

Neville Goddard 05-08-1972

## REVELATION

World of nature. Night after night, I teach and tell the story of him who comes from above this world of nature.

If you are here for the first time, it may seem strange, but you take it to heart and you dwell upon it and you will find it in the end far more practical than all the things that our scientists can give you. Well, this is revelation. I did not come by it through reason, it was all revealed to me. And the vast difference between revealed truth and science. Revealed truth is wisdom as defined in the Scripture. Christ is the power of God and the wisdom of God. Science is knowledge based upon experiments, and we've done a wonderful job in the world of science. But what I've been sent to tell you is not science. It's simply revelation. The revelation of him who is the same yesterday, today, and forever. There's no change in this being of whom I speak. He's called in Scripture, Jesus Christ, which is the Father and the Son. Jesus is the Lord and Christ, his Son.

Jesus is the, I am, in man. His Son, when you meet him, is personified and you will know him: the eternal youth, David. After 3,000 years, he hasn't aged one iota. If you knew of one and you take it as a chronological story and you know that he lived 1,000 B.C., you would expect an old, old, old person. And yet I tell you, when you meet him, he is the youth, the eternal youth, in his themes, and that is David. Have no concept about, "Will I know him?" Oh, you will know him, because he never changes. Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever. That's why you'll know him. You will know Jesus because you will be Jesus. As you are told in John, that is the First Epistle of John, it does not get a prayer, what we shall be but we know that when he appears, we shall know him because we shall be like him. You will be the being called Jesus and Jesus is the Lord. And you will know him only when his son David, the eternal youth, reveals you as his Father, for David is the Son of the Lord.

Now, last night, as is my custom when my wife and I are separated either if I'm traveling or if she, as it is today, is in the hospital, I invariably call her and give her a thought for meditation for the night.\* That is my habit. And so, having called her last night around eight, she can't speak but I asked for the floor and the head nurse and gave her just a thought and the thought was, "My state passes out, endures forever. Guess who I am?" And then I didn't say a thing. My wife would know exactly who called. I said to the nurse. "Go in and read this to her because she cannot speak to you, just go in and read it to her." And then I sat down next to my radio and turned on some lovely music. And then I took a theme, for as you are told, night brings council. And that's the proverb of all nations throughout the ages. If I instill my mind with something, then the night should in some way unfold it to me. And so, I took as my theme, those who sing my fall into division and my regeneration to unity. My generation into decay and death and my regeneration into this immortal state. I fall into division and I'm regenerated into unity. Well, during the night I had this discourse, there were, oh, quite a few of us, as many, say, as we have here.

And there was one person present, a man, not any taller than I am, but much heavier. He weighed at least two hundred pounds, but strong, very strong physically. And he took issue with me. I was telling him, I'm talking to myself. The whole vast world is myself pushed out. It's all myself pushed out. And you are only an aspect of my own being. But he seems so completely free and independent by his attitude and his argument with me that it would seem stupid to persist in telling him that he is the outpicturing of something within me that I cannot leave in the grave; that I cannot leave anyone in the grave. I must raise them and bring them home to where I am, but he laughed ironically. And then I said to him, "What do you think is going to happen to you now when I awake?" And so, I awoke and he vanished, as they all vanished, and I was alone in my home. The whole vast world is myself pushed out and I have an obligation to take with me a certain number at this moment and simply not leave it behind and raise it. I cannot leave it in the grave.

And so, I am the resurrection and the light. I must prepare a way for my banished ones to return. And that way I will, for I am the way. There is no other way to the Father. There's only one way and the way is Jesus Christ, Jesus being the I amness of man that is the Father and Christ, the Son that is David, and only David can reveal you as God the Father. Then my mind wandered off to something that I discussed that day with a friend of mine who took me and my wife to the hospital. So, when we came back on the way out, we were discussing it in the car on the way home. And I thought of this Spaniard, and I wish I could read Spanish because if the English translation is as great as it is, what must it be in the original tongue of the Spanish tongue? He recently departed this world, but he must have had the most glorious concept because it's so poetically told. And he begins it this way. "This page will be no less a riddle than those of my holy books." And he only

Then he starts it:

"I who am the Was, the Is, and the Is to Come

again condescend to the written word

which is time in succession and no more than an emblem"

... These signs are dropped from My eternity." And then he starts this perfectly lovely, I cannot quote it exactly because it's a whole long page, but I'll give you the essence. And then he starts this wonderful story. I knew, first of all, he said, I was born of a womb by an act of magic. I lived under a spell, imprisoned in a body. I knew hope and fear. Those twin faces of the uncertain future. I knew wakefulness, sleep, dreams, ignorance, the flesh; reason's roundabout labyrinths. I knew the friendship of men, and the blind devotion of dog. I was loved, understood, praised, and hung from a cross. I drank my cup to the dregs. I knew bitterness, as well. Sometimes homesick, I think back on the smell of that carpenter's shop. Now, he tells you in the beginning, it's a riddle. And this page is no less a riddle than the riddle of my holy books. When you take that apart, your mind becomes inflamed, if you know the symbolism he has used on that one page.

