

This day my mind is quiet, to receive the Thoughts You offer me. And I accept what comes from You, instead of from myself.
I do not know the way to You. But You are wholly certain. Father, guide Your Son along the quiet path that leads to You.
Let my forgiveness be complete, and let the memory of You return to me.

The real world is attained simply by the complete forgiveness of the old, the world you see without forgiveness.
The Great Transformer of perception will undertake with you the careful searching of the mind that made this world,
and uncover to you the seeming reasons for your making it. In the light of the real reason that He brings, as
you follow Him, He will show you that there is no reason here at all. Each spot His reason touches grows alive with beauty,
and what seemed ugly in the darkness of your lack of reason is suddenly released to loveliness.
Not even what the Son of God made in insanity could be without a hidden spark of beauty that gentleness could release.

All this beauty will rise to bless your sight as you look upon the world with forgiving eyes. For forgiveness literally transforms vision,
and lets you see the real world reaching quietly and gently across chaos, removing all illusions that had twisted your perception
and fixed it on the past. The smallest leaf becomes a thing of wonder, and a blade of grass a sign of God's perfection.
From the forgiven world the Son of God is lifted easily into his home. And there he knows that he has always rested there in peace.
Even salvation will become a dream, and vanish from his mind. For salvation is the end of dreams, and with the closing of
the dream will have no meaning. Who, awake in Heaven, could dream that there could ever be need of salvation?

How much do you want salvation? It will give you the real world, trembling with readiness to be given you. The eagerness of the Holy Spirit to
give you this is so intense He would not wait, although He waits in patience. Meet His patience with your impatience at delay in meeting Him.
Go out in gladness to meet with your Redeemer, and walk with Him in trust out of this world, and into the real world of beauty and forgiveness.

Thoughts seem to come and go. Yet all this means is that you are sometimes aware of them, and sometimes not. An unremembered thought
is born again to you when it returns to your awareness. Yet it did not die when you forgot it. It was always there, but you were unaware of it.
The Thought God holds of you is perfectly unchanged by your forgetting. It will always be exactly as it was before the time when you forgot,
and will be just the same when you remember. And it is the same within the interval when you forgot.

The Thoughts of God are far beyond all change, and shine forever. They await not birth. They wait for welcome and remembering.
The Thought God holds of you is like a star, unchangeable in an eternal sky. So high in Heaven is it set that those outside of Heaven know
not it is there. Yet still and white and lovely will it shine through all eternity. There was no time it was not there;
no instant when its lights grew dimmer or less perfect ever was.

Who knows the Father knows this light, for He is the eternal sky that holds it safe, forever lifted up and anchored sure.
Its perfect purity does not depend on whether it is seen on earth or not. The sky embraces it and softly holds it in its perfect place,
which is as far from earth as earth from Heaven. It is not the distance nor the time that keeps this star invisible to earth.
But those who seek for idols cannot know the star is there.
Beyond all idols is the Thought God holds of you.