

‘The Word of Love’

By

Michael Hendrickson

CONTENTS

1. In The Beginning
2. The Emergence
3. The Opening
4. The Selfless Way
5. Without Want
6. Humble Forgiveness
7. Pure Unconditional Love
8. End of Addiction
9. One With The Way

1. In The Beginning

Before light was made
there was something undefined,
dwelling in the darkness of incomprehensibility.

Of this it was said:

"He made darkness his secret place"
the formless and immaterial place of mystery,
where our understanding and concepts gain no admittance.

"Darkness within darkness, the gate of all mystery."

There is no name whereby He can be named,
neither in this age or in ages to come.
We call Him Great Spirit, God, the Way,
for He is a sea of essence,
indeterminate, boundless,
spreading far and wide beyond all notion of time and space.
Yet He is above essence,
because He is not of the essence of anything that is.

We call Him I AM.
For before all else, He Is.
Yet He is above being.
We call Him One.
For He alone is simple and without division.
Yet He is limitless.
Unlimited, self existing, free and simple,
in need of nothing.
It was said:
"The Way that can be described is not the Way"
Indescribable, unknowable, without name.

So as the mind utters from itself a thought
so did God utter the Logos.
Out of the womb of the mind,
The Word was begotten.
"From the Womb before the morning star
have I begotten you."
It was said:
"Something mysteriously formed,
born before heaven and earth,
tranquil, boundless,
dependent on nothing and changing not."
Mind does not exist without word,
nor word without mind.
A thought of the mind is a word hidden within,
a word is a thought which has come without.
Thought is transformed into word,
and word transmits thought to the hearers.
Mind, coming from itself
is thus Father to the Word,
and the Word is Son of the Mind.
Before the Mind, the Word was impossible;

the Word does not come from anywhere outside,
but rather from the Mind itself.

Thus the Father, the all-embracing Mind,
the One above and beyond thoughts,
has a Son, begotten of His essence:
The Word, above and beyond description.

As your actions proceed from your thoughts,
So do I proceed from God.

As the Word is like a sound,
a still voice,
so is the Active Spirit like a Breath,
a still wind.

The Breath rests in the word that is uttered.

So does the Spirit rest in me.

In you there is breath,
material and impersonal,
diffusing itself while sustaining your life.

In God there is also 'Breath,'
but a 'Breath' that is purely spiritual and personal,

not diffusing itself but sustaining
the life of everything
without differentiation.

The Breath of God is like a wind
the wind blows round and round
continually circling, going out and returning.

You cannot tell from where it comes or goes.

So is the Spirit who rests in the Word,
and so are those who rest in the Breath of Heaven.

Before the world was made,
The Mind, Word, and Breath were One,
the oneness is a mystery
which vastness cannot be comprehended.

Nevertheless there is given a name to this oneness:

the name of Love.

A name so great that
people despair and treat it as commonplace.

The Mind, Word and Breath have this perfect Love
as a bond of union.

Therefore, Love existed before the world was made.

The Love of God cannot merely be extended outwardly,
this Love is directed inwardly also.

The world did not know this Love
until I, the Word, came into it,
sent by God as the Messenger to the world
of the Love that had created it.

The world can be most unkind
making a sacrifice of all living things.

But look at the Breath of God,
it is void but not dead;
its action sustains all.

By continual movement,
going out and returning,
the Breath sustains all things without differentiation.

People waste their breaths arguing,
fighting over different interpretations
of Gods Oneness.
Rather than creating such conflict
I extend my arms
to embrace you
with the Love that binds all life together.

The Word is "begotten" of God, it is said.
The Spirit "proceeds" from God, it is said.
Yet there was never a time
when existence was separate.
Dwelling in Oneness outside time,
yet creating all things within time.
Time and darkness came into being
only when movement and light were made.

God, the Mind which is beyond your thoughts, creates.
I, the Word, bring forth and fulfill the command of God.
The Spirit-Breath, sustains and perfects,

and with these two 'hands' of God, the Mind,
thought becomes deed.

God spoke through me, the Word,
and through me all things were made.

Thus it was said:

"The Lord spoke, and all things came to be,
He commanded, and they were created."

"By the Word of God the heavens were established."

All things then were made by means of the Word,
without me was not anything made;
all stars, all worlds and dimensions,
all matter, all life, all intelligence,
of numbers so vast that if their names should be written,
even the world itself could not contain the books
that would be written of them.

God spoke through me, the Word,
and at his Breath there appeared myriad's of angels.

God spoke, calling upon the Word and the Spirit, saying:

"Let us make Man."

And through the breath of Heaven
entering into Man's nostrils,
Man became a living soul.

All things were created out of nothing,
out of that which was before form.
When this was accomplished,
the still, unchanging Word resounded
through all that was made,
and the still, unchanging Breath blew
through all that was made,
moving upon the face of the silent deep,
giving to all life and motion.

Once there was a time,
when all things became harmonized
in Gods' loving Oneness:
The heavens receiving Gods' love became clear.
The earth receiving Gods' love became calm.

The angels receiving Gods' love became divine.
All things receiving Gods' love began to truly live.
Without Gods love to make clear, the heavens would tear,
Without Gods' love to give calm, the earth would dissolve.
Without Gods' love to make full,
the valleys would be exhausted.
Without Gods' love to give life, none would exist.
We, Mind-Word-Breath, produce all things.
Yet, all things became harmonized in Oneness
by Gods Pure Unconditional Love.
We being One in Love, create as One,
and thus it is Love that creates and sustains life.
This creation of the world by Love
Is the mystery of the worlds Original Harmony.

She models her life
on the example of flowing water.
Water benefits all things
and does not contend with them.
Water stays in low places,
no one can look up to it.
The way of water exemplifies the fulfillment
of spiritual virtue.

I AM: the Way, the Truth, the Life.

As through me all things came into being from God,
so through me do all things return to God.

My action consists of returning.

Returning all to Oneness in Gods Love.

I AM: the only Way by which you came.

I AM: the only Way by which you return.

I AM: the only Truth by which you know.

I AM: the only Life by which you live.

It is I who fills.

It is I who empties.

I empty myself

that I might fill all things.

I allow myself to be torn down,

that through me all will be raised up.

Relinquishing my Divinity,

I go down in the abundance of Love,

that all things will go up through me.

Returning to the Oneness of Gods Love.

2. The Emergence

Before I came into the world,
people sought me out in every place.
They saw me not,
but sensed my presence everywhere.
They found me in living beings, in mountain crags and
flowing water, in seas and wind.
I was not these things,
but I spoke, guiding them.
All things followed my course.
Therefore people called me also by my other name:
"The Way."
The course that all things are to follow.
The trees, the birds, the rivers and winds:
These had no choice but to follow The Way.
Humanity alone was given a choice;
Humanity alone can follow or go its own way.

If they follow The Way,
they will suffer the pain of the world,
but they will find the Original Harmony.

If they follow their own way,
they will suffer only with themselves,
and within them will be chaos.

Before I came into the world,
People tried to describe me:
'The Way' that all things must follow,
and man if he chooses.
Not having seen me, but only my traces.
People could only speak in metaphors and riddles.
Some things they did not know, even from my traces,
as I passed silently, invisibly through the canyons.

What was the Way that all things followed?
That nothing existed for itself.
Each thing humbly, patiently fulfilled its purpose,
without thinking,

without possessing, or rebelling,
or complaining, or blaming,
or taking credit, or seeking fame.

In this way, the roaring ocean and mighty wind
were as meek as the still pond.

One thing dies, without thinking,
that others may live.

A seed falls to the ground and dies,
and from it grows a tree bearing fruit,
and more seeds beyond counting.

If the seed is preserved whole, nothing will come from it.
Only if it dies will it give life.

This is The Way that all things follow.

This is how we can describe The Way.

For what I do, is what I AM.

Thus it was said of me,

"There must be an Original Principle

which reveals the Mother of all things.

Having found the Mother, we know the child.

Knowing the child, we observe the Mother."

For does not the House speak of the Architect?

If all things are to follow The Way,

does the maker of things follow it also?

If each thing that is made serves another,

and all things serve a whole,

does not The Way serve also?

But whom does The Way serve?

If all created things, humbly fulfill the purpose

of their existence on earth,

Should not The Way do the same?

But how can I if I do not walk the earth

as do created things?

If I did, what would be my purpose?

If one thing must die that others may live,

should not I do the same?

But, how was The Way to die?

Who was I to die for?

This was the mystery before my coming.

You knew of my meekness, my lowliness,
my selflessness and patience,
my calmness in my mighty deeds,
my gentleness in my strength.

You knew that each thing serves another,
so does the maker of all things serve all things.

You knew that each thing dies for another,
so it is for me to die for all things.

You knew this.

But of the greatest mystery,
my perfect love,
which existed before the world,
you could not know.

