

Benediction

Angels are Thoughts that come from God to you.
Secure in their protection may you rest;
Quiet in certainty that comes from them,
At peace in mind and heart and holiness;
Unmindful of the world, and sure that they
Are with you, watching over you, and fixed
In their determination to maintain
Your mind at rest within the peace of God.

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The Last Judgement

Peace be to you. There is no instant when
You stand alone; no time when God will fail
to take your hand; no moment when His Love
Does not surround you, comfort you and care,
Along with you, for every wish you have,
Each little joy or tiny stab of pain.

At one with you forever, He remains
Your one relationship; your only Friend.
You are the holy Son of God Himself.
Peace be to you, for what is His is yours.

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Christ's Vision

Let not the past obscure the now to you.
For thus you waken happily, with joy
Upon your heart and eyes, to see a world
Awaiting to be seen aright at last.

How beautiful the newly-born! For they
Reflect their Father's Love, their brother's care,
The happiness of Heaven, and peace
that is their true inheritance. It is
On them you look. They have no past today.

All darkness vanishes, and Heaven's smile
Presents a world from which the past is gone,
And present happiness ends all despair
In shining silence and simplicity.

Let not the past obscure the now to you.
For thus you waken happily, with joy
Upon your heart and eyes, to see a world
Awaiting to be seen aright at last.

Our daily bread

Let me this day arise in quietness
With only thoughts of sinlessness, through which
To look upon the world. Let me today
Behold the world as You would have it be,
Because I am as You created me.

This I accept today. And as the day
Draws to a close, all unforgiving thoughts
Have disappeared, and night comes quietly
To bless a day in quietness begun,
And ending in forgiveness of God's Son.

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Stillness

My soul is still. It does not know the thoughts
My mind imagines. It does not perceive
My meaningless endeavors, nor the goals
Of sin and madness in which I believe.

Immovable my soul remains, and sure
Of immortality, in peace so deep
That all the shocks I feel can not come near
Its limitless tranquility. I sleep,
And dream of evil and decay and death,
Of which my soul knows nothing, Perfectly
It rests in its Creator and in me.

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Song to my Self

I cannot be replaced. I am unique
In God's creation. I am held so dear
By Him that it is madness to believe
That I could suffer pain or loss or fear.

Holy am I; in sinlessness complete,
In wisdom infinite, in love secure,
In patience perfect, and in faithfulness
Beyond all thought of sin, and wholly pure.

Who could conceive of suffering for me?
Surely the mind that thought it is insane.
I never left my Father's house. What need
Have I to journey back to Him again?

The holy relationship

I am God's Son, His mother, father, friend,
His brother and His love. For all of this
Is He to me, and thus am I to Him.

The world is His. And being His is mine.
My holiness extends from Him, to be
His holiness, by love complete in me.

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Healing

To heal it is not needful to allow
The thought of bodies to' engulf your mind
In darkness and illusions. Healing is
Escape from all such thoughts. You hold instead
Only a single thought, which teaches You

Your brother is united with your mind,
So bodily intrusions on his peace
Cannot arise to jeopardize the Son
Whom God created sinless as Himself.

Think never of the body, Healing is
The thought of unity. Forget all things
That seem to separate. Your brother's pain
Has but one remedy; the same as yours.
He must be whole, because he joins with you,
And you are healed, because you join with him.

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Mother of the world

Peace is a woman, mother to the world,
Whom God has sent to lay a gentle hand
Across a thousand children's fevered brows.
In its cool certainty there is no fear,
And from her breasts there comes a quietness
For them to lean against and to be still.
She brings a message to their frightened hearts
From Him Who sent her. Listen now to her
Who is your mother in your Father's Name:
"Do not attend the voices of the world.

Do not attempt to crucify again
My first-born Son, and brother still to you."
Heaven is in her eyes, because she looked
Upon this Son who was the first. And now
She looks to you to find him once again.
Do not deny the mother of the world

The only thing she ever wants to see,
For it is all you ever want to find.

