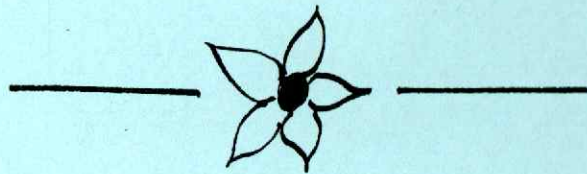


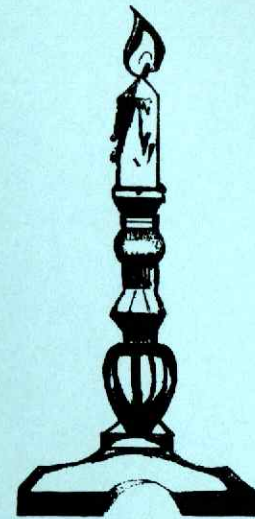
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THE APPROACH TO

TRUTH



From;

Ronald J. Baker M·S·N·U

RAYS OF LIGHT



Ronald John Baker 1936-1986

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Principal - Aquarian School of Spiritual Philosophy,
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Straight and Narrow

When shunned by others on life's stormy seas,
Because the seed of truth has found its root.
Know that the hurts, thy spirit slowly frees,
And on the Tree of Life appears its fruit.

What strengths, what powers; lie hidden in the depths;
What of the treasurehouse enclosed within:
For through all time, man's spirit onward quests,
A victory o'er the lower self to win.

Then, when finite with infinite doth meet,
You greet those great Inspirers at thy side;
Who, by their sacrifice of love - so sweet,
Stand by the door of truth now open wide.

But rise you must, to greet the infinite,
By shedding all the ballast in thy soul.
Then oft' when passing through life's darksome night,
The light appears : thy spirits aureol.

So when life's stormy seas surround thy path,
And in despair, your spirit cries aloud,
Move on, into that glorious aftermath,
Where loving spirits on the pathway crowd.

Do not give up the fight, when victory's near,
Just keep upon that straight and narrow way;
Have compassion for those 'asleep' who jeer,
And have not seen the light of dawning day.

Upon that blazoned path your spirit takes,
The lessons have been preordained for you.
The outer world of self, this pathway breaks,
Before the way of God, can come in view.

Each one upon the path must bear his load,
To purify the soul for future good.
With valiant step, you'll walk the homeward road,
And see that place, where once in doubt you stood.

Man know thyself, perhaps you understand,
You must o'ercome life's vain imaginings,
And firmly clasp, God's outstretched helping hand,
The spirit freed, through higher spheres then wings.

Tribute to a Baby

Like a fragrant rose he came;
Delicate and frail; full of beauty,
He knew not grief, sorrow nor pain,
Nor, the ways of earthly duty.

Sent from the font of Eternal Love,
A chosen messenger of God,
He brought glad tidings from above,
Then straightway through earth's
portal trod.

A flower transplanted, that is all,
To bloom upon some fairer shore;
A child who answered to God's call,
To dwell with Him for evermore.

* * *

Unseen Powers

Set fast within the cell,
Vast surging currents quell,
The powers immortal which I bring,
And I like bird, with broken wing:
As unseen powers direct.

Whence came I, let me think;
There's sure to be some link,
Betwixt the distant realms now past,
and this dark place, which holds me
As unseen powers direct. (fast:

A seedling from the Deep,
Sent forth to sow and reap,
From nature's store, I build my barque,
And all around is warm and dark,
As unseen powers direct.

My vessel is complete,
The outside world to meet;
I await the hour of my birth,
To prove on earth my cosmic worth:
As unseen powers direct.

The tension mounts within,
This house beyond the din,
From this safe place I am expelled,
And in my Mother's arms am held,
As unseen powers direct.

2.

She gave this temple fair,
And tended it with care:
Thus gaining strength by this
pure love,
I give my thanks to God above;
As unseen powers direct.

At last, I stand alone,
Along life's path to roam,
Yet ever searching for the key,
To life's eternal mystery:
As unseen powers direct.

The voice of spirit spoke:
The sleeping self awoke;
The link between all states I
found,

Lay deep within, by dogma bound.
As unseen powers direct.

