

The Beginning of Everything

7/4/13

I attest to the experience of a spiritual fundament that gives value to all I do and all I am. In the Silence within, there is a Peace that presents itself as Consciousness. This Consciousness is very large. It is indefinite and limitless.

I find myself to be present in this Consciousness. This Consciousness includes everything that presents itself as sensory experience; everything that presents itself as bodily experience; everything that presents itself as mental and spiritual experience.

In the Silence, in this Consciousness, I pass away! My body is dismissed. My feelings are dismissed. My thoughts are dismissed. *What is* is what is present in Consciousness. In the Silence, a present physical location is experienced. But this physical location opens. It has a dimension to it—a fullness—that extends beyond location. This experience of opening out brings me into the presence of God!

In the Silence is the one large Consciousness. There are not two. There are not me and God. There is God alone. This point of physical location, this point of consciousness perceiving itself—when I am not in the Silence—when I name things—I call “myself.” Nonetheless, this location is God, the Divine Consciousness, as is everything that occurs in Consciousness.

I can do nothing else but call this location “I,” as though I exist separately from God. But that is not the case. God is everything. I am nothing but the Divine Consciousness, the Divine Love, perceiving this location as being present to it. At this time, in this location that arises as present in the Divine Consciousness and which names itself my name, I cannot

change my location to Paris or Mars or Heaven. This IS Heaven, the presence of God in the moment-by-moment act of bringing “me” into being in the Divine Consciousness. In this location which arises in the Divine Consciousness, “I” am led to desire to do what is just and loving. Sometimes this goodness comes to be. Sometimes not. Nonetheless, the Goodness—whatever it may be—flows in and from this location.

That is the sum of what I know and what I need to know. The rest is mental construct when “I” leave the Silence and enter the clatter of words. When I again take myself seriously, as though a thing of importance, then the flow of words begins, the logical intermeshing of ideas, the overstepping the boundaries of experience into generalization—all this wasteful expense of energy, aimed at trying to explain or define what is indefinable and inexplicable. The Loving Consciousness of God.

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