

# *ENDgame*

Provisional and updated retreat material  
on Developing Practicum Studies  
Divine Will Retreats/Conferences  
2010

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This is a letter addressed to the inmates of a prison. It's a strange prison, because within its walls lie mountains and rivers and sunsets. It contains rare birds and rare diseases, mini-dramas, maxi-dramas, melodramas, and the latest "spiritual cures". The prison has no name, but over the years its inmates came up with one and it stuck. They call it life. No one gets out for good behavior, and in this facility everyone is sentenced to die. That's why this letter is addressed with great passion and urgency.

You who read it, however comfortable your surroundings, are inhabitants of this prison, as am I. Our prison's history is littered with legends of escape attempts, and rife with advice from escape experts, but prison life has proceeded pretty much unchanged for several thousand years. Which is to say that most prisoners aren't aware they're in prison.

But now an incredible opportunity has presented itself. A historically ordained opportunity. An opportunity written in the DNA code of our universe. A crack in the prison door has opened and allowed a shaft of sunlight to shine through. Consider this paper a report from that sunlight. That sunlight emanates from the Creator of our universe. We can follow it to its source, and when we do, we discover our own source. When we do, instead of praying to God, obeying God, fearing God, or rejecting God, we become as God always intended us to be. On what authority do I make such an extraordinary statement? On good authority, none of which is mine. In fact, not a single truth that I'm about to reveal comes from me personally. I'm merely a reporter, and my news source is a Gift for modern man: The Gift of the Divine Will.

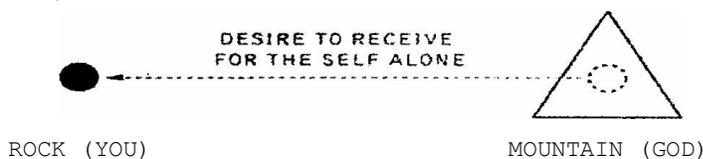
My principal reference is 36 volumes of Italian dialect, which comprise the chief repository of the Gift of the Divine Will's wisdom: The Writings of Luisa Piccarreta. Two thousand years ago, Jesus revealed truths whose depths would come to surface only in our time. I have had the unusual privilege of knowing and working with these Writings. In human terms, my authority comes from a lineage of giants: saints and luminaries who for thousands of years have lived, revealed, and transmitted the teachings of the Catholic faith, sometimes in the face of grave danger, but always with the certainty that a moment in time would come when this knowledge would emerge from its reserved, suspended realm and be available to everyone on earth. A moment when the prison doors would open and a long history of pain, suffering, and inglorious death would be over. A moment when people would become the totality of all they can be. That moment is now. The Kingdom is here!

## INTRODUCTION THE ROCK AND THE MOUNTAIN

A rock is hewn from a mountain. It has the same nature as the mountain, but when it is disconnected it is no longer called mountain, it is called rock. Not one atom of its essence has changed, yet pulling it from the mountain has made it something else. Put the rock back into the mountain and it's no longer a rock. So the rock's existence is determined not by its substance, but by its relation to the mountain that is its source. Divine Will teaches that just as rocks are hewn from mountains, humans emerge from God. At the level of the soul, humans have exactly the same essence as God. In essence humans are like God. This is our true ontological nature.

So how on earth did we become rocks, while leaving our mountain in heaven?

The Divine Will speaks of a negative force in the universe, a pickaxe that removes us from God. This force bears an odd name, but you will be quite familiar with it by the end of this letter. It is called the desire to receive for the self alone. It is also known as ego nature, or the human will in act (volition), a state virtually all of us inhabit virtually all of the time. And it is the source of not only our pain and suffering, but all our dysfunctions.



So here's what this paper is about: overcoming that force; revealing our true essence; becoming what God created us to be: another Jesus. This is a guide to that ultimate journey. It is meant to point the way; to motivate; to offer tools, direction, and encouragement. I offer it on behalf of the luminaries who have preceded me, sages who completed their own journeys to becoming holy and left behind a road map for the rest of us. The list of mapmakers begins with Abraham and Moses and spans centuries to include spiritual giants like St. Francis of Assisi, St. Vincent Ferrar, St. John of the Cross, St. Catherine of Siena, St. Pio of Pietrelcina, just to name a few.

Most notably, in the last century, Luisa Piccarreta received divine authorization to complete the human sanctity which holy men and women have striven for from the beginnings of the Church. She was the first to recapitulate wisdom that for millennia had only been lived unknowingly by a continual few.

So you might say this presentation is made possible by a grant from the universe. Thanks to that divine decision and to the window in the cosmos that has opened in this era, the wisdom of God's Gift can now be made available to every man, woman, and child. A note before we go further: The word God gift is not an ideal term. No word has ever borne such a burden of interpretation and misinterpretation. For this reason, we choose to follow the analogy which Jesus gave to Luisa. Let There Be is a more accurate expression, because the Creator we know is the eternal first Gear of sharing and fulfillment. It is the Light of the Creator we experience in those moments when joy overtakes us, or when beauty suddenly illuminates our lives. Having said that, since the word is widely understood to represent a divine being of total perfection and ultimate potential, we will use it here in that sense, while understanding that this Gift has been given to the Roman Catholic Church to inform us what the possibilities of human divinization are at any given point in history, and from which all other religious beliefs receive grace, blessings, knowledge, and salvation. Here's a story from the Navajo creation account:

Once, a group of souls descended to this world on a long ladder. Reaching the bottom rung, they sighed, dropped into the world, and became creatures. They sighed, knowing that their birth into this world meant separating from God as their days on Earth went by, they repeatedly jumped into the air to grab the bottom rung of the ladder, in a vain attempt to climb back to heaven. Some jumped a few times, then gave up and settled into human existence. Others jumped hundreds, even thousands of times, but they too failed to reach the ladder. One person, however, was different. He began jumping, kept jumping, then, unlike the others, never stopped jumping. Finally, God picked him up and brought him back to heaven.

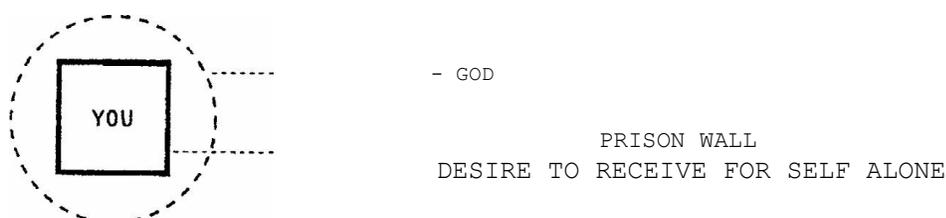
It may not look like it, but this paper is a big neon sign. Its message is "Keep jumping. The task is unceasing Keep jumping. The worries of life may seem insurmountable. Keep jumping. We may even forget what we're trying to reach. Keep jumping. And if we have a question, it is not to ask why or when or who or what. The only question is: Am I all that I can be before the Full Light of the Midday Sun?"

CHAPTER ONE:

*A CRACK IN THE PRISON DOOR*

There once was a prince who lived in a grand palace. It was filled with treasures from every corner of the earth: Persian rugs, French tapestries, hand-carved tables, and the finest paintings from Europe and Asia. Its rooms overflowed with silver platters of fruit, orchids, and bouquets of exotic flowers. But there was a problem: Shutters were fastened across every window. Not a single ray of sunlight penetrated, the palace lay in darkness. The problem was that the prince was oblivious to the abundance surrounding him. One day, a servant plucked up the courage to ask the prince why he inhabited a palace as dark as the blackest night, and the prince was stunned. He had no idea there was an alternative. Joyfully, the servant opened the palace shutters for the first time, and suddenly the prince could see beauty and abundance everywhere. They had been within reach all along. He simply had been unable to see them.

Like the shutters in this story, there is a crack in our prison door. Luisa arrives with a hammer and it changes everything. Sunlight floods the darkness and images of an immensely joyful world dance on the walls. Suddenly we realize the prison is not really the world, as we've been led to believe. It is merely a prison. A prison with high-speed internet access, perhaps, but a prison nevertheless, whose walls are suffering and whose gates are death. We perceive it as a moral or medical problem, but we are wrong. It is entirely an existential one.



The crack in the door challenges us to a merciless assessment of our situation, the R-rated version, not the PG version. We must realize that this life is a prison. Rather than generating despair, such an evaluation is actually an assertion of freedom and hope. Vanishing in time, destined to die, clinging to an illusion of separateness from God—these are the ultimate sources of desperation. Replacing them requires a decision. Crossing a line.

It's as if we were in a destructive, unhealthy situation, a demeaning love relationship or an unfulfilling job, and after all the denials and rationalizations, we're struck by a moment of clarity and it suddenly pops. An alternative has come into the world. There's no more balance sheet, no more judicious weighing of the various pros and cons. We just leave, because we know we have to, because now, thanks to Luisa, we can.

That is the fierceness commitment necessary to vacate this existence of pain and suffering and return to a world of joy. The journey ontological re-orientation must become more than an intriguing idea. It must become a realization that enters our cells with the force of destiny, a realization that seamless union with Jesus—where God's thoughts become our thoughts, God's actions our actions, God's intentions our intentions—is a natural process, not a religious conversion. It is a transformation taking place in an invisible place in our souls, as natural as a seed becoming an oak tree, and it has nothing to do with faith, morality, or earning heaven on the basis of good behavior. It is a transformation born of the most ancient science of truth of all, the Divine Will, and the Divine Will is not religion but rather technology—real, active, transforming technology that predates religion.

The question becomes why, if escape is such a natural process, is it a road so untraveled? Why have so few in history succeeded in breaking free of these prison walls? The answer is that the path of escape leads past the ultimate prison guard, the negative force the entire army of Saints refer to as desire to receive for the self alone. It is a force programmed into the atoms of our nature that opposes every effort we make to change. So from this moment on, I will give this force a name: the opponent, or the human will.

Unless we understand the insidious nature of the opponent—the human will—there is no hope of escape. The opponent comes dressed in the clothes of a friend, rather than the uniform of a guard, and then betrays us endlessly to our captors. Even worse, the human will convinces us that he is us. What we call life is a vast case of mistaken identity, and until we distinguish our identity from the opponent, we will remain imprisoned.

So, let's begin a journey on a highway of transformation, driven by revulsion for the opponent. A journey conducted endlessly, relentlessly, and joyfully, asking ourselves at each moment, is this act of my will moving me closer or farther from God's own Holy Will?

Of course, the mind will say, this is just an idea. It can't be serious. What chance do I have of remembering this Gift I supposedly possess every time I make a decision? How could I scale walls so few before me have ever scaled? Is this merely the strange ponderings of a fanatic? Do you expect me to actually live this way?

The opponent is pleased you feel that way, and ask those questions.

But the Wright brothers didn't feel that way. Nor did Leonardo da Vinci. At each shift of the paradigm, the impossible presents its impeccable credentials, is overruled, and the unthinkable becomes the norm.

And now another seismic shift has occurred. We have the fortune to be alive for the most extraordinary moment in the history of human development. It is a time when what was once absurd will become commonplace: It is now possible for large numbers of people to escape the prison of pain, suffering, and death. And by doing so, they will form a critical mass that will change the world for everyone else.

Now it's just a matter of mechanics. With what tiny blunt instrument will we chip away at the walls of the dungeon, day after day, year after year, until the day we breathe in sunlight?

We'll get there. Be patient and persevere.

What hope do we have against the insidious, shape-shifting guard who stands at the prison's gates?

We'll get there. Don't let the largeness scare you away.

This paper is an invitation to a journey, the supreme journey, from prisoner back to God. It is extended to you courtesy of a crack in the door that has just opened up in this era in which we happen to be fortunate enough to live. Just don't lose sight of the impossible—but promised—rewards: the fulfillment of Jesus' prayer, the completion of God's Works, and the presence of His Sovereign Kingdom, where every negative force will be removed. If you fail to envision the reality of God's plans, you will fail to live successfully in His Most Holy Will.

## CHAPTER TWO: *GOD DISGUISED AS YOU*

The guard at the prison gate is utterly ruthless. Brutal treatment of prisoners has proceeded for millennia, so now the prisoners are beaten, hopeless, huddling on their cots, staring out through the bars of their cells. A good day is simply one endured without pain.

The guard, the opponent, has convinced his prisoners that we're small and insignificant, when in truth, whatever our wildest dreams of accomplishment may be, they only scratch the surface of what is possible.

