

The power of decision is my own. I cannot suffer loss unless it is my own decision. I cannot suffer pain except my choice elects this state for me. I cannot grieve nor fear nor think I am sick unless these are the outcomes that I want. And I cannot die without my own consent. Nothing occurs but represents my wish, and nothing is omitted that I choose. Here is my world, complete in all details. Here is its whole reality for me. And it is only here salvation is.

DETERMINATION

Why wait for Heaven? When I am seeking the light I am merely covering my eyes. For the light is in me now. Enlightenment is but a recognition. It is not a change at all. Light is not of the world. I who bear the light in me am alien here. The light came with me from my native home, and stayed with me because it is my own. It is the only thing I bring with me from Him Who is my Source. It shines in me because it lights my home, and leads me back to where it came from and I am at home.

My decision to see is all that vision requires. What I want is mine. I will not mistake the little effort that is asked of me for an indication that my goal is of little worth. Can the salvation of the world be a trivial purpose? And can the world be saved if I am not? God has one Son. I am that Son. I am the resurrection and the life. My will is done because all power is given me in Heaven and on earth. In my determination to see is vision given me.

How can I be the victim of a world that can be completely undone if I so choose? My chains are loosened. I can drop them off merely by desiring to do so. The prison door is open. I can leave simply by walking out. Nothing holds me in this world. Only my wish to stay keeps me a prisoner. I would give up my insane wishes and walk into the sunlight at last.

The world I see holds nothing that I need, nothing that I can use in any way, nor anything at all that serves to give me joy. When I believe this thought I am saved from years of misery, from countless

disappointments, and from hopes that turn to bitter ashes of despair. I must accept this thought as true, if I would leave the world behind and soar beyond its petty scope and little ways.

My little effort and small determination call on the power of the universe to help me, and God Himself will raise me from darkness into light. I am in accord with His Will. I cannot fail because my will is His.

God is my life. I have no life but His. I was mistaken when I thought I lived apart from God, a separate entity that moved in isolation, unattached, and housed within a body. Now I know my life is God's, I have no other home, and I do not exist apart from Him. He has no Thoughts that are not part of me, and I have none but those which are of Him.

My Father, let me see the face of Christ instead of my mistakes. For I who am Your holy Son am sinless. I would look upon my sinlessness, for guilt proclaims that I am not Your Son. And I would not forget You longer. I am lonely here, and long for Heaven, where I am at home. Today I would return. My name is Yours, and I acknowledge that I am Your Son.

There is nothing to fear. When I have looked on what seemed terrifying, and seen it change to sights of loveliness and peace; when I have looked on scenes of violence and death, and watched them change to quiet views of gardens under open skies, with clear, life-giving water running happily beside them in dancing brooks that never waste away; would I need to be persuaded to accept the gift of vision? And after vision, would I refuse what must come after? I can behold the holiness God gave to me, His Son. And never need I think that there is something else for me to see.

I walk to God. Could any way be holier, or more deserving of my effort, of my love and of my full intent? What way could give me more than everything, or offer less and still content me? I walk to God. The truth that walks before me now is one with Him, and leads

me to where He has always been. What way but this could be a path that I would choose instead?

My Name, O Father, still is known to You. I have forgotten it, and do not know where I am going, who I am, or what it is I do. Remind me, Father, now, for I am weary of the world I see. Reveal what You would have me see instead.

I am as God created me. This one thought is enough to save me and the world, if I believe that it is true. Its truth means that I have made no changes in my self that have reality, nor changed the universe so that what God created was replaced by fear and evil, misery and death. If I remain as God created me fear has no meaning, evil is not real, and misery and death do not exist.

PERSEVERANCE

Nothing beyond my self can make me fearful or loving, because nothing is beyond me. Time and eternity are both in my mind, and will conflict until I perceive time solely as a means to regain eternity. I cannot do this as long as I believe that anything happening to me is caused by factors outside myself. I must learn that time is solely at my disposal, and that nothing in the world can take this responsibility from me. I can violate God's laws in my imagination, but I cannot escape from them. They were established for protection and are as inviolate as my safety.

Is it a loss to find a world where losing is impossible; where love endures forever, hate cannot exist and vengeance has no meaning? Is it loss to find all things I really want, and know they have no ending and they will remain exactly as I want them throughout time?

