

## Way of Transformation - Lesson Four

(p0) Now, we begin.

(p1) And once again, greetings unto you, beloved and holy friends. As always, it is a joy to come forth and abide with you in this manner. And we have come forth this day to communicate through this, our beloved brother, as we continue with you in *The Way of Transformation*.

(p2) Within the word, itself, there is great wisdom. *Transformation* requires that there be that which abides *in form*. And you are that. You are Spirit. You are that which has come forth as a ray of Light from the Mind of God, as a sunbeam to the sun. And in that form-less beginning, you are Consciousness, Itself. You are Intelligence, Itself. You are bliss; you are radiance; you are compassion. You are the potential for endless creativity.

(p3) You *are* God Itself. Now, that is the first time that we've been quite so bold—as we have sought gently, over the years—for many of you that have been around that long, been willing to stay the course. It is the first time that we have described *you* as Spirit, as That which is God. This can only mean that what you are in your essence, in your essential being, *is* God Himself.

(p4) The very first level of Creation, then, is when That which we call God, or Abba, first began the indescribable, the unexplainable mystery of birthing Himself forth, out of the eternal matrix of his Being. That first level of Creation was Pure Spirit—a *subtle, subtle movement* in which a gentle Sunbeam begins to emerge from the Sun, or a ray of Light soundlessly begins to emanate from Light Itself. In Pure Spirit, you are unbounded; you are without form. But you are *not* without Consciousness. You're not without Self-awareness. In Spirit, there is only Self—not self and other, not self apart from form, but simply Self ... radiant, shimmering, unbounded, alone, yet not lonely. Rather, filled with Self, filled with God, filled with Love.

(p5) This first level of Creation *never changes*. It is as God, Itself.

(p6) For the Sunbeam is as the Sun; the ray of Light as the Light. A momentum, though, has begun—a momentum extending from the Pure Potentiality of All That God Is. For Love seeks only to extend Itself. Extension is an activity, it is a movement. And for there to be extension, there must necessarily have then been created what you *call* space. But even at this level of Creation, the space of which we speak is not quite what you would perceive in your mind, as you think of that which contains the planets whirling around your sun.

(p7) Rather, it was more like a, let us say, a mathematical concept. It was the *idea* of space, in which extension could occur. There were not yet planets and suns. There was not yet a single atom or molecule of what you call matter. There was Pure Thought, Pure Love, Pure Being, beginning to *entertain* (and I emphasize that word for a certain reason), to *entertain* the idea of pure space, pure extension—unlimited, unbounded, forever. There was Pure Spirit. *That is what You Are*, now and forever. *Spirit does not change*.

(p8) There is, then, that which in you, right here and right now, even as you listen to these words, even as you perceive yourself as a body sitting in a chair or lying on the floor (preferably not driving an automobile) — right here and right now, beyond all that you see with your physical eyes, all that you are aware as and within the body, beyond the activity of the surface level of the mind which you are most familiar with, in which there is what is called the firing of the neurons in the brain, almost without ceasing, so that the mind seems to never be without images and thoughts... far beyond this planet, and yet right where this planet abides, far beyond this universe, and yet right where your universe abides, far beyond all dimensions, the infinite dimensions of Creation, yet right where those infinite dimensions exist: *Spirit Is*.

(p9) Here is found what I have often referred to as the “real world.” Here, peace abides *eternally* with perfect consistency and without interruption. Here, *the Living Reality is*, which has been reflected in the sentence,

(p10) *I and My Father are One*.

(p11) In other words, when Consciousness transcends Its perception of Itself as being only conditional existence—being only the *forms* of existence (the body-mind, the particular sense of self as separate from all other selves, the blade of grass, the cloud in the sky, the rock upon the ground)—when Consciousness transcends this sense of Itself, It abides not in a thinking relationship. It doesn't observe Spirit as something else and then say,  
(p12) *Oh, that's what I am. Great.*

(p13) Rather, there is a living sense in which Consciousness as such, as the Self, rests in the Self and simply *knows*. For only knowledge is *immediate*, and not mediated by any concept, form, or experience.