By earnest toil I strive,
To stand erect and rise,
O'er earth's chaotic states of
mind,

And on the way great joy I find:
As unseen powers direct.

Unseen Powers contd.

I glimpse the Master Plan:
The Brotherhood of Man.
For life is one great scene of change,
Through which all men may freely range:
As unseen powers direct.

From spirit life we came,
Let spirit all proclaim;
For from our home so far away,
Their eager voices call today:
As unseen powers direct.

They teach the golden rule,
That priceless spirit jewel,
That love, all else will overcome,
And in this way the victory's won:
As unseen powers direct.

They banish all our fears,
They wipe the mourners tears:
They teach with love and words profound,
Through them the missing key is found:
As unseen powers direct.

They taught, that we may teach,
And to the downcast reach,
With loving words and helping hand,
For all may join our happy band,
As unseen powers direct.

To this great challenge rise,
And open wide your eyes,
Then all around the needs
you'll see,

Of others waiting patiently,
As unseen powers direct.

The paths lies straight ahead,
All live, there are no dead:
The gentle spirit voices say,
'We walk with you along life's
way':

As unseen powers direct.

Stand firm, and point the way,
dispel by hope - dismay,
The more we learn, there's more
to know,

But in this way the truth will
grow:
As unseen powers direct.

Whence came I, now I know,
For at my death I'll go,
Back to that distant realm
of light,
Again to work for all that's
right:
As unseen powers direct.

* * * * *

Wintry Glades

Into wintry glades, kissed by the snowflakes,
Where little furrows cross the icing top;
Twisting and turning, aimless perhaps,
But somehow meaningful in their small world.
Where the noble pine stands aloof,
in his constant stretching and reaching upwards,
As if the warm sun would touch his head;
And with a gentle pat, praise him,
For having transcended the snowy mantle.

3.

Wintry Glades contd.

The dusk, grey haze advances,
And in this misty light, so magical,
A benediction was given freely.
Birds arose winging for the warm nest,
And a small brown mouse paused for a moment,
Before rushing away, on some urgent mission.
The dew stretched in endless strands of pearls,
across the bare branches, trying to clothe,
The tall giants, and in the far distance,
A dog announced the coming of night.
I stood quietly, and winked back at the windows of the sky,
Where lights of blue, red and silver,
reached down with flickering beams of light.
A sound inside me, and without, arose;
The wind in the trees rose and fell,
Like a score of violins in harmony,
A group of wild birds echoes the sound in flight,
Whilst a cheerful stream, tinkled with a thousand chimes.
And all Nature burst into life again.
The lull of twilight,
Had only called for silence,
To announce the Rhapsody of Night.
But everyone had hurried away,
To hide behind closed doors,
Feigning, ignorance of the scene.
How true this is of life and death.
Death is the herald of triumphant life;
The curtain does not descend,
It is just the silence, announcing:
The great Overture to Life.

* * * * *

Seeing Clearly

Be not mislead by what you see,
But feel within your mind;
The strength of natures own decree,
Which shows that man is blind.

Seeing Clearly contd.

But God has given back their sight,
To those who turn to Him,
They see by truths bright shining light,
Which never shall grow dim.

The silent body, holds no fear,
For those who know the truth;
They help to wipe the mourners' tear,
And gently tell the truth.

There is no death, for man moves on,
Into another world:
Where all mankind can live as one,
The flag of love unfurled.

* * * * *

Temple of Nature

When the raindrops gently fall,
Dancing and sparkling in hazy light;
The trees with moving branches call,
To bid me attend at Natures Rite.

Now arrayed with glistening orbs,
all living things, breatheout sweet incense,
Which I, the initiate, absorb:
Embraced by the powers which brought me hence.

The trees, the flowers, shrub and leaf,
Form the canopy at Nature's shrine;
The atmosphere is one of peace,
Our feathered friends - the choir divine.

With nature arrayed as priest,
The scene becomes a mighty temple.
The force of nature now released:
Proclaims the truth of life eternal.

Dim at first, but gaining light,
The rainbow arch appears,
Transforms again the scene of life,
And soothes away all hidden fears.

Temple of Nature contd.