I think back sometimes when I am homesick on the smell of that carpenter's shop. Well, the word carpenter, as you know, is associated with Jesus in the Bible. Is this not the carpenter's Son? Is this not the carpenter? Well, the word carpenter in Scripture, by definition in the concordance, the biblical concordance, means to produce from seed, as a woman, as a tree, as the earth. You produce it from seed. And here he is producing from the seed, the immortal seed implanted within. He has to drink his cup to the very end, drink it to the dregs and know bitterness, as well. He knew all these things, the flesh, for he became flesh and dwelt within us. He knew ignorance; everyone in this world knows ignorance. He knows all the reasoning, this roundabout reasoning, and the labyrinthine states of reasoning. He knew the friendship of men, the blind devotion of a dog. All these things he experienced. And then he returned to where he was before, enriched by the experience.

So, I thought of those who sing our fall into division, and that I have experienced. And they also sing our resurrection into unity. That I have experienced. When that night at sea coming through the Caribbean Sea toward Mobile, Alabama, well, I was lifted up on high and moved in some strange, wonderful way, like a spiral, fiery spiral, but completely out of this garment, clothed in a garment of fire and air. And here I saw this enormous sea of human imperfection and I simply glided by, that's all I did. I had no compassion. I didn't do anything to change anyone in my world. But as I came by this huge sea of human imperfection, they were blind, they were lame, they were halt, they were deaf, they were dumb. You name it, they had it. And as I glided by, everyone was transformed into that perfection that I felt springing within me. And when I came to the very end and the last one was completely transformed, as all the others were, then that same heavenly chorus sang out, "It is finished." And then again, I felt myself imprisoned in this body. This body is a prison. And that enormous being, that glorious being that is perfect, is imprisoned in it for a purpose.

And the day is coming that you will completely drain the cup and you will drink it to the dregs. And when you've completed it, you will be lifted up and you'll return to the glory that was yours before that the world was, only enhanced by the experience of this world of death, for this is a world of death. Everything decays, everything dies in this world. So, you, the immortal being came down into a world of death and took upon yourself the imprisoned form called man. And here you move slowly imprisoned, restricted, and you've experienced death. You experienced decay and all the things that go with it. And one day you'll drain the cup. And when you've finished the cup, then you're restored to your original state, but greater than you were before the descent into this world. So, they sing your fall into this world of generation and they also sing it in your regeneration into the world in which you came—an actual choral group and they'll call you by name.

And you are the being spoken of in Scripture as the Lord Jesus, the Lord Jehovah, the Lord called God. There is no other God. There is no God but the lameness within you. There is no other God. And he prepared the way for his banished one, for all the banished ones, to return. And the only way back is through his Son. Until you find his Son, you can't get back because you don't know who you are. You will only know who you are when the Son of God calls you

Father, then you will know you are God the Father. Outside of that, you will never know it. I can tell it to you from now to the end of time and maybe you will believe me and maybe you'll be hopeful. But as he said earlier in this one page, I knew hope and fear. Those twin pieces of the uncertain future. I hope he's telling me the truth, and yet it's mingled with fear.

Have I done the right thing? You've done the right thing. You've gone through all of these things that he mentioned on that page. You've known the flesh and the weaknesses of the flesh. You've known the friendship of men, the blind devotion of the dog. You've known all these things. But in the end, after you have drained the cup, you will turn up. "For there is a river that makes happy the city of God. There is a river and that river flows down and it flows up." Read it in the 46th Psalm. This river, you're told, God is in the midst of it and it shall not be moved. And that river is within you, it's not a thing on the outside. It's the Nile. It's not any river in the world outside of man. The whole vast world is man pushed out. And that river is within you. And it comes down from above. I am from above and that to which I go, it is from below. I come down into the world of generation to experience generation, which leads me into decay and death. And having played it all, then I turn around, I move up once more to the top, bringing in with me the sum total of the experiences of my descent into the written word.

