

Neville Goddard 05-05-1972

EVEN THE WICKED

We have only to enlarge our conception of causality to excuse everything and forgive all. Now, let me just state one little thought from Scripture first before we unfold it. As we are told in the 25th chapter of Genesis, "In your limbs lie nations twain, rival races from their birth; one the mastery will gain, the younger o'er the elder reign." The first one is the sense man. I'm now looking at this room and all within it and that is the sense man. My normal apprehension of corporeal objects just like this room and the contents, I call sense perceived. That which is not present, and yet I perceive it, I call that imagination. That is destined to rule. That is the second man, the Lord from heaven.

The first man is of the Earth, a man of dust. The second is from heaven. So here we are in this world, and this is the world of this dual state within every child born of woman. And so, we have the physical man, the man of dust, and then we have the spiritual man, the man of imagination. That is the immortal man. When I see this picture of the duality of man and how all things are created by this hidden man, I forgive everything in this world that the physical man does for the physical man is only a state. One being is playing all the parts. The part played by the thief is the same being playing the part of the judge who judges the thief. The part who is the murderer and the murdered, he's a part but the being within, he's one.

Now, let me explain it first in the beginning with a simple story. About eight years ago, I was in New York for a month, and two of my brothers, Victor and Lawrence, came up and spent two weeks with me in New York City. They're checked into the same hotel. They wanted to see everything they could within two weeks, and I brought them to fourteen shows. And sometimes they went even to an afternoon show. They wanted to see everything in the crowded two weeks. But the one thing my brother, Lawrence, wanted to see was the new presentation of Aida.

Well, the papers say it was sold out from the very moment that it was announced. Same music naturally, the same score, but new scenery. Something new about it. Now, this captured the imagination of all opera lovers and they all wanted to see Aida. The one thing he wanted to see was Aida but the papers had huge, big ads, not one seat is available. Come down and buy a seat for the other shows and this was the old opera house around 40th Street and Broadway. It ran from Broadway through 7th Avenue, the old Metropolitan. So, this morning we set out and I said, "It doesn't really matter, let us go. We have to go down and have lunch anyway. We will go and just see."

We got there and these huge, big signs on the outside: "No seats for Aida available," and they were plastered all over the Metropolitan. I went in and there were three lines leading towards the three windows selling tickets for the entire season, and there was no seat for Aida. I got into the first line. It was a very long line then I saw the third line from me moving more rapidly than the first and the second, so I moved over to that line. Then we all move rapidly forward. As we got to the window, and seemingly no hope of getting tickets, but before I left my hotel room, I

simply assumed that I had the tickets for my two brothers. I didn't want to go. They wanted to see it, so I assumed that I gave them the tickets.

I got into this line. We move rapidly towards the window. As we got there to the window, a tall blond man, he must have been about six-foot-four, stretched his hand up over my head and diverted the ticket seller as he asked a question while one in front of me is buying seats, not for Aida because that's completely sold out, he is buying two other seats for some other opera. Then he departed after he diverted the man's attention. This man pushed on some bills under the window and then as the teller looked at the money—and this man is at the door now, the tall, tall blond fellow—and he's given this man the ticket and then suddenly he said, "For he only gave me three dollars. He should have given me"—and he mentioned the money he should have given. At that, he was bewildered, the teller was bewildered. I turned around and I screamed at that tall blond. I said, "Sir!" I screamed so loudly he couldn't stop, but the attendant, he turned around, I said, "Come back here. You're wanted." He came back like a little child being led by the nose. He came back and he said, "What's wrong?" And the man said, "This is all that he gave me. Two one dollar bills." Said, "Oh no, he didn't. He gave you two tens." Then I said, "No, you didn't. I was standing right here. I saw what you did. You gave him two one dollar bills. That's all that you gave him."

