

Neville Goddard Lecture



True Forgiveness

Neville Goddard Lecture - True Forgiveness 04-01-1969

Tonight we will take two aspects of the great mystery: true forgiveness, and the immortal eyes which see into eternity.

“He said to them, ‘When two or three are gathered together in my name, there I am in the midst of them.’ Then Peter said, ‘Lord, how often shall my brothers sin against me and I forgive them?’ and the answer came, ‘Seventy times seven.’ The art of forgiveness must be practiced daily, but first we must learn how to forgive. Repentance and faith are conditions of forgiveness, but true forgiveness is forgetfulness. Christianity and its doctrines make no sense to the worldly-wise, so why are people Christians? The promise that the dead will rise doesn’t make sense to the mortal mind when the body is cremated and burned to ash; yet only by believing the story of redemption, can you truly forgive. You must learn to distinguish between the eternal human who occupies a state, and the state itself. This is the only means to forgiveness.

All scripts are written for actors. In the play, the actor cast in the role of a murderer must play that part, and so it is with this world. God, the author, wrote the script and plays all the parts, while wearing a mask, called “another”. If you will learn to distinguish between states of consciousness and their occupant, you can forgive everyone. How? By identifying the one you would forgive with the ideal he failed to realize. The highest ideal would be to identify him with the divine image itself. As God we said: “Let us make man in our image.” That image is Christ. You are called upon to take a man who is condemned by the world, and see him radiating and reflecting God’s glory. Well, you could fall a little short of that image, but you could take an ideal he has failed to realize.

It could be affluence or at least an income equal to his responsibilities, until you are strong enough to go beyond the barrier of observation and see him as the divine image himself.

Matthew makes this statement: “Where two or three are gathered in my name, there I am in the midst of them.” In the Hebraic world it is said that if two sit together and there is no word of the Torah between them, they are seated in the seat of the scoffers; but “Blessed is the man who sits not in the seat of the scoffer, but rejoices in the law of God day and night, for that man shall prosper in all that he does.” Although the man is known to have a brilliant mind, if he does not discuss the Torah (the law of God and his prophets), he is seated in the seat of the scoffer. And in the 3rd chapter of the Book of Malachi, we read: “When those who love the Lord speak with one another and discuss the word of God, the glory of God is between them.” How many in the world today fill that bill? Who, at a cocktail party ever discuss the word of God? I recall about five years ago I was invited to a dinner party, where everyone was telling jokes. Although I love a joke, I am not a good story teller of that nature; so when it was my time to speak I rose and told them about God’s law. When I seated myself the gentleman giving the party said: “I didn’t realize we had invited a longhair here tonight.” That was his attitude towards the word of God. Well, the gentleman has just departed this little section of time, and has been restored to a young body to continue living in a terrestrial world like this . . . but without his money in the bank, for that he left behind. He took the knowledge of what he had done and who he is with him, but his earthly things he left behind.

Now, in this world, when you give something to someone else or sell it, you no longer possess it; but that is not true in the heavenly world. It is a world of sharing, where nothing is lost. In that world I can give you every faculty that has awakened within me, and it becomes yours to use and give to another to use as they will. Two years ago I gave my immortal eyes to a lady who is here tonight. In her vision, I took my eyes out of their sockets and placed them into hers. Soon after that experience she was told, in vision, that she was an incurrent eyewitness. The word “incurrent” means “to give passage to a current that flows inward.” Blake spoke of the incurrent eyes, saying: “I rest not from my great task to open the Eternal World; to open the Immortal Eyes of Man inward, into the world of thoughts into Eternity ever expanding in the bosom of God, the Human Imagination.” Blake wasn’t interested in the external eyes, because he knew they did not see. Having resurrected from this body of death, Blake wanted to give everyone his immortal eyes that they might see as he did.

Resurrection does not come when your body is being cremated; rather you are raised while wearing your garment of flesh in this world of death. Then you can give your immortal faculties to another without their loss in the giving. And when the visions come, they possess you. You don't have to go into meditation to seek them. They can come while you walk the street or are seated in a theater enjoying a play, when suddenly you are seeing what is not there to be seen by mortal eye and you can't stop it.

