

PERFECTION ITS OWN MEDIUM

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Part I: The Paths

Since the mind is the instrument which is used either to cloud the reality of man's nature or to reveal it, it would seem quite plausible that one devote himself somewhat to the training of the mind. In the old literature, the mind was compared to horses attached to a chariot. If control is not exercised by the reins the horses may run away. If they are controlled, they may pursue a proper course.

The mind of the senses seems always on a rampage. And who is the controller? Who is the one to lay hold of the reins? The mind and the senses are very much

united, so much so that they figure in the classic arrangement of discriminative knowledge as essentially the same, as sometimes they are spoken of as the organs of perception and the organs of action, so closely allied that they are understood to be the same by whatever name they are called.

Therefore, if the senses are the mind, it is the same in the interpretation of the metaphor. The senses could not run wild unless the mind was with them; the mind cannot run wild without the senses.

Now, who is able to control this beast? Does one know anything above his mind? Can he reach up into some other stratum of existence and pull down from that layer of consciousness a realism that will seize this plane of mentality? If he were to do that, would it not be his mind in action? Granted, then, that the mind acts either to further the interest of emancipation, deliverance, illumination, or it may act to pull one down and submerge one under clouds of ignorance. Granted

this double action, what then is to give it the guidance, the lead by which it shall be enabled to rise instead of fall?

Man does not know himself. He interprets himself continually through his mind. Therefore, what can he know of himself except the measurement which mind permits. The mind allows him just so much consciousness of intelligence, so much belief of strength, so much measurement of health, and so much of this and that. So much capacity to get along in the world, an allotment of ability for coping with experience. All this is the mind's determination of what it will permit the being to experience.

You may then see why, in the scriptures, mind was called a steward, allowed to manage here and there. And if his assortment and division of the goods, and his arrangement is not suitable to the lord when he appears on the scene, coming in to observe that the steward has mismanaged, then one takes a deep breath with a question, as though there came a new leading. Who is this lord who appears on the scene to judge mind? Where is he

located in the person who thinks he uses a mind, and how may we find this being who is called a lord?

By this time the members of the Instruction should have learned, and have no doubt thoroughly convinced themselves that there is no outward search for anything. The search is entirely within the understanding. Therefore, everything applies to study, meditation, that we may find out what is to be found out, knowing there is no other direction to search than within the self.

Now the mind, assuming to conduct the search, designs a certain pathway over here, another one there, and another pathway in another direction. These pathways are all marked; they are labeled. If one walks in one pathway he calls himself a philosopher, if he walks another pathway he is a poet; walking the other way, he is choosing the path of religion. The philosophical path is intellectual; the poetical path is the path of feeling, emotions; the path of religion is the path of devotion.

Now, the sage is wise enough to understand that all these paths are important to the mind for bringing about the conception of unity. Why does one philosophize, rationalize? That he may establish a consciousness of unity with the great Life. Why is he enraptured with poetry? Why is he intoxicated on the rhythmic thought. Because he is feeling his way into unity. He does not discourse upon beauty, but he feels beauty. And religion is devotion-- a path which tends to unity. As Patanjali said, He who meditates upon his lord with devotion will become united with that lord through his devotion. Then, all paths lead to unity.

But what path does the sage choose for his mind? Does he become a philosopher or a poet or a religionist? He becomes all three, but in becoming all three he is none of them. He does not walk in any path. He takes the path that cannot be trodden to unity. The path that cannot be trodden has arrived.

How can mind, given over to speculation, continually trained in methods, believing in the time that must elapse in order to pass

through the eventful experiences that lead somewhere--how can one understand by the mind that is trained contrariwise, that life has already arrived; intelligence has arrived; health has arrived; strength has arrived; everything has arrived.

And where is man? Why does he lag behind? Can you say that life has already arrived at truth? Is not God life? Can you not say that intelligence has arrived, for it is God Himself, the Great Omniscience, the All-consciousness. Has not health arrived? Has not beauty arrived, the beauty of holiness, the beauty and the glory of Godliness. What, then, has not arrived? All that is wonderful, beautiful, desirable, that the heart sympathizes with, appreciates and loves, all that has arrived. What is it, then, lagging behind?

