

Neville 09-19-1969

## BEHOLD THE DREAMER COMETH

In the 37th chapter of Genesis we read the story of Joseph, a dreamer whose dreams always came true. His father, Israel, loved Joseph more than any of his other sons, and made him a long robe with sleeves. Now I ask you, who is Joseph? He is the foreshadowing of Jesus Christ, your true identity. Historical evidence for Jesus, the man, is nonexistent, yet he is the only reality and the true identity of every child born of woman. When you say within yourself, "I am," that is Jesus Christ, he who is dreaming this whole vast world into being.

One day you will understand this truth, for:

"Real are the dreams of gods  
And smoothly pass their pleasure  
In the long, immortal dream."

Your thoughts are your dreams, which weave your world into being and sustain it. You and I are inserted into the dream. "Tis we who, lost in stormy visions fight with phantoms, an unprofitable strife." And we will continue the dream until we awaken to discover that we are the dreamer, who is God himself.

This is not an idle dream, but one designed for the divine purpose of extending imagination's creative power. Expanding by entering his dream, God appears as you and I. And he is going to awaken from his dream, and, because there is only God, although we number into the billions we will all be resolved into the one Lord God Jehovah, who is Jesus Christ.

Now, Joseph could dream and interpret the dreams of others, regardless of their complexities. Certain dreams are simple and need no interpretation, but most of our dreams are symbolic and few understand the language of symbolism. Joseph understood and interpreted the dream of the sheaves as well as his dream of the sun, the moon and eleven stars bowing before him. When his father heard the dream he said, "What is this dream? Shall I and your mother and brothers bow down to you?" He didn't criticize him, but set these things in his heart.

Now, in the state of Moses the name Joseph is changed to Joshua, which is the Hebraic form of the Anglicized word, "Jesus", or "Jehovah saves." So here we find Joseph the dreamer, becoming Jesus the savior, by awakening from the dream he dreamed, interpreted, and fulfilled.

Right now you think this room is real, and tonight you might have a dream and - if you are lucky - remember it as a dream, but not as reality. Well, if to dream is to dwell in unreality not knowing it as such, what is life but one uninterrupted dream? Until you have certain experiences, you will no doubt question my sanity, but

when you have them you will know that this which seems real is no less a dream than the dream of the night.

Travel with me in your mind as we read the morning paper. On the first page we read of an air crash, a war, a hold-up, a murder, and embezzlement. Turn the page to the social column. See the pictures of the bride and groom and read all about their wedding and the guests attending. Another page lists the deaths, and finally we turn to the financial page, which tells us who is making money and who is losing it. Isn't that disjointed? Lost in the reading, we have traveled from violence to a wedding, to gossip, deaths, and finance. All written by ten or twelve men who are sound asleep, and dreaming their columns into being, while you - and the millions who read the paper - will see the outpicturing of all that you thought during the reading.

How do I know this? Because I have awakened from the dream of life. I know that God laid himself down within me to sleep, to dream that he is I; for when he awoke, I was he! How do I know that I am he? Because his only begotten son, David, called me father.

While I remain in this body of blood and flesh, I must abide by its restrictions and limitations; yet remembering it is a dream, I can change it. If this world is reality I cannot change it; but if I am its reality, I can change my world relative to myself. I can imagine a desire fulfilled and watch it come to pass in my outer world. But first I had to know it was a dream. This I do know, for he who is in the depth of my own being said to me: "I laid myself down within you to sleep and as I slept I dreamed a dream. I dreamed that I am you." Yes, he dreamed that he is I, for he awoke and he was I. A few months later he revealed his mystery to me by bringing his son David to call me father. Through an innate wisdom I knew he wasn't just a boy who called me father, but the David of Biblical fame who is God's only son.

When God awakes within you he is the same God who awoke within me. There aren't two Gods. You and I are really one. Although there appears to be billions of us here, we are all one being, one God acting out this play, to expand our creative power and wisdom.

A very dear friend of mine is in the audience tonight. I am so thrilled for him and for anyone who comes and has such an experience and shares it with me. This is his experience. While in his living room watching TV he felt drowsy, closed his eyes, and allowed himself to fall asleep. Remembering he was watching TV, he finds himself driving his car with his wife at his side. Feeling a sense of impending disaster, as his wife grabbed the wheel he awoke in the dream, and succeeded in getting control of the wheel again. Up ahead he saw a man he recognized as a great actor, and suddenly remembering where he was when the dream began, he inwardly proclaimed I AM. At that moment he awoke seated on his chair facing the TV. Then he said, "Since this is the first time I awoke in a dream to know who I am and where I am, I can't help but be pleased with myself." Well, he should be. All of these experiences are little breakages to the brain that bind us to the dream, which means that he is on the verge of awakening from this dream of life.

Unnumbered times I have sat in my chair and found myself slipping into what reason tells me I should not see. I have stepped into that world; it closes around me and becomes just as real as this. I am in a terrestrial world, talking to people who are just as solid and real as you are and I am. Awake, I am aware of where I was when I entered this section of time. and I also know that there is no road to take me back to the year and place I left.

