

SELECTED WRITINGS
FROM
THE AWARENESS
OF
SELF-DISCOVERY

WILLIAM SAMUEL



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from**

**The Awareness
of
Self-Discovery**

**By
William Samuel**

Sandy Jones and William Samuel



From a very early age, Sandy Jones was always seeking to understand 'who are we?' and "what is life and how does all this

exist?" One day in 1975, on vacation with her husband and three kids, she came across a book titled "A Guide to Awareness and Tranquillity". She read the book and the wisdom contained in it changed her life forever. She wrote to the author of the book William Samuel who became her teacher and friend.

William Samuel (1924-1996) was a prolific writer of truth, science, religion, and spiritual awakening, and among the foremost of Sri. Ramana Maharshi devotees who has been able to explain his teachings in a simple, concise and lucid way. Those who knew him best considered him a humble, soft-spoken teacher who communicated truth in a unique and powerful way. He was one of those rare people who could synthesize teachings from both East and West to offer a clear explanation of the nature of enlightenment.

Among those who are delighted and moved by William's work are the devotees of Sri Ramana Maharshi and his lineage. He has made Sri Ramana Maharshi's work truly liveable. Sri Ramana Maharshi's teachings along with William Samuel's message create a real and powerful synergy that quite often opens the doors of perception wherein seekers are able to find and live that which they have so diligently sought.

Before William passed away in May 1996 he made Sandy Jones his literary executor and gave her the rights to all his work. Mr. Samuel's books are of invaluable guidance and assistance to the seekers of 'Truth – Awareness'. To obtain a copy of William's books or to communicate with Sandy Jones visit his website –

<http://www.williamsamuel.com/>

We are grateful to Sage William Samuel and his literary executor Sandy Jones for the advice given and permission to reproduce extracts from William's book 'The Awareness of Self Discovery.'

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Chapter IV

Imagination, Reality and Judglessness

When an oppressive situation is at hand and tranquillity appears to be threatened, there are many things we can do that will "heal" the situation-and quickly. For instance, we can open the doors of imagination to the real and beautiful.

This requires an act of strength because our every intellectual tendency is to NOT leave the scene of misery but to hang in there and do battle with it. Anything less is called intellectual cowardice and labelled "escapism" by the world. But we let go the apparent scene long enough to let imagination carry us back to the Principle wherein no in-harmony (discord) exists. Soon we touch an area of gentle relief within ourselves and we can be certain we will shortly be lifted up, out of gloom, into the atmosphere of the Absolute.

This journey of Awareness is helped considerably if we write it into words as we go along. The act of writing carries us more deeply into the Within where tranquillity is.

Here is an example of such a Journey:

THE LIVE OAKS AND THE MOUNTAIN COVE

Once I lived beneath the massive oaks of the Mississippi coast. Those oaks are there yet. Even this instant when an oppressive situation is attempting to make me yield to it, I know those giant trees are there, mighty monarchs, massive and green, festooned with flowing moss. Yellow flickers, wax wings and cardinals dart among them. Grey squirrels scamper along their high branches jumping with measured grace from limb to limb. This very instant that scene is one of peace and tranquillity. The air is moist and sweet there. A gentle peace holds the scene in silence.

Now I see a winding road that skirts a mountain cove. Hickory, sycamore and pine line the field below. Crisp mountain air bathes the scene and bees hum past in swift arcs carrying the day's pollen to the hive and home. A deer peers cautiously from the woodland and drinks from a cool stream at his feet. The scene is just a scent being a scene-tangibly "there" in that mountain glade; intangibly "here" as a sparkling, pristine vision in the Mind's Eye that Awareness is. "Here," I see, is merely the "place" the outside becomes the inside, the inside, outside.

Awareness is the Mind's eye, the Mind's ear. It is the whole (holy) gamut of perception. Awareness is Mind's function functioning-for which *Mind* is responsible.

Ah, but here is the point I have been so slow to perceive, so reluctant to admit. **MIND is responsible, not the ego-me.** For how many years have **I played at being God, *custodian of Awareness, manipulator of the sights and sounds that comprise this. Identity-I-am?*** What wonders are mine each time I make the sacrifice and come out from the custodian's role to let Mind be this functioning I am.

What does this have to do with the mountain cove or the trees along the Southern shore? It has to do' with the *consciousness* of the trees and fields, the. oceans, *the* Pleiades and the stars in far places. **It has to do with this Identity-I-am, *God's Self-cognizance.***

OUR TENDENCY TOWARD DUALISM

We are wont to have a vague Spiritual universe to dream and talk about-a universe wherein no imperfection exists and one to which we may appeal to rectify the mal-appearances in our tangible world. **We are eager to have a**

visionary heaven, yet the place where we expect to *see* Harmony's evidence is ever in the here and now of tangibility. All this while we are *looking* at Harmony's very trees, stones and desert places, calling them dreams, calling them unreal, trying to heal them. We would have a dualism despite ourselves—a real and an unreal, a heaven and an earth, a truth and an error, an above and a below.

"He who has ears to hear, let him hear," said Jesus. "When you make the two one. When you make the above as the below, the first as the last, the inside as the outside..."

We do not discard the scene at hand in some grand metaphysical sweep, calling it all unreal. **We turn from it—but we turn only long enough to see it is not the *scene* that lies, but the *judge* of it, the liar we play when we separate ourselves from Awareness (the Identity we are) to play at being God, the director of Awareness. Images within the scene have neither the value nor the authority the liar gives them. *I look out and see that Heaven is this very Scene at hand!***

The agony that began the exercise of imagination turns out to be something else. Tranquillity lets me see *what* and act accordingly.

Dear John,

As you very well know, **only Truth comprehends Truth, and this very Awareness I Am (you are) is the *comprehending* in unceasing action! Awareness has *no* responsibility (no guilt) for *what* is "seen" (or *not* seen) nor the "condition" of it! Awareness is simply *aware*. It does not *judge* the "thing" included "within" Itself. Awareness beholds the blossom or the little girl, the mountain brook or the evening star, without judgment, concern, criticism or comparison. Awareness *Itself* is simply being aware; busy being the *Infinite Intelligence* that knows Itself to be beholding Itself.**

"Judge not," says the Christ. "I judge no man ... *Cease Ye from judgment ... think not ... in that moment when ye think (judge) not ...* " These admonitions are fulfilled only by *ceasing* to identify as a judge of good and evil, thereby *ceasing to make value judgments*. We stop acting as if duality were an actual fact of Being.

God, Isness, does not *really* relinquish this activity (Awareness) to another identity who judges all that is perceived.

Mine has been a wonderful "experience" since I stopped playing the part of a judge! This is not as hard to do as the

world says it is. The effort comes from thinking, planning, calculating, comparing and attaching values to everything. "I will give thee *rest*," says the Christ. "My yoke is *easy* ... *Cease* ye from judgment ... take no thought ... consider the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin... behold, the Kingdom of Heaven is *at hand* ... *here* ... *now!*" This is so! This is a fact!

Truth has to do with our very Identity. Should something seem to be untrue (in a book, lecture or anywhere else) it has nothing to do with us, nothing to do with Truth. When it is so regarded, it ceases "seeming." All "seeming" has to do with something that does not fulfil a judge's expectations.

Within the totality and onliness of *God is All*, where is there room for another who judges everything? Though we may play the role of a judge, and in the eyes of that role suffer the consequences, **our actual identity is not that one! We are not *really* the one who says this is good and that is bad, I want this and don't want that.**

"Who made me a judge?" asks the Christ.

Most often it seems we must discover the agony we bring upon ourselves through misidentification before we are willing to forsake the ways of that misidentification.

The "Last Judgment" the Bible speaks of is not the stuff and nonsense theology has made of it, but it is *something*. **Within yourself you will know the "last judgment" when you cease to make judgments. It is literally your own *last condemnation* of the things you see and hear-of the "feelings" you feel!**

Do you think it is *impossible* to end your personal value judgments? I assure you it is not. We begin by *refusing* to dislike a thing-refusing to *feel* that an object of perception has more or less value than any other. Soon we find ourselves laughing at life-long irritations and viewing the world in a new light.

"Who made me a judge?" asked Jesus. **"I judge *no man*," he said. He admonished us to "go and judge *no more*) lest you be judged by the same judgment!"**

So you see, ***Now* is the time to move from the arena of philosophic speculation (talk) and have our "doing" correspond with our knowing. It is more effortless than you might imagine.** It isn't long until we realize that the effort behind life's continuing struggle comes from excessive thinking, planning, calculating-judgment making!

Chapter V

The Difference between Distinction and Judgment

All of us who have lived this philosophy have found that we are able to see the immediate end of much personal agony the instant we pull the rug from under our former value judgments. It is our continual "This is good and that is bad; I love this and hate that; this is valuable and that worthless; this, dangerous, that, safe, etc." that precludes either a clear perception or full enjoyment of the *perfect NOW*.

It has very often been our determination that something is "good" that would have us cherishing it, lusting after it, struggling to own it, guard it, worship it or bemoan its loss. It is equally our value-judgment that something is bad that has had us hating it, running from it, struggling to get rid of it or crusading against it. **The very same "thing" is frequently loved by one and hated by another, so clearly, the agony is not in the "thing" but in the judgment of it. By and large, value judgments bestow either positive or negative value to the "thing," be it a sight, sound, person, place, event, feeling or idea, and it is a value we do not need to make nor give to the image.**

We have found our ability to subdue value-judgments

easier said than done. It is an ingrained habit of long *standing-but it is possible to break it., nonetheless, and the "results" are immediate from the moment we begin to try.*

The primary "way" to see images as *neither* good nor bad is to perceive the absolute Fact that they are included within awareness AS awareness, and that they are all, equally, the same "substance"-Awareness, Spirit, Mind, Isness. The "value" lies with Awareness, not the image it includes. To give the image a value that belongs *here* as this very Identity awareness is, is to give away the dominion that is rightfully ours and thereby. yield ourselves servants to obey the image. The "value" ever resides *here* as the ineffable That which is being this Consciousness I Am.

Since the publication of A GUIDE TO AWARENESS AND TRANQUILLITY, I have had countless communications telling me of the new freedom that has consciously presented itself as the consequence of this simple act of being less judgmental and critical of everything. Our past study of metaphysics, having had little to say about the silly and wasting tactic of value-judgment, led many of us into that hypercritical arena of dichotomy and polarization: "This is real and that is only a dream going on; this is Truth and that is error; this is absolute and that is dualistic, etc." The tangible "consequence" of such a course of action leaves us with no alternative but to look about and see that polarization developing as our mirrored world of tangibles.

Whether we were conscious of it or not, the continuing judgment of everything has constituted an awful effort.

The end of the habit comes as a grand relief.

THE INCREASE OF SENSITIVITY

I would like to make clear a wondrous fact concerning this matter of **judglessness**. Many have found it already and have written in great excitement to tell me of it, but it seems to be a point difficult to understand by those who have only given the action of living judglessly a half-hearted try. Many a puzzlement can be cleared up when we understand this: **To the extent that we stop placing good-bad values on our images of awareness, OUR ABILITY TO DISTINGUISH INCREASES, and increases enormously.**

There is a great difference between value-judgments and distinctions—a difference not easily understood until we actually get underway and begin *ending* our judgments. Then the great difference becomes apparent and, as it does, our actions follow suit, often to the wonder (and criticism) of the world.