(p14) In such a moment, and it takes only a moment, there is immediate awakening to the Reality of the real world. And in some form, then—and notice I said in some *form*—as Consciousness then dances back into the *extension* of Spirit, into the *extension* of Reality, into creativity, into Creation—in the *human* form it can say,  
(p15) *I and My Father are One.*

(p16) There are many such statements within the human family that have been uttered to express that awakening, that Reality.

(p17) Now, in this ceaseless movement from That which never moves, as the ray of Light emerges from Light Divine—unbounded, eternal, unobstructed — in the very desire to be creative, to extend creativity ceaselessly (and that is what Creation is), Spirit begins to *condense* or *descend* (these are both very spatial terms). And, again, we are now using language that finds its source on your side of the fence; that is, on the side of the fence of phenomenal existence, not on the side of the fence of Spirit, where language is hardly required. Spirit continues its dance, as the One Mind, God the Father, *entertains* the extension of Creation. And Spirit begins to *condense* into something that has not yet ever occurred. The thought, and again, we are still operating at a level of Pure Thought, Pure Potentiality—there is not yet the deep darkness of the space of your

universe or of any dimension whatsoever—it begins to condense into a thought of *individuation*.

(p18) You have all seen, perhaps, in your commercials on your televisions, when the milk is poured into the glass in slow motion. And as the milk hits the glass it begins to move back up the sides, as the cup begins to fill. And at the last moment, when the carton is tilted back and the pouring has stopped, the motion that has been started creates the phenomenon of a circular drop of milk which arises and, for a very temporary moment, seems to become separated from the body of milk in the glass, itself. It emerges and in a split second, you who are watching the screen, have the *awareness* of an individuated drop of milk that seems to exist completely independent of the body of milk, itself. And then in the next moment it drops back into the body of milk itself, and you *lose awareness* of it as a separate thing, a separate drop of milk. But it was still milk. From your place of perception, it merely looked *as though* it had separate existence.

(p19) Now, that is an analogy, of course, since the Soul is not made of milk. But it does create a picture for you of what occurs when the body of Spirit continues in its entertainment of creativity, out of which that which emerges, which we have called Soul—the *first, subtle inception* of the thought of *individuation*, of that which is an individuated expression of the fullness of Spirit, which is Light, which is God.

(p20) And why? All for the joy of extending Creation, that That One might be aware of Itself in an endless variety of form. And this is where it begins—the *delight* of Creation. That is what You Are! In Pure Soul there is still only Pure Potentiality. There has not yet been what you would know as experience. There is, however, the first subtle awareness of the One Self being aware of Itself.

(p21) As Soul continues the extension of Light, of Pure Creativity, it condenses. It descends to the next level, if you will. And, again, since we're using language from your side of the fence, there are not many other ways to speak of this. The Soul descends or condenses, and begins to create a deeper awareness of Itself as an individuated *thing*.

(p22) Now, Its awareness of Itself as Spirit is taking on a new coloration, a new vibration. It is becoming very close to what many of you have experienced in your own meditations and prayer, or the time you heard a child cry, or you walked through a forest at dawn—when your egoic mind was temporarily transcended, and you had a sense of your Oneness with God, and yet still felt other than God—creature and Creator, Son and Father—united, yet *somehow* different.

(p23) *Here* is where the separation can be said to have occurred. For it is *here*, in the first level of Pure Potentiality of this unique thought, that That which Intelligence Is, That which Love Is, That which Light Is (and I have referred to this, for instance, in *A Course in Miracles*, as Mind. And Mind is not merely the prattling that goes on in the human brain, that you refer to as “thinking.” Mind is much more vast than that!)—it is here in the first level of subtle perception of the Self as an individuated matrix of awareness, that has awareness of Itself, and yet that Self, or God, is somehow something different than what the Soul perceives to be Itself ... *here* is where the first, unique thought of separation is birthed, at this very *subtle* point ... long before the planets of your universe arose, long before the multidimensionality of Creation came into being. Here, you are. Here, there is but One Soul, a unique expression of the One Spirit, Itself the unique expression of That One who eternally Is.

