

NOTES FROM WOODSONG

By William Samuel

Summer 1985

OPENING THE DOOR TO LIGHT

My life in this tangible world has been full of wonderful events—miracles. It wasn't always. What has made the difference? Why do some of us perceive the wonders of Life and Light while others get trapped in the world, lost in the anguish of personal affairs? The question may well be, why do some people have “ears to hear” while others seem to know nothing about the Marvel of Life? We hear teachers saying, "Let those who have ears to hear, understand." Not everyone who listens understands. What makes the difference?

Recently I was asked that question, so let me write again what made the difference for me. It is the same for everyone who does likewise. Somewhere along the long line of learning, I learned that there really is a "Reality" standing behind this human sense of things. This learning required humility and childlikeness. I was brought kicking and screaming into this humility, but I do not think it must be so hard for everyone.

Childlikeness is necessary for us to believe there is something grander than the scene at hand, something greater than the awesome laws of nature that put the scene here. It takes a sense of childlikeness to see beyond society and its institutions as they have developed in time and space. It takes a still deeper sense of childlikeness to see that there is (and here is the marvel of marvels!) an *attainable link* between ourselves and the intuited greater Reality.

Listen again. Somewhere along the line, I simply found myself with a childlike belief in "God"—in that "Something beyond." As simple as that. Mind you, I didn't know WHAT God is—and still don't—but I know that God IS. Listen, listen: One will *never* understand what he has not yet come to believe exists. This simple but wholehearted belief was a prerequisite before anything began to happen in my troubled affairs. I have never ceased being amazed at how many seekers, including priests and practitioners, finally admit that *they aren't really certain of God's existence*, much less God's allness!

As for what made the difference for me next, I began to pay attention to those rare voices in the world that said there is a DOOR between this world (my view of things) and the Greater World where harmony and sufficiency prevail unchallenged. I began to listen carefully to those people. I read their words and *put their ideas to the living test*. I *wanted* to believe in Something Wonderful. I confess that my human experience was so filled with personal anguish and trouble (an entire world at war and me an infantry soldier in the middle of it) that I wanted to believe there was something better, something behind my many visions of anguish. Now I have seen that everyone goes through trouble of one kind or another in world time, most of which we make for ourselves. We all do this—if for no other reason than to grow older in time to see and understand what is happening to (as) ourselves and others. None of us are exempt the world's trial by fire, though it seems that time's "justice" is often meted out poorly. The worthy are clobbered while the bastards get away with murder—or so it seems. There is a perfect reason for this appearance, but that is another subject and is

addressed in the new book.

In a marvelous way (written about earlier in *A GUIDE TO AWARENESS AND TRANQUILLITY*), I learned to become a non-judgmental observer of the scene at hand and began to see that the door between myself and Equanimity is OPENED under certain circumstances. By that I mean that occasionally things happened in my affairs that were more than chance, more than fate, luck, happenstance and beyond the karmic laws of cause and effect. Things happened that were *beyond every mathematics odd*. But I had to recognize that first and admit they were happening to me and for me. Then (here, words become more difficult) I came to the slow realization that these marvelous events were very much concerned with (connected to) *my own original childlikeness*. They never happened when I was puffed up with any of the passions. They didn't happen when I was trying to make them happen. They didn't happen by any personal design whatever. It finally became clear to me that these Glimpses of Light—momentary as they were—were "coming from" the Scene behind the scene. It took years to comprehend how these special events that I call Glimpses were related to my own ideas of (1) who I am, (2) my interface with Godhead and (3) what I was physically doing at that time in the world—or was to do or am yet to do.

The bottom line here is simple and basic: The miraculous entered my affairs when I began to believe and see that the Miraculous EXISTED and is the REAL and is concerned with my own original childlike nature in time—pre—adult. Simple as that. Apparently this takes humility because I see an entire society in the shadow-world who, agnostic at best and knowing nothing whatever of humility and Childlikeness, has its head up its own darkness, looking for Light in that acrid void. I see their religious and/or scientific leaders extolling the virtues of pragmatic realism, saying in one way or another that nothing is certain about God because "God" can't be proven. Unfortunately, my world appears to be buying and living that half-truth. But, "Ah so, as old Han would say, the scientists are at least half right. God cannot be proven by man, but, listen, listen: God is proven because GODHEAD leaps to prove Itself in our affairs, hard pressed, shaken together and running over with proof after proof upon PROOF, but only for the simple and childlike among us.

The clinical psychologist reads this and mutters, "Yes, it is God—proven to the gullible and weak-minded," but that is only how it seems to one who has not yet agreed to believe in the existence of an Ineffable and its interface with one's own childlikeness still alive within him. The humble and contrite heart can SEE and BE the open door between the Real and its shadow. How do I know? I can and I did and I am. If I can, anyone can.

METAPHYSICAL NOTE: These words are linear in their presentation. Those who have discovered the omni-dimensional nature of awareness know why I make such linear concession to words. The REAL exists HERE, not just beyond a closed-door of mystery that one must somehow open with much study and effort. The Light of Life is here where childlike Awareness is, coming to us in Glimpses, here a little, there a little. But, until one walks through that door of Light, to live in the Light, there SEEMS to be a veil between himself and IT—between us and happiness, success, achievement, etc. I write the parallels and analogies that allow one to understand what we are trying so mightily to tell the world. We stop worrying about the academic dualism of the words themselves. Metaphysicians are often the last to rediscover the Child within themselves; that may well be the reason Jesus railed at the scholars as he did. Subjectivism is only part of the mystery. Simplicity and childlikeness are part of it too. Love from Alabama, William Samuel

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