I do not know what anything, including this, means. And so I do not know how to respond to it. And I will not use my own past learning as the light to guide me now.

Can God be reached directly? God indeed can be reached directly, for there is no distance between Him and I, His Son. It is quite possible

for me to reach God. In fact it is very easy, because it is the most natural thing in the world. In truth, it is the only natural thing in the world.

There is no world apart from what I wish, and herein lies my ultimate release. When I change my mind on what I want to see, all the world must change accordingly. Ideas leave not their source.

I am in need of nothing but the truth. I sought for many things, and found despair. Now do I seek but one, for in that one is all I need, and only what I need. All that I sought before I needed not, and did not even want. My only need I did not recognize. But now I see that I need only truth. In that all needs are satisfied, all cravings end, all hopes are finally fulfilled and dreams are gone. Now have I everything that I could need. Now have I everything that I could want. And now at last I find myself at peace.

And for that peace, my Father, I give thanks. What I denied myself You have restored, and only that is what I really want.

I am responsible for what I see. I choose the feelings I experience, and I decide upon the goal I would achieve. And everything that seems to happen to me I ask for, and receive as I have asked.

Beyond this world there is a world I want.

Father, let me remember You are here, and I am not alone. Surrounding me is everlasting Love. I have no cause for anything except the perfect peace and joy I share with You. What need have I for anger or for fear? Surrounding me is perfect safety. Can I be afraid, when Your eternal promise goes with me? Surrounding me is perfect sinlessness. What can I fear, when You created me in holiness as perfect as Your Own?

God's grace suffices me in everything that He would have me do. And only that I choose to be my will, as well as His.

I am as God created me, and so is every living thing I look upon, regardless of the images I see. What I behold as sickness and as pain,

as weakness and as suffering and loss, is but temptation to perceive myself defenseless and in hell. And when I choose not to yield to this, I will see all pain, in every form, wherever it occurs, but disappear as mists before the sun. Then a miracle will come to heal God's Son, and close the door upon his dreams of weakness, opening the way to his salvation and release.

FORGIVENESS

The present now remains the only time. Here in the present is the world set free. For as I let the past be lifted and release the future from my ancient fears, I find escape and give it to the world. I have enslaved the world with all my fears, my doubts and miseries, my pain and tears, and all my sorrows press on it, and keep the world a prisoner to my beliefs.

What if I recognized this world is a hallucination? What if I really understood I made it up? What if I realized that those who seem to walk about in it, to sin and die, attack and murder and destroy themselves, are wholly unreal? Could I have faith in what I see, if I accepted this? And would I see it? Hallucinations disappear when they are recognized for what they are. This is the healing and the remedy. If I believe them not they are gone. And all I need to do is recognize that I did this. Once I accept this simple fact and take unto myself the power I gave them, I am released from them.

I forgive the past and let it go, for it is gone. I stand no longer on the ground that lies between the worlds. I have gone on, and reached the world that lies at Heaven's gate. There is no hindrance to the Will of God, nor any need that I repeat again a journey that was over long ago. I look gently on my brother, and behold the world in which perception of my hate has been transformed into a world of love.

The holiest of all the spots on earth is where an ancient hatred has become a present love.

I can be free of suffering today.

Father, I thank You for today, and for the freedom I am certain it will bring. This day is holy, for today I will be redeemed. My suffering is done. For I will hear Your Voice directing me to find Christ's vision through forgiveness, and be free forever from all suffering. Thanks for today, my Father. I was born into this world but to achieve this day, and what it holds in joy and freedom for me and for the world I made, which is released along with me today.

I am glad today! I am glad! There is no room for anything but joy and thanks today. My Father has redeemed His Son this day. I will be saved today. And not one of my brothers will remain in fear today, and not one that the Father will not gather to Himself, awake in Heaven in the Heart of Love.

The tiny instant I would keep and make eternal, passed away in Heaven too soon for anything to notice it had come. What disappeared too quickly to affect the simple knowledge of the Son of God can hardly still be there, for me to choose to be my teacher. Only in the past, an ancient past, too short to make a world in answer to creation, did this world appear to rise. So very long ago, for such a tiny interval of time, that not one note in Heaven's song was missed. Yet in each unforgiving act or thought, in every judgment and in all belief in sin, is that one instant still called back, as if it could be made again in time. I keep an ancient memory before my eyes. And when I live in memories alone I am unaware of where I am.

