

NOTES FROM LOLLYGOG

By William Samuel

1969

THE HEALING VIEW

Someone writes wondering about the appearance of ill children in the world. "Why should these innocents suffer so?" he asks.

Reader, ponder the following points gently. Softly listen to the heart without allowing the intellect to enter in. (The declarations of the Absolute are seldom in accord with the opinions of the world. Neither do they coincide with the usual dictates of "common sense"). On the other hand, there is no limit, there is no limit at all, to the Heart's ability to perceive the Absolute and understand it.)

CONCERNING CHILDREN:

God is all; perfectly so; exclusively so.

All is all.

There is no imperfect child in all existence.

There is one child only ----- that one being THIS Identity we are who presently reads these words.

THIS simple, credulous Child-Identity-is is infinitely perfect and perfectly INFINITE.

(Do those "innocents" appear outside this Awareness-Identity-is, or WITHIN us? They most certainly are not separate nor apart from the consciousness that perceives them.)

How is INFINITY seen?

Via SELF-delineation, including specific, tangible form.

"People" are the infinite Identity Awareness is, appearing in Self-delineated form.

"As I be lifted up. . ." here, perceiving the REAL and UNBOUND Child I am, then my self-delineated form of Awareness "out there" ". . ." is lifted up likewise and drawn unto me."

This Identity we are is AWARENESS, the action of Mind, God.

Its "Purpose" (OUR reason for being!) is to delineate ITSELF, Deity's SELF-Awareness in action.

And this is our heritage! This is our inescapable Identity, ALREADY the only fact of Allness.

All is already infinite.

Infinity is already all.

So "I" view "people", regardless of their appearing, as GOD's AWARENESS GOING ABOUT GOD's BUSINESS OF BEING AWARE OF THE INFINITE QUALITIES, CHARACTERISTICS AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

Can my "others" be less than this?

Can “people,” the infinite delineation of Awareness, be less than perfectly Self-conscious?

This is the view that allows “me” to see wonder and beauty where “others” still see things they speak of in terms of horror, frustration or dismay. This view sees the Child-I-am, either “here” or “there”, as not guilty---as not bound by the judgements of the world---as FREE, and freely about the Father's business of Self-awareness. This view does not condemn Self for a human determination of imperfection---and, as appearances go, this view frees and “heals” the Child-I-am “out there”.

Reader, the healing purview of the Absolute is not limited to the “healers” of the world, to the “practitioners” or metaphysicians. This is your heritage as well. You are yourSELF the perfect functioning of everyone you see--even as the one in the center of the house of mirrors is the substance and form of his countless images appearing as delineations of a single selfhood. To perceive the SELF-PERFECTION of the single one at the CENTER is to joy in the harmony, the beauty and the love of Perfection's “out there” as well as “here”. Be the faithful witness! Take up your Scepter and reign!

The view of the image is ever here as I.

“. . . and as I be lifted up. ...” said the enlightened prophet from Galilee.

FROM A CONVERSATION ASKING ABOUT “PEACE” AND WHETHER OR NOT THERE IS “THE NEED TO SUFFER”

Tribulations are like shadows. A shadow (the no-light that makes the light apparent) serves to lift the gaze toward the light. When we get tired of bumping our shins, we look up. Therefore, the shadows of suffering have their due, serving to remind us again of the overhead Light within which there are no shadows at all.

With the bloom of understanding comes our ability to stop fearing the shadow and this is enough. Yes, this is enough. In retrospect, we may give the shadow its contradistinctory due, but we are careful not to heap honor upon the agony nor love the suffering lest we would find ourselves stuck with the agony---senseless self-flagellation---a pitfall into which many an unwary metaphysician has stumbled.

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The agony the world so longs to be relieved of is the normal, natural grind that causes the worm to spin a cocoon of itself. The worm's repose is the longed for freedom from its spinning. On the other hand, the Peace about which I speak is the Joy that follows the butterfly's final emergence into the sunshine and the discovery of Love therein.

While there is a relationship between the peace of the worm and the peace of the butterfly, what does the worm know of the butterfly's freedom? Where are the words to tell the worm of the butterfly's love? The worm cannot know. Only the butterfly can. As seems wise to it, the worm defends its view against all others and speaks of the butterfly's peace as transcendent, mystical nonsense.

“You will see,” replies the butterfly, “You will see. . . And all these things that I do shall ye do also...”

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Oh yes, the Absolute LIVED is cataclysmic! Truth is cataclysmic to a lie. Honesty is cataclysmic to dishonesty. The falling away of the dream is not a matter of human happiness any more than the cicadae's emergency from its shell is without a sundering, splitting, hellish strain to the shell. But not to us; to the shell.

Enlightenment comes as the breaking away from the shell-like HABIT of mortality.

Recall a past habit that you have overcome---perhaps smoking, an itch you were constantly trying to scratch with a cigarette that never quite scratched the itch. When finally, it was decided to END the habit, what happened to the itch? IT DID NOT GO AWAY, UNTIL FIRST ITS DEMANDS INCREASED, AND ITS BELLOWING FOR ATTENTION GREW LOUDER. Such is the cataclysmic reaction, that comes with enlightenment.

Within the arena of human action, the only way from the itch of habit, to the no-itch of freedom, is to view oneself HONESTLY as the Infinite Identity incapable of itching or being bound. And, certainly, to live this Identity honestly is to not scratch the itch--which brings the old habit of personality screaming to be catered to again with new disturbances intended to bring us back to the habit-bound shell of mortality. But be of good cheer, dear friend. . . The death rattles of old habit are only temporary. The no-itch, no-scratch Peace just beyond the itch is Eternal!

(The approaching Alabama chigger season has nothing to do with the above selection!)

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ALWAYS our considerations begin at the top. We "start" with the contemplation of God as ALL. We begin with Wholeness, Singleness, Completeness, Purity and Perfection. We consider the unchallenged nature of the Infinite Absolute, of That which IS, ISNESS. Our deliberations NEVER start with the problem even though it may be, and often is, the appearance of a problem that forces our considerations from a dream world into the realm of honest.

Our meditative writing practices begin the same way---with a concern for the Real, not the problem. Ever our meditative deliberations are written from the viewpoint of the Infinite from the THAT which is---from the cornerstone of ISNESS---and not from the position of a human writer engaged in an exercise intended to lift up that WRITER to another level of understanding. Even though the meditative writing practice certainly appears to do just this, it is not a human sense of self becoming enlightened, but the falling away of a mistaken concept of Identity that has never been real.

It is not possible to ponder the Real from the high position of the Absolute without the concomitant loss of ones sense of the unreal. How can we be aware of ISNESS and is-not-ness at the same moment? Yet, it is often the apparent is-not-ness that triggers the Self-delineation of Isness to be without fear of the triggering seeming.

We remain ever wary, however, not to fall in love with the triggers but to surrender the self-flagellating false assumption that there is even a seeming selfhood apart from God who must be purified, triggered and propelled into the Kingdom. Ultimately, we come home to simple honesty, acknowledge Isness as the unchallenged ALL, and admit that "there is no way there but to BE there!

For those who are willing to stop catering to a personal sense of self, that time is NOW!

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The laural is in bloom down by the back fence. The smell of spring is everywhere. Our bees are humming and the young weeds singing "We shall overcome."

Kind Regards,
William Samuel

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