The man was flabbergasted. He was so completely dumbfounded, he didn't know what to do. I said, "I am standing here. I saw exactly what was done." Then he opened up his purse and here was a stack of ones and he had a twenty dollar bill and two tens. He said to the man, "Say when you discover your mistake that I gave you two tens." And the man said to him, "At the end of the season." And with that, it was closed, and the man then took out the money and paid for the tickets and took back his two ones.

Then I said to him, "I want two seats for Aida tonight and I want them in the horseshoe circle. I want them center." He said, "Yes, sir," and he took from what is called the VIP. They always keep a few out. Though the house is sold out, they always keep a few seats for those who are coming called the very important people. I am certainly not a very important person, but I saved him from the loss of twenty dollars and he quickly took the two seats out and said to me, "Twenty dollars." I gave him the twenty dollars and gave the two seats to my brothers.

Now, a state called a thief. These two men have chosen to be thieves in their world. They're con men. It's perfectly all right. God made everything for its purpose and even the wicked for the time of trouble. Read that in the 16th chapter, the fourth verse of Proverbs. "He made everything for its purpose, even the wicked, for the day of trouble." For the day of trouble may not be a war. I was troubled how to get these tickets. That's a moment of trouble and I simply assumed that I had them. I simply played my part in my imagination before I left my hotel room that my brothers are going to see this show this night of Aida, the new presentation of Aida.

They two, who have already given themselves over to the state of a thief, they had to actually come right into the line. I took the first line then I move over to the third line because I saw it moving more rapidly, so he comes over to the third line and plays his part beautifully. If he had

not done what he did, I would not have received those tickets because I am not a very important person; but the man looked me in the eyes and thought here was an honest man. As far as he is concerned, I am an honest man who saved him from losing twenty dollars. And so, he quickly took out the two seats. I paid for them—naturally he didn't give them to me. I was willing to pay for my seats, but you couldn't buy them. All over the place, "sold out, sold out, sold out," all over the Metropolitan Opera. You could paste it on the wall; I mean a huge, big ad in the paper, "Aida is sold out." And I went that day and got those seats right in the circle in center row for my two brothers because one man played his part beautifully. He had given himself over to a con man. He finds it easy to make a living being a con man. There are those who are pickpockets. There are schools to teach people to be pickpockets. Do you know that? They come right out of the school and go into a profession. All right, that's their part. They play that part. Now, you play your part beautifully, and one of them can be instrumental in getting you what you want in this world. So, I wanted two seats for Aida. Were it not for a con man in that world, I would not have had those two seats.

So, he comes into the line where I was in the line, he comes forward, and just as I got to the ticket window, he puts his hand over my head to divert the man's attention. And the one in front of me who is buying two seats, not for Aida because you can't get them, he is buying two seats for something else. And he puts out two dollar bills instead of two tens, and then this man starts and I turn around as though I was inspired, and with my full voice I said, "Sir, come back here!" He had to come back. So, he came on back just like a little child and stood next to me, and he looked down at me. He wouldn't dare budge. Well, I said, "You didn't give him anything more than what he is showing you now. You've given him exactly what he's showing you"—because I was fair and I stood next to you. He was helpless. He couldn't hit me. He was many inches my height. I was five-eleven and he may be about six-five or more. A strong, strapping blond but he was impotent in my presence when I called him back.

He only played the part, so should I not forgive him? There are infinite states in this world and all you have to do is forget states. You play your part in every state necessary to make your part come to fulfillment at the moment that you need it. And so, we went out for lunch, and my brothers, Lawrence and Victor, they had their tickets and that evening, they went to see Aida.

So, "In your limbs lie nations twain. They are rival races from their birth, one the mastery shall gain, the younger over the elder reign." And the younger is the second and the second man is the man from heaven, and that man is your own wonderful human imagination who is God. And there is no other God. That is the Lord from heaven and the outer man that clothes him, he is under compulsion to fulfill the commands of that inner man. But everyone is falling into states, infinite states; to understand this world you must think in terms of states. He has made everything for its purpose, even the wicked for the day of trouble.

