

NOTES FROM LOLLYGOG

By William Samuel

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WE STUDY WITH A GENTLE TOUCH

"Mr. Samuel, I have been searching for Truth with all my strength but..."

The struggle to understand is damning. Excessive effort is anathema to Truth. The very one who strives with might and main to crash the gates of comprehension is the one who will NEVER find the Feast within.

Crumbs, mayhap. Here a "healing," there a "demonstration," line upon line, precept upon precept here a little, there a little, but never Wisdom ITSELF. Never Realization ITSELF. The one who struggles will ever be the struggling one. The one who climbs toward Truth will ever be the climber. The one who grits his teeth, juts his jaw or argues is the metaphysical masochist who beats his head against a wall—a self-constructed wall that exists because he would insist that an ignorant identity is his present identity. That pseudo-identity and the wall of ignorance are one.

Listen softly. Listen gently: whatever wig-wagging gyrations the leaf on a tree may perform, it is the tree living the leaf and the leaf is nothing of itself. The tree is the leaf. The leaf needs naught but to be itself—which it is being already in fact, through no prowess of its own.

Listen again: the bud on the bush closed within itself in darkness may think it is an identity capable of independent action. It may feel it is blooming itself through its own great effort, but when the bud opens into the light of day it looks roundabout with new amazement and declares, "BUSH am I, not bud! BUSH is being all I am. BUSH is this IDENTITY, not bud, not Bill, not Ruby, and bush is being ALL I am. As a bud I am nothing of myself, at all, at all! BUSH am I, neither suffering nor afraid."

Reader, do you see this? Do you see the wisdom of letting go? Do you see the stifling, self-perpetuating arrogance of viewing oneself as a bud-identity struggling to "break through"? The effort to lift ignorance up to Wisdom merely perpetuates the belief of an identity in need of an uplift. We let go excessive effort. We sit easy. We rest in the already.

My quest for Identity took me many places in the world and I have studied at the feet of many "enlightened" teachers. Each in his own way said the same thing—that "perfection is already spread over the whole face of the land but men perceive it not." "I have sought Truth all my life, but lo, that that I seek, I am!" "Not with a mighty effort but with gentleness and grace." "Not by might nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

Dear reader, for whatever it is worth, I tell you that REALITY, PERFECTION, JOY, HARMONY, the already Isness that the SUPERNAL is, is being the present awareness reading these words. GOD is being the awareness-I-am, this life "we" are. GOD is the responsible one; not you, not me, not us. ISNESS is this AWARENESS being "us" and

Isness ALONE is 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 comprehend the Truth—and acknowledge the allness the exclusive ABSOLUTENESS of God. There is nothing unenlightened about the awareness reading these words, all there is to ignorance resides in and as a role we play as a taskmaster of awareness trying to force it to do the taskmaster's bidding. Only that ignorant taskmaster needs a "breakthrough." But like bush is being blossom, so God is being this only Identity. We stop playing the idiot to joy as the wisdom Identity is—already!

ABOUT STUDY AND PERSONAL JUDGMENT

As all who study with us at Lollygog know, we suggest that reading be done with a tender touch. There is nothing so profound about Reality that we need be carried away with an intellectual struggle attempting to comprehend.

Wisdom is being the same consciousness that reads these words and looks outside the window at the trees moving in the wind. How intellectually profound can one be while looking into the eyes of a child? While smelling the fragrance of a flower? While soaking up the warm sunshine along a trail leading to the river bank? What is this business of analyzing, comparing, evaluating and judging? Why the flood of words to get at Truth when Truth exists without words at all? Why the volumes of hot air and print when words are but symbols of Truth in the first place?

I would tell the struggler to put his books down for a time and go out into the fresh air away from the paved streets and find a new pathway to walk, and there enjoy the now-moment. Let him take the thoughts that come from that experience—or the feelings if no thoughts come—and ponder them for a time rather than his books.

As we walk, we look about ourselves intently. We look at the large things—the hills, the clouds, the houses and trees. We look at the small things—the flowers, leaves, bugs, pebbles, the twists and turns of the pathway and the rivulettes fallen twigs make in the stream. Reader, consider all these things as you walk, ride or dream, and consider just who says anything about them is either good or bad! Ask yourself where judgment enters the picture. So the old barn is about to fall down—is that bad? Wouldn't it be strange if it didn't fall, the way the foundation has rotted away? And is that bad? What is wrong with old wood returning to the earth? Who says anything is bad? Who says the world is coming to an end? Nothing is ending along this beautiful pathway except the foolish and unnecessary practice of judgment! And shouldn't personal judgment end? — especially when we see how glorious the unjudging view of the world is?

Yes, the turn from the "world" is a turn from judgment, comparison, analyzation and evaluation. The "return" to the Father's house is a return to tender simplicity. Not a remote simplicity, but HERE! Right here, right now! "Comprehendest thou this?"

We end the hassle with words and the struggle to understand. We stop battling with intellectuality. In this work we have no need for such things. There is only to be Awareness in this NOW. The Identity being consciousness is continually "experiencing" the constant awareness of Truth on earth despite all that has been written to the contrary. It is a matter of

letting go the judge who does NOT see perfection for making imperfection of it. It is a matter of letting go intellectuality. It is a matter of being HONEST and ending the attempt to be an imposter who judges everything and then reacts to those judgments as if THEY were the Authority!

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I would tell those who are weary of the struggle to take off their shoes and walk barefoot in a cool stream. I mean nothing symbolic here. I mean to take your leather shoes off your feet and put your pinkies into a real stream and get sand between the toes the way we did as children—the way we still do as children here at Lollygog.

I would tell the weary to sit right there on the bank and watch the minnows darting upstream—then watch the circles grow from a pebble tossed at a floating leaf. I would say to consider that leaf a moment. It is just a leaf being a leaf. There is peace and tranquility there. It is not struggling to alter the scene around it. Neither are the reeds nearby. There is no sadness there whether we happen by or not—whether the wind blows or doesn't.

Reader, is this too simple and naive? Intellectuality certainly thinks so—but intellectuality has failed to bring Peace; intellectuality has failed to show us Tranquility. I tell you that this simple act of naivety, this inane and childish bit of silliness (as judged by the world) will sooth the troubled breast and open the doors of the Heart to arenas the intellect knows nothing about! We do this and then find our books saying more to us than ever before.

Well, enough about this. To write or read of it is only that. Oh, but to DO it is to return to childlikeness wherein the spirit soars and the Heart sings a new song of zestfulness.

Take a solitary stroll and see for yourself.

Regards from my hills of Alabama,
William Samuel

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