To make this point crystal clear, let it be said again: **The ability to *distinguish* increases as *judgment ends*.** Distinguish what? New *sights* we have been unconscious of before; new *sounds* we have never consciously heard before; *feelings* we long since thought had vanished with the years. But more, we find an ever growing ability to distinguish new things in areas not recognized as containing new things—somewhat as if we had long been familiar with a bowl of glass marbles, heretofore seen simply as "marbles" but now, bit by bit, seen to be marbles of different *sizes, colors and*

designs-all these apparent *distinctions* that others seem not to see at all! Yes, perception "becomes" clear and acute. An intuitive alertness of a new kind develops. Inevitably, the wonder is how we could have been so stupid as to miss these things before.

But, lo, with this positive phenomenon in one direction, comes another in the opposite. (Contradistinctions! The "means" by which Singleness is tangibly known). This new ability to perceive distinctions (arriving as the natural consequence of subduing judgmental living) *is often viewed as a judgmental action by "others"!* - in particular, by those of us who have intellectually arrived at the advantages of judgmentlessness but have not given it a real try. "The less judgmental or critical I am," someone writes, "the more I am accused of it! Why?" Another question comes: "Why should I expect mental clarity and feelings of youth to increase as I stop living judgmentally? If I could believe that, I would give it a try."

When the intellect understands a point, it is occasionally willing to concede it. The following illustration has proven helpful to "make clear upon the tables" the why and how of the tangible "results" that come from hanging the apple back on the tree. At the same time it will point out the differences between judgment and distinction and why our new found ability to distinguish *appears* as judgment to "others."

Reader, put yourself INTO this illustration. Take your present lingering likes, dislikes, wants and wishes into this analogy

and see how and why they are, everyone, monumentally *more* than you suspect.

THE ILLUSTRATION OF THE DARK FRINGE AT THE EDGE OF THE FIELD

Suppose we have been raised since youth to be frightened of the forest on the other side of the field. Because we *believed* what we were told of the forest (by parents or school, church or society) we have never gone near it and, in the distance, that forest appears to be a dark foreboding fringe at the edge of the field. We have judged the forest to be bad. We are afraid of it and stay away. Keep this picture in mind as we proceed.

See how **fear limits our action**. We do not go in *that* direction.

Is family or society to blame for our fear? Are they guilty? They may tell us incorrectly that the forest is bad but it is we who accept what "they say" as true. **Our acceptance of the value-judgment is *our* doing and it is our own belief in the lie that has us suffering.**

Our **first consideration should be what WE-AS-IDENTITY-HERE accept as Fact**; what Identity-HERE believes, and not what should or should not come forth from the sundry sand-founded teachers out there. We cannot know what to do constructively about the authorities and governments of the world until we have gotten things straight as Identity HERE first.

Note, especially: our living the belief (and "suffering" from it) has surely served as the means to *KNOW beyond intellectuality* that Authority exists **HERE AS I**, not there as that. (Are we going to forever condemn the events that ,. have served us so well?)

Now we take the illustration another step. **Some aspect of our ever new and "expanding" Self comes along and tells us that the dark fringe at the edge of the field is neither good nor bad but that an unnecessary value-judgment makes it seem so.** Something within us responds and whispers, "It is so! It is Only a forest being a forest!" What happens now?

Whenever the Heart blooms in Light, there is a lessening of illusory fear. The dark fringe seems less ominous and we are not *quite* so afraid to 'walk in that direction. Former restrictions are vanishing but (notice) *old patterns of action remain*. The *habit* of *not going* near the forest remains until we put our new Light and freedom into action. Reader, for me, facing former judgments has been a matter of girding up the loins, flouting former ways and walking across the entire field, row by row, to remind myself anew and again that the Power is not *there* with *that*, but *here* as *Identity*, thence finally to *know beyond doubt* that the fear was actually without foundation.

Listen: Herein lie the reasons *why* judgmentless living so wondrously sharpens and quickens us, increasing our

sensibilities beyond all we have ever known: What happens to the dark fringe as we live judglessly, walk across the field and insist on our freedom? (That is, what happens when we *face up to* our old fears without our former beliefs of them?) The forest becomes more distinct. It changes color. Soon we are aware of many things we did not see before—individual trees, shrubs, flowers. We hear sounds of nature we did not know existed. And in time we see that some trees are tall and some short, some old and some young. Some bend like the willow; others are unyielding like the oak. What was once a single, unqualified "bad" is seen to be a *transcendent* infinity.

These are not *judgments* having into view, reader. These are distinctions that our fearless living of judglessness has allowed us to become aware of. **There is a vast difference between distinctions and judgments—distinctions being qualities and attributes (of Isness) precluded from conscious (tangible) view by judgment and apparent only when that judgment ends *and the former fear faced*. Distinctions are the reasons that lie behind the appearances.**

What was once a miserable dark fringe is now seen to be a forest composed of oak, hickory, pine and sassafras, each different, each beautiful, each doing its part to make a perfect forest a perfect forest. We see varieties of things we never knew existed. Our ability to distinguish has increased enormously. *The absence of fear* (or desire) has allowed us to experience what seems to the old point of view to be an *expanding* of awareness, an *increasing* sensibility, a proliferating capability to distinguish—see, hear, feel—things as

they are, rather than as they seem. And they inevitably transcend anything the fearful view could have dreamed.

What once seemed to be the fearful forest of a retarded child is perhaps seen to be a faithful teacher at whose feet we sit in awe and wonder, WE the student, the child a very faithful and wonderful teacher! What once seemed to be a dark forest of family friction or marital inharmony is seen to be a new aspect of Light and Love coming to be acknowledged. What once seemed to be the woodland of penury, poverty, woe and want is recognized as the perfect condition which brought us to the very en-lightenment going on right HERE, right NOW. The *reasons* for the dark fringe begin to appear. Enigmas that had been painful before begin to vanish quietly, imperceptibly, as the morning mist along the river vanishes before the sunshine and gentle wind out of the West. We hold hands and sing. We hear angels laughing.

DUALISM AGAIN

Suppose "two" of us have been looking at the dark fringe at the edge of the field and each has heard of the advantages of ending incessant criticism and value-judgment, but only one girds up the loins to walk across the field. What happens? The brave one tells of his ever increasing ability to distinguish oak from elm only to find that his distinctions appear as judgments to the one still on the sideline who cannot see them. He is likely to hear himself asked why he doesn't practice what he preaches about judgmentlessness-and this is the abuse nearly always suffered by those who *dare* put their

Light into action. There are many, for one reason or another, who are determined to defend their particular theory of the forest-even as we did before our theory gave way to Fact. But, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you and say all manner of evil against you falsely ... " What comes as criticism of our action can in no way gainsay the JOY of freedom we FEEL and KNOW about beyond guess-work. Unless we choose to let it!

In the end, we have no alternative but to stop-worrying about what "they say" and concern ourselves with naught but this HERE and NOW Identity, our own SELF- experience and the integrity thereof. When we are seen entering and leaving the forest, we will surely be asked about our views by those who are sincerely interested the only ones who listen anyway. Most often, the old nature of us only wants its cherished opinions verified and strengthened. It is very fast to lower the boom on anything that doesn't.

But even this is just part of the fun of walking across the field. As we actually begin to subdue the old habit of making judgments and as we recede from the old views of our former beliefs (the world's view), we see those old beliefs in a new light too. Finally, at the edge of the once feared forest, we TURN AROUND and see the whole human scene in ITS singleness, amazed to discover that even *that* is transcendently more than we ever dreamed it could, couldn't, should or shouldn't be.

Reader, the way "across the field" is to see Identity as all there is to both field and forest. It is to see that there is not a

real judgmental "me" who continues in the need to be fearful of some aspect of himself in order to "learn" thereby. We see ourselves as Infinite Wisdom who *knows* not an ignorant tub of trembling jelly who needs to *learn*.

There is no way there but to *be* there. ***There is no way there but to be there!***

But we do not use this knowledge as an excuse to continue condemning the forest nor rail at others who appear to.

LETTERS ABOUT JUDGLESSNESS

Thank you for your letter, dear Mary ...
 . . . and for the word that you are finding "my" book helpful. Whatever you find therein that strikes a responsive chord has to do with your own identity. The "credit does not lie with me or the book, but with the consciousness that "reads" it. It has to do with You.

About judgments-and listen softly: It is the old nature of us, "the old man," the misidentification, etc., viewing itself as an entity "separate and apart" from *allness* who finds it important to battle its way through the thicket. The fact is clearly apparent that *God* does not have to do that-and God's action, God's activity, just happens to be the very Awareness (consciousness) presently reading these words. This is IT! The honest, effortless Identity-being-I (us) is awareness *itself-for* which *God* is "responsible," not a personal sense of self, not an ego, not a

struggling prodigal who must search the crevasses for sustenance.

Oh, yes, we still make all manner of distinctions and 'business determinations. The "judgments" that are "the damning weight of job" are those we make as a personality-those that say, "This is good; that is bad-therefore, this is to be desired; that is to be hated, healed, gotten rid of, changed, etc."

We continue to make distinctions and differentiations: "This appears to be a happy customer; that, an area requiring attention, etc." but we bring the curtain down on attaching more *value* to anyone appearance than another. It is our attachment of "value out there" that has us writhing in agony over what an "out there" appears to do or not do.

'In this way, not so caught up in the struggle with fear and foreboding, we are able to look on our business affairs with greater perspicacity than before and see what to do.

I have spent a lot of time with this letter because looking on your letter without judgment, without personal evaluation and without feeling that Allness is anything less than perfect-it seems to be right, fitting, proper, correct (or whatever word one wishes to use to connote tending to one's business as it comes to him to tend) to write you this clarification.

"Comprehendest thou this?"

I know you do because infinite intelligence itself- the only wisdom in all existence-is the Identity you

are.

Dear Friend,

To the business of your coming lawsuit: Have concern for the outcome. The verdict, either way Of none at all, *does not have the authority to "upset" you.*

Who sits in agony over the anticipated (or hoped for) outcome of a television story? Does the television screen develop internal pressures when the pictures shadowed within it are sad stories of unrequited love, money lost in the market, shoot-outs or lawsuits between disgruntled images?

These are not frivolous questions. Mull them over. Answer them for yourself before the event with the court. You see, the awareness that sees this very letter is Deity's awareness of Deity-it is not possessed, contained nor dictated to by one called Samuel or anyone else. Most especially it is not held in bondage by the images it contains *within* it, be they "people," "sounds" or "feelings."

Does the television screen have anything to do with *what* images are shown forth within it?

Awareness does not "break into consciousness;" Awareness is the *activity* of Consciousness, the Godhead. Deity is already beholding its perfect *unjudged* and *unvalued* attributes. *Who or what can separate consciousness-being-aware from the awareness consciousness is being?*

No matter how much we may want to act the ego-judge who places values on the sights and sounds within awareness, we cannot forever hold onto and act a ghost identity.

