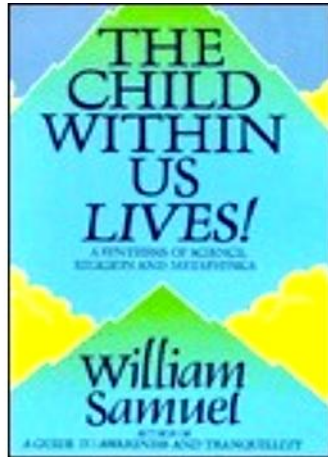


Selected writings
from



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from**

**The Child
Within
Us
Lives**

**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 Child Within Us Lives.'

From

THE CHILD WITHIN US LIVES! *A SYNTHESIS OF SCIENCE, RELIGION AND METAPHYSICS*

By William Samuel

MANKIND'S SEARCH FOR TRUTH

To the Western set of mind there is a certain incongruity about an old soldier being one to whom a measure of Light has been revealed. I can understand that. I was, after all, a captain of infantry in two long wars. I lived with Chinese infantry troops in the field for nearly three years—subsisting with them, nearly starving with them. The few American soldiers in China had very little support from the United States during World War II.

It is interesting that I've never written about those days, even though I've told of the learning events to seekers who have come to visit here in Alabama. I especially relished telling such tales to the metaphysical "absolutists" or to the young zealot idealists who arrived expecting only gentle words of peace from a Godly teacher. Since stories of strife, warfare and suffering are the last thing those people expect to hear from a "metaphysician," that's often what they got.

Show me a revelation and I'll show you a traumatic event from which that Light emerged. Show me a true vision of heaven and I'll show you a descent into the anguish of hell wherein that vision was tried, tested and found faithful.

During the Korean War, an artillery round burst among my men. Several bodies were hurled about and I ran to see the extent of the damage. Sick to my stomach at the sight, I sat down among three of the bodies sprawled along the slope. As I did I became aware of a visual "Presence" hovering beside them. A misty, blue-white light of sorts. A different kind of light, primal, persuasive and powerful. I could not explain what I saw then, nor can I now, but with the sight, and **because of the sight, I was absolutely certain within myself I was being shown evidence of the deathlessness of Life—the survival of the Child, the Soul of men.**

Within a few minutes of that incident, my regiment, and my part of the line in particular, was hit by an enormous wave of shell fire and oncoming Chinese troops. Hell erupted in a manner that no one can sufficiently describe or picture for another. In the early moments of that terrible onslaught wherein everything that moved was slaughtered ten

times over—I was suddenly unable to hear. My world went silent and I was enveloped in an immeasurable calm. In the midst of that horrendous din of exploding bodies and shells, I could hear nothing but my own voice. In some marvelous way, **I was caught up in a quiet, tranquil dimension, separate, but attached to the carnage at hand, I had not been wounded.**

There was a clear perception that a superlative **Reality stood just behind the events: that there is another Scene just above this one, surrounding it**; that Reality was bursting through that corridor of chaos into my own conscious recognition. I walked with a detached courage, as if the mortal body couldn't be and wouldn't be hurt. I ran from soldier to soldier, gun to gun. I was knocked down, spun around and stung with rocks and earth, feeling nothing but a calm, clear sense of Life's dominion over the sights and sounds of the world; as though, with the Presence I had sensed and seen moments earlier among the first bodies felled, **I was SEEING and FEELING Life, eternal Nature, even in the face of death.**

That particular hellfire and damnation in Korea lasted four nights and three days without sleep for my troops and me. I have never forgotten the different time frame and the enwrapping inner peace nor how I was held and supported during that time—or non-time. More significant, that Peace has not forsaken me since those days, at least not when I was mindful of It nor when the chips were down and I called for It. How do I call for It? **I bring forth the Child of Me.**

So on this Memorial Day I write something that might tell others that there are times when the anguish of the lesson is absolutely necessary—that leaving the anguish may not be the answer. Now, with absolute assurance, I can tell people, old and young, their lessons can be learned under the most difficult and trying circumstances. **Better that we call on the Child because the Child knows what to do. The Child and the Presence are the same one Presence and It is right HERE where we are, TRANSCENDING this world's time and space.**

The final tone in this Overtone: The day I was given the Order Of Battle of the “enemy” opposing me just across the valley on the mountain. It was the Chinese 60th Army, *the same troops I had lived with and trained for two wars in China.* We met again, eight years later, in a terrible and senseless slaughter.

In the apparent world, our friends and enemies are the same—and, sometimes, needlessly, insanely, we try to destroy one another, thence to find that Life is eternal. Like Arjuna, in awful combat, I was instructed in certain of the Mysteries and learned the sense of senselessness. **Making sense of this world of appearances has much to do with understanding the nature of Light/light, space, energy and time.**

A JOURNAL MUSING

Godhead existed before time and space. The Ineffable still exists, infinite and eternal.

Then what are time and space about?

*They exist for an essential purpose: **that mortals might eventually come to understand and know the scope of the Ineffable source of themselves.** When space has been traversed and the mysteries of time calculated, man will find he has touched only the edges of Ineffability.*

HAN, MASTER OF KWANGSE PROVINCE

Talking to the little group assembled at the mountain pond, Han said, "When the Ineffable asked 'What am I?' the tangible world came into being. When the Ineffable asked 'Who am I?' life appeared."

"What the hell does that mean?" the soldier asked, impatiently.

"Very simply, the tangible world is God's knowledge of What God is," the old man answered. **"Life is God's knowledge of Who God is. The Child within that sparks the life of each of us is God's own Self-awareness in the process of happening.** That spark is God's Self-image. The arrogant and frightened ego that surrounds the spark is the husk of man-made nothingness standing like a veil between Godhead and Its Self-Image. The Who includes the What and there is no division between Awareness and the images that appear within it here."

"And what does *that* mean?" the soldier asked, shaking his head in frustration.

DA SHAN, THE MIGHTY MOUNTAIN

Out of the flat plains of Kwangse Province rises the mythical mountain Da Shan, tall and majestic, reaching up through the clouds. Its peak is enshrouded in a different light, powerful and penetrating, for which the ordinary light of the slopes below is a limited and finite copy.

This mythical Da Shan is "The Mountain of Seeking and Finding." It is said that all of us in the world are on its slopes, whether we know it or not. Han, the old sage of Kwangse, says the purpose of the human experience is to reach Da Shan's peak, thence to find one's original and final home that transcends time. There, he perceives his genuine identity.

Among the sayings of Jesus is this: **"Blessed is He who was before he came into being."** That is, **blessed is the Identity that pre-existed this body of things;** blessed is the True Identity, the perfect image of Godhead, for which this body and experience in linear time are retroactive confirmation. **Atop Da Shan we meet the One who existed before this tangible view of things came into finite being.**

Our real Identity already stands atop that peak. The struggle for understanding may seem long and difficult, but it is retrospective in time, actually CONFIRMING the fact of Wisdom, which is already the nature of the true Identity.

This knowledge UNDERSTOOD permits our daily living here in the world, the ascent of Da Shan, to happen smoothly and rapidly, as it is ordained as a birthright for every man who searches for the Truth. When these discoveries are made, Han says, the climber discovers the ultimate marvel: **that the Real of himself has been atop Da Shan all the while, unbound and untouched by time and space.**

IS DA SHAN REAL, UNREAL, NEITHER OR BOTH?

The mythical mountain Da Shan faces all directions. The mountain is not separate from the earth, so when we speak of Da Shan, we are talking about matter, the world's tangibility. In this sense, the top of Da Shan is the top of the physical world and represents the place in time and space where the Intangible becomes tangible and where the tangible reverts to Intangibility.

Is there such a place in reality? Of course there is. **There is a *point* at which something flows from nothing.** There is a time in time when time began and matter exploded into form, even as there is a time in time when the purpose of time will be understood, and, perhaps, no longer exist.

HUMAN LIFE

Myriad forms of life appear to live on the mythical mountain. People are walking on the face of Da Shan, going uphill or downhill to one degree or another, or in circles, getting nowhere at all. Those of us doing nothing to discern Truth—most are doing nothing—sink more deeply into the density and darkness of Da Shan.

On the human scale of things, we enter the tangible scene of time and space some where on the mountain and leave it physically somewhere else—hopefully nearer the top.

Da Shan the world, mythical or not, is *finite*. Our search for the truth begins in time and ends in time. Like sand pouring through an hourglass, the sands of time begin and end. Time's hold on us, our hold on it, is not eternal. The tangible tree of life, *as it appears in the world* is not eternal either.

THE HOLE IN THE WALL

Han told this story:

Once in Kwangse Province there stood a green wall so high it blocked the sun and nothing grew in that place. During the Third Dynasty, a certain stranger came down from Da Shan. He stood beside the wall, made himself into nothing and vanished. He vanished so completely, the story goes, that a part of the wall vanished with him. Where he had stood, an opening in the wall appeared, like a door, through which people could come and go from one side of the wall to the other. The morning light streamed through that doorway and, where the light touched the ground, the first flowers grew in Kwangse. People were attracted to the new garden of flowers and light. They became the people of the original Community.

Han looked at his friends and said, "The Stranger who made himself nothing was praised for creating the Community and became the object of much worship. **But it was not the Stranger who grew the garden that attracted the people; it was the LIGHT...**" Han said again. "Light builds the community, not we ourselves.

At the peak of Da Shan, we become nothing, no place, no thing; then we become the empty doorway, the Way, between light and darkness."

Who is Han? Han is the Child within myself. Han is the Child-I-am.

THE TRUTH IS NOT THAT DIFFICULT TO UNDERSTAND

The idea that the deepest "Truth" is complex and difficult is a myth unintentionally projected by fine people who, for the most part, have had undiscerning teachers or inadequate, incomplete textbooks written before the Truth had been fully revealed to and confirmed by their authors. I doubt that the Almighty can make sense of much that is written and shouted in the name of Truth.

Just as school children hear about the supposed horrors of geometry or Shakespeare, thence to avoid those subjects if they possibly can, exactly so mankind through the ages has avoided in-depth studies of science, religion, philosophy, metaphysics or Truth, afraid he couldn't understand them and unwilling to make the effort he believed *necessary* to comprehend.

Truth is not trying to evade our search. It discloses itself to a willing heart. We ask and are given the answers. We seek and find.

We are all natural philosophers, effortlessly *living* a divine philosophy which is intermingled with our own ideas—and we are doing this every minute of the day. We are all natural *subjectivists* as certainly as *objectivists*, and we are being both of them simultaneously to one degree or another.

Reader, do not wonder whether or not you are spiritual enough or *intelligent* enough—or have enough faith—to *understand* the Truth. You will understand it. **You were meant to**

***understand* the Truth from the beginning of time, whether you consider yourself religious or not, intelligent or not.**

Does a flower have enough intelligence to bloom? Actually, you understand already. **There is something deep within all of us that knows *already*.** Yes, there is Something Wonderful in the midst of us that *understands* the discipline of the world and the important issues of life it includes. That knowing is ready to spring up and break out into our daily affairs and make life rich and meaningful *again*.

THE THREE SIMULTANEOUS POSITIONS

There is a little understood Zen saying that goes **“First, it is a mountain; then, it is not a mountain; and then, finally, it is a mountain again.”**

The first, “It is a mountain,” is the objective level of things. We begin as children observing an objective world, learning about people, places and things. Our training and schooling come to us from the objective position: I am here, identified as this body; the mountain is over there. The mountain is real. The world is real, the body is real. Space and time are real. Sin, sickness, and death are not only real, but inevitable. One is prone to stop at this position and stay there.

Somewhere, for the evolving and fortunate, and usually out of some trauma along the way, one learns of idealism, of metaphysics and its subjectivism. At this level of discernment—the metaphysical—we experience (and hear about) proof after proof that “matter” is not what it appears to be, but is “mental,” that “things” are within awareness, that matter and its space and time are not real, that we are **not actually identified as the body but as the Awareness that observes the body**, and so on. At this point in our ongoingness, and as the Zen Master put it very well, “The mountain *is not* a mountain.”

Let me emphasize that *both* the objective and subjective perspectives are happening in all of us simultaneously, here a little, there a little. The metaphysician who hasn't actually understood his subjectivism, and put it to work, might be declaring with all his intellectual might that “God is All and there is no matter,” but the religionist who has no conscious knowledge of metaphysics *and has felt the “Spirit” while reading his Bible or looking at a flower* may very well be more conscious of Truth than THAT metaphysician. The step from objectivism to subjectivism is claimed long before it is taken.

Finally, there is the **third level of awakening of which we are capable, every one of us: *Rediscovery of Identity, the Child within***. This is the sublime level of perception, and it doesn't take a metaphysical education (or any other kind) to get there. The Child within has been with us since our time began in tangible space. The inner Child has a perfectly balanced View from atop Da Shan and knows how to act subjectively in an objective world.

The Child teaches us correctly about the ephemeral nature of matter and the allness of God; showing us how to LIVE a perfect balance all the way to the end of the temporal span. The Child teaches us how to live subjectively in an objective world and in so doing, shows us that “It is a mountain *again*,” a tangible world that doesn't fool us and that *we understand*.

The Child within leads us to the Balance, and the Balance allows us to begin the dominion and “reign,” the heritage of those who understand. The Child takes us quickly to the top of the mountain right here in the world. The Child of us is the real of us. Reader, there is a way to *find that Child*, and this book is about that.

THE TOP-DOWN VIEW AS OPPOSED TO THE ORDINARY VIEW

“The top-down view,” the subjective view, is a way to think, a mode of mind. The top-down view “begins” its thoughts (about anything and everything) with Ineffability, God. Then, from THAT position, one reasons his way toward the scene at hand.

The top-down mode of mentation begins with God as all in all, pure and perfect. **The awareness of the reader presently reading these words is God's Self-awareness in the process of comprehension.** This mode of thinking is the very foundation of subjectivism.

The top-down mode of mentation finally becomes *essential for our every thought and calculation*. **The top-down view knows the “real” of us is the Life of us—and is the very Awareness that perceives these words.**

This awareness was never born. It doesn't wither and die. It was never born into matter and can't go out of matter—rather, matter exists as the knowing, the wisdom, of God. The “real” of us knows in some marvelous way that only GOD is going on. The “real” of us knows that the *reality* of this human experience is God's activity.

WHAT ARE THE ADVANTAGES OF SUBJECTIVISM?

When the subjective idea dawns, one's views become quantum; one's religion becomes quantum; one's experience becomes quantum; one's knowledge begins to multiply until it becomes quantum.

What is meant by this? When the subjective idea dawns, one begins to realize that ***the entire world is unfolding within himself.***

In the pre-subjective state, one was merely one among millions; in the subjective mode, millions are within oneself. **In the objective state, there is just me and my pathetic little view of things; in the subjective state, there is this divine Awareness (which God is being) and it includes all views within itself, infinite possibilities.**

In the pre-subjective state, time is linear and sequential. In the subjective state, time is less linear and not necessarily sequential; time may move in both directions or not exist at all.

SUBJECTIVISM AND RELIGION

To the objective view, there is God and a sinful mankind struggling to return to God's grace. To the subjective view, there is God and God's Self-Awareness appearing as all possible individual states. The “return” is leaving the bonds of objectivism to re-embrace the Original Child, the subjective “Mind of God”—to let the Awareness be us which is also the Christ Truth.

DEVELOPMENT OF COSMOLOGY

DA SHAN IS AN IMAGE OF AN IMAGE

Standing atop Da Shan, one also finds that the physical body has a Twin for which the climber's self-image is a poor inversion. Indeed, the real Identity stands within the very center of the Ineffable Mountain Beyond Name and atop Da Shan simultaneously. More than that, **The Child is everywhere on Da Shan at once, as well as at the Heart of things.**

This “other” Identity has a Name—the Child, the Christ-Light, the Guide, the Original One-I-AM, the Comforter, Messiah which has never left the State of Grace of Mountain Beyond Name and has never been bound by the world's time and space, *even while appearing there.*

Atop Da Shan, the balanced View, *the Child's* view begins to comprehend that everything under its feet is imaged confirmation (to infinity) of the REAL; that everything beneath the balanced foot exists in time's inward spiral—present to confirm eternal Timelessness and infinite spacelessness.

WE STUDY WITH A GENTLE TOUCH

My quest for Truth has taken me many places in the world, and I have studied at the feet of many enlightened teachers. Each in his own way said, **“Perfection is *already* spread over the face of the land but men perceive it not.”** **“I have sought Truth all my life, but lo, that which I seek, I am!”** “Not with a mighty effort, but with gentleness and grace.”

My studies went from searching to confirming. The two efforts look the same, but the results are very different. The Truth we seek to confirm is closer than fingers and toes. Godhead is being this life “we” are, this Awareness-I-am; not you, not me, not us. **GODHEAD is life—and responsible for it.**

We begin the break with “mortal mind,” the misidentification, the “old man,” “the liar from the beginning,” when we admit to the empty nothingness of an ego struggling to climb the mountain of comprehension. Rather we acknowledge the allness of GODHEAD and Its Self-awareness. **There is nothing unenlightened about the awareness looking at these words—through we may long hold to the old belief that we are ignorant of Truth.** Ignorance resides in the role we play as a taskmaster to God.

A grand Wisdom is being the consciousness that reads these words and looks outside the window at the trees standing silently there. We are prone to become profound with a book in our hand, but how much more profound one can be while touching a tree in the wildwood or tending the needs of a stranger! What is this business of analyzing, comparing and judging everything endlessly? **Why the excessive flood of words to get at Truth when Truth existed before words came into being?**

Words are an essential tool, yes, yes—and Da Shan is better because of them—but there is a marvelous balance between the book and the trees, between the study of words of Truth and the living of them.

FIRST MENTION OF THE DIVINE EQUATION

In Kwangse the group sat talking.

“With all my travel and study I've never heard of the equation,” the soldier grouched.

“I haven't either,” said the minister. Neither had Lee nor Mary.

Han said, “One who doesn't live the Divine Equation simply doesn't know it. To know it without living it is to be dead. To know it is to live it. Personally, I do not see how one can know he knows it without living it, but I don't know everything.”

“But friend Han,” shouted the soldier, “you just told us that the real Identity of each of us is Omniscience itself! How can one be that and still not know everything?”

Han said, **“God knows everything, but I don't. I am merely the *knowing* of God, so I certainly don't know everything.”**

“That doesn't make a damned bit of sense,” the soldier said.

