

Neville Goddard 06-28-1968

HE IS MY RESURRECTION

The gospel, which appears to be a little secular story, is truly a mystery to be known only by revelation.

In the 16th chapter of John we are told: "I came out from the Father and came into the world. Again I leave the world and I return to the Father." In these four short phrases we find the pre-existence of Christ, his incarnation, his death, and his ascension. I could put this in the first person, plural sense and say: "We came out from the Father" for we are told in the 1st chapter of Ephesians: "He chose us in him before the foundation of the world." So all of us were chosen in him. That is why I can say, "We came out from the Father and came into the world. Again we are leaving the world and are going to the Father."

How can this be? Let me use a simple analogy. A plant contains within itself the suckers which can be removed and transplanted. While existing within the plant, the suckers partake of the plant's life, but when removed and transplanted they become the parent.

It was God's purpose to give us himself, and God is a Father. The only way he could do it however was to detach us from himself. Yet, like the sucker, he who sent us has never left us; therefore we must express that which the parent plant is. If its flowers were red, that which was transplanted will bear red flowers. Now, regardless of how healthy the stock may be, when it is transplanted it appears to die, showing us the secret of life through death. The seed falls into the ground and dies in order to be made alive. So the seed, containing within itself all that the parent contained, dies and is made alive to become the parent, containing within itself that which was in the parent stock.

And so it is with us. We came out from God the Father and were planted in a world of death, a world of mortality. Then, having died, we become quickened and grow into the parent stock, for if we were a father before detachment, we must return as the one Father who sent us out. And everything God the Father possesses, we possess in our fullness. His son reveals himself as our son. Whatever happened to him happens to us, for we came out from the Father and came into the world. Again, as we leave the world we go to the Father. That is the great mystery of scripture.

Let me now tell you of a vision a lady who is here tonight shared with me. She found herself viewing a very long train ascending from a very dark cavern into which she descended. Immediately upon entering its blackness, she imagined herself aboard the train and was instantly on it. Moving up at an incredible speed, she wondered about her destiny, when a voice said: "It will not be long," and she entered a world filled with pinnacles and sparkling light. Then a triangular-shaped light penetrated her brain and she found herself standing in front of a very tall chair upon which a great being was seated. As she gazed into his eyes she felt herself immersed in love and in a voice so very tender he called her, "Babe." Feeling so small and

young among these pinnacles, she said: "What shall I do?" when something exploded in her and she heard a voice and saw the words, "Record It" appear in script before her eyes. Seeing me in the distance, she said: "That is Neville" and the being seated in the chair began to describe me in the most endearing, possessing terms ending with these words: "He is my resurrection." This statement was picked up by invisible voices which echoed and re-echoed and re-echoed all the way down through time as she awoke.

Yes, she saw the Father. I am his resurrection. He buried himself in me as he buried himself in you before you came out from him. Having resurrected the Father in me, I am his resurrection and know myself to be the Father. Before coming out I did not know this. I partook of the tree of life, but I was not individualized.

There never was a time that you and I were not partaking of this tree of life, but we were not individualized. We did not voluntarily detach ourselves and enter this world, but were made subject unto futility in the hope that we would be set free from this body of death and obtain the glorious liberty of the sons of God. Now, the Son of God is one with God, for the son erupts into the Father. Like the sucker which contains within itself everything that the parent tree contains, but cannot know it until detached and transplanted, we contain within ourselves everything the tree of life contains, but will not know it until we come out from the Father and come into the world. Having died, death will be transformed into sleep, from which we will all awaken as God the Father. Individually we will all have these four mighty acts erupt from within to spell out the being we really are.

In the statement: "I came out from the Father" the pre-existence of Christ in you, who is your hope of glory, is established. I am not speaking of some little man who walked the earth 2,000 years ago, but of the mystery of Christ which is buried in every child born of woman. Christ, God's creative power and wisdom, pre-existed. His detachment and entrance into the world through his birth from below is his birth into death. Then, after the long interval of death he is born from above into a world of life. Having come out from the Father and coming into the world, his return to the Father is essential. He comes back bearing witness to the fullness within himself of all that the parent contained, thereby knowing he is the Father. This is how all the fathers return.

We are told that in the last days scoffers will come, saying: "Where is the promise of his coming? Forever since the fathers fell asleep, all things have continued as they were from the beginning of creation." The scoffers do not know that a thousand years is as a day to the Lord; therefore, six days would be like 6,000 years to mortal eye. As He promised, you will return on time, not a moment before or after.

Your return begins through the impregnation by one who has awakened. He does not arbitrarily choose his offsprings [sic]. They are called by the depth of his own being. But he is spiritually born to play the part of siring that section of time to which he belongs, a role he did not choose but was born to play.

Now let me tell you of another vision. This lady said: "While standing at attention in a military drill, Marta and I were called to the front where you, Neville, dressed in a long black robe, presented us each with a black umbrella, which was opened and raised over our heads. Then you spoke profound words of eternal wisdom.

