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THE OPEN WINDOW

MARY
LAMOREAUX
BURNELL

The Open Window

by

MARY LAMOREAUX BURNELL

PART I: VANISHING SHADOWS

PART II: SEA OF LOVE

From

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SPIRITUAL EXERCISES

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GENEVIEVE BURNELL

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*Let extend
this purifying truth.*

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* The Open Window

Part 1: VANISHING SHADOWS

If one were to admit a mortal mind, giving it any place at all, one might, then, give place to whatever that mortal mind would do. One would, if he admitted a mortal mind, admit the policy of that mind.

Now, it has been taken in the world that the policy of the supposed mortal mind is to paint pictures that are not true, but that cover up the true; and that if any one is party to that mind and sides with it, he will be seeing the pictures rather than that which is actually there to be seen.

It is very much as though a man had a falsifying principle in his mind; a person is found to be incapable of telling the truth. He cannot state a point as it is; he must stretch it a little one way or another; he must give it some turn, whether any advantage or not,

*(Class lecture, October 12, 1920)

because of the habit of falsifying. Well, this which is called the mortal mind pursues that course of always giving a wrong impression.

So it was stated in the Scripture that those who adhere to the carnal mind come unto death; but to be Spiritually minded is life. "To be carnally minded is death," is the same as saying that if one sides with the policy of this mortal mind he will come into all of the things that lead up to death and all of the things that are associated with death; all of the things that are like a cutting-off and a separation and a loss, a want, a deprivation, lack of every kind. But to be Spiritually minded is life. Living is being, living is having, living is association with the things that are alive.

There is that which kindles a fire in the heart, and they say that that is satisfaction. Anything that looks as though it offered to man a satisfaction, anything beautiful or anything fortunate, anything that looks like an advantage in any way, which he thinks would be satisfying to possess, arouses immediately

a fire, a zest, and an eagerness to obtain. No one, on the other hand, would ever pursue evil for the thing in itself; he never would wish ugliness and deprivation and sorrow. But the fire is kindled, and the life lives, and the breath breathes, because of that which is, because of the living, the beautiful, the healthful, the true.

*If a man worships another deity, thinking the deity is one and he another,

Would many be found who have another view than that?

If a man worships another deity, thinking the deity is one and he another, he does not know.

That is a simple sentence, "He does not know." It is not like pronouncing a curse upon a person. It does not sound like a curse, and yet all that is estimated as the curse of human experience is in that word, "He does not know." But it is so mildly stated that one would not suspect for a moment that under-

*S.B.E. Vol. XV. Brihadaranyaka-Upanishad p. 88

neath it lay all the liabilities that the race is subject to.

He is like a beast for the (gods).
For verily, as many beasts nourish a man,
thus does every man nourish the (gods).
If only one beast is taken away,
It is not pleasant; how much more
when many are taken!
Therefore it is not pleasant to the (gods)
that men should know this.

The powers that preside over the affairs of men do not wish to lose one of the beasts. But it says, "He who does not know is a beast for the gods, and the gods do not wish these beasts to be taken away." They need the oxen; they need the men to shoulder the burdens; they need a race, a civilization, to carry on the laws, to support them, to substantiate them. Of what use would a world be without the men in the world that keep the machinery going? But if one finds out that there is not a difference, that the deity is not one and man another, then he is lost to the gods, he ceases to be a beast.

And what is the mark of the beast? It is

the mark of separation. Even in human life they say a beast is distinguished by being separated in characteristics and in intellect from man. Separation and differentiation are characteristic of the beast. And that is found to be the mark of the beast put upon a man who does not know that he and the deity he worships are one; for if he supports some other idea than that, he is making use of the mind whose policy is to separate, differentiate, and part off and limit.

Now, there is one faculty in the mind that paints these pictures and draws the lines and makes the black marks, outlining things, saying, "This is all there is to it; outside you know nothing about." That marking instrument, always busy with its measurements, shapings and formings, has one spot in it through which man escapes. In the very instrument where he is being betrayed to the false pictures and misrepresenting himself and classing the deity as one and he another, and living as though that were true, and as though he were parted

off from his true life and from immortality and from health and from absolute intelligence, as if he were separated from that—in the very instrument that is bringing about and imposing these false pictures, is a spot that is clear as crystal. Every human being, whether he is a child or an adult, whether he is poorly informed or rich in knowledge, has this shining spot. And when one comes for the first lesson in truth, he is shown that shining spot. He does not have it held up for him, saying "Look at this and see what you have been carrying about with you all the time;" but he is made to hold that up himself and exhibit it.