The truth is, we are destined to walk with God but have been tricked into becoming inmates, posing as ants, indifferent to the ghastly spread between what we are and what we could be. We bounce back and forth between actions and reactions. We could be infinite. And until we begin to realize the potential which the Gift of the Divine Will carries with it, we will lie listless on our prison cots.

According to Genesis, "Man was created in God's image, in God's image man was created." We are taught that there are no superfluous words in the Bible, so why the repetition? T<sup>1</sup> urges the reader to pay attention. Do not miss this. You are created in God's image.

You have the same essence and therefore the same potential as Jesus. You are destined to become like Jesus, so keep asking yourself, Am I like Jesus yet? Am I manifesting grace-endowed powers? Can I heal the sick and bless people? Have I resurrected the dead? The yardstick suddenly extends to infinity, from Alpha to Omega. I don't just measure myself against myself. I measure myself against the Second Person of the Trinity.

This is our potential, whoever we are, whatever our impediments, real or imagined. Moses was physically frail and spoke with a lisp. Greatness is not reserved for the great. The great are simply those who have risen to meet their destiny. Everyone alive has a place, order and purpose infinitely richer than they know.

Dullness and boredom come from unmet or abandoned potential. It is television entertainment. It's playing computer games when you were meant to compose sonatas. If you're not doing what you were meant to do—and each person was meant for something astonishing—you'll never enjoy contentment. Imagine Dr. Jonas Salk becoming a successful businessman, a generous citizen, and a wonderful father, but never going near a lab. What may have seemed a good life would in fact have been tragic, the pain and suffering he was meant to remove from the world never having been achieved.

A great spiritual leader with thousands of students and many books to his credit once told his story.

When I was eleven, I was a lost cause as a student. I never minded my teachers and I played hooky from school at every opportunity. Then one evening, I heard my parents in the next room talking about me. My mother was crying. "What are we going to do with our son?" she said to my father.

He has no interest in his studies. He doesn't want to go to school, and any day now they will expel him. Then what will become of him?" As I listened to her, a strange event occurred: I could feel her anguish as acutely as if it had been my own. I burst into the room and I told her I was sorry. I promised that I would be a good student and obedient from that moment on. I made the promise not because I cared about studying but because I cared about my mother and did not want to cause her pain. I kept my word and changed my ways. I became studious and never missed a day of school, and I grew up to be the scholar you see before you now.

My point is this: If I had not overheard my parents that day, what would have become of me?

Well, I would have been a good person, since it was in my nature to do so. I would have prayed, I would have given to charity, I would have enabled many others to earn a good living. However, imagine what would have happened after I left this world and arrived in the place called the "heavenly court."

My judges would say, "Where are your thousands of students?" I would gape at them and reply, "What are you talking about? I was a merchant and I did good business, but I didn't have any information to impart to even a handful of students, let alone thousands. Let's talk instead about the sums of money I gave charity.

And then they would say, "Where are the dozens of books you were supposed to write?"

Again, I'd look at them as if they were unhinged "What do you mean, 'dozens of books?' I wasn't

illiterate—I could read and write—but I had no reason to write any books; I had nothing to teach anyone. Let's talk instead about the many kindnesses I bestowed on my friends, my family, and my customers.

Then they would show me everything I could have achieved, everything I should have done. Can you imagine the grief I would feel in that moment? There is no greater hell than to see what we might have done, but in fact failed to do. So this is the measure: where am I, not in reference to others, but in reference to myself? Where am I on the road of my own potential?

Growth should not be linear, but exponential. Acts multiplied to the infinite increase our feeling of fulfillment exponentially and every act makes the next one easier.

If our thoughts and actions are not taking us toward Jesus, we need to change. What progress are we making? That cannot be quantified by anyone outside ourselves. We need to ask ourselves this: if we continue in our life's trajectory for 5, 10, or 20 years, where will we be? Will we be living in the depths of the Divine Will? The answer should make us rethink our efforts. As we dissolve our prison chains and merge our will back into God's Will, we reveal our true nature more and more. Eventually, we may become immortal, and even resurrect the dead. It is this vision we keep before us, immovably.

Until then, the opponent—the human will—will do his job as supreme prison guard of the penitentiary we inhabit, and chief operating officer of our universal system of pain and suffering. His job is to ensure that we don't realize our potential, yet if we could even believe for a minute who we really were and how great our vocation is, the balance would shift and we would emerge from prison, not like inmates, but like Jesus. It's the mustard seed again!

## The World in the Balance

We are trapped in a paradigm of insignificance. What we say doesn't matter. What we do has no effect. We are isolated, separate, finite. We are rocks. Returning to our origins shatters the paradigm of insignificance and leads to a further realization: everything matters; everything counts; everything affects everything else.

The opponent has us convinced of our powerlessness, when with every action, the world stands in the balance and we are tipping the scales. If we commit a mere human act today, someone halfway around the world may receive the negative energy our act released into the world. (There are no neutral human acts; they are either positive or negative!) In turn, he will be tipped toward doing something negative and the negativity will grow exponentially. Ultimately, it will come back to the person who originated it.

Once there lived an eminent sage and scholar. Once, after weeks of meditation on a difficult passage of the Bible, he penetrated its deepest meaning. Delighted, he posed the question to a student, expecting the student would appreciate his master's explanation. To his surprise, the student immediately saw the answer. The scholar could not believe that what had taken him weeks of intense study to uncover had taken the student a few minutes.

Despondent, he began questioning himself. Perhaps he had been given too much credit. Perhaps he should give up teaching. He wandered the streets and encountered a priest friend, who asked him why he looked so downcast. After listening patiently, the priest spoke.

"There was a village whose water came from a spring at the top of mountain. Few villagers had the strength to walk to the top, so it was one man's job to fetch water for the entire village. It took him many hours to fill the huge buckets. When he did, everyone came and filled their little cups from these buckets, which of course took only minutes. Even the weakest of them had no trouble.

"What I'm saying is that your weeks of work opened up a channel of understanding. Once the channel was open, it was simple for your student to also understand.."

What we think and what we do enters the global consciousness and changes it. According to St. John of the Cross, every time a person removes even a fragment of the Desire to Receive for the Self Alone, an increase in restoration accrues to the Kingdom. Each time one of us performs an act in the Divine Will, it influences the coming sovereignty of God.

As you become a true child of God, it becomes easier for someone else to come into the knowledge of the Divine Will and the Kingdom of God. The world hangs in the balance.

### CHAPTER THREE: *CERTAINTY*

During the nine months we spend in our mother's womb, an angel holds a candle for us, teaching us the wisdom of the universe. We behold everything, from the beginning of the world to the end of the world. When we are born, the angel gives us a sharp blow on the upper lip and it makes us forget everything we have learned. Yet memory traces remain in our souls, the idea of GOD resonates with us, and it is on this resonance, on these residual memories, that we build our consciousness. — Old Believers' tale

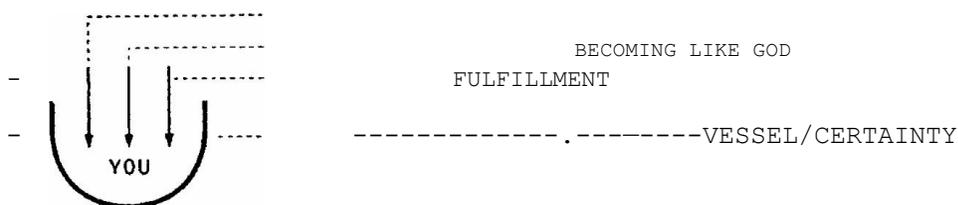
We enter the physical world, our selves forgotten. But somewhere in our souls we remember something. The potential to regain our image and likeness of God stirs.

These memories are the basis for what we call certainty. Certainty, according to the Gift of the Divine Will, is one of the secrets to activating our original nature—certainty not only that we can achieve it, but that we will achieve it. It has been eternally decreed.

Certainty is a vessel.

According to Luisa's Writings, in order for the light of the Midday Sun to be revealed, there must be a vessel to receive it. The name of that vessel is certainty, and the level of light revealed depends on the strength of that certainty. Nature—the sun—affirms that there is never a time when there is no Light. It is only our will, the vessel, that limits the amount of Light manifested. When we achieve total certainty, we regain our divine

"likeness. "BLESSING



The opponent is anti-certainty. The human will is the sower of doubt, the restrictor of the vessel. In the opponent's paradigm of insignificance, we don't regain our likeness to God because we don't believe we can.

The Old Testament tells the story of a woman from Shunam, who cared for Elisha the Prophet. "You've taken such good care of me," Elisha told the woman one day. "What shall I do for you? Can I intercede with the king on some matter, or with one of his generals? How might I be of service to you?" The Shunamite replied that she was a simple woman with no special requests. But after she had left, Elisha asked aloud, "What can I do for this loyal woman?" Gehazi, his servant, answered, "Master, the Shunamite is an old woman and she has never had a child." Elisha called her back and said to her, "You will give birth to a son," specifying the exact day the boy would be born. Astounded, the Shunamite answered, "Do not mock me. Do not do to me," but Elisha reassured her calmly that it would come to pass exactly as prophesied.

And it did. She gave birth to a baby boy on the precise day of Elisha's prophecy. Years passed and the child grew. One day, while cutting hay in the fields, the boy complained of a headache. His condition worsened, and later, while sitting on his mother's lap, he died. The Shunamite carried the boy to the bed where Elisha would sleep when he was in town, and laid him on it. She closed the door behind her, went to her husband, and said, "Send me one of the servants—one of the young ones who work with you—and also one of the donkeys, and let me go to the Man of God, who is teaching on the edge of town." The husband inquired why she was going to the prophet, since it was neither the first of the month nor the Sabbath, but the Shunamite said simply, "Peace be with you. Good-bye."

She rode to Mount Cannel where Elisha was teaching, and when the prophet saw her, he asked Gehazi to inquire about her family. The Shunamite told the servant that everything was fine. However, when she reached the place where Elisha stood, she clasped her hands around his legs. Gehazi came to push her away, but the prophet said, "Leave her. She is in great pain.

God did not let me know this; He did not let me see, and He did not tell me. " Through her tears, the woman cried, "Did I ask for a son from God? I did not. I begged you not to make a fool of me. What kind of favor was it to give me a son who dies at such a young age?" Elisha told Gehazi to put on a cloak, take

Elisha 's cane, and go and place it on the child's face. "If you come across anyone, " Elisha warned him, "do not talk about this. Even if someone blesses you, don 't answer them.,,

The woman stuck close to Gehazi as he headed toward the child, swearing she would not leave his side until he had revived her son. However, in spite of Elisha 's warning and the Shunamite 's protestations, Gehazi mentioned his mission to several acquaintances he encountered. When they reached the child, he put the cane on the boy's face, as Elisha had instructed, but nothing happened. The boy was as still as a rock, without even the flicker of an eyelid. Gehazi and the Shunamite rushed back to Elisha, and the mother began to sob uncontrollably. Elisha put on his coat and made the journey himself back to the house. Elisha closed the bedroom door behind him, prayed to God, and then lay down on top of the child. He put his mouth on the boy 's mouth, his eyes on the boy's eyes, and his hands on the boy's hands. Slowly, the body of the child became warm. Elisha got up, paced around the room for a few moments, and then lay down again on the boy. He repeated this procedure seven times, and after the seventh time the child opened his eyes. The prophet told Gehazi to call in the Shunamite. She entered the room and, upon seeing her son alive, she fell to her knees and bowed down to Elisha. Weeping, but now with tears of joy, she lifted up her child and departed.

This is the story of the vessel known as certainty, encrypted with many levels of coded meaning. Why does the woman say good-bye to her husband rather than inform him of the son's death? The answer resides in the technology of certainty. When we don't believe death can be overcome, it will not happen. Lack of certainty closes off the vessel. Lord, I do believe! Help my unbelief. The Shunamite did not confide in her husband because she knew his level of certainty could not encompass their son returning from the dead. Had she told her husband, the prophet would have been unable to perform the miracle. The father would certainly have prayed for his son's resurrection. He would have dearly loved to believe in its possibility. But wanting to believe is not the same as certainty. Good intentions still limit the vessel. Such is the insidious power of doubt. Many consider the Bible the Word of God, yet refuse to believe in the possibility of resurrection, even though it is declared in the Bible's pages. This is the opponent at work, sowing his seeds in the fields of pain, suffering, and death, convincing us we can't become like God's Son. For the opponent knows the power of certainty awakened, the ultimate knowing of who we are and what we can become like: Jesus. With certainty as a foundation we can approach what follows: an extraordinary set of statements that will change our lives forever. Arm yourself with certain knowledge!

