

Chemical Wedding: Christian  
Rosencreutz



# Chapter One

## The First Day



ne evening before Easter Day, I sat down to eat. I had spoken at length with my creator through my usual humble prayers and had also meditated upon many great mysteries (the father of lights, in his majesty, had shown me quite a few of those!). I was also ready to prepare, in my heart, a small and perfect piece of unleavened cake to accompany my lovely Paschal lamb.

Suddenly, a terrible storm arose. It was so fierce that I imagined the entire hill on which my little house was built would be torn to pieces!

But despite this, I took heart and continued with my meditation. I was used to this and similar antics from the Devil (who was always troubling me).

Then I felt someone touch me on my back.

I was terrified and hardly dared to turn around. Bracing myself, I tried to look as cheerful as I could manage under the circumstances. It tugged my coat again several times and I looked around.

There was a beautiful and glorious lady, dressed in sky-coloured clothes which were strangely glittering with golden stars like the heavens.

In her right hand she held a trumpet of beaten gold and there was a name engraved on it. I could clearly see this name but I am forbidden to reveal what it was at the moment. In her left hand she had a great bundle of letters written in all languages which she (as I was told later) would carry to all countries.

She also had large and beautiful wings, which were covered with eyes. With these, she could take to the skies and fly swifter than an eagle.

I probably would have noticed more about her but she was only with me for a short time and I was overcome with fear and surprise.

For, as soon as I had turned around, she leafed through her letters before finally taking out a small one, which with great reverence she laid down upon the table. She then left without a word but, in taking to the air, gave a mighty blast on her noble trumpet, which made the whole hill echo with the sound. So much so, that I could barely hear myself speak for over a quarter of an hour.

I was totally at a loss for what to do next in this unexpected adventure. So I fell upon my knees and begged my creator to stop anything happening to me that would prevent my getting into heaven.

Then, with fear and trepidation, I went over to pick up the letter. It was so heavy it could not have weighed more even if it had been made from pure gold.

As I carefully examined the letter, I noticed a small seal in the shape of a peculiar kind of cross with this inscription:

‘IN HOC SIGNO ☩ VINCES’ (*In this sign ☩ he shall conquer*).

As soon as I saw this, I was quite relieved knowing that a seal such as this would be despised and never used by the Devil.

And so I opened the letter with great care and there inside, written in golden letters on an azure blue background were the following verses<sup>[59]</sup>:



*‘Today. Today. Today*

*is the King’s Wedding Day.*

*If you were born for this and chosen by God;  
You may go the mountain where three temples stand and  
witness it from there.*

*Be vigilant, take care as, if you do not bathe thoroughly,  
the Wedding may bring about your ruin.*

*Ruin comes to he who fails in this – take care that your weight is enough’.*

Below was written:

*Groom and Bride (Sponsus et Sponsa)*

When I had finished reading, I almost fainted. My hair stood on end and a cold sweat trickled down my entire body.

For I realised that this was the prearranged wedding which was shown to me seven years before in a physical vision. I had waited for

a long time and made careful calculations by observing and studying the planets. Yet I had never guessed that it would finally happen in such terrifying and dangerous times.

Before this, I had always imagined that in order to be a welcome and acceptable guest, I only needed to turn up the wedding. Now, I had been shown that it involved divine fate. Until this moment, I was not sure of this.

I also discovered that, the more I questioned myself, my head was filled with nothing but ignorance and misunderstanding and I was blind to mysterious things. So much so, that I could not even understand what was right before my eyes every day! I had no idea why I, of all people, should be dedicated to seeking out and understanding the secrets of nature.

In my opinion, I thought that nature would consider that almost anyone else in the world would make a better and more virtuous disciple than me! I would have expected her to entrust her precious but transient treasures to someone else.

I also found that my outward behaviour, speech and brotherly love towards my neighbour was not always pure and free from motive. As well as this, my worldly desires were often manifested in displays of pride and showing off, which is not for the good of mankind. I was always on the lookout to make a quick profit or increase my status, build stately palaces, make myself famous and other similar carnal desires.

But the mysterious words concerning the three temples troubled me

the most. I could not make head nor tail of it (and possibly would still have not have been able to, if they had not been so wonderfully revealed to me).

Stuck somewhere between hope and fear, I tried to analyse myself again but found only weakness and failings. I was unable to help myself and was overcome by this fear, so I tried the safest and most reliable course of action. After I had finished my sincere and passionate prayers, I lay in bed with the hope that (as had occasionally happened before), my good angel would appear to me, God willing, and give me advice on these unresolved matters. And, to the praise of God, my own welfare and as a warning to my neighbours of the changes to come, this is what happened:

I had scarcely fallen asleep when I felt myself chained up in a dark dungeon along with countless other men. Without even a glimmer of light, we swarmed like bees over one another, which only made the suffering worse.

Although none of us could see a thing, there was the constant sound of one man hauling himself over another whenever his chains and manacles would even slightly allow it but none of us had much of a reason to clamber over another since we were all miserably imprisoned.

This suffering continued for quite some time with each man complaining about his own blindness and captivity until we heard the sound of many trumpets sounding and the steady beat of kettle drums. This broke the spell of our suffering and we rejoiced at the sound. As

**Markham's Brotherhood : The Rosicrucian Manifestos in Modern  
English**

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