He said, I now descend into the written word to make it alive. The written word is his holy Bible, his holy word. It's a sealed book for anyone who only has reason about how wise he is in this world. As you read it, it's a stupid book. They take it as history and it's not secular history. It's the eternal history, something that is taking place forever and forever without change. That David hasn't changed in the unnumbered years and neither has the Lord. The same Jesus Christ. The same yesterday, today, and forever. There is no change.

And you think of someone today, if you met Abraham Lincoln, people think of Abraham Lincoln, as he lived a hundred years ago, but hasn't he aged in our world? Would you expect to meet the same man that was assassinated? Wouldn't he have aged? Well, not in God's history. David remains the eternal youth and the Father is the eternal Father, the ageless one without beginning, without end. And David never goes beyond the eternal youth bearing witness to your Fatherhood for you are God the Father, but you don't know it yet. You are sound, sound asleep, as the man in my dream of last night was sound asleep and seemingly from his argument, independent of my perception of him. But I knew what I was doing. I was in complete control and I knew wakefulness and sleep and dreams and ignorance and the flesh and all these roundabout, labyrinthine ways of the reasoning mind.

So, I know exactly what I'm looking at. But I knew I could not leave him, only for a moment I would explain. And then I said, "And when I now awake, where do you think you will be?" So, I awoke and the whole thing vanished to return where, to leave him on the outside? No. To return to me. All that I behold, though it appears without, it is within, within my own wonderful human imagination of which this world of mortality is but a shadow. It's this shadow world. All these are but signs dropped from my eternity and they're telling me something, everything is telling me something. So, he begins his wonderful page and he said, they are only emblems, and you

know what an emblem is? An emblem is simply a visible object, which reveals something other than what it appears to be.

You go to Washington, D.C., and you wonder, “I wonder if the president is in the White House?” Well, look to see if his emblem is flying. If it’s flying, he is in residence. He’s not the flag and you’re looking at a flag, but it conveys a different idea. When he is in residence that flag flies; when he is not, it is lowered. So, you see a flag and to the average person, it’s only a flag and they see an emblem. So that’s the President’s emblem. But they do not know what it signifies. It signifies his presence when it flies over the White House, like a battleship that carries or maybe it could be a destroyer, it could even be something less than the destroyer who carries the admiral of the fleet, depending on where he wants to be centered. And the admiral’s flag is flying. And if it’s there, that’s where the admiral is. So, these are emblems, these are signs dropped into this world of death from my eternity.

So, I who am the one, the is, and the is to be, descend to the written word to fulfill the written word. For they’re only emblems and no one knows the meaning until the living word descends for “the Word became flesh and dwells within us.” And as it became flesh and dwells within us, it gave meaning to the word. For the word that we translate logos is translated as the word. “In the beginning, was the word and the word, which was God, and the Word was God.” That word logos meant when it was used 2,000 years ago, what we mean today by the word reality. So, reality comes down—you can’t change it, it’s forever, and then assumes flesh. And the Word was made flesh and dwells within us.

Now, to the scientific mind and the philosophic mind, these rational minds, it doesn’t make sense, so let them go their way. It’s perfectly all right. And if we confused the wisdom of revealed truth with the knowledge of science, then we are in deep water. You’ll never, never understand it. So let them go their way. Eventually, they will have all that they can possibly do in what is known as knowledge. It hasn’t gotten them anywhere. So, we get more and more gadgets, more and more things, more and more things to destroy the world, whether we pollute it or we destroy it by bombs or do anything with it, we’re getting more and more. The rich get richer and the poor get more of their own poverty. And so, we go on and on and not a person has arisen to solve the knowledge of man. It doesn’t matter because we aren’t here for that purpose. We came dumb into this world. We are immortal beings to drain the cup to the very dregs and to experience what it is to be in a world of death and decay. And the choral group sings your fall, may I tell you. They sing your fall into division. When all of a sudden it all comes out in a world and you see a world not knowing it is yourself pushed out. They sing your fall into division. And all that is contained within you is completely externalized as a world that differs from you and you don’t know it.

But they also sing your resurrection into unity when you bring them all back and they’re all redeemed within you. So, this is the story that I have been sent to tell you. I am not making it up. I am not manufacturing it. I am telling you exactly what has been revealed to me. And so, when I called her and gave her just a thought for the night, I know it would amuse her and she would know exactly who it was, who had sent his love relative to her in yours forever. And this morning

she went under the knife, but through the night she could dwell upon it until she, from sheer exhaustion, would sleep. And so, then I turned to this scene of unity in division. And they sing my fall and the chorus is altogether heavenly, may I tell you. And when they sing your resurrection into unity, what a choral group. And then you come to the end of it all before you begin to tell it, and you feel yourself at the very end, when the last one is completely transformed into perfection, and then you feel yourself imprisoned in a body.

