

# ***OUT IN THE OPEN***

***Volume 6 of 8***

**(Featuring works written in 2007 & 2008)**

***(102 Pages)***

***By***

***Francis William Bessler***

**Featuring a Compilation**

**of**

**The Complete Written Works**

**of**

**Francis William Bessler**

**From 1963-2011**

**Compiled in June, 2011**

**Featuring  
Original essays, stories & songs  
In  
Chronological order.**

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Laramie, Wyoming  
- 2011 -**

# OUT IN THE OPEN

By Francis William Bessler

Written 4/8/2011

## **Refrain 1:**

**Out in the open – it's the best way to find God.**

**Out in the open – truth does not depend upon applause.**

**Out in the open – no devil can exist.**

**Out in the open – there's no room for sin.**

Well, my friends, I'm no guru,  
but I don't think I need to be.  
When I simply look at life,  
it's all I need to be free.  
Let others read lots of books  
if they believe that will help;  
but I think that if that's all they know,  
what they know will be more like Hell. **Refrain 1.**

I'm told I should fear Satan  
and I say, why should I?  
It's clear Satan can't exist  
when I'm standing beneath a sky.  
Just look out as far as you can see  
and all devils disappear.  
So just keep looking outward  
and you'll never need to fear. **Refrain 1.**

I learned long time ago,  
back when I was a child,  
That the only truth anyone needs  
is found in the wild.  
To the degree, I can be  
one with the deer and antelope  
is the same degree I can find peace  
and that wonderful thing called hope. **Refrain 1.**

I think it's good to know  
that we're all the same.  
I don't need you and you don't need me  
to share a common fate.  
The truth we both need  
is out there in the universe.  
Just become one with the All –  
and let that be what we rehearse. **Refrain 1.**

And when I die what will happen  
to this thing I call my soul?  
It will just continue on  
on the merry path I know.  
Wherever my souls goes,  
it will stay among the stars.  
Freedom's only belonging to All  
whether that All is near or far. **Refrain 1.**

**Refrain 2 (several times):**

**Out in the open – it's my favorite phrase.**  
**Out in the open – it lets my nights look to day.**  
**Out in the open – it's the way I want to go.**  
**Out in the open – it's the best way to know.**

# Introduction

Welcome to my 6<sup>th</sup> volume (of 8) of my *OUT IN THE OPEN* writings series. I will be presenting works that I wrote in 2007 & 2008 in this volume. Volume 7 will feature writings from 2009 – 2011. Volume 8 will feature all of my songs in alphabetical order. Currently as of June 10<sup>th</sup>, 2011, that is 139 songs; however I do intend on writing one more that will complete Volume 7. I plan on calling my 140<sup>th</sup> song: *Life Is A Gift*.

One of my personal favorite topics of this volume is a short story that I call *PEACE ON EARTH*. It is a very quiet story about a grandfather, age of 60, and a granddaughter, age of 17, who discuss the issue of peace in the world on Grandpa's front porch. After the little story – only 16 pages long – I include a song I wrote by the same name – *Peace On Earth*. I do love the idea of peace so much that I decided to write a little story that would feature characters discussing it. Of course, if you know me, you know that I believe the real Jesus to be a true champion of peace. So you can bet that my grandfather and granddaughter will include Jesus in their discussion. I chose a grandfather and his granddaughter, but it could have been between any two – or three or four or more – who are interested in talking about it. It's mostly talk and very little action. If you can't handle that, you may want to skip it. Grandpa and his granddaughter are Naturalists like their author, however. So that might add a little to the tale. I will leave it at that.

Actually, I wrote 2 short stories in 2007 and planned to include both of them in Volume 6; but upon reviewing the first short story - *LARAMIE MOUNTAIN* - I was not pleased. Then I recalled that I had not been pleased with it in 2007 either. In fact, it was because I was displeased with *LARAMIE MOUNTAIN* after writing it 2007 that I decided I better try again.

Upon reviewing my earlier *LARAMIE MOUNTAIN*, I did not like it because it was too much of an essay and not enough of a story – too much of one man “commenting” on the beauty of life while on a little mountain range outside of Laramie, Wyoming – and almost no story at all. My youngest daughter, Melissa, would have called it boring. **Boring, Dad, Boring!** I could hear her saying that because I was saying that. So I decided to change the scene and take a character I had called **Donald** from *LARAMIE MOUNTAIN* and replace him as *Grampa* on a front porch. Then I added a *granddaughter* to converse with *Grampa*. The result may not be scintillating because it is still very philosophical in mode, but I sure like my subsequent *PEACE ON EARTH* a whole lot better than the original. In retrospect, I am so glad I did not stay with *LARAMIE MOUNTAIN*. I am glad I wrote it, though, because if I had not written it, I would have never decided I could do better; and *PEACE ON EARTH* - which does please me - would have never been written. Thank you, *LARAMIE MOUNTAIN!*

Though I do not mind being called a *nudist* – like Grampa and his granddaughter – I do not think of myself as one. I do not see the naked as being without clothes as much as I see it being or going **with Nature**. I offer a little commentary about that idea in a brief essay I call *THE NAKED & THE NATURAL*. That one is also concluded with a song, namely one called: *Dancing Among The Stars*.

Then there is a brief essay I call **MY GALAXY GOD** – comparing God with a Galaxy in terms of both of them being Immense. In my mind, a galaxy is “almost infinite” and God is infinite. You might enjoy the comparison. I conclude this one with a song too – one I call *Galaxy View of Life*.

Another entry I might recommend in this volume is an essay called **THIS ACCIDENT CALLED SOCIETY**. Maybe I should have called it **THIS ACCIDENT CALLED CIVILIZATION**, but regardless of name, it offers that any society and all societies are really arbitrary in nature. Good or bad, they are arbitrary – meaning there is nothing essential about them. What’s the point of such an argument? It’s only that people can change their societies or civilizations if they choose to do so. Since they are basically “accidental,” there is nothing permanent about them. I guess I am only trying to put change in a positive light. Realizing that any given society – or civilization – is only “accidental,” it should make changing course – should a society choose to do so – a bit easier – even if any chosen society is comprised of only a few. It seems most of my essays of this period concluded with a song. The song I wrote for this one I call *This Accident Called Sin Society*.

One of my favorite contributions from the regular gospels of the **BIBLE** is *The Lord’s Prayer*. One of the offerings of this volume is a little essay on why I love *The Lord’s Prayer* so much. I admit to being more of a *Thomas & Mary Christian* than a “**BIBLE** “ **Christian**, so to speak, but I like wisdom where I find it; and I find tremendous wisdom in *The Lord’s Prayer* found in one of the gospels of the **BIBLE**. Thus I offer comment about that in an essay I call **A MASTER’S PRAYER**. After my comments, I offer a personal rendition of *The Lord’s Prayer* in a little prayer I call by the same name as that of my essay – *A Master’s Prayer*.

I have long been amazed at what I see as our sticking with outmoded doctrine. By that I mean doctrine that was declared based on assumptions that have been demonstrated in time as untrue – like the Earth being flat. Don’t look now, but almost all of the ancient Judaic doctrine can be traced to an assumption that the Earth is flat; and much traditional doctrine in general retains doctrines based on false assumptions. Well, anyway, that is how I see it and discuss it a little in a 9 page essay I called – and call – **FLAT WORLD DOCTRINES IN A ROUND WORLD**. I sum up my thoughts on the issue, however, in a song I wrote called *Living In A Round World*. Food for thought? Maybe!

Finally, in terms of personal preferences, there is a little essay I call **BELLA VITA**. Like my essay will tell you, it is only Italian for “*Beautiful Life*” or “*Life is Beautiful*.” I like the idea so much that I attached little “*Bella Vita*” decals on my car. Every now and then someone will catch my attention and smile at me or give me a thumbs up when they see one of decals. I must say that such reaction pleases me. I attached the decals to remind me of the beauty of life; and it pretty much works. I am constantly reminded of how I feel about life and its wonderful bounty every time I get into my car – or even approach it. There it is to remind me of what I believe so strongly – **BELLA VITA! LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL BECAUSE GOD IS IN IT!** That’s what my decals say – and that is what this little essay says too. It’s only 5 pages long and it ends with a song by the same title – *Bella Vita*. I hope it pleases somewhat.

Speaking of song, there is quite a bit of that in this volume. Guess I was in a song writing mood in 2007 and 2008 because I wrote 26 songs in this period. Some are

serious minded; and others are of lighter character; but all of them try to address what I think is the truth.

Those are a few of the highlights, as it were. See the following Index for a complete summary of what is in this volume.

So from the first entry – a song called *The Mystery of God* – to the last entry before a final Epilog – a song called *It's A Lovely Day Today*, I hope you enjoy this volume somewhat. Like always, I'd like to remind you that it is **all speculation and personal opinion**. Like you, I am just trying to do the best I can with this wonderful gift of life. **Enjoy my offering as you can – and wish. OK!**

*Gently,*

*Your Bella Vita Guide,*

*Francis William Bessler*

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June 10th, 2011

*Note: My short story LARAMIE MOUNTAIN (40 pages) is available by itself if desired. I am just not including it in this volume because I do believe my subsequent story PEACE ON EARTH (16 pages) is better written – and it covers much the same philosophical/spiritual territory as does the longer LARAMIE MOUNTAIN.*

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# **The Mystery of God**

(A Song or a Poem with Sung Refrain)

by  
Francis William Bessler  
Laramie, Wyoming  
Written March 27<sup>th</sup>, 2007

## ***REFRAIN:***

***The mystery of God is all about.  
The mystery is within.  
The mystery of God is all about.  
That's why we can have no sin.  
The mystery of God is all about.  
That's why I sing this hymn.  
The mystery of God makes me shout:  
I'm glad I can have no sin.***

People think God created the world;  
and I believe it's true.  
I believe God created all the boys and girls  
and that It created me and you.  
But I think people fail to realize  
what happened is happening now.  
Creation didn't just happen in the night.  
It's a process that keeps on somehow. ***Refrain.***

We are not really created notions  
that were finished at a start.  
Inside each of us is constant motion  
that finds its center in the heart.  
But all that motion feeds on mystery  
and that motion in us should commit  
each of us as we make up history  
to embrace our wonder with full consent. ***Refrain.***

Pastor Billy claims he wants to die  
so he can see God face to face.  
But Billy doesn't seem to realize  
his God is really in the human race.  
God is not some person standing over there,  
begging for our applause.  
God is the Presence in all, everywhere.  
If we know ourselves, we will know God. ***Refrain.***

Look at a flower and watch it grow  
from just a seed into a bloom.  
Watch it closely and you can know  
how the mystery is happening in you.  
And, in time, the flower will die  
and new seeds will fall to the ground.  
It's a mystery, but it's full of light  
and in it, we can all be found. **Refrain.**

So, when people say God created me  
and maybe set me on my way,  
I tell them I beg to disagree  
because I'm being created every day.  
And in my growth – and even in my death,  
God is the motion that sets me free.  
Like the flower rises with new breath,  
that is the way it will happen with me. **Refrain (2).**

**FINISH:**

***The mystery of God makes me shout:  
I'm glad I can have no sin.  
I'm glad I can have no sin.  
I'm glad I can have no sin.***

# GOOD FRIDAY

by

Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

April 6<sup>th</sup>, 2007

Today is *Good Friday*. It is a day in which Christians celebrate the death of Jesus – presumably because that death “freed us from sin.” It did not, of course, free us from sin because according to Christian doctrine, mankind sinned before Jesus died, sinned by killing Jesus, and lives never ending lives of sin. So, the death of Jesus did not “free us from sin.” Did it?

So, why do we idolize *Good Friday* then? If the death of Jesus did not, in fact, “free us from sin,” why do we keep on idolizing death like somehow it is the portal to some greater beyond? That is a good question – and I wish my fellow humans would start asking it – and then maybe come to some realization that death is not what it is cracked up to be. If there is anything we should have learned by the death of Jesus 2,000 years ago it is that death does little to make things better for those left behind. It only leaves behind those who were known in life – but it leaves them as they were.

If I were to die tomorrow, would my death free the world of some disdain it knew yesterday? Of course not. My death would leave no imprint on the world. At my funeral, at most, people would not be saying what a great death I had, but rather maybe what a great life I had. But oh how sad you should be who I leave behind if you would somehow erect some monument celebrating my death – as if there is some great value in dying that cannot be found in living.

Sadly, however, I think that is exactly what mankind does – it attaches some ulterior significance to death that gives death some kind of power it would not otherwise have. By death, it is taught, we can “have a new life.” We can’t have that “new life” if we don’t die. Thus, death is idolized because by it we are freed to pursue some greater life elsewhere. It is not **Good Friday** that is important. It is the **Easter** after it. It is the “**life hereafter**” death that makes death the thing we idolize.

And so with the “**promise of reward for sacrifice,**” leaders convince others to become soldiers and fight to the death for some arbitrary benefit that would be left for all of mankind. Sadly, it did not stop with Jesus. His death was only the ultimate sacrifice which all aspiring honorable souls must attain in life. It is like every death that is caused by sacrifice is somehow merged with the death of Jesus into some gigantic common bowl of sacrifice.

