

DEVOTION TO SOME ONE

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Part I: The Sense of Being

One is sometimes astonished, when he begins to take note of his world and his relation to the world, to discover how unrelated he really is. We pass along, taking so many things for granted, without stopping to analyze or even to observe the relationships which exist between what we call our life and our world, that we become drifters, floating along on the stream of time, not aware of anything, really, but falling asleep as we drift, like a person who becomes drowsy in drifting down a stream. The movement of the shore seems to be more real to him than his own movement. He loses the actual in the superimposition of movement.

So we lose, in this world, the actual sense which is called intelligence, giving one the ability to actually know what is going on, what is moving and what is standing still; what is real and what is unreal; and take on instead of that intelligence, a slumber life, which is a life of contentment, a sort of make-believe peace, an hypnosis, really, but one in which one does not worry. He is not really concerned about the outcome of things. He leaves that all to destiny, and so obtains a sort of ease of mind.

Now, when the point of the mind becomes sharpened and sword-like, it begins to cut into appearances, to hew and hack this way and that, not putting up any longer with superimpositions. Then life does not seem quite so easy, quite so comfortable. It is like a discovery that there are some thorns in the path, or there are snags upon which the boat may catch as one drifts. These snags are introduced by intelligence. One is held up, caught, not allowed to float in

the way he was going. His destiny is ripped up. Then, in its place comes, for a time, the unsettled feeling of what and wherefore--uneasy questions. It is not as comfortable a state of mind as to slumber and drift, but it is the beginning of wisdom.

Now, let us picture a little of that: We are moving along on the stream of time, so it appears, and with this movement, which is from one moment to the next, a certainty settles about that there is to be the next moment, and a comfortableness rides on this certainty, and it is taken that, in this flow of time, man is moving along. Now, the practice of disturbing this placidity and comfortableness of mind begins like this: First we observe there is no past, there is no present, and there is no future.

How do we arrive at that? Because, by analysis of the present moment, we discover that we cannot divide the minute in small enough fragments to permit our

grasping even the smallest instant to say this is present, for it is snatched away by a great power that lays hold of it, which is the whole concept of an oblivion, and it is dragged off into that past. One cannot lay hold of a future that does not yet exist; the next instant is not here, not yet made. So we are then abstracted from time; we are not in time.

Whence, then, comes this which we call the sense of being? From what is it derived? Where is its location? We have a sense of being; we think we live; we feel life. If there is no future, no present, no past, where is this great mystery called life; and how shall we find it, when it is not in time? In what direction shall we search? How deep shall we go? Is it up or is it down? Is it out or is it in--the sense of being? Yet we are aware of that consciousness of existence.

Now, by this analysis one is transported out of the world, for the world moves in time.

When one discovers himself not to be in time, he has gone to another world. And his going is not passing along; his movement is not by progress nor by change. His movement is by discovery, and that discovery is called awakening. In the submergence under time, where the imagination places man, he is lost to himself. He cannot know anything about himself. In fact, he has so abstracted himself from himself that he cannot believe that he is in possession of the universe.

Now, one does not know how the hair grows upon the head; one does not know how the food is digested; one does not know how he sees objects. Nevertheless he says, This is my body. He knows that he possesses his body, and yet he cannot tell you what it is doing, how it conducts its various processes. In spite of that absence of knowledge, he is fully aware of possession.

In the same way one may possess his universe, the entire

universe. Not the world which we call this round sphere, a particular planet among many, but one may possess all worlds without being persuaded that they are not his because he does not understand them. The matter of not understanding has nothing to do with possession. Actually, one may possess the whole universe as his own body, as a fact, and still not know anything about it. And he may be content also to not know anything about it; this ignorance and contentment in ignorance not in the least interfering with his possession.

Then when he is instructed in what he possesses, he discovers that his instruction leads him to knowledge of laws, knowledge of the workings of nature and creation, knowledge of the principles and the interweavings of the qualities and of all the action of nature and creation. His discovery leads him to full knowledge in those matters. But that does not make him any more the possessor of his universe than he was before he understood,

as one possesses his body without understanding how it is carrying on its various functions. But to know how the body carries on its functions is an added wisdom. So to know about this universe is added wisdom, but it does not change the fact.

