

THE MYSTICISM OF JOURNAL TENDING
A special word to writers about Understanding

Words can be deceivers.

Words are man-made symbols of symbols.

One may turn from the word to the symbol (or from the symbol to the word) and find himself one step closer to Reality. Then he looks behind the symbol (or the word) and *there IT* is, arriving as a Glimpse of light.

From the Glimpse, we see the world from Zen's final position and see the symbol in the new Light, to find it changed or somehow different—which means, whatever words (symbols of symbols) we write NOW will be different from those written before we first turned from the symbol of the symbol. *The words we write become clearer and simpler because they are a distillate from our earlier intellectual confusion and indecision.*

This is why, with glimpses, I am able to say more every day and write more now than I ever dreamed possible. This “more” may be less in numbers of words because, being the distillate, *it is to the point* and easy to comprehend by the heart of mankind. It goes to the heart of the matter directly, whether the intellect comprehends or not. The Child is enlivened.

Oh, there is certain to be the usual intellectual argument within myself, especially if the words are poorly written. If one doesn't want argument in the world, his words should “make sense” to the intellectual view. And one should not *want* argument! Argument may shake the intellect, but it doesn't explain it or lessen it. Contrariwise, argument brings the intellect to use all excuses to

maintain its old position and justify its cherished existence as the human authority. The intellect rises no higher than the intellect. Its domain is the tangible world. Like Herod, it slaughters whatever threatens it or doesn't compute intellectually. So, we get our words to make sense as much as possible and then let intellectualism rail as it likes—while we remain true to the Glimpse and heed the Heart's vista of Truth. The Heart KNOWS and, in the end, *prevails*.

We read correct words, expecting Heart *confirmation*. Confirmation comes with healing on its wings.

Then we turn from the symbol of symbols to reinterpret the world. The world is a step closer. We hear ourselves saying, “As I be lifted into new Glimpses of Light, the world I see is lifted likewise.”

To say this another way: I have learned to address the heart of those with whom I talk, *using the intellect's own rules to do it, thereby avoiding an unnecessary argument with ego and arrogance!* I speak to the Child that's there before me, using the Child's own words. The Child is all that's *real*. The Child, the heart, is the Same Me.

Before the mist lifted, my words were directed to the intellect where they could be understood by the intellect, but the intellect is capable of going no higher than the arena where words were created as symbols for things.

After the mist lifted, my words were directed to the Heart, with full knowledge they must pass through the intellect which permits only what it will.

There is a good reason why we think we have insight so long before we really do. The intellectual knowledge of things isn't the full knowledge of them. But, listen listen: neither the intellectual

understanding nor the Heart's understanding is the Truth Itself.
Truth is *more* yet.

At some point (a point of travail for most of us), the Truth-beyond-the-limit-of-the-intellect comes quietly onto the scene. Line upon line, precept upon precept... Lo! The scene becomes a Scene, new each moment, wonderful beyond the ordinary.

“Let him who has ears to hear” ... understand what is written here before he publishes words that sound as if he knows when he doesn't.



NOW I know why an arrogant belief of understanding puffs us up with human satisfaction and personal pride long before Understanding consciously arrives. That time of understanding-before-Understanding is an impertinent and vainglorious time which has been addressed in so many ways in the literature of the world. This unrecognized vaingloriousness is especially deluding to those of us who fancy ourselves mirrors of the Light, teachers of Truth, ministers, priests and practitioners, writers, seekers along the pathway, instruments of God or any of the nearly infinite human absurdities we get snagged into believing *we are*, in our bewitching vanity of vanities.

The hooks of pride are so subtle, so evanescent and beguiling that *none I know have escaped them*. But these hooks are not *bad* either. They are ultimately understood and seen as a *necessary* part of the Plan. They are our twisting in the wind and writhing time; our wriggling out of the cocoon time; our me-dying time. It is a terribly difficult time but a Good-beyond-good Time! It was the time I stuck my head farthest into my own darkness, looking for light there but finding anguish instead.

Ah, but fortunately, these were the times I intuitively knew to disappear from the human scene *and write to no one but God*. Thank God for that! Of all times, the mirage-in-the-wilderness time is not the time to spew words into the ears of one's "others" or into print. Pity the minister who feels obligated to speak to his congregation twice a week! Look at the travesties pouring from the printers and presses, subjectively all my own echoes of me-sense talking when I could have been listening, the real Vision just beyond my arrogance, seen through the me-sense darkly.

The question comes: *Are these* words any different? *Yes*, yes—but I can't make anyone "out there" believe this. We let the Heart tell us whether or not there is Authority behind the words on these pages or any others.

Certainly Samuel is not the Authority of honesty. Authority lies with the Life who looks and listens to catch Truth's glimpses, here a little, there a little. The trees in the field minister with straightforward, unpretentious honesty. So must we.

Father, keep the me-sense and its self-righteous search for Truth silent and subdued. Sound the Melody *beyond* the echoing canyons. In the contriteness of Me—the me-sense still—let Me hear the Morning Stars singing. Then, Father of Light, help me sing as I should, giving the melody to the wind.



These words mark a measure of the Song I hear today and of the Joy I'm blessed to feel: Only God knows what words will be written tomorrow.