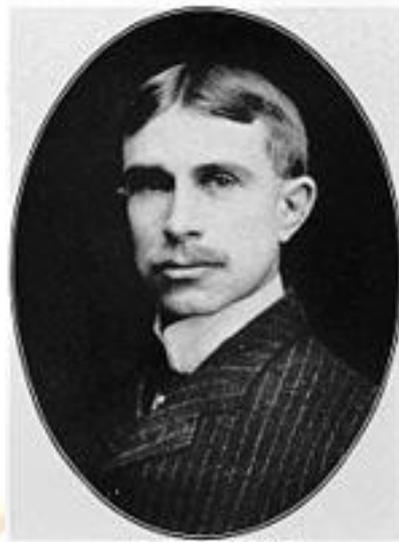


“BE STILL AND KNOW”

Paper No. 54 June, 1933 by



JOSEPH S. BENNER

In our last talk, we pointed out clearly the difference between the Christ Consciousness and the consciousness of a disciple of Christ.

Some of you realize that you thought, when you were conscious of the Christ within and could turn to Him there and could be taught by Him, that such was the Christ Consciousness. We now hope you see that instead of your consciousness being **centred in your outer mind**, looking within and listening, it must **be brought within** and must **become That** which speaks to and teaches your outer mind.

Those of you who cannot as yet quite grasp this, stay with the above until you understand. And to help, read and meditate on the second chapter of “*The Impersonal Life*.” Especially meditate upon and repeat the words:

“Be **still!**—and KNOW,—**I AM,**—God.”

First, try to imagine yourself as **being within**, as being the **I AM**, or Spirit of God, that is the Life, Power and Intelligence that is the Real You. Then note the special emphasis place on each of the different words.

“Be **still!**” is your **command** to your outer mind to **be still**, to throw off all outer sensations, and to concentrate all its attention on **You within**:
And then **to KNOW**, that YOU ALONE ARE,—GOD!

For if God is ALL there IS, then **He must be You**, and when You can get your mind to KNOW this, then You can say, “**I ALONE AM,—God,**” and it is so.

But in all your saying it thus to your outer mind, try always to be within in the consciousness of the “**I**” that IS God. Say it until you KNOW that “**I**”—**the only I**—is therefore **You**, your SELF.

It all lies in the above, and we earnestly hope it will help all who have not yet realized the full meaning and the very great power of the command, “**Be still!**”—and KNOW,—**I AM**,—God,” to stay with it until the illumination comes that it will surely bring to those who persist.

Then you will find that you can continue to speak to your mind further words of power and wisdom, and it will listen and look to You and know You as the Comforter, the Christ, the Lord God, within.

THE EASTER EXPERIENCE

In reading the various experiences of different souls at Easter time, I wondered how this could be so. Then I seemed to understand that there was not **one** experience—but **many** experiences taking place at this Easter period—each to meet the need or stage of unfoldment of the disciple undergoing it; say like layers of consciousness, all together comprising a complete whole, yet each from the viewpoint of his own layer witnessing or experiencing the ceremonies of Easter according to his Spiritual understanding.

For instance, that witnessed by the highest would be different and beyond the understanding of the next lower; and that one in turn different from those on lower levels, and so on.

Again I seemed to see it was all planned—laid out far in advance, like a panorama, arranged for man’s varying degrees of consciousness—almost like acts of a play being given in different theatres; some simplified, some intensified, some advanced, each actor gravitating to the particular “theatre” where at the time the lesson needed could best be taught and learned. In other words, he was assigned by his Higher Self to his grade or level where he could best comprehend what was going on **in the Universal**. This explanation also brought to me a glimpse of the absence of time in the Universal; for instance, the many places Christ Jesus is supposed to be simultaneously. I got the impression that He, Himself (not visions appearing as Him) was actually in these different places in consciousness. Being the Universal Christ, He could suspend or eliminate the particular, as it were; allowing each to get from His Manifestation what they could comprehend and interpret.

It seemed to answer also my unwritten question about 12 o’clock—humanly a variation in latitude and longitude; spiritually—no variation.

The above is from a fellow disciple and is indeed true, and answers questions about which others perhaps have wondered.