Man, with chain and balls on his ankles. And why is he pulled back in this fashion? Because of his mind. The mind is not a bad instrument, for we see that mind is capable of enlightening man, of showing him his true nature. How can it then be called a ball and

chain that fetters and binds so that man dallies in the way? Because mind, as an instrument, may be under the dominance of darkness under heaviness and ignorance, the fog of nescience; or it may be under the dominance of light, under the glorification of the transparency of goodness.

Now, man seems to be at the mercy of his mind, as though he were caught in his own web. It is only a sick spider that is caught in his own web; it is only a deluded man who is entangled in his own creations. Since he seems to be caught, he must be healed. And when his healing takes place, he will make a very great discovery, which discovery is his knowledge; it is his light; it is his entrance into the perfect experience. Being wrapped about with the delusions of his thinking instrument, he seems like a creature not able to free himself, and not knowing by what means he can free himself. He will not know how he is to free himself until he is healed, until he becomes well and strong.

Now this is brought to him through an unknown means, by an

unknown way. It comes by a path that is not laid out openly, as philosophy, poetry, religion. It comes by a path that is no way at all, and seems merely to happen to him. It is strange how things can happen to one, how they may arrive without coming from anywhere. Take for illustration the Apocalypse; let one read the book of Revelation, let him see what he would understand in that book if something had not happened to his mind. Merely applying his mind, the mind that is the world mind, a positive mind, an orderly mind, a mind believing in the world as it appears, what will he derive from the book of Revelation? But let something happen to his mind and the book of Revelation will open as though unlocked by some massive key and as though great portals swung wide and he beheld within a world such as described. Where now it speaks of golden streets and walls of jasper, he would experience a world of light and of freedom and of goodness and of health and power; and these would not be words to him, they would not be words, they would be actualities.

And they were astonished
at his doctrine, for
his word was with power.

That is the way the word is used.
Astonished at his doctrine, for
his word was with power. Would
not one be astonished at Revela-
tion if his word has power? Then
it would not be a mystery, an un-
known quantity, a speculation, a
superstition, an allegory, but it
would be a well known account of
the life and experience of every
individual. So all this world
~~w~~ould unravel its mysteries and
cease to be a speculation.

Now it appears that the world
is so much of a speculation that
no one counts upon any perfection
in experience. It is even said
that all great art--and one may
find such sentences quoted in the
writings of modern connoisseurs
of the present day intelligence--
all art that arrives at anything,
that pulls, that seems transcen-
dentially wonderful, all such art
is produced by people who feel
themselves in the wrong. Possibly
there was never any great sculp-
ture, never any great art of any
kind that did not have, in the

mind of the creator of it, a feeling that he is all wrong.

This is because he has not crossed over into the Apocalypse. He has not entered into the book of Revelation, where he can understand the perfection of creation. But now, being an imitator and trying to produce art, not satisfying his soul by any means, seeing only his faults and mistakes, his conception is that he is very, very unequal to the task, and that everything is futile and false, far short of the soul's demand for expression.

Nor will there be any perfect art in the world, supported by the mind which is genius enough to understand creation and perfection, until man himself has a consciousness of a perfect body. If he has not the consciousness of a perfect body which is now immortal--not subject to disease and death, decrepitude and old age, ugliness and faults--if he has not a mind to believe in a perfect body, then he cannot create any art that will satisfy him. But when he is perfect himself, there is not one move he can make

that will not be representative of his own excellence.

And then his established knowledge of himself and approval of his own works will not show conceit, such as artists and designers and creators of artificial things possess in deplorable quantity. But their approval of their work will be genuine praise in the light of knowledge. With their great approval, capability of estimating in it tremendous measurements of excellence, they shall be called the meek. They shall not know what pride or conceit is; and yet they shall know the beauty of everything, and they shall be able to approve their own works.

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Part II: Excellence of Man

When one seeks to find unity, he tries out these paths we have mentioned, but he discovers that while he walks in any one of these paths he is walking with his mind, and the way is blazed by others who have walked with their minds. The old illustration was this, The hound that hunts his own trail has a very long journey. The more he hunts the longer becomes his trail.

