

03-28-15rb

All Stillness-Movement Now

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The following text was transcribed from Paul Ray Huffman's digital voice recording (recorder B), March 28, 2015, at approximately 10 AM, in Sedona, Arizona.

Summary:

Is it not a beautiful day today? The sun is shining and the birds are singing and all is well in your world, a world of great beauty, a world of great harmony, a world that needs nothing be who and what it is.

And here you sit once again, wanting to know who what you are, wanting an understanding of who and what you are, and wanting direction and presence. It is choosing to be here is it not? It is to be open to this voice that seems to come from inside of your Self.

Presence is presence. There is no description for presence except that it is. It is where you exist now, now. Presence is both the Stillness and the movement of the Stillness. You live in the Stillness, but you become aware of your Self *in* movement and form. You experience your Self in movement and form. You might say that Stillness is the ultimate place, the ultimate perfection, and forever-ness, and permanence, and love. It is unchangeable, and it has never been born, nor will it die. And it is your essential nature. It is who you are. (05:12)

But you cannot have (be and know) the Stillness without (being) the *awareness* of the Stillness. You cannot have (know the) awareness of existence without the Stillness, which is *not* aware of its existence. It just is. The Stillness is *all* that there is, and yet there is no awareness of the Stillness, or no awareness of the Self, the "I exist, I am that I am," (held within the Stillness). There is no awareness of existence, or the Stillness, without presence arising *from* the Stillness *into* awareness, or consciousness. The Stillness becomes conscious of its Self by the *desire* to know its Self, by the desire to move and to be some thing that can be seen and felt. This is a critical understanding of the nature of who you are, and who and *what* you are. Presence is the vehicle in which you place your Self into, as you arise from the Stillness. Your *desire* to know your Self, to be

aware, to be some thing, to be seen and known is the state of awareness, the state of presence, (and) the state of Mind. Presence is synonymous with Mind, and Mind is synonymous with seeing, and being, and form, and movement.

Stillness is still, but within Stillness, and through (the vehicle of) presence and Mind, one (awareness) can turn and look into the Stillness. Mind, or presence, can observe the un-manifested Stillness, (or) you might even say the unseen and unknown Stillness, but the Mind of the Stillness has the ability to see That which it is. The Mind of the Stillness, as it arises into some thing, looks back from where it has been, and it sees the vastness of the Stillness. It is that Seeing that you call 'knowing,' or 'knowledge.' The Mind becomes 'that which is known.' The Mind sees the Stillness in less than an instant. It observes the Stillness in this present moment, as it is doing now. (12:20)

Every thing is happening at once. Stillness is not over 'there,' and Mind is not 'here.' Presence is not held within the Stillness, and then released 'now' in time. Presence and Stillness and awareness and Mind are all occurring at the same moment. Stillness appears to be still. Mind appears to be seeing and knowing. Presence appears to be here and surrounding you as a mind and body. You 'seem' to have knowledge of what we speak, and we 'seem' to exist as some thing separate from your Self, or separate from these words, or separate from these conversations.

Your thoughts and words are *always* an expression of your Self. The Stillness superimposes its self on movement, and movement superimposes its self upon the Stillness. Life superimposes its self on the Stillness and the Stillness superimposes its self on life. The Stillness is always [a] part of the movement of life. The Stillness is contained in each thought and breath. As the tree moves outside your window, it is still. It appears to move, but it is in fact still within its self. You appear to speak and to breathe, and to be alive, but you are in fact, absolutely still. *You appear to have a life, but that life is absolutely still.* You appear to be still, and yet you are moving beyond the speed of light and time. The Stillness is where you rest, but it is within movement that you express. You appeared to be speaking, but nothing really is happening. There is no speaking,

and there is no movement. Stillness holds within its self all movement, and form, and expression. And movement, and form, and expression hold within its self, all Stillness.

To say that life is impermanent is a mistake, for life holds within its self the forever-ness of Stillness. To say that the Stillness is unchanging and forever is a mistake, for the Stillness holds *within* it (itself) movement, and form, and time, and awareness, which flows as a river flows into the ocean, and as the ocean arises into the air, and (again) becomes the river.

To say some thing is the final truth is always untrue. To speak the truth is always to contain that which is not true. Fantasy, or imagination, always contains some truth. And truth always contains some fantasy and some imagination. The story of life cannot be told without embellishment and a slight stretch of the imagination, for one must have an imagination in order to hear the story.

You cannot take the next breath without the anticipation of the next breath. You cannot take the next breath without imagining that there is some one, or some thing, that *can* take the next breath. You must *believe* that you are real and alive in order to *be* real and alive. You must believe that it is possible to wake up unto the Self of your self, to (unto) self-realization, prior to waking up. *Waking up is a belief as well as a reality.* Breathing is a belief as well as a reality. Being alive and real is a belief as well as a reality, and experience. Experience always comes after the belief, and even the knowing that you can have a certain experience. Awareness always precedes the experience, and yet the experience allows awareness to expand, and to know of its Self.

Life may appear to be a paradox, but that paradox is unwound and known through the realization that life is both Stillness and Movement, and (also) form and time and space. There is no thing (Stillness un-manifested) and yet there is every thing at the same moment, at the same present moment. And thus presence with awareness reveals the Stillness, and it (also) reveals the movement of life. (27:00)

Life is not a mystery, and yet the mind enjoys the story of the mystery, and it also enjoys the doing of the mystery. Life is more exciting when there is a

mystery to solve, when there is doing some thing in order to solve the mystery. Realizing that life is not a mystery stops the doing, stops the search, stops the dissatisfaction of life, (and) stops the story of life. As you unwind the mystery (of life), you unwind the Self, (and) you unwind the knowing (of life), and the being begins to flower, and the Stillness moves into the foreground, and the mind is finally at peace. The mystery is never quite over, but the story has stopped.

And so it is on this beautiful day, a beautiful day of sunshine and birds singing, a day of Movement, and a day of Stillness. End. Bell.