

THE SINGING WORD

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### PART I: THE LIVING FLAME

Unless, by the message, there is some way of obtaining genuine contact with the substance matter of that message, there would not be any value in the study of truth. To acquire more philosophies and religions is not needed, nor is there any gain by filling the mind full of new theories and methods of procedure, ways of working things out and methods of solving problems. None of these things add to one's capability by which he hopes to obtain a nearness to truth. In fact, he is made less capable by all his preparations and endeavors.

Then it comes to one to question, What is to be done? What is one to do? How is he to proceed? What is he to adopt,

if he cannot gain anything by a larger growth of his mind, an expansion of his thinking?

The world is full of wonderful things to be known. If one wishes to find this out, let him look into the books on the subject of new sciences and new philosophies and the various outlooks which the great minds of the world present upon life and upon experience of every kind; and upon the psychic nature of the mind of man. And after perusing all these subjects and the great commentaries, it will come to the same end, one will stand in the same position as he now stands, not knowing what to do to ignite the flame, to make the actual fire burn.

We remember the story of the artist who spent so much time painting, trying to produce on canvas the wonderful effect of flames, trying to paint a fire. But when his house took fire, in which his painting was, he was so translated in admiration and appreciation of the thing in itself that he did not care at all

for the destruction of his painting, in fact he did not even try to save it. When his eyes had rested upon the actual flame that was devouring his own house and all the work of years, he would not move a hand to save it, for he had seen the fire itself.

Some time it will dawn upon any mind that there is an actuality of truth, that life is genuine, real, with all its values, that it is not what people imagine, something covered over with the scum of misrepresentation. He finds that life is not a pretense at knowing how to cope with various adventures, always with hopes trailing, with the feeling that he ought to be able to meet his experience. Such pretense would result only in shattered hopes because he seems to have no means or ways of coping with the disasters and misfortunes in his path. There is nothing offered to anyone, saying, Take this shovel and hoe, or take this fiddle and bow and see if you can produce the actual thing you want. No one succeeds in anything he lays his hand to more than possibly to appropriate something he

did not have before, possibly to enlarge his horizon so that he can see over into his neighbor's yard; possibly he can take on a new form of livelihood.

Elbert Hubbard said, Man progressed from the popcorn stand when he took on peanuts. A great progression, a great enlargement for him; looked promising; surely there would be more of the world's goods coming to him hereafter!

But what would that amount to? What would be his gain compared with the long line of accomplishments one must have to arrive at the end of any adventure? It is arrival at the goal by which man shall know himself to be a being of accomplishment and success, with all the trail of failures erased; but he does not reach the goal by the methods of the world.

One scarcely is able to realize the significance of the small move that is to be made, that little step that is to relate one to the true path. A

child trying to keep step with the long strides of his father exerts every muscle in the attempt. He loses his own natural tread in acquiring a sort of tread that obliterates the little mincing steps of the child, so that he could never go back to them again and scarcely use them if it were necessary.

So we train our minds in the hope of seven league boots in the practice, and miss the small step that is so close, so near by, requiring no mental or physical exertion.

You are familiar with the story of the man who is told by the sage--the sage wished to satisfy his craving mind for a treasure of some kind, fortune--that he would find treasure if he would place an arrow in his bow, and that where the arrow fell he would find the treasure. So he drew the string taut and shot the arrow far and searched where it fell, dug deep into the earth; but he never found the treasure. He thought the sage had misrepresented, so he went back to him

and the sage said, I did not tell you to shoot the arrow, I said that where the arrow fell you would find treasure. Take your position again; place the arrow in the bow. I did not say draw and shoot, but, where the arrow fell. And when he dug there for the treasure he found it.

The secret of finding all fortune, all success, is in the fact that one can be small enough, little enough in his efforts to realize that nothing at all has to be done. Then he may find it at his very feet, he may find that he stands now upon the treasure.

Now, to repeat these old stories sometimes brings to mind what has been accumulated in the storehouse of wisdom but has been covered and lost to us, possibly by some of the nervous congestion of modern thought by which the treasures are forgotten and the parables covered over. One actually forgets to believe in the closeness and reality of the truth. So we bring to mind stories, parables like the one

in which Jesus tells of the seed being the Kingdom of Heaven, falling upon ground that is suitable. A parable has a power; a metaphor has a wonderful ability. They are vehicles we use to arrive at a perception of truth. A metaphor is a bridge which carries one over into something that is not actually presented in the thing itself. It destroys itself in its own action after it has drawn one over to the meaning. The metaphor itself is of no use. The parable about the seed is nothing at all. There are seeds to be found in the market; there are seeds scattered along the ground, and the birds pick them up.