#### CHAPTER FOUR: *THE GIFT OF THE DIVINE WILL*

So, we inhabit a prison—a strange sort of prison, to be sure, because most inmates don't even realize we're behind bars. We're even conditioned to scoff at the notion that there might actually be another world, a world of joy and Light, shining right beyond the prison walls.

Then, one day, someone hands us an escape plan that includes a layout of the prison and a step-by-step plan of escape. A flawless plan.

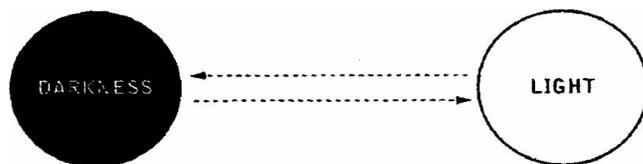
What will we do?

What I'm about to reveal is a blueprint to freedom. Of course, we don't literally live inside prison walls, and we're not literally confined to dingy concrete cells, but we are trapped by pain, suffering, anxiety, uncertainty, unfulfilled dysfunction, forever out of place, and death. So, in fact, what I'm about to present is an escape plan from the strongest maximum-security prison ever built—the human will.

If that's true, if, unlike Club Med, life is not as it should be, if there really is a life of joy and abundance destined for us by the Creator, logic would dictate that the plan I'm about to reveal is more than an interesting piece of advice. It's more than another bit of positive information about life to read and forget. If this truly is a viable escape plan, logic dictates that this is the most important piece of information that has ever come your way. It should not just be read; it should be seized. It should be studied and memorized, or copied and put in your pocket so you can read it on the street, or taped to the mirror so it's the first thing you see when you wake up.

This plan involves six statements outlined in the Gift of the Divine Will. The six statements that follow serve as an explanation of life as it is, and life as it should be. The Divine Will provides a method for getting from one to the other. It is rigorously logical, yet it is not a product of human reason. It is born of information gradually revealed over millennia to saints whose fate it has been to receive such truths and relay them to the rest of us. It is a message from the other side of the wall, a shaft of sunlight pouring through a crack in the prison door.

1. The world is the war of two opposite forces: light and darkness.



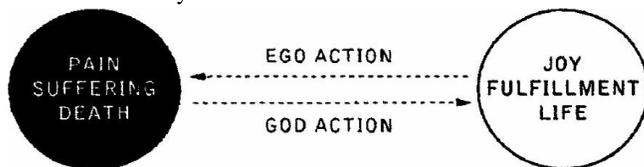
There is no permanence in the universe. There is only movement. We are either heading toward the Light or we're heading for Darkness. Through our acts, we choose our direction.

2. The source of light, better known as the Trinity, is the Wellspring of all joy, fulfillment, and life. The force of darkness, better known as ego nature—the human will—is the source of all pain, suffering, and death.



All the positive things we experience in our lives are manifestations of the Light of the Creator. Ego is the state of total disconnection from the original Light; therefore, it brings complete Darkness. We navigate between these two forces. When we are in the clutches of the human will, we veer ever closer to Darkness. There we feast on a steady diet of chaos and sickness and are finally sentenced to death.

3. We create our lives by whichever force we connect to.



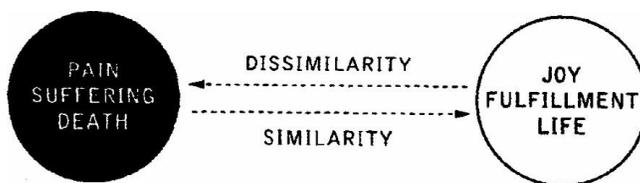
There is a choice to be made in every act.

We have the power to choose our reality. Each moment, we can connect in varying degrees to Light and to Darkness, depending on our actions. To the degree our actions connect to those of Jesus, we will experience Light and fulfillment. To the degree our actions connect to Darla-less and ego, we will experience pain.

As we choose to move closer to the Light, we will experience a greater degree of fulfillment and less pain. As we choose to move closer to ego nature and the diminishing of God's Light—which is, in essence, the Humanity of the Son—we increase our experience of pain and decrease our fulfillment.

Those are our only choices.

4. We connect to the two forces through the law of similarity of form: we connect to and become what we become like.

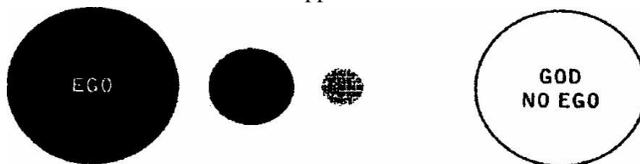


We're accustomed to the idea of things being separated by space.

On a deeper level, things are separated or connected by a similarity or dissimilarity of form. We're separated from God, for example, because we're not like Jesus; we don't match His essence. His is an essence of sharing, and ours is of receiving.

According to the Law of Similarity of Form, when essences match, the separation ends. This means that as our essence becomes more as it should be, we move closer to being like Jesus. Another way to say this is, we become like Jesus by behaving like Jesus; this is an act of the human and Divine Will operating as a unity.

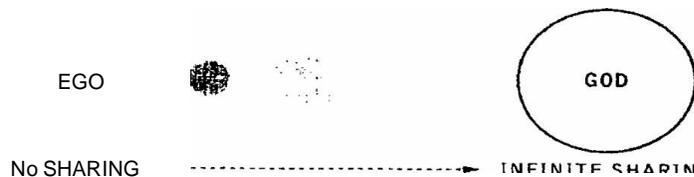
5. We regain our likeness to the Humanity of Jesus by systematically dismantling the use of the human will, because the desire to receive for the self alone is the opposite of God. He does not receive from my one.



Through a cosmic case of mistaken identity, we connect to our own will, to a dissimilarity of nature with Jesus. The world has been carefully ravaged by the opponent for the care and feeding of that ego—the endless craving for respect, vanity, praise, and flattery, and the ceaseless indulgence of selfish desires.

To achieve similarity of form, to match His essence, we must move wholeheartedly in the opposite direction: to confronting, humiliating, embarrassing, and purging that ego nature rather than propping it up, and freeing ourselves from the need to indulge selfish desires, until our essence finally becomes like God's essence.

6. We become Jesus by transforming into beings of sharing, because God is a force of infinite sharing.

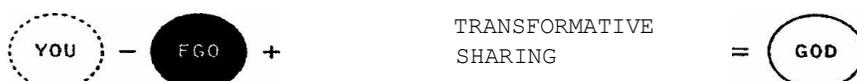


Desire to receive for the self alone is the opposite of Jesus' nature, which is a nature of infinite sharing. By opposing this selfish desire and becoming beings of sharing, we match His essence. Transforming into a being of sharing does not mean performing an occasional act of generosity. It mandates continual movement toward the Light and a change of form: to become a being in which every thought, every action, and every utterance comes from the Desire to Share.

This transformation, in which sharing becomes a way of living, not merely an occasional act, in which sharing is done when it is not easy or comfortable to share, bears a special name.

It is called transformative sharing.

Through a dual process of eradicating the ego and performing transformative sharing, we awaken our true nature and become conformed to God's own likeness, creating a life of total joy and fulfillment.



Wherever we can, we must take actions to annihilate the activity of the human will. Conversely, we won't dread embarrassing and humiliating situations anymore; we will welcome them, because they help us destroy the ego and realize our true nature. (Whatever happened to the invitation to take up the Cross and follow Him?) Wherever we can, we share, especially when it's not easy or comfortable to do so.

When Jesus lives His life through us with the Gift of the Divine Will, we realize the Trinity's nature in every cell and we eradicate the barriers between our original nature and ourselves.

When we do not live like Jesus, we live in separation, in ego nature, in the desire to receive for the self alone. Here, each desire makes our separation more solid, sentencing us to pain, suffering, and death.

So, we have a job to do in this physical realm: continually rooting out the desire to receive for the self alone. Moment to moment, in every moment of now, we must operate as beings of sharing. The uniqueness of the Divine Will is most clearly seen in this affirmation: We were created for one single purpose: to become like GOD glorifying Him by sharing in His essence, His love, His will, His life, His eternity, His nature, His power.

#### CHAPTER FIVE: *YOUR LIFE CHANGES NOW*

Now we know the formula provided by the Gift of the Divine Will.

We're either heading toward life or we're heading toward death. Step by step (the Four Degrees as explained in Volume 19), we'll either achieve complete and utter connection with Jesus—and pain, suffering, and death will disappear from his world—or we'll achieve complete disconnection from God and we'll die. Right now, this minute, as you read these words, you're either heading for eternal life or you're committing suicide.

This realization is not a paradigm shift- It's a paradigm shattering. And yet, given that you have found this paper among many others and have accompanied me so far with a disposition to possess this holiest of Gifts, chances are you know this is true.

God exists, and He would never consign the human race to endless suffering and unavoidable death. Union with God is possible, and its consequence is never-ending joy and the removal of death. God does not suffer and die; therefore, we don't need to suffer and die.

So, the only question is where to begin.

We begin with ruthless honesty about our present state. We must name the extent to which selfishness governs our every action. We must focus the truth upon ourselves and reveal that everything we do is born of selfish desire. The desire to receive for the self alone is in permanent ON position. This is most true when we think we're acting selflessly. When we make a donation, help our neighbor, go the extra mile at work, pray for humanity in a place of prayer, what are we actually doing? We're trying to gain advantage for ourselves, or our agenda may be to feel good about ourselves. It may be to appear spiritual in the eyes of the world. But a pure gaze on our motives suggests our motives are rarely pure; Jesus informs Luisa they never are, if accomplished with human intent.

The Divine Will is a two-tiered assault on the ego: the process of dismantling our ego on the inside and performing transformative sharing on the outside. An assault with no rest, no compromise, and one constant litmus test: am I one with Jesus yet, operative with Him in His works, or am I still in the confusing state of unfulfillment?

The process of purifying our ego is not a moral decision. It's a down-to-earth, hardheaded, practical decision, because it leads to happiness and fulfillment of purpose.

Transformative sharing does not come automatically; rather, it violates our sense of entitlement. It is so contrary to our nature, in fact, that it changes our nature itself. Sharing and ego are inversely proportional, just as a wall and sunlight are inversely proportional: The more wall, the less sun. The less wall, the more sun. We share with others so we can truly give to ourselves.

#### TRUE SELFISHNESS

The Catholic Church teaches that the world was created with a single purpose: to provide the Creator with an opportunity to share His abundance with His Creation. With that purpose in mind, the Creator shaped vessels to receive that abundance. These vessels sometimes bear the name "human beings,"

Unfortunately, we vessels have underperformed in our promise.

We were designed to become one with our Creator. We were built to hold an infinite payload of health, joy, and life. Instead, we contain a little health, a few infinitesimal drops of joy, and about 75 years of pain and suffering. Instead of being infinite, we're like thimbles in a vast ocean of life. What happened?

We vessels, it turns out, were constructed with a defective material called desire to receive for the self alone (or, in its more pejorative expression, the eager, active, uncontrollable human will). When the self is preoccupied with its own desires, obsessed with its own survival, and driven by hunger for immediate gratification, the self becomes opaque to the Creator's Light. We vessels fail, not because we want to receive, but because we want to receive so little. We know there's nothing wrong with desire itself. It's just that the vessel we use to receive our desire is so limited. Consumed by ego, our desires are in fact not simply limited. They are shrunken, defiled, black, and harmful. We're like the child in the following story.

A father and his young son were walking down the street. The boy was extremely agitated with his father, shouting, "You're mean, Daddy! Give them to me!" The father held his son's hand tightly and continued walking down the street without response. Finally, the boy was making such a ruckus, and the father seemed so oblivious to his son, that a passerby felt moved to approach the father and ask him why he treated his son so badly. "Can't you see you're upsetting him?" they complained "What kind of father denies a son in such distress?" The father looked patiently at the passerby "You do not understand," he said. 'A few streets back, my son saw brightly colored knives in a shop window. He waits me to buy them for him so he can play with them. I've told him that the knives are dangerous for a child his age and he risks hurting himself badly.'

Transforming the desire to receive for the self alone into the desire to share is actually a supreme act of self-interest, as long as you spell Self with a capital S. This is not the self that is the ego, the self that can only die. I mean the Self that can become one with God's Son, that allows His Light to shine unobstructed forever, because when you are one with Jesus, you are like God, with all the rights and privileges of the Trinity. Jesus invited Luisa to "come with Me into my Will and help Me determine the fate of the world." That is one awesome statement!

