

## *Neville Goddard Lecture*



# One Thousand Two Hundred Sixty Days

**Neville Goddard Lecture - One Thousand Two Hundred Sixty Days 09-13-1968**

According to a rabbinical principle, what is not written in the Old Testament does not exist. The life of Jesus follows this principle. He made no attempt to change the world of Caesar or its social order, but left it just as it is, for man to make mistakes and live as he desires. Urging man to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's, Jesus comes into our lives for one purpose and that is to fulfill scripture. Tonight I want to show you how this is done in 1,260 days.

Daniel confesses in the last chapter of his book that he did not understand the vision, when: "A man stood clothed in linen, above the water, who said to me, 'The words are closed and sealed until the time of the end.' I asked him how long shall it be to the end of these wonders and he said, 'A time, two times, and half a time.'" In Hebrew thought, a time is a year or 360 days; so we have three years of 360 days each and a half year of 180 days, which equal 1,260 days. Daniel was not told when the signs would begin, only that it would take 1,260 days to complete them.

Let us now turn to the 12th chapter of the Book of Revelation, where John tells us: "I saw in the heavens a great pulpit. A woman clothed with the sun, wearing a crown of twelve stars upon her head, was standing on the moon. In labor and with great pain she brought forth a male child, which was caught up to the throne of God. Fleeing into the wilderness to a place prepared for her, she was fed for 1,260 days." Here we find the clue to the beginning of the 1,260 days as the birth of the child.

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Now, the manner of Jesus' birth is . . . for those who know who he is . . . a sign of divine initiative in our redemption. No doubt you have heard the story of Jesus' birth unnumbered times, told as some man who was born almost 2,000 years ago; but let me tell you: if there is any other Jesus Christ other than he who is buried, rose, and continues to rise in individual men and women, he is a false Christ. And any teacher who talks about Jesus as someone from without misleads the millions who hear the story. We carry in our body the death of Jesus. If we have been united with him in a death like his, we shall certainly be united with him in a resurrection like his as he rises in us individually; therefore, who is he? From my own personal experience (I am not theorizing, I am not speculating) I know that your awareness, your I AMness is Christ Jesus, who is the Lord God Jehovah. The word "Jesus" is the anglicized form of the Hebrew word "Joshua" which means "savior." We are told: "I AM the Lord, your God, your savior, and beside me there is no savior." It is the Lord God Jehovah who became as we are that we may be as he is; therefore there is no intermediary between you and God, your savior.

Now to the 1,260 days. On July 20 of the year 1959, my day was normal. I lectured in the morning to a large audience in San Francisco. Calling my wife around 9:00 P.M., I read the Bible and a bit of Blake and retired about 11:00 P.M., expecting nothing other than a normal, restful sleep. At 4:00 in the morning, a vibration centered at the base of my skull began to increase in intensity until I thought I would explode from the force of it. I am not a doctor, but I have read of massive brain hemorrhages and thought I was having one. I couldn't conceive of living through this experience, yet I was unable to arrest it. Then I began to awaken, to discover that I was completely sealed within my own skull. I had but one consuming desire, and that was to get out of it. Intuitively knowing that if I would push the base of my skull something would give, I did, and something rolled away as I came out inch by inch just as a child emerges from the womb of a woman.

Then the imagery spoken of in the books of Luke and Matthew began to appear before me: the witnesses to the event and the child wrapped in swaddling clothes. I was unseen by those who were present. They spoke of me and knew the child was mine; but me they could not see, for I was clothed in an entirely different body of spirit, and no longer the flesh and blood body that they knew. I not only saw them, I could discern their every thought. And when the child was placed upon the bed and I picked it up and looked into its face and said: "How is my sweetheart?" it broke into a heavenly smile.

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Then the vision was caught up into the heavens and disappeared from sight, for the whole thing had come out of me.

Then on January 1, 1963, the fourth event appeared in the form of a dove who descended on me and smothered me with love.

Now, I have recorded the date of every great mystical event I have experienced, next to the passage of scripture which parallels it. Next to the passage concerning the resurrection, I had marked July 20, 1959. That was one side of the coin, for the same night was the birth; so against the passage regarding the birth of Christ (who is the Son of God who is one with God) I also wrote the date of July 20, 1959.