And so, use everything, but you don't have to think of which one will do it, forget it, who will play the part. I never saw that man before. Never saw his partner in their little crime before. That was their choice in life. There are those who have chosen to be pickpockets for the rest of their lives, so if they are caught in the act, all right, that's part of the game. They've chosen that part to play.

Now, those who have chosen their part to play like Mr. Hoover who just departed this world. He chose that part and there are others who chose other parts.

Either wisely or unwisely, we fall into these things; but when the inner man begins to awake, he selects his part wisely. It's entirely up to us, so I tell you, everything in this world that you want to be, you can be if you will know that there are only states. You move into the state because the occupant of the state does not differ from the occupant of any other state. The one who played the part that day of the conman to get two tickets for two dollars instead of twenty dollars and go on the street and sell them for fifteen dollars and make himself a quick few bucks.

The same occupant is God. God is playing all the parts, so all we have to do is simply to expand a little bit our conception of causality to actually excuse everything and forgive everyone in this world. I forgave him because he actually was instrumental in getting me the two seats for my brothers. Were he not playing that part at that moment, I would not have had the seats. But before I left my hotel room, I simply assumed that my brothers had their seats, and they were going to see Aida, and they came off thrilled beyond measure, so we went down at seemingly no hope.

I wasn't concerned about any hope. There were three long, long lines. After all you're selling out just for the show of the night. You're selling for the afternoon show, you're selling for the evening show, and for the entire season, and buy a month in advance, two months in advance. They're all there and so here are the lines and your three lines and three windows open. And what caused me to move to that moving window? The father in me. He knew which one is going to play what part because they're all in states and myself is fully aware of all the states in the world. And if you can play a part to aid me in the fulfillment of my dream, you will play it.

If I need a thief, there must be a thief somewhere. He was a thief and he played the part, better part in my getting the ticket than if he were an honest man. If he came up and played the part of an honest man, then the man would have said to me, he wouldn't know me, I'm not an important person, and so we have no tickets. Go into signs, "No tickets available." It's a sellout but it was not a sellout and a thief made it possible for me to get my two tickets.

So, when you see this, you forgive every being in the world, everyone. They're all playing their part, so don't condemn anyone because everyone will be instrumental in fulfilling your dream if you know this law. It's all infinite states but remember you are awakening to the reality of the second man. In this room, my simple apprehension of corporeal objects, the things on the wall, your hair, the chair, the house, this thing for a wedding tomorrow, all this preparation for a wedding. All this is to my sense man reality and I think of something entirely different, and that is called only imagination, and that is the second man.

Now, what do I want in place of what my senses are telling me? Let me now enter into that state and live it as though it were true and move forward in that state. Now, let me show you the difference now because we started with that statement from the 25th chapter of the book of Genesis. An idea that is only an idea produces nothing and does nothing. It must be felt,

actually felt, so that it awakens within oneself certain sensations, certain motor actions, in order to be effective. What would the feeling be like if it were true? Dwell upon that until the feeling awakes within you these sensations, for imagination is spiritual sensation. That is the creative being in you. It's not just to entertain an idea. What idea? The idea must produce in you this feeling, which is a sensation, but it must be a feeling. What would the feeling be like if it were true? You dwell upon that until you catch that feeling.

As Churchill said that the mood determines the fortunes of people rather than the fortunes the mood; the mood precedes the fortune. So, what would you want in this world of contemplating? What would the feeling be like if you had it? What would it be like if it were true? That is the story of Scripture. If I could only feel that I am already the man that I want to be, that I'm already the woman that I want to be, and feeling, then it's not only an idea, which as an idea without feeling will produce nothing, now, it has everything because in this story, he says to the second man, "Come close, my son, that I may feel you."