If we only knew the reality of death, I doubt that we would so idolize it. I doubt very much that anyone who dies is met by the God for Whom they think they are dying. I doubt very much that lines of archangels stand in wait to welcome some willing sacrifice to the other side; and I doubt very much that those who die are even aware of the commotion they leave behind. There is probably no God beyond death to say “**Welcome Home, My Friend.**” Why? Because Home is really wherever God is; and being Infinite, God can not possibly be more one place than another. So, why would God say, “**Welcome Home**” if where I might go is no more “**home**” than where I was?

And if there is no God to say “Welcome Home,” then there is likely no angels or archangels as “henchmen” of such a God to be waiting for us either. So, where does that leave death? It leaves it without false magnification. It leaves it for what it is – the simple release of a soul from a body. It leaves it without “patriotic value.” It leaves it without fanfare. It leaves it as it probably is – **the finish of one experience and the beginning of another.**

But if I should die by attempting to kill you, what would that say about the experience I am about to begin? It would say that my death would leave me looking for a way to return and kill you as you have just killed me. Now, what is the value in that? What is the value in living again to kill you all over again – or to let you kill me?

Well, there it is – the likely real advantage or disadvantage of death. If death is but the beginning of a new experience that in all likelihood will be a continuation of an old experience, why would it be smart to end one experience with an offering with which I would not want to begin a new life? You tell me. If I should not want to start again being pursued for execution, why in Heaven’s Name should I allow myself to die in the act of execution or attempted execution of another? You tell me.

**Yes, Jesus died; but the way he died left him free of pursuit for execution in his next life. That is what Good Friday should be about. It should not be “an example of sacrifice,” but rather an example of virtue by which one soul “certifies” a good beginning in a next life.**

If Jesus had turned on his captors and exchanged blow for blow, then if he had died in the process, he would have been reborn looking to exchange blows. He did not die to “free man from sin” because no man can do that – even if that man is also God – because sin is not a state or condition of separation from God, but an act of defiance that declares that some have God and some don’t. **By his death, Jesus did not free us from sinning because clearly we continue our defiance of equality; however by his death, he did “show us the way” to prepare best for a next life.**

And if we don’t listen to the “**real tale of Good Friday,**” we will be obliged to continue the false tale – and we will continue to celebrate death and make it far more significant than the life that should precede it. We will continue to honor sacrifice and we will continue to expect God to be there to greet us on some other side when that God is just as present on this side; and we will continue to defy a sense of equality & freedom while thinking we are fighting for it. We will continue to kill, claiming that “justified executions” are somehow Godly; and we will continue to be reborn, looking for evil ones to kill – while ignoring the Paradise of Eden for what it is for pursuing execution within it.

**Now, How Smart is that? You tell me!**

## SOLO WALKER

(9 Verses)

By

Francis William Bessler,

Laramie, Wyoming

Written April 23<sup>rd</sup>, 2007

### ***REFRAIN:***

***I'm a solo walker – I even run now and then.***

***I'm a solo walker – It's a wonderful way for time to spend.***

I think our bodies were made to move  
and not just sit around.

It doesn't matter if it's in the country  
or if it's in the town. ***Refrain.***

If you want your body to take care of you,  
you must take care of yourself.

Otherwise, you may find yourself  
in a living Hell. ***Refrain.***

I believe my soul is in my body  
so that it can fulfill  
itself through my body  
till death my body stills. ***Refrain.***

People think you can't be alone  
to find the wonder of the world,  
but they fail to realize  
through yourself the world unfurls. ***Refrain.***

Jesus said to Thomas,  
become a passersby.  
He said to be solitary  
to find the meaning of your life. ***Refrain.***

To really know yourself  
is to know everyone.  
That's why being solitary  
can be so much fun. ***Refrain.***

And by being solitary,  
I have to compete  
only with myself  
to be the best I want to be. *Refrain.*

You see, it's this way –  
since God is in everything,  
All you need to find God  
is to look at anything. *Refrain.*

So, no matter what there is –  
a tree or your body that you see,  
Just realize that all that is  
is filled with Divinity. *Refrain* (several times) .

# When It's All Said And Done

(A Song)

by

Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Written May 7<sup>th</sup>, 2007

## **REFRAIN:**

*When it's all said and done,  
will it be like you thought it would be?  
Will you meet with the God of Divinity?  
When it's all said and done,  
and you've died and passed on,  
will you be where you planned eternally –  
or will you just have to continue  
what you were previously?*

When Moses received the Ten Commandments,  
was he ignorant of the universe?  
When Moses talked to the one he thought was God,  
did he believe the earth under a curse?  
When Moses talked with Yahweh,  
did he know the sun to be our source of light?  
Or did he just think that the sun and the moon  
are the guardians of day and night? **Refrain.**

Did Peter really know Jesus  
or did he just think so in his day?  
Is the Jesus Peter passed on  
really the truth – or is that Jesus truly a mistake?  
Did Jesus really teach  
we need some grace outside ourselves?  
Or was that only a plea from Peter & Paul  
to keep us in their cells? **Refrain.**

Should we have been embracing  
the Jesus of Thomas all along?  
Did that Jesus really teach  
doing what you hate is doing what is wrong?  
Did Jesus really teach  
the Kingdom of the Father is spread upon the earth?  
And that the Kingdom is within  
and should be embraced from our very birth? **Refrain.**



People say they want to go to Heaven,  
but they don't know where that is.  
They say that it can't be here  
because this world is a world of sin.  
But if sin is the absence of God,  
there's no place that can be.  
If Heaven is the Presence of God,  
just open your eyes and Heaven you'll see. *Refrain (2).*

## **LITTLE DONNIE BENSEN**

By Francis William Bessler

Written May 19<sup>th</sup>, 2007

Little Donnie Bensen grew up as a child – loving the wild.  
Older Donald Bensen still loves that child.  
Little Donnie Bensen grew up in years.  
Older Donald Bensen still lives without fear.  
And both of the Bensens will go on as one.  
Donnie and Donald, you both have won.  
And both of the Bensens will go on as one.  
Donnie and Donald, you both have won.

Little Donnie Bensen loved being a child – and mixing with dirt.  
Older Donald Bensen still loves that squirt.  
Little Donnie Bensen liked being free.  
Older Donald Bensen still loves the trees.  
And both of the Bensens will go on as one.  
Donnie and Donald, you both have won.  
And both of the Bensens will go on as one.  
Donnie and Donald, you both have won.

Little Donnie Bensen will always be a child – and will never grow up.  
Older Donald Bensen still loves that pup.  
Little Donnie Bensen sees God everywhere.  
Older Donald Bensen still loves to care.  
And both of the Bensens will go on as one.  
Donnie and Donald, you both have won.  
And both of the Bensens will go on as one.  
Donnie and Donald, you both have won.

## **THIS THING I CALL MY SOUL**

By Francis William Bessler

Written June 4th, 2007.

They ask me what this thing is – this thing I call my soul.  
I say I don't know for sure - but neither, my Friend, do you.  
It doesn't matter if it's an individual - or just an attitude.  
My soul is all I am – and all I choose to do.  
My soul is all I am - and all I choose to do.

They tell me I should be concerned – about this thing I call my soul.  
I say that I am concerned – and that's why I love it so.  
Whatever my soul is, it's entirely up to me.  
My soul is all I am – and all I choose to be.  
My soul is all I am – and all I choose to be.

I'm told that I should be afraid – about this thing I call my soul.  
I say that I have no fear – because my soul's in my control.  
We all inform our souls – with what we put inside.  
My soul is all I am – and all that I decide.  
My soul is all I am – and all that I decide.

So, let me tell you, Friend – about this thing I call my soul.  
It's my twin and my Friend – it's all I feel and know.  
Because the two are one – I love my soul as I love my mind.  
My soul is all I am – and all I choose to find.  
My soul is all I am – and all I choose to find.

If there's an hereafter – it shouldn't matter much to me.  
I'm taking care of business – by making my soul free.  
I'm starting my eternity – by living truthfully now.  
My soul is all I am – and all I'll choose somehow.  
My soul is all I am – and all I'll choose somehow.

They ask me what this thing is – this thing I call my soul,  
I say I don't know for sure - but neither, my Friend, do you.  
It doesn't matter if it's an individual - or just an attitude.  
My soul is all I am – and all I choose to do.  
My soul is all I am - and all I choose to do.

## **ENDLESS YOU**

By Francis William Bessler

Written June 16<sup>th</sup>, 2007

I go up on our mountain – climbing my way to the top.  
I enjoy the sights we knew – when our love was so hot.  
And though I know I'm all alone – I think you're sharing the view  
because, My Dear, you will always be – the same endless you.

The kids and I look back upon – the times we had so keen.  
We enjoy the times we were – together as a team.  
Memories serve to bond us still – united so in truth  
because, My Dear, you will always be – the same endless you.

How wonderful life was when you – were dancing here with us.  
We sure did skip to the beat – of embracing life in trust.  
And now I know that what we were – in you will ensue  
because, My Dear, you will always be – the same endless you.

I thank you, Dear, for being here – when you could share your life.  
And what a life you shared with us – every day and night.  
We miss you but we know you're free – and shining like the moon  
because, My Dear, you will always be – the same endless you.

So, My Dear, continue on – and take our love along.  
Take out those fiddles where you are – and sing our worthy song.  
Kick up those heels and dance a jig – we trust that you will do  
because, My Dear, you will always be – the same endless you.

I go up on our mountain – climbing my way to the top.  
I enjoy the sights we knew – when our love was so hot.  
And though I know I'm all alone – I think you're sharing the view  
because, My Dear, you will always be – the same endless you.

## **A 21<sup>st</sup> Century (Personal) Psalm**

By Francis William Bessler

Written July 1, 2007

Praise the Infinite Presence in All.  
Praise the Mystery of the Infinity  
that exists everywhere and makes all that is, Holy.  
Oh, Infinite Being or Presence,  
Thanks so much for All You are  
And all I am because You are in me.

Praise the sky, for it is filled with vision.  
Praise it as it extends for ever and ever and ever.  
Oh, Infinite Sky, I look out into your vastness  
and I experience a vast-less sense of existence  
because a little of you is all of you  
just as a little of me is everyone  
because we are all alike.  
Thanks, Infinite Sky, for filling me with awe.

Praise the earth, for it is part of the Infinity of Existence.  
Praise the sands of the earth,  
for mixed with the waters of the earth,  
Life springs forth and abounds.  
Oh, Plentiful Sands! Oh, Bounty-less Waters!  
Thank you for the life of All  
that results when you combine.

Praise Divinity, for It knows no limit and exists everywhere.  
Praise Divinity, for It cannot be opposed  
for It has no need to defend Itself because It is everywhere.  
Oh, Lovely Divinity, you can have no foe  
and since I am an expression of You,  
neither can I.

Praise Heaven, for where It is, there can be no hell.  
Praise a sense of Heaven, for it is only being aware  
that the Infinite & Divine abide everywhere.  
Oh, Endless Heaven, Thank You for being here  
where I am and wherever I may go.

Praise my soul, for it allows me to retain tomorrow  
an attitude I knew today.

Praise my soul, for it is my investment in the present  
and my promise for the future.

Oh, fantastic soul, thanks for letting me know today  
and be secure in that knowledge tomorrow.

Thank you for the Infinite Presence within you  
the Infinite Mystery in which you will always be,  
and for being my own little infinite mystery  
that will never end.

# I'm A Wealthy Person

By Francis William Bessler,  
Written July 17, 2007

## **REFRAIN:**

*I'm a wealthy person – because I think that life is grand.*

*I'm a wealthy person – because I like what I am.*

*I'm a wealthy person – because I keep aware that God's inside.*

*I'm a wealthy person – because in life itself, I take pride.*

Wealth can come in many forms, material and otherwise;  
but no matter how it comes, it depends upon the mind.  
I feel sorry for all of those who need a mansion to get by  
because for them, wealth is so very hard to realize. **Refrain.**

So many think they need to own material to be a king.  
They think the more they control, the more they can sing.  
They think it's true for them, but it's sure not true for me.  
I find the more I control - the less I am free. **Refrain.**

I admit I do not have much, but I've as much as I need;  
and that makes me about as wealthy as anyone can be.  
Wealth is not determined by what you have you see,  
but rather what you have, compared to what you think you need. **Refrain.**

The one who is poor, then, but lacks greed for more  
is far wealthier than the rich man who thinks he is poor.  
No one needs to lack for wealth who loves life as it is;  
for such a one is always filled and is incapable of sin. **Refrain.**

I think that sin is only greed, demanding more than you find;  
and only those can sin who are dissatisfied in mind.  
So, why not join with me and find life as is complete?  
Virtue will be your companion, as happy is your fate. **Refrain.**

I'm not saying that we should not be open to different ways.  
I'm only saying that we should be pleased with the day.  
Find pleasure in what is and adventure in what you see,  
but don't neglect the present, for the future may never be. **Refrain.**

# PEACE ON EARTH

(16 Pages)

A Short Story  
about True Peace

By  
Francis William Bessler  
July 31st, 2007

## Introduction – True Virtue

This is a story, I think, about virtue. *I think true virtue is the easiest thing in the world.* Now, where have you heard that before? Almost everyone I know thinks that virtue is hard. I think that is because un-virtuous people have defined virtue as *servicing other people*. True virtue, however, is not primarily *other people* oriented. It is mostly of solitary character. That is why it is the easiest thing in the world. Why is it easy? Because, in my opinion, *True Virtue is only embracing the gift of life and being thankful for it;* and what should be hard about that?