Gird up your loins. Dare to challenge the values the old nature has placed on the sights, sounds and feelings of Awareness. That which we have called "bad" is not bad at all and that which has been called "good" is not good. These are but opposite ends of the dualism that springs from the judge's view.

"We do not do away with the images we do not like; we do not alter them to fit a prescribed picture ("I hope the judge dismisses the case"). "Ye see them as they are-just sights being sights.

*Every form is Isness being form. Isness is the value - not the image-form out there! So we learn to stand before every picture unmoved, our equanimity undisturbed. When we finally muster the courage to do this-when we DO *this-actually do it-we* stop being upset by that which we once gave the authority to lead us around by the nose.*

With kindest regards,

Dear Mary,

I know you will find the practice of judglessness to be an amazing undertaking. It leaves us with a warm, child-like, free and unencumbered view that no longer struggles between relative and absolute, good and evil, right or wrong. It leaves us being what we have really been all the while-Deity's

awareness of Deity's self-evident allness. **And it does not leave us with two views-one spiritual and one human-but just *this* view which is *It!*** Yes, it is so, Mary, perception of these words, here and now, is Being's Self-awareness in action. Happy, carefree, eternally *youthful* action! Why, it could not be otherwise!

Dear One,

How beautiful your letter! **Isness, God, is the Solitary, the Alone, the All. This Only One is Self-conscious, and that Self-consciousness is Identity. Within all of All there is no other identity. Self-consciousness functioning is Awareness.** The conscious awareness reading these words is the functioning of Deific Self-consciousness. **THIS** is the Identity "I" am. Never, never have I been a . possessor, container, lord and master of Awareness! Never! Even if once I believed myself a possessor of "Awareness *in me*" never was Awareness-I *that* one!

Deity perceiving Itself is "what" Awareness is an when the ludicrous attempt to play the role of dictator-possessor of Awareness ends, " ... we see, even as we are seen."

Now, you may happily "watch" without judgment anymore-without having to call this good and that bad, this real and that unreal, this awake and that sleeping. Now you may watch the "return" of freshness and vigour and youth and sparkle-yes, and SEE the lines of care disappear-not that this is a mark of accomplishment, for it isn't. "All that matters," as one of old wrote, "is the new creation."

Yes, as you have discovered, Tranquillity is your Identity-not something you feel, experience, or put on like an overcoat over an untranquil false-identity. It is inevitable that you should see this, for the simple reason that you *are* this Tranquillity already.

It seems a mistake to allow personality into the picture on *our* part. Why? Because we are often tempted to judge what is said by the look of the one who says it, or the sound of his voice. It is written that no one would ever read Goethe or Shakespeare who had listened to them first. This is as preposterous and stultifying as to judge a book by the typewriter it was written on or the Ten Commandments by the quality of Mount Sinai's stone. **There is but *one* real personality; that one is God-God, who is being all there is to this Single and Only Awareness I am (you are).**

As judgment ends, the infinity 'of Identity distinguishes Itself as Us.

Chapter VI

Unpossessed Awareness

Once upon a time there lived a working man who detested coffee. His wife did not know this, however. He had never told her. She loved coffee very much and took great delight in packing a Thermos of the stuff in his lunch box every morning.

He always carried the box and Thermos to work, but being a frugal man, brought them home again in the evening, the Thermos of coffee still untouched. Then, to save a penny, and because his wife loved coffee as much as he detested it, he poured the java back into the coffee pot when she wasn't looking. He was excused the evening coffee on the grounds that it kept him from sleeping well.

One night the wife dreamed that her husband was unfaithful to her. The next night she had the same dream. It angered her, but she said nothing. A week or so later the dream happened a third time, causing her much jealousy and anguish.

"It is true," she thought. "It *must* be true. The worm is unfaithful to me!" So, she set out to avenge herself. This she did by putting a pinch of arsenic in his Thermos every morning until she killed herself.

At the husband's trial of acquittal, the judge said, "It is always the same. Those who believe the dream murder themselves."

The primary prop upholding the dream is the *belief* that the awareness (life) reading these words is the personal possession of an ego, a personality, a selfhood separate and apart from Single Isness. The flat-earth belief has been foisted upon us that we are the recipients of life and the religions of the world are busy perpetuating that belief by having us worship a *bestowing*) *life-giving* god that doesn't even exist.

Are these atheistic or "Communitistic" statements? They are *not!* Not even remotely. We are not proclaiming the non-existence of "God." We are about the happy business of disclosing that the very life reading these words is the Life that God IS, Reality IS, Isness IS. We are pointing out the Light which reveals that life (Life) *is* "God," closer than fingers and toes, closer than breathing. A single, divine, all-inclusive awareness is who and what we are *already* - and we do not have to go begging and importuning our way up the leg of an imaginary god via the rituals and procedures of a world that is included *within* awareness.

Since when is the Deific Awareness of Being dominated by that which it includes within Itself? By analogy, the tail is wagging the dog, for St. Peter's sake; the images . on the screen are pulling the television set around by its tubes; the dream is whipping the dreamer to death. Oh, but for a purpose. His growing nightmare awakens him!

Thank you for your great letter, dear Rebecca ...

. . .it is apparent that yours is a happy home. You have noticed too, that lightness is appreciated wherever love is tangibly apparent. I have always wondered about the staid

presentations of Truth-the restraining dignity, the whispered utterances, the voices that never wavered from the sonorous and saccharine when all the while the Love I felt was bounding like a free-spirited colt turned to new pastures. Love breaks forth in tender tones, certainly-and in a serious, dignified manner if that is what appears appropriate at the moment-but the Joy Truth *is* appears unfettered and free to me, unbounded by convention, incapable of becoming the tool of a dignitary. It laughs and teases like a child. Tall though they are, my stately pines dance in a storm. So do your majestic redwoods. And so do you and I and all the unencumbered and unpossessed.

A monumentally helpful point for metaphysicians to "get straight" is the simple, basic and very gentle fact that awareness-consciousness-is *God's* Self-perception in action, not the personal tool of an ego. **In** our work here, awareness, consciousness and life (Life) are synonymous terms. Awareness is the action of God, the activity of Mind, the Life that God is. Indeed, the consciousness presently reading these words, that perceives the scene outside, that hears the rustle of pots and pans in the kitchen and gathers in the evergreen thoughts and feelings of the Season, is the living that *God* is, the awareness that *Mind* is, the all and only perceiving of *Deity* going on. **This consciousness right here and now is the life divine that never ends-the awareness of God.**

There are not two awarenesses, one that belongs to Bill, Mary, John or world, and another somewhere afar off, marvelous and mysterious, that belongs to God. All there is to "mortal mind" is the now-to-be-discarded notion that the

consciousness reading this page belongs to a finite personality with a responsibility for "his" experience. Consciousness, awareness, "seeing," "perceiving" _or whatever else it may have been called-is *GOD'S* responsibility and God's consciousness in action.

Conscious of what? Of all there is to be conscious of: the infinity of all that God, Reality is. **THIS** life *we* are is God's own Self-appraisal, God's Self-seeing, Self-knowing, Self-being.

Reader, listen softly: **Awareness and life are one.** Relax for a moment and *admit* the simple, gentle Fact that All is *all*, hence the consciousness that even now surveys this printed page is the goal of the sages from time immemorial, the **LIVIN G** that God is, the Life Divine that neither begins nor ends. See this! Comprehend this! Admit this. Rest here and find old fears vanishing like morning mist before the sunshine.

Our heritage is the life that Isness is. Who could want more? Who needs more? What a delight to discover that this seeing, this hearing, this feeling, this visioning, this. listening, this delighting **HERE AND NOW** is the all and only action of God being God.

What can *happen* to this consciousness, the Life-I-am, the awareness I am? Naught but what can happen to God. And what can happen to Singleness, Omnipotence, Purity, Perfection? Nothing, nothing! I tell you the seeing of these words is God's *eternal* Self-witnessing in *action*, already here,

already now. No wait. No struggle. No suffering. No testing or waiting through the penum's dark swing in order to find a measure of relief the other end. The struggle has only to do with the fruitful, but not necessarily easy, task of letting go the old view of oneself as a; *possessor* of life, as the grand custodian and *manipulator* of experience.

EXAMPLE

Look outside at the sleeping tree there. Who sees the tree? Bill or Deity? Does a body do the seeing or does *awareness*, *consciousness*, *life* see it? What sees the tree? Consciousness? - or a body-centered custodian of consciousness? *W here* is the tree. Fifty-seven feet removed from a body-oriented ego-container of awareness, a judge who likes or dislikes what he sees? - or is the tree *within* awareness? Is the seeing of the tree the *activity* of a separate-from-the-thing-I-see recipient-of-life, a so-many-year-old male or female pump filled organism who looks out through bloodshot eyes and answers to the name of Bill? - or could it be that it is *Deity being the "seeing"*? Indeed, isn't it just possible that Isness, Reality, God, is the seer "seeing" *and being* the seen? Could it just be that "seeing" *itself* is the identity "we" are? Could we be Life *itself* rather than the recipient of it? Indeed we can! We are!

But lordy, lordy, what this does to the old theological concept of a *bestowing* God. What this does to the theological view of a man born in sin, a *recipient* of Life-or to the oft expressed metaphysical view that Self-ignorance, via its own effort, must lift itself up to Wisdom. We awaken to find the great gulf twixt God and man has gone. God is no longer remote.

We are no longer a fawning, cringing *recipient* of Life, worshipping a non-existent *Bestower*. This life right here is it. *This* living, *this* seeing, *this* being is the IT which God is *being*. "Closer than breathing," even as the prophet said.

Reader, there is nothing difficult nor abstruse about this view of the universe. We shall all grow into such a view-the world *shall-and it is coming rapidly*. It comes gently and easily if we lower the walls and relinquish the old concept. It comes with a wall-cracking, bud-bursting blast if we insist on continuing with the wall building ego role of yore-a role that may seem personally delightful but has been a near-fiction from the first; a role apparently calculated only to give us the present wherewithal to speak with authority and be effectively about the Father's business of removing the restrictions and tending the New Garden that Now is.

We awaken with joy to find that it really *has* been the Father's pleasure to give the kingdom to us. We find Mind's action of Self-appraisal to be our Identity. Mind knows Itself *as* Itself, and this life we are is that knowing going on!

"Seest thou this?" If so, it is time to "be' est us this" and begin to live the Millenium it is our heritage to be.

RESPONSIBILITY

For a very long time (as time goes) the deep study of Western metaphysics had me feeling guilty for all that appeared "bad" in my experience. The sins of the world were heaped upon

my shoulders, because it seemed to me that I was the personal author of all that appeared as my experience. Well, the lights of the world have never *intended* to convey such a sense of personal responsibility.

This consciousness is finally discovered to be *God's* Self-awareness for which God is responsible, and for which "we," *as humans*) have no responsibility whatever. "We do not have to live "our" Awareness. *God* does. And, despite many, many "absolute" pronouncements to the contrary, the awareness that presently includes these words is not being *all* there is to "God." Rather, *God* is being all there is to this awareness-and there is a vast difference of confusion, wild goose chases and agony between these diametrically opposing (but subtle) viewpoints.

