

# NOTES FROM LOLLYGOG

By William Samuel

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## CONTRADISTINCTION IN THE LIGHT OF ABSOLUTE AWARENESS

A question we have all asked at one time or another has come to me again, this time in terms more interesting than usual. I am asked, "Why, why do you persist in quoting or paraphrasing ANYTHING that comes from that overrated mixture of half-baked farce, fable and Hebrew history called the Holy Bible—a book written by the superstitious representatives of a small band of primitive nomads? I wonder also why you quote from \_\_\_\_\_'s book whose absolute statements among the dualistic are so few they can be counted on half the fingers of a maimed hand in a mitten?"

I am seldom asked such picturesque questions.

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

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

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

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

The "form" of the "tree" is made apparent (tangible) by Wisdom's knowledge that the tree is not the meadow, the tree is not the hillside or the sky, or any OTHER form but THAT form. Wisdom knows that the tangible "hand" is not the intangible "foot."

The superimposition of the "world" with its agony intrudes with the personal attachments of values to the forms and the contradistinctions that make them tangible. "This is good, that is bad; I want, I don't want; I like, I hate; good and evil; real and unreal" — THESE are the chains that appear to bind; THESE are the chains that expanding awareness discerns by the uncomfortable contradistinctions that make them apparent, and made apparent in order to be

loosed and let go. This is what is being demanded of us at this moment of lifting, soaring, moon landing Self-awareness which, like the cicadae on yon loblolly pine, having lifted itself from the darkness of the earth now let's go the shell of a lesser identity. Soon it flies in the Light and sings, only the empty husk split in travail.

How else but by contradistinction can Infinite Knowing KNOW what Isness IS? Listen, listen: a child may LIVE "childlikeness" but the child does not KNOW what "childlikeness" is until, by contradistinction, he has lived the adulthood that childlikeness IS NOT, renounced it and become again as a child. As only the former pauper can really joy in unexpected riches, so unbound Knowing lives its childlikeness again—but this time knows what it is and sings the uninhibited Song of Love.

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

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

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

#### A WAY TO BEGIN THE DAY

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

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

Now, reader, consider this beginning day in another light. We awaken. Again there is a

consciousness of pillow and bed. And again, out of old habit we see the window to be closed, the door to be opened and think of the coffee to be started—all finite things. Ah, but THIS time, right here, right now, we determine to turn thought in the other direction. 100 degrees AWAY from the rush toward finiteness. For a brief time we lie still and consciously bring ourselves to consider single INFINITY, the allness of Isness. We lie still and think of the Infinity that Being is. This time we ponder WHOLENESS, SINGLENESS, ONENESS, HARMONY, PERFECTION.

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

We consider the ONENESS of Being. How total it is! How complete! No limitation here. No finiteness here. UNBOUND Being being all.

Mayhap we ask, "What is being this consciousness that appears to be lying here and contemplating?" BEING, GOD, PERFECTION is being this awareness, isn't it? Indeed. Therefore, PERFECTION is conscious. PERFECTION is awake. Perfection is LIFE, perfectly alive and vital!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

.... Tell others!

Love and Light,  
William Samuel

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