

Neville 11-13-1967

## GOD'S WORD

We are here in this world for one purpose and that is to fulfill God's Word, which is scripture. Oh, you can accomplish miracles while you are here, but God sent you - his Word - into the world, saying: "My Word shall not return unto me void. It must accomplish that which I purposed and prosper in the thing for which I sent it." You are that Word, and you are destined to fulfill scripture.

This past week a lady wrote me, saying: "Recently I have been having difficulty remembering my dreams, but this one was the most difficult I have ever encountered. I knew I had to surface to tell it to you, but it seemed like an endless depth of utter darkness from which I came. Holding onto the memory image of what I had experienced, I felt as though I were a diver who had plunged too deep and would never make the surface, but I did and this is my experience.

"I stood before Jerusalem's gates. They were enormous wooden gates with high, high walls. I was so thrilled to be there, but my thrill quickly vanished when I realized that the gates were closed. Then I found myself on a high hill, clothed in a body of light, which radiated from me in all directions. In the distance I could see the whole of earth with its curvature, and felt as though I stood in some space ship and shed my light on all. I knew that if I so desired I could rearrange everything I saw, yet I also knew that everything was ordered and as it should be. Then I began this terrific struggle to return to my earthly body, for I wanted to share what I had experienced."

In a book called, *Looking at Modern Painting*, there is a chapter on Max Beck, a modern symbolic artist. In it he said: "I awoke and yet continued dreaming, for I was William Blake, that noble emanation of English genius. Looking like some super-terrestrial patriarch, he waved friendly greetings and said to me, 'Do not be intimidated by the horrors of the world. Everything is ordered and correct and must fulfill its destiny in order to attain perfection. Seek this path and you will receive from your own aid, a deeper perception of the eternal beauty of creation. And you will know an ever increasing release from that which now seems so sad and terrible.'" Just like William Blake, this lady knew that everything is ordered and perfect and as it should be for man to experience.

Now let me share an experience of mine. When I was in my twenties I found myself in the presence of the most beautiful woman I could ever perceive, and a horrible, hairy monster which resembled an ape or a gorilla. The monster looked at the heavenly being and speaking in a guttural voice, he called her "mother". Well, I lost my temper, and as I pummeled it the monster began to grow. Thriving on violence, I realized that this was my emanation. He was the embodiment of every evil thought I had ever had and all of my violent acts, while the heavenly woman represented every noble, kind deed I had ever committed. Looking from one to the other I vowed to myself (since there was no one present with whom I could make a contract) that if it

took me eternity I would redeem this monster. As I made this commitment, the monster began to melt before my eyes. And as it dissolved, all of my misspent and misused energy that went into the shaping of this monster as I traveled the path of time, returned to me. Feeling like infinite power, I watched the radiant creature begin to glow like the sun as I awoke.

Now let us take these two experiences from scripture. We are told in the 8th chapter of the Book of Mark, that when the blind man's eye was opened, he said "I see men as trees, walking." And in the 4th chapter of the Book of Daniel, the king - while lying on his bed - had a vision of the tree of life, a tree which fed the world, housed the birds of the air, and sheltered the animals. Then a man appeared, saying: "Hew the tree down, cut off its branches, strip the leaves and scatter its fruit. But leave the stump of the roots in the earth, bound with a band of iron." The pronoun is now changed to: "Let him be watered with the dew of heaven, let him make his abode with the beasts of the field. Let his mind be changed from that of a man and let the mind of a beast be given to him. Let seven times pass over him until he learns that the Most High rules the kingdom of men and gives it to whom he wills."

In the creation of both the wonderful being and the monstrous one, I wore the heart and the mind of the beast, as we all do while covered with this animal body of flesh. I am the tree of life that was felled to become man. This lady experienced the tree of life, as she gave life to every object she looked upon. She saw that the gates of Jerusalem were locked, and she saw correctly, for there is only one way into the city of God called Jerusalem, and that is up the water shaft. In the 5th chapter of 2 Samuel we are told that David captured the city of Zion by moving up the water shaft, which he built from the outer, inward and up at the same time. Well, the only way you can ever build from the out, in and up at the same time is to build in a spiral. The city of God is entered only up the spiral ladder of your spine into your skull.

Have you ever seen pictures of man with his skin off, exposing all of his veins, arteries, and nerves? That's the tree of life, which is rooted in the brain and inverted. Having gone down into generation, you have taken your power there to generate sex and animate forms. The day will come when your creative power is resurrected and you enter the world of regeneration, to create without a divided image. Knowing yourself to be the creator of all life, in the resurrection you are above the organization of sex.

How many times during the history of the world have men done violence to themselves trying to bring this power about. Many of the early fathers of the Christian faith castrated themselves in the hope that they could produce it, but it happens only when you are turned around. In my own case, I felt myself being split in two from top to bottom. Then I saw that golden liquid light which had gone down into generation and knew it to be myself. Fusing with that which I beheld, I went up the water shaft in a serpentine motion and entered Jerusalem, the city of love, and no one can enter any other way. So she saw it perfectly. That was a foreshadowing of the power that is in store for her.

We are told in the Book of Revelation: "I beheld the city of God, the new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." Well, "Your maker is your husband, the Lord of Host is his name." You are the maker of this beautiful creature, creating her out of every noble act that you have ever committed. She is your emanation, yet your wife, till the sleep of death is past.