So when one starts out to find his union with the truth, to discover the fact of his unity, to discover the eternal closeness of oneness which exists within himself in relation to truth, his hunting will lead him a long, long way. Unless something happens to his mind, he will not be able to arrive, but he will lay out more paths for others to walk in, he will establish stations by the way, resting places, spots here and there where others may put up for a while, all on the way to truth. But unless that particular something happens to him, he will

forever and forever be going on and on and on, seeking and hoping and striving to find that which his soul demands for satisfaction. But with the happening to his mind, as in the reading of Revelation, something has made its way into the consciousness which is not of the nature to merely interpret a metaphor or merely read words. He would wander forever and even in a graveyard of words unless that something happens which is not of the methods of mentality.

*I saw a great splendour in what was a voice speaking to me from heaven:--
"Frail creature, speak and write what thou seest and hearest.---Speak and write these things not according to human utterance nor human understanding of composition; but as thou seest and hearest in the heavens above.

Now, how can one write as he sees and hears in the heavens above? Not as men write, making use of composition, of proper arrangement

*Prologue to Scivias, Pitra OC 503-4

of sentences and words, adopting the forms of language that prevail. How is one able to write, to speak as one hears in heaven?

...as thou seest and hearest in the heavens above, in the marvels of God, so declare, as a hearer sets forth the moods of his preceptor, preserving the fashion of his speech, under his will, his guidance and his command.... Tell these marvels and write them, taught in this way, and say: It happened in the year one thousand one hundred and forty one of the incarnations of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, when I was forty two years old, that a flashing fire of light from the clear sky transfused my brain, my heart, and my whole breast as with a flame; yet it did not burn but only warmed me, as the sun warms an object upon which it sheds its rays. And suddenly I had intelligence of the full meaning of the Psalter, the Gospel and the other books of the Old and New Testaments, although I did

not have the exact interpretation of the words of their text, nor the division of syllables nor knowledge of cases and moods.

Yet he had the intelligence of the full meaning of scriptures. When the gates of heaven are open and the mysteries come through, they are not mysteries then, but they enter into the soul with such satisfying substance that they seem to be complete in themselves without the need of support of mentality. Those who have given treatments for the healing of the sick know how it is that the substance can enter into the consciousness without support of words, without cases and moods and divisions and syllables; how the substance can enter into the consciousness as an intelligence, as a satisfaction and a completeness, an all-sufficiency, fully established in itself without support of any kind.

In treating the other evening on perfection, I thought of the way in which people consider perfection and its arrival. It seemed to me that people were

looking for perfection to come through their present conditions, that their present conditions were to be the archway through which perfection would triumphantly march. And it seemed to me that this was harnessing perfection; that it was holding it to some place where it did not belong; that it was looking in the wrong direction to expect perfection to come from any conditions. It would be as if a person had conditioned eyes that were not good, with failing eyesight, with weakened vision, and that they would hope and pray and treat to have the perfect eyesight come through these conditions; that the old eyes would begin to take on new life and revive. And if they had slim and meager purses, they would pray and hope and treat that these purses would expand; that they would become more continent and that they would adopt a nature of inexhaustibility.

And as I meditated upon this it seemed to me that perfection ordained a new decree in my consciousness by which I should not hereafter expect any good to come

through any established pathway or over any road, or arrive with difficulties through the obstacles that are set up; that I should not expect perfection to ever come because it had greater strength than the weaknesses of mankind and was able to outwit them or dominate them. And it seemed that the new decree, which was not new by any means but only new in my receptivity of it, was this: That perfection makes its own medium of showing; it makes its own presentation, independent of the place in which it comes; that it has no part or portion with the place that is allotted to it.

It is as if one were to hold up a cup to receive the rain and expect the rain to fill that cup. Is that the only way that the connection might be established between the cup and the rain? That is the only way the mind accustomed to these methods of thought can believe in. But there is another way which is not known until that something has happened to the consciousness which lifts it out of the methods and ways and means of ordinary experience and interpretation of experience.

There is another way in which the cup is filled. And one who did not know this other way might not observe but what it had been filled in the old-fashioned way. But there is a way in which the cup is already filled, and there is a way in which the old cup is not used, but the cup that has been from all eternity is shown and revealed.