If I might, let me offer a suggestion. My little story is strictly conversation between a grandfather and a granddaughter. It might be worth your while to read it out loud with someone – with one of you taking the role of the grandfather and the other – the granddaughter. Then read it again, with roles reversed. Though both of my characters are naturalists and are comfortable being without clothes, there is nothing sexual about it. So, it could just as well be a grandmother and a grandson. If you wish, just change Grampa to Gramma and granddaughter to grandson. The story won't change in the least – as it shouldn't.

After the story, there is a song. Personally, it sounds like a Christmas time song to me; but judge it as you will. If it does appeal to you as a Christmas time song, be my guest and sing it out. Make up your own tune. I am providing none. If you want to hear the tune I provided for it, consider yourself welcome to call me at 307-742-6868 and I will sing it for you. As a brother of mine would say,

***TALLEY HO! - AND BE HAPPY!***

Gently,

Francis William Bessler,  
Laramie, Wyoming, U.S.A  
July 31st, 2007

“Will there ever be peace on earth, Grampa?” the young one asked, as they sat next to one another on the couch on Grampa’s porch.

“Perhaps, My Dear,” the old man answered, “but if there is, it will have to depend on you.”

“Me?” the youngster of seventeen replied. “Why should it depend on me, Grampa?”

“Well, not so much depend on you, My Dear, as include you. If there is ever to be peace in the world, all must be at peace – and that includes you and me and everyone.”

“I guess to find peace we need to know what peace is, Grampa. What do you think it is?”

“Well, for starters, Honey, peace is not something bestowed by another. No one can find peace through another. We all must find peace from within. Peace is only from the individual outward. Peace is only being comfortable with life as a gift. It is knowing gratitude and denying despair. Peace is not something that is given by someone else. Peace is something inwardly experienced. It is something that is inspired from within, not communicated from without. No one can make you grateful; and no one can make you peaceful. Peace is something that is believed and imagined and lived by the one who wants peace. Then when that one has peace, it can be shared. When everyone on earth declares and knows peace in their own life, then, and only then, My Dear Little One, will there ever be peace on earth for everyone.”

“And that’s why it must depend on me, Grampa?”

“You are right, My Dear! That’s why it depends on you. Without you, world wide peace is impossible. If peace can’t happen without you, it is dependent upon you; but we can’t make peace. We can only share a peace we already know.”

“But it depends on you, too, Grampa,” the young one acknowledged. “World peace requires you as much as it requires me.”

“As it is said, “ the old man replied, “wisdom will come from the mouths of children. You have said it well.”

“You know, I am not exactly a child, Grampa. I’m seventeen.”

“Well, you will always be a child to me, Honey.”

“I think I will always want to be a child, Grampa.” Eager to pursue their discussion on peace, she continued. “But why do people think they can make peace, Grampa? Why do nations go to war to make peace? Why do people think they can force peace?”

“That’s a good question, My Dear, “ he replied. “I guess people have always felt that peace is something that can be forced upon another. I think it is only that people have not stopped to think about what they are doing. I think they confuse a thing called **surrender** – or maybe strength or power - with *peace*. I think they think that if you surrender to me after I have forced surrender upon you that peace will result between us.”

“But that wouldn’t be peace, would it, Grampa?”

“No, it wouldn’t,” the gentle man replied. “But as long as people think it is peace, then I guess there will always be wars to make peace. To be honest, though, Honey, I think that people who make war are mostly only soldiers in conflict with themselves. They war with others, using others as substitutes for themselves. I really think that’s true.”



“Why can’t the world be like us, Grampa? I love you so much; and you have never made me do anything.”

“That’s because I have always had peace, Little One. People who are at peace do not need to make others do anything. Why do you suppose that is?” he questioned his young grandchild.

“I think it is because you don’t need me to make you happy,” his grandchild replied. “At least, that’s what you have always told me. I guess it is because you have yourself and don’t need another to be happy.”

“Well, I suppose I have said that, My Dear, but I would prefer to say that it is not so much that I don’t need you to be happy as it is that I only need me to be happy because all that I need for happiness is in me. I am not so much excluding you to be happy and to be at peace. I am only depending only on myself for my peace.”

“But is that not saying you don’t need me, Grampa?”

“In a way, yes,” the old one replied. “No, I don’t need you to be at peace with myself, but I think I do need you to show it.”

“Is that important, Grampa? Do you have to show your peace to others?”

“I think I do, Honey. Well, maybe it is not that I have to show my peace to others. It might be more like I just want to show my peace to others – like wanting to share something that has made me happy. I guess it is normal to want to share what makes one happy.”

“You show it to me, Grampa. Am I not enough?”

“For this moment, yes, you are enough, my Dear One, but I should always be open to show my peace with anyone who is open to it. I think that is only right.”

“That might be a little difficult, Grampa. The world does not think that anyone should be at peace with what one is in this world. I have had so much trouble with my friends who think you are weird, claiming that the world is right as it is and that we should embrace ourselves as we are. They say that the world is full of sin and that we can’t embrace ourselves as we are.”

“Yes, I know,” My Dear One,” the gentle one replied. “I know full well the story. Man is sinful and therefore cannot be happy with what he is because to be happy with what he is is to make sin. It is ridiculous beyond words that people believe that. It is why there is no peace in the world. How can you be at peace with yourself if you are at war with yourself? And that is all that being unhappy with life is – making war against something you don’t like – yourself.”

“But we do not have to make war against ourselves, do we, Grampa?”

“No, we don’t, Honey! We can be at peace and love what we are because our lives are a gift from the Divine. We don’t have to act scared of life like all around us do just because we are surrounded. We can be at peace with ourselves regardless of how many around us are not at peace with themselves.”

“I’m glad you are at peace, Grampa; and I think I am learning from you.”

“As long as you learn from me and I do not make you do something, it works just fine,” the old gentleman replied, “but the moment I make a law that says you have to be at peace, then it is not peace I offer you, but coercion and surrender.”

“Maybe the world will realize that someday, Grampa,” the young one replied. “I know you enough, Grampa, to know that is what you think Jesus taught – that peace is not something that can be legislated. It is something that is known – and then shared.”

“You’re right, Honey. I think one of the great problems with mankind is that it has misunderstood Jesus. I think Jesus believed in the sacred of all and believed that no one – not even a child – is without worth; but I think they who wrote about him believed him to be a Lord – someone who was to give them what they needed rather than inspire them to find in themselves what they needed.”

“Most of my friends who believe in Jesus consider him to be a lord, Grampa. They expect Jesus to give them wonderful things after death if they believe in him during life.”

“I know, Honey. It is a battle I have had with other Christians all my life. I think it is really sad that someone who taught that all are worthy was turned into a lord that supposedly can make others worthy. That is a lot like that idea that peace can be made by making war.”

“I think you are right, Grampa. It really does not make any sense, does it?”

“And yet, most in the world are blind to both ideas. They think they can be made worthy via the efforts of another and they think they can make peace by whopping any who might want to whop them.”

“Mom always taught me that I have to be worthy because I am a child of God. She had this little poem entitled **CHILD OF THE LIGHT** that she recited that I memorized that goes like this: *Oh, Child of the Light, play as you will. You have but to live to find your fill. You can’t understand from whence you came. Just embrace it all joyfully as if it’s a game. For a game life is – or should be for all. Oh, Child of the Light, have yourself a ball. Look at the earth and the sun and the moon and know that they are all in tune.*”

Grampa smiled at his lovely granddaughter. “Yes, I know,” he said. “I taught her that poem.” And then Grampa continued: *The wonder of all of God’s great creation should fill your mind with jubilation. Oh, Child of the Light, you fit in well. So, ring as you should as one of the bells.*”

“You wrote that, didn’t you, Grampa?”

“What makes you think that?”

“When I asked Mom who wrote it, she just said, *ask Grampa.*”

“I don’t know why your mother didn’t admit it, but, yes, Dear One, I wrote it. I guess she was just being secretive as you girls like to be sometimes.”

“Well, it wasn’t much of a secret, Grampa. I think I always knew. You know there’s more. Let’s recite it together.” Grampa smiled at his granddaughter and in unison, they completed the little ditty, as Grampa liked to call what he wrote. *So, don’t fret and worry and live in fear. As God is your source, It’s also your care. Be not afraid as you go forward in time. Oh, Child of the Light, you’ve a life that’s Divine.*

The young one smiled at her Grampa after they completed the verse in unison.

“Grampa, wouldn’t it be nice if we all believed we are children of the light?”

“It sure would, Honey. I wish that people would take time to think about that. How can we not be children of the light when without the light we could not even exist? Take away the light of the sun and there would be no life on earth. Clearly, we are all *children of the light.*”

“I like that, Grampa. You and me - children of the light. We don’t have to know more about our lives. It is obvious to anyone with a mind to think. We should be grateful we are earthlings and thank the sunlight for making it possible.”

“And I like to think, too, Honey, that we should thank God for making the sunlight possible. It is all so simple. It is almost astonishing that mankind has chosen to make it so hard. We don’t think that being children of the light is very important. We act like we are children of some dark someplace. Maybe others are, Honey, but not me.”

“And not me either, Grampa. I am honored to know you, my fellow son of the light; and I am happy to play with you as one like you.”

“Sweetheart, play is the word, too. Play with life and play with yourself and with your friends as long as you are thankful while you play. Life is a gift – a mysterious gift, but a gift. I am so pleased you see it like that.”

“How could I not, Grampa? I am the daughter of your daughter; and we are one.”

“Yes, My Dear, we are one. I am so proud that we are.”

“Me too, Grampa. Well, it’s time for me to go. Unfortunately, I have to get dressed to leave you, Grampa, because the world thinks my being dressed naturally with what the Divine has given us is somehow indecent.”

“Yeah, I know, Honey,” her grandfather replied. “But we know different, huh?”

“Oh, Grampa, thank you so much for being different!”

“Not being different, My Lovely One, just thinking different. No one is different. We are all the same. It is why I can go naked with myself and it is why I can go naked with you. We are all the same in that we are all *dressed with Divinity, dressed in the light and with the light*. And no one who is at peace can ever know otherwise.”

“I do wonder why we think we are different from one another, Grampa. I think it would be so much better if we all realized we are the same.”

“Absolutely,” My Dear, he replied. “The problem is that in wanting to be different from one another, all we see is our differences and not our sameness. If I want to be different from you, Honey, I will look for ways in which we are different; but if I want to be the same as you, I will look for ways in which we are the same.”

“And then, though there are many differences between us,” she responded, “we will only see how we are alike.”

“Yes, for the most part, that is true; but oh how wonderful our differences are too. I love you, Dear One, because we are the same; but I am enchanted by you because we are different.”

“Enchanted by me, Grampa?”

“Oh, yes, enchanted,” he retorted. “I love you because we are the same; but I am enchanted because of our differences.”

“And I am enchanted by you, too, Grampa, if liking being with you means being enchanted. Is that what it means?”

“You got it, Dear One!” he replied. “But being enchanted by another does not mean using another to fulfill oneself. I am enchanted by you, Honey, for what you are – not what you can do for me.”

“Me too, Grampa! I like you for what you are. I don’t need you to do something for me. You used to tell me, Grampa, when I was much younger, that you did not need me to make peace with the world and that is why I could go naked around you. I did not understand that then, but I think I do now. You said that people who need others to be at

peace with themselves are the ones who can do harm to others because if others are needed, others can be forced into submission; and since you were at peace with yourself, I need never fear you could harm me. And you never have, Grampa.”

“Thanks, Honey! And I never will. You can count on it. We will always be at peace because neither of us needs the other to be at peace with ourselves. You have learned well.”

“You have taught well, Grampa!”

“Thanks for thinking so, Honey, but keep in mind that my ideas are only opinions. It is my opinion that peace is strictly within. Others are as convinced as I am that it comes from without. You need to make up your own mind on that. Am I right? Am I wrong?”

“I think you’re right, Grampa. It makes sense to me.”

“Does it make sense because I am your Grampa – or does it just make sense?”

“I guess I would have to admit that I am prejudiced, Grampa, but I think you are right.”

“And others who think otherwise think they are right. Just listen to all sides and decide for yourself, Honey.”

“I hope I am listening, Grampa, but I admit that so many different opinions makes it hard to know what is really right.”

“I know, Honey. We are all in the same boat with that confusion; but I think I can show you how they could have made Jesus a lord when he was not one. Are you game?”

“You bet, Grampa!”

“Look at me, Honey. Look at your ole naked Grampa here beside you, sipping a glass of water. What do you see?”

Smiling, the young one did as she was bid. “I see my Grampa,” she said.

“But beyond that, what do you see?”

“I see a man.”

“No more than that?” asked Grampa.

“No. Should I see more than that?”

“My Dear, Dear One, No. But why do you see a man and nothing more?”

“I’m not sure,” she replied.