And you are the maker of this monstrous thing that is unseen until that moment in time when you reach the threshold and must wake the decision to redeem your misused energy or not. He is the embodiment of every

unlovely, vile thing you have ever imagined. Feeding on violence, he whispers in your ear morning, noon, and night, urging you to violate everything you love. Thoughts you think are hidden, feed this monster and make him stronger and stronger. In the 8th chapter of the Book of Ezekiel we are told that they went into their chambers, saying: "No one sees me," and they carve every abominable beast on the walls of the temple. All right, "I am the temple of the Living God." I carve all these thoughts on the inside saying, "No one sees what I am doing," but I am seeing and hearing it as I am doing it, and there is no other God besides me.

Housed in you, God put upon himself the garment of an animal, the mind of an animal and the heart of an animal when the tree was felled. Man thinks the tree of life is going to be found on the outside, but it is not there. Blake said it so beautifully in his wonderful poem, "Sons of Experience, The Human Abstract":

"The Gods of the earth and sea,  
Sought thro' Nature to find this Tree,  
But their search was all in vain:  
There grows one in the Human Brain."

Fifteen or sixteen years ago, in vision, I saw these wonderful men walking like stallions. Such magistry, with antlers coming out of their heads so high they disappeared into the sky. Then I saw a man who at that time was third in the government of England. (A very controversial figure, he disliked aristocracy, wealth, or anything that he considered noble. He tried to nationalize all industry, and in the trying he nearly broke England.) This man took a tree from the outside and put it on his head, stood on the highest hill, jumped, and fell flat. Getting up again, he climbed the hill, placed the tree on his head, jumped, and fell again. He was trying to wear the tree of life on the outside, trying to change the structure of the world by spending money, and not changing self. Just like someone covered with tar offering to help you clean the house, a man with unclean hands cannot make things clean!

You cannot give another that which you do not have. As a nation we have just sent millions of dollars to nations, thinking we are going to change them, but change does not come that way. There is no power on the outside. The power that lifts you up so that you can remove mountains comes from within, and it doesn't turn up until your spiritual body is split. Then and only then are you turned around, and the energy that went down into generation is turned up into regeneration.

Castrating yourself or signing the vow of celibacy means nothing. You can be celibate from now to the ends of time, but you will dream of sex. You will end up with a cesspool for a mind and condemn every lovely girl and boy who go to the altar in marriage, and claim their offspring is sin. Of all the nonsense in the world! If that is true, then they - the offspring of a sinful act - are the embodiment of sin are they not? I tell you: you can't bottle this energy. Sex is natural when your energy is turned down, but one day it will be turned up, and you will know a creative power greater than anything you could ever imagine while your imagination is divided.

Believe me when I tell you: everyone must face their monster and their heavenly being, for no one is devoid of lovely thoughts. The love you felt for your mother when you were a child, or when you gave from the heart - these are the acts that go into making your lovely ideal. When a friend of mine died, Kathleen Norris wrote her husband, saying: "I have never known a more giving person. She never wrote me a letter but what she enclosed a recipe, a poem, a clipping from a paper, or a handkerchief. She never waited until Christmas to

give in the hope she would receive as generous a gift (as most people do) but gave all through the year.” This lady has been feeding her heavenly being, and one day she, too, will face her monster just as you will, because you are the God who created it and what God has made he can unmake.

God is not made and therefore cannot be unmade. He is the maker. He makes his new Jerusalem, his emanation yet his wife till the sleep of death is past, and he also makes his Hell through his mistaken use of energy. One day you will stop feeding it and vow to yourself that you will redeem it, even if it takes eternity. But it doesn't take eternity; right before your eyes he gets smaller and as all of the energy that it embodied returns to you to now use wisely and lovingly.

Any time you use your imagination lovingly on behalf of another, you are building your new Jerusalem, and one day she will descend attired as a bride. You are building her out of your noble thoughts; that's why I say: “Live so that your mind can store a past worthy of recall, for the mind whose contents vanish suffers loss, though you yourself cannot be lost, but only as through fire will you awaken.”

So I want to thank this lady for sharing her perfectly marvelous experience with me that I may share it with you. She saw the perfect vision, the beautiful imagery of Jerusalem. But the city is a bride, an emanation of beauty that returns to you to become one, making you infinitely greater because of that union. Having emanated both, when your misspent energy returns to you, you wear it, not as two but as one. Then leaving all, you will cleave to your emanation of beauty to become one being; thereby you are enhanced in beauty, enhanced in love, enhanced in wisdom and power by reason of your journey. So do no violence to these bodies of yours in the hope of entering Jerusalem. As Blake said:

“I give you the end of a golden string,  
Only wind it into a ball:  
It will lead you in at Heavens gate,  
Built in Jerusalem's wall.”

The body you wear is not the gate. It is only the shadow. You must go to the center where the king dwells, for it is there that you know you are the king. Then all the blind and lame thoughts who kept you out while you struggled to find the truth, are destroyed.

Man is the tree of life. I have seen them walking. One day a friend of mine in San Francisco who is an artist was waiting for me at the Palace Hotel. As I came through the door into the three to four storied lobby, she saw my 5'11" body as a stallion with antlers reaching up to the sky and drew a picture of them, even to the same suit I wore. Now, the lady whose vision I shared tonight saw them as radiations from every part of her body, but my artist friend saw them as antlers. They both saw that which is not of this world.

Your ultimate goal is not to become a millionaire or to be famous, but to fulfill the Word of God. “My Word shall not return unto me void, but must accomplish that which I purpose and prosper in the Word who cut yourself down and left just the roots. You placed bands around you so that you would grow and reach the sky and the birds would come and nest. The tree of life is not in some little garden of God on the outside; you are that tree whose energies have gone down into generation. One day the power that you are will be regenerated, and your invested tree will stand erect and bear the fruit of life.

Now let us go into the silence.