

04-12-15rb **The Story Of The Shimmering Stillness**

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The following text was transcribed from Paul Ray Huffman's digital voice recording (recorder B), April 12, 2015, at approximately 12:30 PM, in Sedona, Arizona, on a partly cloudy calm spring day. (49:37 min.)

Summary: The Stillness is not self-aware. The Stillness or the Absolute just Is. The Stillness, through Its desire to know Itself, must become an almost imperceptible vibration in order to narrow Itself into some thing, or into form. Presence, the self-aware I Am, I Exist, arises from the Stillness and becomes an idea, a thing, a knowing, slightly below the perfection of the Stillness. But it is that form, that Thing that reveals the Stillness into life and movement.

Is it not a beautiful day today Paul? 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 to be who and what it is. And here you sit once again, wanting to know who and what you are. And here we are once again, experiencing who and what we are.

There is only One life Paul, One love, One existence, One breath, One happening, and it is happening now. We are here, you are here, and the world has appeared before you, (and) you are able to see with your eyes the beauty (and) the phenomenon of light and life. You are able to experience this body. God is able to experience this body. You are able to experience Mooji. Mooji is able to experience you.

Presence becomes present. There is no doing Paul. There is no doer. There is just the presence of presence. (06:00)

This world is a world of relationships. Stillness is peace and love, the unchanging, (and) the forever Reality of Itself. The Stillness just is, and it is where you live. It is where you have *always* lived, and it is where you live now. And you have *arisen* from your Home in order to know, to see, (and) to feel *that* which you are. And you have placed your self in this chair, for this moment only, for this life only, (and) for this time only. You arise in form, and form goes back to its source, to the earth, and you withdraw your Self back into the Stillness.

(09:20)

Your world is turning, revolving on its axis, and moving at a great speed through space, and there is nothing you can do about that. You are living on a particular part of this planet as it spins in space, and your life is small as it moves about on the surface of this earth. You are in certain relationships with people and things. You have certain fears and certain insecurities that you perform. Your life seems important *to you*, to your self, but your life and its story is not particularly important even to your close friends. They do not want to hear your story over and over and over. They are more interested in their own story, or their particular importance, or what they are doing, or feeling, and somehow, they want to share that with you. (12:00)

What is important? What is necessary in your particular life drama-story?

Your earth turns upon its axis and circles your central sun, but there is no story. It is just being what it is. Your earth has a great presence, which you enjoy, but your earth does not think of itself as important, or even have thoughts of self-importance. And so you, Paul, with a body, have self-awareness. You are aware that you are (that you exist). And with that awareness, comes great responsibility, and a great knowing. The gift of knowing that you *are* (that you exist) brings forward self-awareness, but the body is not self-aware. It is like the earth. It (the body) moves upon this earth and behaves as a body behaves. It is the vehicle in which you are housed within. This aware presence moves in and out of this body, as if it owns this body, as if it *is* this body, and it is not. You are not this earth, so why would you think, or conclude that you are a body. You are not the moon, or the sun, or this house, or your car, or the air that you breathe, and yet you enjoy their presence. You enjoy the food that you eat, and the air that you breathe, and the water that you drink. You enjoy the sights of this earth, the trees and the flowers and the other animal-people that you see on the streets, or (the other people) that you have a particular relationship with. And you enjoy their presence, there speaking, their voice, (and) their breath, and yet they are not who *you* are. (17:49)

And so you have arrived as consciousness, awareness, upon this earth.

You seemed to have arrived and are held within a body, this vehicle. And so you wonder what are you doing here. You can see the past (self), which is your self as younger (and) different, and you can project into the future and see your aging and death and older and different. You can see this body dissolving (and) disappearing back into this earth, maybe in the form of ash and wind.

So, what is so important about this life? Is there a reason for this awareness to be associated with this body? Is there a purpose to awareness, as it becomes associated with a body and breath? Your consciousness within this body seeks pleasure (and) food, and it has fear about other bodies hurting it, or the body dying of starvation, or dying in a snowstorm.

If you are born and indeed live within the Stillness, why not just stay there, and be forever, and be love and peace? (21:05)

It is because there is no awareness of Self (within the Stillness). There is this vast forever-ness and beauty, but there is no sensation, no identification with Self, no recognition of Self, and no thing happening within the Stillness, and yet everything, including awareness, arises from the Stillness.