What is the meaning? What is the meaning of a seed unless there be the spirit that takes wings and leaves the form, flying into that great space which is the mind's ability to comprehend the mysteries. Then the smallest thing is significant. The grain of sand is as important as anything if it is taken under consideration as a parable, if it becomes an allegory.

Then about this world: if it is turned into a parable, an allegory, it is a story, it is a dream, then it furnishes one with wings of the spirit. Irenaeus translates from Isaiah this way:

\*For the spirit  
shall go forth from Me,  
and I have made  
every breath.

The importance of everything is the breath and is the spirit. What is the meaning of a word? It is the spirit of the word. What are the letters that form together? The letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive. What would any language be if the spirit went out of it, if the meaning were subtracted? Imagine some giant intellect having the power to reach his hand into the significance of language to draw it out, place it somewhere else. How would the people understand each other who still made use of the symbols of speech and the tones and articulations, who combine their

\*Ante-Nicene Fathers Vol I p 538

vowels and consonants and use their forms of syntax and mold their sentences and build their themes; what would it mean? It would be just another instance of the Tower of Babel--a babble without meaning.

On the other hand, if one were able to take the symbols of speech now used and were able to drop into language a fuller meaning, the words that are now apathetic, that lie dormant, that are in a stupor, that are dull, would come to life; a resurrection would take place in speech as well as in bodies.

Without the resurrection of speech there is no chance for the resurrection of bodies, for it is by the Word that all things are accomplished. The word is not the alphabet, a-b-c put together in various forms, but the word is the spirit that descends upon articulation, that rides upon the waves. So the meaning of language goes forth to conquer.

We are given the picture of the sea alive with laden ships

and the plains covered with moving vehicles; and the picture is one of motion, great movement, great stir, commotion, going and coming. And what is the meaning of a sea covered with ships? What is the meaning of a land in movement?

There is no meaning except babble unless the Spirit of Truth instigates a masterful, majestic purpose by which, then, one might say, The ships come bringing us fortune. Or they might say, The land is for the moving of commerce, and that it is all aiming to bring to one's door the fruits of the tree of life. If all movement in creation were not to bring to one's doorstep the fruit of the tree of life, of what meaning is it all anyway? It becomes nothing but a country fair, or a circus, or a great commotion, turmoil, sound and fury meaning nothing--revolving of the wheels of civilization without any ending that transports the whole activity into some mysterious purpose.

Every individual in his little personal way is looking

for his own happiness, his own fortune, his own success, his own health. That is as it should be. But possibly the way he would undertake to find his good is not the way. He thinks that in order to find his success, happiness, health, he must become some kind of a drawing center to pull to himself new adventures, new happiness, meeting with different people, new schemes of thought and courses of action.

Now, the true method is the reverse of that, wherein one does not become himself a drawing magnet to a world. That certainly would be a false assumption to begin with. If man only knew the truth about himself, he would know that he IS the center of his own world and that that world is his own mind. Then, if he understood himself, he would take a reverse attitude, not trying to draw advantages, successes, or anything. He would take the attitude toward his world which God Himself takes. And what is that?

God is the answerer of prayers. When the Persians gave the name of Almighty God they said: I Am, and I am the bestower of all men ask of me. And whoever takes upon himself the name of I am, which is the name written upon the forehead of every creature, when he knows that name and speaks it for himself, it will sound like the voice of Almighty Truth: I am the bestower of all men ask of me.

Each one is able to reverse his own thought. His mind is his own machine. He is greatly assisted by reasoning and by being taught how to reason, by being shown the fundamental and basic principles of his own consciousness. But he is quite able to reverse his thought and to make his mind go in the other direction. Whereas he has been saying to his world, "Come," he now pronounces the words, "I give."

