BLESS MAN
1971-1976

BLESS MAN in the early 1970s depicted in pageantry the beauty and wisdom of creation, increasing consciousness of humankind, and coming together of the races, nations, and religions for the good of all.


To communicate the unity of humankind, over a thousand women, men, and youth of the Creative Initiative Foundation volunteered their amateur talents and imaginations.

The hand-sewn flags of 148 nations adorned the lobby and stage of the 3,000-seat Masonic Auditorium in San Francisco.

Original dance, costumes, banners, music, and symbols were the offering of inspired citizens with a vision of a better world that worked for all.
In the beginning God and the wind, then fire, a vapor and a mist preparing earth, among the stars, a future home for man. All was one in the beginning, and is . . . but man has lost his way . . . "Look, oh man, to your beginnings for the light was made to show the way."
From the dawn of time it was decreed that woman would be the chalice of life . . . through birth she learned to love.

With a golden thread she is connected, life to life and time to time.
As goddess of the moon
she reigned in ancient temples as matriarch,
queen of the night.
She chose the world of inner mysteries
as her domain.
Man moved with power and conquered stone.
He built the pyramid and sphinx,
he climbed the mountain . . .
and captured the light of the rising sun,
his symbol.
An inner destiny called to man...“Come forward into life and truth.”

He came from many places. Expressed through man were the religions...each unique, and from the light each brought the truth of love to man,

“You are one, you are one, you are one.”
But man forgot the way . . . lost touch with mystery,
became alienated, set apart . . .
The moon and night moan, "Woe man, woe man."
The children of the lands,
the innocent of all the world are crying,
"Save us, save us."
And woman, who had been asleep through all the ages, 
heard the sound . . . the sound of water . . . 
the outpouring of Aquarius, 
the age of mind, the time of new beginnings.
She asked, "What must I do?"
"Be still and drown in the deep and fathomless lake,
the place where the lotus roots . . .
and be reborn, renewed with visions from the source."

She heard the ancient sound. "You are one, you are one, you are one."
She resurrected, came alive . . . and called the living myth, the Unicorn.
The Unicorn . . . The beast of hope with the single horn . . . the goal, the created purpose.
With him came power from the One.
"Bring forth the fire . . .
the fire that sweeps, transforms
and cleanses man."
From the ashes will arise the Phoenix.
Renewed will be the vision of the sun and wind and stars.
Return, oh earth, to your beginnings.
You are one, you are one, you are one.
Then mankind saw the world as one . . .
a globe in space . . .
rimmed by the rainbow, vibrant and alive . . .
washed with blue oceans, blessed with earth . . .
covered with green,
adorned with flowers and plants . . .
and animals of every kind . . .
all joyous . . . all alive.
The call went out to all the lands
to bring the men of destiny.
The Eagle’s mighty wings
welcomed all the nations, all the religions, all the races.

Hail one earth and one humanity.
The sun now shines for all.
Be of one truth, one spirit.
We are one, we are one, we are one.
WE ARE ONE