

Neville 12-12-1969

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE

The words of one in whom the great mystery of life unfolded, are enigmatic. And the evangelist who wrote the gospels, kept that great mystery as it was told. In the 17th chapter of the Book of John, he is speaking to God the Father, the depth of himself, saying: "Now I am no more in the world, but they are in the world and I am coming to thee. Holy Father, keep in thy name that which thou hast given to me that they may be one, even as we are one." (The only name that can bind us together and make us one is Father. When you and I discover that we really are the Father, we will understand the mystery of life.) Now he makes this statement: "I have guarded them and none is lost but the son of perdition that the scripture might be fulfilled."

Bear in mind, this is not secular history, but salvation history; so who is this son of perdition that is lost? Scholars claim it is one called Judas, but that is not true. If you want to get close to the answer, read the 18th Psalm, which is repeated in the 22nd chapter of 2 Samuel. This is a hymn David sings, praising the Lord for saving him from death and destruction. And the word "perdition" means "death and destruction."

Let me take these enigmatic words and show you what they really mean. The son of perdition is one who hears, but refuses to accept, the Christian revelation. The 2nd chapter of 2 Thessalonians tells us that: "The lawless one, the son of perdition, will be revealed and the Lord Jesus will slay him with the breath of his mouth and destroy him by his appearing and his coming."

I tell you salvation's story as I have experienced it. You may deny my words, or agree with them. Those who deny me are the anti-Christ, the son of perdition. They themselves will not be destroyed, for the mystery of Christ will unfold in them.

Rather, the state of consciousness in which they dwell, will be lost, to them "for none have I lost but the son of perdition." No individual will, or can be, destroyed, for he is a son of God. He can fall into the state known as the son of perdition, and while in it, completely deny this incredible story is true. But when it awakens in him and becomes true, then he has nowhere to go but to admit the experience.

If I tell you the incredible story and you think it is silly, I am not concerned, but confident it is going to happen in you; and when it does, what you thought before does not matter.

And so it is with others that come after you: When they are confronted with the experience, their thoughts and beliefs change. Everyone will be saved, and the only thing that is lost is the state of consciousness in which the individual lived when he heard salvation's story and could not accept it.

The son of perdition has nothing to do with any Judas, for he is the one who betrays the messianic secret. No

one could ever betray you but yourself, for no one knows your secret but yourself! Judas is Judah, the Lion's whelp. He is the only son named in the genealogy of Jesus. "Jacob was the father of Judah and his brothers." Judah is the one who knows and tells the secret.

The son of perdition is not an individual man who can be destroyed, because every child born of woman is a son of God; and it takes all of his Sons to form God, as told us in the 32nd chapter of Deuteronomy: "He has put bounds to the peoples according to the number of the sons of God." And every child born here is an emanation of a son of God.

The word "Elohim," translated "God," is a plural word. We are told that "In the beginning God (Elohim) created the heavens and the earth, saying: `Let us make man in our image.'" Then the gods (Elohim) came down and buried themselves in humanity, and not one son can be lost, only the son of perdition, the state of consciousness which rejects and denies the Christian revelation.

You may question how a man can be consumed in the fire, turn to dust, and yet survive; but I tell you: all things are restored to life by the seed of contemplative thought, even the little discarded flower. That is restoration; but I am speaking of resurrection where the son is resurrected, not the body of flesh and blood he wears here. He who occupies a body that is always restored, is a son of God going through the world of death. And when his journey is over, he awakens from his great dream of death by the signs of life that follow.

Now, calling himself the son of man, Jesus speaks of himself in the future, saying: "When the son of man comes, will he find faith on earth?" Jesus is always coming, always awakening, in man. The great mystery called Christmas is the beginning of the signs of faith of which many will reject, as told us in the 2nd chapter of Luke. When Simeon took the little child in his arms he called it a sign for the fall and rising of many in Israel saying, "Thoughts out of many hearts will be revealed." This is true, for I have told the story and some have accepted it while others have disbelieved.

But even those who deny it now will one day pull themselves out of the state of perdition by finding Jesus rise in them as their very being. Then, by the breath of his mouth (the word of God), perdition will be slain by the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, for the Word cannot return void. It must accomplish that for which it was sent. The gospel is the Word of God which actually became you that you may become the Word. Sending himself into the world as sons, God raises himself back to the awareness of being the Father.

Now he tells us, "When you see me you have seen the Father." How can this be? When you see me you know me to be yourself. You will never see the Father outside of yourself. If anyone should come saying, "Lord, there he is, or here he is," do not believe him for you will never find God outside of yourself. He will rise in you and you will know him only when his only begotten son, David, stands before you and calls you Father. Then and only then can you say, "I have found David, the son of Jesse (I AM), a man after my own heart who will do all my will."