Awareness of That which is, or awareness that some thing exists, or I Am that I Am, is the greatest of all gifts. To be aware of the Self is to play within the Self. To be aware of the Self, or Stillness (or the Absolute), or That which is, is to delight in knowing and seeing and feeling and experiencing. Your awareness allows you look out upon this window, and see the tree, look upon the tree, look upon the blue sky, look upon the birds and the animals and the bugs, and feel the wind on your face. You, as awareness, are aware that you exist, that you are alive, and that you can visit and be, and pretend to be form, to witness being a great star, or (pretend) being a small body upon this earth, or being emotionally involved with another person, or being warm or cold, or being happy or sad, or seeing the sunrise or sunset. And all this is happening as you are in the Stillness, as you are *present and aware* while being held Still.

You *are* That which is Still, but as you arise from the Stillness, you arise with a desire to know, and to *be* That which you are. And so you, as Stillness, begin to shimmer and vibrate through desire to know. You, as the Stillness, begin

to ripple with curiosity of That which you are, and that vibration is your presence becoming alive, *becoming alive*, and becoming some thing other than Stillness. That 'other than' is Presence. It lives between the worlds of no thing and things. It can become very still, and be no thing, and yet it can shimmer through its desire to know, to be and to become some thing. And thus it becomes the grace of life, the movement of life, the mystery of the Stillness in form. And so, as the Stillness unfolds, and begins to reveal its mystery through this process of shimmering and vibrating, a Self is born, the presence of I Am is born. (32:00)

Only the Stillness is greater (and unchanging). The Stillness must become a slight, almost imperceptible vibration, in order to narrow Itself into some *thing*, into form. So, presence, the I Am that I Am, the self-aware I Am, I Exist, becomes an idea, a thing, a knowing, slightly below the perfection of the Stillness. But it is that form, that *Thing* that reveals the Stillness into life and movement. So, That which is Still begins to move through the seeing of Itself, through its own awareness of Itself. The shimmering vibration creates a tremendous light and show of light, in which the Stillness can be seen. The Stillness lights up, as you would turn a light on in a dark room. It is a spectacular show of what is. God sees Him Self for the first time, and there's joy and wonder, and there is great love of the Self. God sees Him Self and He falls in love with Him Self.

Why would God want to return to the Stillness when the show has just begun? The light has just been turned on, and the mystery is flashed before the Self in color and movement and light. (37:15)

So, God is a great storyteller is He not? The Stillness shimmers through the desire to know Itself. The Stillness becomes some *thing*, it becomes the awareness of Itself, and the awareness of Itself begins to see, to know and to experience, and *then* tell the story of Itself in form. Planets and stars are revealed. Animals and people walk upon this earth. And so, the Stillness becomes a moving living story of That which God is, all seen by the eyes of God, (and) all known by the Mind of God. And the beauty of this story is that the Stillness experiences Itself. The Stillness *becomes* That which it is through movement and aliveness. And each form has the ability to tell its own story. Each

individual person upon this earth can tell his or her own story of life, and yet it is *only* the story of the Stillness. It is a slightly different version of God's desire to see the love that He Is. (41:19)

And every story ends with the return of the Self back into the Stillness, back to a place of rest and Is-ness. And so, you have not quite ended your story have you? You are [now] still the awareness of God seeing the wonder of Him Self. You are the eyes of God seeing the beauty of your world, and feeling the beauty of your world. God delights in your story of Self. God delights in the story of pretending to be a person, (and) pretending to move about this earth on your own will, on your own doing of life. And so, *you* are the finest of actors, the finest of thespians as you move about this earth. (You are) the finest show on this earth. And God loves each actor as His own Self. God loves each actor as That which He is.

And so the story and the show ends in a great song, a great devotion of love to the Self, to the I Am, *back* into the shimmering Stillness, as it quiets and quiets, more and more still, more and more in peace with Itself, more and more in love with Itself, for the adventure has ended. The story is over. And yet there is anticipation, there is excitement, for it is known in the Stillness that another story is about to begin. And so, the anticipation brings desire to know, and the desire to know again brings the shimmering, the light, the unfoldment, and the love.

And so it is on this beautiful day, within this beautiful story of life and love and peace. And so it is. End. Bell.