The world but demonstrates an ancient truth to me; I will believe that others do to me exactly what I think I did to them. But once deluded into blaming them I will not see the cause of what they do, because I want the guilt to rest on them.

Now I will pause and remain still a little while, to see how far I rise above the world when I release my mind from chains and let it seek the level where it finds itself at home. My mind is grateful to be free a while. It knows where it belongs. I need but free its wings, and it will

fly in sureness and in joy to join its holy purpose. There it rest in its Creator, to be restored to sanity, to freedom and to love.

GRATEFULNESS

Why would I not be overjoyed to be assured that all the evil that I think I did was never done, that all my sins are nothing, that I am as pure and holy as I was created, and that light and joy and peace abide in me? My image of myself cannot withstand the Will of God. I think that this is death, but it is life. I think I am destroyed, but I am saved.

My gratitude will pave the way to Him, and shorten my learning time by more than I could ever dream of. Gratitude goes hand in hand with love, and where one is the other must be found. For gratitude is but an aspect of the Love which is the Source of all creation. God gives thanks to me, His Son, for being what I am; His Own completion and the Source of love, along with Him. My gratitude to Him is one with His to me. For love can walk no road except the way of gratitude, and thus I go who walk the way to God.

Let me be still and listen to the truth. I am the messenger of God today, my voice is His, to give what I receive.

What am I? I am God's Son, complete and healed and whole, shining in the reflection of His Love. In me is His creation sanctified and guaranteed eternal life. In me is love perfected, fear impossible, and joy established without opposite. I am the holy home of God Himself. I am the Heaven where His Love resides. I am His holy Sinlessness Itself, for in my purity abides His Own.

My heart is beating in the peace of God. Surrounding me is all the life that God created in His Love. It calls to me in every heartbeat and in every breath; in every action and in every thought. Peace fills my heart, and floods my body with the purpose of forgiveness. Now my mind is healed, and all I need to save the world is given me. Each

heartbeat brings me peace; each breath infuses me with strength. I am a messenger of God, directed by His Voice, sustained by Him in love, and held forever quiet and at peace within His loving Arms. Each heartbeat calls His Name, and every one is answered by His Voice, assuring me I am at home in Him.

Let me attend Your Answer, not my own. Father, my heart is beating in the peace the Heart of Love created. It is there and only there that I can be at home.

This world I seem to live in is not home to me. And somewhere in my mind I know that this is true. A memory of home keeps haunting me, as if there were a place that called me to return, although I do not recognize the voice, nor what it is the voice reminds me of. Yet still I feel an alien here, from somewhere all unknown. Nothing so definite that I could say with certainty I am an exile here. Just a persistent feeling, sometimes not more than a tiny throb, at other times hardly remembered, actively dismissed, but surely to return to mind again.

I speak as one who walks this world, knowing that here I am not at home. Sometimes I will try to put by my suffering in games I play to occupy my time, and keep my sadness from me. Sometimes I will deny that I am sad, and not recognize my tears at all. Still other times I will maintain that what I speak of is illusion, not to be considered more than but a dream. Yet when I examine in simple honesty, without defensiveness and self-deception, could I deny the words I speak, when I say that here I am not at home? I go about uncertainly in endless search, seeking in darkness what I cannot find; not recognizing what it is I seek. A thousand homes I make, yet none contents my restless mind. I do not understand that I build in vain. The home I seek can not be made by me.

There is no substitute for Heaven. All I ever made was hell. Perhaps I think it is my childhood home that I would find again. The childhood of my body, and its place of shelter, are a memory now so distorted that I merely hold a picture of a past that never happened. Yet there

is a Child in me and he leads me to seek my Father's house. He knows that I am alien here.

I thank my Father for His gifts to me. Today I am thankful. I have come to gentler pathways and to smoother roads. There is no thought of turning back, and no implacable resistance to the truth. A bit of wavering remains, some small objections and a little hesitance, but I can well be grateful for my gains, which are far greater than I realize. A day devoted now to gratitude will add the benefit of some insight into the real extent of all the gains which I have made; the gifts I have received. I am glad today, I am in loving thankfulness, for my Father has not left me to myself, nor let me wander in the dark alone. I am grateful He has saved me from the self I thought I made to take the place of Him and His creation. I give Him thanks today. I give thanks that He has not abandoned me, and that His Love forever will remain shining on me, forever without change. I give thanks as well that I am changeless, for as the Son He loves I am changeless as Himself. I am grateful I am saved.