Within the fabric of the universe, there is abundance. In every atom and every cell of life, there is sufficiency. There's nothing wrong, immoral, or ungodly about Self-interest. There's nothing bad about wanting to receive. In fact, the basic attempt to eliminate Self-interest is simply one more trick of the ego. The very reason we pursue transformative sharing is to receive. The wisest of definitions of being human means "to receive." We connect to God's Will in order to change our vessel into a cup with no bottom so we can receive endlessly.



A wise monk of the Middle Ages used to tell his students: "You want to know where God's Light is? God's Light is wherever you let Him in." We don't need to pray to God or plead to God for his Light. We just need to remove the walls we've built.

The Gift of the Divine Will is a bulldozer.

### WELCOME TO THE STATE OF ANNESIA

You've been wandering in a desert. Years have passed, and your body is caked with hot dry dust. You dream of cool water and fruit, but day after day you survive on nothing but cactus. Cactus in the morning, cactus at night. Then one day a scout arrives with an amazing message: Twenty miles away there's an oasis, with crystal-clear waters, palm trees, and dates.

How do you respond?

There's only one sane response: You drop everything in a nanosecond and race madly in the direction of the oasis. Nothing deters you, nothing distracts you, nothing fills your mind except images of soothing cool water and blissful shade.

With these pages, a scout is bringing you news of an oasis. Not only does it offer dates and palms, it holds out eternal joy and fulfillment. What's your response?

Some will say that the scout's mistaken, he's probably seen a mirage. Others will be inspired, head for the oasis, and after a few miles come upon a scrawny palm tree, under which they will proceed to sit for years, insisting that it's the oasis. Others will gather and chat endlessly about the oasis over a nice cup of cactus. Others will claim cacti are the most delicious plants in the world, so who needs an oasis? Most everybody will soon forget that the word oasis was ever mentioned.

What on earth is going on?

The state of ego is a state of amnesia. We don't remember what we came here to do, to manifest our true nature and have God's likeness returned to us by living in His most holy Will

So we read something inspirational and are moved by it. Years later, we may stumble upon it by accident and realize we'd totally forgotten about it. We pray or meditate or have life-changing experiences. We feel different. Then we don't. What's up? One moment we have a transformative experience and the next we're cursing the person who bumps into us on the street? Why?

We forget because it's in our nature to forget. Years of living in a consciousness disconnected from Jesus, thinking we have the "responsibility" (fusing our will, have piled on and covered us like a shell, to the point where our original nature now is but a pilot light flickering in the vast darkness of egoistic, mechanical behavior.

We need a plan to follow every moment of our lives—right now, this instant, because the next instant we'll forget, and then we'll remember again. Living in the Divine Will can't be just another thing we know. It must be remembered constantly with clarity. The assault on ego and the process of transformative sharing must become our operating system: AS JESUS. A drop of being is worth a pound of knowing. Being is true knowledge, because knowledge without action has limited value; the complacency of quietism is not possible when we live in God's Will. We begin to act, identified with the correct Humanity—that of Christ; where ego rises up we deny it. When we don't feel like sharing, we share. Each act gets us a little closer to the Light, a little further from death.

And the most important truth of all is the fact that becoming like Jesus is possible. We can do it. This is the simplest and most extraordinary truth. It is observed that we use only 4 percent of our brain (on good days). Who knows how much of our heart and soul we're using?

There's an oasis not far away. Don't forget! This paper is a string tied around your finger; don't forget! And every time you don't forget, it gets a little easier to remember.

### CHAPTER SIX: AND DEATH SHALL HAVE NO DOMINION

There's a story from an ancient text that tells of the passing of a saint named Sparrow. From the moment of his death, Sparrow's small son was inconsolable, weeping on his father's bed pressing his mouth tightly to his father's mouth, barring anyone from getting near the great sage's body. "Where is the justice?" the boy cried "I should have been taken in my father's place." Refusing consolation, he gripped his father tightly, as if he believed his small thin arms were strong enough to resist his father's departure to the other world. He implored the heavens to take him instead, and his wails proved so moving that finally a visiting friend began to weep along with the child. He then recited a verse from the Bible.

Suddenly a pillar of fire arose and the mourners from the dead man, though the child remained attached to the lips of his father. A voice then spoke to the dead sage: "Blessed are you, Sparrow, that the speeches of the young child and his tears rose to the throne of the Holy King. Twenty-two years have been added to your life, so you will have time to teach your son to be perfect and beloved before the Holy One." Then the pillar of fire vanished and Sparrow opened his eyes. He saw his son, whose lips remained glued to his, and he heard his consoling friend announce, "Blessed is our lot that we have witnessed the resurrection of the dead."

It is the final taboo. The unthinkable and undeniable. The universal solvent. Death.

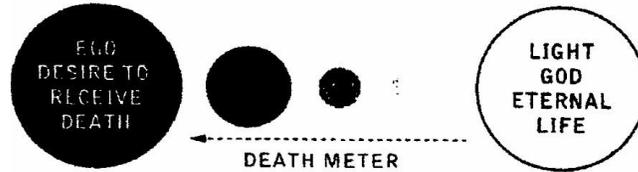
The Gift of the Divine Will comes to us from a world to come, inviting us to a new courage: not the courage to die, the traditional measure of bravery, but rather the courage not to die. The courage to confront a newly defined immortality. On what basis can we challenge the indisputable truth that we are born to die, when geneticists themselves remain puzzled that death is nowhere to be found in our incredibly perfect DNA?

"He will swallow up death forever and God will wipe away the tears of all the faces," says Sacred Scripture. It's not possible to read this statement and remain calm. The Bible promises the death of death.

When Enoch passed on, the Bible says, he did not die. Rather, Enoch was "no longer there because God had taken him," which has always been interpreted that he actually left the earth with his physical body, which did not die.

The Bible also says Elijah did not die but rather was elevated to the upper worlds with his body, rising up to heaven in a chariot of fire.

We challenge the hegemony of death on the basis of such statements in the Old Testament and truths revealed in the New. John tells us that there are two poles, light and darkness. The light is Jesus, eternal life, and total fulfillment, and the darkness is ego, or desire to receive for the self alone, and is the force of death. When we choose to connect to darkness, we move closer toward death. When we choose to connect to the light, on the other hand, we draw down more and more deifying grace. Our job is to travel to the light, and when we reach it completely, when we have regained our original likeness to God, death shall have no dominion.



This is the end of death, the primordial fear from which we were freed by Jesus in the Redemptive Fiat. It is an ontological function of our being. The wisdom of the Divine Will is here not to strengthen a given belief system but to inspire us to venture beyond belief to the realm of divine action, where the deepest human hope travels out of the realm of pure faith and into the realm of everyday life.

Physical immortality is possible because Jesus promised it to us, along with the Kingdom of God.

And knowing that, we have a mandate to make it happen.

It's said in Israel that one day an early disciple approached his friend Yehuda with a request: that after the disciple goes to his grave, his good friend should pray for him all the seven days of mourning. Astonished, the friend asked why the disciple supposed he was going to die, whereupon the disciple gave two reasons. First, when his soul left him during sleep, it no longer enlightened him with dreams. Second, he no longer saw his shadow. "Once a man's shadow is no longer seen," he reminded his friend, "he passes away from this world." Yehuda replied, "I shall carry out your requests, but I also ask that you shall reserve a place for me beside you in the other world just as I was by your side in this world." Distraught at the prospect of their imminent separation, the two friends finally went to see their leader, one of the greatest in history, whose name was Shimon. Shimon was on such a level in his own journey toward becoming like God that he simply lifted up his eyes and could see the angel of death dancing before the disciple. He invited his two students into his home, but refused entrance to the angel of death. "Whoever is a usual visitor to my house shall enter," he said, "and whoever is not shall be barred".

Once inside, Shimon stood up and said, "Master of the universe, we have a certain disciple of Yours with us. Behold I hold him Give him to me!" A resounding voice replied, "Behold, the disciple is yours." Instantly he fell asleep and in his sleep saw his father, who proclaimed, "Son, happy is your portion in this world and in the world to come, for you sit among the leaves of the tree of life in the Garden of Eden." A sound went forth in all the worlds: "Friends who stand here, bedeck yourself for Shimon who has asked a request of the Holy One that my disciple shall not die," and it was granted him.

The disciple then awoke and laughed. His face shone.

If Shimon had the power to turn back the angel of death with a simple act of will, why do we invite death into our bedroom so willingly? Why is the inevitability of death off the table, marked NOT FOR DISCUSSION? Simply because it has always been that way? Just because we're driving through history with our eyes on the rearview mirror instead of on the road ahead?

Life should come with the same legal disclaimer as financial advertising: PAST PERFORMANCE IS NO GUARANTEE OF FUTURE RESULTS. Turning points in history are nothing but the record of assumptions overthrown: a diary of impossibilities and those who rose up to accomplish them. At one time, one-third of humanity died from viruses and bacteria. Today, Bubonic Plague is just an appropriate name for a rock band. At one time, when oil lamps still burned, experts declared that everything that ever would be invented had already been invented. Today, we take and send digital pictures with our cellular telephones. Who'd a thunk?

History is not kind to impossibility. However impossible physical immortality might seem, our Lord's promise fulfilled will sweep that notion aside.

Immortality will not simply happen because we build a time machine, develop stronger antibiotics or

download our DNA onto hard drives. Immortality will happen because of our work of becoming like Jesus and because we're already immortal. In our souls and wills we're already like Him, but because we're set apart from God's nature of sharing, we suffer and we die. When we regain our likeness to God, we erase our own diseases, transform everyday annoyances into opportunities to become free, dismiss the thoughts that cause depression with a wave of our hand, live with a grander purpose than surviving the prison another day, and become one with the cause of all our experiences. Like our friend in the story, we'll even put up a No Trespassing sign to the angel of death so that from now until eternity, death shall have no dominion.

#### CHAPTER SEVEN:

##### *THE OPPONENT: THE STUFF THAT DEATH IS MADE OF IT'S NOT US. IT'S HIM.*

He's a deadly parasite, a prison guard who prevails, not by putting us in a cell, but by putting himself inside us. He's a dark force moving inside our bodies, thinking inside our brains, and commanding our actions endlessly, all with the aim of our total and absolute annihilation.

We don't live. He lives us.

Spiritual directors have always called the opponent the evil inclination, embedded and disguised as the human will. Evil, because of the ruthless campaign of confusion, forgetfulness, doubt, and despair with which he continually bombs our souls. Evil, because he hotwires us to the Desire to Receive for the Self Alone. Evil, because he's a force pervading the universe, at work 24/7 to block our true nature and imprison us in pain, suffering, and death.

We don't live. He lives us.

The opponent has us convinced that we're free individuals, whereas many of our thoughts are his. He has convinced us that the human will is our greatest friend when, in fact, it's our fiercest enemy. He's the reason we live in what is external to our intended nature—ego—rather than in our essence, which is the Desire to Share.

So, one day, we're inspired by a piece of wisdom. It resonates deep within us like an ancient memory. We're intrigued, inquisitive- Then suddenly we remember a parking ticket we forgot to pay. Then we realize we're a little hungry and wonder if we should have a snack. In minutes, we've forgotten the wisdom. This is no accident. It's not us. It's him. Then we remember I could actually be free of suffering and death, we think to ourselves. Then a voice inside says, "Don't be naïve." It's not us. It's him. "No one escapes," the conversation in our minds continues. "Don't delude yourself. Life is suffering and then you die. Anyone who says differently is in it for the profit. You're depressed, but at least you're not a sucker." It's not us. It's him.

This is a snapshot of prison life. This is the opponent hard at work, manning the gates.

He lives in our bodies, and we aren't even angry about it. Instead, we focus on looking good, not understanding that this desire makes us slaves to everyone who sees us. It's not us. It's him. We curse the driver who cuts us off at the intersection, not understanding that we're sacrificing our health, our sense of well-being on this morning of our lives to someone we've never met. It's not us who wants to yell from the car window. It's him.

It gets worse. An active human will means permanent war with the physical world. The opponent convinces us that we're entitled to comfort, and then tells us we should be irritated when everything doesn't go our way. Again, it's not us. It's the human will.

We believe we're the active principle in our lives, but we're reacting constantly. We don't control. We are controlled.