Then the beginning of wisdom is to accept the fact without knowing, as one would take a pill administered by some physician without knowing of what it was composed or what its action was to be, because of faith in the physician. So one, in the beginning of wisdom, takes the belief that the universe is his own body, his own possession. Its laws are his physical laws. He accepts that. He takes it into his mind. He lets it digest in his mind. And after a little he becomes very wise.

The mind of the person who believes in time and accepts the delusion that he is moving out in time, that he is related to a future, a present and a past-- a great delusion--is not clear. He who accepts that has a mental

opacity. His clouds of thought are dense as stone walls. He cannot see through the veil of time. He cannot see through that misconception about time, which is always associated with space. He is walled in; he is a prisoner; he cannot peer out over anything nor see through anything. He is imbedded in walls and partitions.

As he delivers himself, or is delivered by instruction, from belief in time, the walls of his mind thin out and become transparent, as clear as crystal; so that he can see through material conditions. He can see through minds. He can see through events, circumstances, conditions, as though they had vanished and left him in the midst of a great white transparency.

There is one argument that proves that man is really not enmeshed in time; that he is not really a prisoner in material conditions. And that argument is all the while hammering upon the doors of his mind to break

them down. But it does not seem like an argument. It seems like a nature which everyone has. It is called, as it is classified under discriminative knowledge, "Proneness to Isolation," a tendency on the part of every being to withdraw. It is most marked, the argument is most forceful in the night when he falls asleep. That sleep is his departure from the world. He looks forward to that. He feels the call of it, he feels the pull. A tendency to sleep, a longing to sleep, a wish to close the eyes upon the world. That is one instinctual argument that man does not belong in time.

When he is in sleep, he has another evidence that he does not belong in time, for he can there, in his dreams, manufacture time. He can make it long or short. It will stretch out for a lifetime, and, compared with the waking moment, it may be no longer than the winking of an eye. Yet during that time, in his dream, he may live out a lifetime. It is like the story of Janaka: He raised a family, sent them to

school, traveled with them, took them through a strange forest, married them off, and, in turn his children had children. And all this took place while he winked his eye. For the sage who stood before him moved his hand across his face and Janaka closed his eyes for one instant. During that time he had this long period of time in which he dreamed out a life full of experiences, all kinds of episodes full of pleasures and pains, hardships, griefs, education, misery.

So, in the dream one discovers that time is not related actually to the person. It spins out and stretches out like a piece of flax that could be pulled without having any actual values, statistically, as to given length; for there is no time.

Now, in the waking state the imagination is that time is real. But by observation we discover there is no time here; there is no present instant, no future, no past. We are not in time now.

What is one to look for? He is to look for the sense of being. And how may one explore for that sense of being? How is he to go after it? He knows how to dig in the earth for gold; he has learned how to sink into the earth for oil and for water. But how can he learn to find the sense of being in its depth and fullness? Now, he merely feels the pull of the willow stick, indicating that he is alive, indicating that there is a flow under the surface of things which he calls life. But how is he to sink for this? How is he to bring it forth?

As in his dream, to come to himself, he must awaken. Oh, that is not so difficult. Some friend standing by may touch him upon the shoulder, saying, You are distressed, you are having a bad dream, wake up! In this world, which answers to the dream, a friend may touch one, saying, Awaken! Do not believe in this dream any longer. Do not accept its values. Do not credit its

happenings. Do not allow situations to be fixed in the mind.

When children are at play, one may sit by and see them interested in what they are doing, but one may be himself abstracted. He is not really engaging in what the children are doing. They may be tooting their whistles; they may be swiftly traveling in automobiles, which are chairs. They are imagining great situations, world affairs.

The one who sits by looks on and practices, naturally, an abstraction. He is not in that world. To him the whistles that blow are not trains, and the moving of a chair is not a swiftly moving automobile. He is abstracted.

Now that is quite easily seen as a natural form of practice, to be abstracted in the midst of things going on in the room. But what about an abstraction relating to one's own mind, where there are thoughts playing; there are noisy thoughts, obstreperous thoughts, swiftly

moving thoughts, scheming,
planning thoughts contriving.

