

# The Mirror of Self

by William Samuel

Every teacher, book, writer, practitioner, sage, guru, or peanut vendor—by whatever name, title, or label he goes—is an aspect of the Awareness (Identity) “we” are.

We take the book from the shelf most likely to render a specific service at a given moment. Exactly so, we have appeared to go to the philosophy, teacher, church, friend, stranger, or peanut vendor that has unfolded as sufficient for the moment—but that philosophy, teacher, church, friend, or stranger is *within* the awareness *we* are. So is the peanut vendor. We are forever looking at our Self.

Now, listen softly:

Just as one goes to the cleanest mirror in the house, the one that is the least distorted and best illuminated, so we turn to that aspect of the SELF that tells it to us “like it is,” without mental reservation, without the distortion of personal dirt, without the absence of Light, and for absolutely certain, without making something of ITSELF by belittling others. What is seen “out there” is a mirrored Self-mage, but only an IMAGE. The awareness that is the *looking* is the divine, pure and sinless Identity we are.

To say this again: The image-form that appears at any given moment is only one of an infinite number of forms that may appear. The value is not in the image. (Nor is the power!) The value is forever in the AWARENESS “you” are who is the *observing* of the image.

All that could be called Samuel or any other name is only an infinitesimal aspect of the Self’s *tangible* declaration, and tangibility is only part of it. There is the intangible That “which is above them all”—the Deific Selfhood which is being all there is to the external tangibility of “form” or to the internal intangibility of imagery.

All that is called the belief and dream of a material existence enters the scene upon the assumption of an identity that limits itself to the body-image. *That* one sees all other images as separate and apart from itself. *That* one calls himself the observer and is continually fighting a battle with his observed. In the sad comedy of proliferating complication that follows, observing (the awareness that resides as the center of it all) goes but barely noticed. However, observing awareness goes on being the Identity we are anyway, whether we are conscious of it or not, and all the trials and tribulations of the limited identity’s experience serve to bring us to the consciousness of the *greater* Identity—the one that is real; the one that has never been guilty of ignorance, or wrongdoing, or anything else!

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