

Neville Goddard 03-24-1967

## **HE WAKES IN ME**

Tonight's subject is "He Wakes in Me". I should say "he wakes in us". Who is he? The Lord Jesus Christ who is crucified in us. He was never crucified on anything outside of man, and because he was crucified in us, he must rise in us. Paul said: "I have been crucified with Christ; it is not I who live, but Christ who lives in me. And if we have been united with him in a death like his we shall certainly be united with him in a resurrection like his."

The resurrection, although not described in any portion of scripture, is really the high watermark, the very center of the Christian faith. As Paul said: "If Christ is not raised then our faith is in vain and we are as men the most to be pitied."

Sunday morning the churches are going to proclaim that Christ is risen, and they should, because Christ is risen - but how do we know this? By the witnesses! By those who have experienced the resurrection. The experience of the resurrection in the lives of the apostles is the indispensable inner testimony without which Jesus Christ might have been raised, but could not have been preached as risen. Every one who is called, who experiences the resurrection, who experiences Christianity in its fullness, is an apostle, for you cannot experience it and not see the Risen Christ. Coming from within everyone will be raised, one by one, to unite into one single body, one Spirit, one Lord, one God and Father of us all. There is only one.

We are told in scripture that our lowly bodies will be changed to be of one form with his glorious body. Not like it, but of one form with it. There is only one form, one body, one Spirit, one hope, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of us all who is above all, through all, and in all. And in the 8th chapter of Mark it is said: "Those who are ashamed of my words, of him the Son of man will be ashamed when he comes into the glory of his Father with the heavenly angels." These words precede the resurrection. In fact, when the drama is coming to its close, these events - although separated in time - are but part of a single complex. Now let me share one of these with you.

In 1946, I felt myself lifted up as I heard a heavenly chorus sing my praise and my victory over death. I felt as though I were a being of fire, clothed in a body of air. The body was self-luminous, as told in the 9th chapter of Mark: "His garments radiated light with such an intensity that no fuller on earth could bleach a garment comparable to it." The garment was not white, but radiant light. There was no need for any external light, no sun, no moon, no stars, for I was light enough. I could see as far as vision desired, and as I glided by a sea of human imperfection, everyone was made perfect. Eyes returned to the empty sockets of the blind, the missing arms returned, the lame walked. Every conceivable imperfection vanished as I glided by, accompanied by this wonderful, heavenly chorus singing my praises and calling me by name. When the last one was made perfect, the chorus sang out: "It is finished" (which is the last cry on the cross) and I felt myself - now a being of fire clothed in a garment of air - actually

crystallize into this tiny little body called Neville. I felt so bound, so restricted, as though I couldn't turn in any direction.

On this level your body is animated and wonderful, but you cannot compare it to that radiant garment which is your transfigured self. You will wear this heavenly garment before you experience the resurrection, yet this is the garment of the Risen Christ. There is no other garment of Christ and there is only one Christ, so everyone who is raised is he. We are told in Paul's letter to the Corinthians (I think it is the 6th chapter): "God raised the Lord and we also shall be raised by his power", and may I tell you: what a power! Called the power of God, it comes to you just like a wind. At first you feel it as a vibration, but when it hits you, this transfigured self is a wind, an unearthly wind.

Then in 1959 the resurrection came, followed by my birth into an entirely new age. The resurrection begins the entire drama of Christianity, although many experiences precede it, as you wear your transfigured self and know yourself to be a being of fire dwelling in a body of air. The resurrection comes so suddenly. There is no warning, for in this transfigured state you are told to tell no one until the Son of man is raised from the dead.

Man has been taught to believe that a man was crucified on a wooden tree, taken down from it, and put into a grave - and it isn't so at all! Christ, the great Messiah, is buried in you as your creative power and wisdom, which is God's creative power and wisdom lowered to this level. Buried in you, it dreams horrible experiences; but in the end this power begins to stir and as it does, it fulfills all that was foretold in scripture regarding itself.

Now listen to the words of Moses (the eternal state of the prophet through which all men pass) as recorded in the Book of Deuteronomy: "The Lord, your God will raise up for you a prophet like me from among you, from your brethren - him you shall heed." Do not read this passage on the surface because translations are strange. Go back to find the Hebrew meaning for every word in the sentence. We will take just the one word, translated in the Revised Standard Version as "among" and in the King James Version as "midst". The Hebrew word thus translated means: "Within yourself; the heart; the bowel; the very core of a person; the inmost thought of man." So, "From within you the Lord God will raise up for you a prophet like me."

Moses was the one in the ancient world who experienced the transfiguration. And when he returned to the Israelites, his body shone so, that he had to cover it, for they could not behold the glory of the man. Here is the prototype of the one who is to be raised up out of man, from man. Something comes out of man that is the Lord, the Messiah, the Lord Jesus Christ. It's not something that comes out and leaves you here. Your garment is the grave in which God is buried as your own wonderful human imagination.