DA SHAN AND THE MIST

But there went up a mist from the earth and watered the whole face of the ground. And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul. (Genesis)

If one draws a great X on a sheet of paper and visualizes the top half (to infinity) as representing the invisible Godhead, let him understand that the bottom half represents the entire tangible universe—Da Shan, emerging out of Ineffability at its peak, even while being embraced by that Godhead simultaneously, not unlike the manner in which a sphere embraces the points, lines and planes within itself.

Then let one understand that the lower “half” is the mirrored image of the Ineffable above it, below it, surrounding and permeating it simultaneously. One sees then that Da Shan, matter, is at once *image* of Image and is immersed within the Center of Godhead, “Great Mountain beyond Name.”

Next we perceive that the ideal state to recognize in the human condition is that our Original Identity is unbound by time or space and stands atop Da Shan; that the limited view of ourselves (image of Image) struggling along the slopes of the mountain can *call upon the Original*, the twin, to carry it quickly to Da Shan's Peak in conscious here-and-now spatial, sequential fact. The fact is, the Original Identity, like the photon, is everywhere in time and space, constantly—**there being no human condition we can get into that the Child-Image doesn't know the way out of.**

Atop Da Shan, we find ourselves the very Center of Being, the non-spatial point at which Ineffability flows into image beyond—and where image below flows back to Godhead. The “real of us” (Child, Identity, Image of God) is “located” at the very middle of the “X” I asked you to imagine. Where does your world begin, reader, if not right here where your eyes read these words?

This illustration, when understood, shows one at a glance (1) the picture of the world and why it isn't “real,” (2) human experience in time and space, and (3) our sequential journey that comes to an end in time even though it exists forever in timelessness. We can understand that all above Da Shan is Light and all “below” on the slopes merely *images* of that Light (called “limited light”), making an inward, downward spiral into immeasurable multiplicity, finiteness and stolid darkness.

The Glimpses that come to us in our human struggle on the slopes of the world are the ever-present Child of Light-beyond-light breaking through, disclosing an unsuspected wonder of Reality. In truth, ***these Glimpses are all that's really important in the human experience***, all else being the contradistinctory lessons that LEAD to them.

The Child is ever the Christ Light, Soul of OurSelf, capable of hearing our every needful desire along the slopes and absolutely willing to help us make the upward propelling decision and movement on the slope of Da Shan.

Finally, our vision transcends the world's mist (the slope's of Da Shan) and we have realized our Original State, never fallen from grace, never guilty of human atrocities and sin.

Line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little, there a little, we have come to comprehend all the events of our linear lives in time as the Good necessary to bring us consciously into the fullness of the Godhead, bodily.

THE LIGHT OF TRUTH BREAKING THROUGH

PERSONAL JOURNAL ENTRY

I have been given a secret of secrets, surely the most valuable thing in my world. It is said that kings would give their kingdoms to know it, but they can neither find it nor discover anyone to tell them what it is. Dear God, It has found me, of all the people in the world! Thank you, Father of Light and Life.

*The body is ailing, yet, at exactly the right time this morning, Laurel called bringing a Glimpse onto the scene. The glimpse is an elixir of God. It did the good work! If ever I have wondered about proclaiming the power of our “glimpses and glimmers,” that wonder was dispelled for the ten thousandth time this morning when that gentle lady spoke of her new insights into this and that. The “this and that” was just what this “body” needed. It responded immediately and I heard myself laughing with Laurel. Yes, yes. It is a marvel of marvels. **I take the Child's secret of the Glimpse and, without regret, throw the lesser things way.** “Let him who has ears to hear...”*

GLIMPSES AND GLIMMERS

For years I worked and struggled, pondered and pined to “know the truth.” I read voraciously to catch the glimpses and glimmers, but the vital *connection* that was absolutely essential eluded me. That is, I didn't understand it was the Glimpse *itself* that came through as Godhead's own Truth entering this scene I am, to brighten and enliven it.

Once upon a time I wanted the glimpse to bring information to this old sense of myself and work a wonder for it. Hear this softly now: **The Glimpse doesn't just bring the truth like a messenger; the Glimpse is the Truth; the Glimpse is the Light; the Glimpse is our genuine Selfhood emerging!**

The value of the Glimpse *itself* eludes everyone until precept upon precept, here a little, there a little, slowly it dawns. Most remain unaware that it is the Glimpse of Light that matters and does the work in the phenomenal world.

The GLIMPSE of Light does the work; the glimpse has the value, and nothing else in all this human experience is half so real as that instant of insight. That's what I mean here. That Glimpse is the Light of Godhead breaking into this consciousness of tangibility, into this awareness of space and time. The Glimpse is the Child stirring within. **The Glimpse doesn't merely come from the Child, it is the Child of us.**

People often say they have some sense of the Truth “intellectually straight” but haven't felt it in their hearts yet. This usually means that they are, as I was then, trying to catch a Glimpse *along some specific line* of heart's desire of the moment—about money or health or something. Well, I don't know that we can determine exactly what the Glimpse is to be *about*, but I am absolutely certain the Glimpse itself is the Real breaking into this limited dimension of human thought—and here in this *tangible sense of things we need a continuing flow of Glimpses*. Never mind whether they concern one's current questions or clear up intellectual points about religion and metaphysics or “heal” a problem of the moment. Never mind *that!* Go for the Glimpse! The Glimpse is the Child of ourself coming through! The Child comes with feelings, yes, but as insights of Light we can confirm in the world.

Yes, the Glimpse is the REAL coming into our affairs and it is the Glimpse that counts, not our human experience.

Good. Now listen gently. What *needs are to be met by the Glimpse* or what *happens to us because of the Glimpse* is not as important as the Glimpse itself. **The Glimpse is IT.**

It is the Child Identity coming through. Light comes as infinitely more than human thinking imagines.

DUAL NATURE OF LIGHT AND ITS GLIMPSES

Once the wonder of Glimpses is understood, it isn't long until we've examined them carefully enough to see that they come from two seemingly separate sources. First, there is the direct Glimpse, as when we're writing in our journal or when an answer comes out of the blue from NOT thinking. Then, there are the *indirect* Glimpses as when we see the beauty of a galloping horse or the grace of a new rose in the garden or the tender smile of a stranger. **One glimpse is direct, the other indirect, as if delayed in the world's time while it developed for the receptive awareness to see it.**

I am not able to make a distinction between the *values* of these differing sources of Light. The Glimpses of insight are wonderful no matter how they come. They do their good thing every time. They bring health and unseen blessings each time they arrive. Those that are triggered from the sights and sounds of the earth are like sunlight dappling the surface of a crystal lake. These are the ones the artist and the sensitive see. We grow accustomed to looking for these Insights from the earth but are not so conscious of those that come directly, without the delay of time. However, Glimpses arrive in both ways, and their Origin is the Same Light beyond ordinary light. This is in part what Jesus meant when he said that the stones would minister unto us. "Cleave a piece wood, I am there; lift up the stone and you will find Me there." Yes, **there is Light beyond light; there is a significance in everything, quite beyond the values given by men.**

To make this still clearer, let me mention how these two sources of light become apparent quickly when we write. Journal tending, like any meditative or contemplative activity, essentially frees the head from the ordinary sensory input which can be overwhelming in the world these days. **Attention reduced to words (or non-words) alone, allows the direct Glimpse to tiptoe in—sometimes thunder in—so we can be conscious of it.** It may be the answer to a question we had asked ourselves ten years earlier, about another matter entirely. Or, It can come directly, as the Answer to no question we had asked at all. But in this writing mode, Light also comes indirectly, as the simple consequence of singlemindedly following a line of thought or searching for the right word to use. This indirect light becomes plainly apparent as we write, because later we can go back to examine those words and can't believe we have written them.

For me, writing induced a state of mind that nothing else did. Meditation or contemplation were too inactive for me, too passive, too much an escape, too little an involvement with *understanding* the tangible scene.

Now, I have learned that the **two apparent sources of the Glimpse—one direct, non-moving; the other, delayed in time—are a single source: Light of the Ineffable.**

What "happens" in a moment of "illumination" involves moving back in time, beyond the delayed light of the mountain, the tree, the river, the scene, to the non-moving, direct Light behind it. One would like for this directness to be the mode of perception all the time, but that would be too much to bear for very long in linear time. And listen, listen: It is self-defeating to make such seeing the *goal* of our pursuit of Truth. Rather, **it is enough to just know beyond doubt that Light beyond light exists as the source of everything, and that we are not bound to a finite time or to a limited point in space to perceive it.**

I was waylaid much too long striving to have the mystical experience, as though that were an accomplishment to be attained before the Truth was true. **Better to let go the sense of an identity who can't see the Light, and accept the fact that Awareness, life, IS the Light of Life, God's knowledge happening in linear time.**

As one lets go, it becomes natural to have more Glimpses. They come in greater strength and regularity—*provided we know what to do with them when they arrive*. Among **many things I do with my Glimpses is to look for their confirmation out in the tangible world of people, places and things**. Direct glimpses are precursors of knowledge breaking into the community of mankind. Presently my Glimpses tell me that a new clock is soon to begin ticking in the guts of people everywhere. I anticipate *seeing* these insights *confirmed as Good* in the affairs of men.

Yes there is a time to withdraw from the world and think of other things, but there is a time to come back and see the mountain *again*—and *commence to do on the mountain what that seeing commands*.

SIMPLICITY COMES

From out of the complexity of science and metaphysics come the most marvelous SIMPLICITIES. For me, metaphysical absoluteness was apparently necessary to break out into Knowing. I don't know if it is necessary for my "others" to struggle as I did, but others don't need to suffer in those same areas if they will BELIEVE the Simplicities I've found and then make them their own; that is, if they will put them to the test and live them for themselves.

Those Glimpses that come with contemplation, meditation, study—or on the gently evening breeze—are the Spirit of the Unknowable. They are essential for our inner growth and awakening. Whatever we actually need in this human scheme of things *begins with those blips of inner light*. Not the glimpses other people have, but the ones we have for ourselves. **Those Glimpses "come from" the Center of Ourselves, from the Child, the real Identity of us, "he who was before he came into being."**

ABOUT OUR NEEDS IN THE WORLD

Suppose the country rose thinks it needs a certain chemical. It meditates and prays and listens to the revivalists on the wind, but when the sun breaks through, the sunshine brings what is necessary to help the plant absorb all needed chemicals—and do all things else for the plant's ongoingness—things of which the plant has no conscious knowledge.

Let us get this straight. The Glimpses of Truth are the most meaningful things in our affairs. They come with whatever we actually need for the long haul in time and space, if not for the moment—and they come with whatever the physical body of us needs whether we are conscious of the need or not. **When the Glimpse comes, "healing" that we aren't yet capable of recognizing is happening, albeit not necessarily the healing we humanly want.**

Now hear this too. We don't sit about and wait until we need the Light of Life until we act in this human scene of things. That's pretty much the way the world does it. Rather, we keep doing those things necessary to see the Light of Life in our affairs; we keep at the work of living the simple Equation (Truth) as a gardener keeps at his work—and our garden prospers in the Light.

The world's disintegration has already set in if we're not regularly catching more Glimpses of Truth. If we haven't perceived one in recent days - we're headed in the wrong direction. If they are coming, we savor them, examine them and remember them in the greatest possible detail. That's why we keep the journal. The Light of the glimpse is bringing so much MORE than we think we need.

ANOTHER NIGHT AROUND THE CAMPFIRE

What heals? The glimpse of Light. What does the good work? The Light. No difference between the glimpses and glimmers and no matter if they are spelled with a capital or not. What do I do when someone comes to me for help? I give him one of my glimpses and tell him to give one of his to someone else. *If he HEARS mine and gives one of his own, he moves toward tangible health that moment, and both of us soon have more glimpses to give! That is a significant part of the grand Equation—a Simplicity beyond words. And it WORKS wonders greater than I can tell. It does MORE than simply “heal” this or that. It benefits the entire WORLD.*

How is it possible for a glimpse of Truth here on the river bank to do such an enormous thing as help all mankind? **It is possible because the world and all mankind are subjective, WITHIN this Awareness we are.** We are given dominion over that subjective world that we have come to understand, find guiltless, loose and let go. This world is ours to TEND as surely as a gardener tends his flowers. Our garden needs a continuing flow of Light and that Light comes as our inflowing bits and pieces of insight. **We are to GIVE those Glimpses to our world as we receive them, live them, comprehend and confirm them.** This is part of the Mystery of the Equation.

CHAPTER NINE

THE BALANCE BETWEEN ACTION AND NON-ACTION

Living subjectively in an Objective World

THE CATHEDRAL ILLUSTRATION

Reader, imagine a lovely cathedral, ancient and awesome. You and I sit alone in the middle of it, long slanting rays of light from the great windows cutting through the darkness inside. Everything is bathed in mysterious color and silence. Not a sound or motion do we notice anywhere. But if we had the eyes of an eagle or a barn owl, we would see many little church mice scurrying to and fro, scampering silently into and out of the hidden places of the great cathedral. Unseen by us, some mice have discovered the picnic basket we left by the door.

Our illnesses and anguishes are like those church mice. They come into our affairs uninvited and unwelcome. They eat their fill of our treasured picnic cake and go scampering on their way. Sometimes they do *not* go on their way, but linger as an ached or pain—or fear—deep in our sense of things. Some of those aches and pains are progressive and terminal, we are told. *Those* are the most odious church mice of them all.

And there is more. Outside stalk the great rats of starvation and poverty in the world. Another huge rat of violence and war comes and goes from view. Alongside runs a rat pack of disharmony, dissension and distrust joined with those of guilt, age and loneliness. Perhaps as hateful as any are the great rats of confusion and suspicion, fed by the ever-growing, all-encompassing glut of untested information and opinion. The cathedral, the body that sits in it, and the grounds just outside are our own subjective world, you see. It is a subjective world within the Awareness we are.

Now, imagine sitting there in that lovely cathedral, unmindful of the church mice, mind filled with naught but the grand Music of the Spheres, or, mind filled with thoughts of Godhead and Its allness. Prayer, meditation and contemplative practices are intended to end our thoughts about the body, the mice, the cathedral and its gardens, and they do—but, at best, those activities are temporary palliatives.

Now, suppose I ask what Godhead and its allness have to do with church mice and rats? In our metaphysical phase of ongoingness, we proclaim in all earnestness that there are no REAL church mice or rats in all existence. In the perfection of All, there isn't a single real evil. God is all and only, we say. There can't be God and something else, despite the fact that there still *appears* to be God and all those rats and mice of evil as well—which, of course, other people believe, but we, as enlightened students of Truth, do not.

Ah so. Then what is the ache or pain? "Unreal," you say.

Yes, and because it's unreal it should go away, right?

"Yes, it should go away."

"But it *persists*," you say. "Not enough love in my affairs, not enough understanding, not enough faith. I haven't demonstrated it yet."

Oh? Then there *are* church mice in the choir loft?

"There just *appear* to be. They are part of the *seeming*."

Then you want a part of the SEEMING to go away?

"Oh, yes, I want all of the seeming to go away; I want a healing. I confess I want a healing because I am tired of this appearance. I am physically tired of the constant picture of time's relentless march toward decay. I am tired of growing old and tired of wondering why it is happening even when I know that time isn't real and I have been *denying* it so long."

Denying the reality of appearances hasn't done the least bit of QUANTUM good in the tangible world as far as appearances go. A demonstration here or there, a saint here or there who has done something in a small circle in a small pond, but the world outside continues its acid rain and terrorism. Why, why, why?

Objectivism says the world is full of church mice who need to be told about God. Subjectivism says the church mice do not exist, that they are unreal. Objectivism carried to its extreme has us running all over the cathedral, mesmerized by the mice and accomplishing nothing but a scattering of them. Subjectivism carried to its extreme has us sitting quietly in the middle of the cathedral, meditating, praying, mind-blanking and so God-mindful we never notice the mice. But while we deny their seeming, they seem to go right on eating our tangible picnic. The Zen-like absolutist may disclaim the reality of the mice and perhaps seldom be bothered by them, but at the end of the long day he, too, must stir himself from his reveries, leave the quiet of the cathedral and go outside into the darkness where the rats are larger than the mice. We find that our best efforts as God-mindedness and all of our proclamations of the indivisible allness and onliness of Godhead taken all the way to the limits of absolutism, are not enough to *preclude* our having to go to the bathroom, feed ourselves or tend to our own appearances of age and debility. **One can be a hundred years old and still not know the Answer to the primary question, *why the appearances of sin, sickness and death if God is good and God is all.***

In those days when time becomes heavy again—or precious—who will say the world's objectivism was any worse than our grand metaphysical subjectivism? Or that subjectivism is *further along* than (what seems to be) its opposite? Metaphysicians will not like the following observation, but it is *objectively true*. *In the heavy years of age, more anguish is lived in the metaphysical community than in the religious and scientific community. Why? Neither the religionist nor the scientist feels guilty for not knowing enough about God to heal himself.*

SOLUTION?

The Balance. The divine Balance. Here is yet another "mystery": Between the two (objective/subjective) is ONE, greater than either separately, and the Source of both.

The Child within us has known this all the while. Between the central idea of subjectivism and the central idea of objective religion, is the balanced activity of the Child. The child runs up tangibility's Da Shan in perfect balance, *living his subjective Idea in the objective world.*

FROM THE HAN DISCOURSES

"Damn it, Han. Those are just words!" the soldier thundered. "What am I supposed to DO in the cathedral? Be practical, man. Tell me what do to get rid of this great rat grind of fear in my belly! What is the balance I am to live in the world? Tell me directly do I can understand and have my healing."

"Ah so," Han sighed. "Ah so."

"Ah so, my foot. Tell me, if you *can*."

Han smiled, understanding such exasperation and its honesty. "Ah so," he said again. Then he added, "The balance we all need is attained when we complete the interface."

The following week Han said, "We are impatient. We leave our nets too soon. We throw our books away before we know what they say. We leave our schools before we know what they teach. The old nature of us is fooled by words. The Child of us understands words and their importance."

Yes, we are impatient, especially in the Western word. We want the fruit before the tree has grown. **We want the Truth right now before we've lived it because we've been told by subjectivism that we are the Truth already.** The problem lies in the fact that subjectivism *alone* does not speak to the imbalance. It *knows* nothing of the divine Balance. However, even *that* is exactly as it should be here in the objective world. During the time we examine subjectivism, we *turn away* from objective reality as we are supposed to. Subjectivism is the study of the subjective Idea or Image and is, itself, half the balance. It can't be expected to address the objective half beyond saying it isn't as important as it seems to be or claims to be.

