

Neville Goddard 12-01-1969

## **THE HEART OF THE DREAMER**

The Christian world calls this the season of Advent; the coming of the great event or person; the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. Of course Paul, in his letter to the Galatians doesn't condemn it, but wonders if they really got the message, saying: "I notice you observe days and months and seasons and years! I am afraid I have labored over you in vain." There is nothing wrong with observing this season of the year, as long as you understand it as the coming of the great event or person.

Tonight I will tell you what I know from experience, from which my conviction was born. I must, however, use certain imagery in order to explain it. so I ask that you follow me in your imagination. Your wonderful human imagination is a reproduction of the Divine Imagination. Think of the human imagination as brain cells in the mind of the dreamer, which Divine Imagination sent out to infinity for a divine purpose. These brain cells are destined to return, like a boomerang, right back into the center of Divine Imagination as the dreamer who is God the Father.

The going out as sons is not easy. It was never intended to be. It takes the horrors of the world to awaken and expand his sons into God the Father. I promise you: the day will come when the divine breath will breathe over you and you will awaken in your immortal tomb. You, too, will leave that tomb to hold the infant child in your arms. He will be the symbol of your return, revealing the end of your horrors. Although you are then God the Father, you will not discover this for yourself until one hundred and thirty-nine days later, [when] God's son, David, will reveal your true identity.

Before I retired last night I was wondering what I would talk to you about, and this morning about 1:30, I found myself preparing dinner for three friends. (I took care of the funeral of two of them many years ago in New York City. The third may be gone, as I haven't heard from her for a very long time.) I was serving Barbados yams, which are unlike the ones we have here. It is a root weighing anywhere from two to thirty pounds. Its covering is dark brown, while the interior is snowy white.

As I approached the table, two jackals or silver foxes, approached, jumped on the table, and in the most vicious manner the father jackal tore a large hunk out of the back of his son and began to nail his son upon a board with its center gouged out to fit that hunk. The extended portion of the cross was wood, while the son's body formed the upright part of the cross. Then I awoke.

This morning, I went to *The Lost Language of Symbolism*, by Bayley, where I read that the jackal is the pathfinder in the desert. He is equated with the Egyptian god, Osiris, who, as the "opener of ways to the gods, he brings three to the mountains."

In the audience tonight are two ladies whose experiences I would like to share. One lady found herself in a crowd, looking at a woman surrounded by three men, who suddenly disappeared. The lady approached and asked their names, to which my friend replied: "Faith, hope and charity." (The word "charity" is translated "love" in the Revised Standard Version of the Bible, and love is right.) What a wonderful vision for her. She saw the three that he brought to the mountaintop, and knew their names.

The Father took us, the brain cells of his own being, and nailed us upon the cross that we may go out to infinity in a horrible nightmare. Then, like a boomerang, we will curl around and return to the center of the dreamer of the dream as God the Father.

This is the great mystery of Christmas, the day when God the Father is born as Jesus, which means "savior". In the 43rd and 45th chapters of the Book of Isaiah, we read: "I am the Lord your God, the Holy One of Israel, your savior and besides me there is no God." Here we discover that Jesus, our savior, is the Lord God Himself.

Everyone will return to the very heart of the dreamer as the dreamer himself. You were nailed down and sent out to infinity to experience all of its horrors; and when you have experienced them all, you will return as the being who conceived the world and played all the parts. This is the mystery of Christmas. Everyone, eventually, will know that he is the one called Jesus. The word "Christ" is the Greek word for "messiah", and simply means, "the anointed of God; to rule all of the people of God." Jesus is the Lord God Himself and Christ is his anointed, who will save the people from their sins and deliver them from their conquerors.

Who is this anointed one? David. He who delivered Israel from the Philistines and brought down the giant Goliath. When you return to your source, you will know that you are God the Father and that his son, David, is your son, for David will stand before you and call you, "Father." Then and only then will you know who you really are.

What I saw in vision was beautiful imagery of he who finds the path in the wilderness. Nailed upon your cross, you play the part of man until you return - not as a son of God, but as God Himself. Leaving paradise as a little one, you overcome death and return - expanded to encompass all - as the dreamer himself. This is the mystery of Christmas, which is taking place every moment of time.

Another lady shared this experience, saying: "You were with me all through the night, explaining the mystery of imagining. At one point you said: 'Come, brothers, show how it works' and instantly a man appeared at my left, and another man - holding an open ledger - appeared at my right. Approaching the man on my left, he said: 'Our funds are exhausted.' Looking at him intensely, the brother said not a word, but simply turned and disappeared. Then you said to me, 'you see? It is just as easy as that. You simply do what is to be done and go your way.' The one with the ledger, now with an expression of joy on his face, looks at the ledger and sees that - through some miracle - the money is recorded there." I showed her how imagination works.

Believing in the reality of an unseen state, my brother imagined the ledger showed a healthy balance, just as the man desired it to be.