"Suddenly the scene changed and Marta and I, still with the umbrellas over our heads, are standing in a room, when I said to Marta: 'Did you understand what he said?' and she answered: 'No.' Dorothy Dix then entered the room and said: 'I will explain it to you.' I was so surprised with that remark that I awoke."

The symbolism in this vision was perfect: a black robe and black umbrellas. In symbolism, black is the incomprehensible divine silence, eternity. In the Song of Solomon, the bride speaks, saying: "I am black." The word translated "black" should be "the blackest of black." In Hebrew there are no superlatives or comparative. To emphasize the comparative, a word must be repeated, as "black-black." To make it superlative, the word must be repeated three times, such as "holy, holy, holy," as there is no way to say "holiest" in Hebrew. The word "black" spoken by the bride should be repeated to the nth degree. "I am black, but comely O daughters of Jerusalem, black like the curtains of Solomon." Here, black is the incomprehensible mystery, and in her dream she did not understand it. Then one appears who she least expected to be able to interpret it, but one who was present, by invitation, at the last supper. Don't discount that.

Now, this vision was preceded by a conversation following my last lecture, when this lady, knowing she had been impregnated by the Holy Spirit, said to her friend: "What am I going to do for the next thirty years?" And her friend replied: "What are you talking about? Did he not tell you that you are blessed? What's thirty years when you have been waiting throughout eternity to reach this point in time? How can you be concerned, when you know that in just thirty years you will depart this world and enter an entirely different age?" That conversation prompted the vision which she did not understand, because I was dressed in black as I revealed the mystery of mysteries. "I am black, but comely O daughters of Jerusalem, black as the curtains of Solomon." This is the blackest of black, containing divine silence, eternity, and an incomprehensible secret which Dorothy knew (but don't forget: Dorothy was present by invitation to the last supper).

Another lady who is here tonight shared this experience with me, saying: "In my dream I was talking to two people, when one looked at me and said: 'How far is it?' to which I replied: 'It is only thirty minutes away' and awoke."

This lady has conceived of the Holy Spirit and is now waiting - not minutes, miles, or hours, but thirty years for the child to be born. Again I will say: what does it matter? She told me that all through her life she has never wanted things and knows that is why she has never accumulated worldly possessions. Hers has been a questing mind, always seeking, always searching for the cause of life. May I tell her that at this moment she is richer than the richest man in the world, for she has been selected to receive the imprint, receive the gift of God Himself.

We came out from the Father, containing within ourselves the ovum (all that is necessary to become the Father). Walking through the centuries we have carried our egg, awaiting that moment in time when the egg is fertilized. One who is a Son of God by nature, having been born for that purpose, will be used in that capacity so that others may become sons of God by grace. It is all supernaturally done. Some remember when the union took place, but it is not experienced on this level at all.

In the meanwhile don't neglect the law of God which is: An assumption will harden into fact. If an assumption creates its own reality then there is no such thing as fiction. I may forget what I assumed today and when it appears I may not recognize my own harvest, but it could not enter my world had I not brought it in by an imaginal act.

Tonight some unknown author is writing a story in order to pay the rent. The story may not sell, but for a moment he will lose himself in its creation, and when his story comes to pass in the tomorrows, those whose lives will be touched will not recognize his harvest. Tonight the movie, "A Night to Remember" will be shown on television. Although the movie was recently made, it is based upon the sinking of the Titanic in 1912, which duplicated a book called Futility, written in 1898. In the novel, a ship filled with the rich and complacent was on its maiden voyage, when it sank on an iceberg in the Atlantic. Fourteen years later the White Star Line built a duplicate of the imaginary ship described in the book, filled it with the rich and complacent, where it sank on its maiden voyage on an iceberg in the Atlantic. And people say there is fiction? No, there is no fiction.

There is not a moment in time when imagination is not acting, causing the events of the world. You may not remember your thoughts and deny you have anything to do with what you are reaping, but you can only harvest what you plant. Kennedy's death was a violent action, but I am told that the Kennedys had apparently felt they were destined to lose their sons this way. As a family they entertained this sense of martyrdom, this sense of violence which caused it to come to pass. There are no accidents; as a man sows, he reaps. You are free as the wind to imagine anything, but you must be willing to pay the price, for you will reap the results. Imagining yourself to be a good author you can write a horrible story of hate and violence and reap the results, for the hate you write about goes out and brings the violence back into your own being.

A friend recently told me that when he was about nine years old he received a Ouija board. One day he asked the board: "Who am I" and it spelled out the word "Christ." Believing the board completely, he thought he was Jesus reincarnated, but when he told his minister (who was of the high church of the Episcopal world) he was immediately educated out of what they called "neurotic sin." Believing he had sinned because of entertaining the thought, he prayed for a great sacrament and complete absolution of this sin, when a marvelous vision descended upon him revealing an altar with everything attached.