LOVE

I am His Garden of Love. The Thought of God surrounds my little kingdom, waiting at the barrier I built to come inside and shine upon the barren ground. See how life springs up everywhere! The desert becomes a garden, green and deep and quiet, offering rest to all who lost their way and wander in the dust. I give them a place of refuge, prepared by love for them where once a desert was. And everyone I welcome will bring love with him from Heaven for me. They enter one by one into this holy place, but they will not depart as they had come, alone. The love they brought with them will stay with them, as it will stay with me. And under its beneficence my little garden will expand, and reach out to everyone who thirsts for living water, but has grown too weary to go on alone.

Each day, and every minute in each day, and every instant that each minute holds, I but relive the single instant when the time of terror

took the place of love. And so I die each day to live again, until I cross the gap between the past and present, which is not a gap at all. Such is each life; a seeming interval from birth to death and on to life again, a repetition of an instant gone by long ago that cannot be relived. And all of time is but the mad belief that what is over is still here and now.

Love holds no grievances. I am surrounded by the Love of God.

Father, You stand before me and behind, beside me, in the place I see myself, and everywhere I go. You are in all the things I look upon, the sounds I hear, and every hand that reaches for my own. In You time disappears, and place becomes a meaningless belief. For what surrounds Your Son and keeps him safe is Love Itself. There is no Source but This, and nothing is that does not share Its holiness; that stands beyond Your one creation, or without the Love Which holds all things within Itself. Father, Your Son is like Yourself. I come to You in Your Own Name today, to be at peace within Your everlasting Love.

I join with all my brothers in salvation's prayer today. We join in what will save the world, along with us. It is this simple truth, I am sustained by the love of God. I let it sink deep into my consciousness. I repeat it, think about it, let related thoughts come to help me recognize its truth, and allow peace to flow over me like a blanket of protection and surety. I let no idle and foolish thoughts enter to disturb the holy mind of the Son of God. Such is the Kingdom of Heaven. Such is the resting place where my Father has placed me forever.

Love created me like Itself. Nothing is lost to me in all the universe. Nothing that God created has He failed to lay before me lovingly, as mine forever. And no Thought within His Mind is absent from my own. It is His Will I share His Love for me, and look upon myself as lovingly as He conceived of me before the world began, and as He knows me still. God changes not His Mind about His Son with passing circumstance which has no meaning in eternity where He abides, and I with Him. I am as God created me. And my brother is

as God created him. It is this that saves me from this world that God created not.

And now God asks but that I think of Him a while each day, that He may speak to me and tell me of His Love, reminding me how great His Trust; how limitless His Love. In my name and His Own, which are the same, we practice gladly with this thought today, I will step back and let Him lead the way, for I would walk along the road to Him.

PEACE

The holy instant is the miracle's abiding place. From there, each one is born into this world as witness to a state of mind that has transcended conflict, and has reached to peace. It carries comfort from the place of peace into the battleground, and demonstrates that war has no effects. For all the hurt that war has sought to bring, the broken bodies and the shattered limbs, the screaming dying and the silent dead, are gently lifted up and comforted.

The peace of God is shining in me now, and from my heart extends around the world. It pauses to caress each living thing, and leaves a blessing with it that remains forever and forever. What it gives must be eternal. It removes all thoughts of the ephemeral and valueless. It brings renewal to all tired hearts, and lights all vision as it passes by. All of its gifts are given everyone, and everyone unites in giving thanks to me who gives, and to me who has received.

I may wonder how I can be at peace when, while I am in time, there is so much that must be done before the way to peace is open. Perhaps this seems impossible to me. But then I ask myself if it is possible that God would have a plan for my salvation that does not work. Once I accept His plan as the one function that I would fulfill, there will be nothing else the Holy Spirit will not arrange for me without my effort. He will go before me making straight my path,

and leaving in my way no stones to trip on, and no obstacles to bar my way.