Until I had walked among you,
held your head against my breast,
spoken to you with living breath,
entered among you through flesh and blood,
and vowed:

"I will never leave you."

Before I came into the world,
I was known to have distinct qualities and properties
As does a person.
And yet you, not having seen me,
could not know me fully as a person.
To you, I was, as it were, a person without a face or name;
A person who spoke no words,
did not announce my coming,
and left no footprints.
A person who could not be touched.
Therefore you could only call me "The Unknowable."
"Looked for" it was said "but invisible,
The Way may be called incomprehensible
listened for, but inaudible,
it may be called elusive, grasped at,
yet unattainable, it may be called subtle.
This cannot be discovered by investigation,
for it may blend into one.
This appears out of the darkness."

So, for you, I dwelt in the darkness...
of your incomprehensibility!
Yet I was not that darkness;
I dwelt beyond all being,
Yet I was not non-being;
I emptied myself.
Yet I was not emptiness,
I am not an eternal void.
For I exist in eternity.
Therefore, it was said,
"The Way considered as a reality is
impalpable, indefinite.
But within this impalpability there is something,
Within this indefiniteness there is being.
Dark and dim, within is the Essence.
The Essence is supremely true.
Within is the true evidence."
For you, I could not be known wholly as a person,
but neither was I wholly impersonal.

For I was known to care for all things.

Therefore it was said,

"All things arise from The Way,

and by the power of The Way

they are nourished,

developed, cared for,

sheltered, comforted, grown and protected."

"Is The Way a child of something else?" it was asked,

but you could not answer.

You had not seen who had given birth

to The Word, beyond time.

For "he who has seen The Word has seen The Father";

and The Word, Gods' first interpreter and herald,

had not revealed face,

I had not revealed myself as a person.

In finding traces of The Way in nature,

was found the nature from which humanity had departed.

"Return to the babe," it was said,

"Return to the state of the uncarved block,

the pristine simplicity,
the primitive origin of man:
here is the path of the Way."

In its infancy, the primitive origin,
humanity had been made
to rejoice in The Way, the source.
To abide in me.
To cleave to me.
To never depart.
To rise above the things of the senses,
above the bodily appearance.
To become selfless.
To go beyond themselves in selfless love.
To contemplate The Way extending into the universe.
To know the inner essences of created things.
To move even beyond these.
To behold the primal Word.
To see in me, in purity and stillness of thought,
the Love of God.

For such was humanities original nature,
the state of "the uncarved block, pristine simplicity,"
in which the simple and undivided Way had made all,
in which humanity was ever to remain,
but from which they had departed.

For, in not striving to go beyond themselves,
they preferred to seek things nearer to themselves:
the body and its senses.

For removing themselves from the invisible Way,
they began to regard their own visible self.

Therefore, seeking to return to original nature,
to the immaterial Source beyond the realm of sense.

The sage said:

"Ones perfect virtue lies in conformity to The Way.

'the form of the formless'

'the image of the imageless'

Go out and meet it and you will discover no beginning;

Follow after and you will discover know end.

Lay hold of it and apply it to the nourishment of your soul.

You will then understand the Origin of the Species,
The path of The Way!"

Before I came into the world,
the restless world groaned for my coming.
For the one who had been given a choice
of whether to follow The Way,
had departed from me.

The one who had been given governance over nature,
had departed from his own Governor,
and from nature.

Made to find pleasure in The Way,
found instead pleasure in their senses.

Made to desire The Way,
instead desired created things.

Made to live in primal simplicity,
fragmented into many parts.

Going against the primitive origin,

humanity has entered into contention against itself.
Contending one against another for objects of desire,
contention has spread throughout the earth.
Having corrupted their own nature,
humanity has polluted nature also.

Therefore did all creation groan for the Creator.
To restore the lost one to The Way.
To return them to their true nature.
To cleanse the filth of corruption.
To regain the Original Harmony.

Though creation is restless,
I am looking forward to the return.
Do you hear the restless earth?
Do you hear the mother groan?
Do you hear O Man, O lost one?
It is not the wind,
for all things are still in the night.

The lake is calm, the leaves do not rustle in the trees.

And yet the spirit hears that cry.

That never ceasing moan.

You filled your senses in order to stifle that cry.

But it would not be drowned in your drink,

filled with your feasts,

soothed in your songs,

quieted in your caresses.

Your mind speaks incessantly with the voice of desire

in order to drown out that cry from your head.

But the heart hears it.

To the ears it is a still moan.

To the Spirit it is louder than the mightiest tempest

that the earth can make!

"Will he come then?"

I will come.

"How will he come?"

It was man who disturbed the Great Harmony:

As a man I will come to restore it.

"Where will he come?"

The Way seeks the lowest place.

"The Valley and the Spirit do not die" it was said,

"They form what is called the mystic Mother,

from whose gate comes the Origin of Heaven and Earth."

And it was said, "this gate shall be shut,

it shall not be opened, and no one shall pass through it;

for The Lord shall enter by it."

God spoke,

and through His Word

answered the earth's moan.

Above the roaring cry

I answered with a small still voice:

"I will come. Will you receive me then?"

But no man heard my voice.

Only a small young woman,

who had lived, unknown,

in silence and purity,

was able to hear it.

And, in a small still voice she gave voice

for the whole earth.

She answered for all those beings

and creatures that could not speak.

She answered for all the people that could not hear.

And to the question asked by God,

she answered: "Yes,

I will receive You, according to your Word."

In Her the Way had found the lowest place

in the entire earth.

The nadir of the Valley.

The supreme humility.

I came and made my abode.

I took flesh of Her who I loved above all others.

She who dwelled on the earth.
She who was meek and humble like myself.
And lowering myself, emptying myself,
in my love to the lowest place,
I became a tiny child within her, the Mystic Mother.

Because of her profound and intangible humility,
Her gate, opened by no man,
through which no one had passed through,
became the gate from which came the Origin
of heaven and earth.

Because She had returned to the state of pristine simplicity,
She became "the mountain uncut by the hand of man,"
whom Daniel had foretold.
And the Spirit, the Breath of Heaven,
Rested upon Her, the valley of humility,
as I had upon the first formed world.

Water," it was said, "greatly benefits all things

but does not compete with them.

It dwells in lowly places that all disdain,

and so it is like The Way."

I came down and emptied myself in a lowly cave:

not amidst human dwellings,

but in the home of lowly animals.

Born on a lowly bed, dirty straw strewn on the ground.

Happy, prosperous people slept

in soft beds in the nearby inn.

But while other infants wept that night, I was silent.

And the sheep bleated like rippling water.

"The Way continuously creates," it was said,

"and the power of The Way nourishes, enlarges, feeds,

completes, matures, cherishes and broods over all things.

The Way creates but does not demand for itself;

acts but is not boastful, controls, but without compulsion.

This may be called the mystery of the Power of The Way.

The ten thousand things all honor The Way
and respect its Power,
but without demand or orders."

When I came to earth quietly under the cloak of flesh,
I did not demand respect,
nor was I want to reveal my true name,
a name worthy of all honor.

I left it to those whom I had made to utter my name:
The Word, Son of the Father, Son of the living God.
Hiding my glory in the deep pools of the valley,
I called myself "the least in the Kingdom of Heaven"
"The Son of Man."

For I had made myself the Son of Man,
the offspring of my own offspring,
lowering myself beneath man who falsely exalted himself.
Thus I to whom all things give honor and respect
gave honor to my one disobedient child, Man,
as a child gives honor to his parent.

"The great Way," it was said, "flows everywhere."

"It may go left or right.

All things depend on it, none is refused.

It fulfills its purpose silently, and does not take possession."

"He shall not cry, nor lift up," Isaiah said,

"nor cause his voice to be heard in the street.

A bruised reed shall he not break,

and smoking flax shall he not quench."

So did I come.

I who shakes the earth

and stirs the roaring winds and crashing seas,

came softly, silently.

"The great Way clothes and feeds all things," it was said,

"yet does not claim them as its own.

All things return to it,

yet it claims no leadership over them."

When I came into the world,
I claimed no worldly leadership,
but said to those I had made:
"I am among you as he who serves."

"He is oppressed,
and he is afflicted.
Yet, he opens not his mouth.
He is brought as a lamb before the slaughter.
As a sheep before the sheerer is dumb,
so he opens not his mouth."

For The Way is silent.
Silent and boundless.

3. The Opening

For thirty years of my life on earth,
I was silent before the people.
For fifty centuries humanity had awaited the Word
that its' Maker would speak.
And finally, with the people before me
on a sloping meadow overlooking a lake,
The Word spoke the truth.
The Way revealed the light.
I who had taken the lowest place,
spoke to my people of lowliness, saying:
"Blessed are the meek,
the poor in spirit,
blessed are you who weep now."
I who had come not seeking praise, said:
"Blessed are you when they revile and persecute you."
These are the first words that the Word spoke to mankind,
being meek, being myself reviled,
weeping with those who weep.

