

Neville Goddard Lecture



The Roll Of The Book

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David, speaking to us in the 40th Psalm, says: “Lo, I come to do thy will, O Lord, for in the roll of the book it is written of me.” And in 5th chapter of the Book of John these words are found on the lips of one called Jesus Christ: “You search the scriptures because you think that in them you have eternal life, and it is they that bear witness to me.” Claiming the entire book is all about him, he begins with Moses, the law, the prophets, and the psalms, and interprets the scriptures as things concerning himself. You will find this method of interpretation the key which will unlock the innermost of revelations. Take any story and, regardless of whether the central figure is male or female, claim you are that being, that you are reading you own autobiography.

In the 25th chapter of the Book of Genesis, the Lord said to Rebecca: “Two nations are in your womb and two peoples born of you shall be divided. One shall be stronger than the other; the elder shall serve the younger. And when her days were fulfilled the first came out red and covered with hair, so they called him Esau. Then his brother Jacob came forth with his hand holding Esau’s heel.” Now we turn to the last book of the Old Testament, the Book of Malachi and read these words of the Lord: “I have loved Jacob, but I have hated Esau.”

Put yourself in the role of Rebecca and try to find out who these two are that you have brought forth. Remember: if they came from your womb, they are housed within you. One to heaven doth aspire . . . that one you love, and one to earth doth cling . . . that one you hate.

These are not two little boys who lived thousands of years ago. The Bible is divine history, not secular. The characters described there are housed within you, within me, within every child born of woman. Speaking to man through the medium of dream, with every dream being both egocentric and protean, God plays all the parts, whether they be male, female or from the animal world.

Now let me share with you an experience which happened to me many years ago. Back in the early 1930's I suddenly found myself confronted with two characters. Above me and to my right stood a beautiful angelic being, while below stood a monstrous hairy animal which looked like an orangutan. Speaking in a guttural voice he looked up at this heavenly being and said: "She's my mommy." Repelled by the thought, I struck him and with each blow, he grew in strength. Then, from the depth of my own being I realized that these two were my creations. Speaking with a human voice and looking like an animal covered with hair, this monstrous being was the embodiment and personification of all of my misspent energies. Every unlovely thought, every cruel, thoughtless act aided its growth. Whispering in my ear, influencing my decisions in order to feed its hunger, it fed on violence, while the angelic being was the embodiment of every kind and lovely thought I ever possessed.

Then I realized he had the right to live. By claiming to be the offspring of this heavenly being, he claimed to exist, but I knew he did not. He had no power of his own, only my power of awareness. Although he appeared to be detached and completely free of my perception, I knew I was the cause of his life. And as I pledged myself that I would redeem him, he melted and all of the energy I had given to create and sustain that monster, returned to me. He not only dissolved, but left no trace of ever having been present. Today I can bring him back in memory, but he had no existence outside of myself. He was simply embodied energy; therefore, was he not Christ, the creative power of God? Is not Christ the bearer of all the sins in the world, allowing man to use or misuse him? It was my own creative power that I misused and Christ is the creative power of God. And only God can create and only God can redeem.

Now listen to these, the last words on the cross as recorded in the 23rd chapter of the Book of Luke: "Father, into thy hands I commit my Spirit." That is a portion of the 5th verse of the 31st Psalm, which reads: "Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, faithful God." Here we find God, the giver of the power, redeeming it, for his creative power cannot be lost, not in eternity. When confronted by my misused power I simply redeemed it. Declaring itself to exist outside and

independent of me, I knew it could not be, for there is no other, and as I redeemed all of my misspent energy it returned to me and the glorious one shone like the sun.

We are told in the 13th chapter of the Book of Revelation: “The beast was given a voice to utter blasphemies against God, against his name and his dwelling place, that is, those who dwell in heaven.” My monster uttered blasphemy, claiming divine right by declaring the heavenly being was his mother. Are we not told in the 10th [chapter] of John that he was accused of blasphemy because he dared to claim he was the Son of God? Read the 13th chapter of John carefully and you will see that the dwelling place of God is made up of those who dwell in heaven, so that the entire redeemed society form the body of God. The angelic being I saw, personified that society, that dwelling place of God which is God, so my monster was taking God’s name in vain.