The secret is in the feeling. So, he's always out. He is the first man covered with fear, the outer man, and Jacob is the inner man, the man of imagination who is hairless. It isn't two little boys. These are only symbols. It's all in man, so come close my son that I may feel you. So, he comes close and deceives his father through feeling, so the father feels and he feels them just to be externally real. You can do it. There is no flower in your hand but you can feel the soft velvet feeling of a rose. You can smell a rose though it's not physically present. Try it. Try all these things with the inner man and when you can actually feel it so that you raise your imagination to the point of sensation, to vision, then the whole thing is done.

It's done in a way you do not know it's going to happen. If it takes a thief to aid you, then you forgive the thief. Should I not forgive that man who tried to rob that teller of twenty dollars when he did for me what no one else could do? I could go to all the brokers in New York City and they couldn't get me two seats. I could go to anyone and they couldn't get me two seats for my two brothers, and I wanted them to have the joy of seeing the new presentation of Aida, so I went myself prepared in my imagination that I had two seats. And it took a thief to be instrumental in getting me the seats. Should I not forgive him for the part he played?

He went to the door, this tall, giant of a man. He looked back at me but he wouldn't have the courage to come up and slap me. There was something in me that dwarfed him in his own mind's eye, so in spite of his height and his bigness and his strength, he couldn't dare strike me for I was speaking from a different level of consciousness altogether, so I didn't condemn him. He played the part he had to play and by playing it, I got the seats. So, all we have to do is simply to widen, just widen a little bit, our conception of causality to actually forgive all in the world, to excuse everything in the world.

They're playing their part. So tonight, you want a bigger job, you want more money in this world, you want—and you name it. Well, it may be a thief who is going to aid you into getting without knowing he is doing it. Don't judge him. Don't condemn him. Just simply—you go forward knowing that I have ways and means that the physical man knows not of. My ways, the inner

man's ways, are past finding out, and you simply go forward in the assumption that you have already achieved what now is only a wish as far as the world is concerned, but you enter into the wish as though the wish is already fulfilled.

So, what would the feeling be like? "Come near, my son, that I may feel you," and so he comes close. He said, "Come nearer, my son." Then he said to him, "You know, your voice is the voice of Jacob, but your hands, your neck, and your scent, you have the feel of my son Esau." Esau is the outer world, so he gives emphasis to feeling. It transcends the voice. The voice was Jacob's but the feeling, that touch was that of an external world. He could feel the external world. It was a self-deception. He saved himself into believing that what he desired, he had.

It's not two little boys born of woman. All this is parable. The whole story of the Bible is all parabolic, telling stories that unless you have the depth to understand it, well then, you'll never really; but me I say you will, eventually you will, and you certainly do understand it now. So tonight, is a practical night. Do you know this night what you want, really what you want? Well, if you do, do the same thing I did in getting the two seats.

Do what I did when I was locked out completely from marrying the girl I wanted to marry. I simply assumed that she slept here, I slept here, and I went sound asleep, and in one week, my wife did an act which certainly I must forgive in the eyes of the world. She is condemned for taking what she did not pay for, and yet because of that act, I got my freedom. Then who is the culprit? Am I not? If there's any culprit, I am. If there's any culprit in this world, it is God.

There is nothing but God. God is doing all in this world. He created everything in this world, and so I fit in me, he is the second man, and the second man is my imagination, and that is God, for man is all imagination and God is man and exists in us, and we in him. The eternal body of man is the imagination and that is God himself. Well, if I in my imagination slept as though I am happily married to a girl that the laws of New York State said I could never get because of my entanglement with my first wife, and in one week she performed an act which was judged harshly by society and yet she was the instrument of my getting my freedom to marry the girl who now is the mother of my daughter.

How can I blame her to perform that act? She was in a state—and who did it? I did it. I did it by simply assuming that I was free and happily married to a girl that the state of New York said I could never marry because of these ancient laws that restricted my desire to get freedom in that state. So, you'll forgive everyone in this world for all playing their parts. In my own case, I have seen thieves, I have seen all kinds of people play their part; they were instruments in the fulfillment of my desire, so how can I ever condemn all? The last cry on the cross, "Father, forgive them. They know not what they do. Forgive them."

