

## Woodsong Series

By William Samuel

Tape #7

Hello friends, this is William Samuel at Woodsong in Alabama, sending you greetings. I begin by telling you that your letters and your support and your words of encouragement are very much appreciated. For that matter, even your criticism, your constructive criticism is appreciated too. Especially useful to us are your insights, however they come, your confirmation and your illustrations that might indicate that we here at Woodsong, are being helpful, if no more than to stir you up, which is what the conversation that follows is quite likely to do.

New way  
is beauty  
& light

Years ago, I discovered a new way to look at the world—a new way to think, a new position from which I could view the universe—and that position let me see beauty and wonders that were not apparent to the old way, to the old position, to the Old Think. Well now, this new way to think, this way to view the world seems wonderful and marvelous to me. At the time it happened I was absolutely certain it was virgin and pristine and that it never before had been seen by anyone. I've since learned that this experience is awaiting everyone and will for each come as it did with me, with the absolute conviction that it's unique and new.

War

In any event, shortly after that experience, I was carried away to a war—my second time to go to war—wherein every aspect of my new vision, of this new position, the new way to think, was put to an awful test, an awesome test which, at the time I might say, that seemed entirely unjust and undeserved. I wondered, well how could I, on the one hand, be granted insights so marvelous that all things were new—even the view of warfare between nations and individuals were seen to be not as they appear. How could that be true—and then I am immediately, on the other hand, subjected to every humanly horrible indignity and deprivation and warfare that an infantryman's level can subject one to.

Fear

Well, I'll not bother you with war stories right now. I save those to shock the folks who make pilgrimages here to Woodsong. And right now, I'll not try to explain why these dualistic dichotomies of extremes in human existence—like warfare between nations, like battles between life and death and so forth—are (for all of us) primary teachers. But, I do want to say here—and the reason I've mentioned it all is that that experience as an infantry soldier in two wars (one before the light and one following the light... to use that term) in which it was tested—I came to understand the basis of fear and what fear is all about. And so I want to address that subject in this talk, among other things.

Before I do, let me tell you this: this tape is—this tangible tape that you're listening to right now—is here possible because of two gentle people who are publishing the tidings of Woodsong with me. One sent the money that allowed the purchase of the cassettes and the tapes and the labels and the stamps all in one big swoop. The other—visiting here at Woodsong a few weeks ago when Rachel and I were knocking out the tapes one at a time for the seminar, to send those who had attended the seminar—he watched all

this going on and he said, “Bill, I’ve been wanting to help you spread these ideas and watching you make those tapes slowly gives me an idea.” Well, a few days later friend John called from New York to tell me that a copying machine was on its way and now instead of one at a time Rachel and I can make tapes several at a time. And this is how living the truth, publishing the glad tidings upon the mountain, goes and has gone for me ever since those days long ago—when I walked away from the end of the war and the end of my time in the business world and away from organizations, to sing this song that has no name: the song of God alone, God only, God all and all. Those who helped me during the years and those that are helping now are indeed publishing with me... Everyone, you see, can’t type; everyone doesn’t have the whatever to send tapes out, but here I am and the instrument of so many who are helping. And how beautiful upon the mountains, as it’s put by Isaiah, are the feet of him who bringeth good tidings and who publishes peace, peace... not as the world understands it to be but the deep peace, the equanimity, the comprehended things as they are and not as they seem. So, John and Laurel, a whole bunch of us thank you very much.

We have all grown unconsciously accustomed to listening to talks or reading articles expecting them to make sense. There is no satisfying us intellectually if what we read and what we listen to doesn’t make sense. As a matter of fact, to the intellectual nature of us it seems absolutely ludicrous if a statement is made that doesn’t make sense, that isn’t reasonable and logical. I doubt if there is anyone within the range of these words right now who isn’t listening expecting it to make sense, to be reasonable and logical, hoping vigorously that it will make sense and that it will be reasonable and logical and therefore “understood”—as if understanding is limited to reason and logic and making sense. I assure you that infinity, infinite wisdom, Omniscience—Omniscience is not limited to making sense. It transcends intellectualism, reason and logic and making sense. And this does not mean that it excludes reason and logic and making sense. It can include it as well as transcend it in much the same manner that the sphere transcends plane and line and point but while including them at the same time.