It's not us. It's him;

And now we never need to be fooled again by anger or depression or fear. Because every time we're about to act, or react, we'll ask, "Is it me or is it him?"

#### WHY DO YOU ASK MY NAME

In the book of Genesis, Jacob wrestles with an angel who is the sum of all the opposition to love in the universe. Jacob eventually defeats him, and as the angel begs for release, Jacob issues him a challenge: "I'll let you go if you tell me your name."

The angel replies: "Why do you ask my name?"

It seems an innocent question. But within this question we find a secret to unraveling the power of the dark force.

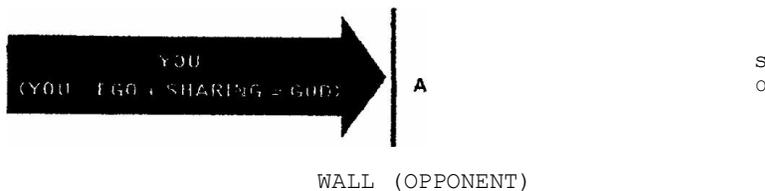
A person's name is his or her essence. When Jacob demands the angel's name he's demanding to know his essence. What is the wellspring of the opponent's power? How is he so able to dominate people? If Jacob can understand his essence, he can defeat him. "Why do you ask my name?" the angel replies, and in that question, we learn how Jacob got his answer.

His name is Why do you ask my name? That's his name. That's the essence. The power of confusion. The power to make people doubt, to question why they even bother to figure things out. It happens every time the question Why? is placed in the conversation. (Remember where the why? comes from!)

Focus and clarity are the opponent's mortal enemies. We must fight for clarity every moment: clarity about the importance of clarity, clarity that we're in a prison, clarity that there's a Divine Will in force, clarity that we're destined to be re-formed to God's likeness.

If life is asleep in us, courtesy of the sedative called The Active Human Will, Jacob's tussle with the angel represents our struggle to wake up. Most of the time, whenever people have attempted to think clearly throughout history, the angel has wrestled them into submission.

We live in the Reign of Confusion, presided over by the angel Why do you ask my name?



One of his greatest allies is a principle of physical existence called the gap between cause and effect. There's no effect without a cause, and no cause without effect. And were there no gap between cause and effect, were we instantly to see the results of our actions, we'd see clearly what needed to be done. But the gap between cause and effect erects a wall of blindness between our selfish actions and the darkness that ensues. So, one morning we might be impatient with someone at work. No big deal. Two weeks later we wake up in a bad mood and wonder why. "It's just my nature," we may say. "I'm just an unhappy person. I need a double espresso." What we don't see is the correlation between an act of selfishness two weeks ago and a negative result this morning.

Time doesn't heal all wounds, it just obscures their cause. If we could see that every action arising from the use of our will has a negative consequence, we'd arise from our slumber. We'd realize that our actions have consequences, as sure as the sun rises, and that we have the power to change those consequences.



## TIME

We have the power to be proactive, not reactive. Once we see the connection between actions and results, it becomes easier to change. With correlation comes correction. And with correction comes power. The opponent—the human will—fears our power most of all, so he convinces us that we're insignificant.

In the Reign of Confusion, with the angel Why do you ask my name? presiding on every corner, we must be steadfast in our desire for clarity and focus. Clarity and focus transform our actions. When we give charity for the purpose of being a good person, we feel good. When we give charity for the purpose of becoming like Jesus, we become immortal.

Such are the stakes of the battle. The opponent does not rest. He has no paid holidays. He never runs home to catch must-see TV. Look up, and he'll be there. So, whatever victories we they're not opportunities to take a rest but platforms from which to battle further. I insert here the wise reminder which comes from the spiritual doctor, St. John of the Cross: "Most people finish their spiritual journey half-way through, merely because they think they have arrived at the summit." Wise people still seek spiritual directors, an outside observer.

## THE NAME OF DEATH

Ego is the stuff of which death is made.



The result of the human volition is the Desire to Receive for the Self Alone, a serpent bite that poured venom into Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden and has flowed through human veins ever since. That is our foundation story, the angel of death convincing Adam and Eve to eat of the tree of knowledge. We carry the venom of the serpent, or a volatile, self-centered, anguished and diseased human will, with us now. We are led along a path of more and more selfishness until things reach a critical mass and an angel bearing a new name shows up: the angel of death. "You have completed your journey to me," he says. "Now you are mine."

The use of the human will is the energy of death. When we connect to the Divine Will, we begin eradicating death from our lives. The Gift begins by realizing by making real inside our beings, that every time we go after the desire to receive for the self alone, we're actually attracting death. When we see this as an absolute fact, we'll get closer to retrieving our divine likeness.

The opponent has prevented us from putting cause and effect, Actor and Spectator, together, the true correlation between what we do and what we experience. We don't see that the use of the human will leads to pain, suffering, and ultimately, death. This allows us to pretend that a selfish action has no consequence. The venom flows. We can choose the self alone every minute of every day for 80 years, millions of tiny decisions over a lifetime, and when our uselessness has accumulated to a critical point, we die.

Or we can start removing the venom. Drop by drop,  
act by act.

## CHAPTER EIGHT: *COMFORT KILLS*

It's the potion that lets us drift thoughtlessly and robotically toward death.

It's a deadly drug, sold throughout the prison, flowing through the veins of its prisoners.

The drug is comfort.

Comfort is the illusion that we're getting somewhere while the treadmill turns and the clock ticks. Comfort is a warm blanket that keeps us wrapped in the human will—the desire to receive for the self alone—oblivious to the urgent need to change.

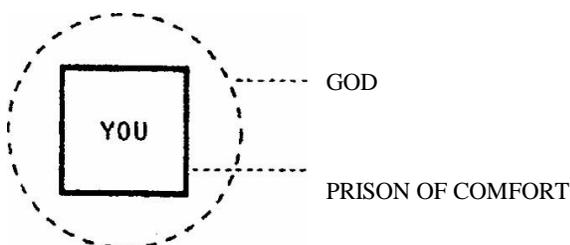
"I'm comfortable. This prison really isn't all that bad. Perhaps the goal of life is for us all to have a productive stay in prison. One-day r may even grow up to be president of the cell block. It could happen. It's a free prison." or,

"I'm comfortable. You know, maybe I'm not even in prison. Maybe I've been hallucinating all this time. Maybe I'm in the South Seas and these concrete walls are really sand and the bare light bulb is a warm glowing sun.

Comfort kills, even though seeking it is a biologically determined survival strategy. Organisms instinctively flee discomfort; that's why they survive. But what's comfortable for the body is misery for the soul. As souls, we're trapped in the 24-hour survival drama of the bodies we inhabit. The comfort we truly long for, the ultimate and only comfort, is a transubstantive encounter with the Creator's own Eternal Will.

On the one hand we have the illusory comfort of the body, then, and on the other, the true comfort of the soul. We cannot be comfortable in both universes at the same time, any more than we can go east while we're going west. We're either moving toward the Kingdom or we're moving toward ego, death, and suffering. And the road to real comfort—which is Jesus—passes through a great deal of discomfort.

It passes through discomfort because it mandates destruction of the need to feel special, the hunger for approval, the longing to belong, the addiction to the fluff of flattery—all the mental junk food, empty of real nutrition, that we stuff into our brains to feed the illusion of an ego self.



The journey to God is an ejection seat from the comfort zone. If the signpost reads DISCOMFORTS, we know we're on the right road. When we go against our human nature, we're on the right road. When someone bruises our ego and instead of walking out indignantly as is customary, we stay and study the pain, we welcome the bruising and we feel gratitude for the insulters, to those who've given us this opportunity to experience Jesus in such a real, immediate and powerful way, then we're on the right road

We define comfort as the absence of pain. But true comfort is the crossing of an abyss. On one side is us. On the other is fulfillment. We've been trying to drag happiness over to our side of the abyss, when what we really need to do is jump to the other side. Leaping the abyss is total transformation of our nature: becoming like Jesus rather than hoping that Jesus will become like us. Not a real new idea. I once described it this way: We're trying to transform God's desires to ours, so He'll give us what we want. But God's desires are what we actually need, so we should make our desires conform to His. When the conference participant complained that he had prayed over and over but God had not answered his prayers, I replied, "God has answered your prayers. The answer was no." So go have a temper tantrum and disavow God.

When we're uncomfortable, the prison bars weaken. When we share when it's uncomfortable to share, we're pounding a battering ram against the walls. When we welcome the prison door strains at its hinges.

So if we would seek to "return to the place, order and purpose for which we were created," we must seek the uncomfortable—with a myriad of small steps each leading in the same direction: out of the comfort zone.

#### THE LESSON OF THE CLOWN SUIT

*A holy priest was out walking one day when turned to his and said, "The wonderful smell of the Garden of Eden is coming from this house. Let 's investigate.."*

*They went inside the house. The priest explained to the owner why they had stopped and asked if they could look around to discover what was producing such an intoxicating smell. The man agreed, delighted to receive two such renowned sages.*

*The priest and the others walked from room to room, eventually reaching the 's bedroom. The priest went to the closet and, asking to look inside, hidden way in back behind shoes and boxes, a clown suit. The priest picked up the suit and announced, "This is the source of the fragrance of the Garden of Eden that fills this house and even the street outside. Sir, would you be so kind as to tell us the story of this costume P "*

*The man went red in the face. "I really wish you hadn't brought this up, " he said "I've been trying to forget about it for a long time! But I'll tell you the story.*

*"A few years ago, one of the townspeople came to me desperate for some money to help him breathe a little while he paid of some debts. I told him I'd do everything I could Since I had little money of my own at the time, I hocked on all the doors in my neighborhood, asking for money to help a man in such a wretched situation. Very few of my neighbors contributed anything, and the end of six or seven hours of traveling from house to house, I had barely scraped any money together at all. It was now late in the evening and, quite weary, I walked to the local tavern for some refreshment, wondering what more I could do to help the poor man. Despondent I looked in my purse, but there wasn't enough to make even a dent in his debts.*

*"At the next table, a group of wealthy men were laughing and slapping one another on the back rowdily, evidently quite drunk. One of them leaned over to me, a strong smell of beer on his breath, and asked 'Why 're you looking so glum?' I told him the whole story and he said, 'I have an idea. I'll give you the money, but you have to do something for me. I have this clown suit I want you to put it on and walk with me through the town. What a hoot that will be! '*

*"I looked at him aghast. But it's midnight, 'I stammered We 'll wake everyone up. "The man roared with laughter. 'That's the whole point, ' he said.*

*"Well, the streets of our town more alleyways than streets, and the townsfolk all like to keep their bedroom windows open at night. It was clear that we were about to start a riot. I thought that if I was able to rush through the town quickly enough to avoid being lynched, perhaps it wouldn't be such a big price to get the money I needed. Finally looked up at the man and said, 'Okay. I'll do it. '*

*"What I had not bargained for was that the man was going to bring all his drinking companions to join the fun. So there we were, parading through the town, 30 drunks singing and screaming, and me out in front in the clown suit, hoping the earth would open and swallow me up.*

*"Lights went on everywhere.irate men and women in their nightclothes looked out their windows and shouted obscenities at us. More than a few emptied their chamber pots. This went on for over an hour, by which time there wasn't a man, woman, or child in the town who hadn't witnessed my utter disgrace.*

*"Finally, the drunks had had enough. The man paid me my money and I rushed home, my face burning with shame. I threw the clown suit into the back of my closet and did everything I could to forget that night—the worst I 'd ever had. "*

*When the man had finished his story, the priest at him with bright eyes. "That explains why this extraordinary fragrance was coming from your closet, " he said. "Your sharing action shattered your ego so completely that a tremendous amount of Light was revealed. Indeed, so powerful is the protection that even after your death it will continue. Tell your family to bury you in the suit when you die, for it will give you immediate*

*admission into the Garden of Eden. "*

The story of the clown suit is an interesting seminar in dying to self. The suit offered discomfort powerful enough to grant its wearer instant admission to the Garden of Eden.

But for most of us, this identification with Jesus will probably not be the result of one grand gesture. It will come in countless small victories, taking us act by act out of the prison cell of comfort. By actively seeking the uncomfortable, we awaken our deeper, original nature. Under every rock of discomfort is concealed an opportunity to become a greater participant in the redeeming life of Christ.

The question is not, Am I taking spiritual action? The question is, Am I taking uncomfortable action?

