

NOTES FROM LOLLYGOG

By William Samuel

September 1970

A letter comes stating: "Where before I was blind – literally – now I can see!" Another says: "I know that everything I see is good—because now I can see it!" A phone call comes with the excited announcement, "I am walking again! I am walking again! Unaided! For the first time in 19 years!" And another tells me, "I have heard the sound of rain for the first time since I was a child."

Why do I write these things? To remind you again that they happen! We are NOT bound to the past. We are NOT bound to the rules and regulations of the world—no matter how fatally rigid they are supposed to be.

A letter of pure love arrives stating: "I have never known such joy, such completeness, such REASON for existing!" Here is one that says, "Light and Love have revealed Themselves as this One I am..." "As you told me to, I walked to the mirror and forgave myself... the pain subsided the last examination disclosed that the tumor was gone the scheduled operation has been scrubbed."

We are NOT bound to the cause and effect rules of the body-organization. "Love transcends the law" exactly as every "holy book" in the world has told us. LOVE transcends the law. LOVE. LOVE does the "good work."

Another writes: "The world is more beautiful for me....I hear the song of birds all day....I hear and feel love again, the music of mankind, all sounds unnoticed before I see each color more vividly....my Heart expands to love all people, all life...."

Love does the work. Love "heals." Love leads straightaway to the Light, It is the Light of Love that lights the Eye. Lovelight.

And what is Love? Love is love. There is not a material love and a spiritual Love; there is just ONE love, the love we are and the love we live. There are no more two loves than there are two Minds. Love is Identity—the identity of the very awareness presently reading these words. Love is the That which is being I. Love is God. God is love.

"You told me that no matter what the doctor told me, all I would REALLY be hearing was the Holy Symphony of perfect Being there was no cancer, no tumour.... and then, as he pressed my stomach there was a tremendous rumble, a beautiful Symphony of Perfect Being, just as you said!"

I wrote back and said that wasn't exactly what I meant.

Replied she, "It may have sounded like a rumbling stomach to them but it was the Holy Symphony of perfect Being to ME!"

Most often the pronouncements of our "out there" are alot of hot air.

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With permission, I share another letter with you, and the answer to it:

Dear Bill,

I am filled with a feeling of age and hopelessness. The world seems to be rushing past at an ever faster clip and I am unable to keep pace with it. I long for the old days when I could stay abreast of the times and even surge ahead a bit with extra effort. Now I am fortunate to seek out a meager existence among the youthful, energetic, fast-moving young people who have not yet tired of the awful pace"

Dear Paul,

Within the human view of things, the rat race quickens. The pendulum swings faster. The highs are higher and the lows lower at both ends of the action. But Paul, in all of this frantic activity, where has there been the least change in the purpose of it? Peace, contentment, happiness, tranquility, security has ever been the goal of human effort. To identify as a human is to identify as a hunter in Search of one goal after another. The hunter's search for happiness out in the thing-oriented boondocks is simply going more and more afield.

Happiness is not to be found in that far country or anywhere else as though it were not present this instant. You suspect this. More, you know this. We come home to find what we have been looking for. We come home to the Real, and rest. Once the treasure has been found here as Identity, we are entitled to end the frenzied search and begin to perceive the universe from our new position. For a time, and at recurring times, this appears to be a view of "others" still rushing to and fro, swinging like senseless pendulums from one futile effort to the next. It is the old hunter's role in us that would regret being unable to join the search and take to the field again with those "who have not yet tired of the awful pace."

Oh, but there is no need to maintain the pace! There is no need to follow the ebbing, flowing tide of man's mad dash to ego-fulfillment, ever searching for what the very search precludes. We come home to the goal of their search and let the appearance of a dashing humanity go on about its not so merry way to upheaval and hell.

Our tranquility is spied, recognized as the aim of their struggle, the goal of their search, the target of the hunt. You may very well expect that some will come asking about it, willing to listen to what you have to say. These are "the one in a thousand, two in ten thousand" who, as appearances go, are the only ones able to comprehend and find the peace that is ours. They hear again the words of a quieter time to which they gave no heed while anxious to perpetuate an impossible ego; but NOW, in what appears to them to be their awful frustration, they hear the same words of old—and listen to them. You know the words, Paul: "Come unto Me (Identity) all who are weary and heavy laden. I will give you rest. My peace give I unto you. Rejoice! Rest! Be of good cheer...."

This peace is quite beyond the hunter's understanding because it allows us to LET GO the hunter's drives and instincts that would have us trying to keep pace with the wild pendulum. It is beyond human comprehension because it allows us to be still and know—to be still and rest as the goal itself, as tranquility, as the pearl of great price, as the Shekinah, as the Christ to this conscious experience, as everything the hunters are beating themselves to death in search of. "Comprehendest thou this?"

So, Paul, should the "feeling of hopelessness" seem a part of the scene, we recognize it as the empty, powerless feeling it is—another aspect of the old hunter's instinct. Old habit that we can have done with. The smell of smoke.

We are not hunters anymore. We have found a new identity, the goal of the frantic search. We have found the Alone One, the ALL-one, the Only, the Single Light which is the light of the scene. That one is ISNESS, LIGHT, the conscious awareness reading these words. That one is the Christ Truth who says, "Be of good cheer. All things whatsoever I have, give I unto thee. The Kingdom is AT HAND, right HERE, right NOW. I will never leave you nor forsake you..."

Dear Paul—dear reader—where is any need for a feeling of hopelessness or helplessness in such activity as this?

Herein we find the divine motives for God-directed balanced ACTION such that our doing is absolutely Self-fulfilling and Self-satisfying.

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We live one Awareness as all; stand fast on this ground; refuse to have two awareness's on the scene; THEN—bit by bit, precept upon precept, and without a conscious effort—we find the MEANINGS of the events transpiring in the world. Knowing the meanings, the reasons for the appearing may also be known. Insofar as we may be "personally" concerned, the "what to do about them" is always known!

We live this "single identity" refusing to be the "old man" on the scene agonizing over his miserable mess. How do we live the "single identity"? By being conscious of the fact that this consciousness is God's SELF-AWARENESS about the business of being this awareness I am. We awaken to the fact that we are not another, THEN STOP ACTING AS ANOTHER.

God really is love, but the love God is is not out there, separate and apart from me. It is here AS this one I am. Love is not an action I am to engage in first; love is the Identity I find myself to be. Then, then, every action is automatically love's action—and it is not possible to be unloving, unwise or unwanted.

Love to you from the trails between Alabama and California,
William Samuel

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