The whole vast world is playing until he awakes in that body. He is playing the part and he plays it automatically, unwittingly, for one who was awake, who knows exactly what he's doing, and so they all play their parts, for God in everyone is the same God. There aren't two gods. There's

only one God—and that God is your own wonderful human imagination. When you say I am, that's God.

So tonight, you just completely boldly declare that you are the man, you are the woman that you want to be, and walk in that assumption as though it were true and then let all these sleeping states play their part. Now, I tell you, in spite of what they appear to be, they are sound, sound asleep. They do not know. He thought he knew what he did. He came right in into my line and played his part. I could have remained on the first line and waited and waited and waited, and no one would have played their part there. I moved over to the moving line and here he comes, and so how could I ever condemn him? How could I ever, in any way, feel other than thankful?

I would say to him, "Thank you because you played the part you had to play," like a play, so someone comes in on the play. The curtain goes up and here comes the monster, and he plays it beautifully. And the audience hisses and condemns him. If there's any condemnation of the part, where is the author? Send for the author for he wrote the part, and the author, if there's any praise, give it to the author. Any condemnation, give it to the author.

I know I've played a part, a second part, on a play on Broadway. And if I didn't get a hiss when I came on, if they didn't hiss me, I felt I wasn't doing well. But I would say 99 percent of the time as I came on and started to play my part, the audience hissed. Then I knew I was really on my toes. I was playing the part well because I was a cad in that part and they couldn't restrain themselves especially with the matinees when they had children there. Lots of ladies and children, and they could not restrain their emotion and they were hissing for then I knew, "Neville, you're getting over all right."

So, I was thrilled with their hissing because I was playing only what was written for me to play. So, in this wonderful world of ours, we are infinite states, and everyone is in a state, but the one being in one state is the being in all states. There's only one player. God only acts and is in existing beings or name. He is in all the states and His name in all states is I am. So, someone chooses the part and he wants to be, well, a thief. He finds it easier. He thinks, "I'm getting up, going to work, and punching a clock, and punching it out." He feels it's better for him to live that life. All right. So, he has chosen that part, if he does it deliberately, for he might have fallen into it through habit of others and then it's unwittingly. All right. But he will also pay the price.

That is the thing he has to consider. He will pay the price because the part has a price with it; but in spite of that, he can be used in the fulfillment of your dreams. Now, many of you who have had, from your letters, dreams of death recently. May I tell you, it's a healthy, healthy sign. Dreams are egocentric. You cannot grow and not outgrow in this world. To outgrow is to die. You die to one state and you move into another state.

So, anyone dreaming of death, many of you have dreamt of my death numberless times, as Paul said, "I die daily." Every day, he grows. If he did not die every day well then, he didn't grow that day. So, death, when you see yourself buried or you see yourself in a coffin or you see these things in your dream, it's only a beautiful symbol of your growth. You are growing, that's

why you see yourself buried, why you see yourself in a tomb. It's simply an expansion of consciousness, so you die to one state of consciousness as you enter a greater state of consciousness.

So, when people see themselves dying or others say, "you're dead," it has nothing to do with a little physical body because you don't die anyway, not really, for nothing dies. It's always an expansion and expansion and expansion, so when you do see yourself being buried, give praise. You have died to your former beliefs and these arcane concepts that you entertain which only enslaved you. Right now, someone introduces you to a new idea and you toy with the idea of accepting it, but you resist it for a while. Then suddenly, you see your body being entombed. It means it's gotten hold of you. These new ideas that will call you to an expansion of yourself, and so the old man dies that the new man may live.