Fear

There is much fear abroad in the land. Books have been written about fear and how to overcome it. Fear seems to be a problem to everyone. There are no fearless people. Well, after all of these years that I’ve spent wrestling with one sense of fear after another, I finally learned—finally—that fear is not something that can be put off nor put away; it isn’t something that one is healed of. Rather fear, like a shadow, is something to be understood and then when it’s finally understood, the sting goes out of it.

Flat earth

Mortal mind is fear itself. That is, the sense of an identification as a mortal man or as an entity separate and apart from All—and from all other people and things—is not just the root of fear or the cause of fear but is *all there is to fear itself*. Fear is the feeling that the personalized entity is somehow threatened. Oh, the personal identity *is* threatened—because it isn’t real. What is it threatened by? Well, it’s threatened by the truth which speaks of another identity—the one identity, the God identity. The personal sense of selfhood apart from God is threatened by the knowledge *that there is no such selfhood*. It’s much the same as the former belief of a flat earth. That belief of a flat earth was threatened the very moment it arose. By what? By what? By the knowledge of a round earth, by the *fact* of a round earth. And yet, you see, it was only a belief which was first

threatened and finally deprived of power *by the truth or the non-belief* of a round earth. Now, truth doesn't end belief but it takes the power from it. The shadow and the shadow's validity doesn't end when we find the tree itself which casts the shadow, but our attention suddenly is *tree*, not shadow. Where before we gave the shadow great power and importance and much attention, in fact all our attention—when the tree is discovered, the tree is given attention and the shadow is understood. And all of the former notions of the shadow's validity and power and importance are gone out of the shadow. And the shadow is there—fully understood—and then seen to be the means by which the tree was discovered. Then we see that fear and its ally anguish, are the means by which fearlessness is finally discovered. The shadow, you see, leads straightaway to the tree.

Shadow

The power given the belief of an ego-identity, an ego—the power given is removed upon the recognition of the truth which reveals that *God is the only identity in all the universe* and that this life, this very self-same awareness right now presently, hopefully, considering these words *is* the light divine, the awareness of God. Identity, then, *is* God's self-comprehension. And the first sense of identity, the me-sense, is the shadow: the antipode, the nadir, the inverted image of the real identity in all ways—the personal sense, the me-sense that mimics God in reverse, diametrically opposing exactly as the shadow mimics the tree, in all ways reverse, diametrically opposing. The right edge of the shadow is the left edge of the tree and the left edge of the shadow is the right edge of the tree, if I got that straight. And the shadow is born each morning and dies each evening while the tree stands there still, resolute, strong.

The one who searches for the correct identity—believing himself to be incorrectly identified—will never never live outside the boundary of fear. For such a struggling, striving sense—to find the genuine identity is fear itself. Mortal mind can never explain itself away, nor does it want to. We take God to be the warp and woof of identity, to be the all in all of this very awareness listening to these words. Now, this doesn't end the belief of a mortal identification, a mortal selfhood, but it removes the attention given it. It removes the sting and the power in believing that it's all-important. Then, asserting God to be all—and this life right here, right now, to be God's self-awareness happening—we look round about and behold wonder and beauty of a solipsistic, holistic warmth everywhere. Well, how do I know this is so? Because I live it so. I observe it so. I feel it so. I be it so. And it is so.

Well now, does all of this end the belief in dream, mortality, the belief in dream of material existence? Well, it does not—but the power of the belief is ended. Everything is seen for the grand purpose it serves, even the belief in dream—belief to make the truth plain upon the tables—dreams leading straightaway to dreamlessness just exactly as the shadow leads straightaway to the tree.

One can follow the sun by turning his beach chair from east to west during times of daylight hours. That's one of his choices. Or he can be the sun which precludes the necessity for changing the chair every few minutes. But, of these two ways to do it, being the sun, being light itself, clearly understands why the tangible form and all tangibility must turn its chairs during the daylight watch. Identity doesn't end tang-

ability's seasons and cycles—those cycles unfold within the sun's light and because the sun is. Light knows more than any viewpoint looking at light could ever hope to know. But the process of looking at light doesn't end when one takes identity to be light.

Not to  
make  
human life  
more  
pleasant

There are a lot of folks who think that metaphysics, truth, is here to make a human life more pleasant. Well, they're mistaken. You've heard these words before, "My Peace give I unto Thee." Great statement. But he makes clear—Jesus made clear—that his peace was not the sort of peace that the world knows about. He said, it's a peace beyond understanding.