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The circular way

The transient things are not of God.
For He Creates like to Himself. How can it be
That what the One Eternal calls His Own
Has but a little life, with breath on loan
And mortgaged unto death? We seem to go
From birth to certain death, and do not know
What goes before or after. Yet we tread
A golden circle, and are surely led
Back to the Source of our infinity,
To which we will return as certainty.

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Quietness

The world knows not of quiet. Restlessness
Is its abiding law. From there it goes
To pain and joylessness, and back again
To the unceasing restlessness on which
It stands, uncertain, insecure and frail,
Prey to illusions, victimized by guilt.
Yet quietness comes over it at last.

For when forgiveness comes, its certain gift
Is stillness, in which all the world is hushed;
A silence where the littleness of sin
Shrinks into nothingness before the Love
Forgiveness represents. And in His Name
Is everyone acknowledged as the same.

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The greeting

Say but "I love you" to all living things,
And they will lay their blessing over you
To keep you ever safe and ever sure
That you belong to God and He to you.

What but "I love you" could the greeting be
Of Christ to Christ, Who welcomes but Himself?
And what are you except the Son of God,
The Christ Whom He would welcome to Himself?

They wait

I did not know Your Voice. And what I heard
I did not understand. There was a Word
In which was everything. Yet all I found
In its immensity was but the sound
Of meaningless contention. I passed by
A thousand waiting angels, And as I
Rushed along vain detours I did not see
The hosts of holiness surrounding me.

Yet I will certainly return. For You
Have promised that whatever I may do,
Angels and holy hosts will wait; the Word
Will hover over me till it is heard.

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Renunciation

You are not asked to sacrifice the good
Or the desirable in any way.
You are asked only to renounce all things
That would destroy your peace. For God is Love.
Center your thoughts on Him, and you will see
He gives you everything, with neither more
Nor less conceivable from this time forth,
And on to the eternal. Sorrow is
Inaccurate perception; pain is but
A sad mistake. Renounce but this, and you
Call unto Christ to pardon and renew.

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The holy purpose

There is no death. What God creates must be
Eternal, changeless, incorruptible
And safe forever. Can the holy die?
And can the Son of God be made as he
Was not created? Heed the body not.
It serves its purpose and is given up.

It cannot suffer if the mind invests
It with a holy purpose. Miracles
Are always ready to restore and heal
The mind's intent, if it forget its goal.
Communication, then restored, will be
The Holy Spirit's single remedy.

The singing

There is a singing underneath the world
That holds it up, and enters in behind
All twisted thoughts, and comes to set them straight.
There is an ancient melody that still
Abides in every mind and sings of peace,
Eternity, and all the quiet things
That God created. Angels sing with joy,
And offer you their song, for it is yours.
You sing as ceaselessly. The Son of God
Can never sing alone. His voice is shared
By all the universe. It is the call
To God, and answered by His Voice Itself. The singing
There is a singing underneath the world
That holds it up, and enters in behind
All twisted thoughts, and comes to set them straight.
There is an ancient melody that still
Abides in every mind and sings of peace,
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Arise with Me

O You who came in winter and who left
Among the lilies, stay with me and fill
My eyes with glory, and my heart with love
That smiles forever on the world You saw,
And that You loved as You would have me love.
For with this vision I will look on You,
And recognize my Savior in all things
I did not understand. Now is the world
Reborn in me because I share Your Love.

Now in my healed and holy mind there dawns
The memory of God. And now I rise
To Him in all the loveliness I knew
When I was first created one with You.

By Helen Schucman, January 1, 1974

Bright stranger

Strange was my Love to me. For when He came
I did not know Him. And He seemed to me
To be but an intruder on my peace.
I did not see the gifts He brought, nor heard
His soft appeal. I tried to shut Him out
With locks and keys that merely fell away
Before His coming. I could not escape
The gentleness with which He looked at me.

I asked Him in unwillingly, and turned
Away from Him. But He held out His hand
And asked me to remember Him. In me
An ancient Name began to stir and break
Across my mind in gold. The light embraced
Me deep in silence till He spoke the Word,
And then at last I recognized my Lord.

