

NOTES FROM WOODSONG

By William Samuel

1970s

HELP!

Anyone familiar with the new generation personal computer knows about the "HELP" key at the top of the console. Get confused, do something wrong, a problem arises, and one goes to the HELP key immediately. The screen lights up with instructions saying exactly what to do to get rid of the problem. It's nice to have something that helpful at the tips of one's fingers.

But what do we do in our daily affairs when our calculations go awry, when a problem bears down, or when we feel adrift? Is there a metaphysical HELP key that will light the screen when the daily discipline of life gets heavy? "Will you answer that question for me, William? Will you tell me in simple words exactly how you handle a problem?"

Dear Reader, there is no set way to solve a problem. But there IS a HELP key that we resort to immediately. I call it the "RETURN TO THE BEGINNING" key. When a problem occurs, one ALWAYS takes a moment from the thought of the difficulty to CONSIDER THE BEGINNING, the SOURCE of life. Not the source of the problem, but of LIFE. That is, we BEGIN with GOD, with PERFECTION. We hit the RETURN TO THE BEGINNING key. "Blessed is he who has found the beginning and stays there." We have heard these words before.

The human way inevitably hangs on to the problem, searching for possible courses of action with never a turn from the error. But it is necessary to make the turn away, if only for a moment, to consider the perfect Source of all things. So it is, we "start with Perfection" within which there is no problem, no anguish, no fear—naught but the absolute perfection of God. We take this "mental stance," focusing attention on Godhead Itself, the Something Wonderful which stands right here and now being everything—whether we understand it or not, whether we agree or not!

With Source in mind, we ask what our relationship to Source, God, is. We find that our interface with God is right here as this very LIFE. Without God, there would be no "consciousness" here.

"But where does the problem come from?" FEELINGS seem to have to do with the body that ails; with the psyche that is afraid; with the mental attitude of the sufferer. LIFE is untouched. LIFE goes right on being LIFE whether there is a disquieting problem or not.

Anguish is felt by the "me-sense" who considers himself the OWNER of Life, the possessor of Life, Awareness. What is Awareness, Life? THAT is the identity made in the image and likeness of God originally, the one who was given the garden of beauty to enjoy all the days of his life. Then this Life/awareness-I-am is God's Self-awareness, God's Self-observation, God's Self-knowing going on, and I am in God's hands. God is the CONTROL of this Life I am. And here I rest. And here I am freed from the possessor's claims of imbalance and

imperfection.

It is helpful to sit down and begin to write along these lines. Writing about "whatsoever things are good" and real and tender and beautiful, is a way to keep stayed on the Perfection that is the FACT, no matter what the seeming.

I turn to see a flower blooming and I consider its gift to the world of things. Or, I catch sight of a butterfly winging past, and write a line about the light through the wings of a yellow butterfly. I write as best I can—without thought of who will read it because I do not let people read such things. It isn't the words that matter, but the fact that I am sitting still and considering the BEAUTY of God's goodness, INSTEAD OF THE PROBLEM!

I make this small turn away from my problem and God makes a giant turn toward this awareness-I-am. I make one small step toward God and God runs a hundred steps toward me, dashing into my inmost Selfhood to obliterate the old consciousness of the problem.

Why does it work this way? Because the awareness of Me ORIGINALLY was to be the BEHOLDER of God's allness. Because this life/awareness I am IS God's LIFE/AWARENESS in action. It works this way because I have put down for a moment the possessor-me, the imposter, the liar, the one of few days and full of trouble. When I "return" to the Identity I rightfully am, THIS awareness of good, I-Awareness find the Image of God, the Eye that I am, PURE and PERFECT.

While this may very well appear to be a healing to the old sense of myself—and I am surely glad to have the body put aside its grief—I EXPRESS MY GRATITUDE FOR THE PERFECT IDENTITY WHICH HAS NEVER BEEN LESS THAN IT WAS MADE BY GOD.

Suppose one awakens in the morning with a feeling of "something wrong"—not an uncommon way to greet the day after a night's fitful sleep. What to do?

I shuck the feeling just enough to acknowledge that Godhead, Truth, Principle is present. I mentally affirm that God-Mind is the all of all; that there is no other Mind in all existence but the divine Mind. Then I acknowledge that this awareness-I-am, this consciousness of being that presently writes and reads these words, is the FUNCTIONING of God-Mind. All of this is to mentally reaffirm my rightful Identity—who I really am.

This is done quickly, in the twinkling of an eye. I do this countless times during the day, every day, but it seems especially important on this morning we are speculating about, because the sense of all-rightness seems missing—or threatened—with the feeling that something is amiss.

Very often, this is all I do to have an end to the feeling. The sense waywardness is dismissed completely, or, the sting is gone out of it so that it isn't a worrisome grind within.

Now, if the feeling continues uncomfortably, I keep the correct sense Identity present and ask how Perfect Mind could be mindful of such a feeling of disquiet. I ASK the question, remembering the admonition, "Ask and it shall be answered unto you."

I go on about my business quietly, as mindful of the pure perfection of All-Mind as I can be,

and I lose myself in the activity at hand. I go about my business expectantly, staying as mindful as possible of Overmind and Its infinite perfection. When next I might happen to think of the discomfort, I may well wonder when it disappeared. Or, if it is still a part of the tangible experience, there will be a clear indication of its "cause" and what footsteps to take regarding it.

Or, among the near infinite possibilities for the appearance of anything, it all may have been the NECESSARY disquiet we create for ourself when we have gotten caught up in the world again, without a thought for the Ineffable Presence behind it—somewhat like the discomfort a flower along the riverbank might feel if, for a silly reason, it forgot to drink the water at its roots, and, for that reason, became thirsty.

The disquiet of spiritual thirst is the Divine Discontent reminding us of the Real—and reminding us to LIVE the Equation, the balance. It is insisting that we open ourselves and drink of It again.

We HEED, and stop withering in the sunshine.

Oh, it is difficult to say, "What I do" in this or that situation because it is done almost without thought and without prescribed or definite procedure, without a formula. But the continuing RETURN TO THE BEGINNING is done again and again and again. And it is followed with the EXPECTANCY of good and good and good, expected and expected, even as I look at the good ALREADY at hand, already everywhere in everything, in EVERYTHING, in whatever and whatever is seen and felt— a necessary part of the Equation, the Mystery, for those capable of understanding it.

Return to the beginning. It is the HELP key on the console of thought. We begin the day with it. We end the day with it. We use it as often as seems necessary—and many, many times because we are there already. Oh my friend it is possible to return to the beginning and stay there!

We don't forget this. We never let it go. Ever!

With love,
William Samuel

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