You see, all things are taking place now. Eternity exists and all things in eternity independent of creation,

which was an act of mercy. Entering a certain section of the dream, we animate it and become aware of that which already is. The past has not ceased to be. It is taking place as it took place and still takes place when anyone enters that section of time. The same is true with the future. The year 1969 finds us standing on the moon. It always has been so. The world is, and we are placed upon this little space called earth to learn to bear the beams of love, for God is infinite love. I know, for I stood in His presence, then came down and entered a specter in order to learn to love and take on substance.

Not long ago I was in another section of time instructing a group of maybe a dozen men all seated around me. In the center with me was a spectrum, a shadow of a man. I could move him about and do with him as I willed. Then I said to him, "Go and love. To the degree that you love, you will acquire substance. Only then can you take part in the drama and awake with life in yourself."

What I said to those men I say to you now. At the present time you are only an animated being, not a life-giving spirit. One day you will acquire substance (acquire love) then you will become one with life in your self, knowing that all things were made through the creative act of love (the act of mercy) and without it was not anything made. As life-giving spirits we all return to the one being as that one being, yet retaining our own identity. We will never lose our identity, but rather we will grow ever-greater individualization.

While In San Francisco, a chap who attended my meetings there told me a story. One hot summer's day he stopped in a bar for a nice cold beer. Taking the only unoccupied seat at the bar, he was soon visiting with the man sitting next to him who told him this story. "The strangest thing happened to me years ago and it haunts me still. I was wounded during the Korean War and shipped to a hospital in Japan. While lying on that bed in the hospital and knowing I am an American, I felt the room fade from my view and suddenly I am in Europe, dancing with a lady who is dressed, like all the other ladies there, in hoop skirts. Knowing who I am, I said to my dancing partner, 'You know, this is a dream,' and with that remark she became frightened. As people gathered around me I told them that I was really an American soldier who was wounded in a hospital in Japan. I even told them what year it was, but to them the year had not yet arrived so the crowd became angry and I decided it was time to leave. So I simply assumed I was on my bed in the hospital in Japan, and when I opened my eyes, I was there."

This man hasn't yet completely awakened, but one day he will awaken from this dream that seems so consistent, just as you will. And when you do, you will experience every precept of scripture in what the world will call a dream.

Now, the 6th chapter of I Timothy tells us that "The love of money is the root of all evil," and in the 13th chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews, Paul tells us to: "Keep your life free from the love of money." When I was a little boy in the island of Barbados, every Sunday four of us boys would ride a big male donkey we used to sire horses to produce mules, down to my grandmother's house, where she would give each of us a coin. I received a penny. When we got out of my grandmother's sight, a man would meet us with a female donkey, and for my penny he would get on the back of his donkey and we would have wild ride home as our jackass chased his female donkey. This went on for a long time before my mother found out, and then she said: "You know, Nev, you aren't going to have anything, for you give everything away." I knew, intuitively, that the love of money was the root of all evil.

Now, to show how scripture fulfills itself in experience, I will share with you now a recent waking dream of

mine. I knew where my physical body was, and I knew what year it was, but I found myself standing on a street corner holding an enormous packet of bills of all denominations. As a woman passed by she reached over and grabbed some of my money. In her eagerness, several bills floated away from her and were grabbed by the other people passing by. Suddenly this lady became very angry and demanded that they all give her money back to her! She had just stolen it from me, but was now accusing the others of stealing it from her! Isn't that life? A man can trace the ownership of his property back to his forefather's who stole it, but he would be as mad as can be if a relative of the original owner tried to reclaim his property.

Now, in my dream I kept on moving through the labyrinthine ways of my mind, objectifying what I am encountering. Suddenly a man approached and asked if I wanted a taxi. Still holding my money I refused his invitation. Then many men began to gather around me and when I saw their faces, and their knives, I realized they were going to take my money as well as my life, so I reminded myself of where I was when I began the dream. I knew that if I awoke I would defeat their intention. I would survive, but none of us would get the money. The moment my decision was made, I dropped the money and returned to my bed. Now I know the truth of the statement, "The love of money is the root of all evil" for my vision is part of the eternal structure of the universe.

You, too, will have a vision such as mine after you have lost all desire for money. Yes, you will desire the necessary means to meet the needs of Caesar: to pay rent, taxes, and buy food and clothing; but you will know that you don't need a billion to meet them. Those who are hungry for more and more billions are sound asleep. If they heard what I am telling you now they would think me insane; but I would tell them that their dreams reveal a far deeper insanity, for they are sound asleep, believing their dreams to be reality.

Now, in the story, Jesus [sic] was a dreamer whose father so loved him he made him a robe with long sleeves. I wondered what was the importance of the sleeves, and then one night I had this experience. I was teaching the great mystery of God when a man entered the room and severed the sleeve of my robe to expose my right arm from the shoulder to my fingertips. The next morning I turned to the Book of Isaiah and read, "Who will believe our report? To whom has the arm of the Lord been revealed?" That night the sleeve of the robe worn by Joseph the dreamer, was severed, revealing my arm - the symbol of my imaginative power.