Ah, but how do we come to know Balance, and know we know it? How else but by living the imbalance of either religion or metaphysics? Or both. How else can one really know about *balance*? In the line of things, one learns what is beyond the point by passing the point. Can one pass the point without being there first? We pass the imbalance of subjectivism exactly as we passed the imbalance of objectivism. By *moving on* to the Balance of Everything.

If we do not topple off the narrow ledge of things, the imbalance of religion and metaphysics leads us straight to Balance. It seemed a big "if" in my own affairs, but I finally found It, or It found me. Now, having found it and lived it, I can tell of it. But what has this to do with healing? Let us return to the cathedral.

BEETHOVEN AND THE CHURCH MICE

Imagine how much stir we make in the silent cathedral as we sit there *thinking* of Beethoven Fifth Symphony. We sit and think of the crashing cymbals and pounding drums, and not a church mouse runs away. If one did, we'd be surprised. Don't we make a great to-do when prayer is answered? Why would we do so if it weren't unusual to us?

But what happens if, while thinking the rhythm of the Symphony, we begin drumming our fingers and tapping our foot to the rhythm? The change is enormous. The whole place echoes with the drumming. We have bridged the gap between the melody inside and the tangible scene outside. We have completed the external interface. The worldly scene in time and space takes note and the church mice scurry to cover.

Why does the religionist—especially the metaphysician—believe his tangible scene at hand will respond as he sits reading his book, silently *thinking* Beethoven's Symphony? "God hears in silence and rewards openly," you say. God hears the silent meditations of our heart, no question about that, but God gives us a way to *clap our hands to the Divine Rhythm* so that the tangible scene responds quickly—and would one even be thinking about "healing" unless something were amiss in the tangible scene to turn our thoughts to God and the Truth?

To expect a healing or an improvement in our daily affairs just because we pray as the world prays and read a lot is about as effective as pulling the lanyard on a mental cannon and expecting the crows to squawk and fly. We think God, and as we do, the Equation flows outward through our fingers *into the tangible scene where the crows are*. We think God and the Equation flows, telling us what to DO about the church mice and the corn in the field.

Silent prayer or any other kind of meditation and contemplation without action in the world is like asking God to end our thirst without our drinking water. Metaphysicians are grandly insistent that the Truth will work in their affairs, but inevitably, *they give God a personal condition to meet*. I want God to do it provided it doesn't happen through the efforts of a doctor, materiamedica or any action beyond prayer. That is, we'll happily accept Infinite Godhead's intervention provided God does it the way we think it should be done. Spiritual medicine, *o.k.*, but not material medicine. Please, God, take care of my lumbago, but do it my way. God, heal my cancer, but without the help of men. God, end my hunger, but without my having to eat the food in front of me. God, help me understand the Truth, but do it in thus and such a manner. God, let me demonstrate my church full of interested people again, but without my having to invite anyone to attend. You see, God, I don't want to hear a single dualistic term because I've been told how dualism is the cause of all problems, and I want the

words of Truth to come to me just the way I want them—*gently*, very gently. Reveal the truth to me, Lord, but it must come through the pages of the Bible. If it isn't in the Bible, it isn't the Truth. Help me, God, but do it so I don't have to do anything more for my world. The body isn't real, but please heal this chunk of unreality, God. End my thralldom with drunkenness, Lord, but I'm really not enthralled with it, I don't think, so let me drink a little wine to prove it.

Poor God. What fools we mortals and metaphysicians be.

THERE ARE SUBJECTIVISTS *and* SUBJECTIVISTS

There are those who make a start in religion and metaphysics and then there are the really earnest people who don't stop overlong in the comfortable corners *but keep going*. The religious subjectivist—the metaphysician and the philosopher—who doesn't complete the interface from Mind to tangibility, and from tangibility *back to Mind*, is walking in a void of voids, allowing judgmentalism to destroy his inmost happiness while disclaiming the reality of matter. Moreover, he finds himself unable to do anything about the inescapable “unreality” that sticks to him like glue. These are the good but misled people who have stopped in Absoluty. In the absolute mode, one wears blinders to his knees. The disclaimer of matters reality is not the *final* subjectivism we are called to understand and live. Matter is not what it seems, but what it is, is to be *understood* and not denied.

The real subjectivists are those who have found the simple Child of themselves. The Child within takes us on to a BALANCE which we maintain as we hurry up the mountain, *LIVING our subjectivism objectively in the world.*

That balanced walk takes us along the narrow pathway of confirmation where we see the high ideal beginning to be perceived and lived in the world of men.

Somewhere near the peak, we and the Child become one in actual living fact, not just in metaphysical profession. We are given CONFIRMATION. In a new name, we reign over the All in all that exists within. That reign isn't a passive sitting back to enjoy the “fruits” of nirvanic bliss or subjective joy, but an active WORK in the world that elevates, heals, cleanses, inspires, and dissipates guilt, and in so doing, explains and answers the paradoxes of life. More, it puts wings on our feet and on the feet of those who see our Light. Atop Da Shan, one looks at the world and sees it again as did the Zen master who beheld the mountain “again” from the perspective of no mountain. **This time we stop our endless denial of matter's reality or existence and see matter for the confirmation of God it represents. We stop chattering like monkeys about the inability of words to speak of Wordless Ineffability and begin saying it. We begin to understand the paradoxes of human living and, perhaps for the first time in our experience, we know what to do about them. More, we find ourselves with the ability and means to do something for our entire world—and we get off our butts and begin DOING it.**

The journal we tend may seem to be only the smallest stirring in the cathedral. After all, how many mice scramble at the wiggle of a pencil? But soon we are drumming our fingers on the arm rail. Soon the sounds of our feet are rhyming the rhythm of the Child's celestial sounds and are *doing* something in the Cathedral and its gardens of Mind. **We are in this world to do something good for all mankind.**

A FIVE NOTE CHORD THAT OVERCOMES THE DISCORD OF INERTIA

The first note: THE SEARCH FOR BALANCE (Han and Mary)

Han said, “The old schools say our fall from grace is obvious. They teach that we are on the physical mountain, born into time and space, not one of us exempt. The new schools say the opposite. Time and space are unreal, they teach. Matter is unreal. Da Shan's experience is only a Dream.”

“The second group is correct,” the soldier said. “Matter isn't real.”

“What *is* real?” Han asked.

“A spiritual world. God's perfect world. Perfect God, perfect man, in his sinless, unfallen state,” the soldier answered confidently.

“Ah so,” said Han. “How do you explain this moment as we sit talking around the evening fire? A moth just flew into the flame.”

“We are discussing God's Reality, not the unreality of a moth,” the soldier answered.

Han mused. In a moment he asked. “Why do we discuss truth rather than something else?”

The soldier answered quickly. "We learn there is no satisfaction in talking about the world's difficulties. Such talk turns to vanity and becomes a futile exercise."

Han closed his eyes. He spoke softly. "Then right here as we discuss truth, Reality, we have a choice to do this or go the world's way, talking of sin and its evil, advocating, as religionists, that one climb the mountain to return to his birthright?"

The soldier nodded. "That's essentially what the old schools do."

"Or," Han continued, "we can talk of our uprightness and sinlessness as the subjectivists do?"

"Yes," the soldier said.

"Ah, yes," the old teacher smiled, eyes aglow, "and where do we make this choice to go one way or the other?"

"Here and now, in front of the fire," the soldier answered, beginning to wonder where Han was leading him. "As you have said so many times, Master Han, this moment has nothing to do with mortality and matter."

"Yet we all sit here before the evening fire."

"Yes," the soldier agreed. "Without thought of matter or sin at all."

The village minister entered the conversation. "I sit here in front of the same fire and despite all the talk of oneness and allness, I still see a world born in sin and degradation from which it must repent. We have a difference of views here, not two worlds."

"Ah, yes," said Han. "Two views and many possible courses of action or non-action between. One view, looking at shadows, calls for repentance. Another view, looking beyond appearances, speaks of guiltlessness, claims dominion and calls itself the son of God. Both views are here before the evening fire. But there is still another view, isn't there?"

The soldier and minister looked at one another, puzzled.

"There is an answer that transcends these two views." Han looked at the smallest image before the fire. "Mary knows what it is," he said.

The little lady spoke softly. "Yes. The world has many views and countless actions. They are poles apart. The Heart of us sees the middle ground above them all."

"You are a heathen Buddhist!" the minister shouted angrily.

"You don't understand your subjectivism!" the soldier accused.

"Yes!" laughed Mary, clapping her hands. "I am everyone and I am the entire mountain." With a bright smile she added,

"I am even more than that!"

Han said, "**Awareness includes all the possibilities. Our actions in the world are those that bind us together in harmony. Action is not intended to divide us into right and left, objective and subjective, truth and error, real and unreal, prophet and false prophet. The fundamentalist who insist on the literal interpretation of his books must surely hold to that view because his house is built on literalism. One who sees the Spirit behind the letter is closer to the unifying Spirit which brings men together in love and understanding. Truth is not a divider in the end.**"

THE SECOND NOTE (*Enter Sue*)

"Sue, you speak of standing atop the mountain with the world under your feet."

"Yes," said Sue. "That's what you have taught me."

"Do you really stand there?"

"In Truth, yes."

"Then why do you cry, Sue? Why do you tell me of your insecurity and of the anguishes of living?"

"You are my confessor," the lady laughed.

"Your confessions are statements that you don't stand atop Da Shan yet."

"In the *world*, I don't seem to, but in *reality*..."

"Da Shan *is* the world, Sue, so why do you speak of standing atop the mountain with the world under your feet, claiming a dominion you haven't confirmed?"

"I told you. That's what you taught me to do."

"If I taught you that, dear lady, I lied."

"But that's what I THOUGHT you said. Am I not the pure and perfect Child of God, even this instant?" asked Sue.

"You are, indeed, but the conscious mind and body is still crying and suffering on the face of the mountain, a mighty distance from the peak of confirmation."

The fire crackled and a band of pond frogs began their evening song.

"I don't understand. I simply don't understand," Sue's voice wavered, her eyes brimming with tears. "I'm confused. I'm terribly confused and I don't understand why my world doesn't conform to my knowledge."

"When we understand, we have the feel of Da Shan under our feet," the old teacher said.

"What am I supposed to *do*?" Sue asked angrily. "Dear God, what am I supposed to DO!"

"Climb the mountain, as the old schools say. Claim your heritage, as the new schools say. Do both. DO both!"

The frogs started another chorus. The fire crackled.

After a time Han continued. "We do MORE than the old schools require. We do MORE than the new churches require. It is not enough to *turn from* the old ways in relief as we did when we first found subjectivism. **We discover the Balance above and beyond the two poles of view. There is a Child in us who lives the balance. The balance *includes* the parts but is greater than their sum. This synergism takes us to Da Shan's peak *in fact*, not profession. In fact, not in a 'seeming.' It takes us to *understanding*, and, listen lady Sue, *then* we stand with the feel of the world under our feet. What good has our professing done? None at all. None at all. Listen: We *live* our subjectivism on this objective scene!"**

The night sky shone bright; the stars twinkled. Sue began to smile.

THE THIRD NOTE

The obvious truth that the exclusive idealist is so reluctant to admit is that he sits before the same campfire as the minister.

The obvious truth that the minister is so reluctant to admit is that he can't escape the subjective nastiness he calls a sin and condemns. Most unpalatable of all to him is the thought that there are not *separate* entities outside himself in need of redemption.

As far apart as these extremes seem, they are the same view observed from opposite ends.

"What is the answer to this dilemma?" the soldier wanted to know.

The Answer the Child gives is supremely simple. **We claim our heritage right at the campfire and then get up, get moving, and start CLIMBING the mountain for as long as it appears we are on it. We climb it and know we are making progress when our "understanding" grows and our human condition begins to confirm that growth. It is wonderful to claim, "We are there already!" *provided we are taking the enlightened, objective footsteps that GET US THERE in conscious, tangible fact.***

Then we give that "understanding"—to which we have attained in actual living fact on the rugged mountain—to those following who are able to hear us.

Metaphysicians claim a knowledge of It and don't DO anything. Churchmen do EVERYTHING a man can do on the face of the Mountain, but they claim no knowledge of IT, **AS IT.**

There is a balance, a middle Ground, gentle Sue. The CHILD takes us there *quickly, but only if we DO what the Child asks us to do.*

METAPHYSICS AND YOUTH

Young people hear of the wonders of subjective ALREADYNESS and it appeals to them. They want their dominion NOW, but for the most part are not willing to do what is necessary for realizing it. They talk much, but they surrender nothing. Subjectivism, half-taught, half-understood, caters to their greed by telling them they can have whatever they wish.

METAPHYSICS AND THE ELDERS

The old people hear of the wonders of Alreadyness and are willing to do anything to attain it—provided that action meets the standards of their belief system and includes a separate Savior outside themselves. They talk much, *but they surrender nothing.* Objectivism caters to their belief of personality and separation.

Solution? We live the subjective Truth on the objective mountain. We surrender the old ways FIRST and take on the New Ways as the Child gives them to us. We find the BALANCE of the middle ground.

The BEING of the subjectivist and the DOING of the objectivist are not two separate entities. It is ONE ACTION, LIFE AUTHENTICATING ITSELF. It is BEING appearing as BECOMING. Which equals: 1. Sue coming to understand. 2. Sue seeing the Child Self. 3. Sue sitting before the campfire and tending the fire *just like everyone else sitting before the fire*. It is Sue being in the world but not of it. It is Sue doing something for her world.

As the Awareness of Mind, I see my Sue as Me, living her Childlikeness. As William in the world, I *confidently anticipate* the CONFIRMATION of that singleness and see it, my subjective Selfhood, lifted up.

THE FOURTH NOTE OF THE CHORD, THE FINE DISTINCTION

We must find the balance between the inside and the outside and live that balance wherever we seem to be so long as we seem to be there. That balance takes one beyond his metaphysics and religion, *yet he never has to leave them to live the Balance*. He doesn't have to leave his job or his world. He doesn't have to claim a dominion he hasn't earned. He doesn't have to leave the world's warfare to be untouched by it. **He doesn't have to do anything BUT BE FAITHFUL TO THE APPEARING. Faithful to the appearing, he finds the appearings anguish leaving him bit by bit and leaving the world as well.**

I am faithful to the appearing when I deny its apparent authority—because nothing has real authority but Good. (Why doesn't the religionist see this? It is a mystery.)

I am faithful to the appearing when I do for the appearing WHATEVER seems to be the best course of action for the GOOD of mankind. Why do I act so? Because, so long as it “seems” I'm in the world, I strive to help my world. (Why doesn't the subjectivist see this? It is a mystery.)

When I have acted in such a way here in the world of people, places and events, I have been given a course of action that blesses all mankind.

When I have acted and been victorious here in the world of appearances, and *told of my victory to those who wanted to know of it*, I have been given greater victories. I conclude, therefore, that **I am not finished with the living of Balance until I've ACTED in the world by helping my others find it equally.**

THE FIFTH NOTE

Intellectualism gets very close to the truth of things, but doesn't quite make it without the heart.

The heart gets very close to the truth of things, but doesn't quite make it in the world without the intellect—as anyone knows who, upon the discovery of the Child-heart, has tried to throw intellectualism out the window. Intellectualism's inadequacy is evident. Civilization “out there” nears gridlock and death.

Yet, clearly the only way the heart can accept intellectualism—the world in ridiculous argument before the campfire—is with love. So, as the Apostle wrote, **without love everything is lost.**

Here we come again to the importance of love—non-rejection. We stop rejecting the scene at hand. There is no escaping it for any length of time as long as it appears. We do as we were admonished—watch it, understand it, and tend it faithfully. “Be a faithful witness.” We do that to the best of our ability until the end of our days in front of the fire.

If we remain faithful to this limited scene of contradistinction and argument, *what wonder might be in store for us where the illimitable Light doesn't waver or cast a shadow?*

Unfaithful to it, we find our suffering goes on.

BOOK 2

RELATED PAPERS

FOREWORD

The following papers are the real meat of the book. They are independent of one another, each standing on its own like a single key on a piano. Each paper makes a specific point—among the thousands that might be of interest to a seeker—yet, every paper is related to a point (or points) in the preceding chapters. As well as to other related papers. Some of these relationships are obvious and immediate. Some are more indirect.

I consider these papers to be more powerful in their relationships to one another than by themselves. The entire book has been written with these *synergistic overtones* in mind, and they represent the means by which I have been able to communicate beyond the limits of intellectualism and its limiting words. The reader needs no special ability to make this synergism happen. It is automatic for all of us.

LETTER TO A FINDER

Dear Jenna,

IT has found You.

IT has found Itself within You.

IT is yourSelf that has found You.

*No man—not me, not anybody—can take credit for IT nor for That. YOU are worthy of It or It would have never taken place in your heart. You are a credit to IT or you would have no consciousness of Its presence. **What did you do? I do not know precisely, but you are childlike, trusting, humble, open, gentle, caring and altogether loving within yourself—and you live. Those are Its Qualities and Attributes.** Once It has come, It never leaves us nor forsakes us unless we lose those qualities to pride or selfishness or arrogance or, like Moses, try to take credit for It.*

The Secret has found you. It is GENUINE, It is REAL. But the unenlightened know nothing of It and would profane and destroy It if they could.

Don't you worry about whether or not you can handle ANY situation. IT, the Child of Yourself, and God will take care of every circumstance the human of you ever finds itself in.

It is Its own proof. Nothing can speak for It, except to praise It and herald It and declare the fact that It is.

The Child of You and the Child of Everyman who makes himself worthy of IT is the same Child. We look for the REAL in everyone even if it doesn't seem present there. We stand as solitaries in a world awash with illusion and falsity. Not everyone who says "Truth, Truth, Lord, Lord" is alive, though they seem to be worshipped and praised and become leader of many. Many who appear to be ahead of us are behind us. Spiritual pride puts us behind those whom we think we are ahead of. Therefore, we treat everyone equally, even though many do not appreciate that nor turn to thank us—but condemn us and say that IT never happened!

You have come alive in It because It is alive in You. I am full of delight because of your Self-discovery and I love you very much—but don't give me credit that is due yourSelf and God.

It is a marvel of marvels, isn't It?

I suspect you will have the joy of being Its minister to many. With IT you can do anything good that is given to you to do for It. Watch and see!

It gets better

and closer

and more wonderful yet.

It doesn't diminish!