If one thinks that the Christ life—or the identification that life itself is—is supposed to present a continuous picture of human joy and human happiness, he's mistaken. He need only consider these words. Listen to these words from the bible: "Jesus groaned in the spirit and was troubled." Well, if living the Christ life is supposed to be a life forever free of anguish, how is it that one reads of the life that Jesus represents—groaning in the spirit and being troubled. And then, just a few verses over, "Jesus wept..." and then a few more verses over, "Jesus therefore again groaning in himself, cometh to the grave of his friend Lazarus."

Well, if the Christ truth is supposed to set the world free from anguish, then why did Jesus say to his disciples—who had been with him for a very long time—he said, "Verily, I say unto you that ye shall weep and lament, ye shall be sorrowful..." Yes, he said that. But he said, "...your sorrow will be turned into joy." How is it that he could tell a group of people studying with him that even after all of their study they still suffered the travail of childbirth—in the process of giving birth to their own sense of truth?

Now, consider these words: "These things have I spoken unto you that indeed ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation. Take my yoke upon yourself and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart and ye shall find rest unto your soul..." And then a little bit later are the words—Jesus is at the garden and he makes this remark to his disciples: he says, "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful even unto death. Tarry ye here and watch with me." And then a few verses further Jesus asks for what the metaphysician would call a demonstration—and, by the way, he didn't get it. He said, "Oh, My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me."

Meta-  
physician's  
passing on  
no easier

I've experienced a space of 'passings on' during the past year—all of them dedicated metaphysicians—each one of them troubled in ways that all are troubled in the presence of years, the parting of old friends, the approach to the grave. The point I'd like to make here is that, as appearances go, metaphysicians don't face death any better, not a bit better than our old country religionists down here in Alabama. Oh now, metaphysics allows one to make it through the young years and the mid-years better—because there isn't a body consciousness, not so much of an ego concern. But when the chips are down and the prospect comes of physical end—of tangibility's end—the metaphysician, I find, isn't anymore certain of painless, effortless transition than anyone else—than anyone else.

Well, consider the paranoia of Mrs. Eddy's last years. One wonders—at least I've wondered—if her frequent declarations of eternal life were spoken out of strength or out of weakness. She wrote on her last day of tangibility: "God is my life—but who is this 'me' who says 'my'?" And why was there still a sense of 'me' in one supposedly so absolute? Well, I can answer that, I can answer that. The me-sense doesn't die: the me-sense hangs around just like the shadow of a tree. When the tree is found, its shadow doesn't vaporize. And when the tree is sighted and attention is riveted there, it isn't on the shadow.

As appearances go, those who 'attain years' in their study of truth and metaphysics—and difficulty with those years is often the case for the elderly—there is ever less concern with the esoteric stances of absolutism, with the profundities of metaphysics. There's less a concern of that and there's a return to the basic simplicity which is, incidentally, no more present in metaphysics than in the most rustic, primitive, backwoods fundamentalist religion of Alabama. The old country preacher is as certain of the presence of God as the most dedicated metaphysician. But there's a difference, there's a big difference that's significant. As the preacher's sight grows dim he doesn't condemn himself for not having enough faith in God. As what seems his tangible hearing clouds and words are more and more indistinguishable, he doesn't think he's failed in his knowledge of God. And yes, when the demands of the world present themselves to him and he can no longer make sense of the intellectual complexity of the tangible presence, he doesn't hit some sort of a depression brought on by self-condemnation—that he knows nothing about God or that he has spent all these years in the study and knows nothing... nothing... Such as is so often heard from the metaphysicians.

Simplicity

I tell you, we come back home to simplicity, to a gentle childlike simplicity. It is already spread over the whole face of the earth. We come back home to a gentleness of God-presence that doesn't have to be consciously known, that doesn't have to be articulated with a lot of words and doesn't have to be lived in any special set way—no pattern of praying, no pattern of going to church, no pattern of meditating. It's a simplicity infinitely more simple than that: it's a listening, a *listening* of being, a listening to the still small voice within, to the divine imprint within—which is present right here, right now to this awareness that listens; that is present here as surely as it's present to the little birdlings out there that are ricocheting around on this April day and making nests every year—intuitively making nests, instinctively doing it, listening to the divine imprint with no knowledge whatever of what the nest is for. But ultimately, it will hold an egg. The divine imprint is already here as the awareness we are. The God imprint is all that's *real* here and the Child is here right now—doing nothing wrong, guilty as nothing, having made no mistakes. And that Child is the awareness, the awareness that listens to these words—not the possessor of the awareness of these words, not the owner of awareness but the awareness *itself* that listens, the life that listens.