If perfection makes its own medium of showing, it instantly creates new material through which to express itself; it makes its own pathway, it makes its own demands. It makes its own estimates. Is it not the sentence, One shall not put new wine in old bottles? Do we put the perfect vision in old eyes, the perfect body in the old body? Do we make perfection out of imperfection? Perfection is made out of itself and it is made from the beginning. It does not establish itself anew. It does not enter into old bottles, but it is the new bringing with it the new container.

Therefore, when one is healed, his old body is not changed; he had no old body to change; that

was a delusion. But when he is healed he has revealed to him the perfect body which he has always possessed. Therefore, that perfection which is revealed to him is made known to him through its own medium, through its own material and substance. It enacts itself. It is party to itself alone and not to anything else.

The greatest anomaly in the universe would be a man who was not perfect. It was Darwin who said that the greatest anomaly he knew of was a bird that could not fly, for birds are birds because they can fly. A man is a man because of all his equipment and of all there is to him which makes him what he is. There is no falling short in that; he has no handicaps. He has no defects. There is no anomaly in that man he is.

Here are the closing lines from Alfred's "BLOSSOMS", culled from various sources:

He seems to me a very
foolish man and inex-
cusable, who will not
increase his knowledge

the while that he is in the world, and always wish and will that he may come to everlasting life where nothing shall be dark or unknown.

And if one were not spending his time in finding out what this everlasting life is, he would be classed among those who are called foolish in the sight of God. He who searches for everlasting life is not the hound hunting his own trail, making it longer as he goes. The search for everlasting life is continued in a way that does not produce a further length to the journey, but curtails that journey at every point, so instantaneously that every move in the direction of knowledge is like coming back from some pursuit.

When the sage discovered that ability within himself to turn away from knowledge, it was because he knew the real search to be that which is all the time cancelling the necessity for search. Therefore, when one makes the sentence,

I know the truth; I am intelligence, he has not started on a long journey of discovery, but he has turned away from that path that trails on and on and on through the ages. He is turned back into himself, where he is something.

The word 'is' is the most magic word in the language. The ancient Egyptians understood this so thoroughly that they made it their only word of demonstration. The word 'is' was sufficient for them. The word 'is' comes to be so important because it has no leading strings to it or away from it. It is not an invitation; it does not repulse. It does not enter into the swing of movement, the ying and the yang which swings backward and forward in time; it has nothing to do with space nor with time. The word 'is' is a cancellation of all mentality, for mentality cannot approach the 'is' except by annihilating itself, by renouncing itself, by saying "No, no, not this; no, not that. It must see everything swept away before it can worship at the shrine of the 'is.'"

The 'is' is not met with on any road, it is not met with through the ages of time; but it exists as one's self, It is the goal; it is the place that needs no description or announcement. It is itself, and that is sufficient. If one were to meditate upon that, he would find that by his meditation he was thinning out his mind. He would find it becoming less condensed, less obtrusive, more and more rare, finer and finer in its meshes, until finally it would vanish altogether, and the thinking about the 'is' would be no more, but the experience of it would be a welling up within one like the fullness of the Godhead bodily, called the Pleroma, the fullness of life within one's self.

He who approaches this sanctuary and comes close to the being of his true Self is one who touches off his world with the sparks of the light of the revelation of that true Self. All who come within the radius of his consciousness and within the radius of his personality, within the radius of his house or the radius of his

city or of his world are touched with the magnetic sparks of the light of his consciousness, and they are benefitted to such marvelous extent that many future experiences amounting to lives that would have to be lived out are pulled off from him so that he rises like one who had escaped some sentence of death. For all this laid-out track of experience compelling aeons of experiences is nothing but the trap of death and death of death.

Deliverance from that comes from proximity to one who has the understanding of life, to whose consciousness this marvelous thing has happened which extracts him from the mechanism of mentality and the obligation to serve its reckonings and computing, lifting him into a place where he becomes a leader of mind. Then he is called the lord who comes to observe his steward and see what he has been doing. And this lord is the true life of everyone, which is the shepherd to take care of and guide the thoughts of the mind, so that the mind no longer is rampant and wild and untrained and filled with feelings of

inadequacy and thoughts of the impossibility of greatness. All those things cease and man reigns as lord over his mind, which is the greatest government there is.

*Forever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven.

*Psalm 119: 90

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