So, this Spaniard was telling it in the most beautiful way. I only wish I could read Spanish to read it in its original tongue, but the translation into English is so altogether beautiful that I accept that and take it for what it is. But he wrote it in his own tongue and this is only translation. And he based it on one little thought, the 14th verse of the first chapter of John. "And the word became flesh and dwelt," as he said, "among us." But the word among is really the preposition in and dwelt in us. That's where he dwelled. Christ in you is the hope of glory. Do you not realize that Jesus Christ is in you? If he is seeing me, where am I looking for him to come? He cannot come from without. There is no one coming from without. It's all from within my own wonderful imagination. And that's where God is.

So, "There is the river that makes glad the city of God. And this city, he dwells in the midst of this river and this city and it shall never be moved." His most, I would say, high habitation, we are told, the habitation of the most high. Then in that same 46th Psalm, it tells us, "Now be still and know that I am God." A man is still and he can't even still his mind, so putting you in a straitjacket is not going to make you still. Can you still your mind to the point where it actually is so still that you can have the revelation? The mind is so busy all the time, trying to work out something, trying to defeat what the other fellow said, trying to disprove him. And that those who will come here for the purpose of disproving, like the pictured being last night, and he, my own being pushed out, he is going to challenge my right to say that they're all myself pushed out. And he was big and strong, not taller than I am. I'm 5' 11" and he was the same height, but strapping, about 200-odd pounds, a giant of a man. And he was insolent. But he's myself looking for the challenge. And I said, all right, wait and see. Now, if I awake, where do you think you will be? And so, I awoke and I was alone. I only out-pictured it in my dream. It's an egocentric world beautifully told in dreams. And here I am, outpicturing my own being. And that one to be redeemed. I have to take him back. I cannot leave him in the knowing grave. So, I have prepared the way for my banished ones to return. And there is no other way. To return to what? To God, the Father. And who is God, the Father? The "I am in you." That's God the Father. You'll never get back and know that I am he until his Son stands before you and calls you Father. And that Son is David of biblical faith. And when you see David, he hasn't aged. He is the eternal youth. Eternity is personified as youth. Men not knowing that, they personify eternity as an old man with a sign gathering people. That's not the true personification of eternity. It's youth. The Ancient of Days, yes, has no beginning, no end. And yet you can't call him old, you can't call him young. He is the Ancient of Days. When you stand in his presence, here is the Ancient of Days, Infinite Love, that's what he is. He embraces you, incorporates you into his being, and you are one with the Ancient of Days, who is the Lord God, Jehovah. And that is Jesus. And now he sends you into the world to finish the cup.

And now you'll drain it. And you will drain it to the very end. And you will know bitterness as well, for joy and woe are woven fine, a garment for the soul divine. It's not all joy, it's not all woe, it's not all sweet, it's not all bitterness. In the Hebraic marriage ceremony, there are two glasses of wine, one sweet, one bitter, or be it dry, but it's always more of a sweet, and then they drink it. And when they drink it, then the rabbi steps upon the glasses and crushes them. That's the end of the drama. That's all symbolism, beautiful symbolism, but that's the story and that's life.

So, I am telling you what I know from my own experience. And this tonight may seem far out. And yet I tell you, if you dwell upon it, while you are dwelling upon it, trying to unravel the riddle, earthly things are taking place to your advantage. You put all your mind into unraveling a job, how to get more money out of it, how to make more out of it. And all these things are a waste of time. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven and all these things will be added unto you." Your heavenly Father knows your needs. So, seek what he offers you. Leave these things alone and they'll all add up in the end, you are amazed how it happened. It all comes into focus and you are reaping earthly benefits by giving your attention to the heavenly story.

So here, by simply dwelling upon it, the answer came during the night, the out-pictured self, the one opponent always opponent, and then to your own satisfaction, because there's no one else to satisfy, you awoke to find they all vanished anyway. And where do they go? They can't go off into space. They return to you, for one night you push them out and commune with them to explain what's taking place within you, for only one man fell. And he carried with him all. Read the 82nd Psalm. "And one man fell and that one man carried all." And then in the fall, he became fragmented. And this is the fragmented one man pushed out in the world. And that one man has to return redeeming himself. And that one is God. And there's nothing but God. So tonight, dwell upon it, as I did last night. And if today you had a problem and it was a financial problem or some little problem in your household, it will all be solved. It'll be resolved, but to put all of your attention upon that little problem and work on it in this little square of knowledge, where are you going to get it?