The great philosophies of the world and their enlightened spokesmen are all agreed on one point—at least they've agreed on one point—that point being that *life* is a nearer approximation to God, to Deity, than any other human concept or any other concept that

humanhood is capable of recognizing. Further, the essences of all enlightened instruction that I know anything about, however it's been written, declare that God and God life are synonymous—that God and God life, *this life*, are one.

Okay then, the intellect of us asks this question: Well all right, if God is all and God is life, what is this funeral all about? Well, the funeral isn't for the dead. A funeral is the celebration of life. There is no body being buried. Every body is a resurrection going on! It's lying not-dead there, like a shadow—like a shadow. It serves only to make life more clearly apparent.

Birds  
nesting

The birds are nesting all around Woodsong here—they're building their nests everywhere. But why are they doing that? Are they conscious of an intellectual activity that makes sense or are they just living the divine imprint within? You know, Beethoven—we're told—heard wonderful melodies in his head. Well clearly he did: we can listen to them. They're everywhere on records now. But he'd hear a wonderful melody in his head and then he did a strange thing. He'd take a pitcher of cold water and he'd pour it over his head and then he would seat himself at the piano. And with his head dripping, he would try to capture the mental memory of that melody and make it tangible. Well, why did he do this? Did he do it so that others could hear and enjoy the same mental memory? Or did he just do it because he couldn't keep from it? Well, it seems to me that the action then, without motive, is the action that's enduring. And the action that's done with grand *motive* in mind—even though the motive may be so wonderful as to help all of humanity—isn't the lasting wonder that *just lived*, 'just simply lived' is.

Teacher  
within

I've heard the statement that all teachers are free to play. Well, I think that's a pretty correct statement. But no, it's correct only to a point. The appearance of teacher is with faults. That appearance is necessitated by the fact that one is being forced to discover the immaculate *teacher within* wherein there are no faults. If we put value into something that has no value, the time comes when that mistake is discovered and at that time...

(end of side 1)

....of eternal value is within. When one finds the internal teacher, the reality within, does he see feet of clay on the so-called external model? No, not at all. The teacher within us makes one thing very clear concerning teachers. Their relative value—their rightness or wrongness concerning the points that they would tell others about and all of their foibles—is not theirs and does not lie with them. The teacher *within* insists rather that what appears to be their feet of clay, exists solely in the intellectual view of them, sole reality or single reality. The holistic reality has no need of teacher or teachings. And where this is understood, teachers—and everything else, all things else—are seen as images within awareness, as viewpoints within identity, each serving their purpose perfectly, perfectly, perfectly. And the one who would make this clear to us—the one who would dare make this clear to us within awareness—is usually the very one whom we would lash out at most mercilessly. I found that the view that sees 'feet of clay' as an external reality—as an external reality that would influence for good or bad—is the same view that sees cancer, that sees heart trouble, that sees death and that feels anguish.

Well, that seems like a hard statement. But what is being said here is that the responsibility for how our others appear to us... lies with us and not with others.

The Meadow

There is an old new meadow and it's full of soft grass. It has flowers growing in it and it lies just beyond the fence here... flowers there and children to explore them. There is a pathway one Child wide that leads to My Meadow. It's only a blink away from the ordinary state of mind. It's as close as breathing, as near as a smile, as available as a sigh of relief. And what is so remarkable and wonderful about this meadow is that each of us is destined certainly to awaken and find that we are already there and that we are already being the Meadow and everything in it. Now, to find the words that will convince the intellect of the world that this is so is well nigh impossible, but I think I'll go pour a pitcher of ice water on my head and take a stab at it.

Over the years, I have been told by a lot of folks to go soak my head, especially the academe, especially the ministers, theologians, metaphysicians who rely on the bible as being the sole authority or the primary authority or the infallible authority. So, like Beethoven, I'll go soak my head and come up with yet another way to indicate, if I can, that the bible is not the ultimate authority. I'm aware of the consequences of those words, especially in this society at this time. The ultimate authority is God—God within the Heart of each of us. And the bible is not infallible. The bible is an intellectual presentation of words—albeit often aimed beautifully at the heart and albeit many times making reference to the holistic God within, no less than the Christ's light itself announces that the kingdom of heaven *is* within and without.