So quietly enter nature's door,
And let your soul read wisdoms book,
For we are led by God's own Law,
Which is here for all, who will but look.

* * * * *

Elixir of life

Pray, what within me lies,
To urge my soul to rise,
Above the world's toil and strife;
And search, and search,
And hope to find:
The elixir of life.
Perhaps a thought sent down from highest heaven,
A spark to ignite the embers of the despondent,
One electric love cord to set the world aflame.

* * * * *

The Rock of Ages

Blanched upon the rock,
Of ages gone, and yet to come.
The Conscience of the Universe wept on,
Parched and windworn by the constant sighs:
Which spiralled upwards towards the vaulted skies.
As violent thoughts exploded in the air,
I saw His face was overcast with care:
That heavy care, of knowing.

His unblinking eyes,
Were fixed upon some distant scene,
Wherein, a cloudy haze: just like a dream,
I saw the embryonic future,
A misty form stood by, this was the Tutor,
Who with great care, supplied the essence of the past,
The embryo heaved, I felt an icy blast:
A distant murmur, then silence.

The Rock of Ages contd.

Then the inner voice
Began to speak, stirred by the sight,
Which echoed in my mind with inner light;
Future life is subject to the Laws
Of Karmic Debt; which, gives takes and restores,
In strict accordance with the balance shown,
But often in man's memory overgrown,
With creeping vines of Ego.

The new-born arrive,
Bring into life debts unresolved,
An essence from the embryonic mould;
Nestling on the vapours of new birth:
Waiting for a Noble thought to re-emerge,
To put to right the wrongs of ages past,
And thus in life a noble thought to cast:
A star, in Times horizon.

Some flicker and fade,
Whilst others, steadfast and faithful,
Rise, with a perfect strength ineffable,
To fulfil their noble destiny,
A light unvarying in consistency:
A sign by which mankind may plot the course,
To find the path which leads us to the source,
Of Righteousness; called God.

Conscience raised a hand,
And pointing at strange symbols said;
This is the path which leads ahead;
First, you must transcend the carnal self,
Searching the soul for wisdom, God's own true wealth,
Which, once when found, learned and understood,
Proclaims the aim divine, called Brotherhood:
The companion of service.

All men are equal,
And much of earth's adversity,
Follows the wake of inhumanity:
A constant battle by selfishness enmeshed,
Cause - effect, oppressor and oppressed.
In the great wilderness of Time and Space,
I plead aloud unto the human race,
Who, will listen to my voice.

Walking with angels

When all is quiet, and I am calm,
And my spirit chants a wordless psalm;
The veil is drawn from before my eyes,
And I leave behind the world of sighs.
To step into that splendid vision,
To greet the friends who have arisen.
For, to walk with angels is no sin,
And it is far better to begin,
and embrace that power of Love Divine,
Whilst passing through earth's mundane shrine.
For at this time, when the two worlds meet,
And the spirit moves, the light to greet;
I see what God has given me,
And wish that all mankind could see.
So wipe away the mourner's tear,
And banish from your life all fear,
For love has drawn aside the veil,
And shown that truth will never fail,
To lead us safely home.

* * * * *

Spiritual Communion

Let them climb the mountains snow-clad peaks,
Or ride the seas to far and distant lands;
But, mark this well: the treasure man seeks,
Lies hidden, in life's own quick shifting sands.
A glimpse is caught, then hidden again from sight,
As darkness recedes before the seeker's light.
Some might care to idle time away,
As under Vanities' own flag they move,
And there with Blind Illusions children play;
Sadly, for this their own blindness doth prove:
Their hands which clutch and hold so tightly - hold nought,
This the prize which Vanities' own coinage bought.

Spiritual Communion contd.

I have stood within creations womb;
And felt the grandeur of creative force,
Observed light stream outward from the tomb,
From some Divine and hidden lofty source.
Ask me not how dark is darkness, after this,
Nor yet, how blissful is that heavenly bliss.

With others at that great door I knocked,
Just out of reach beyond the Tides of Time,
We stood upon the rock of truth - unrocked,
All hushed, we waited for the welcome sign.
We were warmly greeted by a Chinese Sage,
Who opened the door, which parted age from age.

