

NOTES FROM LOLLYGOG

By William Samuel

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The Teacher Illustration

It was a solemn dignified gathering of deeply concerned people assembled in near secret to learn the Truth. More than that. They were assembled, they believed, to hear the secrets of the universe. Indeed, at long last they were face to face with the Absolute, the Ultimate, finally to hear those gems of wisdom for which Prince and Pauper have struggled since the beginning of time.

Reader, imagine the dignity of it all; the solemnity the air of expectancy that filled the air as The Teacher entered. An electrified hush descended. The room was like a cathedral. Every eye was upon The Teacher and there were those who saw his aura, there were those who saw the angels that hovered near. The teacher sat down and prepared to speak. The elect, with bated breath, leaned forward and prepared to catch the Teacher's every word. The time before he spoke seemed interminable, but finally the Teacher of Righteousness opened his mouth and taught them saying, "Today, I am wearing a set of fuzzy underwear."

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The honest philosophy, book, institution or "teacher" successfully communicates the Fact that GOD (Isness, Reality, the Ineffable) is the Value, not the teacher, church or philosophy.

The Awareness that reads these words is the REAL. The Images it contains are simply images-without-value being images without value, despite their imposing titles and heralded labels. There is no infallible authority "out there?" Inevitably, every "teacher" who comes to "instruct" us is seen to be "a little lower than the angels"—that is, without more or less I importance than any other experience being this Now-I-am.

"The Teacher" jolted his audience no doubt—the room must have echoed with dropped teeth and embarrassed chortles but the statement was no more oblique than many another we have heard. The gentle Galilean's message of pure love included the strong admonition, "He who does not hate his mother and father will not be able to be a disciple to Me"—meaning, of course, to see images as just images, none to be venerated more or less than another. A hard teaching? Not really. The devaluation of images lasts only for a time before the transcending Love appears wherein everyone and everything is apprehended in grand new Light and our sense of value begins to balance.

It seems difficult for teachers and institutions to be honest in this matter of image value. There is nothing accurate about the ego that wants a following. It sees its "others" as ignorance to whom it can impart its much wisdom and years of learning. Can such a view really be honest? Can it tell the image-out-there of its pristine perfection and already-wisdom? It cannot, even though it professes to with much Self-righteousness—and may even

believe it is doing so.

When we start looking up to one out there as greater than Identity-here-as-Awareness, it might do us well to remember the illustration of the fuzzy underwear. God who lives this Life-here-as-I (identity) is the primal One. We stop delegating our Divine Authority when we stop giving images an undue value.

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Does this mean that we are not still to enjoy the flower, the mountain or the children who scamper up their slopes to pick them?

Oh, no. We enjoy them more than ever.

How could this be so?

Because those sights and sounds that were despised before are seen to be quite something else—and enjoyed. Those things that we were fearful of before are found to be harmless—and enjoyed. And even those sights, sounds and feelings that were overly cherished are seen in a far lovelier light than our overvaluation and its consequent possessiveness would have allowed.

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A CONVERSATION ABOUT ILLUMINATION

Is there really such an experience as cosmic consciousness or illumination?

Yes.

Isn't it a psychotic sort of thing, chemically induced perhaps?

Many explanations have been made attempting to explain it.

Could it be self-hypnosis?

That has been suggested as a possible answer also.

What do you think it is?

A natural event, like a flower blooming.

Does everyone have this experience?

Sooner or later, I think.

Then, why isn't it generally known?

The event is seldom recognized for what it is.

What is it?

As I said—a natural event like the bud bursting; like the cicadae emerging from the darkness. I understand it is a common event with you and trios a who study with you.

It appears to be.

If it is a natural event, as you say, why does it happen during the time people are studying with you?

Perhaps this study represents that point at which the cicadae emerges from the darkness, or the time and place the buds are taken from the refrigerator and allowed to bloom in the warmth of Love. It might very well be because this work marks the end of the inputting and the start of the outputting.

I don't understand.

"Illumination" is a breakout into the Real where one has really been all the while. Circumstances or studies that reduce the density of the unreal facilitate the breakout which is a moment of consciously expanding awareness.

I thought you said it was a natural event.

