

A True Man

is one who irrevocably commits his entire consciousness, being and world to God — to divine love and truth as a way of life — for the greater good of all beings.

More explicitly he is . . .

one who comes to this earth to want nothing for himself but the fulfillment of his soul mission, which is to fit his love perfectly to every circumstance and condition, his continuous gift to all life . . .

not to look for comfort, but to give comfort . . .

to trust that by following his heart he will fulfill his destiny and be a blessing for all, regardless of how that may appear to himself or others through the filters of human consciousness . . .

not to depend on human nature, which is designed to fail and disappoint, but to have faith in God as Spirit and life force of all beings by seeing the sacred presence in all, namaste . . .

to expect nothing, but rather keep his full attention turned to being the ideal that he would have the world be . . .

~~to refrain from fantasy, knowing that the fruit of faith in love's free, unfettered expression makes all such imaginings seem a pittance . . .~~

to refrain from overlaying his preferences on others, but rather wholeheartedly assist them in becoming the fullness of their freedom to be who they are . . .

a man who may fall and wander off into the astral abyss of human emotion and thought, but who, by grace, re-awakens and quickly returns home to his heart . . .

one who feels the muck and debris of his weaknesses and mistakes hurled into his face by his teachers, God posing as the inhabitants of his world, and who transmutes his failures with self-re-cognition and forgiveness of himself and his Teachers . . .

one whose greatest shame is to accept substitutes in place of his real identity as the force of love, knowing that his love and truth become ~~festering~~ lies until he allows or wills them to be expressed forthrightly into his world . . .

one who, though sometimes kicking and screaming, accepts full responsibility for the karmic cycling of his creations and expressions, and welcomes their appearance as opportunities for their redemption . . .

I succeed and fail daily in my mission. My dear friends gently remind me when I forget who I Am. My tough friends bring what hell I've created down hard on me so I will learn not to forget. Either way the job is done.