

Neville Goddard Lecture



The Bible's Mystery

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Think of this fabulous world as a play filled with horrors, violence, and fear, from which there seems to be no escape. Then think of the play as coming to its end as one man is called, incorporated into the body of the play's author and sent back to tell what he heard, what he saw and felt. This is the story of salvation.

Our New Testament finds each author claiming to be an apostle, to be one who is sent . . . yet they are all anonymous. Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John are not mentioned in any contemporary work of the time these gospels were supposed to have been written; but each author, although unknown physically, claims to have had the experience of being called and sent. And they shared with us what they heard, what they saw and experienced.

Paul tells his experience as: "I will now tell of visions and revelations. I know a man in Christ who, fourteen years ago was caught up into the third heaven. Whether in body or out of the body I do not know, but he heard that which cannot be told, which man may not utter." Personally I have had no restraint of that nature. I feel like the unknown author of the Book of Jeremiah: "If I say that I will not mention or speak any more in his name then there is in my heart as it were a burning fire shut up in my bones and I am weary with holding it in and cannot." I cannot restrain the impulse to share my experiences with my brothers for I, too, was sent.

No one knows that secret of selectivity or when one will be called. It certainly is not based upon any code known to man or any aristocracy or revelation. You don't have to

have great intellect; in fact you could be unlettered in the eyes of the world, for there is no standard by which one is elected and called, but it does happen while he is in this world.

I was called out of this body and I seemed to possess a body there because I could see. I could touch, hear, and observe. I saw the body which incorporated me into it and it was solidly real. I felt the embrace. I felt the complete fusion of the two of us and now I know I now wear the garment of love, yet I was sent back into the world as the power and the wisdom of God.

I am not speaking of the wisdom or power of man, for I no longer need man's expressions of power. His power of wealth, social or political standing, are part of this age. But I was called out of this age, and while in that age I assumed the body of love. Now a protean being I can assume any form instantly, so I assumed the form of power and hurled myself back into my physical body. And when I returned, my room was filled with light from a source unknown, where it lingered for the longest time. Since that day I have gone through life playing the part of Neville as I did before the experience, while scripture awoke in me and my work began. It took thirty years for the eruption to occur which caused my resurrection from within myself.

I tell you: we are the gods who descended in consciousness in order to take upon ourselves these dead bodies of weighted nerves. We animate them and suffer every pain, every disappointment they are capable of experiencing. It seems as though we will never escape this world of hell, then one is called out of this world and returns as Jesus.

Everyone who is called and sent is Jesus, the pattern of redemption, which is a series of supernatural experiences. Having been called and sent, this pattern has unfolded in me. Now I know that when I depart this section of time it will be for the last time. I have left a record of my experiences to encourage those who hear and abide in my words, that they can remain in them.

I have often wondered how many have understood my story to the point of acceptance. Many times I felt there were those who did, only to discover they did not. I visited one such friend today. He has a lovely home in Beverly Hills, with a comfortable income. He and his wife listen ever night to the Joe Pines of the world and are afraid to remain in California because they think it is going to sink. So they have decided to move to Arizona and wait out the interval of time they have left here, which shouldn't be too long as they are both in their late seventies.

Here is one I thought understood my message, yet his behavior belies his acceptance. They know Neville, the garment I wear, but they do not know the one who sent me. They may know my mother and father, my brothers and sisters, but when I tell them of my spiritual birth they cannot believe me. They cannot understand, for if they could it would change their entire outlook on life.

We all came down into this world of death, not for punishment but for an experiment. We are all princes, sons of the Most High, who . . . dying like men . . . fell as one Man. At a certain moment in time one is called, then another, and eventually everyone will be called and incorporated into the one body of the Risen Lord. In that day the Lord will be king over all the world; his name shall be one and the Lord one, and David will be their prince forever and ever.

I was born under the British crown and when the queen had a son he was a prince, but he was not mine. Only if I am the king can my son be a prince. If David is my prince I must be the one spoken of as the Lord, who is king over all. I know that I AM, and I can tell you from experience that you are destined to know that you are. When you will be called I do not know, but I do know that as the Father sent me, even so I send you. He who sent me is one with me, as he has never left me alone. I, the sent, was called and incorporated into the body of the sender, who sent me as himself. When I return I will be the sender and I will call you; we will embrace and become one body, then I will send you as I have been sent.

