

THE ANDREW TEACHINGS

October 18, 2013

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In this longish article I will share with you a short series on the life and teachings of Andrew Gunn McIver, traveling Rosicrucian initiator, a rare glimpse into esoteric initiation, western esotericism, and empowerment, the relationship between a mentor and his student. You can read sections of it here (Facebook gets bored fast, in my experience), as long as there is interest or just read the entire article here:

<http://dharmagrooves.com/Blog.aspx>

Reading it is fine, but if you have time to listen or watch me say it, you get the benefit of the aural transmission, and can see how I accent the words. Here are three videos that cover the whole thing.

Part-1

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uMDbN8CG-ys>

Part-2

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=32iw_dAwM-M

Part-3

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vUXqUN5hljg>

ANDREW McIVER

Although I have had many ups and downs in my life I have been very fortunate in the area of having perfect life teachers and guides. Of course I had to wish for them to appear and then look for and find them. The universe has always provided me with key people who have appeared in my life, connected with me, and transmitted information essential to my future. And I mean essential. Most of my friends know I have worked with Tibetan teachers for the past 40 years or so, but I had other teachers before that.

In this article I will share with you something about the most incredible teacher from my early years, and that is Andrew Gunn McIver, the man who literally changed my life. And, as I am getting older by the day, I must warn you that in what I present here I am not going to sanitize or tone-down my accounts of what happened back then. Why should I? I am putting it out there so that some of you might know that these kinds of experiences still exist in the world and not just in movie plots and books.

And after I introduce you to Andrew, I will attempt to communicate some of the esoteric teachings and initiations he shared with me those many years ago. This is esoteric knowledge, and may not be of interest to everyone, so know that please. Here goes.

One morning sometime in 1967 (or perhaps earlier) I met what appeared to be an old man on what is called "The Diagonal" at the center of the University of Michigan campus. To me, he looked a lot like the writer Bernard Shaw. How was I to know that this meeting was to change my life forever? In fact what follows is a poetic (and perhaps exaggerated) account of that meeting as I wrote it in a journal entry long ago and which, while certainly over the top, will give you at least a flavor of what that first meeting was like to my mind. You are warned of possible hyperbole, so don't complain. I guess we have to call this poetry or at least inflamed prose, and I quote.

"It was somehow ordained that they should meet. In this universe it was permitted. Preparation for this kind of meeting began far in advance. Perhaps they put on their first disguises hundreds of miles and maybe hundreds of years apart -- lifetimes. Even the heavy layers of flesh were hardly adequate as they reached each other in that first moment. All others even near wore protective glasses and thick shielding. The light, which was all around, was like a white hot nimbus, and its transparent heat had hidden them.

"The old man's eyes (like crystalline stalks) burned bright, staring straight inside himself. Then both their eyes, intensive, meeting no resistance in the transparency, shot out and into the other. The old man let his secret start between them and he was understood - known. The impulse from within each shot out and into the other at the same moment. Eyes eyed other's eyeing.

Their words resounded in that great silence and then wore off, consonants crackling, as their voices sputtered out in the silence. Silently speaking, this conversation crackled on endlessly like static on a radio. There was no reason. Sight itself was seen seeing.

"And their eyes soon lost the heavy shine of flesh and flat out they were seen seeing... eyes straight-out that sought support inside each, and inside, settled, light itself shining out.

When their sight struck, they stuck united in two, tying the inside into itself. They were one, and moved together parallel. In unison, they shared and mutually saw 'that' seeing. In unison they sought to set inside each eye a sharp strength. They were now inside insight and mind moved. They were of one mind and matter. What matter what remained?

And they showed their soul's insight and it shot forth and froze forever already formed. Their eyes, once set singing inside, just shot out. And then the eyes set singing, slowly settled, and shared insight. This poem:

OUTSETTING SONG

That song is sung,
That singing,
Sets inside itself,

Outsetting song,
That sings,
And singing
Sets itself,
In song.

Song that sang,
Which sung,
Is singing still.

End-of-Quote

As fantastic as that account may appear, it 'was' like that. And after that, for almost two years we worked together. The old man walking with the young man walking. Andrew would talk; I would listen.

Andrew Gunn McIver was born in Glasgow, Scotland in 1887. He served in the First World War, where he had the job of recording the dead. Later he immigrated to Canada where he worked as a lumberjack even though he was only a little more than five feet tall. As a young man he was burly, strong, and had red hair, and very fair skin.

And he also worked for many years as a travelling initiator for a Rosicrucian order. Later in his life he ended up in Ann Arbor, Michigan, where he spent the final years of his life working as a custodian... "cleaning up after others," as he put it. During those later years, Andrew McIver became an important fixture on the U. of M. campus where he met and probably befriended hundreds of students like myself.

At the age of 66, a time when most are retired, he was caught in a boiler explosion at the University and was almost killed. He spent six weeks in the hospital covered with burns and had to start life all over when he was released. His hospital stay had used up all his savings and at the age most people are no longer working, he had to start over from scratch. As mentioned, he was a custodian at the University of Michigan until his retirement. After retiring, his last years were spent living in a single room on a very modest amount of money.

His passion was the mind itself and all the world religions, but particularly Buddhism.

[Note: much more to read, including the teaching themselves, for those interested.]

[Photo of Andrew McIver.]

