

# WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT

An Esoteric Vision of the Future

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The Watchman's rounds were finished. All was quiet. The faithful Guardians, cloaked figures, crouched close to the embers of the dying fire, for the night of earth was cold, bitterly cold, and the coming dawn of the New Age, still a forgotten memory. The ancient stone walls of the Eastern Gate hardly showed against the night sky.

Suddenly, the fire gave a final blaze, stirring the sleepers. In their midst, out of the smoke and flame, stood the two Great Ones, the Archangel Messengers of the Lord. Michael with his two-edged sword of Karma — Justice and Equity, the terrible engine of the freewill of God flashing forth. On his left, his brother, the fallen Archangel of God's anguish, Lucifer, the Light Bearer who brings the Divine Darkness in his train; his blazing light concealed under the heavy black cloak of the worlds blindness.

The power and authority of their voice echoed and re-echoed off the crumbling ramparts of the dying past of man's outer court.

'Awake! Summon the Trumpeters. Muster the Men at Arms. Let the Pennants of the King be once again unfurled on the battlements of time. Assemble the Builders of old at the City Gates. A New Dawn is at hand.'

From a fold of Lucifer's world-weary cloak a shaft of light beamed forth catching the tip of Michael's blade.

'The whole sleeping City must awake, for the dew of the morning shines on the feet of the people. The Lord is with you. He will lead you as Man, as Christ. He will lead you onward after the long journey in the wilderness, onward through the Gates of Time into your true inheritance.'

Michael's sword flicked out the last embers of the old fire of the past, in a gesture of disdain. The burning laser-ray of the Light Bearer spoke again of the awful power of the Lord. The work of His Church was not yet complete, the old ways must be burnt away, broken, that the Serpent's Secret Wisdom, of which the Archangels are the Guardian, can now in part be unveiled.

'Humanity is coming of age and the City must be rebuilt anew. Rubble must return to rubble. Dust to dust, that the foundations of the promised future of mankind may be firmly set.'

They were gone. Darkness again spread its silent velvet over the scene. Only a single star kept wakeful watch as restless dreams disturbed the sleepers.

Alone, the Watchman trimmed his lantern, preparing for the approaching day, for he must soon be out on his rounds. He, the forerunner of the New Dawn. Would the

citizens of our ancient world heed the age-old message that his lantern conveyed? 'All shall be well, and all shall be well. All manner of things shall be well.'

The future of a fresh dawn once again touches with glory the Pennants of the King. His Tabernacle is even now pitched at the Gate. Awake. Awake. Prepare to welcome him.

Still the city slept.