(p24) Here, creativity gives rise to the power of thought. And it is from the Field of Thought, Pure Thought, that Creation will now begin to spring immediately into being. And here, at this subtle level, the drop of milk has seemingly separated Itself and now *feels awareness* of Itself as separate from the body of milk. And for a moment, for just a moment, there is pure joy, because it’s still the One doing it—out of entertainment, out of pure play, out of the sheer exuberance of extending Itself and Its infinite Power, ceaselessly and without limitation. For you see, if God, Who becomes you, held the thought,

(p25) *Well, I certainly can’t separate My Self from My Self,*

(p26) *that* would be a limitation.

(p27) And so, the One creates a drop of Itself, along with the *perception* that It perceives Itself as separate, from something which is now, for the first time, *other*. Here is the germination, the seed planted, for egoic consciousness. But that's still a little further along in the story.

(p28) As that first thought of separation is dreamt, a new energy is born. That which has been pure joy, that which has been pure freedom, pure safety, now changes form slightly. You could say a drop of milk within the drop of milk seems to separate and take on its own energy. And that we have called *fear*. Here is born not extension, but *contraction*, or the *experience* of contraction, as fear emerges in awareness. And now the river begins to cascade very, very quickly—out of fear, out of the first inception of the thought,

(p29) *I am alone. I am separate from my Creator.*

(p30) And yet, remember, in reality, it's the Creator perceiving the Creator, and creating the perception that God is separate from God.

(p31) With that thought, an explosion occurs—very like what your scientists have called the “Big Bang.” They don't know how close they are! They merely need to make the shift from seeing that the Big Bang occurred in *Consciousness, Itself*, not out of pure *matter*, whatever that was. In the Big Bang of Consciousness, suddenly imagine that drop of milk exploding in *space*, which comes into being with the thought of separation, and becoming an infinite array, or number of points—little droplets of milk, little droplets of Consciousness, little sparks of Divinity, little particles of Light.

(p32) To use yet another analogy from your realm of science, the wave of light has now become the *particles of light*. When and why, who can say? Only that One, who is doing the birthing of Itself, knows. And *you are That One*.

(p33) As these particles of light are now *spread* (and, again, we have another spatial term), *spread out* through the infinite reaches of the Pure Potentiality of Spirit—which is Light, which is God—each particle possesses the exact same potential. In fact, you could not, shall we say, find any

difference between the points of Light, whatsoever—*none*. If you were to measure them, they'd be the same size, although they have no size. If you measured their frequency or vibration, they'd all be the same—identical points of Light that *seem* to have now taken existence in different points of space.

(p34) That is, there is the sense that while they are identical in quality and substance, there is a slight difference in the space that each one occupies, as though you took two identical pencils and put one on the left side of the table, and one on the right. Still made of the same substance, but now, in the vast continuum of space, that which is identical is occupying two points of space, each with the perfect freedom mirroring the perfect freedom of the one God... infinite rays of Light now, mirroring and reflecting the perfection of the freedom of Pure Potentiality, which is the Light Itself—the *Pure Potentiality to create*. Each one has within it the thought, the recognition, the perception, that is, of separation. Fear has been birthed:

(p35) *I am alone. I am not that point of Light over there. I am just myself.*

(p36) And as the energy of fear continues, the contraction, the condensation, the descension continues. And now, what has burst forth, again, instantaneously (this is not yet requiring time), is the *multitude*, the infinite multidimensionality which is Creation, except for one thing: the physical universe has not yet been birthed. The physical universe *requires* the concept of *time*. For only in time does the physical dimension exist.

(p37) And so, here is where you begin to discover what has been called in your language, from your side of the fence, the hierarchy of angelic beings, of angelic worlds. Just points of Light, just like you, but not in the experience of time, nor in the condensation that you would call physical bodies—not even the lower astral bodies. Still, multidimensionality of creativity is a radiant dance with just a tinge of a sense of separation, or “otherness,” or fear.

