

The Child Within Us *Lives!* by William Samuel pp. 404 – 408

BOOK CONCLUSION

THE ROLE OF THE CHILD WITHIN US

We are watching television, and an unexpected scene brings a tear to the eye. The emotion we feel is the Child stirring within. Subtly, *unnoticed thoughts inward toward the Child and outward to the scene at hand* combine in stillness to elicit a movement of the Child within—and we *feel* it. What hasn't been common knowledge is that the Child lies at the seat of simple, honest emotions that have to do with the tender things, the true things, the good things of the human condition.

We see the enthusiasm of a puppy whose whole body wiggles in tail-wagging excitement, its head nuzzling the hands and feet of a friend. The response we feel from the center of us is the Child within confirming that the joy outside IS the joy within, one joy. What hasn't been common knowledge is that our empathy comes from the Original Child of us, the Good of us, eager to prove It is ever here as the Real.

We see something as we round a turn of the pathway and are tinged with some distant nostalgia, a statement within reminding us of a pleasant time in our affairs or a happy place we know. What hasn't been common knowledge is that the seat of feeling within us is the Child's domain and that our response to the unfolding view, in fact or in memory, is the Child's reminder that we *are* that Child, *not merely the body that walks the pathway or thunders hell-bent and unthinking through a human experience.*

We see the sight of dolphins and porpoises playing alongside the ship of life. Suddenly we *feel* their joy and freedom, their uninhibited playfulness, and we are relieved. What hasn't been common knowledge is that their joy and zest is our joy and zest. If

we had not learned what joy is, we would not recognize it in the world—and it is the Child of us that responds, *feeling* the same joy and zest. Our body is renewed. What hasn't been common knowledge until now is that it is the living Identity of us, the immortal Child who is stirring within, telling us It is willing to be up and out and into our affairs, bringing us up and out of the old nature to take us home to the Real again.

We see two old folks walking slowly, hand in hand, for their evening stroll. Suddenly something within us responds—goodness knows what we feel, but it is very good. It is warm. It is refreshing and delightful. It is in response to the *Child's lessons learned* somewhere along our old man's line of life. *But the Child is the responder to the scene at hand*, telling us that we are not the unfeeling, dispassionate aging person we thought we were. Rather, we are the Child within that doesn't grow old. We live and we know we live. We are coming *back* to our senses again. What hasn't been common knowledge before is that we are not the old person looking on the scene at hand, but we are the Child, the Awareness of God, looking at the subjectivity of Godhead.

Sometimes it is the Child that dreams our dreams for us—dreams to be thought about a little. It seems to me that some of my dreams do not come from the inmost Child of Me but out of my old worldly imbalances, hinting at something for me to *unbind* in the world I am. Something to forgive and forget. But on the mornings when I awaken to freshness and eagerness, I can be sure the Child has been at Its work during sleep, being instructed by the Father of Life.

Now, ever so slowly, line upon line, in these days at hand we are becoming aware that the Child within is the REAL of us, the IDENTITY that walks hand in hand with God, and we are beginning to let that trustworthy Child lead us. The Child I am speaks to me and writes these words. Nothing I can write of myself will be worthy of that Inner One made in the Image of God, but with the Child's help I try. The response one feels to these

thoughts and ideas comes certainly from the Heart, the Child, not at all from the dying nature of the unreal man who ridicules and laughs at the idea of an eternal ongoingness of Life. The Child laughs, too—oh, how he laughs and claps his hands!—but not in derision or hurtfulness. The Child laughs in honest *confirmation* that the Heart of us *lives* and is eternally about the Father's business.

And I shall write my law in their inward parts and write it in their heart; and will be their God, and they shall be my people. They shall teach no more every man his neighbor and every man his brother, saying "Know the Lord" for they shall all know me from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord, and I will remember their sin no more. (Jeremiah)

The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. (Isaiah)

Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. (Jesus)

While ye have light, believe in the light, that ye may be the children of light. (Jesus)

Ye are all the children of light and the children of day. (Paul)

Suffer little children to come unto me... for such is the kingdom of God. (Jesus)

It is the Child that sees the primordial secret in Nature and it is the child of ourself we return to. The child within us is simple and daring enough to live the Secret. (Chungtse)