Everything in your world is produced by imagination. There isn't a thing that was not first imagined, yet when it becomes an objective fact it seems so independent of your perception of it, that you forget its origin and do not realize it was produced by you. Everything that appears

without was first an image, nothing more than a dream which was created by the dreamer in you, who is the Lord Jesus Christ.

Then one day your imagination begins to stir and without warning you are resurrected. This is how it happened to me. I retired as usual, just as I have done throughout the years. Then came this unearthly wind. (Now, in both Hebrew and Greek the word "spirit" and "wind" are the same, so when you speak of the Spirit of the Lord you speak of the wind.) Intensifying itself in my head, I felt as though I was going to explode, that I must be experiencing a massive hemorrhage. But instead I began to awake to discover I was in my skull. I was more awake than I had ever been before. I knew a clarity of thought I had never known before, yet I was entombed in my skull and it was completely sealed.

Standing alone in this empty tomb, I was consumed with the desire to get out. Possessing a peculiar, innate knowledge, as though built in at the beginning of time, I knew that if I pushed the base of my skull something would move. Obeying that instinct I pushed, and something rolled away leaving an opening large enough for me to put my head through. Then I squeezed myself out inch by inch, just like a child coming out of the womb of a woman. For a few seconds I remained on the floor, and then rose to look at this body out of which I had come. It appeared to be dead, but its head was moving from side to side.

As I looked, I realized I had been in that body all this time and had not realized it was a tomb. I had always thought that it was I. If someone struck my hand they struck me! If food was placed in my mouth I ate it. If the body was fed, bathed, or shaved, it was me for as far as I was concerned I am it. It never occurred to me that the body was a garment I was wearing and it was a garment of death.

Then the wind increased, but instead of being in my head it was coming from the corner of the room, causing me to divert my attention from the garment on the bed. When I looked again, the garment was gone and in its place were my three brothers, one sitting at the head, and the other two where the feet were. They, too, heard the wind, for one rose and as he walked towards it his attention was attracted to something on the floor, and before he even picked it up he said: "It's Neville's baby." The other two, in incredulous voices, said: "How can Neville have a baby?" He didn't argue the point, but simply produced the evidence: an infant wrapped in swaddling clothes.

Now, I didn't give birth to a child; the child is but a sign. Scripture tells us: "This shall be a sign unto you. You shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes." The babe is a sign that God is born. That his power is born on a higher level of his own being. God buried himself and then raised himself, and the evidence that he rose is called a birth, of which a child is the symbol. A little babe wrapped in swaddling clothes is a sign unto you that Spirit was born, for flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven, neither can the perishable inherit the imperishable. If you are to enter the kingdom, you must leave the garment of flesh and blood which you have been wearing throughout the centuries.

So the resurrection is followed by your birth from above. Then come all the other events, which stretch over a period of 3 ½ years as told us in scripture. "When Jesus began his ministry he was thirty years of age, and his ministry lasted 3 ½ years." It is exactly 1260 days, or 3 ½ years, to the end of the great drama. Then, as told us in the Book of Acts (now in the form of one called Paul), you will remain in the world because the need is great to persuade others of the kingdom of God and of the truth concerning Jesus Christ, and some will be persuaded by what you say, while others will disbelieve.

Then you will depart this world never to return again, for you will have raised yourself to a higher power and know yourself to be the one God and Father of all.

There are not many Christ's running around. Not many Messiahs, only one. We are all united into that one body, one Spirit, one hope, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of us all. The word "Jesus" and the word "Jehovah" mean "Jehovah saves" or "Jehovah is salvation" and the only savior recorded in scripture is the Lord. "I am the Lord your God the Holy One of Israel, your Savior and besides me there is no savior." Where is he? Crucified within you. Having limited himself to man by assuming the state of death, God transcends the limitation of this little garment and overcomes death.

Everything in this world waxes, wanes, and vanishes. There is nothing here that is eternal, nothing immortal. We speak of someone having immortality in his architecture or his music, but that is nonsense. This is a world of death where even the most concrete mountain decays. But there is something buried in man that is immortal, destined to overcome his self-imposed limitation. And when he rises in you, you are the one who is rising. And when the union takes place, it is not another. Without loss of identity you will wear the garment of the Risen Christ. Without loss of identity every child born of woman will wear the one garment of the Risen Christ.

Don't ask me to explain the mystery of how one can contain all, but it does. You might just as well as ask how your body can contain billions of cells, or your brain billions of atoms - I don't know. How can I say that my own loins contain as many children as I am capable of siring? They all come from me, yet they seem to be many bodies when they enter this world; but in the end they will all be gathered back into the one body.

Now a fragmented one, when you are regathered into the one body you are far greater than you were prior to the fragmentation, for truth is an ever increasing illumination. There is no such thing as ultimate truth. If that were true it would be stagnation. Truth is forever increasing, and so is power and so is wisdom.