I know, now, that I - all imaginative power - have awakened from the dream. I know that is what you are also. I am trying to convince you of this, and ask you to test yourselves. If this world is real, you can't change it, for you cannot change reality; but you can change a dream. Feel the changes have now come upon you. Immerse yourself in that feeling and sustain it. If this is a dream, that which you are feeling will produce objective facts for others to see as real. But you will remember its origin was a dream. Once it becomes objective and real, don't get lost in the dream, for like all dreams, it will fade away. Everything comes into being, waxes, wanes, and vanishes. A tree may be 8000 years old, but it will eventually die. The stars are melting away because they are the dreams of the gods and

"Real are the dreams of gods  
And smoothly pass their pleasure  
In a long, immortal dream."

Imagination (gods) brought the world into being and sustains it while this grand experiment is taking place.

We are those gods (called sons) who collectively form God the Father.

No child is born that is not clothing a son of God, as told us in the 32nd chapter of the Book of Deuteronomy. "He has put bounds to the people according to the number of the sons of God." A child could not breathe without God's entrance as his breath. "God himself enters death's door, the human skull, and lays down in the grave of man in visions of eternity until he awakes and sees the linen clothes lying there that the females wove for him at the gate of his Father's house."

When I entered this garment that my mother - a female - wove for me, God - whose name is I AM - entered with me and began his dream. My mother called me Neville, and as time went by, I began to claim that I am Neville. Then one day we became one new being, for the "I" who entered the garment named Neville awoke to discover I am God. Then to prove to myself that I truly am He, God's son appeared before me and called me Father. Now, restrained by the body that I wear, I am limited and weak. But when I take it off and the world calls me dead, I will return to the one being out of which I came, for I came out from the Father and came into the world. Again I am leaving the world and returning to the Father.

If you know that you are God the Father, you will know that it does not matter what the world dreams. No matter how horrible the dream may appear to be, the dreamer is untouched by his dream. He who dreamed he was Stalin and murdered millions, is untouched by his dream and in the end will discover that all things work towards God's awakening.

The plea in the 44th Psalm "Rouse thyself, why sleepest thou O Lord. Awake. Do not cast us off forever," is directed to God, the God in everyone who is struggling to awaken. He is waking in my friend Bill, who had the experience of driving his car, knowing he was seated in his living room. These kinds of experiences break the threads that bind one to his dream, and as these threads begin to break he awakes within his own skull, for that is where the drama takes place.

Now in the story, when Joseph joined his brothers, they said to one another: "Let us kill him." But his brother, Judah pleaded for his life, saying: "No, he is our flesh and blood. Do not let his blood be upon us. Let us sell him into slavery." So they stripped him of his robe and threw him into a pit. Then a caravan, on its way to Egypt carrying gold, incense, and myrrh (the same things the kings brought to the Christ child at his birth) agreed to buy him; and Joseph was taken into Egypt, where he rose to the power of Pharaoh. Joseph then saved civilization from starvation. And when the brothers were sorry for what they had done, Joseph said: "You meant evil against me, but God meant it for good." Then his name was changed from Joseph to Joshua, which means Jesus.

Remember, scripture unfolds within you. The dreamer in you has been thrown into a pit. Now, in the 40th Psalm (which is so often used in the New Testament concerning Jesus) the 2nd verse reads: "They raised me up from the pit, out of the miry bog and placed my feet upon the rock, making my steps secure." The word "mire" is defined as "spongy earth." Can you think of anything that better describes the human brain? And man is called the earth, for the word "Adam" means "red earth." So the dreamer is taken out of the pit - the skull where he has been locked in - by awakening from his dream and being born from above.

You must experience two births: a physical one and a spiritual one. You are spiritually born through the awakening and resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. It is not another being born; you are he; for you

are all alone, and when you leave your tomb is empty.

The New Testament is all about the dreamer in you who awakens as Jesus Christ, and everything said of him is true. His history is divine, not secular.

You will never find any evidence of an historical Christ here on earth. Bishop Pike went looking, yet never found who Christ really is. The Pope, as well as the leaders of all Christian religions, have millions of people looking to them as guides; yet they are all blind leaders of the blind. The historical evidence of Christ as a man is nonexistent, yet he is the only reality and the true identity of every child born of woman.

You are Jesus Christ, sleeping, dreaming horrible dreams mixed with lovely ones; but in the end you will awaken from the dream to know you are Jesus Christ. You will then remain a little while to tell your experiences to those who are willing to be disillusioned and will allow their false ideas of the past to fall away; then you will leave this little shadow that walks across the earth to enter eternity as God.

What I have told you will live in your minds. Hold fast to the visions I have shared with you, for in time my Word will take root and grow within you. Then this wonderful story will erupt in you, and you will know you, too, are Jesus Christ. And, because there is only one Jesus Christ and only one son, when God's son calls you Father, you and I are one. That is the fantastic mystery. How we, retaining our individuality, are one!

Now let us go into the silence.