

## NOTES FROM WOODSONG

By William Samuel

December 1971

The special significance of these NOTES will be obvious to those who have studied with me individually. Those who have not should read these words with the heart, not the intellect. Only the simplicity of heart—the open Child-Heart--really understands what words--or world events--are actually saying.

It has been said that "in the Absolute" there is neither teacher nor student. Experience has shown me the following statement more nearly makes the point: THE HONEST TEACHER, STUDENT, LESSON--AND THAT WHICH MAKES THE LESSON PLAIN--ARE ALL THE SAME ONE--THE SINGLE AND ONLY CHRIST-SELFHOOD THAT IDENTITY IS, REVEALING SELF TO ITSELF; INFINITELY DISCLOSING US TO US.

Webster: TEACH--"... to show HOW..."

### HOW TO SEE THE END OF WARFARE

At the very season that symbolizes "Peace on earth, good will toward men," we hear of naught but war and rumors of war. Physical war; economic war; racial war; social, religious and institutional warfare; domestic and marital war. Under such apparent conditions, what can we DO to strengthen our intuitive knowing that Something majestic undergirds the human scene? What can we DO to gird up our faith in the general goodness of Being when, by every human measure, the fabric of mankind's society is being ripped apart in dispute, dissention, destruction, desolation, disease and death?

I found a way for myself. I found it in SIMPLICITY. I found it in the soft meadow and whispering pine grove. I found it along the country road. I found it in a simple flower that blooms along the trail. I found it in the fallen log and the moss that grows on it. I found it in the songs of young people and in the eager eyes of the gray-haired young who have lived many years. Mostly, I guess, I found IT in the whisper of my heart.

God's Nature is majestic. It shines from the laurel leaf and glistens on the frosted window pane. It sparkles in the wild bird's eye. It pulsates with the breathing seasons, a movement and a rest, a movement and a rest.

Who can rest against the trunk of a tree without feeling it? Who can look UP through its branches without finding Wonder in the wonder of Nature? Yes, yes, it is important--or meaningful--to study and re-search the "Science of Christianity," but how prone the seeker of Truth to forget that one is the Truth he searches for. One IS the wonder. One IS the Answer. One IS "the Child of the Universe," the Fruit of Being--and so is all we survey.

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The theoretical physicist lets others put his discoveries to work. So does the theoretical

"Absolutist," the Scientist, as well. He goes on and on AND ON with his inputting, never to the theoretical physicist lets others put his discoveries to work. Books may tell of the wonder of love; books may tell of the joy of giving; books may give facts about the majesty of Nature and of the processes by which the tangible maintains its Balance, but those books are just books unless one LOVES, unless one GIVES, unless one puts the new Precept into practice and lives AS the Light his Science reveals life is.

"Giving" is LIVING the Love we are. Surely, much of the "magic of Christmas" comes from the simple joy of such giving--of TANGIBLE outputting.

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"Science," by definition, is a research and study for "the orderly presentation of knowledge." But the Arts are the LIVING of that discovered Self-knowledge, not just the "absolute" profession that piously, pompously pontificates that "nothing ELSE could be lived REALLY!"; "Things are not as they APPEAR!"; or that "This is just a dream going on." Yes, the "Absolute Science" that reveals the validity of these statements is requisite, but so is Absolute ART--the here and now conscious LIVING the Light our Science discloses Identity to be.

How does one live the Absolute? Oh, thousands of philosophic books, spanning all history, have failed to answer this question to the satisfaction of the seeking scientist or the professing purist. Yet, it can be answered. It has, but not in words alone. One lives the Absolute by acknowledging the Self-same life--"he"--is to be GOD-LIFE Itself, and then, then, then, acting in accord with the simplicity of this holy Fact.

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The continual search and RE-search for the SCIENCE OF BEING is, by its nature, an inputting process. Reading books, listening to lectures and tapes is meaningful and necessary, but it is a gathering, getting action. Science (science) and its study is primarily an examining, receiving, inputting process, with hardly a thought about TANGIBLE giving.

