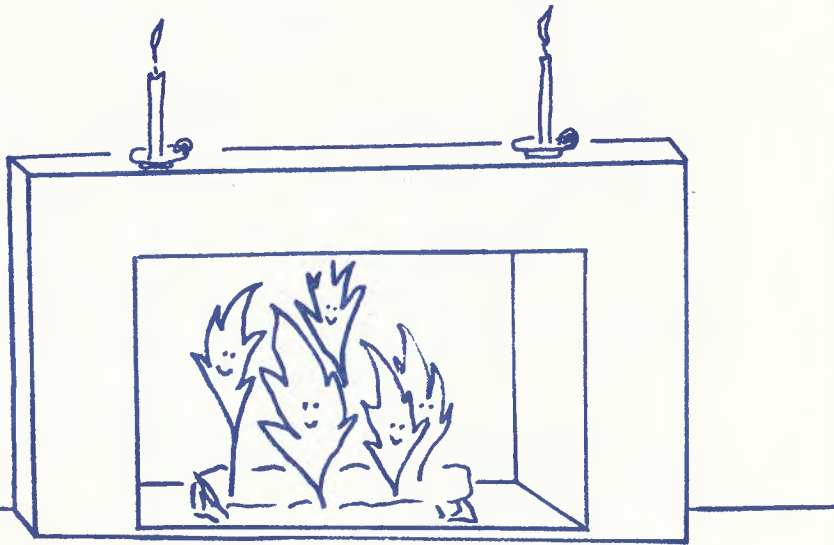
He turned around and stared. "How about that", he mumbled. "It's raining in the meadow."

"It's been very dry lately. I imagine the Little Ones growing in the meadow are grateful for the cool drink."

"Does the rain have a name too, Aunt Sarah?"

The water spirits are called Undines," she said. "They form our rivers, lakes and oceans."

"The ocean!" he squealed. "Golly, I went swimming in the ocean once. You should have seen the waves. Boy, they were big."



"The Undines are fun to play with but they also work for man. Powerful water currents generate energy used to supply electricity."

"Wow! Did you see that lightning?" Tim shrieked.

"Yes," she said, calmly. "Lightning is a manifestation of the Salamanders."

"The what?"

"The fire elementals are called Salamanders."

"Oh!" Tim puffed out his chest and jammed his hands on his hips. "You know what, Aunt Sarah?"

"No, what?"

"I know something about fire."

Aunt Sarah smiled. "Good. What do you know?"

"Well," he began, "one night last winter our furnace broke down."

"Did it get cold in the house?"

Tim shook his head. "Nope! We built a fire in the fireplace. We even cooked some popcorn."

"I'll bet that was fun."

"Yeah! There was even enough light for me to read a story to Molly."

"Fire is very helpful," said Aunt Sarah.

"Sure is."

"It's the only element man can call forth."

"What's that mean?" he asked, sitting down.

"Earth, water and air are already here for man to use."

When you want fire, you must take action and strike a match."

Aunt Sarah stared through the garden and beyond the meadow. Tim recognized her "far away" look, so he sat quietly.

When she finally spoke, there was a seriousness in her voice. "Fire has a very important purpose. Father-Mother God created the Sacred Flame to be used for purification and cleansing."

"Like the Violet Transmuting Flame?" he asked, softly.

She squeezed his hand gently. "Yes. Very good, Tim."

"Aunt Sarah, I know fire is good." He paused a moment. "If that's true . . . why are some people afraid of fire?" He noticed the sparkle in Aunt Sarah's eyes fade.

"The fear is because in a past life, they suffered or caused others to suffer. Many people have been burned at the stake for their beliefs. Others have been tortured by fire."