When I, 'the silent Way' spoke,
I revealed myself as The One
whose traces had been glimpsed centuries before,
in the groaning earth.

It had been said:

" He who has little shall receive in abundance.

But he who has much shall be confused."

So I said:

"Blessed are the poor, for yours is the Kingdom of God.

Blessed are you who hunger now, for you shall be filled.

But woe to you who are rich!

for you have received your consolation.

Woe to you who are full for you shall hunger."

It had been said:

"Superior virtue is unconscious of its virtue,
hence it is virtuous.

Inferior virtue is conscious of its virtue,
hence it is not virtuous.

I, when I became flesh said:

"When you do a merciful deed,
let not your left hand know what your right hand is doing."

It had been said:

" In order to rule the people,
the ruler must serve the people.

In order to guide the people,
the leader must follow the people needs."

And I said:

"If anyone desires to be first, he will be last of all,
and servant of all."

It had been said: "The Way of Heaven
is to take from those who have too much
and give to those that do not have enough."

And I said to those who hid their Spiritual riches:

"My Kingdom shall be taken from you
and given to a nation
bringing forth the fruits thereof."

It had been said:

"When gold and jade fill your hall,
you will not be able to keep them safe."

I also said:

Do not lay up for yourselves treasures on earth,
where thieves break in and steal."

It had been said:

"Ones own self or material good,
which has more worth?

I said:

"For what has a man profited
if he gains the world
yet loses his soul?"

It had been said:

"The flexible overcome the adamant,
the yielding overcome the forceful.

It is because the wise does not contend
that no one in the world
can contend against him."

And I also said:

"Resist not evil,
but whoever strikes you on your right cheek,
turn to him your left also.

And if anyone want to sue you at law
and take away your tunic,
give to him your cloak also."

It had been said:

"The violent man shall die a violent death."

And I agreed saying:

"All who take the sword shall perish by the sword."

It had been said:

"The most massive tree grows from a sprout;
the highest building rises from a pile of dirt;
a journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step."

And I said:

"The Kingdom of the Heavens is like a mustard seed,
which a man took and sowed in his field:
which is the least of all seeds,
but when it is grown it is greater than all the herbs,
and becomes a tree,
so that the birds of the air come and log in its branches."

It had been said:

"Magnify the small, increase the few.
All great things under heaven start from the small."

And I said:

"The kingdom of the heavens is like leaven,
which a woman took and hid in measures of meal,
till the whole was leavened."

It had been said:

"Heavens net is broad with big meshes."

And I agreed saying:

"The Kingdom of the Heavens is like a net,
that was cast into the sea,
and gathered some of every kind."

It had also been said:

"Heavens net lets nothing slip through."

And I said:

"A sparrow shall not fall to the ground
without your fathers knowledge."

It had been said:

"The Way clothes and feeds ten thousand things."

And I said:

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow:
they toil not, neither do they spin:
and yet I say to you,
that Solomon in all his glory was not
arrayed like one of these."

It was said:

"Returning is the movement of the way,
but its function is weakness."

And I said:

"My strength is made perfect in weakness."

It had been said:

"There was something undefined yet complete in itself,
born before Heaven and Earth.

Men do not know its name."

And I, when I became flesh said:

"I who speak to you am One."

When I became flesh,

I came to the unwanted among people

I came not to the good, but to the bad

I came not to the right, but to the wrong

I came not to the beautiful, but to the ugly

I came not to the healthy, but to the sick

I came not to the rich, but to the poor.

Therefore the good, the righteous, the beautiful,
the healthy, and the rich
Railed at me, smote me, and cast me out as evil.
For I was a reproach to their pretense of goodness.
Only I reached down to the evil
in order to raise them to the true goodness
of their original nature.

I sought no glory or acclaim for myself, saying:

"Why do you call me good?
only The Father, who is in the heavens
may be called good."

The good, the righteous, the beautiful and the rich
heard not The Word.

For them The Word was not spoken.

To the poor The Word was spoken.

And when they heard it, their hearts burned within them.

For the Maker of the universe spoke as one who was poor.

And they said:

"No man ever spoke like this man."

I was condemned as a friend of harlots,
and the harlots became as virgins.

I was condemned as a friend of thieves,
and the thieves restored their stolen goods.

I was condemned as a friend of poor fishermen,
and the fishermen caught the people in their nets.

I was condemned as a friend of outcasts,
and outcasts inherited the Kingdom.

I was condemned,
and they were created anew.

I wept over what my creation had made of itself.
and by my tears was it remade.

Restored to its true nature,
its primitive origin.

The first creation was of the earth
the second of Water and Spirit.

"All things," it was said,

"Depend on the Great Way for life.

None is refused."

The people are fragile, crippled,
their natures riddled with wounds.

With hopeful eyes they beg me,

"Carry my load,"

And I take it.

I seek workers to help carry it.

The workers come, but they are few.

And they too are fragile, wounded, lame.

I carry their load, also.

For it is out of love that they have come.

And I care for nothing else.

"Go out to meet The Way" it was said,

"and you will discover no beginning,

follow after, and you will find no end."

The Way is outside time.

Yet, I who made time took up my abode within time.

In a single material body,

in a single time and place.

Likewise the Way has no beginning or end.
Yet I who made time, being in all things,
abide in both the beginning and end of time.
Therefore I said: "I AM the beginning and the end."
At the beginning I knew you before you were born.
I speak to you from the end of time.
From there I can promise you,
and never break my word.
For I not only know the end,
I AM the end.
And at the End,
I AM all in all.
I have made you.
I sustain your every breath.
I am holding you.
You will not fall unless you depart from me.
You will be held up while you hold to my words.
For at the end, where I am,
though heaven and earth will pass away,
The Word will not pass away.

"When you are at one with The Way," it was said,

"The Way welcomes you."

Be kind, I say, and you will know me.

For I am very quiet.

You will hear only me

when you are kind and gentle to my children.

Don't analyze, and you will know me.

For you only think of what is outside of you,

and I AM within you.

Fear not, I say.

You have stepped away from me, that is all.

Return to the feast,

and lay your head upon my breast at supper.

You were away,

and now that you have returned,

I am in my final hour.

I am about to be delivered to be killed.

But I rejoice this too,

for when you see me hanging on the tree,

you will know me as you have never known me before.

And when you see me die,
you will have me forever.

"The multitude are joyful and vacuous" it was said,
"As if life were a carnival, a feast,
as if they were climbing to the very heights of success
I alone am amid them like one unemployed,
like a newborn babe that cannot yet smile.
I am alone,
without a place to go,
I belong nowhere.
They all have plenty to spend and more,
I alone seem to have lost everything."

When I took flesh and came into the world,
I too belonged nowhere.
"Foxes have holes," I said "and birds have their nests,
but the Son of Man has now where to lay his head."
Surrounded by those
that guarded their power and authority,

who protected their wealth and property,
and sold their souls for the sake of public standing.

I alone had nothing.

I who had created the world, had nothing in the world.

And at the end,

I was stripped even of my lone tattered garment,
and died, naked and bleeding,
before the world which I sustained in abundance.

It was said, "He who takes upon himself
the humiliation of the people
is fit to be the master of the people."

And Isaiah said:

"He bears our sins, and is pained for us.
He was wounded on account of our sins.
He was bruised because of our iniquities,
and by his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray,
and the father gave him up for our sins.

In his humiliation his judgment was taken away.
Therefore he shall inherit many,
and he shall divide the spoils of the mighty,
because his soul was delivered to death,
and he was numbered among the transgressors,
and he bore the sins of many,
and was delivered because of their iniquities."

"Why did the ancients treasure the Way?" it was asked,
"Was it not because the seeker finds what he seeks by it,
and the guilty are forgiven and relieved of punishment?
Therefore the Way is the treasure of the universe."

Again it was said:

"He who takes upon himself the sins of the world
is the king of the world."

And John the Baptist said:

"Behold the Lamb of God
Who takes away the sin of the world."

4. The Selfless Way

It was said:

He who knows honor and glory,
yet keeps humble,
resembles the valley of the world.

I entered the city,
and the crowds stood on either side of the road,
shouting praises and blessings upon me.

The children laid clothes and branches under the hooves of
the ass on which I rode.

I knew of the honor and the glory,
yet I knew that I was going to my ultimate humiliation;
that some of those who now shouted my praises
would soon be shouting for my death.

"For he is a man of sorrows,"

As foretold Isaiah,
"A man of sorrows,
and acquainted with grief."

It was said:

"He who knows of honor and glory,
yet keeps humble,
returns to pristine simplicity."

I left the city and descended into the valley.

Ascending again to the other side of the valley,

I came to a garden.

Like the original garden

where my love had first been betrayed.

And the duplicitous one,

pretending to return my love,

betrayed me with a kiss.

That one, pretending to do me reverence,

disgraced me in front of all.