So we gird up our loins to be this NOW-awareness for which God is responsible, not "us" responsible. As "explosion" takes care of the "sound" of the explosion, exactly so, *God's* awareness of all God is *takes care of* "awareness".

To say this again: Awareness, life, is not being all there is to God, but God is being all there is to Awareness -and as awareness, we have nothing of ourselves to *do* except be the faithful witness we are and stop the business of playing the hypnotic role of an independent actor. You see this, I feel it!

Just last week someone told me, "God and God's awareness are a clear duality." Not so! A television set and a television

set's *functioning* are not two television sets. The misery of the Absolutist's role we play is the attempt to make the *functioning* into the television set. **'Individual identity is not God. Rather, God is being Individual Identity. Awareness-I is not God, Reality, Isness, etc. Rather, Isness is being this here and now awareness I am!**

In the words of the illustration: The whole TV set is being its own *functioning*) but the functioning is not being all there is to the set. The *set* is *responsible* for the functioning. **God, Isness, Reality, All, is responsible for what *presently* appears at hand**, so we do not have to waste our time looking ahead, or "upstream". We buckle up the armour and do not do it.

Instead, we enjoy the picture, the chair, bird-song, child or whatever is *presently* within awareness, knowing Isness, God, is responsible for it all, not an independent, big cheese "me". We let go the "me" and find I.

Chapter VIII

A Practical Philosophy

The world is full of philosophies that are neither practical nor relevant to the daily experience, incapable of being put to practice and their honesty proven. THIS philosophy of ABSOLUTE AWARENESS is eminently practical and immediately provable. It begs to be taken out of the arena of speculation and comparison and *put to the test* that its fruits may become *tangible* in the apparent world of our daily affairs. "*Prove* me now here-with, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there will not be room enough to receive it ... All nations shall call you blessed, for ye shall be a delightsome land."

Now, for those like myself who have searched for the "something to *DO*" I offer the following which has been helpful. It is only an outline-to be put to use in your own way.

A WAY TO BEGIN THE DAY

First, consider the way an ordinary day begins: One stirs. There is an awakening consciousness of pillow and bed-finite "things." Slowly, one thinks of window, chair, door, dog, shower, breakfast, coffee-all limited, finite things. Thought wanders to the coming events of the day: business, perhaps, or family, or special chores-again limited images, finite

forms, events in time.

As you see, thought begins by moving out of quietness into the arena of people, places and things; out of an undelineated stillness into the frantic tangle of limitation, measure, action and reaction. It is as though the conscious experience were forever heading into increasing numbers; into multiplicity. We awaken in the morning and, if we follow the patterns of old, thought moves immediately into a disorganized world where unexpected actions occur; where generally unpredictable reactions spawn unexpected consequences and we find ourselves the fallen victims of finiteness.

Now, reader, consider this beginning day in another light. We awaken. Again there is a consciousness of pillow and bed. And again, out of old habit we see the window to be closed, the door to be opened and think of the coffee to be started—all finite things. Ah, but *this* time, right here, right now, we determine to *turn thought in the other direction*, 180 degrees away from the rush toward finiteness. For a brief time we lie still and consciously bring ourselves to consider single Infinity, the allness of Isness. We lie still and think of the infinity that Being is. This time we ponder wholeness, singleness, completeness, oneness, harmony, perfection.

During these moments we may ask, "How infinite is Infinity? What can circumscribe Infinity? What can *bind* or *limit* Infinity? How all is ALL?" We ask and *answer* these questions for ourselves.

We consider the *oneness* of Being. How total it is! How complete! No limitation here. No finiteness here. UNBOUND Being being all. Mayhap we ask, "What is being this consciousness that appears to be lying here and contemplating? BEING, GOD, PERFECTION is being this awareness, isn't it? Indeed. **Therefore, PERFECTION is conscious. PERFECTION is awake. Perfection is LIFE, perfectly alive and vital!**

What does infinity know of Itself? Is not the *knowing* of unbound Infinity unbound also? Of course. **Its unbound, unlimited "knowing" is infinitely operative as *this* consciousness-I-am, right here right now.**

What is wisdom? Is it not Infinity's knowledge of Itself? Deity's SELF-knowledge? **This conscious awareness is that knowledge in action! Consciousness, unbound, unlimited, infinite.** *This* consciousness presently considering these things is infinite Wisdom in eternal operation.

We ask, "What does Infinity know of Itself?" It knows Its own qualities and characteristics. How? *Specifically* (as well as universally)-each distinctly delineated from all others, the consequent appearing of "form".

So it is, we find the morning's contemplation of Infinity soon leads us to perceive the same "things" as before -home, family, business and affairs; but now these "things" are no longer disorganized obstacles lying in wait to trip us or spring an unexpected disaster. Instead, they are the clearly delineated and discerned qualities and characteristics that Harmony, God, Isness is being-AND THIS LIFE "VE ARE IS GOD'S A'VARENESS OF IT ALL!

Notice, it is the same morning, the same bed, the same home. It is the same conscious awareness, the same "Identity" *but the views are different*. The old view, out of pure habit and without a thought of Isness, moves immediately into a world of disorganized images primary to it. It moves relentlessly, inexorably toward multiplicity and complexity into an ever proliferating concern with a jungle through which one, if he is to survive, must tread a cautious, defensive path.

But the view that *breaks the old habit* and begins the day with a gentle, happy consideration of a perfect INFINITY is like the prodigal's rush to his Father's Kingdom-like coming home where the basis for harmony lies; where ISNESS is put first and found to be the ordered substance of "things" and those "things" of perception seen in their proper perspective.

This is the view that comes in from the threatening storm of intellectuality and rests with calm assurance in the shelter of Simplicity all the day long-all the day long. This is the view that sees the pitfalls for what they are and does not have to fall in them to learn their lessons. But, if we *should* stumble and fall, this is the view that allows us to be quickly on our way again, blessed by the experience; *blessed* by the experience!

Try this, reader. Try this and *see* what new sparkle it will begin to add to your day. Then, when you have proven it (and you can prove it this very day) tell others!

Chapter IX

The Phantom of Fear

Dear Mary,

Concerning fear, listen with your Heart!

The images on the television screen may appear to shake, jump, roll and crack as under but their gyrations do not, *cannot*, do anything to the screen. Can they?

Our Identity is the screen of life, "within" which the images of people, things, events, etc., appear; but those events cannot do anything to this Identity we are no matter how much they quake or threaten to!

"Seest thou this?" The consciousness that even now reads these words is the "screen" and the images included within it can do nothing to it or for it.

So do not be frightened. Words are just words; threats are just threats, sights are just sights—all powerless. **Power ever resides as *God, Reality, Isness* which is even now *being this awareness-we-are, this Life.***

Reality is in no way *self*-destructive. The Identity we are, is the very *self* of Deity—and there is no need for fear.

Have we not heard that "love casts out fears?" Have we not also heard that "God is love" and that God is all? Isn't All *all*? To be frightened is to disavow God's existence—and even a shadow cannot disavow the substance that produces the shadow. Unless God is frightened of Himself, fear is illusory—

Well, God is *not* frightened and fear is senseless foolishness, powerless to bind us. We are *not* bound by fear, Mary, and you do not need to act as though you are.

Dear John,

To the point quickly:

I am aware of your fear and the depth of it. Furthermore, I'm aware of the sundry pictures that present themselves as the causes of fear and how very real they seem. But I am also aware, whether anyone on this earth believes me or not, that those appearances do not have the authority *in themselves* to cause us to panic. Our fear, like our grief, is often self-induced self love—unadulterated selfishness about a separate self that doesn't even exist in Truth.

Does the *real* Identity agonize? Does the *perfect* Identity run around in a panic? It does not!

Is the *only* Mind in all existence afraid of losing an aspect of Its own Self-awareness? Is Mind fearful it will forget something Mind knows Mind to be? *If Mind is not afraid, who is?*

If you say *you* are, you have the wrong you. *That's* the one to stop playing the role as.

We do not make progress out of strife. It only seems that way because the strife (fear, consternation, morbid depression and grind in the belly) is like a dam that blocks the flow of Unfoldment within (and as) itself. When the block is lifted momentarily, the accumulation rushes out into *conscious* awareness. Only that *impostor*, who lives the belief of the block, views his agony as a means of discerning his harmony—though it surely appears to be the only way we can find it so long as we are still struggling to be that unenlightened blockhead striving after a healing.

Right now, right where you are, there is nothing that needs to be healed. The old nature of us believes there are appearances to belie this, but if we are going to *react* to those appearances

as if they were an imperfection, then we do not really believe that God is ALL. Do we? How ALL is YOUR all?

Come home to your own "feelings" and insist on the "feel" of equanimity. *In truth, we do not "feel" because of the sights and sounds of awareness; rather, sights and sounds appear as they do "because" of feeling.* Find this sense of peace first. Experience follows suit.

"Son" is an idea included within consciousness. There are no diseased *ideas*. The very one you *tangibly* see, hear, talk to and love is seen (heard, felt) within the consciousness presently reading these words. Consciousness is God's action of Self-perception and God is quite responsible for all it contains and for perceiving it perfectly.

We are consciousness (awareness) *Itself*, not the personal, responsible, demanding *custodian* of it. Our happy awakening begins when we see this gentle fact and begin

to end the impossible role of *owner, possessor, director, dictator* of awareness.

We should no more attempt to stop *thinking* than we should attempt to stop the images on the television screen. What appears as much of the metaphysician's present agony is the consequence of such attempts. What do we do instead? We pinpoint the old identity as *director*, and give *that* one the boot. (Imagine how miserable would be the television screen that attempted to direct the images as they come and go. The screen's "salvation" comes with its recognition that its attempts are vainglorious and arrogant, even as is the belief of an identity who could do such a thing.) *Then*, recognition of the *whole television set in its singleness* dawns and the screen lets the *whole* be "responsible."

Dear John, Isness really is perfectly responsible.

Kindest regards from my hills of Alabama,

CONCERNING LONELINESS

This work is a positive end of fear and loneliness. You will see! Awareness lives forever alone as itself and this is not a loneliness. This is not an existence that misses anything. Rather, **Awareness includes every person, place and**

"thing" constituting the tangible universe. We live as solitary awareness and *then* find "experience" chock full of non-loneliness, high adventure and things to do that *preclude* aught but a constant sense of peace. After all, does not consciousness *include* everything within itself? *Everything!*—from the least sandpiper running through the tall reeds to the Pleiades and every star in every galaxy that exists — from every sound that has ever been heard to every face that has ever been glimpsed. Does it not? It does! It does!

Mary, I have news for you: the Identity that awareness-being-you is discovering is *Self*-satisfied and knows nothing of loneliness. There is not "another" for you to miss. There is naught to feel but Self-satisfaction.

Sit easy and listen softly to the following: "husband," "family" et al appeared as images *within* awareness. Awareness did not put the images there, nor is Awareness responsible for them. Who did? Who *does*? *Reality, God, Isness, The ineffable One, The Single, The Only, The All.* And what *are* "images"? **That which God knows God to be—the infinite qualities and attributes of Deity.**

God *still is* every quality and attribute God ever "was". This is so! This is true! *And the awareness that presently reads these words is God's Self-seeing, still seeing God's Selfhood.*
Awareness is not experiencing loneliness!