“I think it is because I am naked – and you are naked, Honey. If I had been clothed, you would have seen me as something different – like maybe an American. It is said that clothes makes the man; and I think that is true. When clothed, I am an entirely different person than I really am. Clothes change me – or rather, the impression of me. When clothed, I am no longer a man. I am whatever it is you are looking for. I am a statesman or a soldier or an artist or a peasant or a king. I am no longer *just a man*. Am I?”

“Wow, Grampa! You’re right!”

“And that’s how they got Jesus wrong – or could have got him wrong,” the old gent added.

“Because they didn’t see Jesus naked?”

“That’s right – because they didn’t see Jesus naked – or if he was naked, they refused to look at him as he was. Instead, they did not see a man first. They saw what they were looking for; and since those who wrote about Jesus were looking for a messiah or a lord, that is exactly what they found.”

“But how can we know what the real Jesus was then? If we cannot believe what those who wrote about him said about him, how can we know about the real Jesus?”

“We can’t, Honey. We can only guess about the real Jesus – like we can only guess about any man of history who has been seen in outer ware. Very few in history have been *only men*. History does not record *only men*. History records men who did this or that or the other thing, but never, *only men*. History records George Washington as general and president, but it does not record George as he really was – *only a man*. History records John Paul II as a priest and a pope, but it does not record John Paul as he really was – *only a man*. And history claims to have recorded Jesus as some kind of messiah and lord, but it does not record Jesus as *only a man*. Why? Because history and mankind in general does not want *only men*. It wants heroes that do this or that and in wanting heroes that do this or that, men live but are never known; and what we have in their place are impostures of men and not men themselves.”

“That’s a pretty harsh statement, Grampa!”

“I think it’s the harsh truth, Honey, but it should not be reason for despair. It should be just the opposite – reason for excitement and reason for enthusiasm and reason for loving life without fear of what men in clothes have dictated as truth. Take away the clothes of George Washington and you no longer have a general and a president. You have *only a man*. Take away the clothes of John Paul II and you no longer have a priest and a pope. You have *only a man*. Take away the clothes of Jesus and you no longer have a messiah and a lord. You have *only a man*. And take away the clothes of Grampa and you no longer have whatever he was in life. You have in front of you, Dear One, *only a man*.”

“Oh, Grampa, I like it! And take away the clothes of your dear lovely granddaughter and all that is left is *only a lady*! Wow!”

“There it is, Honey! People know what they see, not what might have been. And since the story is the same everywhere, we can know with almost absolute certainty that not only could we have got Jesus wrong. In all likelihood, we did get Jesus wrong.”

“But it is possible they got him right, too, Grampa. Right?”

“Yes, it is possible; and because every person in this world is important, it is useful to search for people in the history of words – as long as you realize that what was written may not have reflected the true story. In all that mess of words, there are some nuggets. Not everything that man has done has been folly. There is no need to take that approach; but there is tremendous need to realize that all that has been written may not be the truth – regardless of all who are willing, as they say, to stand on a stack of **BIBLES** claiming that all that has been written is the truth.”

The young one started to chuckle. “Grampa, I just thought of something. I just imagined Jesus joining us on your porch naked. I guess he would be *only a man* then, huh?”

“You have that right, Honey – and I think you also have Jesus right. Not everyone who lived when Jesus lived was looking for a lord and not everyone who wrote about him wrote about him as a lord – or messiah. Only those clothed in some fashion of tradition were looking for a lord; but there were others.”

“Others?” she questioned. “Who?”

“I don’t know how many, Honey, but I’m familiar with two – Thomas and Mary.”

“Grampa, I should not be taking so much time with you today. I am due for dinner with a friend at Noon. I hope he doesn’t mind my being late if I am, but who were Thomas and Mary?”

“Maybe in the end, they are fiction, Sweetheart. Maybe someone wrote in their names, but it is considered by some scholars that Thomas was one of the twelve apostles of Jesus and Mary is the one known in the other gospels as Mary Magdalene.”

“The prostitute, Mary?”

“Yes – the same one, although Mary may not have been a prostitute in reality. Who knows about that? Those who wrote about her in that fashion may have been simply trying to discredit her – perhaps because of her views on Jesus or perhaps because of a friendship that they did not want to honor. Who knows about that?”

“You think gospel writers could actually tell lies to discredit someone?”

“Keep in mind, Honey, that when those works were written, they may have not been what you call ‘gospels’. They may have been later defined as gospels, but in the beginning, they may have made no such claim. They could have been nothing more than works about Jesus that were strictly personal opinions.”

“Like the personal opinions of Thomas and Mary?”

“Exactly!”

“But why have I not heard about the works of Thomas and Mary? I had no idea they even existed.”

“Almost no one in the current age has had any idea of any contrary works on Jesus, Honey. You are not alone. I did not know about them either until some friends of mine, Russ and Joe, told me about them.”

“But why? Why have we not known anything about them?”

“It is nobody’s fault of the current age, Honey. It’s just one of those things. Things happened long ago that suppressed any works about Jesus that did not agree with what the majority of the rulers of the Church believed. No one is to blame.”

“But what happened, Grampa?”

“Honey, long time ago, there were lots of different opinions about Jesus. Thomas and Mary – or ones who called themselves Thomas and Mary – were just two of many who wrote about Jesus. Some like the gospels that ended in the **BIBLE** believed that Jesus was a messiah from within Judaism; and some – like perhaps Thomas and Mary – did not see him in that light. They saw him as quite special, but not as a Jewish messiah.”

“Really? I thought that everyone saw Jesus as a Jewish messiah.”

“Almost every Christian does, Honey. And he might have been a messiah, too. They might be right, but my point is not about being right or wrong. It’s that there were other works on Jesus that did not proclaim Jesus as a Jewish messiah. There were other opinions. Right or wrong, there were other opinions.”

“So, why have we not known about those other opinions?”

“Again, Honey, it’s no one’s fault that is living today. Call it *incidental*, but in the 4<sup>th</sup> Century before any books were collected into a single work we now know as the **BIBLE**, there was a Pagan emperor we know today as Constantine. He was a Roman emperor who was actually of the Pagan faith. Pagans believe some are gods and some aren’t. Those who are gods are divinely inspired to rule and those who aren’t gods are supposed to obey the gods who are divinely inspired to rule.”

“Constantine was one of the gods?” the young one asked.

“Well, yes, or at least he saw himself in that light. But his mother, Helen, or Helena, had become a convert to Christianity – or the leg of Christianity that saw Jesus as a god like Constantine was a god. It was probably because of his mother becoming a Christian and because Constantine loved his mother that he decided to make Christianity the state religion. Before Constantine ruled, Christians were far outnumbered by Pagans and were very much persecuted; but when Constantine rose to power, he changed all of that.”

“That’s sure intriguing.”

“Yes, it is, My Dear, but it is also why books like those of Thomas and Mary were eventually banned. You see, Constantine favored Christianity because of the love for his mother, but he favored that branch of Christianity that saw Jesus as a god – like Constantine saw himself. He called all his bishops together and bid them to select books favorable to his view of Christianity and to ban those books not favorable to his view. Anyway, in effect, if not by design, that is how it happened.”

“Constantine did not like Thomas and Mary?” she asked.

“That’s right. He did not like their view of Jesus. So he bid the bishops of the church to collect those works on Jesus and **Old Testament** works favorable to the idea of a messiah into one work that is now called the **BIBLE**. Before Constantine, there was no **BIBLE**, but upon his command, a **BIBLE** was created that included the works on Jesus that saw Jesus as a Jewish messiah – and all other works were not only banned, but supposedly commanded to be destroyed. Constantine did not want any opinions about Jesus in his empire except those he favored – and that was that.”

“And so Thomas and Mary and other works about Jesus that did not agree with Constantine were banned? Is that right, Grampa?”

“That’s the story, Dear One. Constantine and his bishops commanded that all works on Jesus not favorable to his opinion of Christianity be condemned. All of those works were supposed to be destroyed.”

“But I take it that they were not all destroyed.”

“You take it right, My Dear. I guess you could call it blatant disobedience on the part of some who did not believe in the view of Jesus as offered in the gospels that were selected to be part of the **BIBLE**. Many of the contrary works were destroyed and we have no evidence of them; but some – like the works of Thomas and Mary – were hid from authorities and were not destroyed.”

“How long were they hid, Grampa?”

“I am not sure about the work of Mary, Honey, but the work of Thomas was only discovered in 1945. So, that is how long the work of Thomas on Jesus was hid – from about the 4<sup>th</sup> Century to 1945 – about 1,600 years. That’s a long time. Huh?”

“It sure is, but how was it discovered?”

“Call that *accidental*, if you like. In 1945, some peasant was rummaging through a cave that overlooks the Nile River in Egypt near a settlement called *Nag Hammadi*. He wasn’t looking for anything in particular, but he happened upon this big jar that contained a number of ancient works. It turns out that big jar contained that which we now know as *The Gospel of Thomas* – among others.”

“Wow!”

“Yeah, Wow! But that which is really important about this story is that it reveals something none of us living today ever dreamed happened. It revealed that at one time there were a lot of works about Jesus that disagreed among themselves about what Jesus

was. Before 1945, we were mostly in the dark. I suppose some works about Jesus that had not agreed with Constantine's view of Jesus had emerged, but not many. In fact, I think the work on Jesus attributed to *Mary Magdalene* was discovered sometime in the 19<sup>th</sup> Century, but I am not sure about that. For now, when it was discovered is not important. That it was discovered is important because along with other works like that of Thomas, it reveals that history – or rulers of history – tried to suppress works on Jesus that were not favorable in some fashion to their outlook on life.”

“Amazing!”

“I think so, Honey. It is, indeed, quite amazing to learn that once there were different opinions about Jesus. And it is wonderful that we can now review some of those different opinions.”

“No longer just one version. Is that it, Grampa?”

“That's it. Which version is right, if any? Well, it probably all comes down to which version you want to be right – Constantine all over. He wanted some to be right and decided that the others were wrong – and so he probably refused to even listen to versions contrary to his views on rule and gods. And people today are no different. We all block that which we don't want to hear. Don't we?”

“I guess so, Grampa, but what did Thomas or Mary say that caused them to be suppressed?”

“I suppose it comes down to the issue of what was Jesus. Was he a messiah, as strictly a product within Judaism – or was he only a master without necessary ties to Judaism? Was he a Jew that believed in the history of the Jews – and therefore could be their messiah – or was he simply a man with a view about life in general? Was he one to represent a kingdom – or was he one who had no use for kingdoms? Most interesting, huh?”

“That's heavy, Grampa!”

“Yes, it is, but I did not make it heavy. None of us living today did. None of us living today were part of the drama that suppressed a view of Jesus that did not see him as a Jewish messiah. Constantine and his bishops did that. None of us need feel guilty about it.”

“I must admit it is interesting, to say the least, Grampa. I should have gone long time ago, but this story is too exciting for me to leave it behind. Wow! That's all I can think of saying. Wow!”

“Well, it's only a story, Honey. Consider it nothing more than that. Suffice it to say that it should suggest that we may have been given the wrong Jesus. Suffice it to say that it is possible that the Jesus that Constantine liked – or the version of Jesus that he liked – does not reflect reality. With the emergence of contrary works on Jesus that none of us ever knew existed, we have plenty of reason to challenge the idea that Jesus even believed in sin, let alone ever claimed to be a messiah that was to save mankind from sin.”

“Are you saying that the works of Thomas and Mary may even challenge the concept or belief in sin, Grampa? Surely, not!”

“Perhaps, Honey. Let me give you a few examples. In the work on Jesus by the one called Mary, Jesus was asked about sin, by Peter, I think. Peter is presented as saying that Jesus had taught them about lots of things, but what did he think about sin? What do



you think the Jesus of Mary answered to Peter's question about sin – according to what we know today as *The Gospel of Mary*?"

"Oh my!" the young one exclaimed. "I have no idea – what?"

"Near as I can remember it was something like this: *There is no such thing as sin, but you create sin when you mingle as in adultery, and this is called sin. For this reason the good came among you, to those of every nature, in order to restore nature to its root.* Who knows what that all means, Honey, but it does suggest that Jesus did not favor the traditional Jewish concept of sin. It seems to me that answer is a challenge to what Peter expected to hear. Doesn't it seem so to you?"

"Grampa, I did not hear the last part of your quote, if you were quoting. I would need time to review things, but I did hear what you said that Jesus claimed there is no such thing as sin. That's enough right there to make you think. Isn't it?"

"I think so, but, of course, it makes more sense to me than it would to many others because I don't believe we can be separated from God at all since God, being Infinite, must be everywhere and in everything – and I think it is that notion of separation from God that is the entire statement of sin – as traditionally understood."

"And if there is no such thing as sin as traditionally accepted, then there is no need for a messiah to save us from such a thing? Is that right?"

"How could it not be, Dear One? What happens when the entire notion of sin as traditionally understood is discarded?"

"It has to call into question the entire claim of authority on the part of the Church that claims belief in sin, I guess."

"Precisely, Dear One! It allows for some very interesting speculation - doesn't it – for those of us willing to speculate?"

"It sure does. What does Thomas have to say about it, Grampa?"

