

The Hallway – Sympathy vs Compassion

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Let us imagine a long hallway, and you are at the beginning of it. At the other end is a brilliant, white light, that is also soft and inviting. You know intuitively that it is your function to keep focused on this white light. You notice that while standing there you are experiencing a perfect peace, complete satisfaction, a quiet sense of joy and a tremendous sense of gratitude. Suddenly you recall your connection to and Oneness with the Creator and Love floods your consciousness. In this stillness you somehow just know that everything is under God's law of perfection and all that you ever need is effortlessly supplied for you because it is your Creator's pleasure to provide all that its creation needs and desires. A sense of awe and grace sweep through your mind as you recognize the grandeur of reality, the perfect balance, the rhythm of life, the perfection, the beauty, and the Love the permeates all Life.

You begin making your way down this hallway, and you notice that this hallway is lined with doors that all look identical. Suddenly one of the doors on your right swings open and there stands your best friend with a panicked look on her face, motioning for you to come into the room she is in and look! Because you love your friend, and you are naturally concerned, you enter the room where there are chairs lined up facing a movie projector that is playing a movie called "*Scarcity*". Your friend is talking rapidly about how the economy has been hit very hard recently due to a crisis in the housing market; how prices for food and gasoline have gone up; how there is a shortage of food, and jobs are hard to find, and she can't afford her rent and you watch your friend point to the movie playing, and you recognize how agitated she is, . . . and as your eyes become further accustomed to the darkened room, you see other people sitting in the chairs, some with their eyes glued to the screen, some have fallen asleep in their chairs because they've been there so long. And then you receive a stirring within you, and a still, small voice reminds you of where you just came from, . . . that feeling . . . where was it? . . . oh yes, back outside in the hallway, where all your needs are always provided for effortlessly, where you are safe and loved and cared for. And you try to take your friend's arm and head for the hallway But your friend keeps staring at the movie screen, irritated that you aren't seeing what is right before your eyes. "Look!", she insists, "Don't you see what's happening?" "Don't you care?" But as you try to explain to her what is just beyond the door, the volume of the movie gets louder drowning out your voice and your friend goes back to the screen, mouth open and eyes full of fear. You

realize in that moment that you cannot help her and that you must go back into the hallway alone.

As you return to the hallway, stillness and peace welcome you. You take a moment to allow yourself to readjust from the previous scenes of chaos and calamity to the knowing of the presence of God and His loving care over all. You exhale and are so grateful to be back Home.

As you continue down the hallway further, another door opens and it's a family member, crying and begging you to come into the room and see. You immediately head for the door to see what's the matter. And just as you cross the threshold into the room, there was a still, small voice that asked whether that was a good idea. But you reasoned, because this is family, and they are crying, you dismiss the voice and you go into the room. There on the movie screen are very disturbing and very real looking sick people with scenes of illness and disease and narrators talking about symptoms and the seasons that people will most likely suffer from these unavoidable illnesses, as well as how long they will last and what medications you can take to help alleviate your inescapable suffering. You see the fear and horror in the eyes of your family member, and you begin telling him that what he is looking at is only a movie being played out on a movie screen, that it isn't real. You point out that there is, in reality, nothing going on, except that he is mesmerized by what is playing out in front of him. "Nothing real is going on!", you exclaim. You tell him that all he needs to do is come out of the room where everyone always experiences perfect health. But your family member looks at you like you're absurd. Argues on the side of the movie scenes displaying people with high fevers, paled skin color, runny noses and difficulty breathing. Your family member exclaims back, "Look at the pain these people are in! How can you deny this?! You obviously don't care, either that or you are delusional." And with defiance in his eyes, he turns away from you, and you see that he has returned to join the others, sitting in their seats, staring at the movie screen, fixated on the images of suffering. And again, you feel the familiar tug to go out of the room, and you head back out into the hallway.

You continue on a bit further now, and again a door opens wide, and your mother steps out, and she looks frail and scared. She asks you to come into the room with her. You don't want to go, but it's your mother, and your heart wants to reach out to her. So you go in and the movie called "*Unavoidable Death*" is playing. Your mother is wringing her hands and you go to comfort her. You want her to come out in the hallway with you

where Life is eternal and she actually listens to you for a bit. You tell her that her life is complete out in the hallway. That she is actually spiritual and, therefore, eternal. You explain that God created her and that, therefore, she is not a limited, physical body but a free, perfect spiritual Idea of the Divine Mind that created her. Just as you think she's convinced, and she stands up with you, and just as you head for the door, she takes another look at the movie screen and looks back at you, and with great sadness tells you that death is inevitable and that she loves you. You stand there, looking at the screen, and tears well up inside of you as you feel literally torn in two, but your hand is on the door to the hallway, and in that moment you here the call to remember the Truth of being, all the while being consumed with the sadness and grief on the screen in front of your physical eyes. Just then you hear again the still, small voice tell you that you are of no real help to anyone as long as you stay in the room. The only place you can help another is from the standpoint of perfection, back in the hallway. If you are in the room, you are accepting the reality of the movie being projected, and you are no longer awake to Truth and Reality. "Aha!", you exclaim as you remember once again the experience of the hallway and with this renewed strength you grab the door handle and leave the room.