When another vibration exploded in my head and David of Biblical fame stood before me and called me "Father", I wrote the date of December 6, 1959 next to the passage in the 89th Psalm, where the Lord said: "I have found David. He has cried unto me, 'Thou art my Father, my God and the Rock of my salvation.'"

On the 8th day of April, 1960, a bolt of lightning split me in two from the top of my head to the base of my spine and I separated. At the base of my spine I saw golden liquid light, which I knew to be myself. Fusing with it, I ascended like a serpent in a fire of lightning back into my skull, as it reverberated as though shattered. I recorded that vision as against the passages: "The curtain of the Lord was split in two from top to bottom" and: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of Man be lifted up."

Here recently I was reading the Book of Daniel, gathering my thoughts together as I was on my way to San Francisco to start a series of lectures on the 15th of July. Sitting alone in my living room with my Bible in my hand, memory returned and I knew that if I counted the days between my resurrection and birth, and the descent of the dove, it would come to 1,260 days. Checking the dates I had recorded in my Bible, I discovered that there were 139 days between the first event (the resurrection and birth) and the second one, which was the discovery of David and the fatherhood of God. The third vision appeared 123 days later, with the fourth and final vision arriving in 998 days. No matter how many times I checked them, they always came out to 1,260 days. Here is a definite pattern of four major visions which complete themselves in 1,260 days, making the one who experiences them the pattern man.

Now, the calendar of the ancients differed from ours. Their year consisted of 360 days, which were divided into twelve equal parts of thirty days each. I did not use the ancient

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calendar, but our modern one, yet the pattern remained the same: 1,260 days. If tomorrow someone changes the calendar, the same number of days will appear between the birth of God in Man and the descent of the Holy Spirit.

Now, against the passage: “The spirit of the Lord God is upon me because he has anointed me to proclaim liberty to the captives and to open the eyes of those who are in prison” (recorded in the 61st chapter of Isaiah) I wrote January 1, 1963. I can now say with the central figure of scripture: “This scripture has been fulfilled in me. The book is now closed, given back to the attendant, for I know who Christ really is.”

I have not changed my identity, but now wear a garment . . . although unseen by mortal eye . . . that is all power. There is nothing here on earth to compare it with. No longer am I an animated form. I now know myself to be a life-giving spirit. The power that I know myself to be animates all forms, so I know now who Christ really is.

As a child I was raised in a Christian environment and taught that Jesus was a man outside of me. Although I read in the scriptures: “I carry in my body the death of Jesus” it meant nothing to me. And “If I am united with him in a death like his I will certainly be united with him in a resurrection like his,” were only words, for I was taught Christ was another, someone different, and not a simple, normal man. But now I know that God assumed the weakness and limitations of man by assuming his form. The rabbis of the day, however, expected some fantastic being to come out of space and lead Israel out of its misery and enslave those who had enslaved Israel . . . but that is not the story. God became Man and erupts in Man in these four mighty acts. I have experienced all of the events recorded in the Old Testament, but the ones I have spoken of tonight are the four important ones.

We are told that when Jesus stood upon the Mount of Olives, they asked him: “When will you come and what will be the sign of your coming?” Pointing to the wonderful buildings, he said: “You see these buildings? I tell you, not one stone will be standing upon another that will not be thrown down. That is when you will know.” On the 21st day of December, 1960, I came upon fantastic city of tall buildings, and as I looked at each building it tumbled until not one stone was left standing upon the other. So I wrote that date against this prophecy in the 24th chapter of Matthew and the 13th of Mark. Other visions came after the 1,260 days. I recorded them, but the important ones are these four. The first, a dual one . . . the resurrection and birth. The second, a single vision . . . the discovery of David, who called me Father.

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Who would have thought that a man born in this century was the father of one recorded to have lived 3,000 years ago? But there was no other way that God could give himself to us and prove that he did it equally, unless his only begotten Son revealed it. And when David calls me Father and calls you Father, are we not one? How could we ever know we are one unless we have the same son who calls us Father?