The wise teacher says to the student, "Is there anything that really is?" Or he says to him, "Is there any difference between what you call true and what you call false? Do you know any difference between what you call telling the truth and telling a lie? What is the difference?" And the student will say, "The difference is that one represents a fact and the other represents something that

is not so." Very simple, but that reveals the shining spot: that there is a place in the mind of man where he knows the difference between truth and a lie, by that characteristic of truth that it stands for that which is, and the characteristic of the lie that it stands for that which is not.

Now, by further questioning, that mind is brought out a little more and a little more, until very soon the student is able to say how much this great truth is and how much the lie is. And it turns out that the truth is all there is; and it turns out that the lie is not anything, and never was and never will be, and has nothing back of it, and has no support and no substance and no existence. And then he is led to reveal a little more. This is done by questioning a little more: "What is this truth like? Is it like something that vacillates and is fickle and uncertain and cannot be relied upon? Or is it something of an opposite description, that is permanent and unchangeable, immutable, with no shadow of

turning?" And as that blind spot is made to shine a little more, there comes forth a conviction and a certainty, an argument, an announcement that is inescapable, that the mind itself that is offering this cannot get around.

Therefore it has been taught, always, that that spot in the mind where one can always find truth, where one can always learn anything he wants to learn, where he can know all there is to be known on any subject, where he can acquire full, certain knowledge—that that spot, compared to the rest of the mind, is like a transparency, it is like an open window. And one comes up to this window and he gazes out through it and he sees all of the great facts of life and all of the greatness of the nature of the Self.

And he turns his back upon that window and gazes out again over the ordinary mind and he says, "It is dark and dense and solid and weighty and hard and mystifying and full of doubts." And as one wanders more and more into this mind, he comes into the intricacies

which are the problems of the shadows and the intertwining tendrils, like the grasping hold of false thoughts. And if one lives continually there, he soon forgets what that great clear window is like. Plato said that men sit chained in the cave with their backs to the light, to the open entrance and exit, with their faces to the wall where they can see no reality, no light, but only the shadows playing.

But when man turns about—which Plato said was by a violent wrenching—when he turns away from the enticements of his senses, and faces the open window, then all his problems are solved. There are no longer the winding, intertwining arms that hold him bound in conditions from which, with all the longing of his heart, he wishes to escape. He is not held in poverty-problems, nor in sickness-problems, not in any desperate conditions.

Through the open window one beholds the face of the great Perfection. When one breathes out through that open window, he breathes in the life of that great Life, and he feels

himself in-breathing the vitality of the Immortal. He sees the great, broad expanse of the white light; and his idea of measurement is changed, and his idea of quantity is changed. All the ideas that he had while he was drawing outlines with his black pencils and making figures in the dark, all those measurements change, they lose themselves; they fade away like shadows that disappear when the light comes in.

And as he gazes out through this open reason, through this open window, he takes on a new estimate. He begins to think in thoughts that are infinite. He begins to fill with the ecstasy of the omnipresent, omniscient and omnipotent love.

When he turns back again, his nature is not the same; for he has seen the light of day. He has seen something real and true. He cannot ever believe again that man is a shadow, and that man is finite, that man is mortal, that man is in desperate circumstances and grief, and stricken with all kinds of limitations.

Part II: SEA OF LOVE

Now, through the window comes the real person. Man meets with himself, he sees his own glory. He begins to estimate fortune in the light of the universal sunlight. He begins to think of health as something omniscient, beyond description, out of the reach of organism, beyond the touch of hands and feet, yet comprehending all things.

It is because man is able to meet with the true deity, which is not another than himself—through this door which is the reason, through this door which is the rationality, the true judgment, the excellent perception—that he knows himself. After that meeting, his world is not the same. After that meeting, he cannot repeat sentences as other people do, or as he formerly did, and have those sentences grow stale and be incompetent and reach to no end, accomplish no results; but his words begin to live.

