

IN WHAT AM I INTERESTED?

By F.T.S.

I often put to myself the question, "In what am I interested?" For I think the answer to that question is neither as obvious nor as unequivocal as may be ordinarily imagined.

Being a member of The Theosophical Society, the assumption is that I am interested in Theosophy. By that is generally meant the desire to live and spread the gospel of understanding and brotherhood, to serve the Masters through the Society, and to serve the Society itself.

But am I *really* interested in these things? Is it the moving power in my life? Do I dream of my ideal, work and play with it? Is it a fiery desire that brooks no opposition, that will not be put off, that refuses to be dissuaded by friendship or blocked by defiance and criticism? Does my mind turn to it continually, and am I restless and unhappy when, in the confusion of the day's work, it is sometimes forgotten? Am I eager to speak of it, to hear of it from others, to read and meditate on it? Am I appalled when my mind grows weary and indifferent to it? Is the fighter in me aroused when the ideal is frustrated and set at naught? Do I feel throbbing within me, like a panther crouched and ready to spring, that sense of utter dedication that will lose all things for the sake of the ideal?

If not, though I am a member of The Theosophical Society, I am no Theosophist.

In what am I interested? In merely attending meetings? In being entertained by lecturers? In cozy gossip with friends in the lodge room? In feeling superior to those below my spiritual rank or intellectual attainments? In pleasing my superiors? In fawning over them in the hope of advancement? In intellectualizing or ignoring my limitations, that they may cause me no serious disturbance? In parading my virtues, or privately admiring them? In leading an effortless existence?

If so, though I am a member of The Theosophical Society, I am no Theosophist.

Unless I clearly see and am in deep revolt against my limitations, I am a spiritual fossil. Unless I am enthusiastic, contagious in my affectionate concern, I am incapable of helping anyone. If my interest is merely mental or sentimental, I am like the dead branch of a tree which, though part of the tree, is empty of sap and contributes nothing.

So I ask myself continually, "In what am I interested?" On the honest answer I can give to that question, from day to day, depends the future history of The Theosophical Society.