

## NOTES FROM WOODSONG

By William Samuel

Winter 1985

This is the season of the Child. The Child, not children. The Child is eternal—and is all that's real of us. Christmas represents the rediscovery of that Immortal Child that indwells us all—the veritable Christ whom the season celebrates.

In the natural way of the world, the Child of us is outgrown, buried in adultery (adulthood) and all but forgotten. When we get our metaphysics straight, we become aware of the Child again. If your view of truth is not disclosing the Child you are, then it's time to get busy and find someone who can tell you what to DO. We either return to the Child or die—said all the prophets and the Christ Himself.

The unbound Awareness that reads these words is the Child! When the Truth, as the Truth IS, is disclosed to us, we are lifted from the human garbage and "reborn." We rediscover the Child-I-Am and find ourselves untouched by all the years of anguish and adulthood. Right here where we are, we FEEL new ENTHUSIASM, VIGOR and EXCITEMENT! We are filled AGAIN with Glimpses and Glimmers! If your metaphysics isn't doing this for you, you are cheating yourself, denying your Heritage—and these words are exactly the Christmas gift you need.

My friend, the discovery of Identity, the Christ Child we are, is just the beginning of our work. There is much, much more to do. We are not here for nothing. We are not given glimpses and glimmers just to make us feel good. Those glimpses (to use the Bible's words) are "the word of God," the "living water," and if we are not getting them and FEELING them as we did in the first days of Truth's study, something is amiss. Our glimpses of Light are the only real measure of "progress," spiritual or otherwise. If one is without zest—lukewarm, as the prophet said—there is something we must do! What? Ask me. Ask. You will get an honest answer.

\* \* \*

We may not like the way the world looks nor how we feel, but everything in our subjective world is happening exactly as is necessary for our awakening and Self-discovery. How our view of the world goes NOW depends absolutely on our PROGRESS in continuing Self-examination and BEING. If one is distressed and bewildered by the things happening in the world, there is more to see, perceive, understand and DO.

The world's darkness—called evil—belongs to darkness and is not what it SEEMS. How could the cicadae know that the cold blackness of earth is only part of the plan? The worm's struggle in the dark night of the cocoon is a distant dream to the butterfly winging its way in light. The many trials and tribulations that have allowed me to write these lines with AUTHORITY have not been bad—but GOOD, for the much light they have let me see and tell of. There is no way to forgive evil in the world short of UNDERSTANDING it. I am able to forgive evil, KNOWING it is the apparent outline (delineation) of sinless Being. Knowing

that, we know what next to do in the world.

Yes, we "know the Truth" of appearances first, my friend, but listen, listen: after that, WE DO FOR THE APPEARING what the Truth allows us to do. We know "there is no starvation in Truth" first, but our job isn't finished until we send a tangible sack of beans to the appearance!

"Why should I feed the dream?" asks the absolute metaphysician? Because the Christ gave food for the belly as well as food for the heart.

\* \* \*

The darkness the worm experiences is necessary for the butterfly's emergence. The darkness of the world's dream is necessary for the comprehension of dreamless Being. The belief of life in matter, obverse in every way to the Truth of Being, is, if it is at all, necessary for the conscious recognition of Immortal Being. Therefore, it isn't "bad."

Lucifer, the fallen light from heaven, was/is God's angel attempting to duplicate God's heaven and earth and claim it as his own creation. The time comes for each of us to stop playing that role. We are able to stop when we realize the human situation may be humanly awful, but it isn't evil and it isn't bad. Ultimately we are forced to forgive ourselves for believing the delusion. THEN, what we give the delusion ENDS the delusion. THEN, we perceive the divine equation and live it gloriously.

God forgives our trespasses as we forgive those who have trespassed against us. If, as the Bible records, God can forgive all mankind for its vain imaginings (that is, if Absolute Light can forgive its own knowledge of shadows or supposititious opposites) then I can forgive the BELIEF of ego, body and world, history and genetic input, parents and children, and everyone and EVERYTHING—thence THANK them all for the inexorable service they have rendered every step of my way!

Listen, listen: When I DID, everything became new and I was like a reborn Child of God. So can those who have suffered enough of the delusion and are willing to let God be all in all—and their me-sense the nothing it is. Those who do, find the true Identity—AWARENESS, the I-EYE of God, beholding and FEELING goodness everywhere—even when the tangible body appears to be falling apart; even when the world appears to be ending; even when our humanhood and body are growing old and helpless.

"What of death?" someone asks.

Now listen here: The cicada in the ground knows nothing of the cicada climbing the tree—and certainly nothing of the cicada winging and singing its way through the boughs—yet it is the same life appearing in sequential forms.

The blind worm that spins a cocoon can't see the butterfly's emergence nor its fluttering feasts of nectar, but it is the same life appearing sequentially. The difference to the cicada and worm is a new dimension of light/sight.

If such wonders as these happen here "on earth" right before our eyes—a single small form of life emerging into new forms, its life uninterrupted by transition from one form to the next—

what unspeakable, unthinkable wonders are in store for us when we put down the pupa and awaken to the Grand Dimension of Fountainhead and Source!?

LIFE is untouched by the sad sights and sounds of the human struggle. LIFE doesn't bemoan the cicada's struggle to leave the shell behind. Life doesn't sink in sadness because the worm stretches and strains in the cocoon. Life knows the cicada's song. Life has seen the butterfly winging. Life has tasted the nectar. Life has never been separate from its Source. Live lives eternally.

Yes, yes. Everything is all right, my friend. Everything is all right. And, knowing that, we send the food we have to spare where it appears people are hungry. "Whatsoever you do for the least of these..." says the Christ Light of Christmas.

Season's Joy from me!

William Samuel

If you have enjoyed these PDFs of Woodsong Journals and wish to support our efforts in keeping William Samuel's message available, your donations are very much appreciated.

Visit [williamsamuel.com](http://williamsamuel.com) for more information.

© Sandy Jones, Literary Executor for William Samuel.