If he pronounces the word of health, the word of freedom, the word of strength, the

word of fortune, the word of happiness—those words live. They are not like written characters in a book. They are not syllables pronounced upon the tongue. A great poet said, "Listen, listen without ears! Speak, speak without tongues!" For that is the word. It does not need to be conveyed upon the air or the ethers, but it is the knowledge, within the mind, of what is true and what is false. Then man shines upon his ideas, and his ideas begin to scintillate and live. He shines upon his words; those words are like living tongues of fire.

Now, this is not an exaggeration. Let one try it. Let one look out through that aperture in his mind where there are no dark pictures painted at all, where there is no idea of a material universe, no shadow, no darkness, no people in lack or want of any kind, no disease or pain. Let him look out of that aperture in his mind which shows the white light of truth—that man and his deity are the same, and that there is infinite health and perfection and goodness, the true substance. Let him look out

at that. Let man behold his own face in the light of his own glory, and then see what his words will do.

He comes up against some affair in his life—some one has a great illness, severe, torturing, desperate, incurable. It is painted very black. The person is suffering misery; it is inescapable. Every one around is hopeless; there is no way to turn; there is no remedy offered; nothing could be blacker. Then try speaking a word of truth, after looking out through this open window. It was called the door.

*I am the door

**I am the way,
the truth, and the life.

"I am the door"—this opening, this way out. Look through that door and say, "There is no darkness, there is no misery, there is no material life, there is no mortal mind." Say it again:

*St. John 10:7

**St. John 14:6

"There is no mortal mind that believes in material things, in limitations, in grief, in pain. There is no mortal mind. There is only the great light, the great presence of truth. There is no one under the idea of sickness. There is no one suffering. There is no one who believes in mortal disease. There is no mind to believe that anything is incurable. There is no mind to believe these dark pictures."

Now, what more can one do? Material remedies will not heal the patient, and one has stated this word of truth: The person is perfect, and there is no mind that could paint him otherwise. He is infinite; there is no mind that believes he is finite. He is immortal; there is no mind that believes he is mortal. He is perfect; there is no mind to believe he is imperfect. Then, this does not exist—this dark picture. It is not that way at all. There is no one believing it, no one in all the world believing it. Now what more can one do? Is that sufficient?

One might say, "Suppose he does not realize

what he is saying, suppose he does not really have true faith in what he is saying, then will it work?" Whenever one's mind talks back like that, saying, "Are you sure that you can realize this sufficiently? This is a very desperate case; do you think that your realization is strong enough to defeat the mortal mind that is painting this picture? All the relatives about, and the whole race believing this conviction—do you think that you with your realization can defeat all that?" Then what is one to do?

Is he to take his cue from the enemy and try to realize a little harder? That is like getting one's enemy to direct him in battle. It is like getting his enemy to say, "Strike the blow a little harder." It is like the taunting of the devil. It is like the false mind crying out to the old prophet, "Pray a little harder! Perhaps your God is asleep, see if you can't make him hear." And then, if one tries to pray a little harder, he is falling into the mis-

chief which the defeating principle is trying to introduce.

If ever a suggestion comes to one, when he is treating, to treat a little harder, meditate a little more faithfully, and be a little more devout and pious and good, read the Scriptures a little more, and do all these things that ought to be done—then be careful to do something else. Be careful that you do not fall into the trap, for that is the trap of the enemy. If your enemy could make you think that your treatment depends upon your realization, then that is all he wants to make you think; for already he has the world believing that it is their realization that keeps the patient sick, and the patient's realization that keeps him sick. He knows very well that the patient is realizing his pain, and is realizing that there is no cure; and he is satisfied with realization.

"Not by might, but by My Spirit," said the Lord. What is the Spirit in a case like this? The Spirit is the FACT that the person is well. The Spirit is not somebody's mental realiza-

tion, it is not somebody's mental attitude, it is not the way they feel or think, whether they have doubts or whether they have faith. The spirit is the fact. If one has a throbbing felon on his finger, must he not realize something to defeat that? Not at all. "By My Spirit." The Spirit is the fact that there is no felon on the finger. And what is a deeper fact even than that? The Spirit is deeper than the sea. The deeper fact is that there is no mind to believe that there is a felon on the finger. Take the Spirit, take the fact, take it as it is, and let the mind go; let the mind, with its thoughts, get out of the way. The fact is all.

Now, one becomes so expert in this Spirit that—not having to speak words at all, not even having to let sentences run through his mind—he can heal. He knows that the Spirit is all there is. And if any one comes into his presence, that is the falling away of all the things that have painted that person any other way than he is.