A seed must fall into the ground and die before it can be made alive. If it does not fall into the ground and die then it cannot bring forth fruit. It simply remains what it was before. So, if it dies, it bears much fruit. So don't be afraid of any vision of death. Death is the most glorious symbol in the mysteries of the expansion of consciousness. Man is expanding and expanding and expanding in this world, and one day, his wonderful imagination will awaken, and that is God.

Then he sees a whole vast world as sleepers, all sleepers, and how can you condemn the sleeper? So, he played his part. He played it beautifully. I can see all these things in my world where people play some many marvelous parts, and they were sound asleep, and they thought they were so alert, going to get the better of me, and their attempts to get the better were exactly what I needed to move on. Just move on. They had no idea they're playing their part beautifully. So, I forgive all the thieves that came into my world, even those who took, actually took from my pocket by not giving me what the contract called for; I thank them because it simply allowed me to become all the more secure upon my own feet, and not think for one second that I depended upon them or for anyone else in this world, so let them go their way.

They're all sound, sound asleep playing their parts. But this thing that happened, I would say about seven, eight years ago. It was so forceful in my mind. My brothers thought that I was very courageous with this giant over my head to do what I did. It wasn't any courage. At that moment, I saw what he did. And when I said to him, "You didn't do it at all. I saw what you did. You stopped two dollars there and there they are. You didn't give him any ten dollar bills." He opened up his purse and I saw all these ones, oodles of ones and then a twenty, and a couple of tens at the side. And then he pulled out the tens and gave them and took his two ones back. And then he went back to the door with the other partner of his and looked at me as though he could have killed me but he didn't have the guts to hit me. He couldn't.

If I were that big, he could have struck me, because I was speaking on an entirely different level, and on that level when I knew I was going to get my seats, that's all that concerned me. Here comes the two seats and the man said, "Yes, sir." He treated me as though I stood before him as the president and he thought, "Now, here is an honest man who saved me twenty dollars." I'm only playing the part. I only wanted two seats that night because that's all that my brothers

could give because I had all these seats bought for them. All the shows for Broadway at the time within two weeks and every night after night and matinees and everything else. Got it right up to their heads in shows.

So, I'm telling you, if you know of this dual being within you, in your limbs lie nations twain, rival races from their birth; one the mastery will gain, the younger over the elder reign. Now, see that that younger one actually reigns and the younger one is your imagination. The older one is your sense man. The facts, these are the facts of life. What does my bank account—and I owe more than the bank account—have in it now? Well, now that is Esau's judgment. Now, Jacob puts in fifty times what is there now. In my mind's eye, I deposited fifty times more than is there. How it's going to happen, I don't know. I don't know any more than I knew that day when I started out for the Metropolitan Opera, how I'm going to buy seats when the papers tell me you can't buy a seat. Huge big ad, "Save your time and don't come" or "Other seats are available but not for Aida." I go down only for Aida and I get them because of a seeming thief played by the part of God. For God plays all the parts in the world. There is nothing but God, and say I am—that's God.

That is the Lord Jesus within you. That is your immortal being that cannot die. He cannot die. That is your eternal self when you say, I am. Imagination is not some vague essence. It is a body, a reality, an infinite body that is so perfect when it's awakened that in its presence everything is made perfect. But while it is awakening, it exercises that power and draws into its world everyone that can play their part for its fulfillment of its dream.

So here I hope you heard it clearly. I hope I made it as clear as I can because tonight should be a very practical night that you will go out knowing who you are. You're a dual being. But the first man is of the dust, and to dust, he returns. That is the man of Earth. The second man is the Lord from heaven and He cannot die. That's your own wonderful human imagination. It cannot die but it sleeps. It sleeps embodied in this tomb and one day, it will awaken. As I've told you in the past, the symbolism of Scripture will surround you. It's perfect. It is true. Everything told to you in Scripture as to his birth, you are going to experience, and then your imagination awakens. And you'd trust no one but it, only this being within you do you really worship. Let them give all the medals and all the honors to this, that, and the other to the little earthly man. It doesn't interest you.

Now let us go into the silence.

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