Love ushers in freedom,

duplicity put me in shackles.

The duplicitous one delivered the simple one to death.

I was brought back into the city.

Before, I had entered in honor,

to be lead to final disgrace.

Now I entered in disgrace,

to be lead to final honor.

"Behold," I said, "the hour is coming,

yes, has now come,

that you shall be scattered,

each to his own,

and shall leave me alone,

because the father is with me."

I was alone in the Garden.

Long ago, in the beginning.

I had been abandoned by Man in the Garden:

Man had turned away from me,

departing from the primal simplicity,

fragmenting his nature,

scattering himself in thoughts, imaginations and desires.

They had not been willing to stay with me.

And in my darkest moment,

as I wept in the Garden,

so that my sweat fell to the ground as great drops of blood,

Man abandoned me again, scattering,

not willing to watch with me the hour.

As a man I was left alone,

but as The Word I was never alone,

Dwelling eternally with the Father and the Spirit.

I willed to be alone as a man

so that humanity would no longer be alone.

I willed to stand watch as a man

so that humanity, who preferred to sleep,

would at last awake!

They could have laid hands on me before,
but I passed out of their hands many times.

Their hour had not yet come then.

But now the hour had come.

It had come,

and the power of darkness.

The time has been fulfilled.

The work has been accomplished.

And the Father placed his beloved into their hands.

The darkness has no power of itself

except it be given by The Father

in His own time.

That out of the most horrible event in history,

the murder of the creator of life,

might come forth the greatest event.

The rising of the Destroyer of Death.

I became an outlaw

in order to restore the law.

I took the sentence of death

in order to abolish the sentence of death.

Those who condemned me according to the law

were themselves condemned by the law,

for the only law I gave was to love,

and that love condemned them.

They were judged by Love;

and I who is Love, and is therefore Judge,

was judged by them as a transgressor

of their transgression.

A band of soldiers stripped me

and put on me a scarlet robe.

They placed a crown of thorns on my head,

and a reed in my right hand.

They kneeled before me,

and mocked me, saying,

"Hail the King!"

They spat on me, and took the reed.

And they struck me on the head.

Then taking the robe off me,

they put my own tattered raiment on me,
and led me away to kill me.

"If it were not laughed at," It's been said,
it wouldn't be The Way."

It was said:

"The sage does not reveal himself
and is therefore luminous.

He does not justify himself and is therefore far famed.

He does not boast of himself,
and therefore people give him credit.

He does not contend, and therefore is ruler among men.

Since he does not contend,
no one in the world can contend against him."

I, when brought before my accusers,
did not reveal myself, did not justify or boast of myself,
nor did I contend.

"If my kingdom were of this world," I said,

"then my servants would fight,
that I should not be delivered up.

But my kingdom is not from here."

When brought before judges whose sentence was death,

I, who gives life to all things, was silent.

When asked what I knew,

I, the omniscient one, was silent.

When asked "What is Truth?"

I, who am myself the Truth, was silent.

When asked by the judge, "Do you not hear

how many things they testify against you?"

I, the eternal Word, was silent.

Nailed through my hands and feet,

I did not murmur.

Pierced in the side,

I did not cry out.

Abandoned by all the earth,

I called to my Father in heaven.

It was said:

"Lofty virtue is like an empty valley."

Thus did I, 'the Way of Heaven,'
empty myself into the lowest place,
the nadir of the valley.

But, in finding it, I was raised up.

Raised upon a cross,
my hands outstretched before the world,
as if calling the people.

But my hands, pierced with nails, remained empty.

And I said: "I thirst."

I thirst for the one lost sheep
who has departed from the way,
for I have loved him.

He who had once been my friend,
with whom I had once held in the Garden,
has nailed me to a tree,
like the tree in the Garden
from which was plucked the fruit.

"He who loved the world as himself," It was said,

"may not the world be entrusted to his care?"

And I, in my love for the world, said:

"If I be lifted up from the earth,

I will draw all people unto me."

Drawing together those who have scattered themselves,

those who have abandoned me,

those who have hammered nails

into the very hands that are drawing them.

When I took flesh, I said;

"Everyone who exalts himself shall be abased,

and he who humbles himself shall be exalted."

There must be a return.

Lower me to the lowest point

in this I shall be raised to the highest.

You, O Man, have exalted yourself,

and thus you have lowered yourself

to self-love, to things of the senses.

See, then, how you may be raised up once more
to your origin, your true nature.

Behold in me The Way to follow:

I go The Way before you,

for I have loved you, and care nothing for myself.

Behold in me The Way to follow.

Take away my life:

in this I shall not only gain life,

but like a seed that falls to the ground and dies,

I shall give unending life to all.

Destroy me, mock me, humiliate me:

in this I shall overcome the world.

Tear down the temple of my body:

I shall raise it again in three days.

I will be the lowest, most dishonored, sorrowful

and tortured of all men,

that of all men I may be raised up

not for my own glory,

but for the glory of God who sent me,

that I may raise up the whole world
which I fashioned with my own hands.
Raising up even you who have cast me down.
There must be a return.
There must be a resurrection.
For how can incorruptible Love die with the body,
or the Source of Life be sealed in a tomb?

5. Without Want

What does it mean to be lowered in self-exaltation?

When you hold to the body and the things of the senses,
you descend into the lust of yourself.

You fall in love with yourself.

This is what it means to be lowered in self-exaltation.

Regarding our temporal body rather than the eternal Way,
we lose our natural simplicity and peace.

We become unnatural, agitated,

vexed and turbid with desire,

afraid to be deprived of the objects of our lusts,

afraid not to reach the goal of our ambitions,

afraid of hunger, thirst,

death and the separation of the body.

Therefore it was said:

"We have fears because we have a body.

When we do not regard the body as our self,

what have we to fear and be distressed about?"

And I said, when I became flesh:

"Take no thought of your life, what you shall eat,
neither for the body, what you shall wear.

If the make of all things clothes the grass,
which today is in the field,

and tomorrow is cast in the oven,

how much more will he clothe you?"

Turning our eye to desire for the things of the senses,
we become blind their inner essences.

We see them not as words within the Word,
thoughts of the Father.

Therefore, it was said:

"Five colors blind men's eyes.

Five tones deafen men's ears.

Five flavors dull men's taste.

Galloping and hunting derange men's minds.

Rare articles lead astray.

On this account The Way regards not the eye

but the inner things.

He dwells not in the flower, but in the fruit.

He puts aside the one and takes the other."

Also it was said:

"Stop the aperture,

close the door,

and your whole life will be undisturbed.

Open the aperture and become urgent for business,

and you will never find completion."

And I, when I became flesh said:

"When you pray enter into your closet,

and when you have shut the door,

pray to your Father who is in the secret place."

The closet of the soul is the body;

The aperture of the door is the five senses;

The secret place is the heart.

The soul enters the closet when the mind does not wander.

The door is closed when the senses

are not attached to things.

The secret place is entered when the mind,

disregarding all intrusive thoughts and images,

descends into the secret place,
imprisons itself there,
and thus in imprisonment at last finds peace.
Be not of doubtful mind, I say,
take no thought for tomorrow,
for tomorrow shall take thought for its own things.
Rather seek first the Kingdom of Heaven,
for it is the Fathers good pleasure to give it to you.
The Kingdom comes not through observation,
for it is within you.
Enter into your closet,
and your Father, who sees in secret,
shall reward you openly.
Desire for created things disturbs the Original Harmony,
the primal oneness, perfect love.
Such desire derives from the two, from separation.
It chases after its object, clings to its purpose,
is anxious and disturbed.
Desire for created things equals torment,
because such desire can never be fulfilled.

Torment begins

when the primal Oneness, perfect Love is broken.

Thus it was said:

"Embrace simplicity, lessen selfishness, diminish desire.

The Way acts without desire, hence he never fails;

he never grasps, hence he never loses."

When one is attached to oneself and to the senses,

one strives to fill oneself through self-love

and sensual pleasure.

But the more one strives, the more empty one becomes.

In order to become full,

one must empty oneself.

Thus it was said:

"In pursuit of learning, everyday something is acquired.

In pursuit of The Way, everyday something is dropped.

Losing, sacrificing and surrendering,

until you come to the state of acting without selfish desire.

When you act selflessly, nothing is left undone."

Ever without desire, I empty myself into my creation

out of love, in complete self-giving.

I empty myself,

yet, being the unchanging cause of all things,

I remain ever full.

Finished with their desire for material things,

My followers likewise empty themselves

out of love, in complete self-giving.

For in emptying themselves as I do,

they are ever filled by God.

Beneath the brittle surface,

the vain, self interested, clinging obsession,

the maddening longing,

which only obscures what lies below

there is a silently flowing river:

river of compassion, tide of mercy,

a feeling of the others pain,

flowing into a vast ocean of sorrow.