Now, in Paul's letter to the Galatians, he says: "Paul, an apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ - not by men nor through man, but through the Lord Jesus Christ and God the Father who raised him from the dead." Although the letter is signed "Paul" it is a corporate letter "from the brethren who are with me." The brethren are those who have awakened from the dream of life. I introduced her to the brethren, who showed her how easy the law of imagining works. Looking intently, he saw the ledger reflect back a balance in the black, then went his way, unconcerned as to how it would come about, as the look of amazement on the other man's face indicated the change.

This is what I am trying to convey to everyone who will listen. You can prove the law, but the story of Christ cannot be proved on this level. Its truth can only be known from experience. If you will but imagine you are the man (or woman) you want to be and walk convinced that you already are, in the twinkle of an eye the ledger will change. Things will happen in your outer world and your desire will be fulfilled. You need not be concerned as to how it will come about, simply let your Imagination create it.

It will appear in such a normal, natural way that you will be inclined to credit the means employed, rather than the imaginal act which did it. The world will say it would have happened anyway; but let me tell you: it would not, for imagining creates reality. It could not have happened without your imaginal act to support it, but when it comes to pass, it always appears by a natural means. It is miraculous only to the individual who sees the radical change and remembers his imaginal act which created the means that produced the end result.

In a few days, we will be celebrating the birth of Imagination in the individual. Don't think some little individual was born 2,000 years ago. Everyone agreed to go out and experience the horrors of his own making, knowing that he would return to the mind of the dreamer as the Dreamer Himself. This return is told in the gospel. The story begins with the resurrection, for without it there could be no birth, no expansion, necessary to encompass God the Father.

The divine breath will breathe upon you and you will awaken in your immortal tomb with a built-in, innate wisdom as to how to get out. We are all in that same immortal tomb, as told us in the 87th Psalm. Pointing out different places in the same immortal tomb, he said: "This one was born here, that one there and that one here." Coming out of that tomb, everyone is destined to hold the infant Christ in his arms and say: "Let me depart in peace according to thy word."

Having heard salvation's story, believe it and simply continue your journey until you fulfill it. May I tell you: no one will falter. No one can fail - even the most horrible being imaginable, for he is a son of God, playing the part he has to play. Everyone will play every part in order to say: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." I have played all the parts. My memory is now returning, and I am remembering the horrors of my deeds; so I can now forgive everyone for whatever he is doing - or will do - because these things he agreed to do, as he moves

towards the end of the drama. Then, having moved out to infinity, he will curl like a boomerang, to return to the mind of the dreamer as the one who cast him out.

My dream was not a pleasant sight to see. Here was this huge father, tearing a large portion out of the back of his son; and then - as though he had human hands - he placed him on his back and nailed him to the wood, leaving the upright as the body itself. That was the jackal, the Egyptian Osiris, the pathfinder in the desert who knows the path and brings the three to the mountaintop. The three that you bring with you to the mountaintop are not Peter, Paul, and James - but faith, hope, and love, the three the lady saw so clearly in her vision.

The lady who learned how to use the law saw it perfectly, too. The law operates by faith. If you believe, no effort is necessary to see the fulfillment of your every desire. If you go to the bank and have money deposited there equal to your check, you will give them your check in the belief that - because of your faith - they will give you the money you desire. Treat your desire in the same manner. Knowing your desire exists in your imagination, simply expect its fulfillment in your outer world. Try it. I have lived by this law all of my life and know, that by applying this principle, all of your desires will be fulfilled.

Now, tradition tells us that the Christmas season begins on Andrew's Day, which is the first Sunday nearest the 30th of November. In the gospel story, Andrew is the first disciple in the list of twelve, so his day is the beginning of the four Sundays known as Advent: the coming of the great event or person; the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ.

But when Jesus comes you will not see a being on the outside, for he is in you, and his coming is his awakening in you - as you. You already are the Lord Jesus Christ, but you will not know it until you return to the very center of the one who sent you out into this world of hell. If you don't believe this is hell, read the morning papers. They are filled with the happenings of people who do not know what they are doing. But it is necessary to experience all the blows of life in order to awaken and expand that little brain cell in the mind of the dreamer, who is God the Father. Contracting, you go out to the very limit of infinity, to return - expanded - into the very center of the mind of the dreamer, as the dreamer himself.

A way for your return was prepared for you before that the world was. This was done by setting up a son called David, the anointed one, as told us in the Book of Samuel. After the Lord had rejected everyone, David - he who was watching the sheep - was brought in, and the prophet Samuel was told to "Rise and anoint him. This is he." Then the spirit of God came mightily upon David from that day forward. And in the Psalms, the Lord declared: "Thou art my son, today I have begotten thee. I have found David; with my holy oil I have anointed him. He has cried unto me, 'Thou art my Father, my God and the Rock of my salvation.'" This is implied in the New Testament, when Paul said: "It pleased God to reveal his son in me." He did not say who that son was, however, and the priesthoods of the world have changed scripture to make it conform to their misconceptions of the story.