God buried his creative seed in you and as it begins to awaken you are transformed in consciousness. As we are told in Philippians: "He will change my lowly body to be of one form with his glorious body." This is done when Christ is formed in you. Your lowly body is transformed to be of one form with his glorious body, for as he is formed in you he is your very self. And when you are raised from the dead you must be he, for only the Lord is raised. You are told: "God raised the Lord, and we are born anew through the resurrection of Jesus Christ within

us.” If Jesus Christ is within, and I am born anew through his resurrection, and I do not see another but know I resurrected, then I have found him - not as another, but as my own wonderful human imagination. Now put him to the test.

Let me give you something tonight to put your mental teeth into. A friend of mine who is here tonight told me of an experience he had in a dream. He was an actor, playing the part and wearing the costume of a Greek. In the scene he was to be shot, and the actor who was to shoot him was told to use a blank, but this night the bullet was real. As he fell to the floor, he rose from that body, completely restored to life and said: “Why that S.O.B. -he shot me!” Then he awoke.

Last week Milton Berle’s nephew, a fine young lad in his twenties, was simulating the catching of a car thief. (It was a drama, too, for it was not an actual event). The deputy didn’t know his gun was loaded, but as Berle - now playing the part of the thief - began to run as directed, the deputy pulled his gun and shot him.

Now, if it would give the boy’s family any comfort, I would tell them that their son has experienced the resurrection. He has experienced the birth from above. He has experienced the Fatherhood of God by the discovery of the only begotten Son, David, who calls him Father, and is now waiting for the final curtain - in the form of a dove - to descend. I say this, for if the taking of innocent blood results in redemption (as it does in my friend’s case), then the killing of young Berle also results in redemption

If one could only see that everything in this world is moving for good because God planned it all. “As I have planned, so shall it be, and as I have purposed, so shall it stand. I will not turn back until all that I have planned is perfectly fulfilled.” That’s what we are told in scripture. And all things work for good to those who love the Lord, and I am quite sure the young boy attended some form of synagogue or church and there was a measure of love there.

If one goes into battle to kill and be killed, that’s not innocent blood. But when someone innocently walks by - perhaps in a protest march - and someone kills him, his is innocent blood. He had no intention of killing anyone, but walked unarmed when shot. Now, what a blessing this seeming disaster would be if this innocent blood results in redemption, which is a complete lifting up and raising oneself from this wheel of recurrence, this eternal death!

So I tell you: the Lord Jesus Christ wakes in you, and when he wakes, you are he, for in the end there is Jesus only. Climbing the mountain you see Moses - the prototype of the law, and Elijah - the prototype of the promise. But when you return from the mountaintop, now fully awake, the prototype of both the law and the promise have vanished, and you walk knowing yourself to be the embodiment and fulfillment of all law and prophecy; so in the end there is Jesus only, and you are he.

There is nothing but Jesus, who is Jehovah. It is he who is playing all the parts, for there is nothing but God. So in the end everyone will awake, for everyone is that being who is the

Elohim, the compound unity of one made up of others. We are the gods who agreed to the unity of dreaming in concert. That's the oneness. Here is the dreamer, the assemblage of the gods in perfect agreement. In one consciousness we agree to the play and become fragmented, but only the one God is playing all the parts. You say, "I am" before you say anything and I say, "I am" before I say "Neville". If your name is John, before you say, "John" you say, "I am." That's the name of God. He has no other name.

You can't divide I am, yet you do see it fragmented when you see another. You may look at a fragmentation, but you cannot divide I am. How can you? "Go and tell them that I am is my name forever. This is the name by which I shall be known throughout all generations." You can't divide it! You may ask a question and a seeming other may answer, but their reply comes from a source who says, "I am" Grace, "I am" Jan, "I am" Paul, or "I am" Bill. All responses precede the mask they wear by saying "I am", so in the end there is only one God, only One, nothing but God!

This wonderful story is true. I am speaking, not from hearsay or speculation. I am not theorizing, but telling you what I know from experience. I am like Paul; I must remain and tell it because of the need, and I tell it from morning 'till night, and some will believe while others disbelieve. But when I go, those who believe will continue the message and the others will eventually believe. No one will be lost, for in the end everyone will be redeemed, because if one is gone, the whole is not put together. There will be a missing part in the puzzle, and no one worthy of the name of God would leave a piece out. He can't push it in; he has to make it fit as it ought to. Everything has to fit, for in the beginning was a plan and in the end the plan will be fulfilled. All will awaken to the knowledge that they are God. There is nothing but God.

But no one can become conscious on the higher level by any good work that he does. You can't earn it. There is no such thing as accumulating merit; it's simply "God raised the Lord and will also raise us by his power." Each in his own good time. We are all gathered together, one after the other, but each in his own good time. There is a plan to the entire thing, and the will of the Lord will not turn back until he has executed and accomplished the intents of his mind. "In the latter days" (as told us in the Book of Jeremiah) "you will understand it perfectly." You will see how everything was done according to a definite plan.

Now let us go into the silence.

Translated by Athena Minerva / GnosticLibrary.org  
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