Then he comes to this: when the suggestion

is brought up, "One should realize a little more and treat a little harder and be a little more faithful and more devoted;" then one turns away from all these suggestions—suggestions of the devil, they are—turns to give another treatment. Jesus gave the treatment to the devil after this fashion: "Get thee behind me!" He was gazing out through this open transparency into perfection.

One gives the treatment—not to the person—over again. He gives a treatment to something he has not thought of, perhaps, at least not until attention is called to it. Perhaps in all the treatments that a person has given he has not thought to give a treatment in this particular direction. He must treat his treatment. Treat the treatment and tell it that it is perfect.

Instead of that, people treat their treatments backwards, they treat them falsely. They say, "Your treatments are not as good as someone else's treatments." They think, "If Jesus or some great, divine character were here, He

could treat much better; all He would have to do would be to lay His hand upon them or breathe upon them, and they would be well." And then, besides, one thinks that his treatments are really not very well organized—sort of haphazard; they connect up sometimes, and at other times one is not so sure; sometimes they seem to be very firm and reliable, and at other times, wavering and without much conviction. These are thoughts that one has about his treatments.

One should treat his treatment first thing in the morning; treat the treatment that has not yet taken place. Treat the treatment you are going to give at four o'clock in the afternoon, saying, "My treatments are the Spirit of truth. My treatments are not separated from truth, are not made up of mind-stuff, ideas, thoughts and words. My treatments are the Spirit, are the living presence, are the breath of life. My treatments are elixir. My treatments are not mixed up with mortal thoughts, with fears, with doubts."

Then one goes a little farther than that; he treats that there is no mind to believe that a treatment could fail, no mind to believe that a word spoken can go forth without fruition. There is no mind in me that could believe that there is anything lacking in the word of truth.

My words are life to those that find them
and health to all their flesh.

My words shall not return unto me void,
but they shall accomplish that whereto they
are sent.

That is a fact, for the word is Spirit. The word is the fact. The word is the same as the revelation of the fact to which it goes. And they used to say that love, which is the word of the treatment, is its own end. It is not something that is going about to produce a result, but it is the result. If you start out a word of truth, that word is the thing. If you say the word "health" that word "health" is the end, the accomplishment, the substance, and the reality.

Then one, through this true and correct practice, becomes very definite on certain points.

The chief of all those points is that there is never anything allowed to come up before one that can stand between him and truth, between him and the Spirit of his word. If a person were to give a treatment and think that he was not feeling as fresh and vigorous as he ought to be, that he was sleepy and tired, and therefore the treatment could not work so well, then he treats that his treatment is perfect, is already accomplished, is the fact that the person is now well. Then there is nothing between him and the accomplishment.

One has to be very much alert to see that the mind does not insinuate some place into which the error could creep. The mind is of that nature, that it will make you think you are doing the right thing with your best effort; when secretly it is stabbing you with the thought that you are not up to what you should be, you do not mediate as you ought, you do not spend as much time in study as you ought, you do not keep as spiritual as you should.

By treating the treatment one gets around all

of that. Say to yourself, "I acknowledge"—and when you say, "I acknowledge," that word brings something right out of yourself. It does not take some knowledge from a book and try to spread it, like a layer of butter, over the mind, to give it a season or a color or a better tone or taste; but when you say the word, "I acknowledge," you speak from some region within yourself which has a right to say, "I know."

You say, "I acknowledge to myself that my treatments are perfect." Then if some thought comes in, like this, "But another's method is different, this other person never would speak of a material object, he never would mention an organ, he never would speak of the skin; he would always speak of what that represented in truth. He never would speak of the stomach; he would speak of the digestive process of assimilation of God's thoughts."

Another person who treated by that method might say, when he was giving a treatment, "Some one else does not treat as I do, he

seems to have success, too, and when he treats he goes down into the physical body and he takes the stomach and the other organs, and he tells them how they should breathe and how they should act; and he succeeds. Now perhaps I ought to treat that way."

Now, if one were trying to decide how he would treat, he would never come to the place where he would have a finished product and where he would say, "Now this is the most artistic treatment that could ever be given in the universe;" because there are always comparisons, there are always people who treat other ways, and they are all successes.

