

To Gill,
In celebration of your 70th birthday,
with love and appreciation for your wisdom and friendship.

Connie

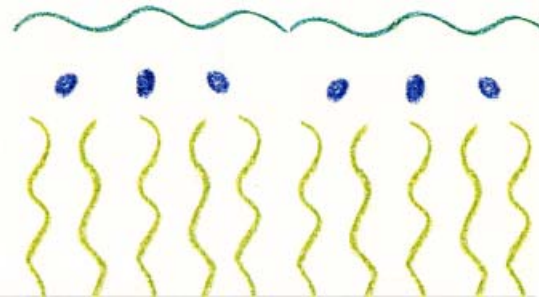


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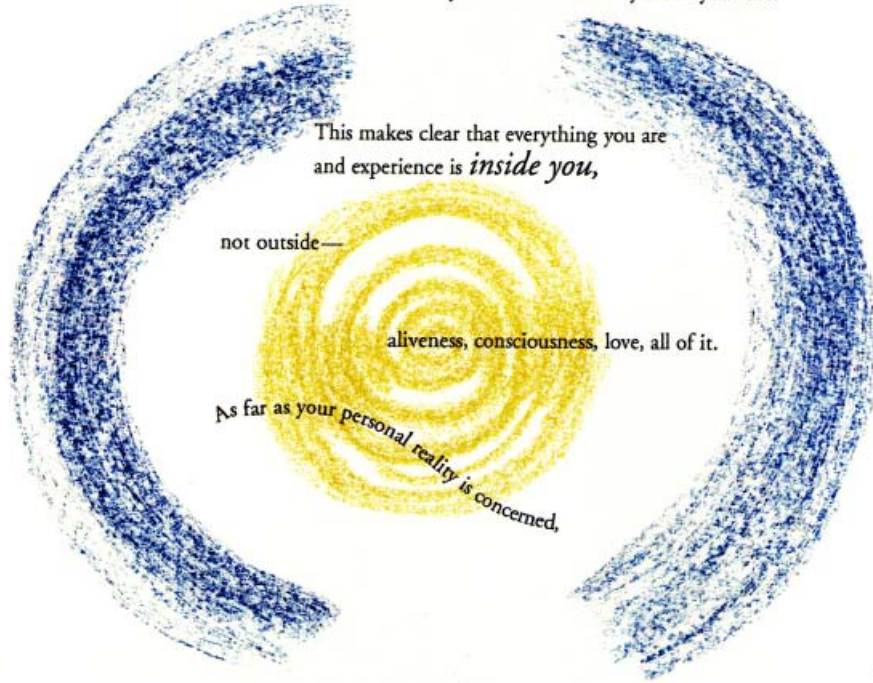
LIFE'S BASICS

in the words of Gill Schwartz



The only life you can *experience* directly is your own.
Everything else, comparatively, is hearsay.

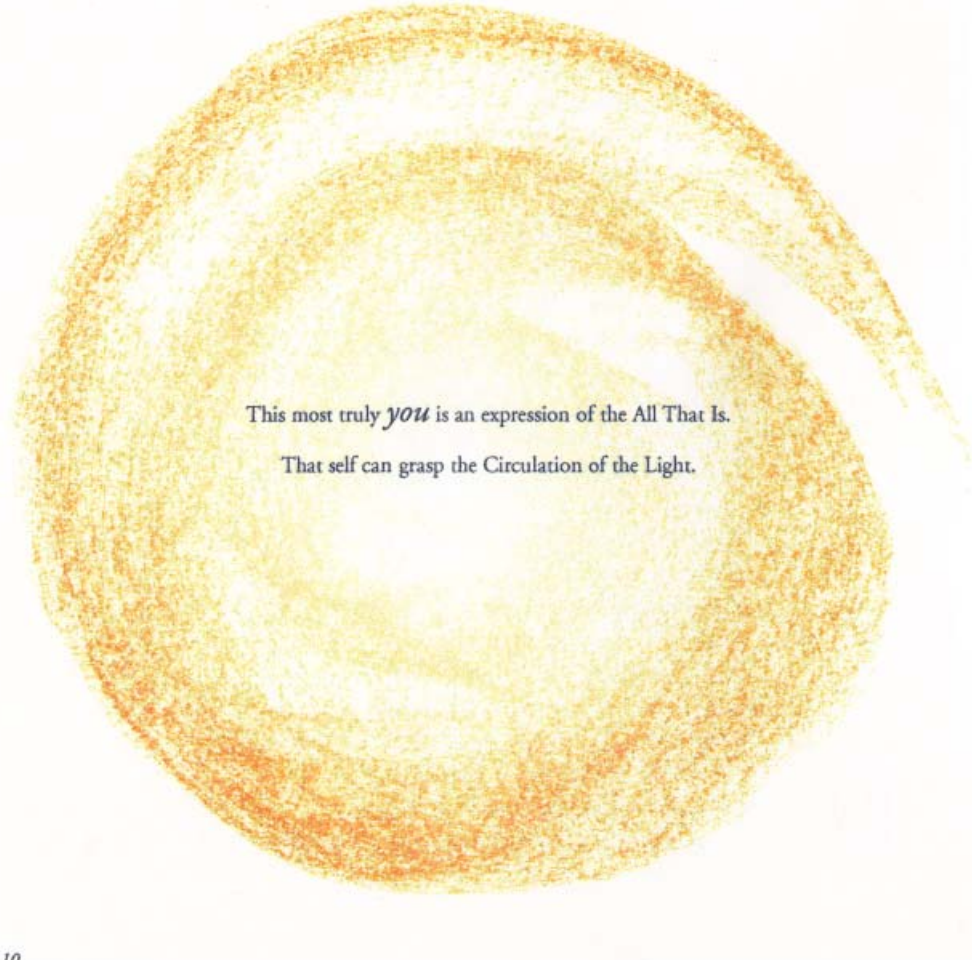
When you say life, *your life* is the only one you can mean.
What and whoever is real to you is so because they are in your life.