And how is one to be abstracted, then? In the same way that he may sit in a room and not even hear the children play. He is thinking about something else.

So with these griefs that play in the mind, and the worries and the plans and fears; one may be so apart that he will not know about them at all. He will not know that the play is going on, that the dream is going on, that these affairs are moving about in their circles and turning on their axles like revolving wheels.

That is called "Proneness to Isolation," discoverable in the dream, practiced in this world when affairs are moving and disturbing, carried into one's mind where one seems to be closer to the playground, a little nearer to the stage where the dramatization is going on. It is the same form of practice.

*Then came to Jesus the Scribes and Pharisees, saying, Why do thy disciples transgress the traditions of the elders,...

They transgressed the traditions of the elders in that they did not wash their hands before eating--that was the occasion of this remark being made. And Jesus answered them in this way:

Why do ye also transgress the commandment of God by your traditions.

Now, in this world it seems that the traditions are very important. Time is a tradition. People ought to conform to time. Space is a tradition. Localities ought to be respected, locations kept, the fences preserved and everything ceremonially supported in this dream world.

They accused Jesus of not conforming, of breaking the laws, of not showing respect

*Cf. St. Matthew 15

to the laws and ceremonies of His time. But He turns upon them with this answer, making it out that their traditions transgressed upon the commandments of God. The tradition of time certainly transgresses upon the commandment of God.

And what is the commandment of God? That you love; love the neighbor as the self. To love God with all one's heart and mind and soul and spirit. And how is time a transgression upon that commandment?

Time is a misrepresentation, time is a cheat, time is divorcement, time is a separation, time is duality, it is multiplicity and variety. It knows nothing of unity. The people who live in time rise into states of joy and fade away into great depressions. They seem to have an ebb and flow of mentality. They do not understand that wonderful commandment of God to love. Where there is love there is no up or down, no high or low, no separation between good feeling and

bad feeling, no swing between the two. When there is love there is evenness, there is equanimity, there is tranquility, there is peace.

But what is this love? Is that something one must feel as a pulling upon his heartstrings? That feeling of love is not an expression which goes from one person to another; it is not founded upon duality. It is not a fanning like a current from one being to another. It is not a magnetic current.

Narada the Sage said, in the beginning of his eighty aphorisms on the subject of love: Love is devotion to some one. Immediately the mind mathematically calculates about the "one," saying that "one" is different from "many." And if one is devoted to some one, then his whole heart is poured out upon some one person, not upon many, not upon two, but upon one. That is the way the mind, the dimensional, the three-dimensional mind, the mathematical mind, interprets the saying of

Narada--as though it were some practice of ethics, as though it were encouragement against polygamy--so the mathematical mind interprets.

Now, analyze the sentence of Narada. Take it out of time, take it out of space--which are the two delusions. Interpret the sentence "Love is devotion to some one," and discover the fallacy which crept in when one imagined he correctly interpreted by selecting some one to love. The fallacy is this, that if one pours out his heart upon some one he has created a duality, he has made another, and he has departed from the axiom of love.

. Devotion to some one is not a going out of oneself. If one goes out of oneself to another, although that other be but one, he has introduced the mind's incapability of understanding super-mathematics, that higher form of calculation which has nothing to do with one or many in the form of numbers.

Therefore the saying of Narada is this: The self must love the self for there is no other to love; there is but one being. Whom can the one being love but himself? Then, when one has within himself that understanding and experience of love, he IS love. And all beings who come near him say, He loves me; as if one were to come close to a light he would feel that light shedding its rays for him. If one came close to a stove he would say, This warmth is for me. But that would be his interpretation. It would not be the understanding of love itself.

When Jesus instructed that the commandment of God is love, it was that they might not cover the commandment by traditions, traditions of time and space, traditions of the dream, traditions of many people, traditions of another beside the self. All those superstitions and imaginations are laid aside through knowledge, and one comes to understand how it is that the self alone is, that there is but one being.

It is not limited because it does not have another to love; its limitations are removed because it is infinite love itself. He who understands this is love; his heart, mind, soul, being, is on fire with love. But his love is not an expression of sentiment, it is the sense of being.