I have told you His name is Father. I have made it known and I will continue to make it known that the love with which He has loved me may be in you and you in me and I in you, that we may be one. On my return I will be God the Father, capable of embracing you into my body of love. Then, clothed in the garment of the Almighty, you will be sent to tell your story, knowing you and I are one. And when your time is fulfilled you, too, will be able to say: "I have finished the work you gave me to do. Now return unto me the ecstasy I knew with you when you incorporated me into that one body of love. May I tell you: the beauty of that body and the glory of that body are indescribable, for words cannot describe infinite love.

As love, power whirled me back into this world. Now I know Paul was right when he described Christ as the power of God and the wisdom of God. Paul knew, for he was telling his own story when he said he knew a man in Christ. When you are caught up in Christ you wear a garment which belongs to a cosmic world in an entirely different age. At the time it happened to me I was caught up in a body, but it never occurred to me to

examine it, as it was a spiritual, living body I wore. I could see the recording angel who checked off my name. I could hear the voice of the one who questioned me and when we embraced I felt his body as he felt mine. Then I was told it was time to act, and the only action I could think of was to tell what I had just experienced. My ministry began thirty years later with my resurrection, followed by my birth from above. Then, fulfilling the prophecy of Zechariah, I discovered the eternal prince who called me Father and revealed me as the King. On that day I, the Lord, became king over all the world as I became one with the only God and Father of all. You are destined to know you, too, are that one God and Father of all.

Let these words abide in you. No matter what problems you encounter here, hold this divine vision in time of trouble. Lean against it and don't listen to the Joe Pines of the world, for their only purpose is to sell products. That is a commercial venture and hasn't a thing to do with the true vision of God.

Paul has been criticized for saying he was an apostle, and . . . knowing those who criticized him, he called them a thorn in his side. He started his 12th chapter of Second Corinthians with these words: "I do not boast." Then, rather than telling exactly what happened to him, he claimed he was not allowed to tell it. But when it happens to you I urge you to tell it. Don't elaborate or exaggerate, just tell your visions and how they conform to scripture. We are called to be witnesses . . . or martyrs, for the words mean the same in scripture. It does not mean to have your head chopped off or to be stoned to death, but that you are the internal, spiritual witness to the external letter which is scripture. The vision must conform to what is written by the prophets. Only if your vision is recorded in scripture is your testimony acceptable, for the testimony of two must agree in order to be conclusive. The Bible's testimony is one. That is external. When you as spirit have experiences which dovetail those records in scripture, there are two witnesses . . . the external witness of scripture and the internal witness of the spirit. Then and only then will you return to the sender.

People cannot look at the mask I wear and see Him who sent me, but the one who sent me is the being described in the Book of Daniel as the Ancient of Days. As I stood in the presence of Infinite Love, the Ancient of Days incorporated me into his body and I became the one body, the one Spirit, one hope, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all. Now I walk still wearing my mask until that moment in time when I will take it off for the last time. What is it I will take off? Weighted nerves without a mind. I have suffered because I am animating it, as nerves allow me to experience this world of death. Without wearing a garment that could be animated into suffering, into joy and

woe, I could not know them, for without me my body is dead. One day soon I will take it off and return to be one with the sender who sent me.

Now, no one comes to me while I am here in this world of Caesar unless my Father draws them, and I will not lose one. Those who come to me, accept my experiences of scripture, and abide in my words, I will call, and no one will be lost. Everyone my Father gave me will be consciously incorporated into my living body of love then whirled back into their mortal body with the knowledge of being called and sent. They will then tell of their experience without restraining the impulse.

This fantastic story cannot be told once and expect to be accepted; it's too profound. When you tell it, those who hear you will see the garment of flesh you wear and say: "But we know you." But they will not know you, for they do not know the one speaking to them came from the third heaven, which is the resurrected world of the New Jerusalem.