By Helen Schucman, January 1, 1974

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The invitation

I came to you.
I saw your tears and knew
That you were ready. You had asked Me in
The instant that you understood that sin
Is an illusion. You were poor indeed.
I saw your grasping hands and watched them bleed
From golden nails; a heavy jeweled crown
Around your head, as sacred as My Own.

I needed you
As much. Yet till you grew
In understanding, I could only wait
In silent patience beyond Heaven's gate.
My Father's house stood empty. For as we
Are part of Him, so are you part of Me.
We enter in together. We are one.
And so I finish what I had begun.

By Helen Schucman, January 1, 1974

Awake in stillness

Peace cover you, within without the same,
In shining silence and in peace so deep
No dream of sin and evil can come near
Your quiet mind. And then in stillness wake.
First there is silence; then awakening.
Now is the time appointed for the end
Of dreaming. Still the cradle where you come
To be reborn. The Christ is stirring in
The home that He has chosen as His Own.

His vision rests upon your eyes, and soon
You will behold His face, and will forget
The fantasies that seemed to be so real
Until the stillness came. The Son of God
Has come to join you now. His shining hand
Is on your shoulder. And God's silent Voice
Speaks ceaselessly of Heaven. You will hear
His single message calling to His Own
From His abiding place, to wake in God.

By Helen Schucman, January 15, 1974

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The place of resurrection

There is an altar that I seek. For there
And only there can certain peace be found.
The light of holiness shines white upon
Its cooling stillness wreathed with lilies round.
Here is the place where those who thought that death
Was lord of life must come, to learn of One
Who seemed to die, that life is lord of death.

Beside the lilies sickly dreams are gone,
And stillness spreads a blanket over all
Who seemed to know no rest and find no peace,
To bring the quiet and the dreamless sleep
In which their dreaming will forever cease.

Here we awake, my brothers and myself,
For all of us come here to find the way
To waken from the dream of sin the world
Was made to represent. We come to lay
Our guilt beside the altar and step back,
Putting illusions and mistakes aside,
And learn before an empty tomb to see,
He is not dead Who here was crucified.

By Helen Schucman, March 18, 1974

A Jesus prayer

A Child, a Man and then a Spirit, come
In all Your loveliness. Unless You shine
Upon my life, it is a loss to You,
And what is loss to You is also mine.

I cannot calculate why I am here
Except for this: I know that I have come
To seek You here and find You. In Your life
You show the way to my eternal home.

A child, a man and then a spirit. So
I follow in the way You show to me
That I may come at last to be like You.
What but Your likeness would I want to be?

There is a silence where You speak to me
And give me words of love to say for You
To those You send to me. And I am blessed
Because in them I see You shining through.

There is no gratitude that I can give
For such a gift. The light around Your head
Must speak for me, for I am dumb beside
Your gentle hand with which my soul is led.

I take Your gift in holy hands, for You
Have blessed them with Your own. Come, brothers, see
How like to Christ am I, and I to you
Whom He has blessed and holds as one with me.

A perfect picture of what I can be
You show to me, that I might help renew
Your brothers' failing sight. As they look up
Let them not look on me, but only You.

By Helen Schucman February 16, 1976

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Stranger on the road

The dead are dead. They do not rise again.
And yet I see in You a look I knew
In One so recently destroyed and laid
Away to wither on a slab of stone.

I almost could believe - but I have seen
Your blue and bloodless hands and broken feet,
The way You crumpled when they took You down.
This is a stranger, and I know Him not.

The road is long. I will not lift my eyes,
For fear has gripped my heart, and fear I know -
The shield that keeps me safe from rising hope;
The friend that keeps You stranger still to me.

Why should You walk with me along the road,
An unknown whom I almost think I fear
Because You seem like someone in a dream
Of deathlessness, when death alone is real?