The only way is to treat the treatment; so that if you happened to speak about dogs barking in the backyard while you were giving the treatment, that treatment would heal. And if you called an organ, that organ would respond. And whatever you did would be a success. Why? Because your treatment is healed, healed of that horrible sorcery that has been cast upon it, that incriminating thought always

held over it: "You do not do the right thing." And then the mind looks out and sees the results and says, "Here is the evidence: you did not heal this nor that, and that is proof your treatment is wrong."

Now, the place to apply the truth is where there is an accusation of wrong. If one thinks that he has not succeeded because his treatment was not right, then treat the treatment. And if he thinks his treatment is not as well trained and experienced as another's, then treat the treatment, saying, "My treatments are true. My treatments are the acknowledgment of truth. My treatments ARE the acknowledgment of truth." What more can anything be than that? What difference about the form, the shape, the color, the tone, the taste?

They say that men died, perished, groveling in the dirt, refusing medicine because the medicine offered them tasted bitter; they did not like the taste, and it had a smell that was disagreeable. It is better to take the bitter dose, whatever it is. Poor as the treatment is, take it,

drink it, eat it, and say, "If I drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt me. If I give my treatments all awry, it makes no difference. There is no poison in all the universe. There is no mal-conception in all the universe. There is no mistake in all the universe. I could not make a mistake."

My words are life to those that find them
and health to all their flesh.

Does it say, "First measure out your words and get the right proportion, arrange them in the proper syntax and then say, My words are life to them that find them?" Not at all! Whatever you say—still my words are life to them that find them. And why is this? Because of the Spirit.

Now, the Spirit is yourself. The Spirit is your love of truth. The Spirit is your acknowledgment of truth. The Spirit is the fact that you are the truth. It is the fact that the patient is the truth, that everything is the truth; that there is nothing else in all the universe but that which is true and right.

This is a description according to one of the old poetic forms of teaching truth:

When my heart saw love's sea,
it left me and leaped in,
crying, Find me!

There was no preparation made there for union, no preparation, nothing designed ahead of time, nothing pre-arranged. When my heart saw love's sea, it leaped in. Then, afterwards, came all the rest of the story. The rest of the story was: Find me. And that is the search that man is making now—to find his heart; for his heart has leaped into the sea of love, and he will not find that heart anywhere else.

Man might be making all kinds of preparations, saying, "I will lead a divine life and I will become a great being." All that is needless, for the heart has already seen it and has leaped in. The union is established already. There are not two—deity and man; there is but one. And the gods have lost their beasts of burden, for men, one after another, are saying, "There is union." There is union;

union is already formed. The heart has leaped in; now man is trying to find his own heart. He knows it is not in the world, in fortune, in the things he can acquire, in his family; he knows it is not in his friends; he knows it is not anywhere in all this picture of a universe. And now man is searching for his own, searching for his own heart; for it is with the infinite.

That is why man is never satisfied until he finds it all. He is never satisfied with anything short of allness. He is never satisfied short of the unchangeable, the eternal, the indivisible, the good, the all-powerful, the infinite love. He is not satisfied short of that. He never would be, because he is not satisfied until he finds his heart. His heart is with the infinite, the true, the immortal.

Now for the treatment. Very brief it is. Let one say these words, say them over afterwards, sentence by sentence:

I acknowledge.
I acknowledge the Spirit.
I acknowledge that my words are perfect.
I acknowledge that my words do not return
unto me void;
they accomplish that whereunto they are sent.
I acknowledge that my treatment is perfect.
I have no thought about its form.
I live where the heart is,
immersed in truth,
immersed in the fact,
immersed in Spirit,
in reality, in perfection,
in satisfaction,
in the comprehension of that which is.
In the fullness of the understanding of truth,
I live and move and have my being.
I acknowledge there are no mistakes.
I acknowledge there are no deceits.
I acknowledge there is no mind
that can paint dark pictures
of failure and disease, incapacity.
I acknowledge that my mind is glorified.

I acknowledge that my mind is the Mind of
light.
I acknowledge that my mind is pure trans-
parency.
There is no darkness.
I acknowledge that my treatment
is the expression of the Spirit of truth.
It is not an effort to realize.
It is the acknowledgment of the Spirit
of that which is,—
the acknowledgment of perfection
and of health and of beauty
and of loveliness and of loveableness.
I acknowledge that the heart
is in the sea of love.
I acknowledge that nothing can be seen
or thought contrary to that love
which is infinite and perfect
and sees no evil.