In the state of consciousness called the son of perdition you cannot believe my incredible story. But the state will be destroyed by the breath of his mouth, as his Word unfolds in you. Although you denied it prior to the eruption of the Word in you, after you experience all that is said of Jesus Christ, you know you are he, and you cannot deny it. So the son of perdition is the only one that is slain, the only one that is lost. It's part of the

play.

Everyone called by any name is saved, because it has already happened and will continue to happen; for I am in them and they are in me. Holy Father, keep them in thy name which thou has given me. That name is Father. I have kept them in the name thou gavest me by telling them that they are the Father, and they are moving towards the discovery of it. Although some did not believe me, I have guarded them and none of them is lost but the son of perdition, that the scripture (which is thy Word) might be fulfilled. I told them thy Word as I experienced it. I interpreted thy Word to them, and Father - they heard it. Some rejected it and some believed it. In spite of those who rejected it, may I say: they cannot die, for they are my brothers as we came down into this fragmented state together.

In this morning's Los Angeles Times Book Review section, several of Robert Grave's poems were printed. As I read them this one little verse stood out and my heart jumped within me. These are the words, if I recall them correctly:

"Hold fast with both hands
To that Royal love which alone
As we know certainly,
Restores fragmentation into true unity."

What a revelation! The great poets are the ones who see so clearly. And those who have the capacity to use words, as Robert Graves has, say it so beautifully.

In the world the One is fragmented into the many. Regardless of the pigment of your skin, your race, your nation or belief, the world is the fragmented Rock that I saw back in 1934. During that time I was a dancer. The country was in the deep depression, and people could not afford to pay to be entertained by a dancer.

I lived in a basement apartment on 75th Street in New York City, not knowing where the next dollar was coming from. I did not despair, however, but sat in the silence and quietly closed my eyes. I was not thinking of anything in particular, just resting with my eyes shut, watching the golden clouds which always come, as all the dark convolutions of the brain grow luminous. As I contemplated this golden, liquid light, a quartz approximately 20" in diameter suddenly appeared, then fragmented itself into numberless parts. As I watched, they gathered themselves together into a human form seated in the lotus posture. Startled, I realized that I was looking at myself - but a self containing such majesty of face and beauty of features, that I could never have believed possible. There was nothing I could have added to that perfection to improve it.

I was looking at myself in deep meditation, not as a piece of clay, but a living statue. Then it began to glow and increased in luminosity until it reached the intensity of the sun and exploded; and I awoke to find myself still seated in my chair in my little basement apartment in New York City. Turning to scripture, I read the 32nd chapter of Deuteronomy: "Of the Rock that begot you, you are unmindful and of the God who gave you birth you are unaware."

Then in the 10th of 1 Corinthians, I read: "They drank from the spiritual Rock which followed them, and the Rock was Christ." Now I know that within all is Christ, the Rock that never fails.

Back in 1929, the market broke, and 17 million men were unemployed. At that time we only had a population of maybe 130 million, whereas today we number 204 million. Our bins were filled, but people could not pay the tax or get the money to distribute the food.

By 1934 I had already gone through five years of the depression, so I wasn't worrying about my next meal, or my next job for that matter. I was just resting, for by this time depression was a state of mind. So, as I daily did, I sat in my chair and turned my attention inward, into my brain, and contemplated within.

Then, as always, the clouds began to appear, grow luminous, and move in lovely, billowy, golden liquid light. Then came the rock. The perfect imagery of scripture. And the Rock was Christ. He formed himself into me, but me as a perfect being.

Everyone is destined to have these experiences. They are enigmatic but - luckily for us --those who recorded the story in the gospels kept the mystery in the words, and did not try to explain them in detail. Many will deny it, but they are not lost because of their denial, for nothing is lost but the son of perdition - the belief in destruction and death.

Everyone, seeing their friends depart this world have to admit to themselves that things do die. We came down into a world where everything dies; yet I tell you: nothing really dies, but returns by the seed of contemplative thought. But that is not the mystery of Christmas.

I tell you: God himself is housed in that which appears to die. He is dreaming this dream of death which we call life. One day he will awaken through a definite series of events, beginning with his resurrection. Blake claims the sleep of death is 6,000 years. I do not know how long my dream was, but I do know that when I awoke it seemed as though I had been there for an eternity.

My skull was completely sealed, but I had an innate knowledge as to what to do. I pushed the base of my skull and something gave, leaving a hole which I squeezed myself through and came out of that skull, just like a child comes out of its mother's womb.

Then the imagery of scripture, as told in the 2nd chapter of the Book of Luke, surrounded me. I held the sign - the little child wrapped in swaddling clothes - in my arms and saw the three witnesses to the event, those who were told to "Go quickly into Bethlehem where you will find a sign that a Savior was born this day."

God is the savior of the world as told us in the 43rd and 45th chapters of the Book of Isaiah. "I am the Lord your God, the Holy One of Israel, your Savior and besides me there is no savior." The savior's name is I am.