"Nothing directly about it, Honey, but there is plenty of room to speculate that Jesus did not see himself as a messiah. Thomas does not have him comment about sin, per se, I don't think, but he does have him commenting about him being a messiah. Want to hear about it?"

"Of course, Grampa!"

"You sure you won't be late for your dinner date?"

"Maybe, I will, Grampa, but this is more important than any dinner date. I can have dinner anytime, but how often can I hear about another version of Jesus? Dinner can wait."

"I'm glad you are so interested, My Dear. In what is known today as *The Gospel of Thomas*, Jesus is presented as asking three of his disciples about how each of them sees him. Peter answered that he thought Jesus is like a righteous angel. One called Matthew answered that Jesus was like a wise man of understanding – or maybe it was just the opposite. Maybe Peter saw Jesus as a wise man and Matthew saw him as a righteous angel. I'm not sure about that; but Thomas answered that he couldn't answer the question, but that he saw Jesus as his master. And what do you think Jesus said?"

"How can I know, Grampa? But I am excited to know. What?"

"Jesus is presented as telling Thomas: *I am not your master because you have drunk from the bubbling spring which I have measured out.* What do you think about that, Honey?"

"I'm not sure."

“I think it suggests, Honey, that Jesus was objecting to being anyone’s master. He just did not want the job. He is telling Thomas that he is not the master of Thomas, but because Thomas seems to have understood what Jesus was teaching, Thomas had become his own master. That is to say to me that it is not the grace of another that saves us from what might be called sin, but understanding.”

“And it calls into question a need for a savior or messiah. Is that right?”

“That’s right, My Dear. It suggests that Jesus did not want to be anyone’s savior or messiah and that all he was interested in was suggesting wisdom that when believed would liberate us from what might be called sin.”

“And that’s what you believe. Isn’t it, Grampa?”

“Yes, Honey, that’s precisely what I believe – that liberation from sin, if you want to call it that, is not what another can do for you, but what you can do for yourself – with wisdom.”

“Grampa, I’m beginning to think that I am going to even be late for desert. Wow!”

“I like your excitement because it’s also my own, Honey. It’s like waking up from a nightmare where you are being threatened with a beating to find someone smiling and reaching out to hug you. It’s quite a different story. Isn’t it?”

“But why would they suppress such a view of Jesus, Grampa?”

“Because Constantine did not like it, I guess – and because the bishops who decided things didn’t like it. Needless to say, there is a lot to not like about it from the viewpoint of one who wants to rule others. Rulers – in general – do not want to hear about wisdom liberating anyone. They want to hear about command and the right to command. I guess it should be obvious that the works of Thomas and Mary were not conducive to command. Were they?”

“And that’s why they were banned?”

“Probably. If you saw Jesus in the light of authority, would you embrace works that seem to contradict the right to rule? Hardly! As a matter of fact, there is one verse in *The Gospel of Thomas* that states directly about command. Jesus said something like: **Let him who has power renounce it.** Now, is that something that you think Constantine – or anyone who wants to rule – would want to hear?”

“Of course not, Grampa. Who would have ever thought?”

“Yeah, who would have ever thought? There are lots of things that the works of Thomas and Mary say that are not conducive to rule and command of one over another. There is even one verse in *The Gospel of Thomas* that says that you and I are not out of line, Honey, with our love of the natural state of ourselves. Jesus was asked by one of his listeners – or disciples – about when they would recognize him for what he was. And what do you think Jesus answered?”

“I can’t imagine,” the young one replied.

“Jesus said: **When you take off your clothing without being ashamed, and take your clothes and put them under your feet as the little children and tread on them, then you will behold the Son of the Living One and you shall not fear** – or something really close to that. What does that say to you, Honey?”

“It says that shame is out of order – that is, shame for life. It says that we should embrace our lives, I guess. Is that what it says to you, Grampa?”

“Without question, My Dear. But keep in mind that all I am offering you today agrees with my state of mind. That might be why I am so eager and anxious to believe it

– just like those who are anxious to believe in sin believe that nakedness is sinful and that life is sordid and needs salvation. In the end, I think, we believe what we want based on how we perceive life.”

“You think we read into various verses what we want to hear, Grampa?”

“I think so, Honey. If someone who believes in the traditional concept of sin and separation from God were to review the verse I just quoted, they would likely hear something very different than I do. In fact, I have reviewed other interpretations by others and I have been amazed that they think that Jesus is speaking only symbolically about embracing nakedness. They claim that Jesus is only using clothing as a metaphor for shame and that to know him, we must discard our shame – like taking off our clothes - but shame is in no way related to clothes. Clothes are only a metaphor for shame. Well, that is one way to look at it. Isn’t it?”

“But it’s not how we look at, is it, Grampa?”

“No, it isn’t. Knowing nakedness as a way of life as I do, I think that wearing clothes is not just a metaphor for shame. It is an expression of shame. People who do not want to embrace life as it is excuse their need for clothes in any fashion they can. When metaphors are desired, metaphors are seen. I guess we are all the same.”

“And you think that Jesus really meant we should embrace actual nakedness to know him? Is that right, Grampa?”

“To know his wisdom, yes. I don’t think it has anything to do with knowing Jesus personally or needing to know him personally. I think it has everything to do with knowing the wisdom of Jesus and thereby, as Jesus spoke to Thomas, becoming masters for having imbibed on the same wisdom.”

“And you think that embrace of nakedness is essential for the attainment of wisdom? Is that right, Grampa?”

“Don’t you, Sweetheart?”

“I’m not sure, but I haven’t lived near as long as you have, Grampa. I need some time to think about it.”

“As it should be, Honey. You need to take time to make up your own mind about things – just like your ole Grampa has done. At your age, I was still wrestling with the traditional concept of sin. At your age, I had a long way to go to reach where I am now.”

“Thanks, Grampa. I appreciate your confidence in me – and the freedom to make up my own mind.”

“I strongly suspect, Dear One, that unless you embrace life as it is – without shame – as Jesus says directly in that verse I quoted you, you cannot know wisdom. In another verse, apparently Thomas caught Jesus naked in the desert – though it does not say so in literal terms, but Jesus said: *Why did you come out into the desert? To see a reed shaken by the wind? And to see a man clothed in soft garments? Your kings and your great ones are those who are clothed in soft garments and they shall not be able to know the truth.* I suspect that is true, Honey. I suspect that it is the actual wearing of clothes for the purpose of distinction that prevents a man from knowing the truth. And I suspect that is why Peter and all of those who believed that Jesus was messiah never knew the real man.”

“Are you saying that it takes one to know one, Grampa?”

“I think that is exactly what I am saying, Honey. How could Peter or any of the others even begin to know Jesus if they did not even appreciate the need to embrace life

as it is because of its being holy? There is so much reason now to suspect that Peter never knew Jesus, but only thought he knew him. I do not want to suggest that Peter knew otherwise and only pretended to know Jesus. I think he really thought he knew him, but there being no evidence whatsoever that Peter embraced nakedness like Jesus suggested we should, I doubt that Peter had any idea about Jesus; but it's only one man's opinion, Honey. It's what I think and believe, but you don't have to believe it."

"Like I said, Grampa, I need time, but if it means anything to you at all, I am leaning in your direction. I am inclined to believe in the Jesus of *Thomas and Mary*, but I need time to study them on my own. Thanks so much, though, for opening a door I had no idea even existed."

"That's the key, Honey – being willing to hear more. Not many are so willing because they are so entrenched in their own views about things that, as it is said, they can't see the forest for all the trees in it. You have to stand back, withdraw from history and from mankind in general, to see mankind. You can't see mankind from within its history. You can only see mankind as it is, naked, as you are seeing it and knowing it on this porch."

"I think I agree, Grampa. I think it is possible that in one hour naked with you on your porch I have learned more about who or what I am than I could have learned in a dozen years hunched over books of history."

"I don't know about that, Honey. I don't claim to know much. I just claim that others may not know as much as they think they do – and my *not much* may be closer to the truth because I am not protecting my ignorance by assuming that was written is the truth. I prefer to be *only a man*, Honey, but I see *only a man* as being absolutely wonderful. I am delighted to be *only a man*. I have no need to be more. I am content to be what I am and to be thankful for what I am, leaving who I am somewhat of a useless search."

"What do you mean by that, Grampa?"

"Well, Honey, I think that people get derailed from enjoying life by insisting on being personalities. I think they get so focused on being persons that they forget they are people. I think they get so focused on becoming known for some great deed that they overlook what they are. In searching for an identity, they lose sight of what is more important – life itself."

"And we are life itself. Aren't we, Grampa?"

"Ah, that we are, my Lovely Daughter of my Lovely Daughter! We are life itself. I am a reflection of life itself by being *only a man*; and it is in that in which I should find glory and happiness and contentment. I am *only a man*, but why should I be more?"

"And I am *only a lady*, Grampa! But I feel like a queen. I feel like I am ruling the universe by being *only a lady*. I have nowhere to go because I am really the best that I can be. Wow, Grampa! Wow!"

"I hope you keep that enthusiasm, Honey. It is easy to lose it in the world of clothed people because many self-ignorant don't know who they are, but they are intent on believing they are special. It is easy to lose sight of what is really important when mingling with others who have already lost sight of it. Just beware!"

"I will, Grampa. Well, gotta go out there into the world that knows little peace, but, Grampa, I will always have my own peace – and you! See you soon!" she said as she rose and bent down and hugged her Grampa and then kissed him sweetly.

“OK, My Dear One,” the old gent replied, as he returned his granddaughter’s affections. “Thanks for coming by. You know you or any of your friends are welcome – dressed with the world or *dressed with Divinity*. As you know, I hug, not hate.”

“If only the world knew that, Grampa!” she replied, as she reached for her clothes, looped over a chair on Grampa’s porch. “If only the world knew hugs and gentle and not hate and force. “But maybe someday it will,” she said, as she began to cover her light with the shroud of clothes that mankind has chosen to prefer over the light itself. “Maybe someday, Grampa, we will all realize we are all *children of the light* – and really come to know *Peace on Earth*.”

“I hope so,” he replied. “I hope so.”

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## PEACE ON EARTH

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### A Song

By

Francis William Bessler

Written July 31st, 2007

***REFRAIN:***

*There can be peace on earth – for all the world to see.*

*There can be peace on earth – but it must begin with me.*

*There’ll be peace on earth – when we all see Divinity.*

*But there can be no peace – without me.*

What is peace, my friends?

It’s knowing that you belong

and it’s knowing that we’re all the same.

That is peace, my friends

as we’re singing in this song;

and it’s not holding anyone to blame. ***Refrain.***

What is peace, my friends?

It’s loving what we are

and it’s knowing that all life is a gift.

That is peace, my friends

and if we’re ever to stop war,

we must believe that all life is blessed. ***Refrain.***

What is peace, my friends?  
It's failure to hold a grudge  
and it's forgiving to be forgiven.  
That is peace, my friends  
and it's the only way to nudge  
our way into that lovely state of Heaven. *Refrain.*

**Repeat *Refrain* a few more times.**

**PEACE ON EARTH**



**THE END**

# THIS ACCIDENT CALLED SOCIETY

(9 Pages)

*An essay and poem on the arbitrary character of a society*

By

Francis William Bessler,  
Laramie, Wyoming, U.S.A.  
August 28th, 2007

## Introduction - Sin

Many think that all are sinful. If by sin is meant **finding fault**, I would agree with that. In that light, I am definitely a sinner, but I differ with so many other sinners in that I do not think it is necessarily in my nature to be a sinner. In other words, there is nothing that says I have to sin. That is where I differ from so many who are eager to attach sin – and sinfulness – to everyone. So many think they have to sin. I totally disagree with that.

**Having to sin and actually sinning are two different things.** I admit that I do sin in that I do spend some of my time of life finding fault; but that is not the ideal and with effort, I can avoid that pitfall. Who knows? Maybe someday I will grow to not find fault; but whether I do or do not find fault – whether I do or do not sin – I believe I belong to a society of sinless-ness because I believe the Nature of which I am part is sinless. **Nature doesn't find fault. Nature just is.** I would never take pride in being part of a society of sinners inasmuch as that society takes pride in being sinners – and then blaming their natures for it. Many pound their chests and exclaim: I am a sinner! Look at me! Be afraid of me because I can sin! Watch out for me because in sinning – and having the right to sin – I can destroy you!

That is not the society – the spiritual society – of my pride. I take no delight in sinning and I do not claim that it is right just because it is supposedly of my nature. **My nature has nothing to do with sinning or not sinning.** My nature is unbelievably splendid and gracious. My life is as great a miracle as has ever been created – not greater, but as great. **My life is fantastic! That life has no sin in it!** It is not life that is sinful. It is those who are in life that sin; but they do not sin with life – they sin all by themselves. There is nothing in their nature or my nature that compels them to sin; and there is nothing in my nature that compels me to sin. I sin, but I know it is in my power to avoid it. I make no excuses for my failures; but neither do I condone the sin of finding fault.

Keep in mind, though, that I am perhaps more philosophically oriented than theologically oriented. To a great extent, I base my judgments about life on personal conjecture and experience. **I find that personally I am unhappiest when I am finding**

**fault** and contrarily, *I am happiest when I am focusing on gratitude* – which in a very real way is almost the opposite of finding fault. I suspect it is that way for all, even though most may not have analyzed their own happiness and unhappiness at all.