I thank you for your honest trust. What is Grace? YOU are.

THE ME-SENSE AND THE INTELLECT

I have learned that one cannot toss the intellect out the window—as so often seems the case when one first discovers the heart of himself, or metaphysics. **The intellect is NOT “the old man to be put off.” The intellect is that part of Awareness that deals with tangibility, the images of perception, the images of people, places and things which appear within/as Awareness.** The intellectual nature of us has to do with reading, writing and arithmetic—and how to cross the road without being hit by a bus. Now that I've had a chance to examine things more, I have not found anyone in all of human history who has done more than subdue the intellect and its view of things. *The ego is something else*—and the ego, like the intellect, is to be understood.

Before we found the Heart, we gave all power and authority to the intellect. With the discovery of the Heart, we tried in vain to banish the intellect, to no lasting avail. But the struggle was good and necessary, because it gave us practice in listening to the Heart. Now, we are Heart-led, and intellect-wary, making sure the intellectual evidences are seen in their application to tangibility and as the confirmation of the Heart's declarations. There is a precise balance between the heart and the intellect—inside and outside.

In Metadelphia, we hear that this is to worship two masters. Not so. The heart and intellect are “a two that are one.” Just as the line and the plane are two dimensions of a greater *single* sphere, so are the heart and intellect two dimensions of Something Greater—Godhead. And just as the plane is greater than the line, so is the Heart greater than the intellect. Just as the line doesn't “understand” the plane, but the plane certainly understands the line, exactly so, the heart knows all about the intellect which knows little or nothing of the heart.

Is this clear thus far? (Remember, we haven't gotten to the old man yet. The ego, the old man, the me-sense is, like the serpent, more subtle than the intellect! We knew it had to be—especially when every attempt to get rid of it ended in failure. In my study with others, we have been diligently careful to point out exactly what “mortal mind,” ego, me-sense, the old man, pretends to be.) Hence, we *subdue* the intellect, but we don't try to destroy it either in the world or within ourselves. Our most fervid anti-organizational and anti-social tendencies are present during this inner battle as we come to understand this point. **Eventually we awaken to a BALANCE between heart and intellect, wherein the heart is greater.**

Dear friend, in my living I have found an inner guide that I can faithfully depend on. This seems a good time to remind you of it. We are prone to overanalysis and overstudy! The intellect of us loves to study and ponder enigmas. It will make a mystery of something that is perfectly clear to the heart. **So, in all things, keep to simplicity! Wherever intellectual knowledge leads to something the heart already knows, they touch at a point of utter simplicity! Therefore, I implore you to keep the Truth simple. It IS simple. It is too obvious for words like these.**

“What about the me-sense?” someone asks. **The me-sense, the ego, the old man, the deceiver is a *superimposition* over the heart and intellect. The me-sense says, “This is MY awareness, my view of things!”** As the Bible declares, there is not one of us who doesn't *seem* guilty of this. This is not a guilt, but a necessary part of ongoingness and Self-discovery. We struggle with ego in order to comprehend the nature of egolessness, God.

The me-sense is a fiction and we disavow it as quickly as we can. How? By the recognition of its very good service in our behalf. God knew what He was doing! The me-sense is the *delineation* of the Divine Identity. It is the shadow of the tree that leads straightaway to the tree. We understand the purpose ego serves and *forgive* it! Thence to need it no longer.

EGO

“I don't have enough faith and I don't have enough understanding,” Ho said.

“Of course, you don't,” Han answered. “You never have had and never *will* have. God is the faithful one! God. Not man. *And God has total faith in Himself; total trust and understanding of Himself!* God is the faithful, trusting and understanding one. God, not man!

“But what about ME? Who am I?” Ho asked.

“Our identity is life,” Han answered slowly and patiently. “The very life that asks that question is divine life, God-life. Life is Awareness. Life is witnessing, seeing, beholding. We are the *seeing* of God, but God is the faithful one, the trusting and knowing one. We have naught to do but be the faithful witness of GOOD. We are the Good beholding Itself everywhere, because the life we are is the life divine.”

“Then what is this me-sense that I superimpose and call my identity?” asked Ho.

“That is the deception, the fraud, the fatherless bastard, the liar from the beginning. Right here, right now, we are God's Self-awareness, the Awareness of GOD. The superimposition of the me-sense is nothing claiming to be something most persistently. Furthermore, this is exactly how it is supposed to be for a time (delineating Timelessness) until we emerge from the enshrouding cocoon.”

“How so?”

“The me-sense is the delineation of the Divine Identity; the ego is the delineation of the egoless I. How would I know the 'real' without facing the 'false' and seeing beyond it? Could I know what light is without having stumbled in darkness? Would I know what health is without having known discomfort or disease? But, listen, listen, friend Ho, the Light is Real, the delineating darkness merely *degrees* between right/wrong, good/evil, inside/outside, above/below, male/female and all the rest of the delineating distinctions that obversely outline the ALL ONE.”

Author's journal entry:

*AWARENESS doesn't have faith; it IS faith—God's faith—in the very act of trusting. Awareness doesn't have understanding, GOD has Self-knowledge and this awareness is that Self-knowledge HAPPENING! As Awareness, I look, I behold, I see, I rejoice, I laugh and I joy! As Awareness I do not have to understand; I do not have to have trust or to trust something else. God does that, and I am that doing happening effortlessly, here and now. Those who are ready for this move to childlikeness and simplicity are indeed ready. Those who need more of Timelessness's time to incubate will understand little that is written here. Oh, but the receptive heart will hear the Hallelujah Chorus. The Child will hear and understand, rejoice and ACT in accordance. No more linear time is necessary for that. **The Child isn't bound by the world's time.***

LETTER TO ELAINE OVERTONE

Dear Elaine,

My goodness, I shook your confidence in me, didn't I? That's good. **The True Teacher is inside yourself at your very center.** The honest teacher in the world tells you that in the most graphic, simple feelable way possible—as quickly as circumstances permit.

Listen gently, Elaine: “Letter 2” led you straight to the ego that you might feel the nastiness of that nearly eternal clump of necessary ugliness. Now that you know the part of yourself that felt offended, hurt, anguished, you know what to come out and be separate from. All that reacted, that felt hurt, that wrote twenty-five pages to defend itself and explain its position is the NOT-YOU, NOT-I, the fatherless bastard without root that grows outside the Garden. *That is what we stop associating with. That is what binds us to more and ever more of the same.*

Elaine, you can try until hell freezes over; but you will never lift that one up to comprehension. You will never heal it or justify it. Its purpose is to lead You to You—thence, to dominion and peace. It has done that now. Now you can thank God, thank it and have done with it! Now you can “have to do” with God instead of your old nature.

You write, “Letter 1 was supportive.” Of what? That intellectual bag of opinions you are trying to lift up to God in some sort of saintly offering? No. I support your Self-discovery. That discovery isn't made by the intellectual thinker, but the thinker loosed and let go. We finally, somewhere along the long line of birth and rebirth, surrender the attempt to be the Thinker to let the Thinker be the thinker in wonder and awe.

Letter 2, allowed you to feel the greedy grasper, the shadow identity, the one who is offended, the one who tries to understand, the one who is hurt and who hurts others and who thunders and wonders about the evil in the world, ignoring the Wonder who is BEING the

world. I was introduced to Myself in most anguishing, painful ways. *You do not have to suffer as I did*, but you seem hell-bent to do it anyway. Out of old habit, I suppose, just like the soldier me.

Now that you have met the nasty one, what will you do? Nurse her back to health or let her go?

How does one do that? In emptiness and helplessness, asking God's help and confidently expecting it because that help will be coming shortly.

Elaine, there is no Way short of making the sharp turn around, from self to Self. You have found an external revelator who tells you of the final Revelator within—but you question his integrity, his patience, his ability, his View and his authority and have no real knowledge of the anguish that permits these words to be written to you. If you can't trust one who has touched down on the Heart of yourself, someone you can see and touch, how will you trust the One in whom you Live and move and have your being, whom you CAN'T see?

As the young people say, the ball is in your court now.

P.S. There is much you can do for the world in the turmoil ahead. You can tell of the World that underlies and is intermingled with appearances. But one can't tell about the Wonder that is here until he has found it—and one doesn't find it until he looks for it. **If the shadow world didn't apparently exist, one would never know the Real.** It's really quite a wonderful Plan, Elaine, with nothing “cruel, insensitive and horrible” about it. **An enormous LOVE is in action here. Anything that awakens the sleeper is painful to the sleeper. Yet sleep is the means by which I know God's wakefulness and onliness.**

Enclosed is a paper from an old journal that will be helpful.

ABOUT FEELING GOOD

There is a genuine relationship between seeing “good” and feeling “good.” Who can deny that certain sights bring good feelings with them? Or that certain feelings permit the scene at hand to disclose beauty and wonderment that might not have been seen otherwise?

But there is something deeper than that. Behind good and its dualistic partner, evil, is the greater Good, their basis in being. Exactly so, behind feeling good and feeling bad is a transcendent grandness, which I don't know what to call but Love. Not love as opposed to hate, but the Source for the dualistic pair, love and hate. It is a superlative feeling that, when I am aware of it, elicits the repeated remark, “I feel so good I can hardly stand it!”

What is occurring here to be written is along this line: One can't make a separation between seeing good and feeling good, yet that separation happens in our daily affairs all the time. One sees something “good” first, and then begins to feel good about it. Or, one can anticipate Christmas like a child, and then, later in time, see the events of Christmas day.

When I look to SEE good, am I not also looking to FEEL good? Yes. That's one of the primary reasons for the search for God—in order to feel better and have a happier human experience.

And, when I anticipate good, isn't it for the same reason? Essentially yes—but I have perhaps rationalized other reasons, too. I would like to think I look for good because God is the substance of every sight, and to see the good in something is to see the God there. Likewise, **the anticipation in time is the only means of acknowledging the ALREADYNESS of Godhead. So, I look and anticipate, hoping to feel the superlative Love/Good beyond reason and logic.**

There is no gainsaying, I have been feeling the power and authority of Something quite beyond the ordinary. What is coming into print here is the tangible, printed connection between SEEING and FEELING, the two that are ONE. What is it that so seems to separate them on the tangible scene? **The passions are the things that self-evidently prevent one from seeing good. Who can see the happy cup of coffee while he's fretting over the automobile accident? Who can see anything good when looking through the eyes of greed, jealousy or envy? If one cannot SEE good in things or events during those angry, passionate moments, how can he be expected to FEEL good then? He can't.**

If one denies himself the opportunity to see the cup of coffee that's right in front of himself, can he be expected to see the superlative Good BEING the cup of coffee? Clearly no, the answer seems certain. And if one seems denied the opportunity to feel simple human good feelings, can he be expected to feel the Superlative Love/Good behind Everything? It seems not again.

But God is good; His mercy is everlasting; His blessings are denied NO ONE. The peace “that passeth understanding” can happen at any time. It can break right through—and with the Child, **IT DOES!** This is a mystery.

THE CRACK IN THE ARMOR OF THE WORLD

Nearly everyone understands that the sound of thunder follows the flash of lightning; fewer understand that the flash we see with the eyes is also delayed in time, that the flash follows the actual bolt of lightning by a fraction of a fraction of a second. If you explode a giant firecracker on top of Double Oak Mountain, you will see the flash there before I see it here two miles away, just as you will hear the explosion before I do. Light travels at a finite speed. The flash is fast but not instantaneous.

Now, let me ask: Do you see that there is Something *prior* to your own world-view of people, places and things? That is, the image I see across the room—or even in the mirror in front of me—has Something that precedes my view of it, delayed in time by a fraction of a fraction of a second, just like the explosion on the distant hill. As you and I sit here talking to one another, you see your own hands folded in your lap before I do. Our views of your hands seem to be simultaneous, but they are not. At least, not in the space, time world. Everyone thinks, “But we see each other at virtually the same time, . . . What difference can a billionth of a billionth of a second make?” Ask a particle physicist how much difference that amount of time can make!

Years ago when I first discovered the subjective nature of the tangible universe and realized there was Something Else standing behind everything the world calls material—I called it Principle then—I realized that this knowledge should allow me to see evidences of that prior Principle—perfection where I had been seeing sickness, life in place of death. But such evidences or “demonstrations” did not always come to me on schedule or in the manner I expected. There was no consistency. It wasn’t until I discovered the “chink in the armor of matter” that I began having repeatable demonstrations, as the scientist would call their experiments. That chink has to do with space, time and the speed of light. **The crack appeared when the logical mind of me could concretely understand why and how it wasn’t possible to look outside myself-as-consciousness and see something there instantaneously in time, but I could look within consciousness-as-Awareness and perceive SELFHOOD immediately. Then, that knowledge in hand, I could expect the image “out there” to confirm my Self-knowing, “precept upon precept”—and it did. It does. It must.**

Who can explain this miracle to another? There certainly seem to be those within myself who are given to understand the “subjective idea” and those who are not. I do not know why so few understand—especially metaphysicians—but I can guess with assurance that this is the reason men like Jesus have said throughout linear history, “Let him who has ears to hear, understand.”

Now, we come to the wonder of wonders. Suppose I get up in the morning, look into the mirror and see that image in front of me looking like death itself? What am I to do? **I know that the Awareness doing the looking precedes that image in world time! As Awareness, I am pure and perfect, no matter WHAT the mirror tells me—or the doctor tells me or anyone else. Identified as Awareness Itself, I exist before time and space I precede time and space. I precede the feelings of the body or any of its appearances.** There is an instant of an instant of a second which permits, as time and space go, the misty, ordinary light to intrude with a delineating picture of things. I do not have to accept those appearances as final—nor continue to believe the humanly expected, causal, linear relationships to unfold in space and time as the world predicts.

If I hold out my hand and see evidences of the most horrible sight there—a huge cancer, say, or an angry, sullen mate—I know that *there is a lag between what I am and what I see*—and that same lag permits the real Light of Truth to alter the tangible seeing with a picture of goodness! If a mother looks out and sees the sight of her child falling under the wheels of a great red truck, she does not HAVE to see the mangled consequences of death and destruction following in time—because the Glimpse of healing Truth comes in that instant of an instant and is perpetually HERE to be seen when we look for it and confidently expect it. As the physicist or mathematician would say, the Glimpse contains “infinite possibilities” within itself.

But, my friend, I had to know why I didn't have to accept the appearance before I could expect to look back into the mirror again and see CONFIRMATION of the immaculate nature of Awareness *being confirmed in time and space*. Again, I don't know why I had to know that, but I did. Perhaps you must, too—if you expect to see the marvelous confirmations in your experience that I have seen in mine. (This is not the only requirement, of course. There is still the matter of what one is to DO with the glimpse and how one is to live the Equation of living.)

When the physicist or astronomer begins to take the prior consciousness of himself, the experimenter, into account—and begins to examine the awareness which is an integral part of every experiment (and precedes it in time), he will be able to prove the miraculous, even as I have. Why not? The difficulty for the scientist, as for each of us, is turning from self to Self. The old nature of us has many vested interests and doesn't want to be forsaken. **I don't believe my world “out there” is going to appear concerned about the perfect Child within themselves that precedes tangibility in time and space until a common disaster looms for all mankind. Could that be what is turning the distant sky so dark and making all that thunder in the far places? Perhaps, but the disaster doesn't have to happen. What can we do to avert it? We find the Child and live the Child's Equation.**

THE HOLOGRAPHIC NATURE OF MATTER

The whole contains the parts, of course, but it isn't so well known that the Whole—Godhead—is *greater* than the sum of Its parts. Nor has it been known beyond a handful of mystics through history **that every part contains information of the Whole**. That is, we examine a rock and the rock contains information about the earth. We look at a tree and learn of all life. We get to know a friend and have a knowledge of Everyman. We perceive Everyman and know the Self. We know the Self and have as much knowledge of Godhead as Infinite Wisdom is capable of perceiving. Is it any wonder so many of the great philosophies have advocated “**Know Thyself!**”

Everything I have learned has “come to me” in the form of light—one way or another. The flower I enjoy arrives as light. The face I touch arrives as light. For all of us every sensation has ever been one or another wave length of light arriving to be examined and understood.

In recent years, science has made greater strides in understanding the light of the universe. **The essence of all matter is light**. In an old figure of speech used by the ancients, everything is an image of an image of light. We will do well to understand something of light, because light itself is the image of Light.

For years I have used what has now come to be called “The Holographic Paradigm” as a means of explaining some of the function of ordinary light. I use the word “ordinary” to denote what I call *limited* light—light limited to a speed of 186,300 miles per second—light in motion. Its source, the Fountainhead of light, I call by whatever name I would use to refer to Godhead. I spell *that* Light with a capital. In the mind's eye, I think of It as infinite, therefore at rest. Limited light spirals within motionless Light. Light and light are one Light. Light in motion is the movement of, the *measure* of Light. To put it another way, it is Light's Self-measure.

But notice: The awareness that reads these words can take the measure of limited light. Awareness perceives limited light within itself, yet awareness can in no wise take a *full* measure of illimitable Light. Awareness (Life) and light are *apparently* wed to one another—another “two that are one.” But not again: These “two that are one” are within *Infinite* Light. *Three* that are one. A Trinity with the very Life-I-Am smack dab in the middle!

This is only a hint of the beginning. To make sense of a *Deific* solipsism with words has taken me half a century. But there IS a Deific solipsism present as the universe within Awareness within the Ineffable! The door to it all is the very Light of Life that reads these words and the light that illumines them.

To understand the wonders of limited light is to *marvel* at the wonders of Illimitable Light, Godhead, Father of lights. Consider: the light bouncing into your eyes from this sheet of paper is not only bringing images of the printed words, but images of the entire room whether you are noticing them or not. And not just images within your line of sight, but of virtually everything in the room, behind the furniture, under the tables, on the hidden shelves.

If the light that illumines the page comes from the window, there is information pouring through your eyes containing an image of every mountain, every tree, every blade of grass as far as the eye can see. *Farther*—because the eye can't see what is hidden behind that building, but the light bouncing from these words does! If this seems difficult to believe, let me make it more so. The light which is the apparent substance of this bit of paper contains knowledge of the entire earth. Solar system. Galaxy. *Universe!*

This may seem a bit mind-bending at first, but once the principle of holography is understood, one perceives a most marvelous secret which the Ancients were aware of: **The part contains knowledge of the whole; every part of the part contains knowledge of the whole of the Whole.**

Let me give an illustration of this wonder of wonders. It will be particularly meaningful now that the leading edge of science has concluded that all “matter”—be it particle or galaxy—is holographic imagery, arrested or “slowed” light!