Nothing I need will be denied me. Not one seeming difficulty but will melt away before I reach it. I need give thought to nothing and care not for anything except the one purpose that I would fulfill. As that was given me, so will its fulfillment be. God's guarantee will hold against all obstacles, for it rests on certainty and not on contingency. It rests on me. And what can be more certain than a Son of God?

Your peace is with me, Father. I am safe. Your peace surrounds me. Where I go, Your peace goes there with me. It sheds its light on everyone I meet. I bring it to the desolate and lonely and afraid. I give Your peace to those who suffer pain, or grieve for loss, or think they are bereft of hope and happiness. Send them to me, my Father. Let me bring Your peace with me. For I would save Your Son, as is Your Will, that I may come to recognize my Self.

And so I go in peace. To all the world I give the message that I have received. And thus I come to hear the Voice for God, Who speaks to me as I relate His Word; Whose Love I recognize because I share the Word that He has given unto me.

How holy am I who have the power to bring peace to every mind! How blessed am I who can learn to recognize the means for letting this be done through me! What purpose could I have that would bring me greater happiness?

I am as God created me. The sounds of this world are still, the sights of this world disappear, and all the thoughts that this world ever held are wiped away forever by this one idea. Here is salvation accomplished. Here is sanity restored. True light is strength, and strength is sinlessness. If I remain as God created me, I must be strong and light must be in me. He Who ensured my sinlessness must be the guarantee of strength and light as well. I am as God created me. Darkness cannot obscure the glory of God's Son. I stand in light,

strong in the sinlessness in which I was created, and in which I will remain throughout eternity.

LIGHT

And now the blind can see, for that same song they sing in honor of their Creator gives praise to them as well. The blindness that they made will not withstand the memory of this song. And they will look upon the vision of the Son of God, remembering who he is they sing of. What is a miracle but this remembering? And who is there in whom this memory lies not? The light in one awakens it in all. And when I see it in my brother, I am remembering for everyone.

Today the lights of Heaven bend to me, to shine upon my eyelids as I rest beyond the world of darkness. Here is light my eyes can not behold. And yet my mind can see it plainly, and can understand. A day of grace is given me today, and I give thanks. This day I realize that what I feared to lose was only loss. Now do I understand there is no loss. For I have seen its opposite at last, and I am grateful that the choice is made.

The concept of the self stands like a shield, a silent barricade before the truth, and hides it from my sight. All things I see are images, because I look on them as through a barrier that dims my sight and warps my vision, so that I behold nothing with clarity. The light is kept from everything I see. At most, I glimpse a shadow of what lies beyond. At least, I merely look on darkness, and perceive the terrified imaginings that come from guilty thoughts and concepts born of fear. And what I see is hell, for fear is hell. All that is given me is for release; the sight, the vision and the inner Guide all lead me out of hell with those I love beside me, and the universe with them.

The Son of God is my Identity. My Self is holy beyond all the thoughts of holiness of which I now conceive. Its shimmering and perfect purity is far more brilliant than is any light that I have ever looked upon. Its love is limitless, with an intensity that holds all

things within it, in the calm of quiet certainty. Its strength comes not from burning impulses which move the world, but from the boundless Love of God Himself. How far beyond this world my Self must be, and yet how near to me and close to God!

Father, I know my true Identity. Reveal It now to me who am Your Son, that I may waken to the truth in You, and know that Heaven is restored to me.

There is a light that this world cannot give. Yet I can give it, as it was given me. And as I give it, it shines forth to call me from the world and follow it. For this light will attract me as nothing in this world can do. And I will lay aside the world and find another. This other world is bright with love which I have given it. And here will everything remind me of my Father and His holy Son. Light is unlimited, and spreads across this world in quiet joy. All those I brought with me will shine on me, and I will shine on them in gratitude because they brought me here. My light will join with theirs in power so compelling, that it will draw the others out of darkness as I look on them.

The light has come. I am healed and I can heal. The light has come. I am saved and I can save. I am at peace, and I bring peace with me wherever I go. Darkness and turmoil and death have disappeared. The light has come.

JOY

Into eternity, where all is one, there crept a tiny, mad idea, at which I remembered not to laugh. In my forgetting did the thought become a serious idea, and possible of both accomplishment and real effects. Now, I can laugh them both away, and understand that time cannot intrude upon eternity. It is a joke to think that time can come to circumvent eternity, which means there is no time.

