

Cosolargy
September 2023

Newsletter



COSOLARGY INTERNATIONAL
THE SACRED TEACHINGS OF LIGHT

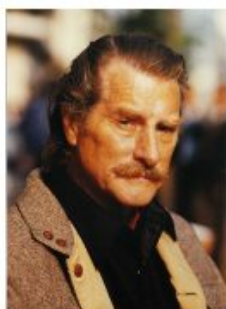
COSOLARGY NEWSLETTER SEPTEMBER 2023

Hello Gene,

Welcome to our monthly bulletin with information of interest to friends of Cosolargy International. In this issue, we bring you up to date with current and future events and provide a little background on our founder, the late Gene Savoy Sr, and his explorations into solar cultures, along with some uplifting words of inspiration.

If you are curious about the solar techniques and activities of our Community, contact us by using the Contact Form on the [Cosolargy International website](https://www.cosolargy.org). It will be forwarded to the appropriate representative for your area.

In these trying times, if you would like to have a prayer said for you or others, click the Prayer Request button at the end of this newsletter.



The Origins of Cosolargy

Quotes from Gene Savoy, Sr.

"FIESTA TIME DREW NEAR. Men and women left their fields and their orchards and entered the village to participate in the celebrations commemorating the birth of the Infant Jesus+; for they were Christians. Great was the joy of the people. For three days there was dancing, eating, and drinking. They formed colorful processions which wound through narrow streets toward the church. There, they placed baskets of flowers, picked from the mountainsides, at the feet of a wooden statue of Jesus+, asking the idol to smile favorably upon them.

"The marketplaces were filled with happy peasants. The weavers, the potters, and the dyemakers sold their wares, as did the fruit vendors and all the merchants gathered to peddle their goods. And the dancers and the singers came, and everyone clapped. Sky rockets burst above, and a procession went to the Church of the Lord of Miracles in nearby Ranrahirca, where candles were lit. Merriment was everywhere.

"And on the third and final day of the festivity, the populace awoke at dawn with gratitude for another day of merrymaking. And they sang praises to the Lord+. And the flute players and the drummers played for them. No one thought of the morrow. It was the 10th of January, 1962.

"Twilight approached. The sun sank below the horizon, and the last rays of light glimmered on the summits of the towering Huascarán, turning its snowy face a vivid purple. The multitude continued their festivities, dancing and singing with joy. None heard the muffled sound of the ice and snow that cracked and fell from the mountain. And the earth shook, and the spirits of the dead seemed to awaken in their tombs to shout to the living, but no one gave heed to their calls."

From Jamil: Child of Light

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