Lucifer

Now, when one turns within to the divine authority that's there, that doesn't mean that we're turning in to our old selfhood, that we are turning to the self of us that is the human sense of self; there is no salvation in that. The heart within is the ultimate authority, only—only—when it is not mingled with the me-sense, the deceiver, the deceitful one, the prince of this world, the me-sense which would say, "The heart is mine." This authority is not being given to me that I might be God. Ah, the futility of trying to be God. Listen: God *is* light. Light is a beautiful synonym for what God *is*.

Now, listen again: Lucifer—Lucifer, the devil... the word Lucifer means the bearer of light, the one who carries light. And that Lucifer was thrown out of heaven, damned to an eternal darkness. Lucifer is the idea that *we* are the 'bearers' of light. Lucifer is the idea that *we* are the 'custodians' of this awareness right here, right now. *Never* was there a bearer of life, *never* a bearer of light. *We are life, we are light* and we let go the Lucifer, the deceitful nature of us that would say, "This is my life to do with as I please; this is my destiny to live as I choose." We let all that foolishness go—just to *be light*, to *be life* that is the Godhead shining.

Oh, how we explain the simplicity of *already*... the totality of God, the allness of God, the childlikeness of God *already* present as all that's real... How this is explained to the intellect—to the intellect of us that wants everything to be reasonable and logical and make sense—is a great mystery. And those who have been blessed to find it... And of course, we've all been blessed to find it because we're all *being* it... But to find it and recognize it and know, one seems to, for a time, to try diligently to make it clear and to

make it plain upon the tables—that others might see it and run likewise. But many ultimately give up to just *be* it and *live* it. Lao Tse certainly ended all attempts, as did Buddha and even as did Jesus—ultimately because he was forced to quit talking about it. But the already is so simple. This idea is not grasped by metaphysical study—though metaphysics is helpful. This idea is not grasped out of laborious reading of the bible—though reading the bible is helpful. This idea is not grasped by lonely meandering through the woods, enjoying the vistas and beauties of nature—though that is helpful too. This idea isn't grasped at all: it just *is* and it breaks into consciousness every time the me-sense is still.

Heart and  
intellect

The Gnosis *lives*, I tell you, it still *lives*. The Gnostic idea is very much alive, is never going away. In the early days of the formation of what we now call the Christian church, the Gnostic idea was not understood in exactly the same way as at this moment, at this instant. The intellect of us has an impossible time understanding the heart of us, therefore the Gnostic idea was called heretical. Its followers were heretic and they were drummed out of the church—but the idea lives. It preceded the formation of Christianity. It will follow all philosophies. It will live forever—the heart of us—fully understanding all there is about churchdom. And you know, this is the amazing thing: the intellect of us doesn't understand the heart at all, yet the heart of us understands the intellect to the hilt, completely, fully, totally. The Gnosis, or the Gnostic idea or the solipsistic idea, the heart idea—fully understands the human need for organization. It understands it completely, to the hilt, yet the organizational idea doesn't understand the non-need for organization. It can't understand the heart idea, the gnosis, the knowledge that light *already is the fact* and it will never understand it. Yet understanding and not understanding are two that are one. And both ends of that dualism are transcended by wisdom, wisdom—*infinite omniscience* which is the warp and woof to all of that term 'intellectual knowledge' and all that we term 'heart knowledge.'

'Yes'

Yes, yes, yes! Of all the words, I think 'yes' is one of the most beautiful. How wonderful to utter that word when finally, something dawns within—within the heart of us—and we say, 'Yes!' Oh, but that word covers the whole gamut of human existence. "Will you be my friend?" someone asks. "Yes!" And then we call someone we love: "Are you there?" "Yes," we hear the reply. Or we ask the question: "Will you go with me?" "Yes." "Will you hold my hand?" "Yes." We hear a child ask, "Is that you, Dad?" "Yes." "Hey, Mom, is that you?" "Yes, yes." "Are the flowers blooming?" "Yes." "Is the sunshine bright?" "Yes." Yes—sweet word of acquiescence, gentle word of tenderness, isn't it? Soft word of love. Yes—yes is an exuberant word, too—of enthusiasm, gladness. Yes, like a dandelion alone in a sea of grass, like a yellow burst of spring upon a daffodil. Yes, yes, everything is all right in the world—despite hostages and despite the abortive attempts to rescue them, despite the fear that everywhere prevails. Everything is all right, and fearlessness is made plain!

Woodsong Series #7 William Samuel—Woodsong (date unknown, perhaps 1980)

Transcription provided by Rose Burrows.