

IMMORTALITY BROUGHT TO LIGHT

Dorothy Rieke relates a story

There was a young prince who when a very small child, became separated from his nurse and wandered into some woods where roamed a gypsy band. The gypsies carried him away with them and brought him up as one of their own. Living in the great outdoors with his captors before many years he became nearly as swarthy and brown as the gypsies. He wore gypsy clothes, spoke the gypsy tongue, and was given a gypsy name. To all intents and purposes, he was a gypsy. He certainly looked like one, and thought he was one.

When he arrived at manhood's estate the gypsy band again roved the woods near the palace. A dear friend of the King, who had never ceased seeking for the prince, saw him. He was struck by the youth's strange resemblance to the King. And in spite of the gypsy appearance the old courtier was immediately convinced that there was the King's son. Knowing some of the gypsy tongue he said to the young man, "Do you know who you are?"

The other regarded him with a puzzled look. "Do I know who I am?" he answered, "Of course I do." And he gave a gypsy name.

"Ah," said the friend, "but that is not your real name. For the truth about you is that you are the son of the King."

The young man shook his head. "You are mistaken," said he, "I am not the King's son, I am a gypsy." "I know that you seem to be," said the friend, "but the fact is you are not. You are really the son of the King."

"If what you say is true, said the other, "there must be two of me, this gypsy here and the son of the King. I don't know where the son of the King is."

"No," persisted the friend - "There is only one of you and I am telling you about that one. That one is the son of the King."

"Then," said the young man, and he confidently expected that his question would settle the matter. "If I really am this son of the King, where did the gypsy come from?"

The friend replied that there really was no gypsy, — there only appeared to be. He further explained, that all the evidence that the young man was a gypsy was

a lie about him and could never change the fact that he was truly the son of the King. In fact the only place the gypsy seemed to exist was in his ignorance, his misconception as to his origin, for all the time he had been the son of the King.

Isn't it wonderful that all the time this boy *never* really was a gypsy, but was always the son of the King? Regardless of all the lying, material sense evidence, the speech, clothes, mannerisms, swarthy complexion, and so on—the boy was not a gypsy but actually the King's son.

Everyone is a son or daughter of the King. We are all the children of God. It makes no difference that lying material sense piles up the evidence that we are a mortal, material creature, a child of material parents, with aches and pains, lack and limitation — we are really the *immortal* children of God, and that is what we have been all the time.”

But it wasn't enough for the old courtier just to convince the boy that he was the King's son, the young man had to go with his friend to the King himself, identify himself, and claim his heritage. The prince did so. This time he did not say, “Look at me, I look like a gypsy.” Rather, he said, “Look at my strong resemblance to the King. I am the image and likeness of my father. I am the King's son, and all that my father has is mine.” Of *course* the prince was recognized as the true son and heir, and he came into his inheritance.

We too must come boldly to the throne of grace, identify ourselves as the children of God, His exact image and likeness, and claim our inheritance. We must claim health, success, happiness, employment. As we steadfastly maintain our true identity, and claim our heritage, we, too, come into our inheritance of all that is wonderful and good.

There are not two of me. I'd never really been a gypsy, never really a mortal, but always the child of the King, the immortal child of God. I determined to claim my true heritage consistently.

Isn't it thrilling to be a wide awake immortal, knowing we are, what we are, and what is going on? Accept it, acknowledge it, consistently claim it, and rejoice in it.

We can see freedom from mortality for ourselves and others if we will deny that we are mesmerized into believing we are mortals in a material universe, and rejoice that we are wide awake immortals in a spiritual universe, alert to the

knowledge that we are children of God, hence perfect.

Here is the story about the true history of each one of us:

There was once a son of a King. Because he was obedient to his Father, he never wandered into the woods. He never was kidnapped by a band of gypsies. He never grew to look like a gypsy, nor did he take a gypsy name, nor speak the gypsy tongue. He never had to have it revealed to him that he was not a gypsy, but the son of the King. And he never had to be persuaded that he must identify himself in order to gain that which was rightfully his. Instead of wandering off into mortality, he always stayed in immortality. Instead of growing old in mortality, he remained ageless in immortality.

Instead of having to be awakened to the truth about yourself, you have always known you were the child of God. Instead of learning anew of your Father, you have always known Him, loved Him, worshiped and adored Him, and understood your relationship to Him.

Rather than having to identify yourself anew as His child, you simply continue to be His beloved son in whom He is well pleased, sitting on the right hand of God, the Father Almighty. Instead of having to claim anew your inheritance, you have never ceased to be aware that all of God's blessings are naturally and necessarily yours.

This description of Jesus is truly your description, "Without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life; but made like unto the Son of God."