It is the sorrow of a great funeral:

the death of sensual self love.

Although it is a sorrow,

enter it willingly, with joy,

for there is tenderness in its pain.

And at last, in its sorrow,

there is perfect freedom.

This is the love that never dies, never fails,

a proof of immortality.

This is the pain that I embraced willingly,

sharing your pain.

This is the cross that I ask you to bear.

This is the death that I ask you to die.

And at last in this death,

there is perfect peace.

It was said:

"He who aims at life achieves death.

There are people whose every moment leads them to death

because they cling to life.

The Way cares nothing for himself and yet he is preserved.

Is it not because he has no selfish desires

that he is able to succeed?"

And I, when I became flesh said:

"Whoever shall seek to save their life shall lose it.

Whoever shall lose their life shall preserve it."

He who desires the things of this life

craves for this life.

He who desires the things which he cannot have

craves for death.

But he who has lost desire

craves for neither life or death.

The two are the same to me,

and I pass from one to the other

without fear or agitation, as from joy to joy.

I AM the Way of Heaven,

who creates and nourishes life,

yet, creates without possessing.

Because my followers do not take possession of life,
death does not possess them.

I who bore the worlds burden upon myself said:

"Come unto me, all you that labor and are heavy laden,
and I will give you rest.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn from me,
for I am meek and lowly in heart,
and you shall find rest for your souls.

For my yoke is easy and my burden light.

Follow me, I say,
down to the very pools of the valley,
where the water ever empties itself,
is ever emptied, yet never full.

Follow me, like the stream, to the lowest place,
the place all people disdain,
and there you will find rest.

Emptied, you will ever be full.

If you found not rest,
that means that you have not found the lowest place.

You have not lost everything,
but are still on the slope of the valley,
clinging with fear.

Better then that you had not descended at all
but had remained on the surface.

Count the cost:

If you descend you must descend with me
all the way down:

there to die, that you may be reborn.

"For The Way leads to eternity,
and though your body ceases,
you will not be destroyed."

There is no greater sin than desire,
no greater curse than discontent.

Not desiring things prevents confusion of the heart.

Desire non-desire, by not wanting, there is calm.

At the nadir of the valley
there is no more beliefs.

There is only I AM, who is beyond your imagination,

being pure, simple, unique Thought,
Thought in which there is no duality arising from desire,
but only the oneness of perfect love.

Within the perfect Oneness,
there is no more separation.

No more separation between joy and sorrow.

Joy and sorrow are united,
forming the feeling which is beyond feelings,
and which is without passion.

The fullness of joy and the fullness of sorrow,
and they are the same substance,
because their fullness abides in common emptiness.

This is peace.

Peace that comes after the storm of desire has passed.

This is oneness.

Oneness that comes when duality of contention has ceased,
when the desire to possess has passed away.

At the nadir of the valley,
blessed are they that weep.
For they, possessing nothing,
are the inheritors of joy.

Come to me, I say.
The Way seems long
because you cannot see the end.
But when you reach the end and look back,
the way will seem so very short,
and you will see that
you could never have known sadness,
that sadness of following the way
which seemed so long.
You will be thankful.
You will be glad
that things happened just as they did,
that they are just as they are.
You will be thankful in the harbor
if only you endure to the end.

Follow me , I say.
Descend into the valley,
enter the city,
be raised up with me in ignominy:
torn and tattered,
dragged down to the most abased place on earth,
atop the highest tree
on the highest hill outside the city.
Follow me, I say.
Hollow, empty, selfless,
resting forsaken.
There abide in me, as I abide in you.
Follow me to where the lowly ones wait,
abandoned in the bowels of the earth.
Then up the valley path
we reach the flatland,
and their hearts burn when they see us.
Mounting the clouds of heaven,
we climb to where no man has climbed,
and come by a gate no man has entered.

I have shown you the way,
and I leave myself with you.
The world laughs,
but see, in this realm where no man has gone,
which no man has glimpsed,
I have opened the gate to you.
Enter into my joy,
you who have tasted my pain.
Abide in the highest,
you who have been abased in the depths with me.
Be filled with me,
you who have been emptied with me.
Be renewed,
you who have been tattered with me.
Taste incorruption, you who have lain in the grave with me.
All the way down to where you no longer contrive.
Care not for what others think.
All the way down to where you have nothing to lose,
nowhere to go, nowhere to hide.
This is the point of emptiness.

Acting without desire,
you will see a flash of the beauty you had forgotten
from when you were a little child.
She does not contrive.
Humble, she has not formed the desires that break
the original harmony and unity.
Soft and yielding like water, her mind is boundless.
Spontaneous, she accepts without thought The Way
that all things follow.
Descending into the secret place of the heart,
and gently checking the breath,
She now calls upon the Name
of him who had once been nameless.
And I, who took flesh,
puts to death all passions of the flesh
all pride, ambition, rancor, and resentment.
Purifying her heart.
Recreating her in Gods image.
The image of the pure and innocent child.
The image of nameless Simplicity.

6. Humble Forgiveness

Self-absorption, like idolatry,
breaks the Original Harmony.

Making divisions in nature,
it treats some things as worthless.

Using natural things in an unnatural way,
it corrupts them by misuse.

As a person who worships created things
is a slave to the senses,
so is a person who has conceit.

For the person of desire is attracted
through his eyes and ears to others.

While the person of conceit tries to attract
the eyes and ears of others to himself.

He charms and impresses
by what is visible and audible
those who judge virtue only with their senses.

Thus it was said:

"On tip toe, none can stand firmly.

Straddling, none can walk well.

One who justifies oneself has no glory.

One who boasts of their abilities has no merit.

One who has conceit is not the chief among men.

Such, by judgment of the Way,

resemble the 'dregs and tumors' of virtue.

Those who possess the Way have no occasion for them."

It was said:

"The softest thing in the universe

Overcomes the hardest.

The stiff and unbending is the disciple of death,

The gentle and yielding is the disciple of life.

A tree that is unbending is easily broken

The hard and strong will fall.

The soft and weak will overcome."

If a painful experience comes upon a humble soul,
She bends and thus remains whole.
Straightway She goes against herself,
straightway She accuses herself,
and thus She does not set about accusing anyone else.
Thus She goes on her way,
untroubled, not depressed, in complete control of her mind.
Having no cause to be angry or to anger anyone.
Therefore it was said:
"Mix with all that is humble as dust.
This is Original Harmony.
It cannot be made intimate, nor can it be alienated.
It cannot be benefited, nor can it be harmed.
It cannot be exalted, nor can it be debased.
For this very reason it is the highest,
most valuable thing in the world."
The humble soul, at one with the dust of the earth,
knows the power behind saying, "Forgive me."
She is among the strongest in the world,
for nothing is more powerful than lowliness.

It was said:

"The Way covers its cutting edge.

It transcends entanglement,

Softens its Light, merges with dust."

Humility is my raiment.

I have cloaked myself in it.

Descending from my loftiness,

I used it to hide my splendor,

lest my creation be consumed with my appearance.

Creation could not look directly upon my light,

nor could it hear the voice of my thunders.

Therefore I descended not in an earthquake,

nor in a fire, nor in a terrible mighty sound,

but, as King David said:

"Like rain upon fleece,

Like raindrops falling upon the earth" softly,

concealing myself in the veil of my flesh,

speaking with you in the body

wrought in the womb of the woman.

It was said:

"Abasement is the foundation of exaltation.

Loftiness is based in lowliness.

Hence the sage wears coarse garments

But embraces a jewel in his bosom."

Everyone who puts on the coarse garment of humility
is like The Way who put it on before you.

When, through wearing the coarse body of lowliness,
creation beheld my loftiness,
and at last received its jewel:

The vision of its Maker.

It was asked:

"Why is the sea the king of a hundred streams?

Because it lies below them."

I, While showing you the way of humility,
took a towel and bending below my disciples,
washed their feet.

Learn not from an angel
nor from people, nor from a book,
learn from my Love.

From my indwelling.

From my illumination and action within you.

For I am meek and humble in heart,

and in Thought,

and in Spirit,

and you souls shall find rest from conflict,

and relief from confusion.

For just as pride dissipates the soul

through imaginings and distractions,

so humility collects the soul through stillness of thoughts

and concentrates within.

Thus the humble soul wishes to enter and dwell in peace,

to forsake her former concepts together with sensuality,

to become something that does not exist within creation,

that has not come into being in this world,

that is totally unknown, even to herself, even to the senses.

Thus hidden, she remains with the master,

descending ever towards him, the infinite sea of essence,

The King of a hundred streams.

It was said:

"The sage keeps his half of the bargain,
but does not exact his due.

A man of virtue performs his part,
but a man without virtue requires others to fulfill the part."

When I became flesh I said:

"Give to everyone who asks of you,
and from him who takes your goods ask them not again.

Do good, and lend, hoping for nothing back."