Chapter X

The Parable of the Blossom and the Vine

Once upon a time, a morning glory blossom bloomed on a fence post. It looked out and gave its view of the surrounding pasture. "This is how things are," it said. Hanging from the fence's middle rail, a higher blossom on the vine looked out and saw the same pasture but its view was higher and more expansive. "No, *this* is how things are," it said.

But the lower blossom argued, "You have been led astray. You have abandoned the original and fundamental view of things. Further more, "it said to the higher blossom, "you are talking about things I cannot understand."

Whereupon the bloom hanging from the centre rail looked down its lovely petals and averred that from its higher place it could see new things to talk about. "I am in a position to judge the immaturity of your view," it said to the bloom on the bottom. "Quite simply, you are not absolute as I am and you will never understand my view until you reach my level of comprehension or until you have suffered as much as I have."

Now it happened that at the very top of the fence, a third blossom opened its face to the sunshine, looked about, examined itself and discovered that its real identity was not blossom at all but *vine*; *vine entire*; *vine-being* blossom; vine being every leaf, every winding stem and twisting feeler of the morning glory. In new self-knowledge it declared, **"While closed within myself as a bud in darkness, I believed I was a blossom; but now, turned from the dark self to the light, I find Identity vastly more than mere bud. VINE am I, above and below, first and last! These blossoms are ME. It is my SELF I see. The vista of EVERY vision is *included* as this single vine I be."**

Needless to say, as **we begin *living* the all-inclusive "vine-view" of singleness, oneness, allness, the old, habitual way of looking at things cries out in awful condemnation.** It considers an all-inclusive ONENESS something to speculate about, theorize about, talk and argue about, even write about *but not to live*—because, living it excludes the "bud-view" as *either* correct or incorrect. It simply sees the bud view as the bud view, this church's view or that philosophy's view as a view being a view, all a part of the *whole* picture.

It is well to add, we have not really forsaken the bud view of things so long as we attempt to defend the Vine's views by criticism and condemnation of the buds. This is only more of

the same self-condemnation of the buds. **The whole purpose of our study of Truth is to awaken to the futility of such self-condemnation and of our reactions to it.** When we do, we find ourselves LIVING a new peace beyond the bud's comprehension.

THE TRUTH ABOUT IDENTITY

WE DO NOT HAVE TO LEARN TRUTH! This is a notion to be discarded. Whether we like it or not, we are learning that we already ARE the Truth. There is a whale of a difference. Just the knowledge of this fact speeds Self-discovery. How? It has us properly identified. **Since I am the Truth, I am not one who is searching FOR the truth. AS the Truth, I am seeking, finding and becoming aware of the many vistas of my Self-identification.** As one attempting to learn the Truth as if it were separate and apart from myself, I am forever falling into the intellectual outhouse of confusion and anguish. Either we will forsake that identification in time or watch ourselves attempt to live its destruction. That one is already swimming in polluted water.

With that in mind, the following statements can be understood easily:

It is not WHAT we read that matters so much as the knowledge of WHO reads; but if WHAT we read tells us *honestly* WHO reads, this is to be preferred to the WHAT that indicates (even by inference) that we are a struggling, imperfect, ignorant mortal identity searching for wisdom.

However, once we *know* who reads, the WHAT can be seen for whatever value it may appear to have, even if it is written from the total absence of a knowledge of WHO really reads.

The literature to be wary of is that which professes to be "absolute" while addressing itself to unawakened mortals. If we cannot find something to read that speaks to the Self as the Self is, then we should get busy and write it—and put it into our own understood language of simple honesty.

We are not struggling to put off the old man. We are about the effortless business of letting go the BELIEF of an old man, a mortal identity. This is to end the belief that beliefs are really going on—and THEN to find ourselves comprehending what "appearances" are.

God would be a sadist if one's saving grace depended on a detailed knowledge of philosophy. What kind of god would

require continual delving into the abstruse and arcane lore of mysticism or metaphysics as a passport to a Reality that is already ONLY and unchallenged?

(Metaphysicians do not call metaphysics "mystical" but virtually everyone else on the earth does. Even though we might not call it mysticism, its finer points apparently remain a big mystery to most metaphysicians. "When neither he who speaks nor he who listens has any idea what is being said," said Voltaire, "*that* is metaphysics.")

Reading metaphysical literature can be extremely worthwhile, but it is putting the cart before the horse if one thinks that arduous study is the final door opener to the ultimate wisdom. Academic study is and has ever been the intellect's conditioner—consideration of the bits and pieces of the whole; the measure of the parts; a concern for the relationships of characteristics—and all of this is necessary; all of this is an aspect of Wisdom—but the survey of the Whole and of the transcendent arena which lies above and beyond the fine points of metaphysics (or any other intellectual study) has to do with the HEART, not the processes of mentation. In the "outer" world the philosopher discovers and science rushes to confirm. In the inner world, intellect confirms the Heart's Self-discoveries.

"Then why is the 'enlightened' literature of the world aimed toward the religious mystic and metaphysician?"

Because the "metaphysical-mystical state of mind" (Huxley) is the least likely to slam the door in its face. By and large, the "introspective self-examination of metaphysics" (James) is most willing to grant the *possibility* of the HEART and its "super-experience of illumination" (Ouspensky).

Ordinary theology is generally unaware of the metaphysical solipsism that undergirds the genuine mysticism and metaphysics whose principle aim is to do more than make a human experience more comfortable. Likewise, the struggle with the detail of metaphysics, as though one were a student, precludes the *conscious* recognition of Identity, the experience usually called "illumination".

This experience is the real aim of genuine "religious" instruction, especially metaphysics and mysticism, but it is not limited to their students. It has nothing to do with intellectual attainment. It has naught to do with who is worthy by any *human* standard, with who has studied what, with whom or how long ago.

Rather, it has to do with GOD—it has to do with deific simplicity and godly gentleness. It has to do with honesty and guilelessness. Most of all it seems to me to have to do with simple, credulous childlikeness, willing to acknowledge the presence of a Light that stands on its own and for which there can be found no intellectual undergirding capable of satisfying the "supreme logic" of intellectualism, nor, I might

add, capable of satisfying the monumental ego that the hard study of mysticism, et al, seems capable of producing. The intellect is incapable of opening the Heart. The Heart of the Child opens and intellect follows—filled in a twinkling with an immediate knowledge of detail a lifetime of study could never, never accomplish.

Then how do we study? With the gentle grace of Light examining Itself. From the position of Intelligence already intelligent, happily examining and being amazed by its infinite detail. We study by tangibly, practically, actually LIVING the Light of our Self that has already been disclosed and by ending our reticence to surrender the uttermost farthing of the former (more limited) concept of Self. We study by learning the lessons that come from living our Light enthusiastically—and by telling "others" of the wonders we have found.

But we study best by returning to the native, intuitive, heartfelt Child we are. What Nicoll refers to as the "profundities of paradox" may titillate and inspire us, but the child we are *understands* them.

Gentle Reader, "I" means IDENTITY, not a suffering, human concept of Self. See these words as your own:

I let go the role of an awakening student. I end the identification of gendered mortal learning this or that. I am not a member of the human race, a one among many, working, striving, struggling, straining, arriving at Truth line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little, there a little.

I am an identity INFINITELY greater, grander than that, and I am not ashamed to say so to my world of appearances even when the charges are that of vaingloriousness and self-deluding insanity.

I take the Divine Awareness of GOD to be "my" identity. I am THAT. THAT is "me" and I do not hesitate to SAY so to whomever may be interested.

Furthermore, I live this identification to the best of my ability, despite the fact this appears to be running upstream, contrary to the world's way of doing things. And I maintain this position to the best of my ability, reminding myself as often as necessary that AWARENESS is the WHO I am, the WHAT I am, the WHY I am—and that identity is not a human one, not a worldly one, not a sick, sinning, ignorant or quarreling one but the HOLY WHOLE SINGLE ONLY ONE, and THAT am I!

We know what we have found. We know of the inner peace, the light, love, insight and wonder of Being we have found Truth to be. The Heart of the one who reads this *knows* what the Truth has meant over the years. All the hell-fire and damnation the "world" can muster cannot efface the Grace we have felt. The challenges we face, like lions in the Colosseum, may appear to tear the old nature apart, but all that is torn, or can be, is a concept that was never real. The Grace of IDENTITY stands untouched, untroubled, singing....

It has been said that the discernment of Identity is an uphill struggle but it isn't really. We are what we are whether it is seen or not and the simple knowledge of this fact is an immense aid in our discernment. **Awareness is our identity and awareness functioning is ever effortless, ever going about its business of seeing, hearing, feeling and including thoughts all within itself just as it is about the business of seeing print on this page at the moment.**

Much of the effort goes out of our daily affairs the instant we expand our sense of identity from the body-point from which "things" are observed, to awareness doing the observing. As this expanded identity the body-point is not excluded but seen as the central point within an *infinite* identification that includes all "body-points" within itself.

This grander identity looks on human intellectuality and knows that it pertains only to the body-point and its

relationships with all other images. It sees that the Intelligence beyond intellectuality is its own Self-knowledge of singleness, aloneness, wholeness, oneness. It sees that intellectuality can only know Isness indirectly, via qualities and attributes. But, identified as awareness, we know "God" directly as god's Self-awareness. As awareness, we know as God knows Himself to be. We see with the Eye by which we are seen.

So, we live this "child of God" that we are already, and we live it without effort, without struggle, and most wonderfully, *without inhibitions*. You see, this conscious awareness being "us" is Deity's Self-awareness in action, for which Deity alone is responsible. The weight of the world is lifted from our shoulders the instant we stop trying to be something of ourselves—a human personality, an ego, a phantom big cheese protecting his family from the outspoken teachings of this one or that one, intent on healing Perfection when Perfection stands tall and perfect, quite without need of healing.

To question the wisdom of this utter discard of *personal, ego*—responsibility is the natural reflex of the ego bent on self-preservation at all costs. But, in one way or another, we are finally brought to gird up the loins and LET God be the Alone One on the Scene—even as God really IS the all one. Right here. Right now. Already!

Chapter XIV

Tangibles and Intangibles

I look outside my window and see a squirrel scampering up a loblolly pine, bits of bark cascading behind as he goes. In plain terms, that view is "here," "now," "tangible" and "out there" from "Bill". *The entire scene is contained within conscious awareness, however.* The scene *IS* conscious awareness in action. Neither the tree nor the squirrel is separate from the awareness within which they have form and substance. The Identity-I-am is the *awareness* within which the old loblolly and the frisky gray squirrel are befriending one another.

Now I look down and see the arms and feet of one called Bill who is watching the scene. That form is *like-wise* included within (as) awareness, but the Identity I *steadfastly* view "me" as (if ever it seems significant to consider the matter of "me") is AWARENESS *and not the body-form named Bill.*

Awareness (life, Life) is the I that I am and never am I really contained, bound, restricted nor enslaved by any of the substantial images (forms) that exist within this awareness (or Awareness) I am-not even that body-form that goes by "my" name. (That form is merely the point in time and space from which Awareness perceives tangibles.)