Actually, within himself, he erects that new consciousness, or he draws upon the discovered new consciousness

by which he begins to emanate a consciousness of doing and giving and bestowing, benefiting, blessing. At first he does not know that he is casting bread upon the waters which shall come back to him. It is better that he does not know it, for if he knew he might be self-conscious in performing this magnificent act of giving; he might be looking out upon the water to see if the waves were bringing back some returns, which would distract his mind from that ability to discern the true action of the spirit as it is enthroned in the heart of every being--the power to bestow.

This universe is called a treasure chest; the sky above is the lid. So it is described in the Upanishads. And in this great chest are all treasures. This vast chest, which seems to be out beyond, with its lid reaching to the sky, is within the mind itself. The impression of its being remote and external is a deception practiced upon the mind.

A mind that has been trained in the illustration of the cine-

matograph can begin to account for all this as though the pictures were really back in his own head, being projected as pictures spread out upon a screen. When the action of reversal takes place in perception, then one is able to relate all movements and all outside pictures, however far the horizons may extend, to the action within his own brain. And then he will be able to comprehend some things that will give him a very fine angle on his ability to deal with his world. This fine angle of understanding by which he himself is related to his world will not be something he can explain to any other being. But whatever transpires he will actually know is really taking place within his own mind.

Then when the world is seen as a great chest full of treasures, he does not reach out to seize these treasures. How foolish that would be, if he knew the chest was in his own head!

But how is one to reach back into his own head? He cannot pull his hair out in the stress of trying to reach to something that is of more mental

effort than he is accustomed to, nor will he, by knitting his brow, be able to break through. The effort of thought is not his method.

His method is something more reduced in size and in quality and in quantity than any movement of his mind or body. He is so reduced that, compared to the whirlwind which the prophet heard, it is like the still small voice. Then one comes to be very quiet, that he may hear this still small voice; and when he hears it, it is not a voice at all. It does not sound upon any internal or external ears. It is not a voice that articulates, but it is the meaning; it is an understanding; it is an enlightenment; it is a great wisdom. It is a knowledge about the true Self.

Then with this knowledge of the true Self and that all things are within oneself, and that his universe is within him, man is shown the way to be at home within himself and to understand the very mysterious laws of procedure and of action that are the reverse of worldly methods and ways and means.

We have seen sicknesses fall away from people, pains, troubles of all kinds, and we have seen those fall away because of a spiritual action which is not visible nor tangible, which comes into operation through the spoken word, which might not be spoken audibly but may be held in the mind of one who understands as something like an invisible conclusion, or like something from which there has never been an estrangement. It is like the discovery of the revelation of that which has never moved out of its place, has always been the same and has always been right; like the discovery of something that has never gone wrong. In that moment of vision the spiritual action takes place and one is healed of whatever, or his path is straightened out for him, or the obstacle removed from his way and a fortunate path, a beautiful rose-strewn path opens up for him.

When one has seen that, he has discovered the mystery which may be said to be contained in

little things. Not that which is far reaching, not that which covers distance as the antelope springs, leaping over chasms, valleys, and up mountain sides, not that which travels like the goat, not like that which goes with the heavy tread of the elephant, but like that small, fine, subtile thing that is not perceptible at all. One arrives at attainment, or reaches to the treasures within the chest without perceptible movements. Such is the mystery.

Life is a wonderful thing. It is the treasure house of everything that is of value and worth--joy, happiness, fortune, health. People possessing it, having it within them all the time, have covered over their possession so that they seem to have forgotten, they seem to dream. And while they are dreaming they make up such weird adventures; they make up such strange happenings. As though life could change, as though life could grow old, as though youth could vanish, as though fortune could be snatched away, as though happiness could be stolen, as though one could be deprived of

anything. So these strange dreams form about.

We find in Isaiah 57: 20 this passage:

But the wicked are like the troubled sea,...

The wicked. The word signifies those who are deluded, those whose minds do not perceive the truth, who are under misconceptions; such people as would believe that this world is not the Kingdom of Heaven--they are called the wicked. They are those who have veils hung over their eyes so that they do not behold what actually is to be seen. They are called, therefore, the wicked, and it is translated in the original Hebrew as: One who does not reach to the end. He does not make a success, he fails right in the middle. Like one who is blind, he does not see what is to be seen. He falls short of the perfect vision.

But the wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt.