Perception's basic law could thus be said, "I will rejoice at what I see because I see it to rejoice." And while I think that suffering and sin

will bring me joy, so long will they be there for me to see. Nothing is harmful or beneficent apart from what I wish. It is my wish that makes it what it is in its effects on me. Because I chose it as a means to gain these same effects, believing them to be the bringers of rejoicing and of joy. Even in Heaven does this law obtain. I create to bring myself joy, sharing my Father's purpose in my own creation, that my joy might be increased, and God's along with mine.

In fearlessness and love I spend today.

This day, my Father, would I spend with You, as You have chosen all my days should be. And what I will experience is not of time at all. The joy that comes to me is not of days nor hours, for it comes from Heaven to Your Son. This day will be Your sweet reminder to remember You, Your gracious calling to Your holy Son, the sign Your grace has come to me, and that it is Your Will I be set free today.

All the world joins with me in my song of thankfulness and joy to Him Who gave salvation to me, and Who set me free. I am restored to peace and holiness. There is no room in me for fear today, for I have welcomed love into my heart.

An ancient hate is passing from the world. And with it goes all hatred and all fear. I look back no longer, for what lies ahead is all I ever wanted in my heart. I give up the world! But not to sacrifice. I never wanted it. What happiness have I sought here that did not bring me pain? What moment of contentment has not been bought at fearful price in coins of suffering? Joy has no cost. It is my sacred right.

God, being Love, is also happiness. And it is happiness I seek today. I cannot fail, because I seek the truth.

MIND

There is no statement that the world is more afraid to hear than this: *I do not know the thing I am, and therefore do not know what I am doing, where I am, or how to look upon the world or on myself.* Yet in this learning is salvation born. And What I am will tell me of Itself.

Communication, unambiguous and plain as day, remains unlimited for all eternity. And God Himself speaks to me, His Son, as I speak to Him. Our language has no words, for what we say cannot be symbolized. Our knowledge is direct and wholly shared and wholly one. How far away from this am I who stay bound to this world. And yet how near am I, when I exchange it for the world I want.

What has been given me? The knowledge that I am a mind, in Mind and purely mind, sinless forever, wholly unafraid, because I was created out of Love. Nor have I left my Source, remaining as I was created. This was given me as knowledge which I cannot lose. It was given as well to every living thing, for by that knowledge only does it live.

My home awaits me. I will hasten there. If I so choose, I can depart this world entirely. It is not death which makes this possible, but it is change of mind about the purpose of the world. If I believe it has a value as I see it now, so will it still remain for me. But if I see no value in the world as I behold it, nothing that I want to keep as mine or search for as a goal, it will depart from me. For I have not sought for illusions to replace the truth.

Father, my home awaits my glad return. Your Arms are open and I hear Your Voice. What need have I to linger in a place of vain desires and of shattered dreams, when Heaven can so easily be mine?

There is nothing outside me. That is what I must ultimately learn, for it is the realization that the Kingdom of Heaven is restored to me. For

God created only this, and He did not depart from it nor leave it separate from Himself. The Kingdom of Heaven is the dwelling place of the Son of God, who left not his Father and dwells not apart from Him. Heaven is not a place nor a condition. It is merely an awareness of perfect oneness, and the knowledge that there is nothing else; nothing outside this oneness, and nothing else within.

Time can release as well as imprison, depending on whose interpretation of it I use. Past, present and future are not continuous, unless I force continuity on them. I can perceive them as continuous, and make them so for me. But do not be deceived, and then believe that this is how it is. For to believe reality is what I would have it be according to my use for it is delusional. I would destroy time's continuity by breaking it into past, present and future for my own purposes. I would anticipate the future on the basis of my past experience, and plan for it accordingly. Yet by doing so I am aligning past and future, and not allowing the miracle, which could intervene between them, to free me to be born again.

God is the Mind with which I think. I have no thoughts I do not share with God. I have no thoughts apart from Him, because I have no mind apart from His. My thoughts are images that I have made. Whatever I see reflects my thoughts. It is my thoughts that tell me where I am and what I am. The fact that I see a world in which there is suffering and loss and death shows me that I am seeing only the representation of my insane thoughts, and am not allowing my real thoughts to cast their beneficent light on what I see. As part of His Mind, my thoughts are His and His Thoughts are mine.

