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A REFLECTION ON *THE SECRET DOCTRINE*, No. 7

When peering down at city streets from atop a metropolitan skyscraper, one has the curious sense of viewing humanity not only from an elevated position, but from a broader perspective as well. Far below, between the towering canyons of concrete and steel, a river of humanity is in motion, an incessant movement of people going about their business, carrying with them their immediate concerns, their hopes and fears, their private thoughts and innermost secrets.

What kind of secrets? All kinds: A loving husband plans on surprising his wife with a bouquet of flowers; a calculating businessman broods over his unveiled marketing strategy; a shy teenage girl vows she will never tell her friends about her awful blind date the night before; a frustrated school teacher has quietly decided to revise her resume without telling her co-workers. Secrets come in all forms; some are short lived; others are taken to the grave; some are benign, while others are dark and malevolent.

Beyond the secrets embedded on the surface of our consciousness, there is something that exists at a much deeper level, something that is properly termed a mystery. Emerson alluded to this when he said, "Man is a stream whose source is hidden." Secrets are known, at least to the possessor; they can be revealed or explained. A true mystery, however, can never be fully explained to the satisfaction of the rational mind. *The Secret Doctrine* speaks of "the fundamental identity of all Souls with the Universal Over-Soul." This is not so much a secret but rather a profound and impenetrable mystery, one that lies beyond the scope of the biologist, neurologist, or geneticist; it cannot be explained in terms of physiological relationships, neurological maps, or genetic codes.

Secrets come and go. Like a river transporting debris downstream, we carry our secrets with us until such time as they are divulged or discovered or purged from our consciousness. By contrast, the timeless mystery of human existence remains, not as some transient guest hovering on the periphery of our consciousness, but as the very essence of our being.

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