Call me not just,

for your frail nature would not be strong enough
if my justice were to rise up to make exaction.

Rather, call me merciful,

for I came employing mercy in place of justice,
since at all times you are held in debt.

There is a bondsman for those who are bound by debt.

There is a healer for those who have stumbled,
who have bruised the simplicity of their original nature.

There is a bondsman and a healer:

Even I who asked that mercy be shown to my murderers,

who pardoned them even as I hung on the tree.

"The breath of heaven is upon me
to preach glad tidings to the poor,
to heal the broken hearted,
to proclaim forgiveness to the captives,
and to set those free who are bruised."

By means of The Way

you are forgiven your sins.

When you love, expecting nothing,
you have the power to forgive anyone anything.

Therefore I, who is perfect Love,
and loves perfectly,
and who came to earth out of Love,
came with the power to forgive all people all crimes.

This was a perfect gift I offered up,
but it can only be received by those that love, and forgive.

For when you love, expecting nothing,
you will not only forgive everything,
you will be forgiven everything.

Of those who love much,
much will be forgiven.

This is the Way of Heaven.

The spirit of forgiveness is the spirit of The Way.

The heart of the follower of The Way
is distinguished by its power to forgive.

But the heart cannot attain to perfect forgiveness
until the Breath enters into it
with the perfect Love that I had with God
from the beginning.

When you blame others, there is contention.

When you find your own faults, there is peace.

When you demand restitution, there is resistance.

When you forgive, there is restoration.

When I took flesh, I took the blame on myself,
and I forgave everyone, even my own murderers.

When I came, I did so bringing peace.

And yet this noncontention
is in contention with

the contentiousness of this world.

Therefore I came, bringing peace with a "sword."

Those who are virtuous do not dispute.

Those who dispute are not virtuous.

A sign of a virtuous and compassionate soul

is forgiveness of all.

A sign of an evil mind is bitter speech

to one who has fallen.

A virtuous soul, having been lowered into the valley,

into the bottom of humility,

does not know how to have enmity.

She forgives to the last, pardons to the last.

She does not exact her due, does not demand restitution,

but judges only herself,

always searching endlessly for the fault within herself.

Like The Way whom the soul follows,

She will forgive and pardon everyone,

even her own tormenter.

Asking for mercy in the secret place of the heart,

she is granted it from the Source of all mercy.

From there, from the secret place,
She radiates mercy to all created things.

If the heart has forgiven and excused,
offenses will not be remembered.
They are kept only in the attic,
without the heart's participation.

Distinguish between these two things:
the heart and the brain.

If the heart has forgiven, it will never remember,
for it has no memory.

The brain may remember,
but the heart will compel it to be silent.

When you have descended into the Valley with me,
and with me have been raised upon the Tree:
when tears of the joyful, flood your eyes,
and you taste the sweetness and perfect freedom
of dying to this life,
then you no longer feel anger or rage,

you know what it means to forgive
everyone and everything.

Then you see how I, nailed to the Tree,
could have forgiven everyone
who has ever lived and ever will live.

Still you see the people around you,
and still you see their weakness and failings,
but now you feel such compassion for them,
as if they were small children,
and you feel like a child.

In a sense, nothing has changed:

the good in you remains,

the evil in you remains.

But now you know,

you know that there is nothing more sublime,

beautiful and profound than the Tree.

Now you know what it means that I spilt my blood for you.

When at the supper before my final agony,

I asked to drink my blood and eat my flesh

for the forgiveness of sins.

You too are ready to give up your flesh

and shed your blood.

You too are ready to forgive,

that you may share in what I AM.

In my ultimately liberating love.

A love that is a pain.

A pain that is a peace,

A peace that passes all understanding.

7. Pure Unconditional Love:

“The man of the highest virtue
is like water which dwells in lowly places.
In his dwelling he is like the earth, below everyone.
In giving he is whole hearted.
His heart is immeasurable.”

The humble soul is like water,
water that softens the earth of the heart,
the place of Her dwelling.
Through Her humility in dealing with people,
hardness and callousness are expelled from Her,
swept away like a heavy rock.
A new vista opens to the gaze of the mind
the wounds with which Her nature is riddled.
Then does the softened heart begin to assist the mind
with mourning,
as the soul begins to know Herself for the first time,
She begins for the first time to know others.

Finding one wounded nature common to all,
In her compassion she dwells,
in the earth of the heart,
beneath them.

Her heart has become immeasurable.
She has found the way to perfect love.

Those who follow The Way
are known by their love.

Everyone that loves is born of The Way
and knows The Way.

He that loves not, knows not The Way,
For The Way is Love.

They that abide in Love, abides in The Way,
and the Way in them.

There is no fear in perfect love.

Perfect Love casts out fear.

Nothing is more cherished than perfect Love.

For The Way is simple and undivided,
and love unites that which has been torn asunder.

Love creates a single identity of will and purpose,
free from faction,
among many and among all.

I, the Word, who had existed with the Mind and the Breath
in a union of perfect Love,
from the beginning of time:

this same Word when having come to earth,
prayed to the Father, the Mind,
that such perfect Love, such oneness, might exist
between those that followed the Way:

"Father, keep through your own name
those whom you have given me,
that they may all be one, as you, the Father are in me,
and I in you, that they may also be one in us.

I in them, and you in me,
that they may be perfect in one.

And that the world may know that you have sent me,
and have loved them, as you have loved me.

For you loved me
before the foundation of the world."

The Way is unchanging, all pervading, unfailing.

How then did I, when I took the form of flesh

subject to death,

show myself to be unfailing?

How, if not by the eternal, immutable Love that I

share with the Father and Holy Spirit?

Love is not merely a feeling.

Feelings pass like clouds and dissolve in tears.

Love is a vow.

An eternal vow that never passes away,

never changes, never fails.

A vow that, whether united or separated in the body,

you will always be my beloved.

Unchanging, unfailing,

It was with such a vow that I bade farewell to my beloved:

Those whom the Father had placed in my hands.

I said to them in their sorrow,

"I will not leave you orphans,

I will come to you

I will come to you.

Yet a little while, and the world will see me no more,
but you will see me.

Because I live, you shall live also.

And that day you shall know that I am in my Father,
and you are in me, and I in you.

Behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you.

And look, I AM with you
always, even to the end of the world."

Treat well those who are good
also treat well those who are not;
thus is goodness attained.

Be sincere to those who are sincere,
also be sincere to those who are not;
thus is sincerity attained.

And I said, when I became flesh;
"If you love those who love you, what thanks do you have?
For sinners also love those who love them.

If you do good to those who do good to you,
what thanks do you have?

For sinners also do the same.

If you give to those from whom you hope to receive,
what thanks do you have?

For sinners also give to sinners, to receive as much again."

On account of these five reasons do people
love one another:

For the sake of The Way,
as when a virtuous person loves everyone.

For natural reasons, as a parent loves their children,
and children loves their parents.

For vainglory, as the one who is honored
loves the one who honors him.

For avarice, as the one who loves a rich person
for what he can get.

For pleasure, as the one enslaved to fleshly desires.

The first is praise worthy.

The second natural.

The rest belong to the passions.

Return Love for great hatred.

Reward bitterness with care.

Repay enmity with virtue.

Requite injury with kindness.

When I became flesh, I said;

"Love your enemies,

do good to those that hate you,

bless those that curse you,

pray for those that spitefully use you."

One who is still affected by human judgments

does not yet have perfect Love,

such as when one loves the good and hates the evil person.

Perfect Love does not split up the one nature of people

according to their various dispositions,

but ever looking steadfastly at this one original nature,

made in the image of God,

it loves all people equally.

It is good to them, and forbearing,

and puts up with what they do.

It does not think evil, but rather suffers for them.

In this manner I also manifested Love,

suffering for all the people equally,

my friends and my enemies.

Granting to all equally my gift,

my hope.

Which you may receive or reject

according to your own free will.

"Love your neighbor as yourself," I said.

Through love of neighbor do we enter into the love of God:

For our neighbor is the image of God;

And thus I accept what you do for your neighbor

as if it were done for me.

When this realization is kept constantly in mind,

It becomes the source of purist love for our neighbor.

"And who is my neighbor?" I was asked.

Your neighbor is whomever God puts before you,

insider or outcast,

faithful or unfaithful,

friend or foe,

help or burden,

encourager or reviler,

rescuer or murderer.

Even if people are bad, why should they be rejected?

I take care of all people,

and in consequence there is no rejected person.

Love for neighbor is Love for all equally,

and equally with ourselves.

Pure unconditional Love is the summit of selflessness;

it knows no distinction between one and another

between male or female,

between black and white.

Such single simple love has a single cause:

God is Love in every neighbor.

Through love of neighbor do we enter the Love of God.

As the former grows in us, so does the latter.

Until at last God is all in all.

Then we forget our selves.

Then Love becomes a fountain of illumination.