POWER

What I bind on earth is bound in Heaven, what I free on earth is free in Heaven. Let, then, my dedication be to the eternal, and learn how not to interfere with it and make it slave to time. For what I think I do to the eternal I do to me. Whom God created as His Son is slave to nothing, being lord of all, along with his Creator. I can enslave a

body, but an idea is free, incapable of being kept in prison or limited in any way except by the mind that thought it. For it remains joined to its source, which is its jailer or its liberator, according to which it chooses as its purpose for itself.

I who perceive myself as weak and frail, with futile hopes and devastated dreams, born but to die, to weep and suffer pain, let me now hear this: All power is given unto me in earth and Heaven. There is nothing that I cannot do. I play the game of death, of being helpless, pitifully tied to dissolution in a world which shows no mercy to me. Yet when I accord it mercy, will its mercy shine on me.

I, who am the Son of God, now awaken from my sleep, and opening my holy eyes, return again to bless the world I made. In error it began, but it will end in the reflection of my holiness. And I will sleep no more and dream of death. My glory is the light that saves the world. I will not withhold salvation longer. When I look about the world, and see the suffering there, is not my heart willing to bring my weary brothers rest?

The miracle does nothing. All it does is to undo. And thus it cancels out the interference to what has been done. It does not add, but merely takes away. And what it takes away is long since gone, but being kept in memory appears to have immediate effects. This world was over long ago. The thoughts that made it are no longer in the mind that thought of them and loved them for a little while. The miracle but shows the past is gone, and what has truly gone has no effects. Remembering a cause can but produce illusions of its presence, not effects.

The Holy Spirit can indeed make use of memory, for God Himself is there. Yet this is not a memory of past events, but only of a present state. I am so long accustomed to believe that memory holds only what is past, that it is hard for me to realize it is a skill that can remember now. The limitations on remembering the world imposes on it are as vast as those I let the world impose on me. There is no link of memory to the past. If I would have it there, then there it is.

But only my desire made the link, and only I have held it to a part of time where guilt appears to linger still.

FREEDOM

I made up the prison in which I see myself. All I need do is recognize this and I am free. I have deluded myself into believing it is possible to imprison the Son of God. I was bitterly mistaken in this belief, which I no longer want. The Son of God must be forever free. He is as God created him, and not what I would make of him. He is where God would have him be, and not where I thought to hold him prisoner.

The secret of salvation is but this: That I am doing this unto myself. No matter what the form of the attack, this still is true. Whoever takes the role of enemy and of attacker, still is this the truth. Whatever seems to be the cause of any pain and suffering I feel, this is still true. For I would not react at all to figures in a dream I knew that I was dreaming. Let them be as hateful and as vicious as they may, they could have no effect on me unless I failed to recognize it is my dream.

Time lasted but an instant in my mind, with no effect upon eternity. And so is all time past, and everything exactly as it was before the way to nothingness was made. The tiny tick of time in which the first mistake was made, and all of them within that one mistake, held also the Correction for that one, and all of them that came within the first. And in that tiny instant time was gone, for that was all it ever was. What God gave answer to is answered and is gone.

When I choose freedom I will experience only its results. My power is of God, and I will give it only to what God has given, to share with me. Nothing but this can touch me, for I see only this, sharing my power according to the Will of God. And thus my freedom is established and maintained. It is upheld through all temptation to imprison and to be imprisoned.

I seek a future different from the past. From new perception of the world there comes a future very different from the past. The future now is recognized as but extension of the present. Past mistakes can cast no shadows on it, so that fear has lost its idols and its images, and being formless, it has no effects. Death will not claim the future now, for life is now its goal, and all the needed means are happily provided. Who can grieve or suffer when the present has been freed, extending its security and peace into a quiet future filled with joy?

Father, I was mistaken in the past, and I choose to use the present to be free. Now do I leave the future in Your Hands, leaving behind my past mistakes, and sure that You will keep Your promise, and guide the future in my holy light.

I will pause and be still a little while, and see how far I rise above the world, when I release my mind from chains and let it seek the level where it finds itself at home. My mind will be grateful to be free a while. It knows where it belongs. When I free its wings it will fly in sureness and in joy to join its holy purpose. And I let it rest in its Creator, there to be restored to sanity, to freedom and to love.

