

## Chapter 65

### The Number 12

Where is the city with the twelve pearly gates, mentioned in the Book of Revelation? It is right here, seen geographically. Why can't we experience it? Because we shut it out! Every one of us has a (magnetic) wall around us which bars the divine light from entering our microcosm. This wall has 12 windows which let in only the light of the fallen universe. This is why the house of Black is at 12 Grimmauld Place. It symbolises the old microcosm which is dark, dismal and dingy.

However, when we learn the science of Transfiguration, as Harry is learning it, and the Divine Spirit enters our lives, the 12 lights at Privet Drive go out.

Our microcosm has seven magnetic rings, or walls, and at the moment the seventh one is vibrating while the others are totally latent. However, when Harry is born of the Lily in Godric's Hollow place, and the stag pants for the Living Water, the sixth ring begins to show signs of life. A small round window begins to open - like a refulgent star announcing the birth of something utterly pure, unselfish and loving. Sirius, the bright morning star, appears in our microcosmic sky. The exit to Heaven has opened.

Then a painful process of dissolution begins. It's painful to lose our anchors to this universe. It's the black or **Nigredo** process. But every time we give up an attachment, one of the 12 old lights begins to dim, and Sirius shines more brightly.

This is accompanied by the White or **Albedo** process. The black process of bereavement and loss is compensated for by the process of becoming "Dumbledore's Man". Instead of regretting the loss of the temporary glories of the fallen inverse we turn to the light of "The Lord Lives Here". This longing for God and drinking the Living Water washes our clothes white.

However, as we know, Sirius disappears out of sight. He passes through the Gate of Saturn. We can't see him anymore because the Light of the New Jerusalem is of such an extremely high vibration it's invisible. And the old lights are getting dimmer and dimmer. Will the darkness ever come to an end? But the Rubedo process is around the corner. We have given up all earthly attachments, and we have purified our desires totally. Then comes the day when we must face our own Voldemort. Three times he promises us great wealth, fame and power. But three times we reject him because our eyes are fixed on our invisible star of hope and fulfilment. And then the grim old

place with its 12 dingy windows crumbles and falls to dust. And it appears that behind the old walls 12 magnificent gates are standing wide open, letting in the supernal golden light of ineffable majesty. Each gate transforms the light to a different value, endowing the receiver with 12 holy powers to carry out the work of bringing the divine universe to full potential. And whom do we see grinning at us? It is Albus Dumbledore, who has preceded us into King's Cross, the station from where the train will take us to the New Jerusalem.

And suddenly a pain stabs at our heart. We remember all those people we've known that are wandering around in their grim old places. Do we stay here with Dumbledore and breathe in the fragrant atmosphere of peace and joy, or do we go back down, deep into muddy lake to bring "God's Strength" to the surface, to the fresh air? What will we choose?