These so-called "wise" people, who go around with their long robes and conduct a service in Latin which no one understands, should read scripture. Paul said: "I would rather speak five

words that can be understood than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue.” If you want to speak Latin go to the Vatican, but don’t come here where very few people understand one word outside of English (and even that poorly) and speak in an unknown tongue. Speak the tongue in which you were born that you may be understood, or be silent.

This lad was educated out of his belief when he should have continued in it, as Christ in him is his hope of glory. Scripture urges you to examine yourself, to test yourself and see if Jesus Christ is now in you. And if all things are made by him and without him is not a thing made that is made, who is he? I’ll tell you who he is. He is your own wonderful human imagination. How do I know this to be true? By imagining a state, remaining faithful to it and watching it come to pass in my world. Believing that God makes all things, I made my desired state alive and can now trace its maker back to my imagination.

Now I know that Man is all Imagination, and God is Man and exists in us and we in Him. The Eternal Body of Man is the Imagination and that is Jesus, the divine body of which we are His members. I know this because if He makes all things and I imagine, remain faithful to my imaginal state and it happens. I have found him, not as someone divorced from me, but as my own wonderful human imagination.

So that little planchette, moved by this lad’s own unconscious motion, revealed his true identity; yet the so-called wise men called it neurotic sin. I know exactly what he went through, for I was raised in the low church of the Episcopal world and my mother used to tell me that the priests were the wisest men in the world. I believed her until I became a man and the visions began to appear within me. Then I realized how very stupid they really are. Throughout the centuries they have fooled the people into believing they are so wise because they can speak a little phrase in Latin. But when you ask them to explain the verse I spoke of tonight: “I came out from the Father and came into the world, again I am leaving the world and going to the Father” they give you only the literal meaning and say that a glorious being came out from the Father. “Where?” you ask, and they reply: “Don’t ask questions, my son.”

“He came out in what way?” “Out of our holy blessed mother.” “In what manner did he do it?” Again, “Don’t ask questions, my son. This is the great secret of the church.”

At the end of your conversation you will discover you have been talking to one who doesn’t know the answers, so he gives you all kinds of confused thoughts to bewilder you. During my thirty years on the platform I have talked with them time and time again. They stand open-mouthed and bewildered as I speak from experience, while they speak from theory. They call it blasphemy when I tell them I have found the Son of God who called me Father, yet I see them as blind leaders of the blind, as foretold in scripture.

I tell you: your own wonderful human imagination is Jesus Christ. There never was another and there never will be another. One day He will awaken in you and all that is said of him will be experienced by you in the first person present tense; and may I tell you: far from being ashamed, you will be thrilled beyond measure. All you have ever done as a man in this world of

mortality of which you are ashamed will be wiped clean. It is necessary for you to go through the muck and mire of this world so that this seed may erupt. And when it does you are one with God, who is perfect, and your entire past is wiped out as though it never were.

There is no such thing as earning your way into heaven. Heaven is not earned; it is a gift. When you hear salvation's story and believe it, the kingdom will unveil itself from within, and from that moment on no man, regardless of his position in the secular world, can stand before you and make you feel unimportant. You will simply ignore his words, knowing that although he may sit on a throne he does not know who he is. And tomorrow if he leaves this world he will find himself in a world just like this, in an environment best suited for the work yet to be done in him, while you - unknown by the world - will instantly possess your immortal garment and mortality will be blotted out by light.

In the 5th chapter of Second of Corinthians, Paul is speaking to those he addressed when he said: "We groan in this body waiting for our heavenly body," as he was hoping spiritual birth would come to them before death appears. Death here in the twenty-eighth year would leave you still unclothed in a spiritual sense, as you would still have two more years to go to be clothed with immortality. A lady here tonight is not yet twenty-eight, but her memory returned to another age, another time, and she said: "I recall you vividly. You haven't changed. You still have the same face, the same voice. You told me than about a father and a son and I didn't understand."

I tell you: throughout the night I move through sections of time, for I have other sheep that are not of this body. I must gather them all into one fold before I can return to the Father as the Father. This is my story.

You dwell upon it and don't neglect the principle of your wonderful imagination. Use it lovingly on behalf of everything, for when you do, you are using it on yourself, as there is no other. The world is yourself pushed out. Imagine and then drop it. You don't have to burst a blood vessel, call the "right" people, or do the "right" thing in order to succeed. All you need do is assume you are now what you want to be. Remain faithful to that assumption and in a way that no one knows you will become it. Then try it again and again, and while you are about your Father's business working this principle, another work, unknown to the world, is taking place in you, preparing you for the fullness of time when the egg you have been carrying throughout the centuries is fertilized. Then, thirty years later, it erupts and all that is said of Christ is experienced in a personal, most intimate manner.

Now let us go into the silence.

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