While you are doing God's work, Caesar's world collapses and reforms itself in harmony with what you are doing within you. I know from experience that's how it works. So here I can pinpoint that page. I know the man's name, if I pronounce the Spanish correctly, it is Jorge Luis Borges. For those who speak Spanish, it's J O R G E and then Luis L U I S and B O R G E S who departed this world only recently. He writes beautifully. His prose is really poetry and his native tongue is Spanish. Well, I can't speak Spanish or read Spanish, but if the translation into my tongue, which is English, is as beautiful as it is, what must be the original, because don't tell me that translation does not lose something in the inflection, in the mood, in the translation because they do.

When someone tells me that they can translate Shakespeare into German and make it more beautiful than you can in the original tongue of English, I start laughing, any more than I would take the great German poets when they were thinking in those words and then translate them into English and expect the English translation to equal it. No. If one could read Hebrew with understanding, I'm quite sure that the Psalms would be so altogether different. Yet we have a

marvelous translation in English, but if it's so great in English, just imagine what it must be in the original tongue, when this inspired being is penning his words.

So, I tell you, when you go out tonight, dwell upon it. When you say I am, that's God, there is no other God. And you will laugh at that thought if you are here for the first or second time. And it seems arrogant. Here is a little man on a platform trying to persuade me that my own wonderful human imagination is God creating the universe and sustaining it. And so, you laugh. It's perfectly all right. I will not retract one word that I said. I only wait and time will prove me true. You will discover who you are. And when you discover who you are, you'll discover that you are the being I tell you that you are. You are God, the Father, but you will not in eternity know that you are God the Father until his Son, David, calls you Father.

There is no other way of knowing it. So that's the way that man returns. So, I have prepared the way for my banished ones to return. And I am the way. The way to what? The way to the Father. So, when you see me, you will know the Father, for the minute you see me, then you'll know you are the Father. That's what he's saying. You cannot see me and not know the Father, for it takes the Son to reveal the Father. And you aren't going to see Jesus. You are going to see David because you are the Lord Jesus. That's the one that came down, bringing with him his Son who will do all his will. And you have done his will. You've played all the parts. And in the very end, when you've drained the cup, right to the very end, all of it drained, leaving just the dregs, and had both the bitter and the sweet, then you will awake and you'll depart this world not to be restored to life in a world just like this, as the whole vast world will be. You will ascend to the point where you were before your descent. But no one ascends into heaven but he who first descended. There's only one way down and one way up.

John 1:14 by Jorge Luis Borges

This page will be no less a riddle  
than those of My holy books  
or those others repeated  
by ignorant mouths  
believing them the handiwork of a man,  
not the Spirit's dark mirrors.  
I who am the Was, the Is, and the Is To Come  
again condescend to the written word,  
which is time in succession and no more than an emblem.

Who plays with a child plays with something  
near and mysterious;  
wanting once to play with My children,  
I stood among them with awe and tenderness.  
I was born of a womb  
by an act of magic.  
I lived under a spell, imprisoned in a body,  
in the humbleness of a soul.

I knew memory,  
that coin that's never twice the same.  
I knew hope and fear,  
those twin faces of the uncertain future.  
I knew wakefulness, sleep, dreams,  
ignorance, the flesh,  
reason's roundabout labyrinths,  
the friendship of men,  
the blind devotion of dogs.  
I was loved, understood, praised, and hung from a cross.  
I drank My cup to the dregs.  
My eyes saw what they had never seen—  
night and its many stars.  
I knew things smooth and gritty, uneven and rough,  
the taste of honey and apple,  
water in the throat of thirst,  
the weight of metal in the hand,  
the human voice, the sound of footsteps on the grass,  
the smell of rain in Galilee,  
the cry of birds on high.  
I knew bitterness as well.  
I have entrusted the writing of these words to a common man;  
they will never be what I want to say  
but only their shadow.  
These signs are dropped from My eternity.  
Let someone else write the poem, not he who is now its scribe.  
Tomorrow I shall be a great tree in Asia,  
or a tiger among tigers  
preaching My law to the tiger's woods.  
Sometimes homesick, I think back  
on the smell of that carpenter's shop.

Now, let us go into the Silence.

Translated by Athena Minerva / GnosticLibrary.org  
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