

The Chamber of Reflection

A path of initiation

By entering again thanks to this board, and with a lot of pleasure by the way, in the Chamber of Reflection, I felt a continuity, an indissociable link between the Chamber of Reflection and the Initiatic Path.

This first access to the Sacred or rather, this access to the first level of the Sacred, is offered to us by the symbols which are there; these symbols are doors; I would try in this plate to cross some of them. The access is not easy, one must use the right keys.

The right keys, but above all, we must find the right words to give them life, because it is by giving life to the symbols that they give us back their full power.

The Chamber of Reflection and the Initiatory Path do not exist one without the other, like nothingness and life, like zero and infinity, they illuminate each other and take on their respective dimensions, which is why I have entitled my board:

“A Chamber of Reflection and Initiatory Path”.

There is only one Chamber of Reflection in the Temple, in which all the Masons have passed, are passing and will pass, it symbolizes for each of us a common, but unique experience in our life as Masons.

This chamber is both an end and a beginning. The end of a profane wandering, and the beginning of a quest for knowledge.

Didn't we all leave there our testament of profane life?

This testament written in a few lines and having to summarize our approach: each word weighs of a weight that we would not have suspected. If our words weigh so heavily, isn't it already a proof that there is something behind them? Something different from the everyday, different from the profane: something Sacred?

In the light of a small candle, facing the mirror, we are facing ourselves. Do we dare to cheat?

“If you hide your true intentions, we will know how to unmask you.”

A will?!... A death?!... A birth after a death?!... A rebirth, in the same body and in two hours!... It must be done!...

“If your curiosity has brought you here, go away!”

One can try to analyze and classify these personal experiences in vain. The isolation of this chamber, and the symbols which are proposed there, first step of the rituals which we all have in common. It allows for an analysis that is never identical, even if we were to repeat the experience, we would not have the same impressions:

The analogies with the cave of the primitives (symbol of regression for psychoanalysis), of the maternal entrails (symbol of motherhood and birth), or of the Temple protected from the profane world, are all true, and diversely felt by all.

“A Chamber of Reflection is not told, it is lived”

The power of this experience, supported by the strength of the symbols offered to our intellect will set the tone of our Masonic commitment:

If in the bowels of this chamber we have not encountered sincere humility, true introspection and firm life commitments, then we should question ourselves, for it is in this dark crucible that our Masonic journey begins.

It is in this cave that primitive man discovered fire, in this womb that our new life is born, and in this Temple that we find the Sacred that will allow us to complete our quest.

We do not enter this chamber by chance, and I believe that we never leave it, it is the zero point of our journey. If we see in the ritual of A Chamber of Reflection an accomplished stage, over and done with, and if we believe we have come out of it, it is because we have perhaps never really entered it.

In spite of the isolation in which we have fallen, or we have lost our bearings, this place is not without a way out, I feel it as a well.

A well to the bottom of which the subterranean and obscure paths of our former profane lives have led us by different ways, each path is unique.

The chamber is a well from the bottom of which we see, by raising our heads, this tiny luminous point which will be the goal of our quest, and which will grow bigger and bigger as our initiatory ascent goes on.

This ascent, this exit from the Chamber of Reflection will be long; will it succeed?

Isn't the important thing to rise by letting ourselves be guided by this vertical which opens the way to this Light?

We all arrived through various galleries at the bottom of this Chamber of Reflection with our little ladders, and soon realized that the height of this well could – only be overcome if we put our ladders together.

So, in this well we are not alone. Our friends, who have already recognized the wall above, are holding out their hands to ensure our progress, and later on we will extend the same hand to those who follow us.

We are already on the initiatory path, but still in this Chamber of Reflection which will last all our life.

The first difficulty, already consists in putting down and ensuring our small ladder on the ground where thousands of skulls reminding our symbolic deaths have piled up over the years. These skulls without face, without spark of life, because the life is above. And above the faces, your faces among many others, among all those who humbly climb this long wall bristling with difficulties.

Then, as we begin our ascent we will leave at the bottom the hourglass with its grains of sand that it contains. These grains of Time that flow slowly reminding us of our finiteness, but that as we ascend will freeze little by little, to let only the small grains of Knowledge flow up there, far from profane time.

We are slowly groping our way up in this half-light, pausing at each level of this long shaft. Each level is more and more illuminated. We all go in the same direction: to reach this luminous circle which grows above our heads.

It is then that the chamber takes all its dimension and our reflection all its depth.

The ascent must continue

The bread and water that we find and that we have all consumed to regain strength without ever exhausting the reserve, as when we draw from the Light, will be offered again and again as food to the B.:s who follow us and who will also enter this Chamber of Reflection, this Chamber of their reflection.

The Light becomes brighter, we distinguish more the relief of the wall. We seem to progress more quickly, but this brighter lighting reveals an even longer course, longer and longer with each progression.

In the middle of the height we decipher then these mysterious letters: V::I::T::R::I::O::L::
“Visit the interior of the earth, and by rectifying you will find the Hidden Stone”. This return to the being, to the innermost core of the human person can be interpreted as *“Go down into the bowels of the earth, into the depths of yourself and find the unbreakable core on which you can build another personality, a new man.”*

Anxiety

Am I on the right path? Is the treasure I am looking for not behind me, at the bottom of the well, at the bottom of this Chamber of Reflection? As in the quest of this alchemist's apprentice through the desert who discovers, in the end, the treasure that he had not seen beside him before undertaking this long initiatory journey.

It is then that a light breeze rises from the bottom of the well and picks up on the wall a fine powder of sulfur which comes to ignite in a flash of white and powerful light on the flame of the candle.

As for the alchemist's apprentice, everything becomes clear

Everything becomes clear. The treasure is neither at the bottom, nor above, it is at the same time at the bottom and above, when we will have been able to make the link between the zero point of our Chamber of Reflection and the infinity which is the result of our Initiatic Path.

When, we will have been able to join the two ends of this burning vertical. Two sentences of the TABLE OF EMERAUDE take, thanks to this symbol of the chamber, a new light:

“All that is below is like that which is above, and that which is above is like that which is below; by these things the miracle of one thing is done.” and more particularly the second:

“He ascends from the earth and descends from heaven and receives power from the higher things and the lower things.”

In this well we find a Vertical. The zero on one side, the infinite on the other.

But how not to confuse the two?

We can start from zero and even come back to it... we know it... but we don't start from infinity, we only go there,... and nobody knows if we come back from it.

This two-way vertical opens a window of reflection on the Tree of Life, the window of a first reflection, of a first approach, on this strangely inverted tree with its roots upwards.

Perhaps it is not so inverted as that?

Is the progressive ascent from the bottom of this well, the progressive ascent of the different levels of the Sacred, not finally an ascent towards the roots of the essential? Towards the roots of our Tree of Life?

Then we have to resume the climb along this endless well. A new look above us to evaluate once again the distance to be covered towards this light which holds out its arms to us.

At the top, perched on the edge of the well, vigilant and encouraging us, the Rooster is watching.

I have Spoken W.:.M.:

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