A fountain of fire inflaming the thirsty soul.

Growth is added to growth.

Love is the progression of eternity.

There are two kinds of fear for those that follow me.

In the first, one follows me out of fear of retribution.

In the second, She follows me

out of love for me, myself.

Having known the sublimity of being with me, and in me,

she fears to fall away from me,

to do anything apart from me.

This is Godly fear, born of perfect Love,

that casts out the first fear.

For perfect Love casts out fear.

No longer does She act out of fear,

but She fears God, out of Love.

Whoever embarks on the Way must come to the first fear.

Fearing, She is humbled.

Humbled, She cuts off desire for created things.

Cutting off desire, She becomes gentle.

Becoming gentle, She is given the power
to follow The Way.

Following The Way She is purified.

Purified, She is illumined.

Illumined, She is found worthy to enter the inner chamber.

Entering the inner chamber,

She is initiated into the essences of creation.

Initiated into the essences, She passes beyond even these,
and at last rests in the Word, Her bridegroom:

The mystery beyond all mysteries,
the limit of limitless ascent,
the end of the endless Way.

He, who truly loves,

ever keeps in his imagination

the face of his beloved,

and there embraces it tenderly.

Such a man can get no relief
from his strong desire even in sleep;
even when he converses with his loved one.
He who was wounded with love said of himself:
"I sleep because my nature requires it,
but my heart is awake in the abundance of my love."
So it is with bodily things,
and so it is with the bodiless.
For the Way of Heaven,
going out from myself in the abundance of my Love,
awakens in the pure soul an intense longing.
Drawn out of Herself,
She will not rest until immersed in Her beloved.
Encompassed in the wholeness of my reality,
She will wish to be recognized not from Herself,
but from that which embraces Her,
like air made luminous by light,
like iron penetrated through and through by fire.

If the face of a loved one clearly
and completely changes us,
making us cheerful, happy and carefree,
what will the face of God in Heaven do
when the presence is felt invisibly,
without imagination, in a pure soul?

Even a babe does not cling to the breast of its mother
as a child love clings to God in Heaven at all times.

The power of Love is in Hope,
for by it we await the reward of Love.

The failing of hope is the disappearance of Love.

Hope is a rest from labors in the midst of labors.

Toils depend on it.

Mercy encircles it.

Experience of the gifts

of the giver of life

engenders hope,

but people who are without experience

remain in doubt.

8. End of Addiction

Desire for things, combined with sensuality,
seems pleasurable.

The senses, stimulated by desire,
take advantage of the object of desire.

Sensual pleasure is the mother of division,
breaking the primal Oneness, perfect Love.

Sensual pleasure is the mother of death,
and the death of such addiction is to suffer.

In desiring to escape pain
we seek refuge in sensual pleasure,
confusing it with happiness.

But in trying to blunt pain with sensuality
we increase our pain,
such pleasure and pain are intertwined.

Pleasure in the abuse of substance
results in pain from your pleasure.

Where there is such pleasure, there must be pain.
For though pain you have not chosen,
I will turn you from the illusory pleasure you have chosen.
Pain forces you to rise above the realm of the senses,
to live according to your true nature,
your original designation.

There are two kinds of pain:

Pain of the senses,
an absence of the object of your bodies desire.

Pain of the soul,
an absence of the object of the souls desire.

Sensual pleasure is vacuous ever full of itself,
yet remaining empty and unfulfilled.

Pleasure of the soul is fulfillment ever emptying itself,
yet remaining ever full.

"My cup is over flowing."

Pleasure of the senses is succeeded by pain of the soul,
while acceptance of pain of the senses is succeeded

by pleasure of the soul.

This pleasure of the soul is called joy:

The endless joy of binding oneself to The Way.

Thus my followers will gladly accept suffering.

Patiently endure afflictions,

they turn them into smooth untroubled paths.

Through self restraint, they do away with sensuality,

which is intricate, convoluted, wrapped around

every desirable object.

The Way unravels tangles, submerges turmoil.

Redirecting the obsessions of compulsive desire,

followers of mine act according to original nature.

You no longer yearn for bodily pleasure,

nor do you fear pain of its longing.

Overcoming such yearning and such fear,

overcoming the sensual self-worship that gave them birth,

you shall kill with a single blow

all addictions of the flesh.

Control of the passions by will is called strength.

Free from the desire for created things,
followers of mine pass from the outer to the inner.
Going beyond the superficial aspects of these things,
you come to know your inner essence,
as words within Gods Word,
thoughts in the Mind of God.
Offering yourselves to God,
who is beyond all created things,
sharing in my self emptying,
Followers of mine become wholly united with me.
The true goal of love and longing.
The true End and fulfillment of Desire.
It is easy to reconcile the suffering of the world
until you also truly suffer.
Then, when it seems impossible to reconcile
the suffering of yourself,
it then also seems impossible to reconcile
the suffering of the world.
Instead of an explanation to reconcile suffering,
I have offered myself, and my life.

For I alone suffered as an absolute innocent.

I alone had nothing to learn, nothing to gain by suffering.

I alone, being born in purity,

was not born out of that pleasure

which must be succeeded by pain.

Yet I alone lived to the full all the pain and sorrow

which a human being can endure.

My suffering then was a purely gratuitous act.

In it I offered myself no false consolation,

no easy escape in pleasure, such as drugged wine.

Sensual pleasure, born of desire, is the mother of death,

and the end of such pleasure is pain.

In submitting to suffering and death

without having been born in pleasure,

I put pleasure's child to death.

Thus giving birth to life without end,

to eternal rest and stillness,

for you who would share in my pain.

The Way of nameless simplicity is the death of passions.

The death of passions will lead to still waters,
and the sheep will naturally be at rest.

Although a third of the people appear to live,
they are twitching in the realm of death.

Why is this?

Because of their excessive striving after life.

Before I became flesh,
people tried to escape the suffering and death of the flesh.

After I came, some people gladly accepted
suffering and death
in order to follow me.

For them, to be with me and suffer
was far greater than to be without me and not suffer.

For them there is only one way.

You must mourn in order to rejoice.

You must choose death to the passions in order to live.

But if you choose happiness, you will reap sorrow.

And if you choose your own life, you will surely die.

"Rejoice and be exceedingly glad,
you who are poor in spirit,
you who mourn, and who are meek,
who hunger and thirst after righteousness,
who are reviled and persecuted!"
Before I became flesh,
the world did not know the way to rejoice
in poverty, sorrow, helplessness, and persecution.
After I came, everything is reversed
for those that follow me.
Sorrow has lost its fatal poison.
Quite hope lurks and grows
in the inner recesses of despair.
The weight of suffering cannot burden you into destruction
because sweet fruit is lifted from its branches.
Sorrows are a furnace in which gold is purified.
Suffering is the hammer in the hand of the sculptor
which perfects the image.
In many things, advantages lurk in suffering,
and suffering lurks in advantages.

For those who follow not The Way,
sorrows are storms which ravage everything.
For those who follow The Way,
tears of sorrow are quiet rain which causes life to bloom.
To those who follow The Way, I say:
"You shall weep and lament,
but the world shall rejoice,
and you shall be sorrowful,
but your sorrow shall be turned to joy.
And that joy no one can take from you."

The fleshly-self desires in a way that opposes
the spiritual-self,
the spiritual-self in a way opposes the fleshly-self.
This duality within you is called "discord,"
"the twofold struggle."
So long as we are constrained by our fleshly-self,
we are fragmented, cut off from the unity of the Way.
But when our fleshly-self is constrained by our will,
it is swallowed up in love's unifying power.

When I became flesh and died as a man on the Tree,
my spirit was parted from my body.
The veil of the temple was torn in two.
When a follower of The Way dies to this life
in going towards Me,
the temple of that persons being is likewise torn.
It is torn in two, becoming spiritual like myself,
yet not ceasing to belong to the fleshly body
in which it dwells.
It is torn, cutting off and tearing away
the will of the fleshly-self,
which is sweet, but inclined to depart from The Way.
The heart is ripped, tearing itself into pieces,
and these pieces it carries as a pure offering,
a gift to the Giver of Life.
Thus detached from the fleshly-self,
the spiritual self is freed from discord and becomes united.
Embraced and enfolded in The One,
it is unified in pristine simplicity,
restored to its original state.

Duality is brought into subjection,
swallowed up in the one.

The primal union, then, comes from pain of the heart:
tearing the poor heart,
stripping it of desire for created things,
out of desire for the Uncreated God.

It is a union that comes from tearing in half.

I call all people equally to follow me.

The call is accepted if, when trouble or losses come,
you admit that you deserve them,
when you are thankful for them,
when you do not count your life dear to yourself,
and completely surrender yourself to God.

Suffering is a true sign that you are a follower of mine.

A seal of election.

I, The Creator of your spirit, re-create and refashion
your spirit through trials.

