

Neville Goddard 02-16-1968

INFINITE POWER

Robert Browning tells us:

“Truth is within ourselves.

It takes no rise from outer things No matter what you see.

There is an inmost center in us all Where truth abides in fullness to know, Rather than insist on opening up a way

Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape That is effecting everything

As a light that is supposed to be without.”

My word is truth. This truth is within you, waiting to be accepted in order to be experienced.

Speaking to his father in the 17th chapter of John, Jesus said: "I have given them the words which thou gavest me. They have received them and know, in truth, that I came from thee; and they have believed thou didst send me."

I will now tell you the truth! Power took me to stand in the presence of the Risen Lord. Wearing the Human Form Divine, He embraced me and incorporated me into his body of Infinite Love. Wearing his body of love, I stood before Almighty God who said: “Time to act.” Then I was sent back into this world to tell the story of God as the infinite power of the human imagination!

Nuclear power could destroy New York City. But the power of which I speak is far beyond that of nuclear energy. Suppose you entered an animated scene, such as Grand Central Station in New York City at the peak of the rush hour, or the stock market in the course of a hectic day. As you look at it, you arrest an activity within you and everything stands still as though frozen. No matter how long you hold it - be it a second, a minute, or an hour - when it is released the scene becomes animated once again, as everyone continues their intentions.

Now suppose, having arrested the activity within you, you change their intentions and - releasing the scene with the changed motivation - you discover that they move under compulsion to fulfill that which they now think they initiated. Do you realize that with this power you could cause them to commit suicide and think it was what they wanted? Like the lemmings, you could make them run towards the ocean, enter beyond their depth, and drown. That's what you can do with this power; but it will not be yours until you are first incorporated into the body of Love!

This I know from experience, for I have arrested an activity which seemed to be independent of me, to discover that although their forms were, their life was not. Activating my word, their life was in me; for as the Father has life in himself, so he has granted me (his son) to have life in myself!

Now, no man comes to me save my Father calls him - but no one! Starting on the surface of my being, I teach the infinite power of the human imagination, not knowing to what extent it will be believed. Many are called to hear salvation's story. Few are chosen to believe it. Many will tell me they believe, but I find it is only lip service. I am not here to judge anyone. I was sent, not to condemn or judge the world, but that the world may be saved through me. Man is saved through belief, and condemned through lack of belief in the nature of the son of God. That son, called Christ in the New Testament, is defined as God's power and his wisdom.

When God gave himself to me, he sent his power into the world, expecting the talent given me to be wisely invested. When I tell others what has been revealed to me, regardless of what they may say, I have doubled the investment and will hear the words: "Well done my good and faithful servant. Enter into the joy of the Lord."

Now let me show you how the disciples are selected. This selection is always done in the depth of the soul, as in the case of this lady, who wrote, saying: "Last Friday night I went to bed filled with the message I had heard from you, to find myself in a far, far place, remote in time and space. I am seated on a chair in a large empty room, glass fronted with marble pillars. Suddenly a self-propelled carriage appears. Stopping in front of my window, I see the carriage door open, as a man who is the embodiment of power and authority steps out. He is tall, with gray curly hair, wearing an envelope cape, and carrying a small attaché case.

"Moving swiftly, he enters the room, walks over to me. and begins to speak of power. As I look at him I recognize you, Neville. Now personified as power, I realize that you are God and you are Neville! Showing no sign of recognition, you continue to talk of power; sheer unadulterated power. Then, as suddenly as you approached you turned and swiftly made your exit. As though by appointment the carriage appeared, you entered it and vanished from my sight.

"I awoke bewildered, wrote down the experience and returned to bed saying to myself, 'I must tell this to Neville.' Instantly I am asleep, redreaming the dream, when my friend Marge Broome appeared. And I am hit in the forehead by a 3-4 inch long, 3/4 inch thick polished topaz, embedded with gold. As we looked at it a man walked over and said: 'That's very valuable. You can break it into many pieces and get a lot of money for it.' That commercial idea appealed to me, so I placed it in my purse and again headed toward your house to tell you of the dream.

"Suddenly I realized Marge was gone, as well as my car, purse, and topaz. Having no transportation, no money, or identification, I said to myself: 'What do I . . .' then I arrested the thought and said: 'I will go within and imagine I am with Neville.' Instantly I am in your apartment telling you the dream. As I reach the point of telling how I imagined myself there, the doorbell rang, and a group of gay, happy young boys and girls entered, causing so much confusion I awoke, saying to myself: 'I will tell him on Monday.'" Last Monday she brought me the letter!

