

## “OCCUPY TILL I COME”

Why worry about death and a body to be buried after death, and keeping up an insurance policy to bury the body, which, after all is said and done, isn't there anyway to be buried? All that is being tucked away into the ground is the belief that there is a body there, for as a matter of fact, the body is present and functioning as it was before this death dream was entertained. If others are fooled by the seeming presence of death, and they believe you to be dead, it will not fool you who are alive and know it, and this is the fact with everyone who believed for a moment that he or she died.

Why meditate on death, when you have the promise of eternal life? Jesus said, “if a man keep my saying, he shall never see death.” Why not at least try to believe what he said? Moreover, he not only said this, but he proved it for himself, and so for you and me.

Jesus said to Peter, “If I will that he [John] tarry till I come, what is that to thee?” Thereupon did the disciples say that John should not die. But John said that Jesus didn't say he should not die, but only said, “If I will that he [John] tarry till I [the Christ, God, the Ego, your Ego, your “I,” my “I,” everyone's and everything's “I”] come, what is that to thee?” However, although John said the foregoing, and although Jesus didn't say in so many words that John should not die; nevertheless it is a fact that if John tarried until the “I” came to him, he would not die, nor could he die, and neither can you or anyone else die who will tarry until the “I” comes. “Occupy till ‘I’ come.”

The thing to do is to wait patiently for the “I” to come, and when it does come, you may be sure that to whomsoever it does come, that one shall not die. This is the only way. “I am the way, the truth and the life; no man cometh to the Father but by me” — by way of this “I.” Stop planning for death; plan for life. You will never find the way to eternal life by way of insurance policies, by the way of making wills, by digging graves. Death is not the way to eternal life. “I am the way.” There is no other way. “For the grave cannot praise thee, death cannot celebrate [glorify] thee: they that go down into the pit [die] cannot hope for thy truth. The living, the living, he shall praise thee, as I do this day.” (Isaiah)

A woman died. This is what happened. There came a time when she believed she was dead. So did the doctors and the nurses, her relatives and friends. There was this difference, however. The woman herself immediately awakened sufficiently from the dream of death to know that she was still alive. Then she said to herself: “Well, here I am alive, and if I didn't die, then that which appeared to kill me didn't do so, and is no more real than death, and so I'm not sick either.” So she was freed from her sickness, or wakened from that belief, even as she had wakened from the belief of being dead. That, however, was as far as she got in her awakening, and she still continued along in her dream. She could see us and the things about her as before, just as we could do so, but we were unable to see her alive with us, and continued to believe that she was dead, and buried what we continued to believe was her dead body. She walked and talked, trying to make us understand that she was all right and that nothing had happened, but we couldn't com-

municate with her, nor she with us, because we were blinded by the false belief that she had died and was dead. So we buried the belief, and wept over our belief of her demise. We sent flowers, had a funeral, spent a great deal of money, ill-afforded, and all the while she was alive and well, better, as a matter of fact, than before the dream of death occurred.

It's something like this. Did you ever see a prestidigitator? He draws your attention to an egg which he has in his hand. He points out that there is no room to hide it up his sleeve, or elsewhere, all the while drawing your attention to the egg and the impossibility of its getting away without your seeing it.

Then he places the egg in his left hand, and shows it to you lying there. Next he takes it with the right hand from the left, leaving the left hand open and exposed so that you see there is no egg therein, up and down, time after time, until you become accustomed to seeing the egg go up and down. Sometimes he stops the movement for a moment or two and shows you the egg in the right hand, and then once again swings the arm up and down, up and down, with the egg therein plainly in view.

The eye has now become accustomed to this, and then suddenly, quickly but unobserved, still swinging the right arm in regular rhythmic action, he leaves the egg once again in the palm of the left hand, closes it and slips the egg into his pocket or other convenient place, while at the same time the right arm continues its rhythmic swing just as though the egg were still there; and you would be willing to wager your very life that such is the fact.

Meanwhile, the egg is now concealed somewhere about his person, while to you it appears to be still in the right hand, now immovable in the position of hand and arm upraised, and the egg apparently held in the closed fist. Then with the free left hand, he takes a handkerchief, and with it covers the right hand, which you are quite certain still holds the egg, all the while keeping up a running conversation while you keep your eye on the handkerchief covering the right hand, which presumably contains the egg. Then he secures a pencil and, tapping the handkerchief for a moment, he raises the handkerchief with the pencil, drops it, opens the hand, and lo, the egg is gone. Where? You wonder, and then he appears to take it from your ear or some other place.

Death is something like that illustration. We have become so accustomed to see everybody go on from birth to death, that we never believe it isn't so. There comes a time, however, when instead of dying, the body goes along just as it has been doing, living as we call it. But as we became accustomed to see the egg go up and down and up and down, and failed to see and follow it when it didn't do so, so when the person goes along from what is called birth to death, with the intervening steps, there comes a time when instead of dying as we expect him to do, he stops short of it, and remains alive — though we fail to observe this — fooling everyone except himself, and even he is for a brief moment equally fooled; but inasmuch as the thing didn't occur to him, he ceases being fooled, and he finds out that that which he, too, thought had occurred, didn't occur at all, and instead of being dead, he is very much alive.

He cannot, however, make the others believe that the thing which is true is the fact, any more than you can make some foolish fellow believe that the egg is not in the right hand, or the pea under the shell where he is willing to wager it is. We who remain are sure that the person is dead, even as we are sure the egg is in the right hand; and so we hold a

funeral and weep over the demise of some dear one, and there is recorded in the registry of deaths that someone has died, which from beginning to end is a series of errors. It would be a comedy of errors were it not so sad and pitiful.

So with this woman to whom we have referred: when she seemed to die, she no more died and was dead, than did the egg go up in the palm of the raised hand. As the egg remained in the palm of the left hand, right before your very eyes, but you didn't see it so. You believed she died, and you thought you saw what you believed, just as you thought you saw what you believed about the egg. But the egg remained in the left hand; so this woman remained alive and well, right before your very eyes, but you didn't see it so. You believed she died, and you thought you saw what you believed, just as you thought you saw what you believed about the egg. But the egg remained in the left hand; so this woman went right on living.