Do you remember the old, square Brownie box camera of yore? The first ones didn't even have a lens. Just an opening that would open and close at about 1/25th of a second—and take a dandy picture.

Pretend just such a Brownie snapshot was made of you and your Uncle George way back on your fifth birthday. Uncle George had come to visit bringing some wonderful gift with him. Someone took a picture which you have cherished and kept for fifty long years because that day and that uncle were very special. There you stand, stiff and straight in your party clothes, the gift in its box tucked under your right arm. Uncle George is standing to your left, a big smile on his face, his arm holding you close. In the back ground someone with a big fanny is bent over, but her head was hidden behind Uncle George when the picture as snapped and you have long forgotten who it was. In the left front is an image of a foot. To whom it belonged you never did know. In fact, you have long forgotten what the gift was, but you remember it was very special. Uncle George always brought special gifts.

Well now. It is fifty years later and we are still pretending. The old snapshot has taken a battering over the years. Way back when you took the scissors and cut the extraneous foot away since it had no business in the picture. Years later when you were away at school, the suitcase was accidentally closed on it, tearing away the entire bottom half. Finally, since only the top of your head remained alongside Uncle George, you trimmed away everything except his head and shoulders. Everything. That is all that remains now: *half* of Uncle George smiling. The beautiful scene of the park is gone. The foot and the frilly fanny have long been forgotten. Except for a small fragment of the original picture, all else is a memory of a distant childhood—and much of that has faded.

Now let us stop pretending—except for the fragment of picture. Let us discuss a relatively simple physical fact. Can you guess what will happen if we shine a certain type of split-beam laser light on our fragment? Voila! Between the projecting laser and the fragment comes a holographic image of Uncle George hovering in the air like a ghost. The laser light strikes the fragment, bounces away and reproduces an image of light.

But lo, something new has been added. Uncle George is in *three* dimensions, not just two as he appeared on the original snapshot! There he stands in depth, as well as in length and height. Pot, pudgy cheeks and smile, all in three dimensions!

Look again. There's more. ALL of Uncle George is there. Not just the head and shoulders on the fragment, but the bottom half that was lost in the suitcase caper back in 1940! Can the top half of an image reproduce the bottom half *that isn't there*? Clearly. There it is. But as the lady who inspects Hanes underwear in the TV ad says. “That's just the beginning, Kid!” Look at the holographic image again. There *you* are too, tall and straight with the box tucked under your arm and all in three dimensions. And there are the park, the trees, the flowers, the big behinnie with the frilly dress, a bird and a butterfly you had never seen before—and all in three dimensions. How in the world can such a small fragment contain so much information? But wait, there is still MUCH more! The little Brownie camera “saw” one point of view as the picture was taken years ago. Now, fifty years later, our fragment still has etched on its surface a hundred thousand *thousand* points of view, nearly to infinity—almost as if the camera were in ALL places simultaneously when the picture was snapped! Well, the camera wasn't, but the light was, and that's why we are getting three dimensions. Let me try to explain while you look at the holographic images again.

As you look full on, facing the images hovering magically in the air, you will notice they are placed like figures on a stage, so to speak, the distant trees behind you and your uncle, the frilly behind, between you and the trees, and so on. As you move to the right and left of the

images, you begin to notice things that were never on the original picture at all. For instance, you lean to the left and see the head of someone attached to the frilly dress. Your mother! You never realized she was in the picture! You walk to the right side of your own image and see what is written on the box. Lincoln Logs! Now you remember that long forgotten gift. Here you are looking at “information” that was never apparent on the original picture at all, much less on the small scrap remaining. The fragment somehow contains knowledge of the whole—and much MORE than was seen by the eye fifty years ago when the picture was made. Oh yes, the foot that was mysteriously in the original picture is there, too—with a faint body attached. Your father—he was running to get in the picture, never realizing he made it.

Reader, remember that we are not speaking of high mysticism or metaphysics here. We are only touching down lightly—and, hopefully, dramatically—on just one aspect of *ordinary light*, the very light by means of which you are reading these words. This instant, the awareness of you is being flooded with information quite beyond anything you may ever have dreamed. We are not limited to one point of view as we watch the sunset or the wave breaking along the shore. **ALL points of view are present, right here, right now.** We are not bound to the physical limits of the eyes and ears. The scene outside the window is a fragment of the earth, isn't it? And isn't the earth a fragment of solar system, galaxy, universe? *The part contains information of the Whole.*

But there is more. More! Much more. **If these things are true for limited light in motion (and they are) how much more must be true for ILLIMITABLE, OMNIPRESENT LIGHT! If limited light brings information of the entire physical (holographic) universe, what Wonder-beyond-wonder exists as the SOURCE, FOUNTAINHEAD, GODHEAD which is BEING moving light! Limited light is a portion of Light. It contains information of the All as well. The awareness that reads these words is Light/light; the Wisdom it IS is awesome. Awesome!**

Dear Light of Life, Self of my Self, *begin* your study of Light/light. Examine light. Look at light. Enjoy light. See the light glistening on the water. See light reflected from the faces of flowers and children. See light twinkling from the stars and from the eyes of love. See light lifting in the morning and lingering in the evening. **Examine the light that darkness merely delineates.** Sit still and see the wondrous Light which is the source and substance of EVERYTHING. The Galilean mystic who identified as Light Itself said “...these stones shall minister unto thee...cleave a piece of wood and I am there...Within a man of light there is light and he lights the whole world...we have come from the Light.” Awareness (life is the Light from which all things come and to which all things return even as the perfect Light of Godhead is the source and substance of Awareness. At the speed of light there is neither space nor time. **At Light, Life is deathless and eternal.**

There is much power in this message. *If you will, you can feel it.* How much MORE is the Life of YOU.

WISDOM IS INFORMATION REDISCOVERED

Wisdom is information. Information is accumulated time. Time, among other things, is the accumulation of information and wisdom. **Real information is “truth”—what is, as opposed to illusion, belief, mythology, not-truth.**

What can one tell a young child about Truth? Nothing in the world's terms because the human child doesn't understand the world's terms yet.

What can the child tell the adult about Truth? Much, but not in the world's terms. The world has forgotten the child's perceptions and has grown out of them into adulthood and language.

Consider: A man lives a long time and learns the value of honesty. What does the child understand of the things the man might say about honesty and truth? Nothing in the man's terms because the youngster doesn't understand about words and the world yet; but the child lying in the crib is living honestly and truly—that is, living the Equation that Life is. The child lives honesty and truth, pre-world, pre-adult, pre-terminology, pre-experience.

But what does the adult tell the little boy about such adult themes? We say that the child will just have to live longer, grow up, have a few experiences, get himself around the block a time or two, and then he might be lucky enough to learn what honesty (or whatever) really is in his heart.

What does the adult tell the little girl about beauty? The same thing. And what does the adult expect the little girl to tell him about beauty? Nothing in the world's terms because she hasn't learned the world's terms yet. But the adult knows intuitively that the child is *living* "beauty" in the most honest sense of the term.

Is the adult right? Yes, as far as time goes, as far as world terminology goes, as far as language and experience go, the child must live the adult's world and suffer the contraries; then, the adult (the not-child) having slowly accumulated the information in time that constitutes wisdom and truth, *can use the world's terms to tell of "honesty" and "beauty."* But to whom is this communication made? To other adults, not to other children.

Inasmuch as beauty has to do with the senses and their interface with tangibility—plus the feelings and emotions that come with the sundry personal interfaces with "others" and "things"—is it not plain that the child comes into the world with clear senses, already interfacing with original (baby/child) emotions and feelings? Certainly, but we can't tell very much about that while looking on the baby as an undeveloped adult; and the baby can't use many of the adult's terms to say, "Hey, man, I'm seeing pristine spiritual beauty right here in the world."

The child asks us a primitive question about something basic, like beauty, honesty and honor, and because we know the child hasn't learned the world's responses yet, nor the world's terminology or rules, we know the child must pass through more time and space so the right glands come into play and the young adult can accumulate the time and experience necessary to understand and express the basics with which we were born into the world originally.

So what CAN I tell a young man or woman about true wisdom? I can tell them they came into the world with it, LIVING and BEING it honestly, albeit not, *conscious of it in the world's way.* I can tell them they will return to it again, because, with the passage of time tantamount to the accumulation of information, they will rediscover the pristine sensations of the original Child—if not before the death of the body, then with the body's age and death. Hence, I can say, "You have come from the pure Light of Life and you are returning there again, whether you think so or not—whether you ever care or not." I can also say, "You are certain eventually to rediscover the Original Nature (Soul/Child) of yourself." Furthermore, I can explain to one willing to listen and prove my words, that the purpose of the human experience is to do just that. Just what? Discover the Self.

Inevitably, intellectualism's next question is: "Why do we have to go through all this human business of losing the Original Nature and then rediscovering it slowly, line upon line? Why, why, why? Where is the justice in that?" That is the question neither science, religion nor philosophy has answered satisfactorily—but now we can!

We are brought back to the original condition of the baby. **What does it SELF-KNOW of honesty, beauty, tenderness, equality or gender? It IS those things but doesn't KNOW those things. The human experience is for the purpose of REDISCOVERY—which is to KNOW, and KNOW one knows. "With all thy wisdom, get understanding." Know thyself. Knowing what is, one knows what is NOT as well.**

THE LADY AT THE LAUNDROMAT

Years ago, in a hot, steamy little southern town, I was doing my laundry in the town's only laundromat. It was a dilapidated little place with puddles of muddy water on a cluttered sandy floor, and rickety machines making an ungodly clatter. In those days it cost fifteen cents a load for the washing machine and a nickel to use the dryer. I had just gotten my laundry underway when a country lady came in with a huge bundle of dirty clothes. She was dripping with perspirations, clearly very tired and very pregnant. She was accompanied by an obstreperous little boy tugging at her, yelling like a banshee and running off in all directions at once.

What a sight: There I was, silently declaring, "there is nothing but God going on in the world. There is nothing but good happening." And then that lady walked in with her uncontrollable, loud-mouthed little boy. Ah so. I remember watching the mother carefully pinch open her coin

purse and make her calculations ever so carefully before she began her clothes. Clearly she didn't have many nickels and dimes. She didn't have many pennies either.

The little boy was into everything, yelling and shouting over the noise of the clattering machines. I was sitting there observing, trying to see something good about that busy ragamuffin full of noise who didn't seem a bit bothered by the devastating heat of an Alabama afternoon. Every few minutes the very pregnant mother shouted at the top of her voice, "Quit that!" or "Behave yourself!" But the boy heeded nothing. The mother was terribly uncomfortable, clearly at her wits end. I sweated and observed and "knew the truth," as the old saying goes, insisting that God was in charge of this scene, too.

Well, my clothes were about finished, and the lady had just put her tub of clean wet clothes into the basket to move them to the dryer, when the little boy, still yelling and dashing everywhere, ran into her basket and dumper her clothes onto the muddy floor. Dismay and rage overtook her instantly. "Come here!" she screamed hysterically.

The boy ran to me instead of his mother and grabbed the leg of my pants. "Come here!" the distraught mother screamed again, and the little boy knew he was damned if he did and damned if he didn't. Very slowly he started her way and very quickly she lunged at him, grabbed him and began beating him unmercifully.

I am a soldier and have seen people kill one another. I know uncontrolled and senseless anger when I see it. The mother was clearly out of control. What was I actually looking at, if, as all the holy books say in one way or another, God is all in all and there is nothing happening but God? What did I see? Illusion? Mesmerism?

Immediately I asked within and the answer arrived instantly, just as it did when I watched the man stealing the chewing gum. What did I see? The *delineation* of patience and love! Negatively appearing, surely, but the negatives are "not real" and the positives they delineate are "real." So I saw the delineation of the very opposite of the appearance. What else, if God really is "all in all"? Either God is all, even the present picture a part of that allness, or else God doesn't exist and we can end our search.

"Thank you for making love and patience plain!" I shouted over the yelling, the pounding and the screams. "Thank you for making love and patience plain!" I yelled again.

Well, now. Even the machinery had stopped before the echoes of my shout were gone. It was as if I had shaken the lady or hit her. She stood looking at me with surprise and relief in her eyes—even joy. The boy's nose was running, his eyes full of tears, but he stood there looking at me, then his mother—and his nose stopped bleeding right before my eyes.

What had I done? I had called the scene by its new name. We must eventually learn to make the turn around without that constant sop, "Unreal. Matter. Illusion. Dream. Mortal mind." The "turn around" is an absolutely necessary part of the "repentance" the holy books tell of. Disclaiming the reality of something doesn't make the turn around, but the turn around is necessary. To do such a thing is a very powerful exercise in this world of plastic imagery. You may wish to try it, but expect to be surprised at the power of it. Yes, you must try it.

A short time later as I sat in the little cafe up the street, jotting down my memories of the event before the sights and sounds and revelations could be forgotten, the mother and the little boy walked in, a look of pure love in their eyes. She stood tremulously beside a table, peering once more into her coin purse, emptying its contents onto the table. She found a nickel and enough pennies to order a piece of homemade cake and a scoop of chocolate ice cream. We watched the boy eat it as if he'd never had such a wonderful day in his life.

Looking for the good in a situation allows us to call it by its right name. Dear readers, do you know what a marvel lies hidden in these words, a marvel that you can put to the test and see for yourself before this day is over?

THE GREAT GLASS PYRAMID

Years ago someone wrote that all the people on earth, if assembled in one place, standing side by side, would occupy a square mile of land. They would certainly cover more land than that today, but let us use that square mile for the sake of an illustration that will make a point. Imagine that all humanity is brought together into a great glass pyramid whose four corners cover a square mile of earth. The people are standing jammed together like young people at a rock concert inside the great crystal pyramid, all facing the center.

Well now, how would each person describe what he sees as he looks up? Each one would see the four quadrants of glass coming together at the top. Let us suppose they can see the stars beyond, including Polaris, the North Star, whose position remains constant, and are asked to give a description of the North Star's location. The people along the south wall of the pyramid see the star in one quadrant; those along the north wall see it in another. Those who stand in the east side of the pyramid make different measurements to plot Polaris than do those in the west. As a matter of fact, every man, woman and child would have a slightly different version of the North Star's location, relative to the great glass panels that come to a point above. Each person represents a unique point of view.

Next, suppose that certain creeds and dogmas about the star's location developed through the centuries. The East-side view of things would certainly differ from the West-side view—similar to the differing religious views in the world today. Further, most people are too busy with family and other affairs to look up and measure for themselves, so they have grown to accept whatever idea is popular in their own locales. Can't we see from this illustration how religious ideas, all pertaining to the same God but seen through the eyes of differing cultures, have developed during the centuries before worldwide communication linked us all together? Man's *personal views* of his relation to Godhead are not unlike the pyramid-people's views of their relation to the North Star. Religious ideas generally refer to the Same One, but have their own sets of proofs for validity. And, in truth, every statement is valid, so far as its measure goes. Isn't it strange that some of the world's religions can perceive this difference and allow for it, while others stand like staunch old pines in the wind, refusing to give any other views an inch, claiming their own perspective is the only valid perspective of the Ineffable?

Can the reader see that all eyes pointing toward the top represent individual "points of view" and "lines of thought"? If so, let me show in a simple way how powerful subjectivism is—and, remember, subjective thinking is the new wave of things to come for mankind.

One person, having learned the top-down method of thinking and comprehending—the very basis for subjectivism—is like a person who has broken away from the masses and climbed to the top of the pyramid. His view is like a great eye at the top of the pyramid looking down at everyone looking up. The top-down view *includes all the bottom-up views within itself almost simultaneously*. The top-down view is quantum, whereas the bottom-up view is individual. **Such is the advantage of subjectivism and its comprehension that the world exists within Awareness!** Subjectivism is to human thought what quantum mechanics has become to physics. (Today we see the leading edge of science on the brink of discovering the "subjective idea." They have found the experiment tied to the awareness observing the experiment. It is a start! Science will discover the power of subjectivism before religion does, it appears—and even before the metaphysicians who claim to know it already, but don't know what to do with it. We guess the scientist will know because his arithmetic will suggest, insist and cause him to "prove.")

Does the Eye at the top quarrel with the opposing views at the bottom? No. It *understands* the basis for the differences of opinion—and understand the holistic reasons for mankind's behavior. Oh, but the top-down view would certainly object if one of the groups along the eastern or western wall went to war against its opposite numbers, in the name of creed, dogma and holy book.

We discover the child within. **The Child takes us (more or less) quickly to the top of the pyramid to the View that includes all views within itself.** Down on the sandy floor of the pyramid, extremism in the defense (or promulgation) of anyone's holy book and/or bottom-up view of the Ineffable, causes men in black to make strange utterances in the name of localized views of God and to call for holy wars that could destroy civilization. On the floor, one hopes that won't happen. From the top, one sees that something *must* happen among the warring, unloving throngs *to call attention to the Child's top-down View that understands and forgives*. The prophets have all said to look up willingly—or be forced to look up in an awful Armageddon.

Two thousand years ago, Christianity came along to say, "Let that mind be in us which is also in Christ..." (the subjective view of things), but see how Christianity's dogmatic creeds are warring among themselves. Whatever happened to the Child's View that Jesus and other gave their lives to tell about?

We get the top-down view and live it on the sandy floor of life, right here in the objective view of things. How? We find the Child within ourselves and run with it. We publish peace (our own knowledge of this Child within) as we have been admonished to. We finally

understand the exclusivity and arrogance of unyielding creeds and dogmas that discourage the individual's climb to the top of the pyramid. We see why the objective views have labeled subjectivism "silly solipsism." And, subjectively, from the top, we see that "one with God is a majority." The world unfolds within the subjective consciousness.

THE SUBJECTIVE COMFORTER AND THE HISTORIC JESUS

People who study the Truth via subjectivism or metaphysics tend to think of Christ as God, as Truth, but not necessarily as man—especially physical man. Stressing the Christ rather than the man, the metaphysician speaks of Christ but seldom of "Jesus." Metaphysics carried to its absolute extreme, having dismissed the mortal man, must dismiss all mortality or men—so it sublimates history and must, in consequence, think of the Biblical or historic Jesus (and all events in time) as illusion or myth. This is not peculiar to the West alone. One finds the same thing in Eastern philosophy. Let me state quickly that neither the Christ nor Jesus is a myth.