Among the most miserable patients practitioners have are not those new to metaphysics, but often the long-time "student of Science"—those who have been studying for years and years, only to find their crutch crumbling beneath them, failing to give comfort of old. There is a sentence I've heard a thousand variations of, it goes something like this: "Oh! How can this HAPPEN to me after all my years of faithful, devoted study?" The time has *come* for that one to begin his living-giving of his long study.

The coldness of science/Science and the growing distrust thereof is directly related to the failure to maintain the balance between the inputting nature of study and the outputting of putting that study into living! This appears tangibly (the human scene) as a society unable to keep pace with its technology, very near the brink of being crushed by it. THIS is the imbalance behind the appearance of warfare and dispute!

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Christmas time is Christ Truth time and the Christ Truth is SIMPLE. If it is simple and easily understood. It is not profound—except to the old nature of us. It is not mysterious

--except to the old-think of us. It is neither abstruse nor exclusively intellectual--except to the "old man" of us. We CAN live it!

"My way is simple," said the One  
"He that giveth, let him do it with simplicity," said another.  
"I will make my words KNOWN unto you."  
"I am gentle and humblehearted."  
"My yoke is easy."  
"My load is light."

Does this sound like scientific profundity to wrestle with and fight? Does this sound like mysterious paradoxes to intellectually struggle with? Does this sound like the mysticism of the "Psychic"?--of "levels" and "states and stages of consciousness"?

Love says, "I am gentle..." Love is the Teacher and the Teacher is gentle love but do not be fooled by gentleness nor angry with it when you see and feel its sharpness in your affairs. Gentleness, like water, wears away the hardest, most cherished illusions. Gentleness leads one, often unwittingly, through the fiery furnace of self-destruction wherein Self is. It is the gentleness of Heart that eventually forces us to stand up like a man and FACE the lion--should we think strength lies with the lion rather than the Self.

The Teacher who "shows HOW" is the one who knows there is neither teacher nor student and then acts as this knowledge allows him to act--which most certainly will appear tangibly as a teacher teaching. But THIS one knows what he is about. And THIS one knows the stone may very well curse the water that erodes it. This one knows that "error" lashes whatever pulls the props from under it--and that many flea at the lions first lunge cursing the Science (or Teacher) that insists they LIVE the Strength they are.

The honest Teacher knows he is often the dark night by means of which the Light of Morning is FULLY comprehended and understood beyond intellectualism.

To help make this point clear I've written a story about a little lightning bug named Elijah--'Lil 'Lijah, the luminous lepidopterous. Lepidopterous, I think, is the scientific name for a bug, and it is used here for those who insist on a scientific statement of bugs.

'Lijah wore a mantle of distress within himself; not an uncommon ailment. He wanted to know about himself. Who he was. Why he was. What he was. While his companions seemed content to flit here and there, concerned with naught but their flitting. 'Lijah was driven by his inner disquiet, a strange discontent, to ask questions of himself and of the universe wherein he flitted. Day after day, in the blazing light of the high sun, 'Lijah flitted from up-draft to down-draft, from East wind to West wind, searching for himself but finding few answers. "Who am I?" he asked again and again, bouncing from breeze to breeze.

The sun was bright and hot; the quest long and wearisome. The more Elijah looked the less he found. The more he listened, the less he heard. The more he asked, the more confusing and conflicting the half-answers he heard.

One day, excessively weighted by his mantle of yearning, filled with despair and exhausted, little luminous 'Lijah gave up the search. "It is useless," he said "It is hopeless. I have found many things but I have not found it ALL. With every question answered, ten more come to be asked. What is this stuff about me being OMNISCIENT? Anyway, who cares but me? I shall quit this foolish search forever."

Whereupon Elijah folded his wings in mid-flight and fell headlong into a big, black hole. The hole was as deep as his despair and as dark, as his anguish. The hole was as awful as his agony, as gruesome as the grind in his tummy. 'Lijah had thought he was unhappy before, but now his gloom knew no bounds! "Dear God, this is worse!" said he. "This is absolute hell. Death is preferable to this! What has this incessant searching brought me to? Cursed is the devil, God or man, who started me on such a quest! Self-discovery? Bah! Humbug!"