While in this world I was incorporated into the body of love and sent. Paul mentioned fourteen years. I go back forty. It was 1929 when I was called and sent, but it was not until 1959 (thirty years later) that my ministry began in the true sense of the word. Prior to that I spoke only of the law. You know what you want, believe that you have it. Persist in that assumption and it will harden into fact. So I was only talking about the law, as I knew nothing of the promise until 1959, when all the promises of God found their "yes" in me.

There is only one being in whom the promises can be fulfilled. That being is the one who is called and sent, and he always calls and sends his pattern . . . who is Jesus, so in the end there is Jesus only. He is the one man who is housed in every man, waiting to be called out of this world and fertilized by entering the body of love, then sent back into the world; and when the pattern erupts in him, he is the one spoken of in scripture. So, "Father, as thou hast sent me, even so I send them, that he who sees me sees he who sent me, and he who sent me has never left me alone. I have finished the work thou gavest me to do. Now, return the glory that I had with thee." When this garment is taken off I will return to the glory that was mine when He incorporated me into his body of love. Then I will be the Lord, the one Spirit, the one God and Father of all.

Let no one frighten you about the world coming to an end, only your journey will end. When scripture mentions the buildings falling, that's all symbolic. I experienced that back in 1960 when I watched all of the buildings fall, but they were not buildings here but beliefs by which I lived. After my visions I could no longer believe in the little historical Jesus or what my mother taught me in the Christian faith, so all of the

structures of my mind by which I lived had to fall. Then I had to build a new foundation from scratch, and the only foundation is the Christ.

This Cosmic Christ is buried in every child born of woman. And in the fullness of time Christ . . . now an individual . . . is called, clothed in love, and sent back into the world to wear his same earthly body. Then he confronts those who know his physical origin and they will challenge his story. I tell you: I have been spiritually born, but I cannot share this experience with you save in words. Will you believe me? The chances are you will not, if you believe scripture is secular history. But the authors of our gospels were not historians. Their one consuming desire was to transmit the message of salvation to man. They were already saved, as they had been called and sent before they were apostles.

If one is sent by God the Father as God the Father, and he sends you, then you are one with God the Father. If what you hear from me abides in you, the day is not far off when you will be called. But if you want to run away to save your little skin (which can be taken from you before you reach the plane) the word has not abided in you. I promise you, however, that if you abide in me and my words abide in you, whatever you ask will be done for you.

Those who do not hear my words with understanding would never hear what the professor at Cal Tec said about the quake, as it would be in conflict with what they heard this ignoramus say on the radio. So he makes \$50 thousand a year, so what. My father used to say: "Money doesn't care who owns it." In Barbados we had a leper colony. Whatever went into the colony never came out again, except money. You could send in food and your plates were never returned, but if you had a friend in there you could send him money and he could go to the top of the wall and shop. He was allowed to buy candy, syrup, or anything he could not get on the inside when the hustlers came by. If the syrup was in a can, the can never came out again, but money didn't care whether it was owned by one in the leper colony or on the outside.

If a coin could talk you would be amazed to learn of the hands it has touched: the miser's hand, the spendthrift's hand, and the thief's hand . . . to name but a few. So if a man makes a fortune selling nonsense that's perfectly all right. No man can come unto me except my Father calls him and I will not lose him. I can tell those who are really abiding in my words, for they will lean against the experiences I shared with them while in the third heaven when things got rough. These visions will support them in the time of need. And when I depart this world I am the sender and I will call them back into the

world, where their body waits for them. They will bring back the memory of the experience and then tell it. That's how the world is redeemed.

The greatest story ever told is the least understood. It is the story of the gospel. Every individual must experience it before he can begin to understand how perfectly marvelous it is. The Bible is written about every child born of woman, yet in the end there will not be a bunch of Lords, only one; for we all come back into the one body to know we are the one Spirit, who is the Lord. It's like a beautiful play which did not exist for itself but for its author. Desiring to have it exist for itself, the author had to enter and animate it. Having made every part alive and individualized, the author returns to himself, having fulfilled his desire, for now the play exists not only for the author but for itself. That is the glory of this marvelous play called life.

Now let us go into the Silence.