If you will remember that all inner experiences appear only on the plane where the consciousness is at the time, you will understand why they may not be reported alike by all. Then again they are brought back to the human mind and have to be translated or interpreted in terms comprehensible to it, and what is reported is the way the outer mind visualized it.

But you must always remember that all such experiences have a deep cosmic or universal significance, even as do all the different special ceremonies of the church in the outer world; and unless you seek to learn their inner meaning, of what good is it for you to attend such ceremonies? Perhaps that explains why some are not privileged consciously to attend such inner ceremonies—they are more interested in the phenomena part than they are in their inner significance.

In order to help you to interpret some of the meanings, we ask you to study the following very clear report of what was experienced on Good Friday and Easter mornings by another disciple. See if you can determine what is meant by the symbols—the wide stream; the girdles of knotted rope that afterwards changed to golden girdles; the Carpet of Light that unrolled for them on which to cross the stream; the sheep feeding on the slope of the hill; the pool; the baptismal water falling from their heads staining their robes like blood; the cleansing of these stains in the pool; the Mother of Jesus as the Mother of all mankind; the Bread and Wine of His Nature; the bread that was not solid; the Bread unto your Ascension; the Dawn of the New Day; the air filled with small white birds, etc.

Earnest effort put upon the interpretation of these remarkable symbols will surely repay you. To get the interpretation, still the mind, then concentrate upon each symbol in the incident described, and wait for its explanation to flow into your consciousness. Then write it down and pass on to the next. If you are a member of a Group studying this article, compare notes with the other members, until all of the inner meaning is uncovered.

GOOD FRIDAY, 1933

For many weeks I have been meeting daily with members of the Brotherhood, in the Silence of the Inner Chamber. These many meetings were indeed periods of preparation for the further crucifixion of self, which I trust is being consummated today.

Today I have been as one with eleven of the Brotherhood, who have met, and in deep silence waited, filled with expectancy. During the silence we felt what seemed to be a gentle wind, like that caused by Wings, the whirr being distinctly heard by all of us.

Then we were lifted up by what appeared to be two clouds; all around us was the soft luminous Light which I always see. It seemed only a short time

before we were standing on the bank of a wide stream, turbulent and filled with debris.

As we stood undisturbed by the apparent lack of any means of crossing, we noticed that each one was robed in white, and that around each waist was a girdle of knotted rope. Then we heard singing, which seemed to come from “above” us, but we could see no one; then we also joined in the singing, and were surprised that it was that beautiful song, **“I come to Thee”** (I heard it once over the radio, nine years ago).

Then we saw what looked like a thin band of light, on the opposite bank, and as we watched, it unrolled like a carpet toward the bank on which we stood—but it did not touch the water. Then a man, dressed in white, came to the opposite bank and beckoned, saying, **“The Path of Light is safe and leads unto Eternal Life. Come.”**

We went over, and the “Carpet of Light” rolled up again behind us. Following him, we soon came to a little village; the few dwelling places were of stone; only one had a dome on the roof. We went up a very narrow street, rough and dusty. There was not a person to be seen, but we could hear very soft singing. Our guide took us up an outside stairway into a long, low-ceilinged room, where there were rough tables and benches. On the tables were loaves of bread, more like flat round biscuits, and pitchers of water. He told us to eat, drink and rest until tomorrow.

All through the night we sat in silence (we had no light), listening to and sometimes joining in the singing that continued “in the air.” At sunrise our guide came and said, **“Follow me to the City of Bethlehem, the birth-city of the Light which lights the world.”**

We followed him up a hill and down into a valley, where extremely white sheep were feeding on the slopes, which were profusely covered with flowers, that all noticed were very fragrant.

At the base of the hill, our guide went into a pool, beckoning us to come in also. There he took of the water in his two hands, sprinkling it over our heads. As it trickled down and onto our robes, we saw it was red, like blood; but as we came out of the pool our robes became as before, without stain, and the knotted cords became golden girdles.

We now followed him into the city, into a house, up into another long room. Here a woman came forward, hands extended toward us, saying, **“Come, the feast which the Master prepared for you is ready. I am His mother, the “Mother” of all mankind, whom He instructed to keep ready and give forth the Bread and Wine of His Nature.”**

We sat along on one side of the table, but were arranged so as to leave a space in the centre—dividing us into equal parts, six on either side. This space became filled with a brilliant oval Light. In front of this Light on the table there appeared a silver goblet, heavily chased, and an unseen hand placed a piece of bread before each one of us.