When first "the mountain" becomes "not a mountain," (our move from objectivism to the discovery of metaphysics) for a time the concept of a mortal man goes out of the Christ for most earnest metaphysicians. Well then, how does one at this level of things, before he has moved *beyond* metaphysics, describe the historic Jesus of Nazareth? When one of the good, old-timey fundamentalist churchmen collars him, how does the metaphysician respond? Not very well, clearly, or there would have been a greater interest in subjective studies. A good statement that can withstand the onslaught of bickering theology needs to be made—but to do that is tantamount to making a rock fall up.

Here is that question, recently put to me for ten thousandth time: **"What is the significance or relationship of Jesus Christ to me, as this Awareness I am?"**

Let me try to answer that question to the satisfaction of a thinker. TRUTH is applicable at all levels of human understanding, but the metaphysician has never been able to give a satisfactory answer to the fundamentalist churchman. Not just because the churchman hasn't come to accept subjectivism yet, but because subjectivism can't make the whole statement of Truth. However, the Child of us CAN.

In reply to the question above, I must answer from the metaphysical, subjective, *middle* position so it will remain subjectively correct, but still be understood objectively by one who hasn't caught the subjective idea yet. I begin a full answer: I can speak only for myself, Subjectively, people and history unfold within my self-awareness. **I have no awareness of Moses, Abraham, Jesus, Genghis Khan, Dolly Parton or anyone else OUTSIDE this conscious/subconscious awareness that writes and reads these words. I take myself to be this Awareness within which all bodies appear, including this one that plunks at the keyboard, as well as the one who asks this one a question about Jesus. Everyone, including the one who reads these words, is within myself/yourself-as-Awareness. This is self-evidently and undeniably true for each of us, even for the theologian who dismisses it as "silly solipsism."** His dismissal doesn't make it untrue.

Identified as Awareness, I look "outside" and see trees, flowers, people and history in the making—all MYSELF-AS-AWARENESS going on in an unending "now." I look out and see evidences of the past(history) and the possibilities for the future. I look out and read history books and bibles. I look out and see *attracting, compelling, unifying things and ideas* which are all within this Self-awareness. I look out and, despite all the teeth-clenching metaphysical absoluteness I am capable of, I still see ("seem" to see) *distracting, repelling, dividing and destructive things*, all within Awareness. Wheat and tares.

The wheat and tares "outside" myself have an equivalent "inside." The tree and the warm glow of the setting sun evoke a sense of beauty. The unifying themes evoke a sense of harmony and joy. The distracting and divisive scenes evoke discomfort, distrust, dis-ease, and so on. The obverse of this is true as well. I feel a sense of peace within and look outside and see evidences of that peace as happy and harmonious things I might not have been aware of otherwise. (Part of the Mystery is the Christly admonition to "make the inside and the outside into a single one.")

Let us examine this solipsistic fact for a moment. The first thing I see when I look "outside" is this body-image at the typewriter, an image more sensitive to me than all the other images—from this *objective* point of view. Stick a pin in this image and I yell. Stick a pin in

that image and I may yell, but I don't always feel the pain. "My" view seems to be limited to the purview of this first image whose name is William and who sits here at the typewriter. But it isn't. After these many years of subjective living, I have learned that **Awareness isn't limited at all, but can and should perceive from many viewpoints simultaneously**, including some views little understood by the more distant images I see within myself when I look "out"—and especially not understood by my religious selfhood, nor even by my metaphysician friends who *should* understand. For that matter, Awareness sees things undreamt by men.

The belief which "the world" proclaims and the beliefs (viewpoints) I hear spoken "out there" in the people-world are written and spoken from the position that IDENTITY is that first thing I see when I look into the mirror. *That* body-image which is so sensitive, the world says, is our (my) identity. This form and shape that sits here writing and answering your question is said to be the identity I am—an identity not unlike the form of the man who walked the hills of Galilee. But clearly (to me), the body-image is not my identity. Rather, the Awareness that "looks out" and looks in, "thinks out" from that body, is the Identity I am. **The Awareness within which all the bodies and trees and books and artifacts appear is Identity**, as nearly as I can establish at the metaphysical level. My God, if I'm naught but the body, I am a mere bucket of blood and a sack of tremulous pumps. If I am that only, I am what my mother and father made. If I am LIFE, I am what God made.

Therefore, this Awareness is the "subjective" Identity I am and think of myself AS. From this perspective, all tangibility, all things, thoughts, ideas, books, historic figures and all history itself are WITHIN the Awareness I am—and this Awareness embraces every form of every thing. Clearly, Moses spoke of this identity as having dominion over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. He also indicated that we lost sight of it very quickly in the scheme of things.

Well now, subjectively (metaphysically), some of the things I look at are more meaningful to me at one time or another. When it seems this first image within awareness, the William body, is hungry, food is a sight to enjoy. When I look at a *unifying* idea within the world of myself, I feel more satisfaction than when looking at or listening to a destructive idea, a dividing idea, or one that creates doubt and confusion in myself and in the world.

"But what about JESUS, for Christ's sake?" my questioner thunders.

He is the most unifying Idea I have, my friend, but keep your shirt on. I am answering your question reasonably, logically, step by step, leaving nothing out, which is the way the Answer comes to us. O.K.? Your question will be answered if you will be patient.

"William Samuel, I tell you that Jesus is the blood of the Lamb! Jesus saves! Jesus is the way! Praise Jesus, Hallelujah!"

Thank you for such love, my friend. Now let me answer that part of your question about the relationship of Jesus Christ and "me as Awareness." I was saying that identified as Awareness, all my knowledge of anything and everything is WITHIN Awareness—including the knowledge of Jesus Christ. It is exactly the same for you. All the bibles of the world are knowledge that comes to us by way of Awareness. I have no consciousness of the avatars, Jesus mighty among them, except as they come to ME here, WITHIN and AS this AWARENESS. Would you agree with this?

"I'm lost."

It seems so.

"If I'm lost, why am I trying to save you?"

You are not lost really, my friend, and neither am I. Let's get back to the subjective views of Awareness. About Jesus Christ specifically, because this will answer questions for subjectivists who need to know as well. They especially need to get their metaphysics straight so they can get on with the rest of the Work given them to do.

Suppose I look outside that window of myself and suddenly, unexpectedly, see a special butterfly—a big, beautiful, flashing sparkle of ethereal light darting through the sky. I am delighted and thrilled. Something in me comes alive. I would like to know more about butterflies, and about THAT butterfly especially.

What do I do? If that spectacular butterfly passes out of my sight and goes into history, I can still turn within myself, to my expert friends, libraries and books. I find a book on butterflies and learn more than I ever believed possible because such books are filled with information, are they not? (Incidentally, those books are an *external* confirmation of the Wisdom you and I already are, internally. We may not know that consciously yet, but that is partly what the human experience is about.)

One day I find a photograph of my special butterfly on page 1212. I get right down to a knowledge of everything about that special bug, and I'm so fascinated and excited, I pack my bags and make the necessary pilgrimage to Central America to the butterbug's winter home. I visit with hundreds of those particular butterflies to learn about them first hand, eyeball to eyeball.

Now, my friend. Listen gently. The holy books of the world have come to me just like that special butterfly. I have gone to the experts and authorities and libraries of the world within myself to examine them further. The Bible *in particular* has flashed and flown through my experience countless hundreds of times—and I tell you, it is surely among the special flashing lights of my world. INSIDE that book, the story of the historic Christ, the “Son of God,” is, among all the stories within myself, the most influential record within this Awareness. How so? Because Something Wonderful within me stirs and sings when I even *think* of that man's statements and parables.

So, to finally answer your questions right down to a bug's whisker, my friend, I have examined the words of many men within my holy books, but the words of Jesus and the words of LaoTse are head and shoulders above all other words within myself except for my own. How so? Because those words of Jesus, subjectively understood, told me what to do with this first image, this body that talks to that body and they told me how to live my subjective view in an objective and apparently divided world of conflicting stories, ideas and people.

And why are my own words important to me? Because here in this world of images, they reflect what I believe. My own beliefs influence my words, and my words bring results in my own subjective arena, here and now. Whose words put those shoes on your feet? The words in the Bible or the words that came out of your own mouth? Whose words put you into your present church?

“But Jesus came to save the entire world, Mr. Samuel. In Jesus there is salvation. Have you accepted Jesus as your Lord and Savior?”

You aren't listening, are you, my new friend? **Much more than acceptance, I have become ONE with the words from the Christ's mouth. I have become ONE with THAT One. Reading and rereading his words, I have come to learn the mystery of those words and stand as one with them. I have drunk those words and eaten them and they have become me. The one who uttered them in human history came to confirm this Identity I Am and you are, and the two of us have become one Identity.**

Furthermore, as the inner meanings of those words have come alive within “me”—this form you are looking at—my entire subjective world is being lifted up, even as I am lifted up in the honest and faithful understanding of His words. As I find God's grace via the words of the Christ—and all other ways the light of Spirit comes—my world finds it too, just as you found me to come to and ask your questions. As I am saved from the former identification, all mankind within myself can be (is) saved from that mistaken sense of things as well. As I surrender the deadly deception, I come alive as the Christ-light for my own subjectivity, my entire world! And this is exactly what the Christ of the Bible told me to do, isn't it? I am *doing* those things with all the power and authority God has given Me.

At this point, I looked at the man who had come to question me and he was sleeping softly. His wife looked at me strangely, shook her head almost imperceptibly, first one way, then another, as if she were thinking yes, then no, then yes again. She wanted to say something, but didn't or couldn't. Suddenly she burst into tears and threw her arms around me saying “Thank you! Thank you!” Her husband awoke looking most bewildered.

Sometimes I look out and see those images of myself *hearing* what I'm trying to say. Sometimes they *seem* to hear and understand. Oftentimes, it is as if I were talking to a rock wall or a mud fence, but the one of myself who hears, makes plain the one who doesn't. And the one who doesn't, tells me I am to say it *better* and more clearly still, when I can, when I can, when, with God's grand Grace, I can. In ten thousand years the world hasn't understood the subjectivist yet.

If the world knew how completely the “transfiguration” has taken place here-as-AWARENESS, the world would BE on the door steps of the subjective idea, butterfly book in hand, asking questions, prepared to hear the deep things of Selfhood. The Tree of Life is soon to blossom and seed. There isn't much time, of temporal time, remaining. Life is eternal; the mortal tree of life is not eternal. “Ask Me while you can,” says the Christ Light of Love.

THE METAPHYSICIAN ASKS A QUESTION

Dear Sam,

You have answered the man's question logically. I understand how I should think of the historic Christ from the "is NOT a mountain" position. Now, will you tell me how to think of Him from the "It is a mountain AGAIN" position?

Dear friend,

The purpose of this book is to help you answer that question for yourself. No book alone will answer you fully. **The answer, surrounded by the wilderness of time and space, lies within you and your own interface with God.** "Thine own right hand can save thee." Perhaps you should know it took thirty years to write the paper you have just read. It will not take you so long to answer your question for yourself. Just don't throw the historic Christ of the Bible out the window as science and some versions of metaphysics try to do.

ABOUT HARD TEACHINGS

There are "hard teachings" that are not easy to tell or hear, but as appearances go, these things must be said. One may *believe* he values the Truth more than anything in the world, but when it comes to living the Truth by having to part with some of his old nature or the possessions he deems valuable, his belief becomes a horse of another color—one that bucks at the hard teachings. Those who call our attention to the heard teachings become burrs under the saddle blanket.

For instance, there is a long journey in world-time between (1) the first idealistic feelings that one doesn't actually part with anything he gives to his world, and (2) *the fearless living of that truth wherein he learns for a fact that he doesn't*. One of the purposes of the "hard teachings" is to bridge that gap—but woe to the one who takes such bridging information to a worldly man who loves his own opinions and his worldly possessions! With those people, we are to be as cautious as a fox, my friend, and as harmless as a dove.

This doesn't state the whole area of the hard teachings. A recent letter from Joanna puts another part of it straight. She writes that in the process of Self-discovery one finds the black side of the old nature as well as the good side. We come face to face with the dark side of ourself—the not-Self. Yes, indeed. The suspicious side, the questioning side, the doubtful side, the withholding side. **We find all sides before we find no sides.** Joanna writes that the "comfortable worldly man" is titillated by the Truth's insistence that he search out, find and finally surrender the old nature of himself, but he recoils at the thought that his external world *reflects the old nature's accumulations which he must surrender as well*. And, of course, that is the crux of the matter. When we reach that point in our confirming climb of the mountain, we discover firsthand whether or not we are really willing to devalue the world and actually give a tangible value to the Truth we hold dear. Most of us are not—until we are forced to—*even though the Truth can never be more valuable in our human affairs than the value we actually give it in the world*. As Jesus says in *The Gospel According to Thomas*, many are standing around the cistern, but few are drinking the water.

Nearly everyone who has come to Woodsong has heard of the Child within us, but few have fully found it—or have waited to hear of the Child's Equation. Many hang up their shingles and begin practicing the subjective Truth before they have a working knowledge of subjectivism—or any knowledge of the Equation, much less the living of it. The secret of the Equation has been well kept, but the time has come for the world to hear it again and heed. A new dimension awaits those who "overcome." "There is nothing covered that will remain uncovered; nothing hidden that will not be revealed." That time is this time—and there isn't much of it remaining.

TO FIND BALANCE IS TO FIND IDENTITY

To find BALANCE is to find Identity—and Identity leads the way to God.

Surely ten thousand books have been written over the centuries about identity—what it really is and how to find it. Essentially, the world's holy books are about identity, the “real man” made in the image and likeness of God.

There is little doubt among thinkers that the world view of identity isn't the correct view, and most would agree much more is to be understood. The problem, as always, is exactly *how* one goes about discovering his true identity. “Don't tell me about Identity,” a letter says, “tell me what to do to find it.” What follows is a “what to do.”

Just as the inner Child leads to Godhead, so balance leads to the Child. The balance is to the child what alphabet is to writing. We learn the alphabet before we write. We learn about balance and live it. Lo, the Child is discovered and the Child leads straight to Identity. **Heretofore, we have really been looking for the true nature of “the old man.” That one isn't identity and never will be. We find the Child, and then we know the Child is the real Identity. The we set out to understand the Child of ourselves.**

When one has found the balance, he has found himself. One *is* the point of balance between all “the five trees in the midst of the garden.” **Where is the balance between inside outside if it isn't this very Awareness I am? The inside passes through this Awareness to the outside and returns from the outside and passes through Me again.**

Where is the balance between above and below? Right here as Awareness, midway between microcosm and macrocosm. And where is the balance between male and female? Here as Awareness. Certainly not here as this body. This body appears more male than female. That body seems more female than male. But, upon careful examination, the balance IS found within the body physical, the body being both male and female but tipped *bodily* one way or the other. **Between the extremes of gender lies Awareness, this consciousness of being, perfectly balanced Identity which is being all there is to both male and female.**

And so it is with all imbalances. The balance is found right here as Awareness, Identity. When the ancients said one's aim in life was to “Know Thyself,” they were exactly right. One finds himself, Identity, and finds he is the balance between Spirit and matter, first and last, inside and outside, above and below, objective and subjective, the macrocosm and microcosm. He will also find (slowly) that his Self, as Awareness, *precedes* all tangibility in time. **Awareness is prior to the body we seem to be looking out of.**

One finds the divinity in himself before he sees it in another—and when he has actually found it in himself, he sees it in *all* others. But of course, we think we see it in others long before we see it in ourselves. A letter is here from a lady who is certain she has found God living in a commune on the West Coast, and she would have me agree that he is God. People are all the image of God, but not one image is God. God is God and people are life's confirmation, life's “image” as that image appears on the tangible scene. The godly man confirms God more obviously than do the warrior and thief, but to the godly, the sinner is as much the image of the Image of God as the saint is.

Beware the man who says “I am God” or permits others to say that of him. Perhaps the only thing more sinful than proclaiming oneself to be God is to allow others to call him God. Certainly one of the great measures of the man Jesus was his honesty on this score. Were Jesus on television this minute, he would say exactly what he said two thousand years ago: “When you see Me you see the Father, for my Father and I are one, but My Father is *greater* than I.” And, of course, people would still call him God and good and he would say once more, “don't call me good. Don't call any man good. **There is none good but God.** Don't call me master, either. I am *not* your master.”

No genuine “master” lets anyone call him master. If I were to look up and suddenly perceive that I am, indeed, the Perfect Image Itself, the First Born of God, God's only begotten Son Himself, I would yet be image and nothing of myself. Image is image. Image is nothing of *itself*. Image is without real power of authority except it be given to that image by Godhead. GODHEAD is the Name, the Authority and the Power, and not even the Son of God Himself dares claim it. Inasmuch as Jesus the man made these honest and identical statements, that image appears Christly and extremely honest to me.

It is when we become nothing that we become the door to Something. The best door is the empty place without an impediment. The Window that allows the Light is the place where nothing is.

ONE MORE PAPER ON BALANCE

We hear little on the subject of balance in our religious or metaphysical study, which is something of a surprise considering the absolute necessity of finding and maintaining it. One doesn't have to look far in the scientific, religious or metaphysical scene to find evidence of woeful imbalances among people.

We must conclude that since our return to a conscious knowledge of Identity is much like a mountain climb wherein we're busy confirming the Truth of Identity, then the climbing is integrally concerned with balance. If we lose it, we fall away from the Center of Identity into the chaos of imbalance. But there is more than *one* balance to find and maintain in our search for Truth. There are several of them, each necessary in various places in our climb to confirmation.

The first balance is the karmic teeter totter between cause and effect, good and evil—just as much the province of science as religion. This, the first balance we really become aware of, is like walking a plank across a chasm. Living morally and honestly, one maintains his balance and doesn't topple into the reactive world of negative effects of punishment. It is the “go and sin no more” balance—and is absolutely basic. It is part of the “Do unto others as you would have them do unto you” ethic.

Beyond this linear, karmic balance is another, “higher” on the scale of things. It is the balance we begin to maintain between the inner and outer world—the inside/outside equation. We see the “image/thing” and strike a balance between the thing and the thought or feeling, the subjective basis for the image. This is the province of metaphysics.

Prior to (or simultaneous with) the metaphysical inner/outer balance is the hierarchical or cosmological equation. This is established consciously when the “below” of human authority is surrendered, precept upon precept, to the divine Authority “above,” to which is given all power and importance until such time as the Above—the Ineffable—*becomes* all in all to us and the “below” of us lives self-surrendered. When the surrender is made in actual fact, ***the new balance of things eventually brings us to DO what is demanded of us.*** This, the reader knows, is the discovery that Awareness is God's, not man's. It is the discovery of the real Identity—and the actions that accompany that revelation. This balance is also part of the “Golden Rule.”