For where the beginning is, there shall be the end. (Jesus)

The children of the promise are counted for the seed. (Paul)

We are the children of the promise. (Paul)

I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth. (John)

Who is that Child, my friend, if it isn't the one buried beneath the adulthood of yourself? We look for the Child and the Child stirs to tell us It lives. We reach for the Child and the Child comes running into our gut to respond and say, "I am come!" We begin to see small wonders again, the way we saw them as children. We acknowledge these wonders as gifts from God and, lo, they come more frequently. We gird up our loins and dare tell others of the gentle Child within them, and our wonders increase and grow apace. We thank God for the Child of Life by telling our subjective selfhood of the Child they are. Imperceptibly, bit by bit, we let the inner Child lead us to the right hand and to the left. Imperceptibly, our reliance on external authority gives way to the Light of Life within ourselves, and we quarrel no longer with any man. Then we see the Child in all men, even the arrogant and scornful, even the feeble and sick. As we look for the Child in ourselves, we see It in all men and see them coming alive as well. *THIS is to give God what is God's.*

*UNDERSTANDING TIME
AND THE END DAYS OF TIME'S DOMINION*

Now it is, in these late days in the ongoingness of mortal life, that the attention of the one who survives will be turned to the Child within himself. He will be comforted and profited in his worldly affairs, and in his heart he will grow wealthy. As this Child-consciousness grows in the world and as these renewing people communicate with one another around the earth, writing and telling *their own glimpses and glimmers of the Child's joy*—no longer reciting the words of others as proof of their own wisdom—there will be a remarkable synergistic assembly of feeling within humanity beyond the grandest hope of anyone. Out of this unexpected synergism of Light, like a plant sending up a tall stem with a great flower on it, so the world will send up a newness of Child-people, blooming as a flower of Renewed Life—just like a

fall flower finally coming to bloom in the late days before the frost. After nearly eleven thousand years of human time, God's Tree of Life is coming into bloom. There will be a special Joy beyond joy felt by those who are part of this Flower of Life, the offspring of Godhead, seed from the Original Seed.

But listen, listen. It is the Tree that blooms, not we ourselves. Those who are led by the Child become the Living Blossom of Life here on earth—a new brotherhood, a new Community without leaders or temples, subservient to naught but the Child and its Source. This flower may be shaken by the laughter, envy and scorn of the incredulous, and assaulted by pseudo-authorities whose power appears to be threatened. But the Child is a threat to no one. Before us lies a brief and severe time when the flower is shaken by the wind and the petals seem to be scattered again and when those who are not holding fast to the inner Child's hand will wonder who the real prophets are. But from the Flower will come the Seed that will be taken up for the reseeded and ongoingness of tangible life. The tree will perish, but the seed will live.

How do I know this is so? Because it has been shown to me by the Child I am—and I see confirmation of the Divine Process and Its Equation in all nature. All one must do to know these things are happening already, is to look and see that they are happening. Line upon line now, but soon precept upon precept, more than a little here and a little there, the New Community already begins to flower and be seen by Everyman, first fruits of the Tree of Life—from out of which comes the Seed eternal.

All tangibility, all Da Shan and the life teeming on its slopes, is the subjectivity of God, not man. The Life that reads these words is the Awareness of God, not man. The synergism we feel in the community of our families and most meaningful groups is only a fraction of the Divine Energy and Light of Godhead's Life soon to be felt by those who summon forth the Child within *and dare to become that Child*. The downward human spiral of energy that culminates in selfness and the reproduction of human life will turn

around to spiral upward and out, bringing with it the incomparable Energy of Life in its wholeness, joined with the Groom—and this joy is yet to be experienced by men and women. It is reserved for the final flowering of Life. It begins with the Child within. We get busy and find It. We live the Equation, giving and receiving, receiving and giving to all mankind. We write and tell of the Child's Glimpses because we are ourselves the only ones who can tell our own Glimpses of Light—they come to us immaculately and individually and to no one else. We are charged to give them to our others. The Glimpse contains the pollen of Life and we give it freely. We accept it and pass it along. We live God's Equation with joy.

As it might be said in the East, the night of Brahman falls as soon as the harvest of the Seed is accomplished. The Morning of the New Day comes quickly.



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