Now to some dreams. A gentleman’s letter came yesterday, in which he said: “In my dream I was standing on the sidewalk when I heard the words: ‘We will get him this time. He has been gone too long.’ Then a man resembling you, Neville, came by laughing, singing, and dancing. As I watched, he walked up three or four flights of stairs and stood in the center of a brilliantly lit stage. Then the props began to move and I heard the sound of an iron gate closing, as a voice range out: ‘Your deception is at an end’ and I awoke.”

Looking at this dream on the surface you will think that I, a deceiver, am now behind bars and my deception is over; but let me quote scripture: “The creature was made subject unto futility, not willingly but by reason of the will of him who subjected him in hope that the creature would be set free from this bondage to decay and obtain the glorious liberty of the sons of God.” Every child born of woman is deceived, for this is a world of deception where everything deceives.

So let us look at this dream remembering that all dreams are egocentric, with the individual who is dreaming playing all the parts. Seeing the gay, happy man resembling he who is telling salvation’s story, indicates that you, the dreamer are on your way, that as you accept my words you leave the world of deception behind you. We are told: “The good news preached to us was preached to them.” It is the same news, but it did not benefit them because it was not received with faith when they heard it.

Many have heard salvation’s story, while only a few will accept it. If perchance, by your much coming you have accepted this as your way of life, and are willing to live by it regardless of what you hear to the contrary, then you find yourself free from the world of deception. Believing in the power of money, or being socially prominent, becoming

famous, or the best dressed man or woman, the world plays the game of deception, forever deceiving themselves.

My friend saw a gay, happy spirit who tells a story of salvation that does not depend upon trying to be good or acquiring merit. That is all I asked you to do, to believe my words and live by them. You do not have to acquire merit in order to get into heaven; your acceptance of my story will take you right in. And when the time is fully come, heaven will unfold within you and you will leave this world of deception.

Another letter came, saying: "I found myself in what seemed to be an ancient world filled with throngs of people. Talking to three men, I looked down to find a little lamb at my feet. Picking it up, I said: 'This is my baby' and as I looked into the faces of the men, they smiled and I awoke."

This is an adumbration, a foreshadowing. The lamb is the symbol of God's great sacrifice, as told us in the very beginning of Genesis: "Father, I see the wood and the fire, but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?" Then Abraham answered: "God will provide himself (as) the lamb." We are told in the 13th chapter of Revelation that everyone whose name was not written before the foundation of the world in the book of life of the Lamb which was slain will worship the beast. Everyone was written there before the foundation of the world, before becoming a dual being. There is an outer you who, being flesh and blood, cannot inherit the kingdom of God, so your outer name is not written there. But the inner you was there. Before the foundation of the world his name was recorded in the book of life of the Lamb. This is not some emergency thinking on the part of God. The plan of salvation came before we entered. The whole thing was a plot, a plan of expansion. Her little lamb was an adumbration of the little child, the symbol of her birth from above.

Another letter came, saying: "I did my homework, as it were, by sitting in my living room and imagining something I want to experience here. After satisfying myself with the feeling that it was accomplished, I bathed in the feeling for a while, and as I did I felt myself become a ball of light. Below me, stretching into infinity was an abyss which I also knew to be myself. As the ball of light, I moved in all directions, covering the abyss. Then I, the ball of light and I, the abyss began to contract. We became smaller and smaller until I felt myself enter my skull. Then I felt as though I was going to burst, so to stop it I opened my eyes and, returning to this world I broke the vision."

Now this gentleman knows that no matter what appears in the outer world, it is taking place in heaven, which is in the skull. That's where the drama unfolds, for that's where

God is buried. Having had this most marvelous experience, my friend now knows the truth of Blake's vision, that all that you behold, though it appears without, it is within, in your imagination of which this world of mortality is but a shadow.