Do not disturb me now. I am content
With death, for grief is kinder now than hope.
While there was hope I suffered. Now I go
In certainty, for death has surely come.

Do not disturb the ending. What is done
Is done forever. Neither hope nor tears
Can touch finality. Do not arouse
The dead. Come, Stranger, let us say "Amen."

You said You would return, and I believed
Too long already. Now my eyes are sealed
Against the slender thread of hope that cuts
Into my calm despair. O let me go!

Your Word surrounds You like a golden light,
And I can scarcely see the road we walk
Because my eyes are veiled. Disturb me not,
I beg of You. I would not see You now.

Must I remember now? And yet the light
Seems even brighter, and the road becomes
A sudden splash of sunlight. Who are You
Who dares to enter into fear and death?

Your Voice reminds me of an ancient song
My lips be& to sing, although I hoped
It was forgotten. Now I hear again
A Word I thought had been forever dead,

As You had died. I cannot keep my eyes
From looking up. Perhaps I did not see
The things I thought. Perhaps this light has come
To heal my eyes and let them see again.

Lord, did You really keep Your lovely Word?
Was I mistaken? Did You rise again?
And was it I who failed, instead of You?
Are You returned to save me from the dead?

Dear Stranger, let me recognize Your face,
And all my doubts are answered. They are dead
If You are living. Let me see again,
And hope will be transformed to certainty.

The dead are dead, but they do rise again.
Let me remember only that. It was
The rest that was the dream. The light has come.
My eyes are opening to look on You.

By Helen Schucman, April 2, 1977

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The resurrection and the life

You think Him dead Who rose again for you,
And so you cannot see the shining light
In which you are delivered. Come, My child,
And judge Him not. He is not dead. So bright
His radiance that nothing still remains
Obscured from Heaven in the doubt of night.

So still the birth you did not understand
Who came to you. Before your frightened eyes
The Lord of light and life appears to fail
His promises of Heaven's grace, and dies
Forever on a cross. Nor can you see
The Child of hope Who in a manger lies.

The wise are silent. Stand you by a while
And let the wise men show you what they see
That came of you from stillness and from peace
Which rest in you, but speak to them of Me.
And then be comforted. The living Lord
Has come again where He has willed to be.

Wait now for morning. In the silence hear
The winged whispering that hails the Son
In quiet certainty and lovely calm
Whom death released to life. He is the One
For Whom you wait. Then look again on Him,
And join His benediction, "It is done."

He held you in His arms as He arose,
And death was overcome. Yet on the hill
Of dying you had fixed your eyes, it seemed
As if forever. Now you wait until
You look beyond the end you thought you saw,

And see the Child Who is your first-born still.

Think of this Child Who comes again. He is
The Son Who seemed to die. He offers you
The motherhood the shadow of a cross
Appeared to take away. Yet round it grew
The lilies of rebirth. Accept again
The deathless One, the holy Son you knew.

See not an ending where beginning is,
Nor dark in sunlight. You who came to mourn,
Remember now the ancient song of birth,
And lay aside the signs of grieving worn
By childless mothers. Lift your heart to Him,
For once again to you a Child is born.

By Helen Schucman, January 1, 1978

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Good friday

There is no death. But there is quietness
Beyond the reaches of the world; a peace
Which only life can give. It is the life
That is the gift of God. All conflicts cease
Within this life. It beats in harmony
With all creation, beyond any sound
The world can hear. It sings a different song,
And where it reaches, there is holy ground.

There is no death. Whom God created whole
Is whole forever. Who can crucify
Eternal life? And who can bring to dust
Whom God has willed immortal? Can he die
Who rises past the universe, to rest
At one with his Creator? So are we
Ensured to life. There is no death because
God's Son belongs to Immortality.

This is a day of joy. Today the world
Lays down its dreams beside a cross that was
Itself a dream. Behold the dream of death
And waken, seeing that it had no cause,
And so did not exist. What never was
Can not be now. Today we pass it by,
For this the purpose of this day should be:
What is made whole is whole, and cannot die.