I hastily mention the male/female balance here. The discovery of awareness as Identity mandates the acceptance of male and female equally. **Awareness is as much female as male, as much male as female. We stop thinking of ourselves in terms of gendered man or woman, but as Life, Awareness—which is being all there is to the appearances of either gender.** This balance is lived in the world as an equal appreciation for men and women. The Lights of the world have been as thorough in their instruction of women as of men; it has been the organizations that followed them that began the discrimination and lower status of women.

Overspreading all these balances, and going on continually everywhere in nature, is the divine Balance and its Equation—***the very living process by which tangible life gives and receives, receives and gives, in-breathing and out-breathing, passing the Light of Life onward to those within and without—and receiving from the “outside” and allowing it to pass along to the Within.*** This is the divine Balance and its Equation—spoken of with such simple eloquence by LaoTse, Buddha and Jesus, among other—and misspoken in countless words of lesser truth by half-prophets who have never heard of the mystic's Equation, nor dreamed it existed. The Equation comes with the Child, the Comforter that leads to all peace. Our living It, consciously or otherwise, is the open door to the Kingdom. The Equation lived is the forgiveness of sins (imbalances).

It is not the imbalance of *too much* action (like one who oversteps himself on the karmic plank and falls into sin) that is half so fatal to the metaphysician as the non-action of doing nothing. Intellectual and spiritual pride evoke a catatonia, a state of non-action in the world which assails one in later life. I see old seekers hanging onto their plateaus of understanding (Absoluteness being one of the stickier wickets) where one grows thick, opaque and stubborn, unable to break free, wondering what happened to his Truth when he needs it most. On these wickets one finds himself assailed by depression, ennui, hopelessness and/or mental imbalances capable of dragging him to his tangible, human finish. There is no escape from this deadliness by making positive affirmations or by declaring that “God is all!” **The escape comes with LIVING the Equation again—the balancing**

Child-ACTION of GIVING and RECEIVING once more as we did when we were children and when we were new students of Truth. We allow the Equation to work its magic in our affairs again; we pass the Glimpses along to others (giving God what's God's)—to receive therefrom. We give our tangible goods to those who need them (giving the world whatever we can give of our substance) to receive therefrom.

The idea grows so quickly (and devilishly) that, as seekers of truth, we know something that others don't. Just as quickly comes the vainglorious idea that there is no one with whom we can discuss these ideas. El poo poo! The match struck in the dark corner of Da Shan's face has sufficient darkness to dispel. How the darkness is dissipated dawns slowly for us until we find one who has been given the Equation, along with the means and courage to tell us of it. These living persons are rare, but there is a written record of many of them.

Listen, listen. **WE ARE ADMONISHED TO PASS ALONG THE LIGHT we've grown to perceive TO OUR ENTIRE SUBJECTIVE SELFHOOD!** ("Preach ye the gospel to all the world!" said the One.) Our work isn't finished until we do. "When you make the two one ... the inner as the outer and the outer as the inner ... then shall you enter the Kingdom," has been the admonition from the first. We LIVE the Primal Balance consciously in our daily affairs and see it tangibly reestablished (for our confirmation) in our personal experience, the world. This is to see "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

Of all people within this experience-I-am, my metaphysical selfhood appears to understand *least* of the great responsibility that comes with the Truth. We have a mighty work to accomplish before we are done with the human drama and leave the slopes of Da Shan. These ideas haven't been given to us for nothing. Every one who reads these words is capable of living The Equation.

Surely, the primary reason I have spoken directly of "the Equation" only to those who were living it when they came to study here (and not one word about it unless they were) was to avoid the stigma so quickly given to all who speak of "giving and receiving"—no matter how honest their reason. No doubt there were those who must have thought the twelve baskets of food collected after the Sermon on the Mount was the selfish intent of the Preacher. Our intellectual period (metaphysics) is the labeling time in our affairs when we're so prone to divide singleness into levels of attainment, degrees of truth and error, shades of honesty or dishonesty—or into an absoluteness that tries to ignore the world of tangibility. I recall the charges made in high human places that Goldsmith and his kind were mercenary and "in it for the money," when no such thing was true. No wonder the mystics swore their initiates to secrecy concerning "the hard teachings," upon the penalty of death. Initiates were forbidden to speak directly of "The Ratio" or "The Secrets." They needn't have been. The least mention of the Equation brings one's personal world to thunder and shake, and whoever tells of it makes himself a sacrifice, not always willing.

We are told that there is nothing hidden that will not be revealed, nothing covered that will not be uncovered. Now I speak directly about the Balance and its Equation. I have waited in this human experience until the human charges can make no difference to me. Now it makes no difference *how* I reap the world's trash or treasure. They are the same, no more real (or unreal) than anything else in my world. I have waited until everyone can see there are no human motives in this statement of the final covenant—and never have been.

We are told that every human imbalance (sin) is "forgiven" with the simple living of the grand Balance and its Equation, whether it is intellectually comprehended or not. With all my heart I know this is true. **I watch the simple and childlike who live the Equation grow old with grace, dignity and peace, their bodies may appear to anguish, but their hearts still romp with angels.** I see those who do not live it—though they have attained to mighty places in the hierarchies of intellectualism—wither and die without a trace of Joy, without anything done for their world. **God reveals the secrets of the Living Equation to children and hides them from the worldly.**

IDENTITY AND THE GENUINE COMMUNITY

The physical body itself is the first hierarchy of completeness to which Light/light flows in time and space. This is to say, our own physical body is the *first part of the wake immediately behind the Ship, the first grain of sand atop Da Shan*. In retrospection—in the people, places and things arena—the last thing we really know is ourself. The first and last body one has under control is his own.

We get ourself straight and then comes dominion. Birthright! Authority.

From here grows the genuine community—the harvest the avatars have spoken of.

We love our mankind unrestrictedly and give to those who come to us and receive from those who are given to us. We give our Glimpses and Glimmers to our entire WORLD of people. We receive from Everyone (God's images) and from the world.

Balance is perceived as existing in and from Source. Balance takes care of this physical body as this body takes care of its world of people.

While I have been very slow learning these things and have unwittingly lived virtually every imbalance to find balance again, **I know God tends this body-in-time until this Message become clearly written in the world. I am at it, Father!**

JOURNAL ENTRIES

When one becomes nothing of himself, he finds himself and knows himself, even as he is known of God.

One doesn't need to try working miracles with the Truth. Rather, let him try to understand himself and, in the process, miracles will happen, miracles not bound to the framework of the wanter and needer, the wished and seeker. It is pointless to do aught but get to know the Selfhood made in the image of God; then we know, as nearly as can be known, what God is via that Self's self-examination. God will disclose what is necessary as we work to expound the glimpses and glimmers/ the community grows THEN. The companion comes THEN. The help comes THEN.

“SILLY SOLIPSISM!” SHOUTS THE PREACHER

“Everything comes to me by way of my own perception,” said Han. “For instance, my own eyes have seen all I have seen. My own ears have heard everything I have heard. Only my fingers have touched whatever my fingers have touched. Every thought I have ever heard has been considered, or not considered, right here within this head as I experiences my own sensations. This is self-evidently true for all of us, isn't it?” asked Han.

No one spoke. “Now, I hold a leaf in my left hand and the minister's sacred book in my right. How do I know the book is a sacred book? Is it sacred because the book has words that say it is sacred? How can I believe that? How do I know the Bible is infallible? Because the preacher and his church say so? Because the book says that it is infallible? I look at the leaf. How do I know it is a leaf? Because I have looked and heard and seen and have become able to discern that it is a leaf and not a stone. Am I able to tell this is a sacred book because I have heard it is not like the other books that exist? Do I believe it is a sacred book because of the beauty and truth I have found there, or do I believe it is sacred because the teachers and ministers tell me it is, just as their teachers and ministers told them before?”

Everyone was listening intently, especially the preacher.

“Where have I determined these things about the leaf and the book?” Han continued. “Within my own head. And how did I learn what I know of the leaf and the book? Within my own head. Can I believe the written word is sacred because the written word says it is? I can believe the leaf is good because I know about leaves. I can believe the leaf is green because it is green, but can I believe the sacred book is sacred because the minister and his church say so, or because the book says so?”

The preacher was plainly annoyed but said nothing.

“If mankind has designed the alphabet to express the principle of words, and if mankind has created the words to speak of ideas and things, can I believe that the words which have been put together and called sacred are sacred because mankind says they are or because the words say the words are sacred? And if the words say that God is the source of the words,

how does that make the words any more sacred than the leaf? Is not God the source of everything?"

The preacher clenched his fists.

Han said, "Ah, but even if the words are sacred, there is something more sacred than they are. Do you know what that is?"

The soldier, sitting beside the preacher, threw up his hands in disgust. "I don't even know what you are talking about or trying to say," he said.

"Where do I see the leaf?" asked Han.

"In your head," the soldier answered.

"Where do I see the preacher's text?"

"Same place," the soldier said.

"Where do I decide what shape the leaf has and what color it is?" asked Han.

"In your thick head," the preacher said.

"And where do I read the words that say the words are sacred?" Han asked.

"Where you see everything," the soldier answered. "Inside yourself."

"And where do I know the leaf is not connected to the tree any longer?"

"Within your question-asking, cantankerous nature."

"And is that the place where the holy text is read?"

"Yes, the same place," the soldier replied.

"Have I ever seen or heard of the sacred text or the leaf or anything else, outside myself?"

"Perhaps there is a way that information comes directly into the heart," said the minister, "without having to go through the senses."

"Yes," said Han. "And where but here within myself would I become conscious of the heart's knowledge? Would that knowledge be within me or within the self of another?"

"Within yourself," the soldier said wearily.

"If I hold the leaf and ignore it, would I discover its qualities?"

"No, damnit!" the soldier muttered.

"And if I hold the sacred text and ignore it, will I know of the arrangement of words within it?"

"No."

"So, how can the arrangement of words become sacred to me without my own intent and without my willingness to believe?"

"I suppose they can't."

"So, are the words sacred by themselves or with my consent?"

"For God's sake, Han, I don't know! I am lost. What are you trying to tell us, old man?"

"I am not trying to tell you anything," the teacher answered. "I am telling myself something. I see only my own sensations when I see you."

"And I see only mine when I see you," the soldier said, tired of the matter.

"I don't *know* that you see *anything*," said Han. "I know only that I see. Everything meaningful to me begins and ends here as my own sensation."

"Bullshit!" the preacher exploded, unable to contain his anger. "That is oversimplified solipsism; pure, silly solipsism, just as the theologians labeled it years ago!"

"Ah, there we have it," laughed Han, clapping his hands. "The theologian calls it silly because this fact of Being insists that nothing is more whole than the Awareness within which images appear. Silly solipsism says that an image is an image is an image. What is this Bible but an image—an engraved image—I hold in my hand? **And which is more holy, the book in my hand or the Life that perceives and encompasses and lives that book?**"

The preacher's anger grew. "Are you trying to tell me the Bible is not the Word of God? He asked incredulously?

"It isn't the only word of God?" smiled Han.

"Oh my God!" the pudgy preacher shouted. "I can't believe my ears. Are you trying to tell us that the Word of God is not holy?"

"No," answered Han patiently. "**Everything that is, is equally divine because everything exists within Divinity. But the book in my right hand is no more whole than the leaf in my left—and all things together are not as holy as the Whole Awareness that sees them.**"

"This is contrary to everything I have been taught," the minister said, shaking with rage.

"But contrary to nothing you have *learned*," Han smiles.

"It is contrary to *everything* I have learned, you Oriental heathen!" raged the preacher.

"No," Han smiled broadly. "It may be contrary to everything you have heard, but just because something has been heard doesn't mean it has been learned. What is heard is learned when it has been put to the test and proven."

The preacher slapped his knee in frustration. "That is how I know the Bible is holy, you fool! I have proven it and proven it!" He shook as he spoke.

"And that is how I know the leaf is just as holy," said Han.

The people sat wide-eyed, awaiting the next blast from the minister. With a visible effort to control himself, he asked, "Why are you telling us these ridiculous things? What is your motive?"

"I remind you that I am telling myself these things," the old teacher said. **"But I say them aloud so my listening selfhood may see that our link to God is direct and doesn't have to be funneled through the words of a book one hold in his hands."**

"My God, man!" the preacher began, "Do you realize what would happen if men stopped believing in the Holy Bible?"

"I am not suggesting that men stop believing in the Bible or any other book, my friend; only that they come to see that their interface with God is direct and not irrevocably tied to the words of any book—nor to a church or anything else. Like you, I have books that are meaningful to me, but my link with the subject of those books is direct, as is my interface with Truth. The Bible may point to the stars, but I see them with my own eyes."

"But the Bible says ..." the preacher began and stopped. He stood up. Pounding his fist into his hand, he glowered at the group. "this is the worst kind of heathenism!" he said finally. "I think all of you are tools of the devil. All of you are deluded! I am leaving before I do something I will regret."

Everyone watched as the minister stormed down the path toward the village. It was not the first time this had happened. Many had come to visit Han over the years, begging his views, only to leave in anger the moment their beliefs were threatened. Han shook his head in sadness. "I didn't speak to my self very well today, did I?" he asked.

"Your spoke very well," Mary replies softly. "You just didn't listen. That is our deafness thundering down the path. The minister's fists are clenched around his most cherished illusions. He will be letting them go one day."

"Perhaps," said Han. "Then, those who follow him blindly may let them go as well."

HUMAN GOVERNMENT

Totalitarian governments, right or left, disparage God. Why? Because their control over church people is not complete. Exactly so, churchdom in the world unwittingly disparages the subjective idea because the people who truly find subjectivism cannot be controlled very well either. The subjectivist is as weird to the common man as the quantum physicist is to the ordinary scientist. Yet, subjectivism discovered and lived will eventually be as catalytic in the human experience and all of its institutions, and do as much for them, as the subjectivism of quantum has done (and will do) for the sciences.

Unchallenged religion, like unchallenged government, has led to racism, concentration camps and sycophantic, half-sleeping followers pushed into one holy war after another. Now, another Holy War looms, perhaps the last. Only the Child within us escapes the final oppression of exclusive externalism. "I alone am escaped to tell thee" are the words the suffering Job heard. (We might note that the marvel of the American system is the citizen's right to challenge external authority when it seems wrong to him—and this right *is guaranteed* to him in writing by his government!)

Church government, which generally considers itself superior to human government, would do well to let its lowly members challenge a few of their leaders and some of the church's ancient creeds and dogmas that have been clearly outgrown. The humanly ungovernable Child within us will be up and out one day very soon as linear time goes, and, when it is, every organization will be reorganized.

I doubt if words that tell of the Child within us could be published in the Soviet Union where external authority is supreme. I know *these* words I write could not be published by the individual in the Roman Catholic Church or the Christian Science Church without that individual being taken to task. But the Child within us is already free of human government, living and moving and having Its being in our heart of Hearts!

Now, the knowledge of the Child doesn't mean that we—as the rediscovered Child—don't vote or support our church and country. We don't withdraw from anything. It means more

nearly that we are viewed as a peculiar people, not quite so governable by external authorities and their institutions. We will be taken to task by everyone who hears and fears our Self-discovery. The prophets saw this coming—as did Jesus. “Blessed are you when men shall revile you and persecute you and say all manner of evil against you falsely” (for the Child's sake).

The point being made here? That church governments anywhere in the world, including the United States, are just as dictatorial and demeaning, *when they feel threatened*, as any secular government has ever been. The recognition of the Child within us is coming soon to challenge all exclusively objective modes of mind. The egocentric turf protectors, the priests, rabbis and ministers clutching their numbers, will bellow and shout and bring their houses down on their heads *because the people they lead like sheep will perceive that the Child is indeed alive within themselves as it is in us*. And exactly as the prophets said, “...great will be (the Child's) reward in heaven, for so persecuted they the prophets before you.”

Bottom line: It is natural for the objective world to try to hold to the status quo and to subdue the subjective idea if it can. Subjectivism has been put down successfully by churchdom many times before. It was a subjective uprising within Judaism that gave birth to Christianity. But what do the rabbis teach about the subjective idea today? That it is dangerous! Judaism warns the rabbis who would like to explore the deep things of God that subjectivism can safely be studied only with a proven prophet. And what do the organized Christian sects teach of subjectivism? See for yourself. Virtually nothing.

Now that the physical sciences are in the process of rediscovering metaphysics once more, in quantum mechanics, it remains to be seen what they will do with it; but if the past forty years are an indication, there seems little reason to doubt the prophets' prediction. Perhaps it is poetic justice that it may very well be the concretized egotism of mankind, led by its organizational leaders—ministers, rabbis, mullahs and priests who know nothing of subjectivism whatever—who, with their frightened, uneducated flocks, will appear to do the “devil's” final work of tearing down the houses whose foundations lie on objective sand.

Quantum information is arriving now. The world is being flooded with information that is certain to induce new modes of thought, if mankind is to survive the upheaval. The old things will certainly pass away. There will be a new heaven and earth to be seen with the eyes because it is here already, unseen.

The Child within us survives. Those of us who have found that Child will be non-judgmental onlookers, doing what we have been given to do to help our new world. And we will do it against great odds—successfully.

THE SHATTERED MIRROR

The end days and the tribulations always generate interest. Everyone has felt he must surely be living near that time. Could it be that the shattering of the mirror is what happens in the “end days”?

In time and space, matter is an image, including the body image with which we identify. The subjective state perceives the universe as the qualities and attributes of Whatever the universe actually is. Subjectivism is much like an unembodied, infinite awareness looking into a mirror of itself and seeing its possible qualities and attributes imaged. Or, as Douglas Harding describes in his book *On Having No Head*, it is as if the world of time and space were our head. But, as we recall, Godhead Itself is more than its qualities and attributes—just as the nugget of gold is more than appears to the eye. There is no “gold” in “yellow,” “malleable,” “valuable” or anything else we perceive to be the qualities and attributes of gold, yet gold is what it is. **Images, real or unreal, are what they are. Behind them stands Something Marvelous.**

It becomes clear to the subjective mode of mentation that everything physical, however it appears—sounds, sights, feelings—“comes” from within the Self. Awareness may seem lodged in a form, but the fact is that all we perceive to be the form exists within Awareness.