everything else is real only insofar as it attracts and reflects parts of you,
though each and every being and thing also has their own inner reality.

As you are drawn into that
fullness of Being,
self responds in grateful *devotion* to Self.
That which you believed was Other
you now *recognize* as one facet of the Circulation:
Self becoming Other, Other becoming Self.
Knowing this Self as the *source* of all that you prize
—aliveness, consciousness, love and meaning
you go to the Other with the same
recognition.



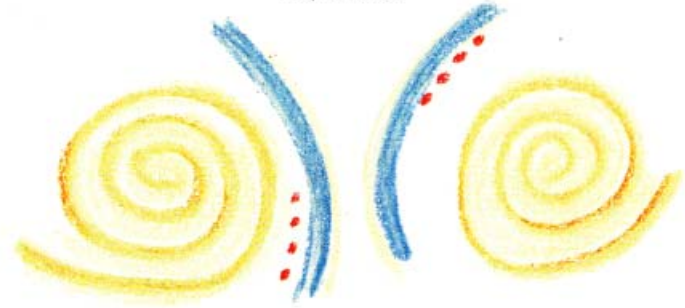


This most truly *you* is an expression of the All That Is.
That self can grasp the Circulation of the Light.

That whole material realm that you experience
through *your* bodily senses and mind is like a cosmic sandbox.
You are there for your *spirit* to play in.

You can pretty much make up anything you want out of that 'sand':
castles or dungeons, frustration or fulfillment, things to pour yourself into or things to avoid.
As what you make from that sand *is real* for you — part of your life — it takes on that reflected reality.
And when you are finished playing with that particular form, you can dispose of it
create a different projection to play with.

But don't forget,
it's just 'sand'.



Fear and illness come from imposing others' truth

rather than *honoring* your own.

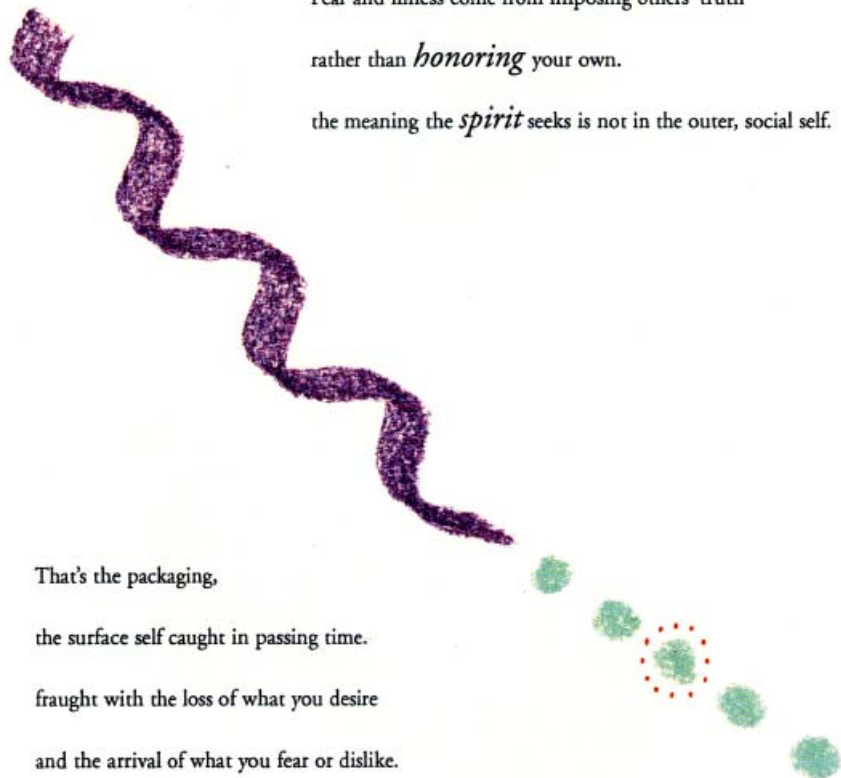
the meaning the *spirit* seeks is not in the outer, social self.

