



Ramtha



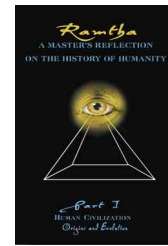
In the Beginning Was the Void

Excerpt from:

*A Master's Reflection on
the History of Humanity, Part I*

*“Your noonday sun hath not the pallor and the
brilliance of the light born of perfect thought. And
when the thought peered at the light into its travels
of itself, the light looked upon the thought and saw
perfection as creator.”*

— Ramtha



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If you are tired of your life in your marketplace, and the comings and goings and the smells and shouts and curses and trash and beauty and all of the wondrous things in your city and its gates, go out, master, into a midnight of your night and look upon the stars. Find one that hangs like a jewel, so great is it. Look at it. It is larger seemingly than the others around it, but it is not so much greater that it takes in the light of others. And it is not so much greater that it illuminates the entirety of midnight to destroy the backdrop or the fundamental Void that gives the brilliant little stars their precious being. Gaze upon your star, and if you look nigh unto a westerly direction, you will see the moon in its sliver; how beautiful it hangs up there. Now look at the jewel and look at the moon and look at yonder horizon — look at yonder horizon — and see if you can see into the Void of midnight; see how far you can reach there.

Solitary master, so small, so tiny, so infinitely little in your world, go out and look at this vast kingdom that has lived for eons in your time. I will show you what power you have. Look at the stars, how beautiful they are. They say no word. They do not hush man; they do not condemn man. They do not placate man; they do not evoke man. They do none of these things but express perfectly. How powerful they are. How beautiful it is to look unto something that you can behold its beauty without a blush or shyness and will always be remarkably there to remind you, perhaps in some forgotten memory of your ancientness and your power, how infinitely small you think you can be. Now look upon the jewel that

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hangs in the heaven; how brilliant her light is, how wondrous. Now close your eyes. When you close your eyes, you do not see it anymore. You have greater power over the jewel, for it is there no more in the blinking of your eye. And when man opens it up again and looks into the heaven, it is still there awaiting for him to look again. And the same jewel that is in your heaven, the same wondrous being, will wait again until another ten years in your life when you come out again and look upon their beauty. They are that patient.

Now what about the master who gains from this and he ponders and he looks upon the heavens and he wishes to be there for, seemingly there, there is a peace. There is no voice. There is light. There is life abundant. There is radiance abundant. And somewhere in the mass, there is God, and he wishes to go there. Man wishes to ascend amongst the stars, and for what reason? To leave all the murk and the mire and the rabble in the marketplace, and the condemnation, and all the smallness that he has been made to feel behind. Who knows you are God? Who cares? Who knows you are Christ? Do they really care? Is it worth being the standard that you are? Can you be so luminously beautiful as the great jewel and yet not overshadow the smaller ones who also have their light or even become so great that the Void is dismissed and none are individual? Who cares? The man who gazes at them cares.

Now he find to him a stump and he sit his rear upon it and he put upon his knees his elbows and he put his chin in his hand. And the solitary master weeps a small tear, for he is kept away from the jewel and the sliver of the moon and the forever of midnight. And by some undamnably reason he is trapped here. And he sheds a tear, for is this not how all should reckon their greatness by first becoming so small? Indeed it is. When man is brought down, be it by a sword or the intimidation of others or the wild and free movement of the heaven to realize his smallness, only then will he begin to contemplate his greatness.

Let us look again at the master who has his sweet chin upon his hands. And as he weeps a tear for his lostness and his destiny, soon a winter wind comes — night winds are wondrous — and it dries his tear from his face. And he looks again and he says unto the wonderful night, “Where be I belong unto you? Where be I unto you who be so great and so permanent, so patient? Where be I unto you that my importance have worth and matter in your kingdom that has seen ere so many men’s faces gaze upon you, great and small? Yet you permit me, insignificant one, to look upon your grace and your beauty and your mystery as well as you have done all others in my past who are considered great men. Who are you that lets me do this?” And the wonderful jewel seemingly flashes a brighter light unto him and he is in hope. And he falls back and he gazes there, and soon the Enchantress moon begins her pallor light.

O wondrous master, you have lost your worth amongst all this greatness. Be at peace. Let me show you who you be in this mockingly tempting world you live in. What is depth? What is height? What is the specie of all that be, come together into a mass that thought be the perimeters of eternity, the depths of Now, that thought consume the Void that ever was and always will be? And thought of itself — of itself — radiates beyond the perimeters and

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vibrations of light thought was. And thought, the ultimate, creative Void God was and is, became the movement within the center of the thought, the nucleus, beginning to vibrate unto the outer skeins of eternity into the depths of the Now of movement.

The thought contemplated the vibratory tone of the movement and the movement rippled. And thought began and roared, and thunder and movement began to roll with the roaring. And as it leaped out into the perimeters of forever, the tips of the thought became the flash of light and light was born, and the eloquence. And as it moved unto this perimeter, it came up into a tide of thought, and the ripple was there and light was born. And unto the Now, into the center who gave forth the ripple, light was born forth and spewed up into the thought, into the Now, and radiated unto itself wondrous beauty.

And the thought — Almighty God, principal light called forth — contemplated itself into expansion, into a greatness, an embodiment of light that had never been seen through the contemplation of the all-powerful, consuming image called God. And as this roar came forth and the light was born, the thought contemplated its image and the light was greater than any spectacle. Your noonday sun hath not the pallor and the brilliance of the light born of perfect thought. The light came forth and in its imagery sound was created in a harmony that each movement created another sound. And as it rolled on, the thought become greater and more expansive, and more came forth from thought into light visionary, and sound became wondrous in the thought in the Now. And, behold, as expansion created itself into a level, it began to hum a spectacular movement of melody, and it began to move on into itself — into itself — into eternity, and the light began to move with it. And as the light moved, the sound moved. And when the thought peered at the light into its travels of itself, the light looked upon the thought and saw perfection as creator.

“Look at the stars, how beautiful they are. How powerful they are. How beautiful it is to look unto something that you can behold its beauty without a blush or shyness and will always be remarkably there to remind you, perhaps in some forgotten memory of your ancientness and your power.”

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