(p38) In this multidimensionality, which is still pervaded and is as Light Itself, condensation continues. And here your scientists begin to tap into it,

so you can see how many steps removed they are! But here Light begins to condense into the particles of matter. And again, the explosion occurs, as the one, you could say the one basic atom—or *Adam*, hmm — explodes in the Big Bang. And the multitude of bodies, of planetary bodies, including your central sun of your tiny little universe, is birthed.

(p39) And the physical universe, of which you know that you are a part as a human being, is vast beyond comprehension. And yet, it is as a tiny speck of dust. It is as a tiny speck of Light, floating seemingly freely — like a tiny drop of milk that seems to have separated itself from the body of milk—your physical universe seems to float freely and is unaware of the multidimensionality of radiant Light and Spirit and God *in which it floats*, out of which it has been given its very *existence*. You are, therefore, not outside of Spirit. You could say you are held lovingly—your whole physical dimension—in the *center* of Spirit.

(p40) As this condensation continues, what you call, or have been told to call “*life*” begins. Conditions are set up, emerging from what—pure chance? — hardly ... but out of the Pure Potentiality, the Power and the Perfect Intelligence *to create*—though now that creativity is expressing itself, more and more, out of fear, not out of pure joy. It’s like taking a note of a flute and muffling it slightly, so that it has a different quality. Yet pure energy it still is. For what can fear be but energy? ... as Love is energy, as compassion is energy, as sadness is energy, as anger is energy.

(p41) Do you see? Fear is just an energy, and nothing more. In itself, it is *perfectly neutral*. For *all events are neutral*. And fear, being merely a dance or a play of energy itself, must be an entirely neutral event, until something arises to perceive and experience it differently. And what is that? To make a story which is not quite conducive to our needs, we’ll skip that and simply come to this: the birth of egoic consciousness.

(p42) And here *fear* has *condensed* into its *final form*. There can be no further condensation of the energy which has become fear, for egoic consciousness is *fear-full consciousness* ... *The ego is fear*. And yet, it is made of Pure Power, Pure Potentiality, Unlimited Creativity. And rest assured, you all have the experience of knowing just how ceaselessly

creative egoic mind can be. For without ceasing, it knows how to immediately look upon another brother or sister, upon an event upon the planet, it can look upon anything, and that fast, in the twinkling of an eye, in a space that doesn't even require a thought, egoic consciousness can change its values, can change its perceptions, to create what it wants to create. And what it wants to create is that which continues its existence.

(p43) Much like in your physical body, when a cell becomes cancerous and decides to run amok, and act as though it were not dependent on the laws of the body itself, that keep the body healthy, it begins to do what? It begins to create cells like unto itself. Cancer is merely a misperception run amok at the level of the body—thinking for *itself*, creating in *its own image* rather than *extending* the image, if you will, of the Creator; living out of harmony with the One Mind that creates in radiant joy for no other reason than to extend the good, the holy, and the beautiful. And yet, God does not create limitation, does not withdraw creativity from the power of the ego. Rather, because God is Love, all power under Heaven and Earth is available and can be tapped into by egoic consciousness.

(p44) So what is egoic consciousness?

(p45) You all know what it feels to be *absolutely certain* that you are separate and alone, that you must rely on your own thinking process, and that no one beyond—not just the boundary of your body or skin—but no one beyond your unique, contracted sense of “I” has any connection to you whatsoever, and no one cares:

(p46) *I am alone. I am separate. How on earth am I going to make it? I've got to figure my own way. I've got to figure out how this world works. I've got to make it happen for myself!*

(p47) Fear has taken its final form. Now, there is a complete forgetting of God, of the One, of Spirit, *even of Soul*. The body represents a level of vibration, still quite intelligent, still *very* intelligent. It is like a matrix of energy, the very thought of condensation into human form, out of which forms keep getting created, keep getting created, keep getting created,

keep getting created. And you've done that for yourself an infinite number of times.