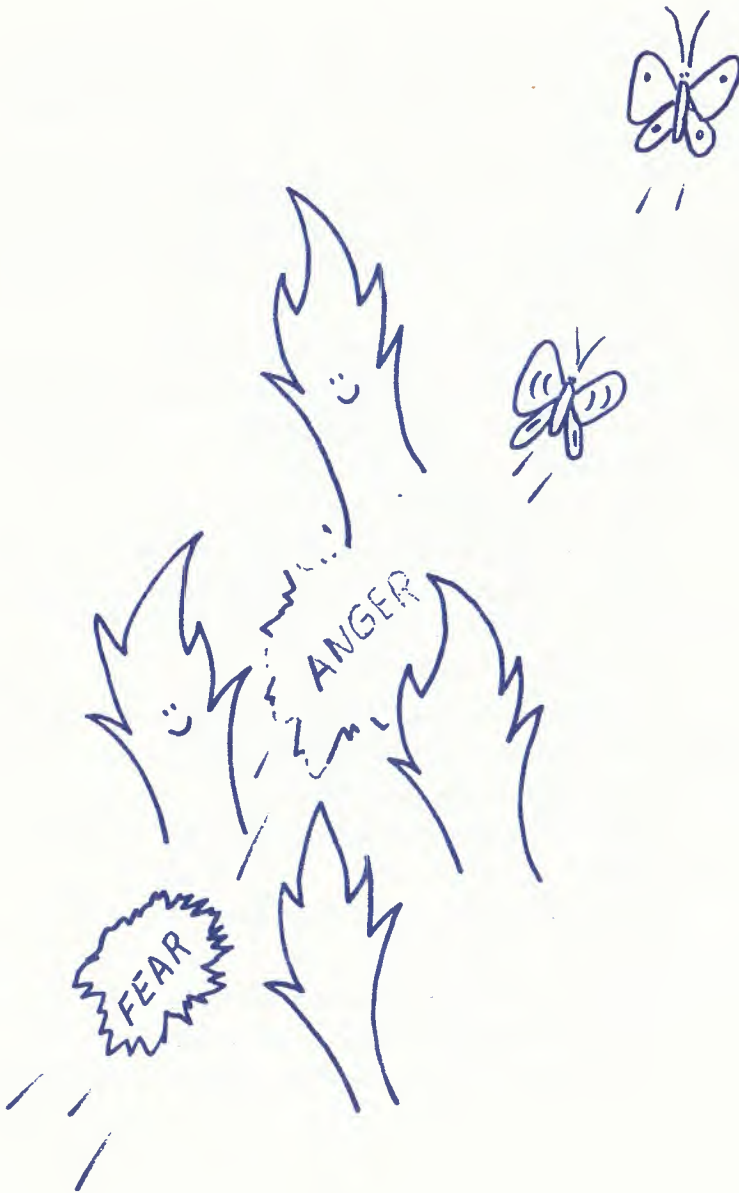
Tim sat motionless. "That's awful, Aunt Sarah."

