

NOTES FROM WOODSONG

By William Samuel

December 1988

THE GRANDEST GIFT OF ALL

Words are waiting to be strung in a new order, a new rhythm, a new sequence never written exactly this way before. Something soft and wonderful sings in the heart of us. Something NEW and inwardly different is happening this season. Read the words that follow and listen to them softly. Something marvelous will happen for you. Why not?

This is the season of It. Everyone wants to know about It, but only It can tell of It. It is the authority. Everyone wants It and has been searching for It but we all overshoot the mark until we are ready to appreciate It. At first, we didn't know It when we had It. We still have It and don't know it—because, to the undisciplined intellect, that limiting and arrogant half of us, It doesn't seem big enough or good enough. It doesn't fulfill the lofty intellect's expectations. Oh, but It is It anyway.

Something happens and It walks onto the tangible Stage. It is a Wonder. It has been called many things, but names only disguise It.

What is this Something that happens? We've all had intimations of It. We were born with It. Everyone experienced It somewhere along the line. We may not have recognized It when It happened, but in retrospect, we remember the exhilaration and the softness. We remember It. It shaped our lives whether we were conscious of it or not. It came when we were children, perhaps reading or listening to stories. We have been searching for It again, ever since. It happened at our mother's side as she worked in the garden, and we still find comfort in gardens. It happened in the mountains, and the mountains forever hold us in their arms. It happened while we frolicked with playful animals and we love animals to this day. This marvelous experience of It, early in our lives, has us searching for It again, the rest of our days.

When IT happened, the Child of us was alive and well. The Child within us was lively, nimble and alert, clapping hands and laughing. Now, here we are, reaching out for that Same One IT again.

What is It? Listen, listen: It is a tiny moment of sweet inner lightness and delight. It is a moment of relief from the world's heaviness. It is an instant of recognition and weightless surveillance of the scene. It is a flawless moment that lets us say, "Hey, this is a fine minute! I feel all right! I feel, *good!* I feel joy! Everything is all right!" *That's* It. That goodness and lightness is IT! That's what It is. Unfortunately, It's no big event to the intellect of us, yet its *recognition* and *acknowledgment* is the most brimming inner understanding anyone will ever acquire --and the heart of us knows this is so. It's the grandest thing one can imagine, because, in the midst of It, suddenly everything IS all right--including the universe and all therein, including our own most personal experiences and our interface with everyone. That's all right too.

The Marvel of Marvels begins as a tiny, mustard-seed of sweet, innocent peace. The *conscious* perception of this is the Big Bang of the Future, awaiting the world. When we recognize It, and acknowledge It, It grows and grows. It comes back again, larger, and more apparent. It returns again and again, at other unexpected moments, still larger--until it grows into the Tree of Paradise wherein the angels play.

We have all needed someone in our personal life who recognizes It and says, "That's it! This is IT!" The It I write about is the purpose of all the human disciplines. It is the objective of the philosophies, all the religions and secret societies intended to bring us to Light. When they are successful, they bring us to this tiny moment wherein we finally recognize It for what it is—peace, simple peace.

The inner delight we feel, even as we read this, is It. Here It is! Right here as the awareness reading these words. It hasn't gone away, you see. It never left us nor forsook us. We are It. It is us. It is me and thee and everyone. And, It is still right here, a tiny moment of peace in the world, ready to explode into the New World and make all things new.

Now, Woodsong friends, we can stop overshooting the mark. The mark has always been a simple peace within, a feeling of quietness, a moment of lucid light wherein we finally stop *missing* It and say aloud, in exultation, "This is it! This is really It, this moment of peace. Everything right now is all right. No bill collectors now. No sons and daughters fussing now. No one giving us the devil right now; no one berating us; nothing intruding on this holy moment. No guilt right now."

Ah so, when visitors came to Woodsong looking for the mystical conclusion of a lifetime of searching, they found It, right here as themselves. Here It is. If I could write It, I'd give It to the world for an eternal Gift. But It can't be given. It can't be taken. It just is. It is the Pearl of great price. It is all that is real. It's here available and acceptable to everyone equally. When we are ready, finally ready to appreciate and acknowledge It, we let go a little, we relax a little, and, in a moment of giving up, in a moment of surrender of old ideas, in a moment of letting go some of the silly preconceived notions about What It is and where It is, here It is, pouring in on us and out of us with infinite blessings!

Was It here all the while? Yes, yes. Why didn't we see It? What matter! It is here now! What a wonder It is, so close, so present, yet, unseen, unaccepted, but looked for and longed for, available in the twinkling of an eye, by letting go a moment, and acknowledging It with childlike gratitude. It is a relaxing, a soft and gentle look around the scene. It is a smile and a sigh of relief. It comes with healing and Peace on Its wings. Not a peace the world understands, but we understand because we feel it. We know it. We acknowledge it. We clap hands in a moment of freedom and thanksgiving—and Something synergistic happens.

Hey, you didn't know It was this simple did you? Here It is. The heart of us *already knows* the truth in these words. The heart inside feels something stirring. That stirring is IT!

You thought it was religious? You thought it was metaphysical? You thought it came with a knowledge of all wisdom? You thought everything would change and be healed? You thought it would be something else, but It is more likely what we don't expect. It is always MORE THAN WE COULD HAVE IMAGINED! Intellectual expectations are good, but clinging to a personal idea of it caused us to miss the mark. We wanted the blinding Road to Damascus experience. Now, we are ready!

It is the joy of all-rightness. It is the recognition that Life is Good and that Good is God. That God is good and that good is everywhere, whether we stop to see it or not. It is hidden in simplicity and clothed in childlikeness. It isn't recognized by the pompous and mighty. It isn't seen by worldly merchants, the greedy, the envious, the rich, famous or powerful. It is seen by the child-heart of us—the heart that has had enough of the distorted world and is ready for better things. It is seen by the simple, the meek and mild-mannered. It is seen by the troubled because they are ready to put their troubles down. It is seen by any and all who are willing to admit Its presence, Its simplicity and nearness. It is within us *right now*, only awaiting our acknowledgment. If we bring It forth, we live.

Joyful Living!
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 for more information.

© Sandy Jones, Literary Executor for William Samuel.