We challenge the opponent, our active will, in his personal fiefdom, the comfort zone, aware of his big lie. Contrary to what he promises, when we seek comfort before transformation, we'll never be truly at ease. On the other hand, when seeking God's Desire is our sole objective, we'll find ultimate peace.

These words must make you uncomfortable, or it has failed in its mission. Which side of the cross are you on? It's a personal invitation to the ultimate comfort that awaits on the other side of discomfort.

It is the fight of your life. It is the fight for your life.

## CHAPTER NINE:

### *THE HEART OF MISGUIDED PEOPLE IS "ALMOST"*

When we're in a maximum-security prison, an escape plan is not escapist reading. It is not just something to while away the time lying on our bunks. If it's a true escape plan, it will enflame our dreams of freedom and dominate our every waking moment. This is where a physical prison differs from the prison we call life. Because in the prison of life, chained to our own dysfunctional will, a human being may well stumble upon an escape plan—perhaps in the gray dungeon light, and read of a path to eternal light. What will be his response? Most likely he'll pursue the escape plan for years, each day venturing out from his cell to gather more information, then returning each night to regale fellow prisoners with what he learned. He'll never actually leave the prison but he'll comfort himself for years with the notion that he's truly on the road of escape. This is the story of all past saints.

What chains human beings to the mediocrity of almost? Lack of clarity of our purpose in this world, and lack of clarity about the true scope and power of the Divine Will keep us enslaved. Once the Divine Will, God's Kingdom and the accompanying divine sanctity is clearly seen as the only goal, we cannot possibly be satisfied with simply sharing, meditating, praying, or doing good. Our goal is not to be good. It's to arrive at God's very holiness. Rather than a hobby, the journey from human to divine sanctity is nothing less than a wholehearted struggle conducted every second that we breathe.

Our transformation to this new nature—which only the Divine Will can perform—is the only worthwhile goal in life. Nothing less than completion of the journey will do. But we inhabit a mentality where completeness doesn't exist, where C is passing, where 51% is a majority, where comfort is the goal.

### THE ILLUSION OF THE MIDDLE

Understanding the Gift of the Divine Will shatters what I call the illusion of the middle. This illusion tells us that somewhere between an all-out assault on the Desire to Receive for the Self Alone and a life of utter Darkness, there's a pleasant garden of mediocrity. A peaceful place for us to TV, give to charity, think about spirituality, and build our 401(k) retirement funds.

In the Apocalypse John tells us that Luke warmness is a fatal and spewable disease. Shattering the illusion leads to the realization that there is no middle. We're either on the road to light or we're on the road to darkness. We're either becoming like Jesus or we're committing suicide. There is no other position. We may reject this as melodrama, and the opponent hopes that we do. But when we continue living in ego nature, obsessed with our self, when we purr at compliments and bristle when not paid the proper respect, when we fulfill selfish desires without regard to the pain of others, we're slowly committing suicide. We're opting for the control and exercise of our will. At a crossroads, we're choosing the sign marked PAN, SUFFERING, AND DEATH.

On the other hand, when we crush the force of ego, when we experience humiliation and thank the humiliator for the opportunity, when we share so that it hurts, especially if that sharing is the last thing we want to do, we're stepping into immortality. We're true followers of Jesus.

And we either complete that journey, or we're nowhere.

*There once was an abbot whose time had come to leave this world He summoned his many monks to his deathbed One by one, they bent over his frail and listened intently as he told them what their special tasks would be when he was gone. Finally, it was the turn of one of the abbot's closest friars, whom the abbot had known and loved for many years.*

*"Your job," the wise man whispered to him, "is to travel all over the world and tell stories about my life that will inspire people to seek the truth.*

*The friar was disappointed In those days it was a hardship to travel great distances, and besides, he would miss his friends and family during his long absences. However, he understood that the highest good for everyone, himself included would come from fulfilling his divine purpose in life, so he was determined to obey the instruction. He kissed his abbot's and asked, "Will this be my duty forever or only for a certain time?"*

*"You will know when you've completed your job" the abbot replied*

*For many years, the humble monk traveled from city to city and from country to country, telling stories about his abbot's life. Being a gifted conversationalist, he invariably lifted up the hearts of his audience and left them resolved to grow spiritually. Though he experienced the deep satisfaction that comes from fulfilling his purpose, he longed to receive a sign that would announce the completion of his mission.*

*One day, he heard of a very wealthy man, living in faraway town, who was reputed to pay handsomely anyone who could tell him authentic stories about the revered abbot. The monk decided to embark on the long journey in the hope of improving his finances, which were in a sorry state. He arrived in the town a few days later and went straight to the wealthy man's house.*

*"I was at the abbot's side continuously for many years," he told the man, "and I know thousands of stories."*

*That evening, the household gathered around the dining room table all eyes were upon the monk*

*"Speak to us," the wealthy man said "I believe you may know a story that I have waited a long time to hear."*

*The monk opened his mouth to speak but he could think of nothing to say. His mind had gone completely blank. Over the years he'd told countless stories, yet now he could not remember even one of them.*

*The wealthy man tried to hide his disappointment and told the holy visitor not to worry. "Perhaps you need sleep," he suggested "We'll talk again in the morning." However, the next day the same thing happened The monk's mind went totally blank He flushed stammered out an apology, sure that the family must suspect him of tricking them in order to enjoy their hospitality. Then he quickly rode away, vowing never to revisit the town*

*that had been the setting for such an ordeal. After traveling for four or five hours, however, something made him stop in his tracks: He suddenly remembered a story. He wrestled with himself for a few moments.*

*"Should I go back?" he wondered "It's not much of a story. By the time I return it will be late and I'll be tired. Besides, the man will have me arrested if I start banging on his door in the middle of the night claiming I remember a story. "*

*.The monk then recalled the man's excitement when he thought the monk could tell him stories, and the bitter disappointment on his face when he realized their time together would be fruitless; and the monk remembered his master 's sacred instruction to bring inspiration to people round the world. At length, he turned his reluctant horse around and started the journey back to the wealthy man's town. He arrived at the man's house after midnight and knocked at the door, which was instantly opened. The man stood in the doorway and the monk noticed that the man's eyes were red, as though he'd been crying for a long time.*

*"I remember a story!" the tired monk exclaimed. "But it's one of the poorest stories in my repertoire. It's based on my own experience and I don't even know how it turns out. I can only recount a fragment. "*

*"Never mind, the man said, ushering the traveler into the living room and beckoning him to sit down. A servant brought tea, and the wealthy man could barely contain himself while the monk refreshed himself with a few sips of the drink. Finally, the holy man began his story.*

*"Once there was a town ruled by a cruel governor. My abbot heard that this man had planned a massacre for the next day, and so my master set off across the forest with his entourage in order to visit the governor and see if he could stop it. When we reached the town, my master summoned me and told me to go talk to the governor and manage a meeting with him. I looked at my master aghast.*

*"He'll kill me, " I stammered "Just go and do as I say," my abbot replied serenely.*

*"I requested an audience with the governor and explained to him that my master wished to see him at the inn where my master had taken a room. The governor sat in an immense leather chair, almost like a throne, and pondered for a moment. There were a dozen guards protecting him, all armed with gleaming swords. It appeared certain that he would nod to them and I would be instantly hacked to pieces. But to my surprise, the governor glanced up at me and informed me that would visit my abbot at once.*

*"The governor and my abbot met for several hours, but I never learned what they discussed. All I know is that, as a result of the meeting, the governor called off the impending massacre. Soon afterward he left the town and was never heard from again.*

*"That's all I can tell you. "*

*The wealthy man rose and embraced the monk, all the while crying like a baby.*

*"That was me, " the man said. "I was the governor. I had lived a terrible life and killed many innocent people. I thought there was no hope for me, until I met your reverend master. Somehow, he was able to reach my soul. He told me many things that stirred me deeply, and I resolved immediately to change my ways. I asked him if there was any hope for me, and he told me that there was. The abbot then gave me exact instructions for cleansing myself of my evil deeds. Then I asked him, 'How will I know when I have completed my correction?*

*"He replied, 'If ever a man comes to you and tells you your story, then you'll know that you are absolved. '*

*The wealthy man hugged monk again and said, "That's why for all these years I've been paying a fortune to hear stories about the abbot, in the hope of hearing my own. After you left last night, I understood what was happening: You were the bearer of the abbot's story and I had been offered a chance to finish my correction, but had missed it. I began praying, crying, and begging for help in cleansing myself of any last residue of my past. My prayers must have been answered for you remembered the story and you came back.'*

This story is about a moment in time when two men choose to go the extra mile and, in doing so, achieve their ultimate purpose. The wealthy man could have accepted his disappointment and gone to bed. The monk could have kept on his way. He was exhausted, he was ashamed, and it was getting late. It would have been easy to push on to the night's lodging. Most people would have.

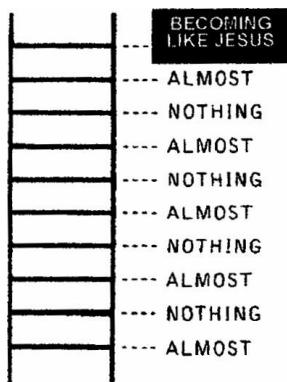
The secret of completion is to eradicate almost. To get rid of good enough and close enough. Jesus told Luisa that one of His greatest pains was seeing people who had begun their journey but failed to complete it. The rest of the world didn't bother Luisa, all those millions who never embarked on the journey to God, who never even bothered to glance from the windows of the prison. But she suffered deeply when someone struggled on the journey and fell short. She and Jesus were adamant: a complete act is a divine act; anything less is of no value.

There's a treasure in your attic, and a ladder with ten rungs leading up to it. You stop at the ninth rung. You may think you went far. The world may think you went far. But you're only on the ninth rung. You've gained nothing .

To all of humanity who've stopped on the ninth rung, the message is simple: You asked the wrong question. You asked, How spiritual am I?, when the real question is, Am I like Jesus yet?

Becoming like Jesus does not fit into our schedules. It's very inconvenient, in fact. It forces us to subordinate all other agendas. It has no days off. But we come to realize that, with our souls hanging in the balance, the distractions of life are nothing less than insanity. Pursuing them is like watching TV while the house burns down.

Unwavering effort is the requirement of transformation. We can try tapping gently on a board for a hundred years and not break it. But if we all of our force in a single, wholehearted blow, the board will shatter. Praying, meditating, volunteering for charity, and pursuing excellence are fine pursuits. But if they don't result in actual transformation, in becoming like Jesus, they're almost pointless.



A story is told in the Bible about Rebecca. During her pregnancy, she noticed something quite strange: Whenever she passed by certain parts of town—a place of study or prayer—she felt her child waiting to go there. At the same time, whenever she passed by other parts of town—a house of idol worshippers or a den of thieves—she felt her child wanting to go there also. The phenomenon worried her, because she thought her child might be hesitating over whether to follow the path of evil or the of righteousness.

She decided to go to a wise man for advice, and he told her, "You are caring two children. One twin is going to be a spiritual giant, the other is going to be drawn to darkness." He was referring to her two sons, Jacob and Esau.

Upon hearing this news, Rebecca had an astonishing reaction: She was not in the least bit dismayed. She was delighted Her offspring had avoided the lethal fate of mediocrity.

The extraordinary lesson of this story is that for most of us, being good is a barrier to becoming like Jesus.

Average will never rise above average, but extreme darkness carries within it the potential to see its darkness and change. Thus Rebecca was delighted that neither of her children were destined for mediocrity, doomed never to serve Israel's God without focused, single-minded effort. One child was perfect, one totally negative. In their extremes, both escaped the dangers of mediocrity. Both had strong potential to become more than they were.

These are the truths that can set us free. The problem with these truths, as with all truths, is that it's not enough simply to read them. It's not enough simply to understand them. We need to own them. What we need to do is make the Gift of the Divine Will a part of our cells, to let it enter our DNA and change our basic coding.

As Solomon said, "The heart of misguided people is 'almost.'" The road may seem impossible, yet it's our destiny to transform, transfigure, and ultimately transubstantiate our nature. In the Endgame, we'll all achieve it. The only question is, *How long will we postpone this, the journey back to God, who is closer than the air we breathe, present constantly until the journey is completed*

#### CHAPTER TEN: WEAPONS OF WAR

We're proposing escape from the greatest maximum security prison ever built. So it is not simply a matter of sneaking out when the guard is sleeping. In this prison, the guard never sleeps.