Do not confuse the cross with sacrifice,
Nor death with life. The Will of God is one,

And knows no differences nor opposites.
In love it has created but one Son,
In whom the whole creation still remains.
How can his name be changed who bears the Name
His Father called as His? He does not change,
Because his will forever is the same.

What does he yearn for but his Father's house?
Had he a different will his death might be
Reality. But when he reconciled
What never had an opposite, then he
Could never die. His life is not his own,
Being of God. This day arise and come
With Me. For there is life. It is God's Will.
Today shall you be with Me in our home.

By Helen Schucman, March 20, 1978

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The Gifts of Christmas

Christ passes no one by. By this you know
He is God's Son. You recognize His touch
In universal gentleness. His Love
Extends to everyone. His eyes behold
The Love of God in everything He sees.
No words but those His Father's Voice dictates
Can reach His ears. His hands forever hold
His brothers', and His arms remain outstretched
In holy welcome. Would you look on Him,
And hear Him calling you this Christmas day?

Behold, He offers you His eyes to see,
His ears to listen to His Father's Voice,
His hands to hold His brothers', and His arms
To reach to Him as He would reach to you.
You are as like to Him as He to God,
And you to God because you are
like Him.

All that He offers you is but your own.
Accept His gifts to you this Christmas day,
That you who are as God created you,
May come to recognize the Christ in you.

The Hope of Christmas

Christ is not born but neither does He die,
And yet He is reborn in everyone.
The rising and the birth are one in Him,
For it is in the advent of God's Son
The light of resurrection is begun.

Heaven needs no nativity. And yet
The Son of Heaven needs the world to be
His birthplace, for the world is overcome
Because a Child is born. And it is He
Who brings God's promise of eternity.

It is His birth that ends the dream of death,
For in Him death is brought to life. Behold
The earth made new and shining in the hope
Of love and pardon. Now God's Arms enfold
The hearts that shivered in the winter's cold.

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The Holiness of Christmas

Christmas is holy only if you come
In silence to the manger, to behold
Your holiness made visible to you.

Your gifts are but your open hands, made clean
Of grasping. Nothing else you lay before
The newly-born except your doubts and fears,
Your pale illusions and your sickly pride,
Your hidden venom and your little love,
Your meager treasures and unfaithfulness
To all the gifts that God has given you.

Here at the altar lay all this aside
To let the door to Heaven open wide
And hear the angels sing of peace on earth,
For Christmas is the time of your rebirth.

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Nativity

There was an instant long ago when God
Proclaimed His Word, and all the world was still
To hear and answer. Yet it could not hear
Nor answer. When the holy Christ was born

He came alone, with but His Father's Word
To hear and answer Him. And yet His Voice
Remains to bless the world along with me
Who would remember that His Word is mine.

The end of time

Forget not time was made for you, not you
For time. The withered, dying and the dead
Are but the thoughts of those who do not see
That time is powerless, unless they give
Their own consent to change. The Son of God
Stands changelessly within the Unchangingness,
Past the ephemeral, not new nor old,
Beyond all opposites, where nothing cases
A Shadow or a doubt, for light alone
Surrounds him. Time was given him to show
Him how to learn and see, and then to know.

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The shining instant

Cherish this instant. All of time is set
Within its boundaries. The past but let
To this appointed time. The future yet
Remains unborn, and like a word unsaid

Is soundless. Seek instead the endless place
Of timelessness. In unencumbered space
Open your arms to let all conflict cease,
And call to quiet those in every place

Who wait for freedom. You would not betray
Their agony and patience, when their cries
Fade into silence here. For Christ will stay
Until the faint and final echo dies

And stillness claims the world. And then He takes
It in His hand and waits an instant more,
And time is over. Even now He makes
Your way to Him. This instant is the door

To that in which the world will disappear
In Him, as He will vanish into One
Who will remain forever. In this clear
And shining instant all of time is done.