Then he said: "I wonder if those who attend your meetings teach their children the art of revision. I taught it to my son when he was five. At the time he had quite a serious accident and was bleeding profusely. As I washed the wound, I told my son to go over the entire event, but to omit the scene where he was hurt. I explained that if he omitted that particular scene he would have nothing to cry about. He did as I asked and immediately stopped crying. I continued to wash the wound and as the bleeding stopped I applied a loose bandage and my son returned to his play. Since that day, whenever my son . . . who is now seven . . . gets hurt, he revises the scene and omits the part where he gets hurt.

"While my wife was playing tennis she received a severe break to her ankle. We both revised the incident, and although she had to stop playing tennis for a while, the ankle healed rapidly with only the aid of an ace bandage, much to the amazement of the doctor." If you have children, teach them the art of revision early so that the idea will become a habit, just like it has in this gentleman's home.

Let us return now to the interpretation of scripture. Being all imagination, take any passage and put yourself in the central role, for in the volume of the book it is written of you. Don't think of some man who lived 2,000 years ago. Christ in you is the hope of glory. That is the Christ of whom the scriptures speak. Enter the state of Abraham as you read the story of Abraham and Sarah. Then become Sarah when she is the center, and Rebecca when she appears, for the Book is written of you! Do this and you will have the key which will unlock the most difficult passages of scripture.

Don't give up. Dwell upon each story as though it were happening to you now, and your eyes will open. Visions will come and throw great light upon your understanding, like the vision I shared this night, the vision of the two nations within my womb . . . one an angelic female and one a monstrous male that had no right to live. May I tell you: when I pledged myself to redeem him I never felt such compassion before or since. I knew I was the cause of that which had no right to be brought into being, and when I pledged myself that if it took eternity I would redeem it, the whole thing dissolved leaving not a trace behind to even suggest it once existed. And all of its energies returned to me, to be used wisely, not to be misspent anymore.

Everyone will one day confront their two nations, one stronger than the other, and the elder will serve the younger. Well, the first act of man recorded in scripture was a violent one. Cain killed Abel. Cain, the violent outer man comes first. Esau, a man covered with hair, came first while Jacob (the supplanter) came second. Esau, once redeemed, disappears and is replaced by Jacob, whose name is changed to "Israel" which means "one who rules as God."

Always keep alive that which you love; your emanation is your dwelling place. The monster not only opened his mouth to utter blasphemies against the name of God, but against his dwelling place . . . that is, those who dwell in heaven. Heaven, made up of the redeemed, is that one dwelling place of God. Everyone, when lifted up and redeemed, will be incorporated into that one body of beauty and glory. The monster, by claiming self-existence, takes the name in vain. He does not have any life outside of the one who, by the misuse of God's creative power, caused him to come into being. When you see him you will know in the depth of your soul that you are the cause of his misfortune. He has no right to live, no right to exist, but you cannot kill him, he must be redeemed.

In the 13th chapter of Revelation, you are asked: "Who can prevail against the beast?" and in the 3rd chapter of Matthew it is said: "Do not resist the one who is evil." In the world of Caesar that statement makes no sense, but the evil one you created in yourself is the cause of the one who is evil in the world of Caesar. The evil one in you whispers violence in your ear in order to be fed. So you are told not to resist him, for he thrives on your resistance.

When I pummeled my monster he so loved it, he grew in stature before my eyes, for as I beat him I fed him violence. Therefore, do not resist the evil one, but redeem him. When I pledged myself to redeem him I wasn't saying it for the benefit of another, I was pledging myself, and as I did he melted away, as all of the power of my misused moments in time returned to me and I felt like a giant form of sheer redeemed power.

Take any story in scripture and claim you are playing the central role, for you are its center. There is no other being. There is only God and you are He. No matter what name is given to the central character, assume its role and the entire Book will unfold within you and you will know yourself to be the Lord Jesus Christ.