But it is not supposed that the sea is always casting up mire and dirt. Sometimes the sea is like gold, sometimes it is like silver, sometimes it is as placid as a mirror. But if the mind is troubled, if the reflective instrument of man is disturbed, he does not see what is to be seen. Victor Hugo compared the mind of man to the sea with its disturbances and its upheavals and its irregularities and its tortuous movements.

Great sages have said, Let the troubled waters be at peace. And to the troubled waters Jesus said, Peace be still--and the storm ceased. So to the troubled mind of the deluded man the word "peace" is spoken, and the waters subside and become as clear as a mirror. Then the mind of man reflects the truth, the Spirit, the Almighty Good, the Great Being, Life, Intelligence, Beauty, Health, and all those infinite aspects which are to be seen when the mirror is held to the great, the vast countenance of the eternal truth.

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## PART II: THE OLIVE BRANCH

It is said that when the wild olive vine is grafted onto the fruit-bearing olive tree, then the wood of the grafted stem of the wild olive does not undergo any change, but the branch begins to bear fruit, it begins to bear fruit such as is delectable and perfect and wonderful, like the great olive tree which draws the nutriment from the earth and brings forth a marvelous fruit.

When one who has been deluded, whose mind has been wandering, who has been believing in a false world, is grafted onto the tree of life so that it may bear a perfect fruit, he begins to have the experience of a new life, and yet the branch itself is not changed.

This parable was used centuries ago by a very devout man to illustrate how it is that an ordinary man, a person who may have had all kinds of

adventures in the world, and experiences, who may be accounted like one of the multitude, may be grafted onto the tree that is fruit-bearing, so that without any apparent change in his life at all--he does not assume any different appearance, he does not change the color of his eyes nor his hair, he is the same branch but he is different--he begins to draw nutriment from the great roots which supply the fruit in marvelous fashion; and he becomes, in his turn, fruit-bearing, able to produce, giving a fruit marvelous and wonderful after the nature of one's desires; the kind of fruit he would wish to see growing upon his branch.

In the parable the sentence starts: Let him begin this day with singing. The syllable here which is given is h-i-m--let him begin this day with singing this word; and verily its sound is the absolute, and that day also is the absolute, and he who knows this obtains the absolute.

Now, it is not the sound of the letters h-i-m, nor any

particular intonation. In the great Anugita it is the word "Aum", so marvelous, signifying the unpronounceable name, the name of God Almighty which cannot be uttered. If spoken as Om, it does not produce a magic effect upon the world, for the meaning of the word is not in the letters, but it is in the spirit. The word "Aum" is the creator, the preserver, and the destroyer. Understanding that by himself, as one being, he makes his creation, he sustains it, and he reabsorbs it again. Understanding that, he speaks the word.

So, we begin this day with singing. And let one adopt any form, any letter, any word he pleases, but let him begin this day with singing. Let him utter that mysterious convocation, the wonderful understanding of his relation to God Almighty, by which he shall be able to say, in the words of God Almighty, I am the bestower of all men ask of me; I am the giver of gifts. I am the bountiful one, I am the beneficent one. So that he may feel this song of actual life

within him by which he expresses himself in the divine Word, the acknowledgment of truth.

When man acknowledges to himself who he is, that word is magic. When the word backs up like a stream that flows back upon itself, it becomes roiled and he is not able to know who he is, nor to speak his name. When the stream flows out free and pure with acknowledgment of truth, as man may know himself, then he carries the pure stream to the throne of God, the water of life which, if they drink, they shall not thirst again.

The grafted vine is the channel of nourishing, the healing power, the great beneficence, kindness, goodness, satisfaction. Then one becomes in himself the distributor of goodness; it acts automatically; he does not need to be conscious of it. It emanates from his clothes, from his eyes, from his aura, from his house and from his city. Actually, the power of the spirit goes forth to heal the nations, to resurrect, to heal, to bring to life, to restore, to rejuvenate.

Man does not know his powers until he has come to an awakened consciousness in which he is able to acknowledge, because he has become wide awake to what he is, able to acknowledge his great name. And by that acknowledgment he distributes the very essence of the spiritual contact which he himself has with the truth, and he heals and he saves and changes the lives of people and restores them to happiness. He does marvelous things in his world.

It is all innocently done, for it is like an emanation, it is like something which goes on in itself because he is held in himself, true to his own acknowledgment, founded upon wisdom, and he speaks the words, I am and I am the bestower and the giver of all good.

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