David will one day rise in the life of everyone so that all will know that he (or she) is God the Father. Although it may sound strange, I tell you that you . . . a lady . . . will know you are the Father. You see, sex belongs only to this level. When these visions come upon you, you are in a region above the organization of sex, so you will not think it strange when David calls you Father, as you will know that you are neither male nor female, but Man, and God is Man. Seeing your wonderful Son is the fulfillment of the 2nd Psalm. In it David speaks, saying: "I will tell you of the decree of the Lord. He said unto me: 'Thou art my Son, today I have begotten thee.'"

Start counting from the day the child appears, to the descent of the dove, and you will discover it to be 1,260 days. I tell you the Bible is literally true, but it is not concerned with the world of Caesar. If tomorrow you rose to the heights of this world and received all the worldly honors offered here, in time they would turn to ash. Oh yes, apply the law and have all of the worldly gifts you desire while you are here. Live graciously, but I tell you: only as you fulfill scripture do you really fulfill God's purpose.

The visions come suddenly, like a thief in the night. I had no idea that the night of July 20, 1959 would differ from any other. I did not know that the story of Jesus Christ was mine. I did not know Jesus interpreted the Old Testament with himself as the very center of it; that the human imagination . . . our human I AMness . . . was He. But now I know that there never was another Jesus and there never will be another, and those who teach another are false teachers teaching a false Christ.

Let me share a vision with you now. We are told in the Book of Jeremiah that God sacrificed himself. In the story, Isaac said to Abraham: "Father, I see the fire and I see the wood, but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?" Abraham answered his son, saying: "The Lord will provide himself, the lamb." Here we see that no earthly sacrifice is required, for God sacrifices himself. He is the lamb provided for the great offering. Well, about two weeks ago, just before we retired, my wife said to me: "I can't go to sleep before I tell you what has been disturbing me all day. I had a vivid vision when I saw you bathed in radiant light, carrying yourself in your arms. It was the same kind of a limp

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body as seen in Michelangelo's Pieta, only you . . . a radiant being . . . were carrying yourself, the sacrificed one."

Here is a vision with tremendous spiritual significance. This vision was showing her the only way that man can ever awake. You are God! You, yourself, became human for a divine purpose. You died, and at the very end you will see the symbol of what you did. It's the story of the seed: "Unless a seed falls into the ground and dies it remains alone, but if it dies it brings forth much." The seed of God is His image and Jesus Christ is the sperm which is buried in Man. One day he will appear in the form as I have just revealed him to you, and you will reflect the glory of God the Father and bear the very stamp of his person.

There is only God. There cannot be another, so in the end there is Jesus only. Transfiguration takes place when all of the promises of God are fulfilled. Moses, the personification of the law, appears and Elijah, the personification of the prophecy is there; but having fulfilled the law and the prophecy, their personifications vanish, leaving Jesus only. That's the story.

Zechariah tells us that on that day "The Lord will be king over all the earth and the Lord will be one and his name one." In the end, all of us, without loss of identity, will form that one body, one Spirit, one Lord, one God and Father of all. In eternity I will know you far more intimately than I can ever know you here, for now . . . like Pieta . . . you are wearing a mask; but the being I will know in eternity is he who is behind that mask. Yes, I will know you, yet I will know you as myself, for we will all form that one body, one Spirit, one Lord, one God and Father of all.

Who, reading the scriptures today, would believe that they could be taken literally and fulfilled literally; yet I know from experience that they are. Before I began to count I knew it was going to come out to 1,260 days. I checked each date as I had recorded it when it happened. I didn't go back and put a date in . . . and no matter how I checked it, it always came out to 1,260 days.

The Bible is truly the Book of books, and what is not written there is non-existent. The day will come when this building will crumble, the house you live in and the clothes you now wear will be left behind, for everything that comes into this world of death waxes, wanes, and vanishes. But God's eternal Word will never pass away, and everyone born of woman will fulfill it. "My Word shall not return unto me void. It must accomplish that which I purposes and prosper in the thing for which I have sent it." You were sent here to fulfill scripture. Methods other than those I have spoken of tonight have [not?] been

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added, for they have not been found in the oldest manuscripts. Revelation gives you the event to start the count, but those not knowing this teach the end of the age; but this is not true. The world goes on as before, but you, individually, reach the end of your age.

