

OPENING THE DOOR TO INFINITE POSSIBILITIES

In early Christian Science literature, there was an article entitled, “Opening the Door to Infinite Possibilities.” The author used a term that has become popular in quantum physics today, seventy-five years later.

Infinite possibilities. That’s what the new physics speaks of more and more. Among those many possibilities is the real probability of an infinite number of universes! Not just one, but one for every point of view. Gloryosky!

This concept isn’t new. Metaphysicians have long considered the “possibility” that I-Awareness am the center of my own view of things for which I am responsible to see correctly. The solipsistic experience opens the door to this subjective view of existence—and, once this marvelously expanding concept has been discovered, the idea (and possibility) of an infinite number of universes doesn’t seem far fetched. Subjectivism insists that all the other views are contained right here within *this* perspective—spheres within spheres within spheres, so to speak—and they are.

The role of the metaphysician may very well be the willingness to allow another possibility to enter his thought, besides the one that may be erroneously evidencing itself. Its entry brings another condition with it—and this appears as the healing.

Someone says, “I am sick to death,” and I open the door once again to the possibility that, among the nearly infinite possibilities, I can have an experience in which that same one tells me, “I am *not* sick to death. I am well, prosperous and happy.” *Opening our*

mental door to that possibility is half the healing.

In such a situation, the absolute approach is to know and affirm for oneself that no possibility but perfection *exists really*; therefore, one accepts no evidence (as real) but good, God's perfection, as the all and only Fact of being, here and now.

Yet, to be honest here, that is a difficult stance and it has not stopped those situations from which emerge the words, "I am sick to death! Please help me see the sunshine!" The absolute position hasn't worked fully in this (my) experience. It hasn't stopped the scene's doleful march toward the appearances of disintegration, death and decay.

As long as this experience includes the sounds of voices asking me to help "my others"—and since this is my own subjective view of things—it seems to me the work doesn't end with the recognition of God's allness, *but ends with the tangible perception of a comforted image out there that isn't calling for help any longer*. It doesn't end until my own reflection appears to understand as I understand. Why else have I been given the insight, the words and a voice to speak? Isn't this a significant purpose of life?

In this effort, I am constantly and uncomfortably brought to remember the admonition to "Heal the sick" even while simultaneously remembering (and living) the absolute stance that there are no sick to be healed, really—and all this in the knowledge that *such a stance hasn't yet ended the appearances of suffering and death in "my" subjective world*. This isn't easy to do. It's darned near impossible.

I conclude, therefore, there is still much work for us to do and things yet to perceive. I tell this to those who ask for my help, albeit I no longer believe all of us will understand *everything* we are brought to experience. To that extent, I yield patiently to the

Ineffable which brings us all (at least it brings “me”) to humility and trust, in the face of death. I yielded to an Ineffable *beyond* the limits of my understanding—and stopped trying to bind God to “understanding.”

The final interface between this awareness of life and God is simple, childlike *faith*—faith that a very good God is the faithful custodian of this Life which He has brought into existence. That interface has been with us from the beginning. All things *else* are removed line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little, there a little, until the interface itself is all that is left.

It seems good (to me) to understand that the “interface” (the Equation) is all that is real and all that has ever mattered from the beginning. All the events which have been superimposed, including the world of people with its suffering and appearances of death, become increasingly dreamlike and evanescent when one finally lets go his love for the superimposition and ends his mental separation between Life (Awareness) and the Ineffable Godhead for which it functions.

It isn't easy to understand the point here, but it is a significant point, written for those who are intended to reach out and help others through the days ahead.