My work is not complete until my Father, in the depth of the soul, calls my twelve. Recognizing and applying the truth of my words, this lady was called to witness the embodiment of the Infinite Power. She saw him as the man she knows as Neville - yet she knew he was God. Many

see me as a physical man. Few see my true identity, which has unfolded itself in the depth of the soul. But I am not unique. I know that every child born of woman will one day be called and embraced to become one with the body of God. Then, wearing the form of love, he too will be sent by God. After incorporation into the body of love, I was sent wearing the garment of Jesus Christ - the power and wisdom of Imagination! Now I know myself to be the power which can effect the fulfillment of desire!

Having no friend, car, money, or topaz, this lady remembered the power of which I speak. She exercised it, and instantly - without any form of transportation - found herself in my apartment telling me her dream. Now that is power! There is enormous power in wealth, as well as the atomic bomb; but their power is as a firecracker compared to the power of Imagination. Without any background or degree behind you, you can dwell in any state in your imagination just as though it were true; and in a way no one knows your power will take you (without a topaz, a friend, or a car) into the state of your choice. That is the power I have been sent to tell you about.

This power, personified as Jesus Christ, is vested in man as his Human Imagination. Jesus Christ is he who sent me. He has never left me, so when you see me, you see Him. And when I leave here, I will return to the body of Love.

This lady has been called. She has been faithful to the word and proved it to herself in the far regions of her mind. I have given her the word the Father gave me. She has received it and now knows the truth from personal experience. She saw power, personified as man. She knew he was God, yet the man she knew as Neville. She had to experience this in the depth of her soul in order to know that it was true.

Now, as I tell you another dream, remember: everything, no matter what it is, is a symbol. This lady found herself in a dormitory with many other girls. Each girl held a chart covering twelve days, with each day headed by the first letter of an event she would experience that day. A girl showed her a chart with the letter "K" marking the day, saying her child was to be kidnapped, as she needed that experience. Becoming angry, this lady told the girl she didn't have to experience these things. That she could revise the day's experience by using the power of her imagination. As doubt began to permeate the room, she took her own child and left.

After what appeared to be a very long time, this lady returned to find the room now occupied by another, who had removed her books. As she demanded their return, the scene changed, and she is in a room where everyone was singing because her grandmother was coming. Although her grandmother had died in 1962, she appeared to be young, with lots of vitality. They embraced and she could feel the coolness of her grandmother's skin. Then her body became rigid and as it fell against the lady, she saw the symbolism of the act of love.

This lady has tasted of the power of the age to come, and now sees everything as a symbol and we, merely actors in the play of life. Returning to an old state, she sees it as the same play being repeated with slight modifications. While trying to bring the past back to its former state by

replacing her books, she realizes it means nothing. And as she sees her grandmother alive, young, vital, and wonderful and recognizes the symbolism she represents, her grandmother vanishes from sight.

I have been sent to tell you of a power of which you may be totally unaware. To tell you that you do not need any social, intellectual, or financial background to achieve your goals. Do you realize you could be number one in the social register, have the intelligence of an Einstein and the money of a Rockefeller - yet not reach your objective? And you can have none of these things, yet fulfill your every desire if you will but believe me.

When the question was asked: "What is the work of God?" the answer came: "To believe in him whom he has sent." This does not mean to believe in Neville as a man, but to believe what I tell you. Divorce the man from the message and believe in my words, for I and my Father are one and the words I speak are those of my Father, who is Jesus Christ.

Knowing his physical origin, Jesus was condemned for always being in the company of tax collectors and sinners. And when they asked him where he came from, he answered: "If I told you, you would not believe me." When asked: "Who is your father?" he replied: "If you knew me, you would know my father also, but you know neither me nor my father. My father is he who you call God. I know my father and you know not your God." Then they took up stones and stoned him, because they did not believe his ultimate origin, and saw only his physical one.

I was born in a little island called Barbados. My physical origin can be verified, but my ultimate origin can only be known when he who sent me reveals it. Do you know that the phrase "he who sent me" is placed on the lips of Jesus twenty-five times in the gospel of John; yet no one could understand his words, for they persisted in seeing the physical garment he wore, and not God, the wearer.