I am under no laws but God's. Here is the perfect statement of my freedom. I am under no laws but God's. I am constantly tempted to make up other laws and give them power over me. I suffer only because of my belief in them. They have no real effect on me at all. I am perfectly free of the effects of all laws save God's. And His are the laws of freedom.

HOME

There is a place in me where this whole world has been forgotten; where no memory of sin and of illusion lingers still. There is a place in me which time has left, and echoes of eternity are heard. There is a resting place so still no sound except a hymn to Heaven rises up to gladden God the Father and I, the Son. Where We are is Heaven and is peace.

I swear not to die for I am the holy Son of God! For otherwise I make a bargain that I cannot keep. Being the Son of Life I cannot be killed. I am immortal as my Father. What I am cannot be changed. I am the only thing in all the universe that must be one. What seems eternal all will have an end. The stars will disappear, and night and day will be no more. All things that come and go, the tides, the seasons and the lives of men; all things that change with time and bloom and fade will not return. Where time has set an end is not where the eternal is. But I can never change because of what men made of me. I will be as I was and as I am, for time appointed not my destiny, nor set the hour of my birth and death. Forgiveness will not change me. Yet time waits upon forgiveness that the things of time may disappear because they have no use.

Beyond the body, beyond the sun and stars, past everything I see and yet somehow familiar, is an arc of golden light that stretches as I look into a great and shining circle. And all the circle fills with light before my eyes. The edges of the circle disappear, and what is in it is no longer contained at all. The light expands and covers everything, extending to infinity forever shining and with no break or limit anywhere. Within it everything is joined in perfect continuity. Nor is it possible to imagine that anything could be outside, for there is nowhere that this light is not. This is the vision of the Son of God, whom I know well. Here is the sight of him who knows his Father. Here is the memory of what I am; a part of this, with all of it within, and joined to all as surely as all is joined in me. I accept the vision that can show me this, and not the body. I know the ancient song, and know it well. Nothing will ever be as dear to me as is this ancient hymn of love that I, the Son of God sing to my Father still.

I am forever an Effect of God.

Father, I was created in Your Mind, a holy Thought that never left its home. I am forever Your Effect, and You forever and forever are my Cause. As You created me I have remained. Where You established me I still abide. And all Your attributes abide in me, because it is Your Will to have a Son so like his Cause that Cause and Its Effect are indistinguishable. I know that I am an

Effect of God, and I have the power to create like You. As it is in Heaven, so it is on earth. Your plan I follow here, and at the end I know that You will gather Your effects into the tranquil Heaven of Your Love, where earth will vanish, and all separate thoughts unite in glory as the Son of God.

Today let me behold earth disappear, at first transformed, and then, forgiven, as it fades entirely into God's holy Will.

Without me there would be a lack in God, a Heaven incomplete, a son without a Father. There could be no universe and no reality. For what God wills is whole, and part of Him because His Will is one. Nothing alive that is not part of Him, and nothing is but is alive in Him. My brother's holiness shows me that God is one with him and me; that what he has is mine because I am not separate from him nor from his Father.

In me is all of Heaven. Every leaf that falls is given life in me. Each bird that ever sang will sing again in me. And every flower that ever bloomed has saved its perfume and its loveliness for me. What aim can supersede the Will of God and of I, His Son, that Heaven be restored to me for whom it was created as my only home? Nothing before and nothing after it. No other place; no other state nor time. Nothing beyond nor nearer. Nothing else. In any form. This can I bring to all the world, and all the thoughts that entered it and were mistaken for a little while. How better could my own mistakes be brought to truth than by my willingness to bring the light of Heaven with me, as I walk beyond the world of darkness into light?

And now I say "Amen." For Christ has come to dwell in the abode You set for Him before time was, in calm eternity. The journey closes, ending at the place where it began. No trace of it remains. Not one illusion is accorded faith, and not one spot of darkness still remains to hide the face of Christ from anyone. Thy Will is done, complete and perfectly, and all creation recognizes You, and knows You as the only Source it has. Clear in Your likeness does the Light shine forth from everything that lives and moves in You. For I have reached where all of us are one, and I am home, where You would have me be.