He spoke of the universe unseen,
And of that path which all must surely take.
And of the need to have a mind serene:
To have a strength, which nought in life can shake.
And when oft' in darkness, hidden from the light;
To see the pathway clear by inner light.

He said, "There is a work for all to do:
There is great need of Truth, by all mankind,
There is a need to serve by standards new,
To bring about transcendancy of mind;
Then mankind may leave the precipice of war,
And learn the way of Brotherhood, God's Law.

Find your mark upon the plan of life,
It's at that point where self has ceased to be;
And where your earthly struggles, cease from strife,
Where you find at last that you can see.
It is here my friend, all time and space recede,
And the holy light of love doth onward lead".

The scene changed, our teacher gone from view,
Within the depths of each he left his mark,
The touch of love - our spirits to renew:
A ray of light to penetrate the dark,
A warmth which, embraced us all with love divine,
And transformed our group into a living shrine.

* * * * *

Freedom

I am not captive in this house of clay,
Nor prisoner held within the earthly cage:
But sometimes wander by a golden bay,
As if some hand unseen, had turned life's page.

In travel I have touched a finer world,
And bathed within those purer states of heart,
Have seen the flag of truth at last unfurled,
And stood where man's great journey had its start.

With teachers in the higher realms I've mixed;
Enthralled by wordless beauty, and by peace,
And learned of higher realms which do exist,
And that man's onward journey cannot cease.

Take your journeyings onward where you will,
You cannot lose the soul's identity,
For what you are, must bid you to be still,
And take your lessons in eternity.

The chains which bind, by man are slowly wrought,
Held captive, by himself alone he waits:
Within the net of self - so strongly caught,
Whilst others quietly enter at truth's gates.

* * * * *

The Nativity

From unknown consciousness
Into the pulsing womb,
Enter life, and find the waiting tomb;
Life's pendulum swings perpetually,
Whilst you move on into futurity.
It is to you I call:
And touch the harp strings of thy soul,
Arise from off the rhythmic bed,
Though distant thunders roll,
And though the wine of Bacchus runs blood red.
I say to thee arise, sleep not.
Move out from nature's secret womb;
Seek not for childish comforts there.
Go, solve the mystery of the tomb,
And find the facts of life laid bare.

The Nativity contd.

Freed from thy Mother's womb,
And from the sleep of death.
Go partake of Truth and Wisdom's breath;
Take thy fill upon the breast of Time,
Before you embark upon that inner climb.
The law divine holds fast,
Reap now the fruits of sowings past;
And know that in our search for beauty,
Conflicts converge on sacred duty,
And opposites unite - this is the law,
I say to thee arise reborn.
Go find thy own nativity,
Not at thy kingdom's tiny door:
For on Truth Road a city stands,
Where wisdom's sparkling waters pour.

Just plunge thyself therein:
Illusion must depart,
Sacred fires ignite within thy heart,
Shadows long within thy soul, recede.
Sing out, sing out, the higher self is freed.
The higher resurrection,
From protoplast through purgation.
See, the superman from man emerges,
Freed from earth's deceptive urges.
Embraces by radiant cosmic fire,
The new-born rises ever higher,
And through the cosmic law of Love Divine,
Seeks to mingle with, and intertwine;
The spirit light of others on Life's Vine.

* * * * *

The Light

Don't contemplate the scene,
There is no time to dream;
The course of life is swiftly run,
And there is much which must be done,
Whilst searching for the light.

The Light contd.

Just live a life that's true,
Your soul with love embue,
By serving many you're serving God,
Along the path which saints have trod.
Whilst searching for the light.

Just take the cloak of hope,
With courage you will cope;
And at the close of life you'll see,
A friend to man it's good to be;
Whilst searching for the light.

A Moment Employed

Like a strolling minstrel,
I pause to write:
A word of cheer, a thought to reach your soul;
For mark this well, we all pursue one goal:
The mighty door of death.
For all men must evolve, its mystery all must solve,
It is the Law of God.

Men do not die then sleep,
No trumpet sounds;
No ancient God of Wrath in judgement sits,
To cast us down towards great fiery pits;
Then to bless the pious.
No priest to point the way, or help the lamb astray,
All this from man's sick mind.