Many would argue that my definition of sin is not a proper definition of it. They might argue that Jesus, for instance, found fault with others, especially his own church leaders – and they might be mad at me for accusing Jesus of sin. I do not have any way of knowing whether Jesus did find fault with his church or not, but if he did – and it would be realistic to think he did – then according to sin being defined as finding fault, Jesus sinned like I am also sinning in this essay by finding fault with the judgments of traditional societies. And like Jesus gained the rancor of his fellow Jews for criticizing them, there is nothing to say that a lot of people won't be angry with me for what I say too.

But sin is just a word – like finding fault is just a definition. Perhaps everyone sins in that everyone finds fault now and then; but it might be somewhat useful to check it all out and determine just what it all means. I hope, however, I don't make a practice of sinning or finding fault because that would mean I make a practice of being unhappy. **In spite of little essays like this that find fault to some degree, overall I try to concentrate on my blessings and leave fault finding an exception rather than a rule.**

## A Social Beginning

**Everyone has an opinion about society – or societies. My opinion is that basically they are accidental.** Let me explain. If something has to be and cannot not be, that something could be called essential. Contrarily, if something can be, but doesn't have to be, that something could be called accidental. Are there any societies that have to be and cannot not be? I think not. Accordingly, all societies must be accidental. I realize that I am being what could be called philosophical with my general appraisal of the notion of society, but I think it is important and I do find it quite exciting.

Why do I find the notion of an accidental society – or accidental societies – exciting? Because it's encouraging for every one to choose a society – or associated way of life – that is most appealing to oneself. Since there can be no essential societies and because all societies must be accidental, then no society, per se, is better than any other. One society becomes better than another only to a member of a particular society; but what might appeal to one might not appeal to another.

It would follow, then, that any given member could practice the notion of his or her chosen society better than others – and it could be said that those persons who practice their chosen social notions better than other members of a society are the saints of that membership; but the idea of saint does not pertain to just one society, but all societies. **Every society would have its own saints.** I find that very exciting indeed.

When I was a kid, growing up on a small farm in Powell, Wyoming, I was a very enthusiastic Catholic Christian. I loved my church and admired many of what that church called saints. My favorite was Saint Francis of Assisi (13<sup>th</sup> Century in Italy). Perhaps that was because my parents named me after Francis of Assisi. I suppose if I had been named after St. Peter, and my name was Peter, I might be a fan of St. Peter; but as it happened, I was named after Francis of Assisi. To say the least, I loved the idea of someday becoming a saint like Francis of Assisi.



In time, however, I began to doubt the notion of sin – that in which my friend, Francis of Assisi, had believed. Francis believed that he was sinful by nature and that all are sinful by nature. He belonged to a society – an accidental society – that believes in sin and that all souls are born in sin. Growing up, I did too; or at least, I thought I did. If I was to become a saint within the order of Francis of Assisi, I had to believe in sin. Such a belief was – and is – a requirement of the membership of the accidental society of which Francis of Assisi was a member.

Then, in time, **I changed my membership in societies. I signed out of the society of sin and into the society of sinless-ness.** You must admit that is quite a change; but there are many who make such a change during a lifetime. I am not the only one in the world who has ever changed membership in societies. Perhaps you have been one who has experienced a conversion in life too. Maybe once you did not believe in sin – and then underwent a conversion to sin. If so, you merely traveled an opposite road than I did; but for both of us, our before society and our after society are accidental. There is nothing in either society that says it has to exist. The only thing about any society is that it can exist only with members.

### **The Basic Difference**

It is, of course, only my opinion, but **I think that the basic difference between the society of sin and the society of sinless-ness is that Nature is perceived differently by the two of them. One perceives Nature as lacking – and therefore, any within Nature must be lacking too. The other perceives Nature as perfect – and therefore, any within Nature must be perfect.** One perceives Nature as faulty or deficient and the other perceives Nature as faultless or perfect. And that is the basic difference between those who are members of the society of sin and those who are members of the society of sinless-ness.

In the end, I think it is how we see Nature itself as to how we approach life. Some see death as somehow imperfection – or the result of imperfection; and some see death as merely part of a perfect process of life and death. Some see death as a consequence of sin; and some see death as merely a phase within a perfect process of life, death, and rebirth.

It is the general perception of life itself that determines how we live it. **Those of us who see life itself as perfect – for whatever reason – do not live life constantly looking for fault.** Thus, we don't see much that is faulty – including ourselves within the big picture; but those who begin by seeing life as faulty often live their entire lives looking for fault – and, of course, they will find exactly that for which they seek – in themselves, in others, and in Nature itself.

**I say that I belong to a society of sinless-ness. That is not to say I don't sin. It is only to say that I believe I don't have to sin.** It is to say that there is nothing in my nature that compels me to sin; and, in fact, my nature is sinless. It is not my nature that sins, if I sin. It is me – just little ole me – without any help from my nature that sins. My nature is no more or less astonishing that your nature – or our participation in Nature. Nature is perfect; and my nature as part of that Nature is perfect. **If I sin, it is not because I lack in perfection. It is because I live unaware of my perfection.**

## Once Upon a Time

Many are aware of the story. Once upon a time, there was a wonderful, perfect, natural Paradise on Earth called Eden. Included in that Paradise were two humans, albeit the first humans, Adam & Eve. God made it all and God made it all perfect. Then God gave this wonderful Paradise to Adam & Eve and told them that as long as they obeyed Him, they could live forever in this garden of plenty; but if they disobeyed Him, they would lose Eden and one of the judgments upon them would be they would have to die.

Thus, death – or the prospect of it – was tied to disobedience. If Adam & Eve had chosen to obey God, then theoretically, they would not suffer death – and somehow all that might be born of Adam & Eve would live forever too – given that Adam & Eve would eventually have children. And that is another part of this story. If Adam & Eve disobeyed God, Eve would suffer great pain in bearing any children. Otherwise, I guess they would just pop out of Eve without stressing Eve at all.

The rest of the tale is a foregone conclusion. Of course, Adam & Eve disobey God, are cast out of the Paradise of Eden; and mankind is forever more subject to death and women have to bear children in pain.

Do you believe in such a story? **Do you believe that humanity at one time could have skipped death as part of what is now a natural process?** If you do, then you must also believe that two within Nature had the power to change all of Nature. The natural process now is clear. **All are born. All die. There are no exceptions.** Are there? So if the natural process is now different than what it was, and the reason it is different is because of the actions of two created beings – as suggested by the tale of Adam & Eve - then it can only be concluded that two created beings had the power to change an entire process.

I do not believe that for a minute. Do you? **Do you believe that once man was created to live forever without ever passing through a phase of death?** If you do, you and I have a completely different perception of Nature and the natural. But that is the story that was told about Adam & Eve; and amazingly throngs of people believe it. Once humanity was made to live forever – skipping death, but it disobeyed God and lost the right to continue in that mode. It disobeyed God and inherited death – or the process or event of death – as a consequence. Thus, when death became part of the natural process, since death was not intended as part of the natural process, life with death included became faulty. Truly an amazing story; and assuming it to be true – which is as likely as finding an elephant that can fly - let's proceed from there.

## Enter Good & Evil

**Life is now faulty; but it was once not faulty – and the hope is that it will become faultless again. That sets up the eternal fight between good and evil.** Anything that might come in the way of life returning to a faultless character must be evil. So mankind proceeds to look for fault in order to one day destroy fault and return life to its original pure state. Now, it becomes justified to punish - or even kill - anyone

that might somehow be attached to fault; and so violence is anointed as a proper judgment.

That which is so tragic about it all is that the original story is likely fiction, not reality. **Paradise has never been lost or degraded from an original perfect state, but in thinking it was, we humans have been walking through Paradise unaware.** We expect to find Paradise some place else when all that went into Paradise – the miracle of creation – is in the very life we have; and that includes death – and stressful birth.

## **Saint Francis of Assisi**

I mentioned Saint Francis of Assisi before. He was convinced that because Adam & Eve sinned and lost Paradise for all humanity – and apparently for all of Nature – that somehow he was partly responsible for what Adam & Eve had done. Go figure! If Adam & Eve had not lost Eden for all living things, then Jesus would not have had to live – and eventually die. So, Francis of Assisi committed himself to a life of pain and suffering because his hero, Jesus, had to undergo a life and death he would not have had to undergo if Adam & Eve had not disobeyed God. Because Jesus had to live – and therefore, suffer and die – Francis of Assisi needed to suffer too, in an assumed imitation of his friend and mine, Jesus.

**Francis, Francis, Francis! If I had been there, I would have tried to advise Francis of Assisi to take another look at Nature. I would have advised him to stop looking for what is possibly faulty and start looking at the beauty & perfection within Nature.** I would have tried to tell him to dismiss that word, fault, from within his vocabulary. I would have tried to persuade him that his attention to pain was only due to his attention to fault – and that if he were smart, he would rethink the story of life and find a different perception about it.

Of what possible use can there be to pain and suffering when life itself is so miraculous and splendid? I'd rather focus on the mystery and miracle of life – not accuse life – whose origin is God - by pretending pain can overcome it. Why should I want to overcome something from God anyway? It makes no sense to me.

## **The Two Societies**

And as I would offer to Francis of Assisi, I would offer to all. **Why pay attention to pain and suffering and to fault – or sin – when Nature is not at all imperfect as we have been led to believe, but rather perfect?** I think pain happens when there is an attempt to overcome life. Think of how dumb it is to embrace pain in an attempt to improve or replace the miracle at hand. That's like starving and having a boiled egg in one hand and a stone in the other – and tossing the egg and chomping the stone.

Why spend any time degrading the mystery and miracle of creation simply because we have no understanding of it or explanation for it? **Should not life deserve admiration, not accusation?** When was the last time you created a butterfly? When was the last time you created any life whatever? It amazes me. None of us can create anything; and yet we think we can accuse creation of being other than what we would make it. In the end, arrogance produces nothing but heartache – and fallen mansions.

Is Nature imperfect? I have decided long ago that it is not. I have decided long ago that though I may not understand it, Nature is perfect; and I have decided long ago that no matter how hard I might try, I could never evade Nature. I will always have to belong to it. So, of what possible use could it be to me or my soul to conduct my life like Nature is an enemy? Nature does not end with me. It extends beyond and beyond and beyond, with no end to it. It is impossible to escape it. It is only wise to embrace it.

**Like all in this world, I can choose the spiritual society I wish.** I can choose to belong to a society that is always looking for fault and finding it for looking for it, and become a saint of that society of sin for doing it – or I can belong to a spiritual society, or attitude, that sees no fault in life, and become a saint of the society of sinless-ness for doing it.

And make a note: according to the definition of sin as finding fault, the society of sin – or societies of sin – would include all who focus on finding fault – be they religious or otherwise. The key phrase is focus on finding fault, not merely finding fault. **Those who insist on finding fault will surely find it.** The key to not finding fault is to not insist on finding it – and look away from fault – and concentrate on mystery and miracle instead.

## Return to Eden

**It was perfect then; and it is perfect now.** It has never been different. There has never been a time when sparrows did not have to be born and die. There has never been a time when kittens did not have to be born and die. There has never been a time when flowers did not sprout from seeds in their beginning and eventually wither and die. There has never been a time when babies have not had to be born - and eventually grow old and die.

**What is death anyway, but a beginning for something else?** Why fear it as if the new beginning will offer something entirely different than that experience that preceded it? The evidence of Nature is that where death of a thing occurs, new life springs forth; but the new life is like a continuation of the old life that just ended. If the soul goes on – and I strongly hope it does – it will only go on as it lived before death. So, why fear death if beyond it is just more of the same that we left behind?

Or is it you do not want in the future what you hope you have left behind in the past? If so, don't fear death due to some uncertainty of the future, but change so that you will have a future worth inheriting. **In the end, we all have to inherit ourselves.** Does it make any sense at all to act in a way that we would not want to continue ourselves?

**Eden was sinless. That part of the story of Adam & Eve is true; but the part that has any part of the Natural World becoming sinful – or faulty - because of the actions of two ignorant human beings seems impossible to me; but perhaps that is because I can see no fault in Nature.** I see Nature as perfect and I do my best to live life seeing myself as perfect as an expression within a perfect Nature.

***No one is perfect in isolation from Nature; but everyone is perfect as an expression of Nature. That I believe; and since I see Nature as an emanation or expression of God – or Infinity – I see myself as a Son – or Daughter - of God. It's that simple.***

**And I believe it was that simple for Jesus as well. When he taught that *Heaven is at hand*, I think all that he meant was *Eden is at hand* – and all the Natural World is Eden because God is in it; but we have to live aware of it to realize it. Don't we?**

### **This Accident Called Sin Society (9 verses)**

A poem by Francis William Bessler

Written Aug. 28th, 2007

This accident called sin society –  
I wonder why it is.  
Why was it formed  
based on the notion of sin?  
We could have been different.  
We could have chosen to embrace  
life as we find it,  
finding God every place.

