

# NOTES FROM LOLLYGOG

By William Samuel

1970

## A PRACTICAL EXAMPLE OF "LETTING"

As of this writing, I see that I have written 42 pages in preparation of this month's NOTES FROM LOLLYGOG, none of which "hits the mark" as it should. How subtly we seem to fall from the grace of effortless BEING when we start trying to manufacture things, create things, as though we were the Creator—or when we struggle to make things fit a mental pattern chosen as the standard.

So now, as an exercise I am sure seems contrary to the ordinary way of doing things, I throw 42 pages of hard work into the wastebasket and put another sheet of paper into the typewriter. This time, by a conscious act of relaxing, (Why? Because it has finally dawned as "the sensible thing to do.") I let go all notions of a theme or message or standard. I consciously END the human effort and "let."

The sense of struggle departs at once and the awareness of many things begins to enter in—ideas, feelings, sights and sounds that were precluded by that insidiously well-rooted HABIT of trying to match a phantom standard for an essay. A squirrel scratches under a pine apparently finding plenty to eat in the pine straw. (There is a message on supply!) A steady succession of nuthatches and titmouse's come to the bowl of sunflower seed just outside my window. (Few things in nature rival the sparkle in a wild bird's eyes.)

Now, a new sense of joy presents itself to notice. (Joy is a matter of noticing joy!) If I were to try and put a finger on the "why" of the new delight, I suppose I could say it was the bird's or the squirrel's – or mine because of the letters from all parts of the world telling of "healings," of new Light, of grand releases, of freedom and grace—all aspects of the Self-I-am (of the Self WE are) coming to light and being discovered. Yes, that's it! There is not room enough in these pages to tell of the wonders related in the letters that have come here even this past month—humanly unbelievable letters of the miraculous.

Reader, I do not think even for a minute that such letters of gratitude present themselves in this experience because of me or my words. Nothing could be further from the truth! The victory belongs to GOD, as God's Self-awareness in action. That action is the one YOU are—the awareness that reads these words. The victory belongs to God, to Isness, to Reality, to That Which Is, the ONLY on the scene as the single Selfhood-we-are.

Where, in all of this wonder, has a mortal, a fallen selfhood apart from the All, entered the scene to interpose his fraudulent standard? It has NOT—unless we pretend that it has, then act the fraud's pretensions.

Finally, practicing what I preach, words begin to fall in place and another "Notes from Lollygog" is begun--

"...not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

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We teach by LIVING (practicing) the Light we know we are; THEN we see our mirrored Self-image following suit.

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Every teacher, book, writer, practitioner, sage, guru or peanut vendor, by whatever name, title or label they go by, is an aspect of the Awareness (Identity) "we" are.

We take the book from the shelf most likely to render a specific service at a given moment. Exactly so, we have appeared to go to the philosophy, teacher, church, friend, stranger or peanut vendor that has unfolded as sufficient for the moment—but that philosophy, teacher, church, friend or stranger is WITHIN the awareness WE are. So is the peanut vendor. We are forever looking at our Self.

Now, listen softly:

Just as one goes to the mirror in the house that is the cleanest, the least distorted and best illuminated, so we turn to that aspect of the SELF that tells it to us "like it is," without mental reservation, without the distortion of personal dirt, without the absence of Light, and for absolutely certain, without making something of ITSELF by belittling others. What is seen "out there" is a mirrored Self-image, but only an IMAGE. The awareness that is the LOOKING is the divine, pure and sinless Identity we are.

To say this again: The image-form that appears at any given moment is only one of an infinite number of FORMS that may appear. The value is not in the image. (Nor is the power!) The value is forever in the AWARENESS -"you"- are who is the observing of the image.

All that could be called Samuel, DoFlunky or What's His Face is only an infinitesimal aspect of the Self's tangible declaration—but tangibility is only part of it. There is the intangible That "which is above them all"—the Deific Selfhood which is being all there is to the external tangibility of "form" or to the internal intangibility of imagery.

All that is called the belief and dream of a material existence enters the scene upon the assumption of an identity that limits itself to the body-image. THAT one sees all other images as separate and apart from itself. THAT one calls himself the OBSERVER and is continually fighting a battle with his OBSERVED. In the sad comedy of proliferating complication that follows, OBSERVING (the awareness that resides AS the center of it all) goes but barely noticed. However, observing awareness goes on BEING the Identity we are anyway, whether we are conscious of it or not, and all the trials and tribulations of the limited identity's experience serve to bring us to the consciousness of the GREATER Identity—the one that is real; the one

that has never been guilty of ignorance or wrong doing or anything else!

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At this point, reader, before we move into something else, let me give you a homework assignment—something to ponder, something to kick around and write about, the "answer" to which begins to tie many metaphysical enigmas together.

Are the terms (and what they imply) "finite" and "infinite" necessarily opposite ends of a dualism, such that one is correct and the other incorrect?

The metaphysical schools certainly tell us so and, as a consequence, there appears to be a lot of people attempting to explain away a finiteness that just won't be explained away. Does the INFINITE necessarily exclude what appears to us as finite form?

Consider this gently, if you will. I'd love to have your thoughts on the subject if you care to send them to me. I shall attempt the "answer" that has disclosed itself to me in the Notes next month--unless I forget. But don't let me. It is a point that has many meaningful applications in our daily affairs and one that leads to more light in other areas.

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So now you have read three long pages of subtle and deeply involved metaphysical philosophy-words, words, a pastel of words. What are you going to DO with them?

It would seem they can be enjoyed in either of two directions (or anywhere between)—(1) as words whose ideas are capable of striking a response within, therein verifying themselves—a response to which we then ACT. Or, (2) (as happens until the grand "turn around" takes place) they can be turned into arcane fuel for that insidiously tenacious game one plays in the attempt to be a smart human becoming a smarter human. Woe is that me!

Reader, examine your intentions in all honesty—without self-beguilement—and see if you are finally willing to stop the tinkering with Truth in an attempt to have a happier HUMAN experience, to honestly surrender everything, everything, everything for its Glory.

Remember that the hidden pearl of great price required that the farmer sell all he had to purchase it. The "all he had" is the price we are required to pay and that is the attempt to be a human along the road to awakening. We have never really been such a dream identity, so the price that seems so large only appears that way to the dreamer. The price paid is the blow that awakens him. Then it is seen that nothing has been lost (nor gained). Rather, the beguiling attachment to a phantom self-identification is surrendered AND A NEW DIMENSION OF SPECTACULAR LOVE IS AWAKENED TO!

But the surrender is made first. The Chalice is washed of the vinegar to make room for the Fruit of the Vine. Our cup runneth over!

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