(p48) The *body* is the *representation of the ego*. For notice that as you sit in your chair, you are quite certain you're not the wall across from you. As you sit where you are in your chair, your consciousness, your awareness, seems to tell you that you are the listener and not the speaker, that it wasn't you that sat into a chair and had Jeshua ben Joseph, and a certain lineage or vibration of consciousness, radiate thought down through the mind-body matrix that used to be exclusively owned by someone named Jon Marc. Hmm. *You* are not that one:

(p49) *No, no, not me. I couldn't do that if I wanted to. That must make Jon Marc special. And certainly it makes Jeshua very special! For I am just this blob of dust, this separate mind-body, sitting in my chair, on the floor, on a couch, listening to a tape filled with words which vibrate with a certain meaning, and create certain pictures and understandings in my mind. But these are being placed within me, and I am not that one.*

(p50) That is egoic consciousness:

(p51) *I am not That One.*

*I am not God.*

*I am not pure Spirit.*

*I am not Pure Soul.*

*I am this thing that sits in this chair, now.*

(p52) And do you know something? You're absolutely right—you *are* that! That and so much more!

(p53) So the egoic mind is that which creates the separated perception that it is only one tiny thin slice of the pie. It creates a delusion, a distortion, in Consciousness Itself, like a little blip on one of the radar screens—that

creates just a little blip, that tells the one watching the screen that there is some *thing* there.

(p54) *I am separate. I am alone. I cannot think with the Mind of God. I cannot experience Unity Consciousness. I cannot be as Jeshua is. No, not me. I, I'm too small and too weak. Oh, I just don't quite have it together yet. Maybe someday...*

(p55) Yet all the while, *you are that One*. And by the Power of that One, you have the potential to think the thought,

(p56) *I could never be like Jeshua is. I'm really too small, and too fragile, and too weak, and too stupid. Oh, the Christ Consciousness may be there for someone else, but not for me.*

(p57) The whole while, *that very thought* must *use* the Power of the One. For that Power is Life! That Power is Pure Being! That Power is the real world! That Power is the only thing that exists—*period!* By the Power of that One, you have dreamt the thought of the separate self. By the Power of that One, when you decide to, you will awaken from the thought of egoic consciousness.

(p58) Now, why is all of this important? For beloved friends, *The Way of Transformation* requires that there be that which exists *in form*. You exist in form. You're sitting in a chair. You know the space and volume of a human body. You know the particular thoughts which you identify as your own. You have a history to that body-mind that emerged—well, let's face it, as you experience the body-mind, it emerged from sexual desire between two beings called parents who got together. And a little thing wiggled its way up to touch another thing, and there was a burst of Light, and a pure spark of Pure Soul made a *decision* from *intentionality* to become fixated or identified with, and as, a physical form.

(p59) So, having a good time on a Saturday night is the source of your being — as a bodily being. And that's, of course, if you were lucky, where both parents consciously desired to use the body as a communication device for teaching only Love; and gave one unto another, and then accepted that

little spark of Light that begins yet the birthing of another body, and clearly invited another Soul to come and abide with them, as teacher and friend, as brother or sister. Unfortunately, that is yet rare upon your planet. (p60) That is the matrix into which you have descended, time and time again, as you have come to teach yourself that you are just a separate, lonely, failing, weak individual. At the death of the body you have found yourself as Soul, and been frightened by the radiance of your Light, because that Light is not the same as your interpretation that you had learned of yourself. Fear causes condensation, contraction, *falling* if you will. And what you fall into is a matrix of energy that best resonates with *your own* perception and belief about yourself. Belief is not just thought. It is *a quality of vibration*. And you fall, yet again, into a field of energy, into a dream, into a physical universe, into a time frame, into a family structure that resonates and vibrates with how you have learned to perceive yourself.

(p61) And all the while you are yet That One: radiant, perfectly free, using the very Power of God to create and believe in a dream of smallness, weakness, separation, loneliness. Right now, as you listen to these very words, *now*, that's what you're doing. You are choosing how you will think of yourself. And how you think of yourself is reflected in the world that you see, in the experiences that are manifest within your own particular universe of consciousness.

(p62) If you knew that you were the Unlimited One, you would never fear the creation of the golden coins again. You would never believe that you must live in lack. But you are still, for the most part, clinging to the belief that you are that small little thought of separation called egoic mind, still struggling to find God, not recognizing that it is the very Power of God's presence from which you create the perception you hold of yourself.