The fiction is not natural. It is divinely natural to become aware of this Fact and begin to live the Real—which is to begin letting the fiction go.

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Question: What can I do about the appearance of turmoil in the world?

It is inevitable that there appear to be the dissolution of all that stands between ourselves and a full knowledge of the Truth. Inasmuch as the world appears to reside within the awareness-we-are, the dissolution that began within appears outwardly as the worlds search for freedom and the upheaval it brings. Our inner turmoil never ends until such time as we recon Identity as ALREADY arrived and end our attempt to lift an incorrect self-concept up to the Real.

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If we are to see the world scene disclose the underlying, overlying Harmony "that is even now spread over the whole face of the land, but men perceive it not", then we must MAKE this re-identification in fact and end the nonsense of acting out from the position of a sponge trying to soak up wisdom. To do what? To steadfastly reckon Self from the standpoint of Perfections. No other view will bring Peace so quickly to the human scene.

The "final days" (and this is all that is significantly meant by those ominous words) will bring the world's final enlightenment. It happens that these days are in progress already. The light is dawning because it is here already. New ideas are coming into focus and old landmarks are passing away. Cherished notions, some of them the very pillars of society, are being shaken to the roots. We are finding most of them built on foundations of sand. Institutions charged with the revelation of God, Truth, Reality, are found not to be giving freedom to their charges

but withholding it; not dispensing Light but darkness; not unbinding men, but shackling them; not seeking out the new Rays of Light and investigating them impartially, but, for conscious or unconscious reasons of self-preservation, doing everything in their power to keep new Light from being seen—for fear, say they, their present Light will be adulterated. As if the Truth needed protecting!

So now, to answer this question still again from another direction. We come to see the Light which reveals that we are the Light. I have found that acting this Identity "on faith" first helped disclose the Light I am that removes every doubt. And this Light of Self-discovery blooms in illumination and insight -- fragile, fragrant, a flowery display of beauty and love divine. Sparks! Enthusiasm! Zest! Strength and youth flooding back! The bloom of Light Divine—the simple Love that is Identity, revealed.

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Somewhere along the line I have found it wise to pass along the rays of Light that have revealed themselves within (and as) this Experience I am. But, I have learned not to pass them along too quickly. It is one thing to have the scales fall from the intellectual perception of a point—and to shout from the rooftops about that!—but something else again to live the new point, allowing it to work its wonders within this experience—and then to tell of THAT.

Or, it may be put like this: It is one thing to find the candle and the match in the darkness and shout in ecstasy—but quite another to LIGHT the candle and let that light indicate its own presence.

Unfortunately, in most metaphysical circles the preaching begins with the discovery of the candle's actuality. Too soon, too soon, "What you hear in one ear," said Jesus in one of his lesser known statements, "when you hear it confirmed in your other ear THAT preach ye from the rooftops."

Between the Light and the living of it, our eyes shine with enthusiasm but our discourse is best restrained to "Yea, Yea, Nay, Nay. "

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The Light of Illumination has been called the Flower of Inspiration. Many have found and are finding this Flower with Me. Those of you who have, listen softly lest you be dismayed. Listen, listen: the fragile flower fades and falls. It is not intended that we stand ON that Mountain forever— so it seems that the Zest diminishes, the Enthusiasm lags. Lest we are wary, we grieve the loss of the Light and wonder how it is that we cannot maintain the wonders of it. We are often filled with despair and think we are back where we started—or lower.

Listen again: It happens that the fruit follows the blossom. It follows surely and certainly, but the flower falls first, even as with an apple tree. The fruit is not the wild spark of illumination, but a full-bodied, growing new experience filled with new Substance, sweet and pure. Inside this fruit are the seeds after our own kind, seeds for new ground, seeds that "go and do likewise," THESE are the ones our Father has given us, the ones we are faithful to until they scatter their own seed and care for their own.

What have I written, here? That the Fire is not always ablaze and when it is not we should not fall back into a fit of dejection longing for blaze after blaze—or for another bloom and yet another. We joy in the knowledge that the Vine is a mass of blossoms during its season—and they are everyone the Vine's. Vine am I! Vine and I!

We are not expecting the miracle of Light. We are the Miracle of Light.

Kindest regards this month from the beautiful hills and pine trees of California,
William Samuel

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