Escape from the prison of life is more akin to armed combat. Today Luisa might refer to our life as a war zone, a ceaseless battle against a negative force that operates inside our skin, inside our inside our cells, consigns us to robotic existence, and then kills us as a reward. It is mortal combat in the cause of immortal life.

We inhabit a war zone, we who would walk through the door that has opened at this moment in human endeavor. We are either reactive, mechanical, puppets of the human will, or we are pro-active agents of our own true God-given nature. We are either one or the other. Each moment of existence, we have a choice of operating system, and every moment is an opportunity to upgrade. There is joy with each coming ray of Light, but the reality of war continues nevertheless, the underlying battle never ends until we join to Adam's last holy act before God.

So this presentation can be looked at in another way: it is an arsenal of weapons, lying ready in the battle for our soul, on a battleground called our life.

**Perspective Shift:** Recognition is the first weapon. We must recognize it is a prison we inhabit and not a luxury hotel, because recognition breeds urgency and only in urgency can the fervor for escape begin.

**Disposition** is the second weapon. Only in refusing to accept death and suffering as final realities can the power to act begin. Suffering and death will cease only when the Kingdom of God is established on earth.

**The Gift of the Divine Will** is the third weapon. Only with absolute clarity and focus on the ultimate goal and the means of getting there can we break through the walls and return to our proper divine holiness.

**Unmasking the opponent** is the fourth weapon, because he will trick, confuse and deceive at every turn.

**Certainty** is the fifth weapon. Only with certainty of the extraordinary potential of every human being to become—not doctrinally, but ontologically—a child of the Father, can our goal be achieved.

**Vigilance against comfort** is the sixth weapon, because only by turning away from the deathtrap of comfort and plunging gladly into the realm of discomfort can we begin the dismantling of the ego and transformative sharing. Suffering will be understood as our greatest, most useful good, until we arrive at the Ultimate Good.

**Completion** is the seventh weapon, because only with ceaseless focus and remembrance of the ultimate goal, and refusal to settle for anything less than total transformation, will we call God's Kingdom to earth.

#### GETTING SERIOUS WITH OUR EGO

I like to shock participants at a Divine Will Conference when I say:

"None of you truly believe what I have taught you about the human will. If you had believed me, you would have changed by now."

*You would have changed by now.*

Even after years of work and a dogged determination the indefatigable ego resists conquest.

Why haven't we changed by now? What's the secret to the durability of the Desire to Receive for the Self Alone? Why is our devotion to ourselves so unswerving? The simple answer is; we don't abhor it enough. We don't find the evils unleashed by our will sufficiently repugnant to do what's necessary to transform. The opponent has hypnotized us to believe the care and feeding of the human will is in our best interests—even as it ends our lives. In this battle, our advantage lies in the nature of our essence to automatically reject anything it perceives as negative. So, although it's vitally important to recognize negativity, our work is not so much getting rid of the negativity, as it is merely seeing and recognizing it. The process of seeing it is synonymous with dispelling it.

If people really knew that every time they got angry they were committing suicide, they'd never get angry again. This makes the journey to imitating Jesus more about seeing and less about doing. And being continually shocked at each new act of human volition we see, even as the whole world praises us for our humility.

How much should we abhor ego?

*Someone once approached a great spiritual teacher. "I have to tell you that, a few months ago, one of your students acted in the most disgusting way" he said*

*Hearing the student's name, the teacher replied, "Joshua is one of the most spiritual people you could ever meet. I cannot believe he acted badly. Tell me the story.*

*"Well, there was to be a wedding in our town, " the man related "and on the day of the ceremony, the mother of the bride lost the dowry. The whole town had been excited about the wedding, but now that it had to be canceled, everyone was sad and some people were arguing and fighting—it was awful. Suddenly, this man entered the wedding hall, introduced himself as Joshua, and announced that he had found the dowry. You can imagine how relieved everybody was, especially the bride and her family. We were all delighted, but soon our delight turned to outrage. Joshua went on to say, 'If you want the dowry back, you must pay me a 20 percent finder's fee. '*

*"We stared at him in astonishment. 'Are you insane?' I said 'What kind of man would ask for a finder's fee in these circumstances? Just give the money back to her. ' But he insisted that he would not return the money without first taking his 20 percent finder's fee.*

*"Things went from bad to worse. A brawl started The bride's family beat Joshua and grabbed the money from his pockets. Then the rest of us got hold of him and ran him out of town. And, frankly, I can't really say that what we did was wrong, because what type of rogue would act in that way?"*

*The teacher said "There must be some explanation for this. Let me talk to Joshua and find out what happened. "*

*"It was like this, " Joshua explained "My daughter was supposed to get married and, being a poor man, I didn't have funds for her dowry, so I traveled from town to town to make some money. After two months of hard work, I had finally collected the sum I needed was on my way home when I came through this town in which everyone was so sad and forlorn. I asked what had happened and they told me the story of the lost dowry. I decided to do a great act of sharing and give the bride 's family the money I'd collected for my daughter. I found out exactly how much money was lost, and in what denominations, and I planned to hand it over to the family and pretend I had found it. However, as I was walking toward the wedding hall, the opponent suddenly started talking to me. 'Joshua, ' he said, you are such a good guy. Who else in the world would do what you're doing? You don't have any money, you've worked hard for months to collect money for your daughter's wedding, and here you are giving it to the family of someone else's daughter whom you don't even know. You must be the most sharing person in the world."*

*"The opponent went on and on like this, and I could feel my ego growing and growing so I said to myself 'I want to do this act of sharing with this family, but I cannot possibly let my ego take all the credit in this way. ' So, I looked for a means of giving the money to the bride's family while at the, same time giving my ego a good bashing. That's how I came up with the idea of demanding a 20 percent finder's fee. I knew they would never give it to me and that I would be run out of town in disgrace."*

The ego dictates. It told the man in the story not to give his money away. Then it told him to take credit for his generosity. But Joshua was at war, and abhorrence of his will was a weapon that didn't falter.

### RDICULOUS SHARING

When we live in the misery of our will, sharing is an unnatural act. Sharing violates the ego's fundamental survival need: I want it for myself. This is a deep, dark pit, an unscratchable itch, a bottomless longing destined never to be filled. Simply said, it is the reason for every homicide, addiction, divorce, and suicide.

Regaining Jesus' likeness begins with behaving like Jesus and that means transforming into a being of sharing. It's logical, then, that if sharing is the route to transformation and transformation is the escape route from death and suffering, we'd rush to share with the ardor of a convict making a prison break. We'd see a person in need of help much as an inmate sees a metal file. The more we share, the closer we get to the sunshine beyond the prison walls. The more uncomfortable the sharing, the faster we get there. It's the principle of growth. The barbell we lift easily doesn't build strength as quickly as the barbell lifted with struggle. Being kind, giving to charity, and handing out money to beggars are all acts of sharing embedded safely in our comfort zone, so the biceps of our godly nature grow only a little. Sharing unreasonably, unexpectedly, when it's a sacrifice to do so, when it goes against our nature to do so, when someone compliments us on anything we own and we say, "Take it"—that's when we start to become like Jesus.

*Early in the Bible, Abraham wanted to find a wife for his son, Isaac so he sent his servant, Eleazar, to a certain town to for the right woman. The servant took ten camels with him and, when he arrived at the town, he made them kneel down at a well at early evening time when women came out to water. He prayed to God, 'May you so arrange it that the maiden to whom I shall say, 'Please tip over your jug so I may drink, ' replies, 'Drink and I will even water your camels ' shall be the appointed daughter-in-law for my master*

*No sooner had he finished praying than a beautiful maiden, Rebecca, appeared with a jug upon her shoulder. She descended to spring, and Eleazar ran to her and said, "Let me please sip a little water from your jug."*

*She replied, "Please drink your fill, " and when she had finished giving him to drink, she said, "I will draw water even for your camels until they have finished drinking. "*

*Immediately, Eleazar understood that his prayer had been answered and that he had found Isaac 's soul mate.*

The story of Rebecca is a representation of transformative sharing. It's easy to offer water to a stranger; it's absurd to offer water for his entire camel herd. Unless the action has conscious intent behind it, the intent is to merely feed the opponent within oneself. Then, the sharing is done for oneself and not for the receiver. Rebecca was on the level of conscious intent to serve God and was thus found to be a worthy partner for Isaac. What distinguishes ordinary sharing from transformative sharing has nothing to do with what's being shared. The consciousness and the difficulty behind the act, its payload of Light. A dollar given with the conscious desire to grow in divine sanctity is an act of transformative sharing. A bequest often million dollars, given for self-glorification, fame, and additional power, is not. The only rule we can follow is that our actions must move us toward acquiring God's own holiness.

NOW. AND NOW. AND NOW.

The greatest weapon we have in the war of transformation is this moment, because every act we live is an opportunity. Every irritation is a chance to embrace discomfort and chip away another atom of self-will. Every encounter is one more chance to confront selfishness and share with somebody. This is the victory of triviality, because every moment is trivial, and it is in the trivial and humble that transformation is won. Grand gestures and dramatic moments don't last. What does is the now and the now and the now. It is now that those who will complete the journey are separated from those who won't. It is now that we remember our nature and our goal. We are here to become like Jesus and now we will not forget, nor will we forget that what is presented to us is exactly what we need to further our journey. There is no "I will wait for this to pass so I can get back to my job of becoming what God intends." There is no diversion. Every bend and fork in the road is the road.

Someone asks us for coffee and we rush to oblige. But we do not forget why we're doing it. Not so he will like us, not so we will look spiritual, but because this act of sharing removes another brick from the wall. The more we remember, the more we remain conscious, the more intense the transformation. Someone cuts in front of us in line. We want to react with anger. We don't, because we know that restricting ourselves will break down one more barrier between us and God.

In this way we come to understand the truth about sacrifice. We call it sacrifice because we believe we're giving up something of value. But through sacrifice, all we're giving up are the toxic thoughts and actions of our Desire to Receive for the Self Alone—our own will.

Do it in this moment and that moment and the next. Do it with a stubbed toe and a cold of coffee and someone breaking into line.

Your life depends on it.

*Francis of Assisi was one of the rare giants of history who completed his own journey to participating in God's life. When a negative decree would come down, and evil was descending on his friars, then he would go to a particular place in the forest, light a fire, and say a special prayer. Then, a miracle would occur and the misfortune would be removed.*

*A generation later, when his successor to intervene with heavens, he would go to the same place in the forest and say, "Lord, hear me. I don't know how to pray like my Francis, but still I light the fire. "*

*And the miracle was performed yet again.*

*In the following generation, when the next friar had to intervene with the heavens, he also went into the forest and said, "I don't know how to light the fire, I don't know the prayer, but I remember the place, and I believe that is enough "*

*And it was enough.*

*In the following generation, a poor friar put his head in his hands and addressed God. "Lord of the universe, hear me. I no longer know how to light the fire, I don't know prayer, I can't even find the place in the forest. All I know is how to tell story, and I believe that is enough."*

*And it was enough.*

To merely pick up the Writings of Luisa, to simply scan its impoverished language and allow in the power that they infuse, is to come face to face with what seekers of holiness have sought for thousands of years as the most powerful of all tools for annihilating the will and reuniting with God.

It's a force of energy embedded in the pages of a book.

It's the source of the secrets to becoming God's likeness.

The Writings regarding the Gift of the Divine Will defy definition. They are a vast and comprehensive guidebook to the lost godly nature of our souls. They're a compendium of virtually all information pertaining to being human, astutely stored in the Vatican archives until today. But its metaphors and its cryptic language are not given to us purely for understanding. They also serve as operative sources of restoration, whether we understand them or not. The Writings not only express the desire of Jesus, they embody all the possibilities of God.

From the time of the creation of this world, knowing the job we would face of transforming and returning to God's likeness, the Creator prepared a place where the wisdom for this transformation, and the power and energy for completing it, would be stored. So we connect to the Gift to become like Jesus. And when we're reading it, studying it, or scanning it, we're letting the energy of creation that lives in the shapes of those Italian letters speak, silently and mysteriously in the language of another world, directly to our souls.

#### THE DOMAIN OF GIANTS

They're a lineage of giants, men and women who completed themselves, overcame the opponent, and became more like Jesus. Along the way they left portals for the rest of us so that we, too, plug into their success.

It's no coincidence that all the souls of the blessed gathered to reveal the Light of the Divine Will. St. Hannibal di Francia first revealed the knowledge of the Divine Will a mere century ago, in collaboration with a historical assemblage of transformed beings—some in body, some in soul—an assemblage that included no less than St. Pio of Pietrelcina and Pope St. Pius X. Thereafter, those who followed drew their wisdom and energy from that same single power source and formed the beginning of God's Kingdom from its foreordained disclosure.