A wave of joy, of gratitude, washes over you and you shed tears in thanks to an Almighty God and his infinite goodness as the former pictures are wiped away and you recall the Truth that sets us free.

As you continue your journey, new doors begin to open up, some people you recognize, some you don't. As you acknowledge these people, sometimes you might strain your neck to see what movie is playing, but you don't enter into the room. You begin talking to those in the room while standing in the hallway. Some of them slam the door on your face. Others listen for a moment and then shake their head like you have lost your mind and close the door. But you begin to realize that the longer you stand in the hallway, the more certain you are about the truth of being, and the more influence you begin to have over those who are in the rooms. They listen to you a bit longer. They notice that there is something different about you. A light perhaps, a certainty, a knowing. Something that they recognize in you that makes them want to listen to you a little longer.

The next call from an open door comes from a frantic woman who pleads with you to come and look at the "*Help Me My Child is Dying*" movie. You immediately

recognize that there is not a single part of you that is the least bit interested in going into that room. Yet you feel immense compassion for this woman because you know that she believes the movie is very real. In that moment you look back up at the light at the head of the hallway. And with this surge of Love and Power, you look her straight on in the face, and you declare to her that what she is standing aghast at is nothing! It is a movie on a movie screen and nothing more. You tell her directly that she has the power and authority and ability to walk out of that room any time she wants to! You affirm to her that her life and the life of her child are always perfect, safe, and secure with God. That no power exists to end, alter, or destroy Life. Life is of God, He is Life itself, Eternal Life, without beginning or ending. You share with her the story of your brother, Jesus Christ. How he came to prove the nothingness of death and the allness of Life. You share that he overcame the grave and gave us the victory over the illusion of death. And you saw something click in this woman's eyes, she remembered. She smiled with relief. And with a toss of her head and without looking back she entered the hallway with you. She was transformed as she walked out to join you. Beauty and holiness radiated from within her. She laughed as she threw her head back and faced the light. She was overjoyed to recall her birthright and sang out in thanks because she was overcome with gratitude. And you felt something, and as you looked down, her child had joined the both of you. And the child took your hand and his mother's hand, and looked into your eyes, and simply said, "thank you".

From that moment on, more and more Truth as well as certainty began dropping into place for you. Yes! My function here is to stand firmly in this hallway where I receive all that I need to do the Father's Will, I need only to beckon to those who are in these rooms mesmerized by the pictures on the screens. As this clarity dawned and with renewed compassion governing your desire, you humbly ask for guidance on how to spring all these beloved brothers and sisters out of these rooms. And the voice explains the following:

These rooms are a lot like refrigerator doors. The light of the movie projector comes on inside them only when you open the door. And the light shuts off when you close the door. Like the refrigerator door, the movie in these rooms only starts when the door opens and when the door shuts, the movie turns off. This is because the movies, which are only false beliefs and, therefore, untrue, only seem real when they have a watcher or a witness to give them all the seeming reality they possess. A false belief

requires a believer to have any influence or power. If there is no believer, there is nothing to the false belief. If there is no witness, there is no movie playing in the room.

Unless there is an observer in the movie room, the movie isn't playing. And if there isn't a believer, a false belief has no power to mesmerize us. And then came the punch line you hear in the sweetest, kindest, most loving voice say, "And by the way, I never created a false believer".

You take a step back upon this realization, and you gasp, and the tears fall, and you begin laughing. Laughing because you realize that you had still been mesmerized yourself while in the hallway, seeing doors with false believers past them, taken in and feeling responsible or concerned for others. When all along, there is no such thing as a false believer, a false belief, a scary picture, an illness, sickness or death, or a sufferer of an illness, sadness or of scarcity. You see with infinite clarity the perfection of what God is and what God created.

The new understanding takes on a vastness, an expansion that goes beyond your physical senses and moves through you and out into everything that you see. You are transformed by the freedom that this Truth brings. And you can't help but be so grateful that everything that you felt was so real before was nothing but a false concept that you left behind because you know that you have the mind of Christ, and therefore you are not a believer of false images and nobody else is either. What is true for you is true for everyone! And you claim this out loud, and you thank God for it. And then you hear voices from behind you, and as you turn around, there is your best friend, your Mother, your family members, and a host of others that you recollect from the dream. And they are smiling at you, and you are laughing and celebrating with one another, even poking fun at each other, playing like kids and enjoying the Presence of God, the allness of good, and the absolute nothingness of its supposed opposite. You see the Truth in each other's eyes, you recognize your Oneness in one another, and you are overcome with Love. There is nothing else. Nothing else matters, nothing else is real, nothing else is acknowledged.

And in a moment, you all stop and look back towards the light, and the most beautiful music you've ever heard starts to play. And the walls to the hallway fall away, and you see colors you've never seen before above you, and every part of your being

comes vibrantly alive and together you hear, “Well done, my good and faithful servant”, and you are welcomed Home.