It is God who awoke when I awoke in my skull. In the Book of Psalms, God is told to "Rouse thyself, why sleepest thou, O Lord." It is God who sleeps and dreams the dream of life, animating the world of death until he awakes within the skull of man where he first entered. His departure from that tomb is the birth we now celebrate on the 25th day of December.

This is followed by the great revelation of remembrance, for on that day God's son David reveals your fatherhood. After this revelation you will understand the words of Robert Grave's poem which I have quoted, because only then will you know true unity. If I am the father of your son, and one you know other than the

speaker is the father of our son, are we not one father? So in the end there is only one body, one Lord, one Spirit, one God and Father of all.

One body fell. Its fragmentation is humanity. We are all sons of God being collected and brought back into the true unity as God the Father. Having played all the parts - the good, the bad and the indifferent - your son reveals your fatherhood. When these signs confront you, your journey is at its end.

Christianity is based upon the affirmation that a series of events happened in which God revealed himself in action for the salvation of his sons. God brings all the sons back by giving them himself; and it takes all the sons to form God, so in the end there is only God the Father.

It takes one who has experienced scripture to explain it. Who would have believed the third chapter of John could be literally true? Calling himself the son of man he said: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the son of man be lifted up."

I know this truth from experience for I - a son of man - was lifted up in spiral form, just like a fiery serpent, right into the kingdom of heaven - which is within, as told us in the Book of Luke. As the temple of the Living God, my body split from top to bottom, and I - the son of man - rose into that heavenly state like a serpent, as it reverberated like thunder.

And who would have thought that when the Holy Spirit descends, it is in the bodily form of a dove, but it is. The Holy Spirit so loves you because you have finished the work that you, yourself, set out to do, that he penetrates the ring of offense to demonstrate his love.

We, a brotherhood of one, agreed to dream in concert before we descended and became fragmented. In this world we are seemingly separate brings, at war with one another, and yet there is no other because eventually we will be the Father of God's only son. So,

"Hold fast with both hands
To that Royal Love which alone
As we know certainly,
Restores fragmentation into true unity."

Here is one who stands before you and speaks of being here, yet tells you that he is to come. Then he asks the question: "Will he find faith upon the earth?" So he is always coming, always awakening, and one in whom he awakens turns to his immediate circle and wonders if anyone will believe him.

In the story, Jesus is a wine bibber, a glutton, a man of the world who loves harlots and tax collectors and all the sinners. He has awakened in me, and because I, too, like a good dinner, a good bottle of wine, and a few good martinis, my testimony is dismissed; and I am considered an impostor, because this is not a popular concept of what Jesus ought to be.

But I say to you, if anyone tells you: "Come, I have found him," do not go, because God cannot be found any place but within you. He is buried in you, will awaken in you, and rise in you, as you.

"It does not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he appears we shall be like him." Have you seen his face? It is just like yours, but raised to the nth degree of perfection. He is the Rock, and the Rock is Christ. We have forgotten the Rock that begot us, and are unmindful of the Rock that gave us birth.

That Rock was fragmented, and you forgot that the world round about you was nothing more than yourself pushed out. So you have fought shadows, believing in the seeming other, when housed within that seeming other is the only God, and you are he. The same series of events will awaken in him as they will in you, and in the end we will all know each other.

Even though I know I am God the Father, and you know that you are God the Father, there is no loss of identity. And for all the identity of person, there is this strange, peculiar discontinuity of earthly form. You will wear your earthly face, raised to the nth degree of perfection. You will have a human voice and hands, but your body is indescribable. It is wisdom and above all things, it is Love.

Everyone in the universe will experience the mystery we are now about to celebrate, called Christmas. This is not some little day that took place once and for all 2,000 years ago. It is always taking place, for it is the coming of God, awakening within man. Were he not in you, you could not breathe. So he slays the son of perdition by the breath of his mouth, and destroys him by his appearing and his coming.

God the Father is within you, emanating the garment you are wearing. He cleaves to it, and you - in turn - cleave to him, until one day you learn to love only one being, and see that one being reflected in all things.

Hold to him. His name is I am. He loves his emanation and will cleave to him and they will become one. Then he awakes, wearing that individualized face which is perfect. I will meet you in eternity and I will know you; but for all the identity of person, there will be a discontinuity of form. A form that is glorious beyond the wildest dream of man. The form is all power, all wisdom, and all love. We purposely descended into this world to accomplish that end.

I hope that when you get together on Christmas day to celebrate with your family and friends, that you will remember what Christmas really means, and know that everyone present will have this experience.

They, too, will awaken to being God the Father. This I know, and because there is only one Father, he is one with the world. All the brothers will return, and in returning they will be God the Father; for it was God's pleasure and will to give himself to all of his sons, so when all return, they are God Himself.

Now let us go into the silence.