Images are “after the fact,” following in time. Awareness (self) precedes the image. Intuitions and ideas, thoughts and feelings “come from” the Self-I-Am holding God's hand, so to speak, and they precede images. These thoughts, when awakened to, have a profound influence over the images following in time, especially over this immediate body. It is this “precedence”—just the heart-felt knowledge that the precedence exists—that “heals” the

tangible body. My ability to see “health” in the place of “illness” increased when this simple light of *precedence* dawned.

THE SHATTERED MIRROR ILLUSTRATION

Imagine a lady who falls so in love with her image in the mirror that she forgets the one standing in front of the mirror. We would call her foolish, wouldn't we? **Essentially, this is what the world has done, worshiping, gathering and controlling matter, unaware of the Self that precedes matter in time and space.**

Suppose the man with no head fell so in love with the universe he could see and hear (*and BE, as metaphysicians so love to add*) that he forgot the *Ineffable Awareness* doing the perceiving. Is this man any different from the woman in love with her image? Perceiving Awareness to be one's personal possession is the humanistic solipsism of much of Metadelphia. It rightly perceives everything to be within awareness, but deems “my” awareness in the time and space equation to be the end of the matter.

The time has come for Everyman to turn from the mirror of matter's enchantment and find the Child within. The Child will tell one all he needs to know about images, the world of matter. Subjectively, *one's own discovery of the Child can preclude the world's confirming upheaval!* Armageddon doesn't have to rattle everything. The choice is ours individually. It is following that objective/subjective battle, individually, wherein the objective world is re-examined carefully through subjective eyes and one begins living his subjectivism objectively in the world, that we and our world find Peace. Dominion! The New Covenant. No more teachers or temples. Messiah at hand!

My reader friend, we do this individually first; then the world, following in time sequentially, is seen *confirming our discovery!* This is a Mystery, most marvelous. This is the Mystery of Messiah, who comes to deliver our subjective world from the grip of illusion.

Let whoever reads these words, please understand their meaning if he can. **If “you” are to see “your” world improve, the improvement begins with “you.” I have found that, despite my many human weaknesses and follies, it is possible with God's grace to envision and see “the new heaven and earth” already spread over the face of Everything—and to perceive it right here in the world, no matter the human circumstance or one's personal condition.**

The Tree of Life (quantum man) is soon to bloom, shatter and seed. The Child preceded all this and will survive. Life survives. The mirror will be broken, whether we are ready for Awareness without and object or not.

In the end of our discovery, as we scale Da Shan the mighty mountain of understanding and finally realize that we truly *do* stand atop God's mountain of dominion, it becomes extremely troubling to perceive that we *alone* are responsible for bringing our subjective world from the wheel of rebirth in time and space. “My God! How can I do that?” is the question I asked in disbelief. But we are to do it, and eventually we do. This dawns on us, line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little, there a little, until finally, and after much denial and reluctance, we are convinced. Then, we get busy.

This book is part of my effort to do for the world as I can. You can begin where this effort ends. *You* are the final stage of the rocket to the Star beyond stars.

Our confirmation of the job *finished*, is the appearing of Everyman searching for and finding the Child within himself—and *becoming* the Child in conscious fact. That one works to bring his world to what is called “salvation” and “life more abundant.”

BOOK CONCLUSION

SUBJECTIVE / OBJECTIVE; OMNIJECTIVE

Objective/subjective isn't the whole of the appearance of things. The life of us with all of its perceptions is more nearly omnijjective. Or dimensions of perspective *within* dimensions—much as point, line, and plane are dimensions within one another, and all included subjectively within (or from) the sphere's universal point of view.

To use that analogy: imagine all points of view to infinity happening simultaneously. The point of view of the point perceives itself (point) subjectively and all other points (that make up “lines” of thought) as objective—as “out there.” But to the line, all points of itself are

subjectively “within ‘my’ consciousness” and all other lines (and their points) are “out there.” Lines that intersect have a common and subjective “something” akin, like people who have common interests.

The plane (even a plane of thought) perceives its own inner nature (of lines) as “within” and all other planes as objectively external. In addition, it sees itself joined with each of them at whatever their lines of intersection. The plane finds itself “related” to all planes at the subjective juncture—like a common “life” existing between them, making them “one” at that line.

The sphere perceives all these points of view, lines of thought and planes of thinking *subjectively* as its own functioning going on.

I do not know why the feeling of a cosmic *body* comes to mind every time I pursue this line of thought, but it does. I get a consistent intuitional “picture”—a Deific Body of Consciousness with which I interface at the level of awareness, *conscious* and unconscious. It is as if my little point of OBJECTIVE view (body) is like a life-cell circulating within the Body—human peregrinations being but an examination of, and function of, the Deific Body. (I am not the only one to whom this parallel has occurred. There is a discussion of these ideas in the mysticism of Judaism.) My developing SUBJECTIVISM somehow touches—I almost said encompasses—the WHILE of Deity's nature, albeit that Whole Being “past finding out” such that it doesn't (can't) *quite* “make sense” to the point, line or plane's perspective.

What I formerly perceived as “my out there” world is a reflection of my own withinness—that inner world and its reflection interfacing at the “point of awareness” I am. *The point makes its own world*, so to speak—its “out there” reflecting all possibilities from the ridiculous to the sublime and only a portion of those possibilities actually “real.”

I have an intuitive feeling that “death” is not only unreal but merely a progression along this linear way in time, from point to line to plane, and so on. The cell (to use that analogy) “perishes” within the stream of life, but the stream is enriched by the cell's temporal and finite existence—but what is really happening is not so “mortal” as that. Whatever consciousness of the stream which the cell becomes aware of before its move from temporal cell to its greater nature, continues and expands *enormously* as the *stream's* awareness. Now, “the stream of life” (Everyman) has intimations of its greater dimension, even as now I have intimations (maybe more than intimations) of things for which there are no words—only overtones.

In this way, I perceive “my” omnijjective awareness to be in the hands of omni-dimensional (and no-dimensional) Godhead, forevermore. **This Awareness-I-am (and the reader is) is the perception of the Divine Mind.** As that perception, I am charged to be an honest observer, a faithful witness—*not a perpetual judge of good and evil.*

This, I understand, is why the universe forever appears as *qualities and attributes* of Something greater—that “Something,” I choose to call Godhead or Deity.

Additionally, this explains how and why one is brought to understand that these qualities and attributes are not Godhead Itself, but what Godhead *knows* Itself (its qualities, characteristics and attributes) to be.

Overmind knowing Itself.

Overmind Knowing what *knowing* is.

Thence to account for the (point's, line's and plane's) viewing of “evil”: Overmind knowing what It is NOT, and could never be—the correlation that “explains” the appearances of an unreal, powerless “evil” or “error” “in the world.”

This Awareness (or call it “life”) is “knowing” going on.

When I identify as the one who owns awareness (i.e., as the possessor of knowing, the owner of this life) I cannot distinguish between IS and IS-NOT.

When I end my enthrallment with the pseudo-possessor's beliefs, I know as nearly as possible “as I am known” and find myself intuitively aware of which is wheat and which are tares—even why the need for such an apparent dualism.

There has never been a *real* possessor of Awareness other than Ineffability, Godhead, Isness, Truth. Yet, in order that Awareness be aware that awareness is not the whole of God but *less*—or, in order for Awareness to know beyond the limit of intellectualism—it does for a necessary time (the duration of its own making) struggle diligently to believe it IS God. That struggle marks the upper limit of the human experience—transpiring only in its own time and measure of eternity for the purpose of rediscovering the Child within.

Bottom line here: The human experience is theology's necessary descent into hell (is-nots) that allows us to rediscover; thence *know* beyond human frailty and its

intellectualism, the divine Nature of being. The ultimate simplicity of it is boggling. How would any of us have known what the light of the sun is without suffering the long emptiness of the dark night? Who would know what security, peace, health, joy, beauty or anything else *really is*, had he not tangled with the chimerical, contradistinctory opposites? We left the Child in adulthood in order to rediscover It and KNOW Its reality and dominion. We live the appearances of death in order to know the eternal nature of Life.

THE INNER SELF

It is one thing to read about the inner Self, but it is quite another to find it. It is one thing to hail the inner Self as Image of the Supreme, the only Truth and Identity, but it is another matter entirely to *find it*. **It is one thing to proclaim that “naught but Reality is going on,” but quite another matter to live that Reality in the face of “unreality,” be tested by it, and then *find oneself the Son of the Living God, recipient of the Heritage.***

There are at least five pathways to that Reality, and the metaphysics is only one of them—perhaps the most difficult of them all. Many enter into the door of “modern metaphysics,” but few get beyond the inclination for study, to flow with the way of wisdom to its end and Beginning. Many succumb to the verbal power they find they exercise in the world, the me-
sense swollen and large because others think them intelligent.

Many enter the door of churchdom and its organization, but few get beyond the social and intellectual entrapments. Few lift themselves from the words of the Bible to the Spirit which the Bible confirms, thence to follow the way of devotion to the peak and the Beginning. Many succumb to the authority they entertain or to the social world they enjoy. The church is a comfortable bend in the river where men grow confident in their objective humanness rather than their subjective divinity.

Many enter the doors of science, but few find the Spirit for which matter exists, the Spirit which matter demonstrates and confirms.

Many walk the roads of psychology, education, government, business and their enterprises in the world, but few are willing to renounce the world and its riches or to let go their pride of accomplishment.

THE RIGHT AND THE LEFT

Han was leaving. It was time to go home, he said. He spoke to his little group for the last time. “In the world, the right and left are extremes that come together without our realizing it. My right is my arrogance. My left is my ignorance. My arrogance pretends humility and my ignorance pretends wisdom. They come together and are the mirrored images of one another, like holding my hands behind my back. But, listen, listen. Beyond these two, and by far the most important, is the HEART *between* them and superior to them. The inward flow from either hand leads directly to the Heart and Its perfect balance. The outward flow from the Heart leads to the hands and the hands give to the world.

“In the world one hopes for a peace between right and left, East and West, rich and poor, young and old, male and female, but permanent peace isn't found at the political or social level of things. **Peace is with the Child of God, three steps beyond government, two steps beyond religion and one beyond wisdom and metaphysics. We find the Child. We live the Child's sweet Equation and are swiftly carried to the top of the mountain. There, the world under our feet, we find 'the peace that passeth understanding.'** When we find THAT peace, our world rushes to confirm it. When our world confirms peace, we have been victorious.

“Our work isn't done when we reach the peak of Da Shan!” said Han, almost shouting. “Our work is done when we look roundabout and the world, seeing what we see, has confirmed our understanding and our Peace!”

“Will I every see that day with mortal eyes?” the soldier asked

“I don't know,” the old teacher answered. “I don't know. That is up to you.”

The Child enters the world and is found to be Wisdom itself. The old man leaves the world whispering, “I don't know. I don't know. It is up to you.” The Balance is untouched by either

event. We find the Balance and be it. One day we look out and *everything* confirms Godhead, no matter how it appears to others. Then we understand how it is that "...these stones shall minister unto thee ... Cleave a piece of wood and, behold, I am there."

We think Truth and the Child's Equation flows outward. We think Truth and the Child's Equation flows inward. We tap our foot and drum our fingers to the rhythm of the Flow. For the most part, the church mice leave us alone, but we know what to do about them if they don't. Truth speaks to the Child of us directly!

The angels and the prophets bring Light and Life.

THE ROLE OF THE CHILD WITHIN US

We are watching television, and an unexpected scene brings a tear to the eye. The emotion we feel is the Child stirring within. Subtly, *unnoticed thoughts inward toward the Child and outward to the scene at hand* combine in stillness to elicit a movement of the Child within—and we *feel* it. **What hasn't been common knowledge is that the Child lies at the seat of simple, honest emotions that have to do with the tender things, the true things, the good things of the human condition.**

We see the enthusiasm of a puppy whose whole body wiggles in tail-wagging excitement, its head nuzzling the hands and feet of a friend. The response we feel from the center of us is the Child within confirming that the joy outside IS the within, one joy. **What hasn't been common knowledge is that our empathy comes from the Original Child of us, the Good of us, eager to prove it is ever here as the Real.**

We see something as we round a turn of the pathway and are tinged with some distant nostalgia, a statement within reminding us of a pleasant time in our affairs or a happy place we know. What hasn't been common knowledge is that the seat of feeling within us is the Child's domain and that our response to the unfolding view, in fact or in memory, is the Child's reminder that we *are* that Child, *not merely the body that walks the pathway or thunders hell-bent and unthinking through a human experience.*

We see the sight of dolphins and porpoises playing alongside the ship of life. Suddenly we *feel* their joy and freedom, their uninhibited playfulness, and we are relieved. What hasn't been common knowledge is that their joy and zest is our joy and zest. If we had not learned what joy is, we would not recognize it in the world—and it is the Child of us that responds, *feeling* the same joy and zest. Our body is renewed. What hasn't been common knowledge until now is that it is the living Identity of us, the immortal Child who is stirring within, telling us It is willing to be up and out and into our affairs, bringing us up and out of the old nature to take us home to the Real again.

We see two old folks walking slowly, hand in hand, for their evening stroll. Suddenly something within us responds—goodness knows what we feel, but it is very good. It is warm. It is refreshing and delightful. It is in response to the *Child's lessons learned* somewhere along our old man's line of life. *But the Child is the responder to the scene at hand*, telling us that we are not the unfeeling, dispassionate aging person we thought we were. Rather, we are the Child within that doesn't grow old. We live and we know we live. We are coming *back* to our senses again. What hasn't been common knowledge before is that we are not the old person looking on the scene at hand, but we are the Child, the Awareness of God, looking at the subjectivity of Godhead.

Sometimes it is the Child that dreams our dreams for us—dreams to be thought about a little. It seems to me that some of my dreams do not come from the inmost Child of Me but out of my old worldly imbalances, hinting at something for me to *unbind* in the world I am. Something to forgive and forget. But on the mornings when I awaken to freshness and eagerness, I can be sure the Child has been at Its work during sleep, being instructed by the Father of Life.

Now, ever so slowly, line upon line, in these days at hand we are becoming aware that the Child within is the REAL of us, the IDENTITY that walks hand in hand with God, and we are beginning to let that trustworthy Child lead us. The Child I am speaks to me and writes these words. Nothing I can write of myself will be worthy of that Inner One made in the Image of God, but with the Child's help I try. The response one feels to these thoughts and ideas comes certainly from the Heart, the Child, not at all from the dying nature of the unreal man of Life. The Child laughs, too—oh, how he laughs and claps his hands!—but not in derision or hurtfulness. **The Child laughs in honest confirmation that the Heart of us lives and is eternally about the Father's business.**

Who is that Child, my friend, if it isn't the one buried beneath the adulthood of yourself? We look for the Child and the Child stirs to tell us It lives. We reach for the Child and the Child comes running into our gut to respond and say, "I am come!" We begin to see small wonders again, the way we saw them as children. We *acknowledge* these wonders as *gifts from God* and lo, they come more frequently. We gird up our loins and *dare tell others* of the gentle Child within them, and our wonders increase and grow apace. We thank God for the Child of Life by telling our subjective selfhood of the Child they are. Imperceptibly, bit by bit, we let the inner Child lead us to the right hand and to the left. Imperceptibly, our reliance on external authority gives way to the Light of Life within ourselves, and we quarrel no longer with any man. **Then we see the Child in all men, even the arrogant and scornful, even the feeble and sick. As we look for the Child in ourselves, we see It in all men and see them coming alive as well. THIS is to give God what is God's.**

UNDERSTANDING TIME AND THE END DAYS OF TIME'S DOMINION

Now it is, in these late days in the ongoingness of mortal life, that the attention of the one who survives will be turned to the Child within himself. He will be comforted and profited in his worldly affairs, and in his heart he will grow wealthy. As this Child-consciousness grows in the world and as these renewing people communicate with one another around the earth, writing and telling *their own glimpses and glimmers of the Child's joy*—no longer reciting the words of others as proof of their own wisdom—there will be a remarkable synergistic assembly of feeling within humanity beyond the grandest hope of anyone. Out of this unexpected synergism of Light, like a plant sending up a tall stem with a great flower on it, so the world will send up a newness of Child-people, blooming as a flower of Renewed Life—just like a fall flower finally coming to bloom in the late days before the frost. After nearly eleven thousand years of human time, God's Tree of Life is coming into bloom. There will be a special Joy beyond joy felt by those who are part of this Flower of Life, the offspring of Godhead, seed from the Original Seed.

But listen, listen. It is the Tree that blooms, not we ourselves. Those who are led by the Child become the Living Blossom of Life here on earth—a new brotherhood, a new Community without leaders or temples, subservient to naught but the Child and its Source. This flower may be shaken by the laughter, envy and scorn of the incredulous, and assaulted by pseudo-authorities whose power appears to be threatened. But the Child is a threat to no one. Before us lies a brief and severe time when the flower is shaken by the wind and the petals seem to be scattered again and when those who are not holding fast to the inner Child's hand will wonder who the real prophets are. But from the Flower will come the Seed that will be taken up for the reseeded and ongoingness of tangible life. The tree will perish, but the seed will live.

How do I know this is so? Because it has been shown to me by the Child I am—and I see confirmation of the Divine Process and Its Equation in all nature. All one must do to know these things are happening already, is to look and see that they are happening. Line upon line now, but soon precept upon precept, more than a little here and a little there, the New Community already begins to flower and be seen by Everyman, first fruits of the Tree of Life—from out of which comes the Seed eternal.

All tangibility, all Da Shan and the life teeming on its slopes, is the subjectivity of God, not man. The Life that reads these words is the Awareness of God, no man. The synergism we feel in the community of our families and most meaningful groups is only a fraction of the Divine Energy and Light of Godhead's Life soon to be felt by those who summon forth the Child within *and dare to become that Child*. The downward human spiral of energy that culminates in selfness and the reproduction of human life will turn around to spiral upward and out, bringing with it the incomparable Energy of Life in its wholeness, joined with the Groom—and this joy is yet to be experienced by men and women. It is reserved for the final flowering of Life. It begins with the Child within. We get busy and find It. **We live the Equation, giving and receiving, receiving and giving to all mankind. We write and tell of the Child's Glimpses because we are ourselves the only ones who can tell our own Glimpses of Light—they come to us immaculately and individually and to no one else. We are charged to give them to our others. The Glimpse contains the pollen of Life and we give it freely. We accept it and pass it along. We live God's Equation with joy.**