

The Imagined World

³ Never forget the world the sightless "see" must be imagined. And what it really looks like is unknown to them. They must infer what could be seen, from evidence forever indirect, and reconstruct their inferences as they stumble and fall because of what they did not recognize, or walk unharmed through open doorways that they thought were closed. And so it is with you. You do not see. Your cues for inference are wrong, and so you stumble and fall down upon the stones you did not recognize. But fail to be aware you CAN go through the doors you thought were closed, but which stand open before unseeing eyes, waiting to welcome you.

⁴ How foolish it is to attempt to judge what could be seen instead. It is not necessary to imagine what the world must look like. It must be seen, before you recognize it for what it is. You can be shown which doors are open, and you can see where safety lies. And which way leads to darkness; which to light. Judgment will ALWAYS give you false directions. But vision SHOWS you where to go. Why should you guess?

⁵ There is no need to learn through pain. And gentle lessons are acquired joyously, and are remembered gladly. What gives you happiness you WANT to learn and not forget. It is not this you would deny. YOUR question is whether the means by which this course is learned will bring the joy it promises. If you believed it would, the learning of it would be no problem. You are not happy learners yet, because you still remain uncertain that vision gives you MORE than judgment does, and you have learned that both you cannot have.

⁶ The blind become accustomed to their world by their adjustments TO it. They think they know their way about in it. They learned it not through joyous lessons, but through the stern necessity of limits they believed they could not overcome. And, still believing this, they hold those lessons dear, and cling to them BECAUSE they cannot see. They do not understand the lessons KEEP them blind. This they do not believe. And so they keep the world they learned to "see" in their imagination, believing that their choice is that, or nothing. They hate the world they learned through pain. And everything they think is in it serves to remind them that they are incomplete and bitterly deprived.

⁷ Thus they DEFINE their life and where they live it, adjusting to it as they think they must, afraid to lose the little that they have. And so it is with all who see the body as all they have, and all their brothers have. They try to reach each other, and they fail. And fail again. And they adjust to loneliness, believing that to keep the body is to save the little that they have. Listen, and try to think if you remember what we will speak of now.

⁸ Listen, - perhaps you catch a hint of an ancient state not quite forgotten; dim, perhaps, and yet not altogether unfamiliar. Like a song whose name is long forgotten, and the circumstances in which you heard completely unremembered.

Not the whole song has stayed with you, but just a little wisp of melody, attached not to a person or a place, or anything particular. But you remember, from just this little part, how lovely was the song, how wonderful the setting where you heard it, and how you loved those who were there, and listened with you.

⁹ The notes are nothing; yet you have kept them with you, not for themselves, but as a soft reminder of what would make you weep, if you remembered how dear it was to you. You could remember, yet you are afraid, believing you would lose the world you learned since then. And yet you know that nothing in the world you learned is half so dear as this. Listen, and see if you remember an ancient song you knew so long ago, and held more dear than any melody you taught yourself to cherish since.

¹⁰ Beyond the body, beyond the sun and stars, past everything you see and yet somehow familiar, is an arc of golden light that stretches, as you look, into a great and shining circle. And all the circle fills with light before your eyes. The edges of the circle disappear, and what is in it no longer is contained at all. The light expands and covers everything, extending to infinity, forever shining, and with no break or limit anywhere. Within it, everything is joined in perfect continuity. Nor is it possible to imagine that anything could be outside. For there is nowhere that this light is not.

¹¹ This is the vision of the Son of God, whom you know well. Here is the sight of him who knows his Father. Here is the memory of what you are; a part of this, with all of it within you, and joined to all of it as surely as all is joined to you. Accept the vision that can show you this, and not the body. You know the ancient song, and know it well. Nothing will ever be as dear to you as is this ancient hymn of love the Son of God sings to his Father still.

¹² And now the blind can see, for that same song they sing in honor of their Creator, gives praise to them as well. The blindness that they made will not withstand the memory of this song. And they will look upon the vision of the Son of God, remembering who he is they sing of. What is a miracle, but this remembering? And who is there in whom this memory lies not? The light in one, awakens it in all. And, when you see it in each other, you ARE remembering for everyone.