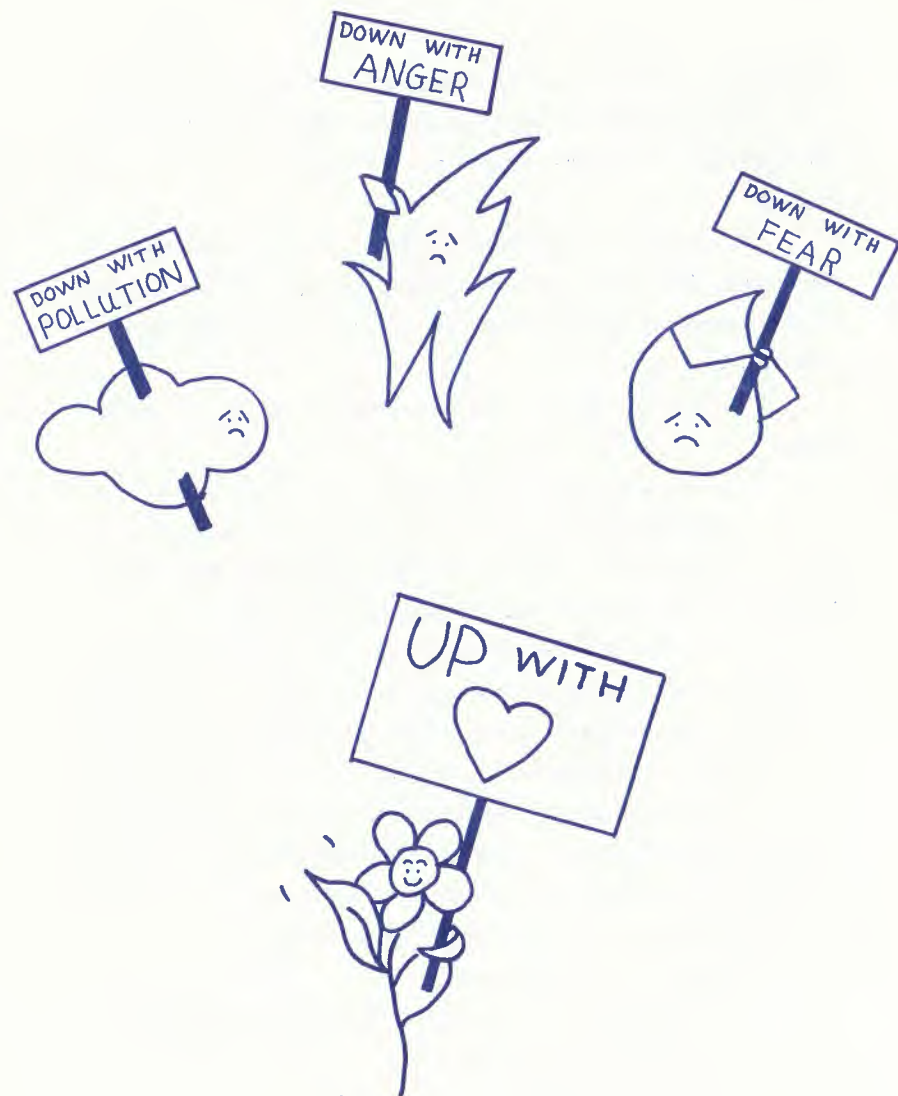
"Yes, child. Father-Mother God meant the Sacred Fire to be a blessing to man." As she talked about the Sacred Fire, the familiar sparkle began to return to her eyes. "If a person is afraid of fire, they can get rid of that fear . . ."

"How?" Tim interrupted.

"By asking the Violet Transmuting Flame to erase the cause and effect of the fear of fire."

"Is that all? That's easy," said Tim.





Aunt Sarah smiled again. "It's good to understand and appreciate the elementals and what they do for us. When you pick a flower or feel the wind kissing your cheek or wade in the brook, thank the elementals and send them thoughts of love."

"I sure will," he said. "They're really neat!"

"Yes, they are. Did you know man has the potential to control them?"

Tim's mouth fell open. "Control the elementals! Wow! How do you do that?"

"By learning to control our own thoughts, feelings, and actions," she said. "Mankind's constant physical and mental pollution of the world causes the elementals to rebel."

"The elementals rebel!" he exclaimed. "Why?"

Man is physically polluting the earth, air and water with harmful factory waste. He is mentally polluting the elements with nasty thoughts and feelings. When the garbage man creates comes faster than the elementals can clean it up, they get upset and rebel."

"What happens then, Aunt Sarah?"

She took a deep breath and answered slowly
 "Volcanoes floods earthquakes and hurricanes are some of the ways the elementals throw off the pollution man has heaped on them."

"Wow!" he gasped. "I didn't know that."

"When man stops polluting, there will be no reason for the elementals to rebel. As man learns to keep his

thoughts, feelings and actions centered on Good, Harmony will be established between the Kingdom of Man and the Kingdom of the Elementals."

"The Elements of air, fire, earth and water were made by Father-Mother God as friends to man. Is man such a friend to the elementals?"

THE BEGINNING



A Publication for the Children of The New Golden Age

MY NOTES