Now, Bill goes outside and sits under a tree-something he is woefully proficient at. (Why do we *act*? Always, we do whatever seems to be the sensible thing to do at the moment. And right now, it seems a darned good idea to go outside and sit in the sunshine.) Two chipmunks scamper after one another, disdainful of the squirrel. A little yellow flicker flashes through the scene and stops for a moment in the hedge. I look down and see Bill's hands as they write these words. Once again: **the Identity-being-I is awareness wherein the forms of chipmunks, I flickers, hands and happiness are discerned. The whole of Identity is *not* the body-form that appears to be doing the looking from a point in space. I am AWAREN ESS, not *just* the body-named-Bill who writes these words.**

This awareness is the warp and woof of every grain of sand, twig, leaf, pine needle and cone in the INFINITY that awareness is. In poetic words, I might write that it truly *has* been "the Father's pleasure to give me the kingdom" by *being* this consciousness wherein the kingdom is seen, loved, enjoyed and lived.

Generally, this is the solipsistic view with which one "begins"-but only begins. It is a view that expands develops apace "and rises higher and higher from a boundless basis."

It has been my experience that this profound (but simple) re-identification from the limited body-form called Bill to illimitable, ceaseless, unchanging awareness ITSELF, quickly reveals the singleness and togetherness all "things." Then, then-after a common time of personal self-aggrandizement

wherein the temptation comes to "command these stones" and has us playing at being God, rearranging the world, all in the name of holy ONENESS, comes the grand Light, the ineffable "awakening," the "mystical union" wherein it is clearly revealed that *awareness is the activity of DEITY*, the **"That which is,"** and it is the **"That which is" which is being awareness, not awareness being the "That which is."**

It is known without doubt or equivocation that the That which is and its Self-awareness-I-am are not two, but one. "He who has seen me has seen the Father," said the enlightened carpenter. "My Father and I are one, but my Father is greater than I. He doeth the works. I bear witness to that which the Father has shown me." Consciousness (life) is the action of That-which-is. It is *not* the volitionally personal, directed action of a recipient-director of life as the director-created theologies of the world proclaim. Nor is it all there is to God as proclaimed by communism, most of existentialism and that portion of the metaphysical world that writes from the solipsistic standpoint WITHOUT LETTING GO the old man, the liar, the mortal sense of self, the would-be *director* of everyone's affairs.

It is the awful attempt to maintain this ego vaunting position that PRECLUDES the Union, the Wedding, the Marriage of Light and Love, the Holy Communion, the final Light, as the poets, mystics, sages and saints have rightfully called it. We awaken to the absurdity of preachments and systems evolved from the possessor's position - from the "this is MY awareness" position.

Notice: This "new" view of Identity does not alter the scene at hand, you see. The squirrel is still searching for seed among the pine cones. Awareness still includes the one called "Bill" with chipmunks scampering at his feet, but it renders an unbound and eternal Identity free to soar and sing, free to see and be the living of the Eternal Light that Love is, enjoying "tangibles" but not *bound* by them nor encased *within* them.

Humanly speaking, tangibility has to do with the lablolly pine viewed from the body-farm's point in space. *That* one looks "outside" his concept of self and sees the tree a measurable distance away. For that one, space is the measure of distance between distinct images. His "time" is the measure of movement from one image to another. Time is valid for the body-image called Bill, but awareness *itself* "transcends" time in that it has no distance to travel. What can Omnipresence view (and awareness is omnipresent!) that is not already included within itself? **To live as awareness *only* is to find ourselves discovering precisely *what* the appearances of space and time are-and they are not at all what is generally believed.**

"But what of the *intangible* pine?" someone asks. "What of those great ponderosas that are *not* here even though I can see them in the mind's eye?"

To the body-leaning-against-the-tree identification, the ponderosa is an intangible image, within awareness, while the

loblolly "here" is a tangible tree "outside" himself. Awareness sees both pines *within* itself and recognizes tangibility as applicable only to the body-leaning-against-the-tree-position, and *that* only a portion of its province.

While intangibles may be inaccessible dream stuff to the body-against-the-tree identification, they are neither dream nor inaccessible to Awareness. The not-here of space (there) and the not-now of time (past and future) is the body-against-the-tree's TANGIBLE view of the infinite Eternal.

There is nothing wrong with the body-view of tangibles ("matter") but it is only half a view. There is the universal (or intangible) view as well. That which is called "enlightenment" has appeared to me to be a wedding of the two, yielding quite more-a monumental, transcendental more-than either separately.

Incidentally, the body-against-the-tree-view, being less than the whole view, is all there is to the big human mystery of "gender". If the limited (incomplete) identity must call itself something, it says I am male, or female, and looks outside itself for its completion. We find that only the purview of tangibles is gendered, while awareness in to is *neither* male nor female, yet being all there is to the appearance of both.

THINGS

What are the "things" we see? They are the tangible (hence, limited) view of the infinite "That which is" or "God". Things are the finite appearing of the qualities and attributes of God.

They are that which God knows God to be, viewed by unbound, unlimited, ungendered Awareness, God's Self-consciousness. And that awareness, gentle reader, is the very one you are, right here, right now, reading these words.

Finally, we come to perceive that there is so much more to be seen than the world of images, as those who make this study and live as simple, childlike awareness learn. There is the "Light that is above them all." This Light has *dominion* "over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth." **That includes this body-form which exists as the "means" by which tangibles are discerned a body incapable of leading us around by the nose.**

So, these things considered, which do we choose to identify as; a sack full of writhing 'innards," polluted water and struggling pulps, beset by everything on the face of the earth- or as **Love's Awareness, the ineffable Light of Life that has *dominion* over a universe** so wonderful that even the body-against-the-Loblolly catches glimpses of it in the movement of a tree or the scamper of nature at play?

A little girl stops and asks, "Watcha doin'?" I tell her I'm just sittin' here and loving my chipmunks and my universe. Asks she, "Do you love me, too?" and I answer yes. Then, with very bright eyes and a big, big smile she says, "I love you, too, very much," as she scampers away with my chipmunks.

She scampered with my heart, too, but her gentle smile is

here somewhere among these words.

Chapter XIX

Contradistinction and Appearances

The religions of the Western world appear to know nothing whatever of the principle of contradistinction. And the grand mystery is, without a knowledge of this "principle," the world's philosophies make virtually no sense whatever. World religion founders for its failure to perceive the point or effectively communicate it if it *does* see it. There are those like Aldous Huxley who wonder if the point was *ever* understood beyond the apparent originator of the religion or philosophy. Of all the followers of Jesus, only John gives clear indication of understanding this profoundly simple but simply profounding aspect of mentation. Of the present religions in the West, only the metaphysical philosophies have made mention of it-and then, only by a handful of teachers who, apparently because of it, find themselves running afoul of everybody and everything relating to their organization or society until they are branded as heretics and condemned as false prophets.

What is "the principle of contradistinction"? It is the comprehension of *why* the appearance of things "material," tangible, human-and yet, like the Teh of Tao, it defies comprehension by the reasoning mind of intellectual man. It seems that the hem of this simple, holy

Principle can be touched only by those who are willing to let go their personal sense of identification; by those who surrender *all* within their thought and action that refuses to grant the *allness* of Tao, Isness, Yud, Deity, Light, Love, Truth or whatever means "God" to that one.

Oh, but the Heart of us *can* understand this principle of contradistinction and then it can be made applicable to our daily affairs in such ways as to be astounding! "And after you have found," said the Carpenter of Love, "you will be amazed. And after you have been amazed, you will be troubled." In addition, you are likely to be ossified, ostracized, excoriated and excommunicated by all society-not to mention the likelihood of having the tar beaten out of you, drawn, quartered and crucified by someone (very likely near and dear) in their sincere but futile attempt to shore-up a loved landmark *they* feel you are threatening.

But, "After you have been troubled," the gentle Galilean goes on to say, "*you will marvel and reign over the all.*" And you will, if you are willing to stand the gaff!

Ultimately, we find the world's gaff in the side (when we insist on standing steadfast) is considerably more blow than go-puff, gulf, bluff, without the least bit of *real* power. **Power ever resides here as Identity, not out there with the images included within awareness-even when those images appear to threaten body, purse strings, home, society, family or world.**

In the direct language of Lao Tse, we hear him say: "The

concept of Yin (the principle of contradistinction) is ever present. It is the Mystic Female from whom the heavens and the earth originate, constantly, continuously, enduring always. *Use her!*"

CONTRADISTINCTION IN THE GARDEN

As appearances go, the garden in my backyard requires clods of earth, leaves grown brown, ungainly stems and, sometimes, even thorns in order to bloom the blossoms. Those blossoms appear only lovelier in contradistinction to all else.

When I walk through that garden I see the flowers, not the dead leaves; my Ruby picks a blossom for her hair, not a barren stem; the hummingbird takes his nectar from the bloom, not the thorn. It is a hungry butterfly that avoids the garden just because of the clods.

CONTRADISTINCTION REVEALS FORM

Tangibility requires contradistinction. Who can see a white bear standing on an iceberg in the midst of a snowstorm? The varying intensities of light, be they called color, shading or *shadow*, serve, if nothing else, to make *form* apparent. **A new measure of peace is discovered when we grow to see that shadows serve a purpose and are not evil.**

Infinite Awareness (Intelligence, Wisdom) is not limited. The unenlightened absolutist's dictum that only what IS can be known is a happy notion to latch onto for a time, but it is finally found to be a half-truth that would (if it could)

preclude the *infinity* of wisdom which certainly includes the perception of form and a positive knowledge of what "matter" *is*. The "form" of the "tree" is made apparent (tangible) by Wisdom's knowledge that the tree *is not* the meadow, *is not* the hillside, *is not* the sky or any OTHER form but THAT form. Wisdom knows that the tangible "hand" is not the intangible "foot."

The superimposition of the "world" with its agony intrudes with the personal attachment of *values* to the forms and the contradistinctions that make them tangible.

"This is good, that is bad; I want, I don't want; I like, I hate; good and evil; real and unreal" - THESE are the chains that appear to bind; THESE are the chains that expanding awareness discerns by the uncomfortable contradistinctions that make them apparent, and make apparent in order to be loosed and let go upon the lesson learned. *This* is what is being demanded of us at this moment of lifting, soaring, moon-landing Self-awareness which, like the cicada on yon loblolly pine, having lifted itself from the darkness of the earth now lets go the shell of a lesser identity. Soon it flies in the Light and sings, only the empty husk split in travail.

INFINITE WISDOM IS INFINITELY WISE

How *else* but by contradistinction can infinite knowing *KNOW* what isness *IS*? Listen, listen: a child may *LIVE* "childlikeness," but the child does not *know* what "childlikeness" is until, by contradistinction, he has lived the adulthood that childlikeness *is not*. As only the former pauper can really joy in unexpected riches, so *unbound* Knowing

(omniscience) lives its childlikeness again but this time *knows* what it is and sings the uninhibited Song of Love.