An unutterable consolation appears in the heart,
and earthly sufferings become a source of delight,
joyfully participating in the suffering of the world.

A life without sorrow, on the other hand,
is a true sign that I have turned my face from somebody,
even though outwardly that person may appear
reverent and virtuous, fasting in sack cloth and ashes,
praying loudly so as to be heard,
giving so as to be acclaimed,
preaching, prophesying and healing in my name,
truly I will say to them:
"I never knew you."

Pain of heart, endured in devotion to God,
is The Way to perfection,
The Way to the perfect humility, perfect Love.
Through it, you come to full stature;
through it, you become stronger.

Without offenses, humility has not been tested.
Without adversities, true love has not been tested.
Without afflictions, virtue has not been tested.

As soon as you allow self-exaltation to steal into your soul,
I permit afflictions to grow and prevail,
until you return to the humility
which is the function of The Way,
and thus become stronger.

She can never learn the power of God
while abiding in comfort.

She can never value the love of God
until she is in circumstances which cut off hope.

I will reveal my power by saving her.

I will reveal my love by giving hope
where there is no hope.

I reveal myself, but only in stillness.

When she is alone,
imprisoned in the heart,
seeking me alone in her pain.

I give you no formulas,
I give you no equations.
But I will heal you in my own time,
in my own way, imperceptible to you.
Your mind races, seeking a solution;
but there is no solution that can be grasped.
Your mind tries every avenue,
thinking that at least one will open up
for the desired goal:
Freedom from pain.
Every avenue is a dead end.
You are up against the wall.
The goal is not reached.
That is because the pain is there for a reason.
It is like a fever that burns up and drives out disease.
By it alone do I heal you.
Without it you will die in your sickness.
By it alone do I change you to perfection.
Without it you will be as a foreigner in my Kingdom.

Seek no formula.

Seek no equation.

Only be patient. Wait on me,
while I do my unseen work inside you.

When you are changed and fit for my Kingdom,
you will know that something has happened.

That is all you will need to know.

There is no need for more.

Enter then into my joy,
you who have waited, in devotion, in my pain.

My concern is not with the ideas of men;
nor with classes, or states, or nations, or warring factions.

Nor with rites, religious doctrine or ideologies.

These pass from day today like clouds.

Many say I wish for you to be happy.

they try to make me what they want me to be.

The truth is, I care nothing for that sort of happiness,
for that happiness is not real, but a dream.

It too is like clouds,

clouds change shape, blown by the winds,
and evaporate into air.

Who remembers yesterday's clouds?

Beneath the clouds is the ground we call sorrow.

This sorrow is our earth, the dust of the ground,
the very substance of life.

Unlike the clouds, it is solid and firm.

Beneath the earth are hidden reservoirs of water,
and this water we call joy,

a joy deeper than the happiness of clouds.

This water may not come to the surface of its own accord.

You must dig within the ground of sorrow
in order to tap it.

9. One With The Way

It was said:

"The Way is like an empty vessel
that may yet be drawn from
without ever needing to be filled.

It is like a deep pool that never dries."

And I, when I became flesh, said to the woman at the well:

"Whoever drinks of the water that I shall give him
shall never thirst;

The water that I shall give will become as a well
springing up into everlasting life."

Before you can drink of the still pool,
concealed under the ground of sorrow,
you must become like the pool.

Become like the water, which can only flow down.

The water only has one law to follow,
and it never fails to follow it.

People too have laws to follow.

Laws of the universe, not invented by man.

Simple laws, yet unchanging.

There can be no other.

There can be none better.

Not even all the forces of the universe can change you.

Unless you change your mind.

Unless you abandon the path of greed, sensuality,
and self-exaltation.

Unless you collapse, fold in on yourself, and open out.

Unless you release everything, redirect all your energy.

Unless you despoil your self of all that is not godly.

Unless you strip your heart of all contrivances,
renounce your will, inclinations, whims and fancies.

Unless you allow your self to be carried downstream.

Where I shall lay you beside still waters.

Drinking of which

you shall never thirst again.

When you love, there is no decision to be made.

The choice has already been made,

you never needed to make it.

It is not under your control,

it is the way things are.

So it is when you follow me with love,

you become one with me.

There is no decision to be made.

There is nowhere else to go.

That is The Way things are.

It was said:

"There are those that would conquer the world

and make of it what they desire.

I see they will not succeed.

The world is like a hollow vessel

and cannot be manipulated.

That which is not the Way soon fades away.

Hence the sage assists the natural development of all,

even though he does not venture to interfere."

When something accords with God,
all creation aids it.

When God rejects something,
creation opposes it.

The stream flows gently
but its course is inexorable.

There are many directions,
but there is only one Way.

I have given to her freedom of movement
and power over herself.

Exercising this freedom and power,
she may think she is fulfilling her true nature,
not knowing that her nature was made not merely to move
but to move in the right direction.

Free of the Way, you can go in many directions,
but then you become a slave to that course.

As a slave of the Way, you can follow but one Way
but then you are free.

Is universal freedom a lie,
because there is only one Way in the universe, not many?
Is universal freedom yet true,
because in following the one universal Way,
one encompasses the cosmos?
Having the freedom of choice,
She chooses freedom from choice.

It was said:

"Better to leave alone than to forcibly attempt to make full.

The hall that is filled with gold is not easy to protect.

Pride in riches and honors must lead to a fall."

Even if you have a great abundance of everything
it will never be enough.

You will always be in fear,
despondent, agitated, fainthearted,
every hour full of worry, anxiety and sighs,
until you turn again to God, and raise yourselves.

As the sunflower ever turns
and raises itself to the light.

I am not found by those who seek after signs,
although I may give signs.

I am not found by those that seek after wonders,
although I make life wonderful.

I am not found by those that communion with spirits,
although I AM pure Spirit, and adored by angels.

Those who seek after signs behold what they desire,

Those who seek after wonders delude themselves.

Those in communion with spirits find darkness
hiding disguised as light.

I am not found by these seekers,
but by those who are irresistibly drawn
to what is wise and true,
to what is simple and pure,
to what is childlike, to what is lowly,
and naturally beautiful.

The Way of Heaven, being myself simple and undivided,
want souls that come to me to be simple and guileless.

Immune to crafty thinking,
far removed from ulterior motive.

With simple thought, sincere character,
frank and unpremeditated speech.

Even customary human knowledge,
with its many notions, deliberations and subtleties,
hinders you from entering into primal, unified simplicity,
the guilelessness of true nature.

It was said:

"Empty yourself of everything,
attain utmost purity.

Let the mind rest in peace."

And when I became flesh I said:

"Let not your heart be troubled,
neither let it be afraid.

Which of you by taking thought
can add one cubit to his stature?
If then you are not able to do as small a thing as that,
why take thought of the rest?"

Thus free yourself from worry,
planning and calculation,
from slavery to human ideology,
from being mystified by suggestions and images.
Establish yourself in a child like state of mind.
Becoming an infant, yet not infantile.
Being adult, yet not adulterated.

"Unless you are renewed, and become as little children,
you shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven"

That is, into spiritual Divine vision
wherein as an innocent babe, you bask in simple delight
of the simple Truth that is above compounded knowledge.

For the secret things, I said:
"have been hidden from the wise and prudent,
and have been revealed unto babes."

The pure in heart, and they alone,
shall see me as I AM.

It was said:

"The essence of The Way,
is supremely true:
within is the evidence.

From the beginning until now
the name has remained
and it contains all truth."

Two faced person,
one thing outwardly and another inwardly,
not only lies, but lives a lie.

Guile and duplicity sap your power,
engendering cowardice and fear.

She who is the same outwardly and inwardly
remains unconfused
and thus bold without fear.

When I return,
I will come with boldness and with power,
for there is no falsehood to be found in me.
I have boldness because I AM one.
I have power because
I AM not a double.
I AM unconquerable because I cannot be divided.
My eye is single,
and the light of my eye fills the whole body
of my unique, eternal being.
Wholly single, simple and unconfused,
I AM holy, true.

It was said:

"The Way is hidden and without name,
yet alone supports all things
bringing them to fulfillment."

When I come to a child, hurting afraid unknowing,
the child becomes a man, deep, strong, and wise.

When I come to a man, jaded and stained,

the man becomes a child, innocent and pure
In me there is a reversal,
a circle of return,
that each thing may become whole
complete in itself,
each person a universe.

One who sees all ways as having equal truth
will find life too short to follow the Way to the end.
That one cannot be simple and guileless,
free of multiple deliberations.
That one will be as a person having many lovers,
occupied with each,
yet given wholly to none.
That one will not be married to Me,
but will remain outside the Bridal Chamber.
To be married to me is to be wholly united to me.
To be united wholly to me
is to have me united wholly to you.

It is only then that I can finish my work inside you.

It is only then that I can carry you to my end.

To my end,

where there shall never be separation from me.

‘The Word of Love’

END