Let me read you what Narada says in the beginning of his aphorisms:

*We will now explain love. Its nature is extreme devotion to some one. Love is immortal. Obtaining which man becomes perfect, becomes immortal, becomes satisfied. And obtaining which he desires nothing, grieves not, hates not, does not delight (in sensuous objects) makes no effort (for selfish ends) Knowing which he becomes intoxicated (with joy) He becomes transfixed and rejoices in the Self.

*Narada Sutra, An Inquiry Into Love, E. T. Sturdy.

The sages compared notes as to the nature of love, and some of them said, It is the same as knowledge. He who has love has knowledge, he who has knowledge has love. And he who has love and knowledge has innocence, and he who has innocence has beauty. He who has beauty has abandonment of the sense of I-ness. And his self-ness, which is love, does not consist in the sense of I-ness which is called egotism. He has abandoned and lost that self. He that loseth his life shall find it. He finds the true self in that which is beyond all traditions, all dreams, all experiences of delusion, all multiplicities of ideas, beyond all separate entities; that sense of being which is the self is supreme. And it is most close, so close that one can afford to abandon his sense of I-ness. He can afford to abandon the traditions of his mind and the laws and calculations of his mind. He can afford to lose everything because of the value that is sealed in that sense of being which is his true self.

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Part II: The Perfect Day

*With the same eyes
with which you look
on us, with the same
eye is it that we
look on you.

Such is the word of the devotee who understands his relation to the absolute truth as genuine unity or sameness. This instruction is found in the Bhavagad Gita: As men approach me, so do I approach them. With the understanding which one carries to the truth, he receives from the truth the same wisdom. He discovers the truth to be himself; the truth discovers him to be the truth.

The action is not all one way when man is striving to unite himself with God, but the action is also the other way; God the true Self is striving to make Himself known and accepted by man. As the rich

*Cf. Bhagavad Gita

father, the ruler who had such immense wealth, longed to bestow it upon his son who had wandered away and forgotten that he had a rich father. So, as the father longs to bestow his wealth upon the son, that he may give the son the whole inheritance, the son meets that action of the divine law when he turns his face toward the father.

Whenever the heart turns toward the truth to receive from it an inheritance of happiness or of fortune or of knowledge or whatever, one may know that the truth is longing to bestow all without relation to time, to bestow all instantly. It is a matter, really, of receiving. It is a matter of approach; as one turns toward the truth, so the truth turns toward him. There is a unity that is not made, it is never established; it is permanent, age abiding.

It is merely a discovery that man makes when he knows that the fullness of the Godhead bodily has descended upon him.

When he understands that he has the capacity, the infinite capacity to receive the infinite, it is a revelation to him.

He cannot come toward this by any method of performance; he comes toward it through knowledge, and that knowledge is love. His heart must burn within him. He must love the truth as a thirsty man loves water; he must love it as one starving loves food; he must love it as one drowning, with his head under water, loves the air. He must love it as the very necessity of his being. He must love it as the sense of being, as an actuality of his life.

This love is not cultivated, it is not a coating plastered on; but it arrives with the awakening as one waking out of a bad dream loves the wonderful sunlight, loves the sight of the dawn. He is glad the nighttime has passed. So one waking out of ignorance, delusion, misery, limitation, loves the vision of the perfect day, the wonderful light, the revelation of the

perfection of man. He loves it with his whole soul.

The action of the truth takes place in man as a wonderful healing. He is healed at every step of his journey. He is being healed of his traditions which cover up the commandment of God, so that he may break forth in the love-song of his life, in the knowledge of the true being which he is. He is being healed of poverty, of limitation, of ignorance. Gradually all the delusions are slipping away. As one gradually awakens out of a dream, so he comes out of the difficulties of this world. The devotee, the lover of God, the student of truth is waking, he is coming out of the nighttime and in his heart burns that love of the dawn.

The Vedas are full of the word "dawn," they deify the word "dawn," they make it a god or a goddess. They worship the dawn because they see in that the perfect day. It is the illumination of the mind, it is the healing of the body.

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