Having finished the job, you will say with Paul: "The time for my departure has come. I have fought the good fight. I have finished the race. I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness." After the dove descends there is not a thing to do but continue fulfilling scripture. In my own case on the 10th of October, 1966, a glorious vision was mine and against the 53rd chapter of Isaiah I recorded that date: "Who will believe our report, and to whom has the arm of the Lord been revealed?"

On that night I experienced the betrayal as told us in the Book of John (and the 41st of Psalms, because the New Testament only fulfills the Old): "My friend who ate my food has lifted up his heel against me."

I am seated in a room, square, but not so large as this, where I am speaking to twelve men (who are seated in front of me) about the Word of God. I said something that caused a man on my left to rise and quickly leave the room. The moment he did I knew he was going to report to the authorities what he had heard. Suddenly a tall, handsome man in his forties wearing a very costly robe entered the room. Recognizing the dignity and authority of the man, we all rose and stood at attention as he entered. Standing straight as an arrow, he walked to the end of the room, turned at a right angle, walked to the end, again turned right and moving to the center, he came forward and faced me.

Taking a wooden mallet, he hammered a wooden peg into my shoulder. Although it wasn't painful, I felt the impact of every blow. Then with a circular, sharp instrument he cut off my sleeve and with one sweeping motion he pulled it off, revealing my right arm from the shoulder to the tips of my fingers. Stretching out his arms, he embraced me, kissed me on the right side of my neck as I kissed him on the right side of his neck. As I did, I saw the discarded sleeve, which was a beautiful shade of pale blue, and I knew it was also of costly fabric. Then the vision dissolved.

I now know from experience that the arm of the Lord has been revealed in me. When Daniel told this story, he said: "I saw in a vision of the night, under the clouds of heaven one came like the son of man, who was presented to the Ancient of Days. To him was given dominion and authority over all peoples, ages and races and of his reign there shall be no end." Everyone is going to be a part of that one body which rules everything here. The moment I was incorporated into it I had that dominion, that authority; but it will

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not be used as long as I wear this garment of flesh and blood. I remain here now only to tell my story to encourage others to have faith, and to set their hope fully upon this grace that is coming to them. The day will come when I will take this garment of flesh off for the last time to be one with the body of God forever and ever.

That vision did not come within the 1,260 days; it came after, so I recorded it in my Bible. If I had dropped this garment the night of the dove it would have been perfectly all right, for in that vision the heavens became translucent and the dove floated twenty or so feet above my head. It made no motion with its wings, but simply floated on crystal clear water with me submerged twenty feet below. So when the dove appeared to descend, it didn't come through water; instead I must have emerged, as told in the story: "When Jesus came out of the water the dove descended upon him." The way this story is told, people think of earthly water; but in the vision the water was crystal clear, so translucent I could not tell if it was liquid or not. Do you know that we are actually living at the bottom of an ocean of air? In the spiritual sense we are in the flood, and when the dove appears he floats until the individual emerges. Then the dove takes your finger and smothers the individual with kisses.

Tonight you have heard a mystery that I personally have not read in any book. I never heard it. I can say with Paul: "I wasn't taught it. I never heard it. It came through a series of self-revealing acts of God." I did not reach these conclusions philosophically by long reflections; they came suddenly, unveiling me as the central figure of scripture, so I can say: "In the volume of the Book it is all about me." The day will come when everyone will know that in the volume of the book it is all about him.

When we are told: "If you do not believe that I AM He you will die in your sins," it is not some man speaking, saying you must believe in him. No, the drama is unfolding in us and unless you individually believe that you are Jesus Christ you will die in your sins. It's just as simple as that. I must persuade myself that I AM He. If the Book was written of me, then it had to have happened before that the world was; so now it has to happen here. We have come down into garments of flesh and blood, garments of sin and death, to walk through states as these things happen in some remote region of our soul.

Now let us go into the Silence.