The silence was intense, until the Voice said, **“Eat this Bread unto your ascension.”** When we placed the bread in our mouths, we found it was not solid.

Then the goblet was offered to each one, and The Voice said, **“Drink this, it is My Wine of Inspired Illumination; the strength and perfume of it you will retain and give out in your work as My Disciples. Rest here, your time is nigh.”**

Then all faded from my consciousness and I was back again in our home.

All night (Saturday) my husband and I sat in quiet meditation. He had not been with me up to this time, but now we sat waiting for the dawn. About one-thirty, as we sat side by side, my hand in his, a brilliant light flooded the room, through which the firelight—which was the only light we had—seemed far away.

Then again we were with others of the Brotherhood. One of them, evidently an old Soul, came to us, saying, **“I have walked the Way before; let me help you.”** Walking on either side of him we seemed with a great company of others to be ascending a hill, toward a still more brilliant Light. Everywhere there were people, some in ordinary clothes, others in white like we were. There were also some in yellow robes, and in some grey.

We could hear bells ringing some distance away. When almost at the top of the hill we paused and listened; one bell with a very deep tone began to ring, one deep sound at a time with an interval between—until it had rung seven times.

The dawn then became brighter and brighter, until in the middle of two very beautiful white and rose clouds, the Master came forth. Raising his hands, palms downward in blessing, we heard these words,

“Behold the Dawn of this New Day. Walk ever in Its Light; for there am I, the Light in you. Be ye the Light unto the world; for never more shall my children walk in the darkness. Shine forth into all hearts, that My coming may glorify My World. Peace forevermore.”

As the light slowly faded, the Master also faded from the midst of us. But the air seemed filled with white birds, so small they appeared as millions of feathers. As we descended the hill everyone was singing—every face we saw

was illumined, and gradually we found ourselves sitting before our fire-place in our little home, hand in hand—and we were singing, “Onward, Christian, though the region,” the author of which is Samuel Johnson.

The beautiful experience of those three days has created a marked change in us; we seem to have laid almost all of self on the Altar of Purification. A profound sense of detachment is with us, as well as a most holy peace. We almost regret the necessary daily contacts we are forced to make; but we find that we can fill even these with our spiritualized consciousness. So perhaps we are under His Loving Guidance, becoming His Light to shine into the hearts and homes of men, into every place and condition; thus with all others of the Brotherhood of Christ, gradually making the world a City of Light.

THE SOUL

(To understand this, still the mind and require it to listen, while from the soul consciousness within you try to point out to it the inner meaning—as gained from studying the Soul articles in Lessons 9, 10 and 11. The mind of itself cannot understand.)

Oh Thou Blessed Christ Spirit:

As Thy living soul I thank Thee for the Tree of Knowledge, which Thou hast planted in my consciousness, giving me the privilege of partaking of its fruit.

Now my eyes are opened, and I know as Thou knowest and see as Thou see. I see myself naked, and I cloth myself in an outer garment of dust. I name it Intellect.

Dear Christ, I obey Thy impulse to leave the Edenic consciousness, and I fearlessly descent into the consciousness of this garment of dust in order to give it of myself, so that it may know me even as I have known Thee; and that it may be endowed with life that Thy Will may be done on earth even as it is in Heaven.

Hear this my earnest prayer! I know that the hour of my release is near. Forsake me not, Oh Christ! Let Thy Will be done. I gladly give my self to be crucified, so that united we can rise again into Eden, Thy Kingdom Consciousness, and can henceforth partake as one of the Tree of Everlasting Life.

In Thy Service,

A Conscious Living Soul.

We are enclosing the three Prayers changed in accordance with what was requested in Paper 53.

Those who sent in their versions of the changes, and who received a similar green card in return, will please destroy same, on account of the typographical and other errors in it, having been sent out without careful proofreading. We hope everyone will commit these Prayers to memory and when using them will endeavour always to get back in the consciousness from which they were written. If you do, it will mean more to you than you can now imagine.