Oh, but then it happened. IT happened! In that awful darkness Elijah blinked and found his fanny. Elijah found his blooming, blinking, ever-present rear end! He found the very Light he was! Oh, the brightness of himself! The strength and power of the ALL of himself! In one twinkle of a blink, thanks to the dark hole of no-light, luminous 'Lijah could SEE the yearned for Self of himself.

"Great glory, I have FOUND myself! I am the Light of the world! The darkness of the great void has allowed me to see who and what I am, and, hallelujah, all the darkness of the universe cannot subdue the light of my own behinnie!"

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Question: Was the darkness of the void good or evil? Was it something to be avoided? Was it something to disclaim the reality of? Was it something to argue and contend with take to court, punish, or deny the scientific absoluteness of? Or rather, did it not serve a purpose in the WHOLE (Infinite) scheme of things? And, once it had served its purpose, was not the fear gone out of the darkness and the grind gone out of the belly? Was not the darkness the means by which the Light became FULLY Self-evident beyond vicarious intellectualism?

QUESTION: Are not the Symphony and the notes which make the Symphony clearly understood all one SYMPHONY? Are not the letters of the alphabet, no matter what word they spell OR MISSPELL, all one ALPHABET? Therefore, are not the Light and the "darkness" that makes the Light Self-evident ALL ONE LIGHT? Yes! Yes! The heart of the Child knows this is so.

"In those days the day and the night shall be the same" said John. "In those days, there shall be no more warfare." Jesus was asked, "WHEN shall we see the kingdom?" Answered he, "When you make the two into a single ONE."

Peace and warfare, Light and darkness, are all one LIGHT made "plain upon the tables the power resides as LIGHT. The delineating darkness of density is not "bad." It serves its purpose to make Light fully comprehended. All the darkness of the universe cannot subdue the least twinkle of a firefly's butterbean.

Little Elijah, luminous lepidopterous, gives his mantle to Us.

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Christmas again! "The sweet season," as Walt Whitman said. But all time is Christmas time. The temporal day only marks the Christ-Light awakened to; not an historic Christ indwelling a finite body. The Light of Christ is the Truth of Identity, and Christmas marks our recognition of this fact. It is our own Holy day, Holiday Supreme -- indwelling Light being All, Light of all, each, everyone and everything.

The day itself is no more unique than any other day. Every Moment is Truth's Moment. Every Season marks the Christ in a special way. Every month, every week, every day, every minute. Take this moment for instance outside, a yellow leaf falls softly, silently. A little tree's gift to the earth. Spirit's reciprocity.

Oh, but this is not to deny there is a very special happiness about the Holiday Season! It seems a time when a greater portion of our tangible selfhood begins to think of others; when we subdue the fictitious Ebenezer for a spell; when we take time to put twinkles on the branches of green cedars and in the eyes of Tiny Tims. This is the time we acknowledge and admit the twinkle in the gentle eyes of Agelessness. This, of all seasons, can be a time when our alone ones can be shown that "alone" means All One -- and "lonely" means Only.

"It is a movement and a rest," said the Christmas Light. Yes, this is the season for coming home. This is the season of the Prodigal's return wherein he finds he has never been away. This is the time the family gathers around the hearth. Somehow, Heart and hearth go together. Somehow, laughter and tears go together. Somehow, warm embraces and runny, red noses are a part of the Holiday Scene. And while this is a time for that, it is always, always time for that. When is a twinkle out of season? When are the tender tears of Happiness out of style? When is Love not the Living Teacher on the Scene? And since when are "years" naught but the Child lived longer?

So, while the trees rest and families come together again, we take special note of the Peace on earth this Whole, Holy NOW is. We know that the tassels and tinsel, the plum pudding and red noses are all for us, for US. SPIRIT is the spirit of Christmas, and Spirit is the Us of us. Disputes and desolation are PEACE "made plain upon the tables." We LIVE them by their right name. The need for warfare's delineation is ENDED. We live the Christ-Light of Love we are and the Millennium continues.

Love and peace from my Mountain Brook Meadow,

Bill Samuel

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