This accident called sin society –  
I must always ask myself,  
do I really want to belong –  
or is belonging really a form of Hell?  
Do I really want to accept  
the notions of arrogance it upholds –  
or should I look for other ways  
in which my soul can be bold?

This accident called sin society –  
why does it insist on wearing clothes?  
Why does it protest we are natural  
and at the natural, look up its nose?  
Why does it pretend it is better  
than all creatures it beholds  
and insist it has a duty  
to do what it is told?

This accident called sin society –  
filled with prophets of all kind  
who are sure the voices heard  
are from their God on high?  
Why don't they realize  
that God is not only in the sky  
and that the same God that made them  
is the source of all – far and wide?

This accident called sin society –  
it seems based on power and control.  
It seems often to ignore creation  
to focus on pure human goals.  
It does not see life itself as precious  
and can relate only to command.  
It claims to obey a superior voice,  
but it fails to understand.

This accident called sin society –  
should I embrace it as it is –  
or perhaps just wander through it,  
ignoring its love for sin.  
I think for the sake of my soul  
that will survive all social ills,  
I should really look to *Sinless Nature*  
for my soul to be fulfilled.

This accident called sin society –  
It seems hell bent on war  
and insists that all are cowards  
who will not go that far.  
Little does it realize  
that to take a life is vain  
because a victim will survive  
to take another in exchange.

This accident called sin society –  
Its masters have no idea of life  
and think that wisdom comes from without  
and that peace comes from strife.  
Little does it realize  
that peace is stillness without fight  
and that gratitude is the basis  
of every life in the light.

This accident called sin society –  
It's not for me to damn –  
but neither should I allow it  
to swallow me in its command.  
I think it's good to realize  
that what is need not be.  
The world could be a whole lot better  
than what it is – *accidentally*.

(On The Lighter Side)

## **HELLO, MY LOVE**

A song by Francis William Bessler

Written Sept. 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2005

### ***REFRAIN:***

**Hello, My Love, it's good to see you.**

**Hello, My Love, it's good to be.**

**Hello, My Love, it's good to know you.**

**Hello, My Love, let's be free.**

As I was walking in a park one day, I passed a walking lady,  
holding a bundle to her chest.

Then I peeked in and saw a little baby

feeding so gently at her breast.

***Refrain***

I asked the walking lady about the child that she held.

Smiling, she thanked me for my care.

I can't tell you the good feeling that I felt,

knowing that life is ours to share.

***Refrain***

She told me it is Lilly when I asked the baby's name.

Cheering, I told her that it fit.

Then we parted and went our separate ways,

giving me a memory I won't forget.

***Refrain***

As I was walking in a park one day, I passed a walking lady,  
holding a bundle to her chest.

Then I peeked in and saw a little baby

feeding so gently at her breast.

***Refrain (3)***

**THIS ACCIDENT  
CALLED  
SOCIETY**

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**THE END**

# **I Am The World**

A Song by

Francis William Bessler

Written Sept. 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2007

## ***REFRAIN:***

***I am the world – and the world is me.***

***I am the world – because the world's in me.***

***All that's in the world – is also in me.***

***I am the world – and that world is free.***

People wonder about the world  
and they wonder about creation.  
I wonder about it too,  
but I wonder with jubilation. ***Refrain.***

I look at a little flower  
and watch it blooming bright.  
And I know I am a reflection  
of that flower in the light. ***Refrain.***

I watch the snow blowing  
and the leaves falling to the ground.  
And I know that eventually  
that's where I'll be found. ***Refrain.***

But in a spring, I'll return  
from the seeds of my last life.  
That's why it's so important  
to get my life right. ***Refrain.***

## ***BRIDGE:*** (Only a slight variation from a regular verse).

Pick up a stone and there I am  
and there you are too.  
Because the stuff of stones  
make up our bones  
and make our blood too. ***Refrain.***

The world will never end  
and neither will you or I.  
It's mysterious as it's eternal.  
It's material as it's divine. ***Refrain.***



Wherever the world may be  
and wherever I might trod,  
I can only find creation;  
within creation, I'll find God. *Refrain (2)*.

***ENDING:***

*I am the world – and that world is free.*

*I am the world – and that world is free.*

# Our “Roundup” Foreign Policy

A Letter to the Editor  
(Laramie Boomerang/Denver Post)

By  
Francis William Bessler  
Laramie, Wyoming  
Sept. 6<sup>th</sup>, 2007

I'm one of many who love the world as it is. I find - or try to find - no fault with it. I see the world - in terms of Nature - as being mysterious (without need of explanation), as well as wonderful and fantastic; but many fail to see the world of Nature in those terms. They see this world and this life as being less than they would like - somehow defective; and they dream of a "better world elsewhere."

Unfortunately, this view of insisting that this world is defective sets up conflict. If this world is not good, then it's evil - compared to the dream world of the disenchanted. To get to that grand imaginary world elsewhere, however, one has to prove him or herself by attacking evil in this one. It's like that is the setup. If you attack and destroy evil here, then you will be given Heaven elsewhere - where there is no evil. Amazingly, people buy into that. They think that by becoming evil to destroy evil they can somehow earn non-evil; but does that make any sense at all? How can you destroy evil by becoming evil and doing what all the evil people you hate are doing - killing their enemies?

Do the disciples of ridding the world of evil consider wasting the good to get the bad a problem? No. It is just the way things are. Thus, they justify what I call a ***Roundup Foreign Policy***. That's the Roundup weed killer - not the roundup of livestock. It's like it's ok to spray a lawn to get the weeds and pay no attention to killing the grass in the process. That is what our destruction of Iraq seems to me. We are so willing to allow great numbers of innocents to be killed just so we can get the evil ones. It might not be like that in reality; but it sure seems so to me; though I suppose war in general is like that; but when it's all said and done, **does war do anything but make more enemies while wasting billions - if not trillions - that could have been used constructively elsewhere?**

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# A Critique of American Democracy

(2 Pages)

By

Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Sept. 14<sup>th</sup>, 2007

Call me an idealist – a democratic idealist – but I think a so called democracy ought to live up to its calling. That means that the people – meaning a significant majority – ought to rule. Along the way, respectable laws should be passed by legislatures, chosen by electorates within their states; but, and most importantly, no person outside that legislature should be allowed to veto the consent of a legislature because an elected legislature really represents the will of the people.

I have two major critiques of America's current system of democracy – which allows law by a simple majority and negation of law by an executive veto.

The first is that **a simple majority within the legislative process should not be enough to make a proposal law.** Why? Because as often as not, a first vote might not really reflect an educated opinion about a given measure. Because educated people often change their minds about things, a certain amount of anticipated change of mind should be figured into the legislative process. A simple majority could in a short time become actually only a major minority. Allowing passage of legislative acts by a simple majority is not realistic – because of that allowable change of mind factor. To offset that factor, a good bit more than a simple majority should be required to make an act a law.

What could amount to a significant majority? I would think that a ten percent change of mind could be considered reasonable. Thus, based on that, I would think that a significant majority should be 60 % of a legislature.

**Now, given that 60 % of a legislature has given serious thought to a measure and has chosen to enact it into law, no real democracy should allow negation of that law by executive veto.** Executive, by definition, means one who executes law. It is not someone who makes law or preempts law. Our current form of American democracy, however, gives the President – in the case of the nation – and the Governor (at least in most states) – in the case of a state – a power to override the will of a legislature. I do not think that is smart at all.

I realize an executive veto can be overridden by a legislature, given that a much larger vote of that legislature overrides a veto than what it took to make it a law, but what is the principle in that? By whatever margin, why should any executive be allowed to make or preempt law?

I think that ideally in a democracy – which is a form of government decided by the will of the people governed – no one man should be allowed to resist that will. By allowing a President or a Governor to override a process that has been entered into by a council of intelligent representatives is to make a mockery of democracy. **No Governor or President should be allowed to overrule the decision of a significant majority.**

This paper is a critique of a current system by virtue of the merits of that system within a so called democracy. I do not wish to get into how it has or has not worked in the past. I only wish to argue that a democracy should work via the consent of a significant majority and that no one person – or set of persons – outside the legislative process should be allowed to interrupt or overrule that process. It is my opinion that given that a significant majority has chosen to rule one way about an issue, allowance of an executive veto is about as undemocratic as it can get. To allow an executive the power to override a properly legislated measure is to allow that executive to actually make law if approval by that executive is required for the passage of a law. **Executives should not be into making law. They should be strictly about enforcing law.**

I am sure we can all point to instances where a veto worked admirably according to our own attitude of mind and other instances where a veto worked against our wishes; but that is not the point of this paper. My point is that a true democracy should not allow preemption of law by any executive or set of executives. To do so is to highly diminish the democratic ideal of consent of the governed.

So what would it take to change our system to allow for law only by a significant majority and the refusal of executive veto? I do not know; but I do know it can be done if enough want the change. It may well take an amendment to constitutions – state and national - and the consent of the vast majority of a state or of the nation to make it happen, but regardless of what it would take, I cannot see that it is smart to continue to pretend America reigns as a democracy while allowing the possibility of a few to override that. **In my opinion, an executive veto has no place in the legislative process.** Just because it has had great prestige in the past does not mean it has to retain that prestige in the future.

Some people are very fond of the idea of a benevolent dictatorship because they may think that the few who might be deciding things are deciding things in their favor, but a true democracy should allow no room for anyone to act as a dictator – benevolent or otherwise. That which today in the right hands may be benevolent may in the wrong hands tomorrow be quite malevolent. A democracy – a true democracy – should allow neither.

# MY GALAXY GOD

(4 Pages)

An essay with song

By

Francis William Bessler

October 7<sup>th</sup>, 2007

I don't have many answers; but I just happen to be among many who do not need the answers. I do not understand how the universe can be endless, but neither can I imagine a universe that ends. If I cannot even begin to understand a physical universe without end, how in the world could I even begin to think I could understand a God without end? I can neither understand an endless universe nor an endless God; but neither can anyone else.

I have come to terms, however, that both the universe and God are endless. I can never experience either the endless universe or the endless God within the universe as they are in total; but amazingly, I do not have to know the endless universe or the endless God to appreciate either because whatever is at the end is also at the beginning. By knowing any part of universe, in a real way, I can know every part of it because it is likely the same from beginning to end.

In that way, I am *coming face to face with God* every day. By knowing a part of the whole, I am appreciating the whole. Thus, in a very real way, I am in touch with both the entire universe as well the entire God by knowing one member of each. If I want to know what there is on Jupiter, all I have to do is step outside my door here in Laramie, Wyoming. Of course, there is much variation between Laramie and Jupiter, but basically to know one is to know the other.

Now, given that I can know the universe only through a member of the universe, it is just as likely that I can know God by a member of God – or a child of God. I can know an entire galaxy by knowing a member of that galaxy; and since I see God as being compared more to a galaxy in total than merely a moon within a galaxy, I like to think of my God as being a **Galaxy God**.

In looking at myself as a minute member of my galaxy, I take pride in claiming to know my entire galaxy by knowing me. In like manner, **to know myself as I am is to know God because every member of the whole contains a little bit of the whole.**

If civilization on Earth were to end tomorrow – by whatever means it might end – at the hands of man annihilating the race or from some natural catastrophe, I think I would be able to deal with the tragedy by focusing on whatever it is that continues – providing, of course, that I have a soul that would continue beyond my body. That is because I do not equate civilization with nature. Civilization exists within nature, but civilization is not nature. **My sense of belonging is far more to nature itself and to the galaxy of which my Earth is a part – rather than to civilization itself.** Civilization can do what it chooses to do – be it for good or ill – but it should have no bearing on my health as a soul.

I do not understand it, but I realize that my galaxy contains secrets I can never understand. I will never understand how I came to be – but neither do I have to understand how I came to be. I am content with the mystery of it all – without having to solve the mystery. I don't think I can solve the mystery because it is far too much beyond me, but maybe I wouldn't even if I could. I do not know about that.

People see God in various ways. Some see God as a person. Some see God as a thing. Some see God as power in itself; but I tend to see God as equivalent to the largest unit of creation I can imagine – a galaxy. I see myself more as a *soul within a galaxy* than as a **soul within civilization**.

**I think most who are depressed in life suffer from too much identity.** I think those of us who are not depressed are not much concerned with identity. I think we are merely caught up with being whatever it is we are and do not insist on some personal distinction among the membership of all. **We are content to be a spec within a galaxy, knowing that every spec is as gallant as an entire galaxy.** Maybe that is where the notion of gallantry derives – to know you are equivalent in worth to the entire galaxy of which you are a part

I used to think that where the stars end, so does my galaxy – or the galaxy of stars of which I am a member; but now I know different. I know now that my galaxy extends far beyond any limit I can possibly imagine. That which I can see – even though only slightly – is not the end. Beyond that which I can see, there is much that is hidden; and that is a lot like it is with God for me. **I figure that if God is truly Infinite – like I believe God to be – then God must be at least as wonderful and as large as my galaxy; though, of course, God includes all galaxies, all trillion and one of them, not just one galaxy.** Accordingly, God must be as large as a trillion and one galaxies – or however large is the world in total.