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The Little Things of God

Gardens are filled with little things of God
That sing and twitter in a tiny voice,
And flash from blade to blade across the grass.
They shine with morning and they glow at night,
And through the daylight wind and hum and turn,
Wheeling among the flowers as they live
Their little lives, and then they disappear.

Yet when they enter in eternity,
They will be part of God along with me.

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The Comforter

Step back, My child, and let Him lead the way
Whom I have sent to you. He holds your hand
And speaks to you of Me. His memory
Holds in your mind My Name. His peace surrounds
My child with all the love a Father feels
For what He cherishes above all else
In earth and Heaven. Whom I sent to you
Has shared My Heart and brings My Word with Him
To solace and to comfort all the world
That has forgot My Name. Homeless are they
Who would abide alone, apart from Me.

Yet would I call them home. My Voice I send
To sing in soundless places. Hear from Me
The song a Father sings to you, His child;
A melody from far beyond the world,
Step back and listen, for He comes to bless
And tell you that you are not comfortless.

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The Resting Place

My arms are open, Come, my Lord, to me
And rest upon my heart. It beats for you
And sings in joyous welcome. What am I
Except the resting place and your repose?

Your rest is mine. Without you I am lost
In senseless wandering that have no end,
No goal, no meaning, on a road that goes
In twisted byways down to nothingness.

Come now, my Love, and save me from despair,
The Way, the Truth, the Life are with me then.
The journey is forgotten in the joy
Of endless quiet and your kiss of peace.

The Song of Peace

The melody of peace is always there.
It neither dies nor wavers. It remains
A calm, soft sound, more still than silence, and
An ageless recollection in the minds
That God created. Ceaselessly it sings
To all the world, that it remember Him.

The sounds of earth are quieted before
This ancient melody, which speaks of love
In limitless dimensions. Where is fear,
When God has guaranteed that He is there?

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Heaven's Gift

No one can rob infinity. For when
Something is taken, angels join their wings
And close the space so rapidly it seems
To be illusion; unoccurred, undone.

No one can take away from everything.
Its very wholeness is a guarantee
It is complete forever. There can be
No loss left unrestored before it comes.

No one can lessen love. It is itself
The Great Restorer. It can but return
All that is taken to itself. It knows
No loss, no limit and no lessening.

Heaven can only give. This is the sign
That losing is impossible. It seemed
That it was gone. Yet angels quickly came
And promised they would bring it back to you.

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Transformation

It happens suddenly. There is a Voice
That speaks one Word, and everything is changed.

You understand an ancient parable
That seemed to be obscure. And yet it meant
Exactly what it said. The trivial
Enlarge in magnitude, while what seemed large
Resumes the littleness that is its due.
The dim grow bright, and what was bright before
Flickers and fades and finally is gone.
All things assume the role that was assigned
Before time was, in ancient harmony

That sings of Heaven in compelling tones
Which wipe away the doubting and the care
All other roles convey. For certainty
Must be of God.

It happens suddenly,
And all things change. The rhythm of the world
Shifts into concert. What was harsh before
And seemed to speak of death now sings of life,
And joins the chorus to eternity.
Eyes that were blind begin to see, and ears
Long deaf to melody begin to hear.
Into the sudden stillness is reborn
The ancient singing of creation's song,
Long silenced but remembered. By the tomb
The angel stands in shining hopefulness
To give salvation's message: "Be you free,
And stay not here. Go on to Galilee".

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The Singing Reed

My eyes would look upon the Son of God.
For this I came; to overlook the world,
And seeing it forgiven, understand
Its holiness is but the truth in me.

The Christ walks forth in every step I take.
God shines within me, lighting up the world
In radiant joy. The Holy Spirit comes
With me, lest I should turn and lose the way.

for God has given me a goal to reach,
And has made certain that I cannot fail.
And so He gave me eyes to see beyond
Appearances and shadows. I will see
the Son of God exactly as he is.

And in that sight is all the world transformed,
And blessed forever with the Love of God.
How holy are my footsteps, which but go
To do the Will of God, Whose Son I am.
And how forever perfect is my will,
Which is in no way separate from His Own.