Last Friday, the lady I gave my eyes to, and her friend, returned home from the lecture. While sitting in the car they were discussing the word of God, when a series of visions possessed her. She found herself in a church, with a bright red carpet running down its center. An angelic being directed her attention to the altar and the objects lying there. Then the vision changed and a coach, drawn by a team of horses suddenly appeared. Stopping in front of her, the door opened and a being with light radiating from his countenance stepped out. He was so majestic he could have been Hercules himself. For a moment they stared at one another. Then he reentered the coach and disappeared. Suddenly another coach appeared, this one drawn by white horses. It stopped. The door swung open and I stepped out, smiled, and vanished . . . leaving the door of the carriage open, as three women came out, all dressed in black. Then a marvelous thing happened. A pallet bearing a corpse appeared, and as she looked she saw that it was I. A piece of cloth was tied across my mouth and behind my head. I was placed upon a cross, which was raised, set aflame, and burned to a stump. And when she looked into the stump she saw liquid, molten gold, as the vision faded. Then the coach reappeared, now driven by a majestic being. Again it stopped. The door opened and a man, like the Ancient of Days with a white beard, white hair, wearing a white gown and a blue robe, stepped out. In his left hand he held a large white book and in his right hand a pen, which he pointed at her and the vision vanished.

I have told you time and again about this golden liquid light, which is the blood of God that comes forth from the furnaces. This lady was not seeing me as a man placed on a burning cross. It could have been, but that's not the story. The body you wear is your cross, and you cannot escape the fires of experience. But when your journey is over, you . . . the tree of life . . . are reduced to a stump, as recorded in the Book of Daniel as: "Hew down the tree and destroy it but leave the stump of its roots in the earth; for from that stump a new being will rise." That being is golden, liquid light.

Paul said, in his fifteenth chapter of 1Corinthians: "Someone will ask, 'How do the dead rise? With what body do they come?' "Then he answered his own question, saying: "It is as God has chosen." Conceived by an infinite being, the dead rise into that one perfect

body, to become one Spirit, one Lord, one God and Father of all. This one body contains all of humanity, yet is unique to everyone. What it is like I cannot tell; but you will know it when you . . . as golden liquid light . . . fill it with yourself. You, as molten gold, will rise up like a serpent, into that heavenly state to be cast into the body God has chosen for you and it is unique. It is waiting for you, and no one can fill it but you. In the end everyone is redeemed in that one body to know himself to be the one Spirit, one Lord, one God and Father of all. Don't try to compare your mortal frame to your immortal self, for it cannot be done. Paul made it so distinct, saying: "It is planted in weakness, it is raised in power. It is planted in dishonor and raised in glory." This is true for every child born of woman.

Having risen from the state of death, it is my choice, my privilege, to give my eyes to whomever I will. I gave them to her, and she . . . in turn . . . gave them to her friend, whose experience I will now share. Having heard her friend relate her visions, she retired that night; and as she fell asleep she saw a match strike the earth and it instantly burst into flame, reminding her of the plains of Kansas when the sun rises . . . for it is like a flame spreading across the prairie flatness. Then a dark object came out of the center of the flame and approached her. Moving in a serpentine motion, it placed itself upon a cross which immediately rose from the earth and stood erect. As she watched, the serpent transformed itself into a man hanging on a cross, but instead of being on the cross, he was in it. This lady saw the transformation of a serpent into a man being transfigured on a flaming cross from within.

As you can see, these visions parallel each other, confirming the truth which I have shared with you. You have an immortal body in paradise, while you wear your mortal body in this world of Caesar and fight with shadows. Although there appear to be others here, there is only God. The world seems to be multiplied by billions of people, each separate and individual; yet there is only one being, who is God, fragmented into garments of flesh. But the day is coming when, as molten gold, you are gathered together to form one being. Retaining your individuality, I will know you and you will know me; but the body we wear there is not like this one. Having been raised from the dead, when I revealed myself in the lady's vision I shared with you tonight, she knew me, and then I vanished from sight. Others will see me in different roles, for I am a protean being. I can display the fact that I have risen from the dead, but I cannot reveal my risen body until you arrive where I am. Not understanding the resurrection, man thinks it takes place when the body dies; but it happens while you are here in this world of death.

Everything here is dead. The animal is killed before its meat is consumed. This is true of the bird or fish, fruit, or vegetable. So the last enemy to overcome is death. While we are here we fight against shadows as we think he or she is another; but there is no other, for we are all brothers, all sons of God, who collectively form the one being who is God. He who is the maker of his sons is housed in each one of them. Say “I AM” and you have revealed God’s name.