(p63) So, there you are—sitting upon your chair, lying upon your floor, sitting upon your couch. And you are That One. You are *in form*, that is, you have created a perception of your self that includes the experience of being a body-mind, which, by the way, *is* separate from all other bodies. It *is* separate from the rock. Obviously, you can look out your window and

tell that where the body is that you identify with, is in a different spatial point than every other object. That's what this world is! This universe is the *attempt* to create a reflection that *convince*s you that the first fearful thought of separation *is* the *truth* of who you *are*! You are using, or have unwittingly been using, your physical universe to constantly reflect to you what *must be* the *truth*: that *you are separate from all Creation*.

(p64) This world is nothing but the reflection of *that thought*. And yet, even here, That One pervades all things, and the realization of your Self *as* That One is closer to you than your own breath—simply a decision away. Here, there is great richness not found in any other dimension, the richness of the *dramas* of separation, of seeking—seeking, seeking, seeking.

(p65) *Well, I have read the Course in Miracles one time, and it didn't seem to work—I'll read it again. Oh, that didn't work. Well, maybe I'll go try this form of meditation. No, that didn't work. Maybe I'll try Buddhism. No, that didn't work. I'll try Christianity. No, that didn't work. I'll try drugs—that will do it!*

(p66) The very energy of seeking *is* the egoic energy. For only the ego can *seek*. Pure Spirit can only *extend*. And there is a huge difference!

(p67) Egoic consciousness, as you well know, plays itself out through the forms of *special relationships*. You have a special relationship with your employer; you have a special relationship with your spouse, your lovers, your car, your boats, your automobiles. And the world plays off of your need for specialness.

(p68) *Oh, look at this automobile. Mmm ... isn't this one sexy?! Oh, you're going to feel so-o-o good!*

(p69) So, you seek to create the means to possess that certain automobile.

(p70) *Oh, if only I had that person as my spouse. Oh, let me seek that one by seducing that one. I'll act as though I'm other than my poor, paltry, lonely self, so that they think I am grand. I will ruffle up my peacock feathers.*

(p71) Hmm ... interesting that we would use the word “pea-cock” to demonstrate the flowering forth of the great feathers that seduces the mate to come!

(p72) And on it goes. The world is the reflection of the belief in the need for special relationship. And the search for that is the restlessness that you feel—that restlessness that you feel in the mind, that creates the waves of restlessness in the fluids and subtle energies, which are contained within and make up the illusion of the body. The restlessness of the breath, the tightness of the muscles, the loneliness as you rest your head upon the pillow at night, for you believe that you are that body-mind, separate and alone, apart from all others.

(p73) And the infinite, eternal stream of communication that occurs throughout Creation, unobstructedly, is lost to your awareness. And yet, so close are you. It requires only a thought to shift the momentum in a new direction, to rest your head upon the pillow and say,

*(p74) I am not just this body-mind. I am That One, pure, unbounded and undefiled. I am in communication with every rock and every tree and every time frame that has ever been.*

(p75) And, yes, when you begin that thought, it will seem wholly insane, because you’ve been on the other side of the fence, looking at Reality from a certain perspective. It fits like a glove upon the hand, but that does not make it right or true. Insanity seems sane to those who are insane. So that’s just the way it is.

(p76) But the end of all seeking occurs when one *dares* to hold within the mind a *different* thought. And you have heard it many times through this, my beloved brother, through many of my other channels, through *A Course in Miracles*:

(p77) Only Love is Real.

(p78) You are not the body.

(p79) I and my Father are One.

(p80) I am awake and walk this planet as Christ.

(p81) I choose Love over fear.

(p82) What does that mean? Love is Pure Spirit. Fear is contraction, density, false perception—egoic consciousness. When you choose Love over fear, you must *decide* not to respond according to the momentum of egoic consciousness. You must decide to live as though you are not the ego. And in this way, what has been *formed* becomes *transformed*—that which pervades and extends beyond what has been formed: *transformed*.