QUESTION: How could it be that there was a time when Omniscience did not understand its eternal child-likeness?

ANSWER: There is not nor was not such a time. There is only the tangible half of Omniscience pointing out (identifying) its other half. Eternal, timeless, formless Isness has no way to appear in form to Itself except as sequence of tangible (known) events, that sequence appearing as progressive "order" and "time" moving in one apparent direction. The physical sciences are just awakening to this fact long known by the intuitive Child we are.

The world is not something to be overcome in the sense of sanctimoniously trying to change everything. It is something to be understood, appreciated and lived to the fullest. This is the action we are engaged in at the moment, reader. This is what we are doing in the study of these ideas- and the reward for the doing is New Light wherein an eternal Perfection already at hand reveals another aspect of IDENTITY, the Alone Self-hood that ALL is-Grand Holy Infinity which is I-and which is being all images, tangible or intangible.

THE CONTRADISTINCTION CALLED DEATH

An understanding of the "principle of contradistinction"

allows for the unraveling of a number of mysteries and the tying together of loose ends of metaphysical truth. While our understanding of this principle is not a prerequisite for arrival, it helps us comprehend why we are already there. Also, it is a means by which the enigma of "death" can be comprehended "this side of the grave." So I will use it in the following discussion of **Life's contradistinction, called "death."**

When we see the corn pulled in the Fall and watch the stalks turn brown in the Winter wind, we do not think of the death of "corn." Rather, we consider corn in its *totality* and know that Winter is not the time of growing. When Summer comes we see the corn standing tall again in the sunshine, swaying in an August wind. It is corn from the harvest of the year before that is still growing green-In another row, perhaps; in another corner of the field.

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So, what is this matter of "death"? What is the much ado over it? Why is it an "enemy"? We end the enemy by no longer judging it *to be* an enemy. We end the appearances of certain other things by ending the *judgments* that called those appearances *bad*.

The statement "the last enemy to be destroyed" labels the appearance as an enemy. But listen, listen: it is one thing to see the valuelessness and powerlessness of death and call it a dream. **It is quite another to *look on the event* and *see it as neither enemy nor friend*.**

When we stop limiting awareness to just the *tangible* purview of Eternity and admit to the possibility of the

***intangible* (as the other half), we no longer see things as beginning and ending, as having birth and death.**

In the Winter, when the kernel of corn is stored in a bag in the seed house, the full being of corn is there yet. Tangibly speaking, it is in miniature, compared to the Summer way of looking at corn, but it is all there. If we had an internal way, a Winter way of introspectively looking within the kernel, we would find the corn right there as before, without having come to an end.

In much the same way, the human view of existence is a half-view, an incomplete, male or female view, a rich or poor, right or wrong, good or evil, dead or alive view but a *half view* nonetheless; only a partial view. Uninhibited, unlimited, unbound awareness is a *complete* view, a *whole* view, a Winter and Summer view combined. Awareness views "as a tree in paradise wherein the leaves do not fall in Winter or Summer." (Thomas)

There seems to be an internal and external view of the kernel of corn—a Summer and Winter view. Humanity is geared to the Summer view exclusively—the external view, the good-bad, male-female, real-unreal, relative-absolute, dead or alive perspective.

There is another perspective: the whole view, the centered view, the transcendent view. This is the perspective of uninhibited, unpossessed, uncontained *Infinite AWARENESS-I!* *Who* says we are bound to the male outlook or the female outlook because "we were born that

way"? Who says we see everything as either good or bad because that is the nature of the beast? **Who says Identity is either enlightened or unenlightened, expanded or unexpanded, developed or undeveloped, awake or sleeping?** Who is twisting our arm and making us *continue* those beliefs? **Not God, not Reality, not Wholeness, not Allness, not Awareness!**

We stop identifying as half the pendulum's swing, as half of All. **Awareness (Identity) is COMPLETE.** We stop thinking of ourselves as male, female, good, bad, enlightened, unenlightened, awake or sleeping. We do not have to think in that sense at all. We simply look-watch-behold-be; and find our *former* view of Life with *its* apparent contradistinction (death) appearing in new perspective.

Chapter XX

Life In The Light Of Contradistinction

The following essay comes in partial answer to requests that I write about the appearance of death. The study of this selection should be preceded by a thoughtful review of the selection on contradistinction and death, pages 175-179 in AWARENESS AND TRANQUILLITY, and a short period of introspective Self-writing (about LIFE, not death).

"Life" and "awareness" are the same living. The terms are identical. Living is the action of God. It may be said that Life is the knowing of Mind. That is, the awareness presently reading these words is the unconfined intelligence of *infinite* Mind. And this is so. Reader, what greater birthright could we have?

Because Mind is one, so is its action, Life-as shown by the fact that our Identity as awareness is primary, and all form appears within (as) this single consciousness of being.

The knowledge that this awareness is eternal reveals certain aspects of the "last enemy," what it is and why it appears as it does. **Life's contradistinction, called death, is neither binding nor bad. Infinite Wisdom's knowledge of all that Life *IS* equally includes the intellectual knowledge of that**

which Life IS NOT -in the same way that the tangible view of yon pine did once and may again bring to mind a host of "is nots": i.e., that pine is not an oak, is not a hickory; a means (perhaps *the* means) by which the *IS* of that image (tree) is known *without doubt or equivocation*.

The contradistinctions that make the tree apparent are many, but as we approach Awareness-this single Center of Being-the contradistinctions lessen. **It is upon the perception of the ONENESS that Awareness IS that we find (and understand) the *single* contradistinction by means of which this Awareness is KNOWN to be unending-the single contradistinction that awareness is *not*: non-awareness, non-life, death.** (Just as Light has *one* final contradistinction: "is *not* Light" which we call darkness.)

For this reason, the final "is not" has been called the last enemy, but it is not an enemy at all. It is nothing to fear nor cringe before. **It is naught more than the tangible appearing of a powerless contradistinction by which ETERNITY is perceived *beyond intellectuality and intellectuality's limits*.** It can do no more to Life than the "is not oak" can do to our pine. (If you enjoy arithmetic, ask yourself **how ETERNAL Infinity can appear tangibly EXCEPT as "periods" of "time"?** Herein lies the answer to many a human mystery.)

STORMS

I was in Mississippi among my great oaks and pines when the hurricane called Camille blew over me. "Only with thine eyes

shalt thou behold and see the reward of the (illusion) ... there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

If there should be a storm in our affairs, whatever its appearance, it is there for a reason-and a good reason; not a bad one. The moments of tumult are Tranquillity's contradistinction wherein all that Tranquillity *is* becomes known beyond theory, *beyond* speculation and beyond every aspect of intellectuality.

Awareness is Mind's knowing of Mind. Infinite Mind's Self-awareness is unlimited, unbound. WE are this Wisdom, reader! Is it not awareness (life) that watches the thundering surf? Is it not life that feels the warm hand of friendship? Is it not life that looks into the night sky, watches the gathering clouds of a Summer shower and listens to the newly freed cicada as he sings to his love? And is it not that same consciousness that reads these words? It is. It is. The UNBOUND self-knowing of MIND!

As infinite wisdom, we come to find ourselves knowing what we should, as we should. Wisdom knows this paper is not a hickory leaf, is not a "porky-pine" and is not a blue-eyed little girl. The "is nots" are never what the paper *is-yet* they serve to make the distinction clear if and when such a distinction

seems necessary in our affairs. While they sometimes appear as direful, foreboding events, they have no power nor authority for aught but *good*. The prior events of our life have never been fatal. The awareness that reads these words will never stop being the activity of being Deity's Self-consciousness, called Life. This Life that awareness is is an eternal Watch from Glory to ever more expansive Glory!

AWARENESS

Once, in war, I watched the slaughter of a valley of people. Death appeared on every hand. Women cried. Children screamed. Men shouted in fear and agony. I was a soldier there, frightened like all the rest. In the midst of the carnage, seemingly out of the press of fear on the one hand and an abiding faith on the other that surely a good God's design could never include such a scene as this, as *only* this, I was introduced to a view on the "other side" of death's appearance—a fuller view than the ordinary. Then, I could not explain that event nor understand all it revealed, but since that time the affairs of "my" life have been an unending explanation as though I were in class, given instruction by angels, by the sun and stars, by a still small voice, by a Holy Muse and a gentle wind from out the camp site of a New Day on the river of life.

Those of you who are afraid, listen:

"Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see.. "

"Thou shalt NOT be afraid ... it shall NOT come nigh thee ...

"

"His angels shall bear thee up in their hands."

These are things I know. The light of a distant galaxy only rushes into and past the *boundaries* of a *measured* earth. It does not end. Neither does the Light of Life end because of *Eternity's* contradistinction called "time."

LOVE and LIGHT are eternal.

Dear Mary and John,

Two days out in the woods! Hunting arrowheads, walking Winter fields, feeling the January chill on my face.

A few years ago, Ruby and I were beating our way along the Buttahatchie looking for old Indian sites and arrow-heads when we happened onto Mr. Johnson, a Mississippi farmer. When he found out what we were doing and that we were "none of them Yankee furiners," he took us over to a cornfield where some of the prettiest corn you've ever seen was standing twelve feet high. "Now, go on back thar in the middle of the field," he said, "'til ya come to a rise. If'n ya look good, I 'speck ya'll 'll find some 'ars (arrows)."

We did! His cornfield was smack on top of a burial mound and there were arrows all over the place!

Well, that's where I've been yesterday and today. And, John, finding an arrow that is still unbroken is about like landing a

five-pound bass. My find today was fifteen beauties and I came back bearded, dirty, cold and miserable-eyes watering, nose running, muddy feet very tired. Great, just great!

I looked for arrows where aboriginal man lived. The world says they are dead and gone, but they are no such thing. Life lives for a time looking outward at things; then inward at That which is being things. Life is both views and they are much more simultaneous than is imagined, but the "thing-view" sees finiteness-and finiteness involves time and its succession. *The view within does not preclude the vision of finite things; rather, it includes it to infinity.*

The personal, finite view of "death" is not the final say in the matter. We live our world until we live it perfectly. Our first and last step in this regard is the shedding of the personal sense of self-the ego-the selfhood apart from the One. But even this is but barely a matter of our own doing. For me it has seemed much more an action of letting, of being, of watching, of non-action in the human sense.

Well, once before, looking for arrows-that time In the Spring-tired and thirsty I bent myself down to drink from a pond, and there reflected in the water He was-in my own image He was...

Unlimited, unbound Love to you both!

Chapter XXII

A Course of Action In The Midst Of Turmoil

Reader, the following is an essay of urgency pertaining to the events of the day and "what to do" concerning them. I have been urged from within to get it written, but it has not been easy to find the words. Even after many revisions I am aware it barely touches the hem of the Light I have been given to see and tell about.

The seed is here, however-the gist. The discerning Heart, the Single Eye, will find it and ascertain its significance relative to the great crunch soon to be brought to bear against the established ideas of the world-all of them-religious, educational, political, monetary, social, et al-awesome events perhaps, but nothing to be frightened of, nothing that can harm Identity.

As simple, unjudging Awareness, we can watch it all with wonder and excitement like children standing on a high peak surveying the pounding surf below. The storm passes and the earth is refreshed. The Real remains untouched.