Now, if you would forgive another, you must learn to distinguish between the immortal “I” and the state into which he has moved . . . either wittingly or unwittingly. As Blake said: “You can see by what I teach, I do not consider the just or the wicked to be in a supreme state, but to be everyone of them states of the sleep into which the soul may fall in its deadly dreams of good and evil. If you truly love another it would not matter what he (or she) did . . . you would forgive him. I don’t care what my mother would do . . . I would forgive her, or any of my brothers. I have expanded my circle to include friends, and enlarged it to encompass those I do not presently know; for in truth they are all my brothers. The man who said: “Go and tell my brothers I am ascending unto my Father and your Father, unto my God and your God” had pushed out his circle to encompass all, because he knew there was only one being who was playing all the parts. So you cannot truly forgive unless you can discriminate between the being who occupies the part he is playing, and the part itself. Then you can identify him with what you know he would like to be, and to the degree that you are self-persuaded that he is occupying the new state, he will become it.

It’s entirely up to you to practice the art of repentance, which is a radical change of feeling. A friend may have committed an act of violence and admitted his guilt. Practice the art of repentance by separating your friend (the actor) from the part he played, and identify him with the part you know in your heart that he would like to play. Persuade yourself it is true and, to the degree you are self-persuaded, your friend will be transformed into and occupy that state for all to see.

The first words recorded in the Book of Mark (the earliest gospel by date) are: “The kingdom of heaven is at hand, repent and believe the gospel.” I call upon you this day, to believe the story of Christianity; and if you believe and are a Christian, you will put it into practice. Christianity is the fulfillment of the promises Jehovah made to man. When the story of Jesus Christ is reenacted within you, you have fulfilled God’s promises to Israel. Then tell your story to those who will listen; and, while you are moving in your heavenly sphere, you will select those to whom you will give your eyes.

Selection comes from wisdom which is from above, not from below. On this level, if I had to give my eyes to one, it would definitely be my wife, and next to her, my daughter. But on a higher level, where there is no uncertainty as to who should receive them, I gave my eyes to a lady I only know at a distance. I have never seen her home, nor has she ever been to mine. I love her like a sister, but I certainly have never seen her socially. While functioning from above, however, the wisdom of Caesar is not used. Using the wisdom from above, I selected from those who come here the one to whom I gave my eyes. The gift is complete, yet I did not lose them in the giving. In fact my vision increased in the giving.

The visions come when you least expect them. You may be in a crowd when everything is blocked out and the vision possesses you. It is nonsense to think you must go to India to be taught how to meditate by some guru. True vision cannot be taught, but comes upon you when you least expect it; and you cannot stop it, for vision is Christ in you, who is your hope of glory.

The body you wear is the cross Christ bears. The fires these ladies saw are the furnaces of experience Blake speaks of as "How they come forth from the furnaces; how long, vast and severe the anguish before they find their Father, were long to tell." Man is seeking his heavenly Father, who is himself. He is looking outside for the cause of the phenomena of his life; but when he finds it, he finds himself. Then he will say: "I and my Father are one." His trip in this world cannot be over until the Father is found; and how long, vast, and severe the anguish before he finds him, were long to tell.

I cannot tell you how close you are to discovering your true identity; but I can tell you that it will begin with your resurrection from your immortal tomb, where you first laid yourself down to sleep and dream this dream of life. This is immediately followed by your birth from above. One hundred and thirty-nine days later you will find your son, who will reveal you to yourself. Then one hundred and twenty-three days later your spiritual body is split in two, and you see and identify yourself with the molten gold found at its base. Fusing with it, up you will go like a serpent, back into your own skull . . . called heaven. Nine hundred and ninety-eight days later the dove descends, giving you the benediction that the Spirit of the Most High is upon you; for he will anoint and send you to preach good tidings to the afflicted and open the eyes of the blind. The blind spoken of here are those whose eyes do not see the mystery behind the facade.

But tonight, learn to forgive. This is essential! Learn to discriminate between the state in which a man is placed, and its occupant. If you can discriminate between the two, you

will forgive; for you will recognize the being is trapped in a role. If the part be that of the murderer, he must murder. If he is trapped in the role of sickness, he must be ill. If you do not like the part he is playing, remember: all plays belong to the author who is God. We are the actors who will understand the reason behind the play when the curtain descends and the play has come to its end.

I pray it will be tonight!

Now let us go into the Silence.