Poets, prophets and seers combine,
To break the curse,
And with their lofty minds perceive God's word:
Their noble aims and love about them gird;
The vestments of true priests.
And through this inner calm, resounds a holy psalm,
It is the way of God.

A Moment Employed contd.

We from love created,
Belong to love.
Then sing its message out through all the land:
And Brotherhood will clasp us hand to hand,
Mankind at one, with God.
This mighty power of love, God's own gift from above,
Embraces all mankind.

Death, the prelude of birth,
Makes man reborn,
Into Etherias embrace once more:
Where truth alone is justice: and the law;
And none hold special sway;
Colour, creed and race, dissolve in love's embrace,
It is the love of God.

True wealth, the unseen coin,
Rendered to God:
Stored deep within the treasure house of soul,
Like gentle raindrops in a Golden Bowl;
Unseen but eternal.
Accept God's changeless laws, just knock upon that door,
This is the way of Life.

All that we take is lost;
The takers lose.
The kindly word, and helping hand remain,
Count not the cost, these are eternal gain,
Far better than a prayer;
Why spend your time on creeds, when God looks for good
This is the Path of Truth. (deeds,

Live not by outward show,
All this must die;
And when you come to shed your outward form,
Do not admit a life, by love forlorn:
But radiant stand, reborn,
With inner peace and joy, let's find our new employ,
In service to our God.

* * * * *

Prayer

Eternal Soul of Light and Love,
Who art my Father Mother God,
I would bathe within Thy Light Divine,
Making my soul into a living shrine;
Wherein my humble thoughts may intertwine,
To catch the importations of Thy Will,
Which bids my restless spirit to be still.
Surrounded by illusion, yet set free,
By virtue of the Angels great decree,
That Thou art never near,
To ease the constant aching of my soul.
When I am blind and cannot see,
And try to hide myself from Thee;
When passing through some weakness of the day,
Repeating what this world would have me say,
And ever moving from the Perfect Way.
Help me to hear the promptings of Thy Voice,
Which ever bids the higher self rejoice.
And though dark clouds may gather round my life,
Help me to feel within the midst of strife,
And know that Thou art God,
A friend to each poor struggler on life's way.
Show unto me, by Thine own Light,
The path which reaches to the Perfect Way.
Although life's snares may tangle round my feet,
And I will ever life's temptations meet,
Assist my soul the higher self to greet.
For self alone remains untouched by earth,
Yet always watchful for the second birth;
That it may sail the oceans broad and deep,
A prayer Divine the course will safely keep,
And lose itself in Thee,
Within the Pastures of Eternity.

* * * * *

The Organist

With life worn hands he touched the keys,
And scanned the music sheet;
The organ gave a mellow note,
To attract, and to entreat.

Our little friend was master now,
As music filled the air;
His thoughts were in some lofty realm,
Far away from earthly care.

He had a job, to make ends meet,
But very few who knew,
Because he had a happy smile;
As bright as the morning dew.

One day he called me to one side,
and quietly he said,
'I cannot buy you a birthday gift,
But these lines I've often read'.

Some lines he'd copied long ago,
A treasure of his own;
About an organ player, the poem;
In a church, sat all alone.

But as the organ's voice spoke out,
Helped by his loving hands;
Some people came and knelt in prayer.
Joined by the angelic bands.

His gift to me is still as new,
As it was ten years ago.
And in my mind, I see his face,
With that smile all aglow.

Right the Wrongs...

The new-born arrive,
Bring into life debts unresolved,
An essence from the embryonic mould
Nestling on the vapours of new birth,
Waiting for a noble thought to re-emerge,
To put to right the wrongs of ages past
And thus, in life, a noble thought to cast -
A star in time's horizon.

Some flicker and fade
Whilst others, steadfast and faithful,
Rise with a perfect strength ineffable
To fulfil their noble destiny -
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To find the path which leads us to the source
Of Righteousness, called God.

All men are equal
And much of earth's adversity
Follows the wake of inhumanity -
A constant battle by selfishness enmeshed:
Cause - effect - oppressor and oppressed.
In the great wilderness of time and space
I plead aloud unto the human race.
Who will listen to my voice?

R.J.B.

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Taped lectures by Ronald J. Baker are also available -
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