The honest action of our daily experience appears to be a quiet middle ground, a delicate balance. Consider, for instance, the cautious balance between *not yielding* and *not contending-or not contending* and *not yielding*.

In the human scheme of things, the refusal to yield to something we have come to perceive as a false authority is accompanied by the world's moral demand to do battle with that authority and set it straight-always for the idealistic benefit of others, of course. Such action is the product of human "education" and has become the intuitive reflex of a society geared to "progress." But there is another course of action open to us wherein we quietly refuse to yield to any authority but the Divine, yet remain careful (for our own peace and the benefit of the world) not to overstep that refusal thence to begin *contending* with the binding, confining false authority.

Of course, the world holds this course in grand contempt. Even the world's metaphysicians, by and large, attempt to rectify appearances, but our *tangible* freedom in daily experience win never be found outside this delicate balance between not yielding and not contending.

No, we do not cow before the supposed power of images, signs and symbols, that have no power; we do not act as floor mats nor yield ourselves servants to obey the appearances of the world and its sundry enslaving ideas. But neither do we take those actions that constitute a battle with the world's pseudo-authority. When this delicate point is perceived and lived (and *lived!*) our vision of war, rebellion and personal inharmony (discord) is ended.

BY WAY OF EXPLANATION

A growing portion of my correspondence concerns itself as

follows: (1) "Our children (or grandchildren) are anti-establishment, anti-adult, anti-social and contemptuous of nearly everything conventional. All they are *for* are mind-changing drugs. *What am I to do?*"

(2) "My organization (school, business, church, body) is woefully caught up in the dictatorial emptiness of old conditioned thinking and would attempt to enslave me thereby. What am I to do, pull up stakes or battle for an improvement in my organization?"

As appearances go, our response to the second question has given rise to the appearances that motivate the first. The answer to the one is the answer to the other-but that answer does not exist out there with rebellious society and its destructive actions, nor with the recalcitrant, dictatorial organizations so many would like to see reorganized to fit a new pattern. It has altogether to do with this action the *reader* is right here-no one else and nowhere else. One does not *have* -to "pull up stakes" *or* "battle for an improvement." There is yet another course of action, a barely seen *centre ground* upon which one may stand and find himself having cleared up both situations for him at once. As this action-WE-are stops its battle with its "out there," we see the *meaning* behind the world's turmoil and see it without fear or loss of equanimity.

For me it has been helpful to learn the hard lesson that challenging the pseudo-powers of the world does not mean a battle. To challenge the authority of a power that is *not* God is to stand firm on the single ground of *God's* omnipotence, therein discovering the powerlessness of the pseudo-authority-and finding it in the first hand language

of my own experience.

To battle with the pseudo-authority in either action or argument is to give it (in my own experience) the very power it does not possess outside my belief that it is a power to overcome, change, heal or, as I am sometimes tempted, paste in the mouth with a tomato-as if there *could* be a power besides God! Even then, the battle is with a *belief-a personal* determination that a power besides God exists capable of binding us and doing us in.

The faltering heart, the swollen joints, the fractious groups and warring nations are the evidence of that fictitious belief. To see the end of the mischief "there," *we* end the contention with our *own* images "here." Reader, you see this?

It is not the people in our world who must do this. Rather, this consciousness that "includes" those people does it *first then* we see our mirrored Self-images doing likewise. We be the lifted up, pristine Awareness smiling at itself *here* and find ourselves living the Christ of our Self-perceived, Self-inclusive universe smiling back from the mirror.

The images of perception, whether they be institutions, people or feelings, are not the masters of the consciousness (Life) reading these words. Rather, institutions, people, feelings have their apparent existence because ISNESS (God) is aware as this awareness we are. Dominion resides where *this* one exists. To be dictated to by a false authority is to yield oneself servant thereof and sleep enslaved. To let our own images lead us around by the nose just because "they

say" thus and so is as senseless as the television set that trembles in fear that one of its images will smash the picture tube. We question the basic authority of the slavemaster by understanding the *reasons* for its appearance in our affairs.

Yes, lest we be fooled and find ourselves adding to the picture's agony rather than *seeing* the naught of it, we awaken to the narrow pathway between the challenge of external authority that would bind us, and doing battle with it. The present rebellion of certain groups within "society" will stop its senseless destructiveness and come out from its subverting, perverting nastiness only as this awareness-being-I ends its *own* contention with its included images. Within the cause-effect arena of mental manipulation, the appearance of a society being ripped apart by guilt-ridden groups demanding freedom is the inevitable consequence of our own vain effort at mental manipulation-attempts to elevate a mistaken sense of Self up to a Perfection that is already All. **He who would try to improve the world, spoils it, as Lao Tse said.**

The time is ripe to stand fast as the witness of the ALLNESS we know to be the Fact of existence. *We* pull in the insensate reins of contention *here-as-I-within* before we can understand why our images appear to be going off half cocked in all directions. We live and act the Christ-Comforter we are to our own perception of existence first.

We do not save our world by doing battle with it, tearing it down, burning it up, creating doubt or suspicion, undermining it, healing it, manipulating it or trying to resign from it via a letter of resignation or drugs. We "save" it by seeing it as it is, seeing ourselves as we are, and acknowledging ISNESS to be the basis for all that is, has been, or could be.

WHERE THE AUTHORITY IS

God, the reality being this single and only AWARENESS I AM, is the authority that blooms the bud, scatters the seed and flashes its Cosmic Light around the universe.

This authority has never been vested in a human organization, be it a body with organs, a scientific institution, a financial institution, a marriage institution or a smother church. Furthermore, none of us has ever been unfaithful to this Divine Authority being Identity, nor "lapsed from the faith." How, in God's allness, can Identity lapse from Itself?

Undoubtedly, organizations (even as the body) perform legitimate, worthwhile services, but those services are abrogated to whatever extent we give the organization power to enslave its members or *to whatever extent we claim a position of superiority or inferiority for our own appearances of organization* or views of Reality.

Isness, not people, is the genuine authority for individual action. The consciousness that reads these words stands as its own self-evident proof of being, Deity's awareness of

existence. Its relationship to Being is not governed by the man-made laws of *any* intermediary, no matter how correctly (Divinely) authorized it is or professes to be. The communion between Reality and this consciousness-we are is not now, and has never been, routed through any external church, philosophy, system, leader, ritual, institution or book-to include the Bible. Intercourse with Reality is *direct*, as direct as Allness is ever its own sameness. Enlightenment, the "mysterious agreement," is between IS and AM, the single ONE, Self-evident to and as *this* Awareness-I-am. My proof of this fact is the Light I live as, and see enlightening my Experience.

When this is understood, we find our Light appearing on the scene via books, institutions, friends and strangers at every turn of the road-and we know when *that* appearing *is* our own Within disclosing Itself to us in the language of the moment.

The "authority of the organization," whatever its appearing, resides in That being THIS consciousness. That which presents itself as intermediary-pope, church, institution, society, bible or canon of ancient law-exists powerlessly in "us" (Me) as images of *this* awareness-I-am.

"SO WHAT DO I DO ABOUT MEMBERSHIP IN MY COLLEGE (OR CHURCH OR BUSINESS OR WORLD)?"

The Golden Thread of the Absolute exists. We know because we have found it. We feel, know and see the Fact of Singleness-evidence of God's ALLNESS. We who discern the

Thread are come as the saviour of our own appearing, the Christ to the Experience we are.

As I see it now, it makes no difference whether we are inside an organization or outside it, provided we do not feel a sense of restriction. Even then, cutting ourselves away does not mean we will find the restriction gone. **It is the sense of being an identity *capable of being restricted* that appears to me as a "me" bound by an ailing body, oppressive organization or a flat pocketbook.** The axe at the root has to do with *this* one's position, not the "Church's." Identity is a matter of SELF determination and in the end, no organization, not even the body, can prevent the discovery.

Therefore, I do not presume to tell anyone whether he should join an organization or leave one. We each follow what seems the Heart-directed course of action. For myself, I once thought the wisteria vine was the most beautiful of all the flowers in the garden. As a gardener, I worked with my wisteria to the exclusion of all else and awakened one day entangled, no longer free to follow the sunlight outside the shadows. For *me* (though not necessarily for thee) it seemed wise to come out and be separate from that clinging vine because I could neither speak nor write of my own self-unfoldments without violating rules to which I had willingly agreed. So I cut myself away from the organizational rules and found the more distant purview of the wisteria lovelier than ever! More: I found the beauty of the orchid! I found the larkspur, the rose, the dandelion, the sassafras root and the wild woodland outside the regulated boundary of the garden!

Every flower in the garden is ME and I take my nectar from any book or blossom I see I be at the moment. Only those organizations that permit such freedom can survive.

In all fairness I must point out again that my entanglement with the wisteria of old theology was not the wisteria's fault. A vine is a vine; neither good, bad, right nor wrong-but who can make wisteria into heather or a dandelion into a rose? If there isn't enough shade beneath the pine, we sit under an oak, but we don't cut down the pine nor strip it of its limbs. Its shade may be quite enough for the tufted titmouse, the bushy-tailed squirrel or the mercenary who thinks *that* tree is the only tree capable of dropping an "apple" in his lap.

Which is easier: to play the role of a great crusading contender doing impossible (and miserable) battle with society and its organizations, or to stop playing that role and rest in the happy Already? For myself, I prefer to let pine trees be pine trees and wisteria vines be wisteria vines. If, in blaming the vine for my own entanglement, I should succeed in pulling it up by the roots, what will I have to show for it except a hernia, a sore back and the sight of a wrecked society ripped apart by excessive zealotry?

God's Phoenix of ALREADY does not *have* to rise from the ruins of a shattered society. It will appear to, of course, but those who know the forthright way of the middle ground-of

the *already* Infinite-will not be troubled as the dream's last soliloquy is sounded, as the curtain falls with a crash and the mortal arc lights give way to the Light of the Eternal, sunshine of the Real.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



William Samuel (1924-1996) devoted his life to the search for Truth. His quest to study at the fountainheads of the world's ideas took him twice around the globe, into its remotest places, including several years in the Orient.

Mr. Samuel made his home in the beautiful village of Mountain Brook Alabama. "The Universe is my home," he would say, "but I choose to walk the fields and quiet hills of Alabama."

A soldier for many years, then a writer, lecturer and teacher whose love for the outdoors was such that many of his metaphysical classes were held under the pines or aboard his little house-boat, "the good ship Lollygog," drifting along the banks of the silent Coosa.

Mr. Samuel enjoyed a world-wide correspondence with those he helped find the fabled "peace beyond understanding." The growing demand for his clear, simple, and *effective* instruction has prompted the preparation of this text.

Here is one of the few teachers in history to have ever brought together the entire scope of religious teachings, eastern and western, into one simple explanation of the nature of enlightenment and the paradoxical "how to's". He teaches in an especially beautiful, simple language that all can understand; a teaching that culminates in those oft quoted words of Mr. Samuel, "There is no way there, but to be there."



Butterfly Publishing House
Ojai ♥ California

ISBN #1-877999-04-0



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