

THE CHILD WITHIN

By William Samuel

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The Return to Primal Simplicity

When one is in the “Truth Mode” and is ready to get down to something really meaningful, here is a primary thought to consider:

When we were children, our mother or father showed us a ball for the first time. Later, we heard the name “ball” given to the object and thenceforth we knew its name. Informational knowledge was added. We saw the same ball, but now, the second time, an image of the ball comes to mind when we hear its name.

Later, we are instructed in color. When thought-image of the ball comes to mind, we see the ball is a red ball. It is the same ball, but the third round of sensory input allows us to know the same ball better.

Still later, we see a ball twice as large. The sight of the big ball lets us know that our familiar old ball is smaller. We look and see the red ball for the fourth time, and now, via the paradox of contradistinction, it is a small, red ball. The intellect is being sharpened.

Later, at kindergarten, we learn about “round” and realize for the first time that our red ball in the toy box is round. Same ball the fifth time. And then, in another year, learning the fundamentals of geometry, we discover what a sphere is. Thinking back to childhood, we see in our mind’s eye that the ball in the box is also a sphere. Same ball, sixth time.

As knowledge grows, we see things differently; but note, and here is the marvelous metaphysical point for those who want to get to the root of important things—the child-heart of us saw and responded to the original unnamed ball from the very beginning. It was only the connecting names and labels that the intellect of us has had to learn in the world—until in this present generation we are overloaded with information and can’t handle it all. But, listen, listen. The *Whatever* in us that comprehended the original ball for the first time is the same *Whatever* reading these words this minute. The *Whatever* hasn’t gone away nor changed. Awareness is still comprehending. The original Child of us is comprehension in the act of happening—and we are It, still here to enjoy the original unnamed scene in all its first clarity and joy.

This morning, I picked up Chuang Tzu, looking for something to help me say these things. Here are some of his words:

The mind of a perfect man is like a mirror. It grasps nothing ... It reflects but does not hold. Therefore, the perfect man can act without effort... Do not seek fame.

Do not make plans.

Do not be absorbed by activities.

Do not think that you know.

Be aware of all that is but dwell in the infinite.

Wander where there is no path.

Be all that heaven gave you, but act as though you have received nothing. Be empty, that is all.

We begin as a Child, then run the gamut of necessary intellectualism, learning the names and connecting avenues to gridlock. Then, in the blithe freedom of maturity, we return to the Child and to peace. Re-turning to the Child doesn't mean we throw away the intellect; not after sharpening it for a lifetime! But we empty it. We let it go. The more we let it go, the more it is here to do our necessary bidding.

The scholar doesn't rail at repetition, realizing there are ten thousand things to know about the ball and thousands of ways to see it. When writing *A Guide to Awareness and Tranquility*, I had many illustrations to make certain metaphysical (meaning intellectual) points but the space to write only a few of them. To the untrained eye and ear, "ball, small ball, large ball, red ball," or any discussion of "round ball" or "sphere" sounds like vain repetition, particularly to the impatient old nature that thinks it knows already. Yes, these are the days for quantum information and sensory overload. The great joy that metaphysical people have in listening to lectures and seminars comes from the depth of the original Subject—especially when the study takes them back, step by step, to the original, simple Child where everything begins and ends.

When we are telling our Glimpses and Glimmers, some of our friends are hearing "red" for the first time and others are examining "sphere." Some do not remember the thrill of seeing the unnamed ball and are hoping to return to the first innocence that saw it so perfectly. They will. We all will if we want to, because the Child is still alive, right here on the Scene. We let go the intellectual sorting and contending to get back to comprehending. That's where the true teacher takes us.

Incidentally, to the uninitiated, there is much repetition in metaphysical writing. When we reread a good book, it will be a new book each time. We may perceive "ball" on the first reading, but we may not see "sphere" until the tenth. That is why a book of worth has not been read until it has been read a dozen times. Meaningful books like the Bible, the Gita, the Upanishads or the Tao Te Ching can be read hundreds of times and grow better with each reading.

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When the friends had gathered at the evening fire, Han told them, "The best instruction takes us back to the innocent first views of the child who saw the necessary things before he was prejudiced and before he learned their names. This is true instruction and is called 'The return to primal simplicity.' The best instruction takes us back to pristine Awareness, to the beginning, to the child."

"What about metaphysical instruction?" asked the soldier. The old man's eyes twinkled. "Metaphysics is that giant sphere of intellectual complexity with intricate designs in many colors painted on its multifaceted surface," Han answered solemnly and sat down.

"What does that mean?" the soldier wondered aloud.

"Metaphysics is complicated and intricate, as opposed to small and simple," Lee chortled.

“Yes,” said Han, “instruction is best when it is simple and childlike and as nearly whole as possible.”

With much love,
William Samuel

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