(p83) *The Way of Transformation*, then, requires that you begin with the acceptance of what is true always. And in this hour, we have sought to bring to you a story, an analogy, a description that can help, if you will sit with it, to imprint into your consciousness a remembrance of the very process that you have, in fact, felt and experienced *as God, Itself*, in *Its* desire to create, in *His* desire to create, in *Her* desire to create—put it any way you wish—the One becomes what you perceive as the many, yet remains always the One.

(p84) And that is what you are! You are the song of the bird. You are the radiance and warmth of the sun as it touches the skin. You are the skin. You are the awareness of that warmth. You are the thinker of the thought. You are the thought. You are the deed. You are the space from which all thought emerges. You are the wind in the trees. You are the vastness of space. You are That One who is eternal. You are the one bold enough to dream the dream of separation, without ever losing perfect unity. And you are the One, the little drop of milk, experiencing the remembrance of the Divine, of the Real, of the True, of the One.

(p85) Your journey is not alone. And even now, you are perfectly awake. For only one who is awake could *dare* to create the great cleverness, and creativity, through which you, as a spark of God, become increasingly aware of your Self: *God diving into God; God discovering God!* What a delightful, delightful play!

(p86) And here, then, we begin to let the secret out of the bag. Separation was not because you sinned. Separation was not because something *terrible* went wrong. Separation was just another form of the Dance of Creation Itself—perhaps taken to the extremes, for God seeks the limits of what is unlimited.

(p87) You've been playing a game of Hide and Seek. You are the One with your eyes closed, leaning against the trunk of a tree, counting, while the fragments of your Self ran to hide. And you are the One who has reached out to discover those fragments, and is in the process of doing that. You are the One who has become the many, and then has waited to be discovered by that One. You are the Soul waiting to be touched by Grace. You are the separate One hiding in the darkness, trembling, and yet wanting Light to find you.

(p88) Why not begin now, in this moment, by sitting quietly as Christ, for five minutes? And say to the One who is coming, now, from the trunk of the tree:

*(p89) I've done a very good job of hiding. But you know, I think it would be a great delight to be found! Find me, dear Father. Touch me with Your Grace. And because I am You, I will decide to receive it. And in that moment, I choose now to remember that I am the One who has both sought and found. I am the One who has remained perfectly unchanging forever. And I am the One who has perceived my Self as having changed, as having sinned, as having separated my Self.*

*(p90) I choose, now, to join the two parts of my Self together. And I will be a body-mind upon this planet—dancing, and singing, and playing, and creating the good, the holy, and the beautiful. And I will now open that part of my mind that can think in unlimited ways, that will dare to dream the impossible dream. I am that One who lets God live in me now! I and my Father are One! I am the drop of milk again settling into the fullness of the glass in which my Father dwells as milk.*

*(p91) And when I walk with this body upon this Earth, and I feel the mist of the fog upon my skin, I will say within myself, "Ah, yes, it is very good!" For I am that One with the power to create this body, to create the mist of the fog, itself. And the fog and the mist around me is as my Father's Presence in which my Soul reclines.*

(p92) *This world—no longer a burden. This world of space and time—no longer something from which I must escape. Not even sickness and dis-ease is a limitation for me. For wherever I am, I Am the presence of Love. And this moment, I bring forth Love and bless the world I see.*

(p93) And in this, *God remembers God*. For beloved friends, *The Way of Transformation* must bring you, in the end, to the quiet recognition: *There is only God*. Why fear, if Love is here? And there is only Love or fear.

(p94) Peace, then, be unto you, beloved and holy friends. “Friends” because you are a part of me, and I a part of you—particles of Light dancing in the wave of the One God, the One Mind, the One Truth, the Real World. The joke has been on us! And we played it upon ourselves well. And now the time of rejoicing is at hand, as we arise in our individuation, recognizing our Oneness—to dance the Dance of Creation ceaselessly, extending only the *good*, the *holy*, and the *beautiful*.

(p95) Peace be unto the Only Begotten of God...God’s Own.

(p96) GOD IS! Amen.