Exercise your creative power! Prove the truth of my words in the depth of your being as this lady did. Then you will be called - not on the surface of your mind, for the drama of scripture is supernatural. It takes place while you walk the earth, but in a deeper region of the soul.

The disciples, Peter, Andrew, James, or John, were not called while fishing. They are symbolic states of the mind that believed what they heard and were called in the depth of the mind.

No man is ever called because of his facial beauty, his social position, or wealth, even though the churches recognize them here. Have you ever noticed that the best church pews are always reserved for the rich? When I was a boy, we didn't have much money, but we had a little position, so we had our own pew. Every Sunday morning mother would bring her brood to sit in that pew. Today, reserved or purchased pews are a thing of the past; but even though the name is not allowed, it is still an unwritten law in all the so-called "proper" churches to reserve certain pews for those who have large sums of money. And when the minister sees them there he tears up his prepared sermon and tells them what they want to hear, knowing that if he doesn't they won't be back to give him more money.

I know this to be true. In New York City, Saint Luke's Hospital sits between Saint John the Divine and Saint Thomas Cathedrals. A lady willed two million dollars to Saint Thomas, if Bishop Manning died before her. Otherwise, the hospital (run by the Episcopal church) would receive the money. Well, the old boy outlived her, so Saint Luke's fell heir to two million dollars. That is what goes on in all of these so-called proper churches and hasn't a thing to do with being called, or knowing the only true God.

I was sent to tell you that your own wonderful Human Imagination is the real Christ! You will prove this to yourself if you will test yourself and see if you are holding to the faith. My friend tested herself when she found she was denuded of a friend. She had no car, money for a taxi, or topaz to sell; but remembering my words, she went within and as she imagined herself in my home she was instantly there. Having met the test, she is called.

This lady had a double dream, which means that the thing is fixed by God and will shortly come to pass. Being doubled, the dream contains a double jet of truth which is: she met the test, and she entered the circle.

I do not feel it will be long before I will vanish, leaving not a trace behind. This cannot happen, however, until I have finished the work I was given to do. Only then can I ask my Father to return me to the glory that was mine, the glory I possessed before that the world was. I, Imagination, came out from the Father. That is pre-existence! Entering the world, I now wear a garment of flesh in order to form a nucleus of those who believe in their Human Imagination. They will reach the seventy, then the 144, and go on from there. I take comfort in her vision, for it indicates that my work is finished and departure will shortly come to pass.

Believe me! The story of how God became man that man may become God, is the most glorious story ever told. But man must be constantly reminded that this God is his imagination, and the powerhouse of the world! Infinite power resides in your Imagination. You could be in prison and imagine yourself free. Believing in the reality of your imaginal act, it would make no difference to you how you are released. But when it happens and you find yourself where you imagined you were, you will have tested and recognized the infinite power you are. Imagining, you set yourself free; and when God sets you free, you are free indeed.

Jesus never violated the law of Caesar. Looking at a coin he said: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's. If Caesar wants more taxes, ask your heavenly Father to provide more money for you by imagining you have it." Your heavenly Father, who dwells within you, has the power to set you free, while a god believed to be on the outside will enslave you.

In the book of 1 Samuel, the story is told of how the people, wanting to be like all the others, desired to have a leader over them. Then Samuel said: "A king will take your sons from you for his army. He will take your maid servants, your male servants, your daughters and your money. And when he has taken everything from you, he will take you. In that day he will enslave you as he has all the others. Then you will cry out to be saved from a god of your own choosing, but in

that day I will have no ears to hear you.” In spite of the warning the people chose Saul, who enslaved them exactly as the prophet Samuel had foretold.

You want a king? A dictator? A savior on the outside? You are free to choose one, but I will prophesy for you: Any power outside of yourself will enslave you!

Knowing that he embodies infinite power, Jesus turned to those who seized him, and said: "Do you think I cannot now pray to my Father and he will send me more than twelve legions of angels? But how then can scripture be fulfilled, that it must be so?" I came into the world, promising the one who sent me (which is myself) that I would subject myself to all the limitations of the flesh and drink the cup of experience, until time proves that I am God, and own the world. Knowing who I am, I have the power to call forth twelve legions of angels, but I will drink this experience to the last drop. Then - having done exactly what I was commissioned to do - I will return to Him who sent me, who will say: "Enter, my faithful servant, into the joy of the Lord." And there is no joy like being once more reincorporated into the body of love!

Now let us go into the silence.

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