Jesus is Awakened Imagination, who is God the Father; and if he is a father, he must have a son. His son is David, the sum total of his journey through humanity. You will know your journey through humanity is over when David stands before you and calls you Father. He is the symbol of the Christ, the anointed one, a man after your own heart, who did all your will.

In this world you have done - are doing, and will continue to do - the will of the Father; and believe it or not, you are doing it in love. And when you have finished the work you set out to do, you will return as the Father, to discover that it was all a dream. This universe, which seems so real, is a dream. We are eternal dreamers, dreaming non-eternal dreams. Falling asleep, you have the illusion of a fabulous journey in space, interlocked with time; but when time is finished, you will awake to discover that you never left your eternal home. That you were never born and have never died, save in your dream.

When time is finished, the breath of the divine being will breathe upon you. You will awaken within that immortal tomb, to come out and see the symbolism which was prepared before that the world was. Taking the infant child wrapped in swaddling clothes in your arms, you will see a heavenly smile appear upon his face, telling you that your journey into the world of death is over. But, because your brothers are still asleep, you will remain here for just a little while to encourage them; for they are all coming back, whether they have just started their journey, or are now returning. Those of you who are here now are returning. I know, for no man comes to me save my Father calls him, and I and my Father are one. Having returned to my Father as the Father, I am only drawing those who are returning, to encourage you to continue for the little while that is left.

The story of Christ is not the anniversary of a little boy who was physically born 2,000 years ago, but about the individual's spiritual birth from within. This will happen in you when the fullness of time comes. Then he will send the spirit of his son into your heart crying, "Father." If the spirit of God's son calls you Father, are you not the one who is dreaming the entire dream? The time has come for this experience to be yours, or you would not be here. But when that moment comes I do not know; only your heavenly Father knows.

There is a peculiar, innate fear in man that he will never find the Father. That is because he does not know what he is looking for. Man thinks it is wealth or security, fame, or marriage and a family, when he is really looking for the Father. But how long, vast, and severe, the anguish ere he finds and knows the Father, is long to tell. He will find him, however, but only through his son. I could tell you from now until the ends of time that you are God the Father, but for you it would only be hearsay until it is experienced. But one day you will know the truth of my words; for God's son, David, will call you "Father," and - strangely enough - you will know this relationship more surely than you know anything here on earth.

Now, here is a statement from the 4th chapter of Ecclesiastes: "I saw all the living that move about under the sun, also the second youth which shall stand in his place. There was no end to all the people. He was over all of them, yet those who will come later will not rejoice in him. Surely this also is vanity and a striving after wind." Tonight there are hundreds of millions of

people who would not be interested in hearing what you have heard this night. They are those who will come after. At the present time, they would rather have a huge diamond that's worth a million dollars, or stocks and bonds that pay good dividends. Their hunger is for some little trinket - which will turn to ash - rather than the revelation of the second youth, who will reveal their Fatherhood. Surely this is vanity and a striving after wind. In his 15th chapter of 1 Corinthians, Paul speaks of this youth as the second man, saying: "The first man is of the earth, a man of dust. The second man is from heaven and as we have borne the image of the man of dust, we shall bear the image of the man of heaven." I wish he had called him the second youth, in keeping with Ecclesiastes, but it doesn't really matter. It is the second being, called the "New Man", in whom we all aspire.

I know that the sensation of resurrection is one of waking. I actually awoke and wondered how long I had been there and who put me there. Blake explained it so beautifully in his poem, "The Mental Traveler."

"I traveled thro' a Land of Men  
A Land of Men and Women too  
And heard and saw such dreadful things  
As cold Earth wanderers never knew

For there the Babe is born in joy  
That was begotten in dire woe  
Just as we reap in joy the fruit  
Which we in bitter tears did sow

And if the Babe is born a Boy  
He's given to a Woman Old  
Who nails him down upon a rock  
Catches his shrieks in cups of gold."

I saw this in the symbolism of the god of Egypt with the jackal face, yet with hands, which nailed him down. I gasped as I watched the horror, yet he had no compassion, as he tore the back of his son and removed an area equal to the gouged out area of the board. This occurred just as I began to serve those who are dead.

In the 4th chapter of the Book of Daniel, the decree was made to: "Let his mind be changed from the man's and let a beast's mind be given him." Are we not animals here in this world? Today's paper certainly could convince anyone that we are. This is part of the unfolding horror, because the heart and mind of God was taken when the tree of life was felled. Then the heart and mind of the animal was substituted until one finds the Father; and when you find him, you will discover that you never left your immortal home. In the true sense of the word you were never born and have never died, save in your Imagination.

Now let us go into the silence.

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