So do not turn back and believe in a God outside of yourself. Know like my friend that your deceiving days are over. You were made subject unto futility, not willingly but by reason of the will of Him who subjected you in the hope that you would obtain the

glorious liberty of the sons of God, for in freeing you He would free himself from this world of bondage to decay.

Man, made subject unto futility, piles up a billion dollars, struts and uses his power for three score and ten years only, to find that tomorrow his little soul is called. He doesn't die, but passes through the gate called death to find himself restored to life in an environment best suited for the work yet to be done in him. To those who cannot follow him, he dies, but to himself he is about twenty, in the year 3,000 or 1,000, for it's a closed book. "What has been is what will be, and what has been done is what will be done and there is nothing new under the sun."

Life in a world just like this one will go on until God's real purpose is fulfilled and that is when God's image awakens within all of his sons. God has awakened within me, and will awaken in everyone, for all are destined to awaken in the image of the One.

Tonight, ask yourself what they were saying about you when you were called Abraham. Read your story carefully and let it unfold in you. Then one day the real drama will unfold and from that moment on, when you put your head on the pillow you will no longer enter the border land of dream, but go beyond this age to enter an entirely different world. Still tied here, however, you will return day after day until your work is finished.

Now, many of you have recently been having visions of my departure. They are all symbolical. One lady was listening to me speak on the law when suddenly I left the garment on the stage. Standing lifeless behind the podium a silence filled the room so thick that it could be cut with a knife. Then I returned and with great difficulty reentered the garment and finished my statements on the law. May I tell you: although there are many things here I love, I wish her vision were true on this level. But she conjured me in her vision because I am the one in the outer world who introduced her to this law of God. As far as she is concerned there is little, if anything I could tell her concerning the law, so I have departed from that aspect of teaching her. All I can share with her now are aspects of the Promise, which I have done in my book, Resurrection.

Today I noticed that my book was copyrighted in 1966. It was on the 10th day of October in 1966 that a wooden peg was nailed upon my shoulder, whereupon the responsibility of telling the story hangs. I have now told it as it has never been told before. When I depart there will now be a record of how God unfolds in man. I have told it as clearly and as simply as I am capable of doing in that chapter called "resurrection." My work is finished, so He came and severed the sleeve of my tunic exposing the arm

of God and fulfilling the 32nd and 53rd chapters of Isaiah. “Who has believed my report and to whom has the arm of the Lord been revealed?”

The right arm is the symbol of the power of God. Having unfolded the entire drama of Christ within me, He gave me the power to record it so that the unborn tomorrows will read my words and wean themselves from the traditions of men. Believing that unless a tremendous effort is made to acquire merit, the Kingdom of Heaven is unattainable, men have been led astray. The Kingdom is entered simply by hearing the story of salvation and believing it. You need never see the inside of a church, but if you hear salvation’s story and live by it, scripture will erupt within you and the role of the central character in scripture, called Jesus Christ, is yours.

In the meantime, take a passage of scripture and, putting yourself in the center, let the story unfold. Do that and you will understand its meaning. And always remember that a dream is egocentric and protean. Proteus was the legendary god of the sea who, in the service of Neptune, could assume any shape or form. You, the dreamer, are God assuming many shapes and forms in order to fulfill your dreams. God is the author of the drama and the actor. In your day dream I play the part of your teacher of the Word of God, so I could appear in that role in your night dream. But bear in mind: dreams (day and night) are yourself made visible. You are the dreamer dreaming the dream of life.

One day you will meet your monster on the threshold of consciousness, for he is attached to you although you cannot see him. And when you dissolve him by your compassion and love, he will not evaporate into space, but will return to you. I can’t tell you the thrill when you experience that union!

At the very end of the journey you will find these symbols coming into your world and you will say: “Into thy hands I commit my Spirit; thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, faithful God.” Having misused His power in His slumber, when He awakes God redeems Himself. And His last cry on the cross is: “Father, into thy hands I commit my Spirit!”

Now let us go into the Silence.