A book—The Book of Heaven—that a transformed being bestows on generations to come is not merely information, or a record of a life, or a compendium of ideas. It is a mobile power unit, a direct transmission of energy encased within a spiritual battery. It remains accessible forever after to all of us who need to harness that power for the battle we wage,

To connect in this way with the energy of giants is an act of conscious intention. We pick up the Volumes of Luisa, if not in fear and trembling, at least in awe and respect. We're in the presence of a force field. When this holy woman writes, her essence is injected into the work. We want to connect to her consciousness, her power, her certainty, her clarity, so we can awaken our own limited understanding. Our reading of the Volumes connects us directly to the experiences of Luisa Piccarreta, affectionately called "Luisa the Saint" by those who knew her.

*One day, as the man went out with his son, they saw the world plunge suddenly into darkness. All light was gone from the world and an angel appeared, the size of a huge mountain, blowing thirty flames of fire from his mouth.*

*The man asked: "What do you intend to do? "*

*The angel answered "I'm' going to destroy the world, since there are not thirty righteous men in this generation."*

*The man said to him, "Go, if you please, before the Holy One and say to Him, "If there are not thirty righteous men in the world, there are twenty, and if there are not twenty, then there ten, for it is written that the world will not be destroyed for the ten's sake. If there are not ten, there are two—my son and I—for it is decreed that two are sufficient. If there be not two, there is one—me—for it is written one righteous person is an everlasting foundation" A voice resounded from heaven at that moment, saying, "Happy is your portion, my son. The Holy One issues a decree, and yet you annul it down below.*

This is the lesson of the angel of destruction: When we are fully connected to God, as was this wise and holy man, when we have triumphed over the human will and fully connected to our actual nature, then we can stop all harm—even the destruction of the world.

Luisa was one of those giants. She saw the world as a great maze where human beings wander in ignorance while the souls of the transformed, those who overcame the opponent, sit on tree limbs above and direct us.

The maze we wander today is a six-billion-people-strong collective embodiment of pain, suffering, and death, a six-billion-people-strong belief in the ultimate value of self. We are each a part of that world's perception of itself, each of us dominated by awesome forces mobilized on the side of human will and its constant companion darkness. The journey to Jesus' Humanity has no hope of completion without a massive infusion of Light, courtesy of the blessed sitting up there on their tree limbs, urging us onward. Their desire is more important than their wisdom. Their energy arms us against the inertia of six billion.

We should all, in essence, live in dimensions deep inside the atoms of Luisa's Writings, a power source free of the limits of this world. Batteries are always included.

#### THE ROCK LONGS TO RETURN TO THE MOUNTAIN

It begins with the mountain. It ends with the mountain.

In between, there is the age of rocks.

Rocks are pieces of mountain, identical in essence, existing only by virtue of separation.

All humans are pieces of God, identical in essence, existing only by virtue of separation.

Like rocks longing to merge again with the mountain, humans long to return to God, but in the case of humans, God also yearns for us to return to him, with an even greater yearning than our own, and offers His assistance.

*One of my conference participants approached me sadly. "Father, I have tried to get rid of the darkness within me. I have tried to break the use of my will. I have worked on dying to myself I have done everything you taught. But I have to admit something." The young man passed apprehensively. "I have to tell you that, though I have tried everything in my power, I cannot do it." He dropped his head.*

*To the participant's shock, I clapped my hands with joy. "But Father, " the student said, "I know how much I disappoint you by my failure to understand your teachings. Why are you so happy? "*

*I answered, "You cannot achieve the transformation I've been teaching without the assistance of the Creator. And cannot receive God's assistance unless you deeply understand that you're unable to change without it."*

The journey of regaining God's likeness may loom as an insurmountable task, but it's our great fortune that we're not alone. We merely need the certainty that assistance is required. And when that certainty is achieved, the assistance will come. Jesus might have paraphrased the situation in very human terms: "Do not worry, because there are more forces on our side than on theirs." He has overcome the world.

*There are more forces on our side than theirs.*

He meant that we have the help of the blessed who have come before and on whose shoulders we stand. We have the help of a unique Gift of uncreated grace called the Divine Will. And, of course, when our commitment is unyielding, we have the help of God, whose plan of sovereignty will not be denied.

#### CHAPTER TWELVE: "THE OCEAN OF ALL THE TEARS OF ALL THE PEOPLE"

*When a great teacher died his son waited, certain that his father would soon appear to him in either a dream or a vision and report from the next world.*

*But his father never came.*

*When someone asked if the visit had finally occurred, the son replied that it hadn't "However, I visited heavenly court last night to ask the angels what had become of my father. 'He was here, ' they replied, 'but he did not stay. '*

*"So I searched every region of heaven, inquiring of the angels if they had seen him, in each place they gave the answer: 'Your father was here, but he continued walking. ' Finally, I came upon a man sitting at the entrance to a forest and asked 'Have you seen my father?' He too answered, 'Yes, he was here, but he continued walking. ' Then he added 'You will find him on the other side of the forest. '*

*"So I trekked through the forest; it seemed like days, and finally I reached a place where the trees ended. There, stretching as far as the eye could see, was a vast, heaving ocean with waves as tall as mountains. My father was standing there, staring into the turbulent waters.*

*"I approached him and took his arm. 'What are you doing here?' I asked 'We were all worried. You did not return to us in a vision or a dream.'"*

*"Without taking his eyes off the ocean, my father said: 'Do you know what this ocean is, my son?' I told him I did not. He said: 'This is the ocean of all the tears of all the people of the world who have ever cried from pain and suffering. I have sworn before God that I will never leave this ocean until He dries up all their tears.'"*

Transformation is not an easy enterprise.

You don't curl up in an easy chair and expect all this to happen.

The journey to God is a liberation of a minuscule corner of the universe called Your Name Here, to unification with lives everywhere, to a compassion that extends to every being in existence and to the vast ocean of suffering that engulfs them simply because they were born into this world.

The Desire to Receive for the Self Alone creates a divisive membrane of insensitivity. It allows us to focus on the amazing story of "me," oblivious to pain and death in others. Becoming like Jesus demands an obliteration of that separation—it demands that we end for eternity every distinction, border, and boundary between what is us and what is not us.

To be like Jesus is to not be two with the universe. It is to be one.

Compassion for life everywhere is not just a matter of being nice, sympathetic, and generous. Compassion is what emerges from the ashes of the death of the human will, when, just as every being is God's business, every being becomes our business as well. "We experience our thoughts and as something separated from the rest," Einstein once said, concluding "but it's a kind of optical delusion of consciousness."

In the Bible, Noah was saved during the flood with a male and female of every species, while the world around him was destroyed. He was, as we know, a righteous man. But the Bible also judges Noah a failure. He failed to fulfill his potential. How exactly does saving the world from extinction as unfulfilled potential?

Noah lacked the ability to feel the pain of others. He neither prayed nor cried out as his fellow humans died in a global apocalypse. Today, modern apocalypses still occur on this butchered earth where microchips perform millions of operations per second but can't eradicate starvation, disease and the flare-ups of human cruelty known as the nightly news. There can be no spiritual growth without a compassion that doesn't forget, and drives us until every being is liberated.

In the Divine Will, compassion is not a sentimental notion. It is a force of the universe, like the laws of physics. "Looking out for Number One" is not wrong because it isn't nice. It's wrong because it violates the laws of physics, the connectedness scientists have called the Unified Field. Hundreds of years ago, a great physicist taught there are no coincidences in this universe. Everything exists for a purpose. Simply because by coming to our attention, even negative events are somehow influenced by us. By a logic as yet unfathomable, when we witness a tragedy in some way we are responsible for it.

This means there are no innocent bystanders in the collision known as life, no viewing stand from which to enjoy the festivities. With transformation comes responsibility.

I have always been particularly struck by the example of Moses. He abandoned a life of comfort in the house of Pharaoh and endured the pain and suffering of leading the Israelites from slavery. His compassion for human misery vastly outweighed his attachment to comfort. I used to think men like Moses were there to admire, but I subsequently found out they were there to emulate. The time comes for each of us to leave Pharaoh's boudoir and venture from a comfortable mediocrity. To let indignation grow and compassion flourish, on behalf of both those in the nightmare wings of the prison, "the wretched of the earth" and those in the white collar wing, the ones who can afford cable TV but are equally separated from God, equally sentenced to die.

*A man once made the long journey to his teacher to bring sad him news: The man had a son whose medical condition had become grave and doctors had given up hope. Without his teacher's intercession, the son would surely die. "Is there something you can do to help?"*

*The saint began to pray and meditate, trying everything in his power but after hours of effort, turned sadly to his student. "I'm sorry," he said "but the gates of heaven are closed. There is nothing I can do for your son."*

*The man was desolate. He got on his horse and began traveling home. As evening fell, he heard a horse galloping behind him. He turned around and saw his master.*

*Immediately, he thought perhaps the master had been able to open up the gates of heaven after all. "What's the news?" he asked eagerly. "I'm sorry," said the master. "The gates of heaven are still closed. But after you left, I realized even if I cannot help you with my prayer and meditations, at least I can cry with you. That is why I have come." The two men sat together on a rock by the side of the road and wept.*

Our destiny is to become like Jesus, whom we learn to *com-compassionate*, sorrowing with Him and for Him.

We will open the gates of a prison, for ourselves, for our children, and for the world.

Our destiny is to return to the place, order and purpose for which we were created.

And remove pain, suffering, and death, forever.

Compassion is the mandate to feel. To do what we can. To share, to help, to lessen whatever suffering is in our power to alleviate. Or, to just sit with on a rock and weep. But the most powerful form of compassion is to draw more light into the world. To let the pain and suffering fuel our journey to becoming like Jesus, and help others on their journey so that instead of chipping away at the earth's pain, we create a force of transformed beings of unimaginable power. In the mandate to free the world from suffering, becoming like Jesus becomes the ultimate act of compassion.

"Do not go gentle into that good night," wrote Welsh poet Dylan Thomas. "Rage, rage against the dying of the light." For all his eloquence, Thomas was slightly mistaken, because the Light never dies. It is only we, born into to a prison as we are, who don't see it.

With unending compassion, we rage against the dying of the light. But not when we die.

We rage against the dying of the light when we're alive.

EPILOGUE: A WINDOW OUR HEARTS

*A great teacher once took his closest student to a window and sat there with him for hours. The two cried the whole time.*

*When the master had left the other students rushed to the window. "What did our teacher show you? " they demanded to know.*

*The student replied, "He showed me all the Light that will be revealed—all the joy and all the fulfillment—when the people will have been transformed .. when we have done our work "*

*"That made you both cry? " the students asked in surprise.*

*The student answered, "Yes, because he also showed me all the pain and all the suffering the world will to go through in order to reach that fulfillment. "*

Each night, when I go to bed, I feel gratitude for having encountered the wisdom I've shared with you here. As I feel the love for my own community, I know this information can fulfill the true vocation that God has given to us all. Then I'm struck with fear: What if I do not complete it? What if the world does not complete the journey? What will become of my friends, what will become of your friends, if we don't walk through the door that has opened and we fail to become another Jesus?

What if pain, suffering, and death triumph?

Then I remember, with utter certainty: It is our prerogative to live God's Life with Him; *it was written into our being from the beginning!*

Every one of us has a window in our hearts, a window that shows us what could be. Our job, whenever we come across somebody in pain is to take him or her to that window and point out what is waiting for us on the other side of suffering.

Our job is to help the world achieve a critical mass of people on the path to becoming like Jesus, so that pain, suffering, and death will vanish. To so care about the world is part of the process of becoming like God, because feeling mankind's pain, and striving ceaselessly for an end to it, is an aspect of being like God.

Our destiny is to become like God.

The opponent will try to make us forget. We will not forget. He will try to weaken our resolve to change. We will not let this happen. We will remind ourselves repeatedly of what we're trying to do and why we're trying to do it.

Our destiny is to become Jesus.

We will open the gates of a prison, for ourselves, for our children, for the world, and for God's glory.

Our destiny is to become Jesus.

And remove pain, suffering, and death, forever, and welcome the new heavens and the new earth.

*For to you has been granted, for the sake of Christ, not only to believe in him but also to suffer for him...  
For me, to live is Christ and dying is gain.*

*Philippians 1:21,29*