That's the packaging,

the surface self caught in passing time.

fraught with the loss of what you desire

and the arrival of what you fear or dislike.



Most of us prefer the obvious, the world of our physical beings and senses, as the pivot of our lives.

It is comforting to unconsciously play with the glitter and primal drives, squashing together layers of dreams—self, family, race, species—into the dream/nightmare of consensus.

But then your own *spirit-dance* is left as little more than fantasy, a self haunting.

To hold your labor of love in the highest, it must resonate with the depths of your personal *myth*, with the core of your being,

with the dance of the Universal Being through you.

This is a *fullness* of aliveness and consciousness that leads to release the bindings of circumstance and conditioning, the either/or mind.

This fuller awareness perceives the depth and wholeness of light and shadow's dance.

With it you can look both ways at once, together, Towards the inmost and the outer.

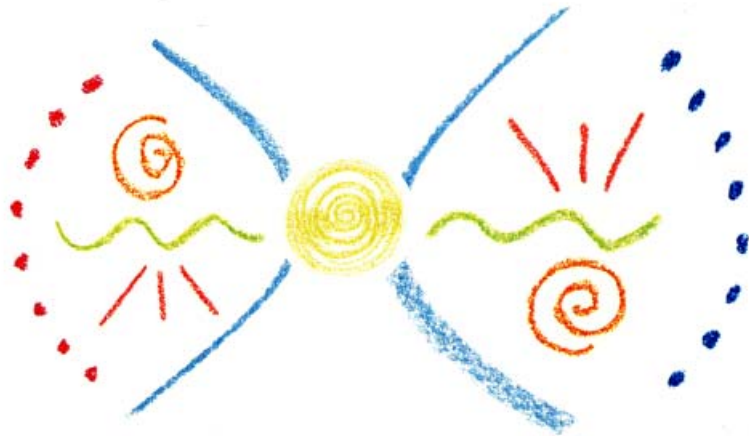
There, in that *shimmering* between those realms, where neither and both are, is a *doorway* to the most truly you.

In that shimmering, both realms are synergized, transcended.

A *reborn* self comes into being that guides you to recognize that your aliveness is the Infinite coming into being as/through you, and you becoming It.



Now that you *understand* the gist of this,
the next lesson is on how to face these two ways at once.



Rather than flipping your *awareness* back and forth between
the apparently real world around you
and this *inner* source—self—you find a consciousness to *hold* them both.

The
outer, social self is unreal
machinery, adaptive software. In
awakening from identification with that
programmed, dualistic consciousness,
incredible *truths* are there for you.


Higher purpose and calling *become* evident concerns.

Each and every experience is self-fulfilling and the angst over 'what might be' disappears.



It is the contents of
your being that gives your
life meaning, the growth
and transformation of
your *reality*.

It is the inner Source
that guides your way
through the flux of
circumstance.



Your universe, your sandbox, is but a tiny slice of All That Is.

But it is your slice, your peephole.

Pretending that your slice is not your creation and responsibility

is one sure way to have your castles crumble

before you have time to play with them.

Your slice of All That Is gets its *empowerment* from the way you *live your truth*.

Because ordinary consciousness can only hold so much,

facets of your being tend to fragment off, personify,

sub-selves that each contain their own perspectives on your truth.

You create your world by what you imagine and which of your selves does the imagining;

You can treat all this like 'sand,' like a dream

like a *mirror* for your inmost to reflect in,

—though each and every being and thing is as real as you are to yourself—

because it is your spirit's game to play as it is called to,

and to make up the rules as it goes along.

Because that is the *source* and purpose of the game.

But, with others who are doing their spirits' dance,

you own that *your life* is the only life that you know.