And what truly gallant person is ashamed of his or her galaxy? To be gallant is to have no room for shame or even to be concerned with shame. **Shame is for those who struggle to belong; but those of us who know we belong are incapable of shame because we have no need to impose on others.** Shame can only happen with imposition; and those of us who are truly gallant and love being a member of our galaxy and our God have no need to impose – and therefore, have no possibility of shame.

**Life is as gallant as our galaxy – and our galaxy is as gallant as God.** How could it be different if it all derives from God in the end? I believe that God is Present in All and therefore has to be as large as the universe itself. It is, perhaps, *My Greatest Joy*, to believe that *God is Present in All*. Unlike so many others, I do not have to understand it to appreciate it. I am simply in God – and God is in me – because if God is truly Infinite and without bounds, it can be no other way.

It is like that with everything, however – not just me. Everything is in God – and God is in Everything. **Virtually speaking, God and the Universe can be equated – because there can be nothing beyond an infinite universe that has no end or boundary; and there can be nothing beyond God, being Infinite Presence Itself.**

In effect, then, an infinite universe – *or order of galaxies* – and an Infinite God are One. To respect one is to respect the other. To disrespect one is to disrespect the other. **To respect my little being that is both part of the universe and is found in the Presence of God, is, for me, to Know Real Joy!**

# Galaxy View of Life

A song by  
Francis William Bessler  
Written Oct. 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2007

## **REFRAIN:**

*I take a galaxy view of life. I take a galaxy view of me.  
I take a galaxy view of you – and that, my friend, is why I'm free.*

I think I'm made out of galaxy dust  
from a star from whence the sun did come.  
I guess that's why in the stars I trust;  
and it's why my soul is having so much fun. **Refrain.**

I wonder how my consciousness did arise,  
but I know it doesn't matter much.  
As long as my attitude is kind,  
I know my life will always be just. **Refrain.**

I think that those who lived before,  
before we found the earth is round  
lived life like they were sure  
that where they stood is the only ground – but **Refrain.**

But now we know a lot more than we did.  
We know we're part of a grand universe;  
and if we're smart, we all will commit  
to belong and to reject our former curse. **Refrain.**

Beyond the vast sky, there is no Heaven -  
anymore than what we can find here.  
Heaven's only forgiving to be forgiven -  
as Hell is only living life in fear. **Refrain.**

And when it comes for my time to die,  
my soul will continue on its path.  
There's no need to fear what's in the tide  
because my future will be an extension of my past. **Refrain.**

Though I doubt I will ever leave my precious earth,  
I will still be part of the most distant star  
because no matter where I may find birth,  
it's all the same – be it near or far. **Refrain.**

People think that God can be absent  
and they can escape It if they try;  
but I think an Infinite God must be present  
and that in each of us, It must reside. *Refrain.*

I wonder what will happen to my soul  
when it leaves this body it's found this time.  
I think wherever it goes, it will know  
that wherever it goes, it is Divine. *Refrain (2).*

## **MY GALAXY GOD**



**THE END**



# FLAT WORLD DOCTRINES IN A ROUND WORLD (9 Pages)

An essay with song by  
Francis William Bessler  
October 19<sup>th</sup>, 2007

## The World of My Youth

When I was a kid, I was enamored with the Earth; however before being educated about the Earth being round, I had only one impression – that the ground went on as flat forever and ever. I had no sense of curvature of the Earth; and I had no sense whatever of a solar system and that the Earth is but one planet revolving around the Sun. In fact, I had no idea what *revolve* meant. Being uneducated about the universe, the idea that the Earth actually travels around the Sun meant nothing to me.

In addition to being enamored with my Earth, however, I was also fascinated with the sky. It was so mysterious to me. Nothing in it was known by me. The Sun was but a bright glittering mystery in the sky during the day; and the Moon was its mysterious counterpart of the night. I knew nothing about either the Sun or the Moon in terms of what they really are as celestial bodies in space. I had no idea that light actually comes from the Sun or that the Earth travels around the Sun. I had no idea that the Moon actually travels around the Earth.

I had no idea about anything in the sky in terms of what anything really is – including the far away stars that my parents told me were *God's little angels keeping watch over me*. I was quite impressed really with that idea that angels were watching me from above. It made a lot of sense to me – having no idea of what the Sun and the Moon and the stars really are. I was completely ignorant of any of the three – the Sun, the Moon, the stars; but I had a deep sense of *being watched*.

As it happened, I never experienced any voices that might have seemed to have originated from somewhere in the sky; but if I had, I would have placed my visitor as one visiting the center of the world – or at least the base of the world. Having no sense of curvature of the Earth and thinking that the ground upon which I stood simply went on and on and on as flat as the ground upon which I stood, I believed only one sky existed – the one above me. I had no sense of a sky on the other side of the world because there was no other side of the world. There was a world down from me – but no world on a down side or opposite side of the world.

*Up there in the sky, I was told, God reigns.* I was told there is a Heaven up there somewhere, perhaps beyond the clouds; and when I die, if I was a good boy while I lived, I would be taken up into the sky to that wonderful place where God lives and God would bless me forever and ever. That made a lot of sense to me as a kid because it was not

hard for me to envision such a thing as possible. Why couldn't it be so? Surely, God can live where He wants and if God chooses to live in the sky – or above the clouds somewhere in a really nice fluffy Heaven – then He can do so. Why should I contest such a notion?

Later, however, upon being educated as to what the Sun and the Moon and the stars really are, I discovered plenty of reason to contest the notions of my youth. The stars were not really *God's little angels* looking over me. They were vast bodies way out in space. The Sun turned out to be the source of my light, not just something I could see in the sky during the day. The Moon turned out to be something that actually encircles the Earth and is not just a bright light of the night; and most unbelievably of all, the Earth itself turned out to be a round ball in space – not a flat platform or stage that stands at the bottom of the world looking up.

## The Ancient World

Now, let's recede a few thousand years to that time before mankind ever became aware of the solar system or became aware that the Earth is really a round body in space. That which I believed in my youth, ancient civilizations probably believed as adults. Most importantly, they probably saw the Earth as flat; and that could not have but conjured all the basic impressions that would ally with the notion of a flat Earth.

The single most basic impression would have been that the Earth is the base of the world, not just one body in a swirling cosmos. That in itself could not have but left mankind with such an impression that virtue is out of reach on a solitary basis. Our arms naturally reach up when stretched that way and anyone I have ever known that reaches for the sky reaches for it with a sense that there is some help up there. Why? Because of a sense that what is on the ground is not adequate since it seems that there is so much helplessness and unhappiness on the ground. The natural inclination of anyone who feels despondent would not be to embrace what they have because that would only add to their depression since the perception would be that what is on the ground is the basis of depression. So, if one is depressed and desirous of something that is not available on the Earth, there could be but one direction to look – *up*.

From that looking up because of a failure to understand that there is nothing upward that is also not downward in terms of offering safety, mankind could not have but fallen into a trap of looking for salvation elsewhere than the Earth. In other words, because of a failure to understand the cosmos and a failure to realize that the Earth is not flat and therefore is not the base of the world, mankind was left to grope for answers for its depression from a source other than itself. That set in force the many, many voices that have been heard by various Earthlings searching for power and for escape from depression. From the consequent need of humankind to seek for help from a source other than itself to cure its depression and its desire for a better life, many have been open to voices who claim to be authorities on behalf of a better life – but mostly, a better life elsewhere, not a better life here on Earth.

Thus, prophets arise and have arisen who have been recipients of other world voices – prophets such as Moses for the Jews and Christians, Mohammed for the Moslems, and Joseph Smith for the Mormons. Basically, it is quite likely that Moses and Mohammed and Joseph Smith were ones who were absolutely sure that help is needed to cure human

ills on this Earth and for that help, they could look but one direction if they were convinced that their salvation was not to be found on Earth – and that one direction is *up*.

Remember my earlier discussion about my feeling that I was *being watched* from up above me. That feeling derived from my thinking I was on a flat surface and there is only one up because there is only one sky. It is my belief that Moses and Mohammed and Joseph Smith among many others who have been the recipients of voices down through the ages were caught in the same web as I was as a kid. They were caught *looking up* for a failure to realize that there is nothing up that is not also down on the Earth in terms of a measure of safety or value.

**Mankind has always looked up for the answers; and I think the reason for that is because of wanting or begging for answers not suspected as available on Earth.** In 1969, several Earthlings actually set forth for the Moon and eventually walked upon it. Before that adventure, mankind was not entirely sure that the Moon is unlike the Earth in terms of being a cosmic body in space; but upon walking upon the Moon, mankind learned that the Earth and the Moon are almost exactly alike. Mankind knows the Earth and the Moon are alike today because we have gone there; and from our adventures of going to the Moon, we can be absolutely positive that it is no different with Jupiter or Mars or Saturn. Those bodies may vary in some detail, of course, but basically it is unlikely that there is any really significant difference among any of the cosmic bodies in space.

But Moses did not know that. Why? Because he believed in a flat Earth. He had no idea that he was wrong on that notion. Why would he have suspected he could be wrong? As a kid, even though I could have realized otherwise because the truth would have been available for me, I felt that I was standing on a flat Earth. I felt that there was – or is – only one sky. I had no sense that the Earth is round and that there is sky all around the Earth, not just upward from one flat surface.

Standing on what I thought was a flat surface of the Earth as a kid, I could have been a perfect vessel for hearing voices. Why? Because I was convinced that up is different than down. I was convinced that the clouds were other than mist in the sky. I was convinced that they were more like fluffy pillows where I might lay my head; but can you imagine my actually rising to the clouds and laying my head on one of them? I would fall right down onto the Earth. Wouldn't I?

But you see, I understand what a cloud is. Moses did not. Moses probably looked up and reviewed the clouds in a similar way as I did as a kid; and Moses probably looked up at the Sun and saw – not a cosmic body – but a god with a huge head; and he probably saw the Moon as a smaller god with a smaller head; and he probably saw one as the Father of the other because he did not know that both the Sun and the Moon are but sons of one gigantic star – just like the Earth and Mars and Venus and Jupiter are sons of the same gigantic star. Who knows how they all came to be; but more than likely, they all came from the same source – and they are probably all brothers, not one a parent and the others sons.

A long, long time ago, I realized that Moses was wrong; and he was wrong because of false impressions about the cosmos. He was wrong because he believed in a flat Earth and did not see how things really are. He did not see the Earth as a globe hanging in the sky, but as a stage where he could perform for the voices he heard from above. He probably did hear voices and those voices were probably real, but those voices were

probably not from the source Moses suspected. He expected he was talking to a god – or God – from whom help could come to save him from all the many atrocities that he and his Jewish race were experiencing at the hands of fellow humans; but just because you hear a voice and that voice claims to represent some one thing does not mean it actually represents some claimed voice.

Here, however, I conjecture because personally I have never been the recipient of a voice from without. As a kid, before I realized that there is nothing up that is not also down in terms of value, I could have been the victim of a voice because I was open to such an experience – always looking up to find answers that I failed to realize are in the world itself. But I grew up – and with Copernicus and Galileo as friends, I discovered that the Earth is round and that my sense of a flat Earth was wrong – and once I made that discovery, all the prophets who have ever lived looking up for answers have not been able to capture me.

## Salvation on a Round Earth

What has a round Earth hanging in a vast cosmos taught me that Moses could not know? **Basically that it is unlikely there is anymore help from above than from where I am because there is no need for any help. Life is not likely some helpless form of entity needing help from outside itself to improve upon itself. Life – all life – is probably perfect because it emanates in some way from within a perfect process. We may not understand that process; but we have no right to accuse it of imperfection.**

I see the Earth much different than did Moses or Mohammed – or even Joseph Smith. I can picture things in my mind like they never did; though I suppose Joseph Smith could have been able to see things clearly having lived past the age of Copernicus who lived from 1473-1543 and Galileo who lived from 1564-1642. **The perception of reality is there at hand for those of us who have lived beyond Copernicus and Galileo, however many choose to retain the values of Moses and his flat Earth doctrines – and in so doing, retain all the confusions and inadequacies of Mosaic perception.**

Now, don't get me wrong. I do not claim to know a whole lot about either Copernicus or Galileo; and I admit I should know a lot more about both of them than I do. Perhaps soon I will study the lives of both of these two outstanding scientists. At this time, however, even without knowing much about either of these two brilliant human stars within the history of man, I am given to believe that they were among the first to challenge the concept of a flat Earth. So, I am beholden to both of them for their various challenges. Without them, I may well have continued on as Moses and Mohammed probably did, believing in a flat Earth; but it is my contention that the single greatest challenge ever conducted by anyone on this Earth is the challenge of the flat Earth belief of the past.

Though many may find it astounding that I should make such a claim, I think the concept of a round Earth is far more important than any single concept that mankind can imagine. Why? Because roundness or flatness implies a totally different set of doctrines. If the world is flat, then certain doctrines can be concluded from that; and likewise, if the world is round, another set of doctrines can be concluded from that. **The shape of the**

**world makes all the difference in the world.** It is not just an asterisk type of comment that the majority of humankind think it is.

## **Or on an object Suspended in Space**

Perhaps, though, the fact or idea of a round world is not definitive of itself. Perhaps the idea of *suspended in space* must be added to offer the idea of a round world its full impact. Perhaps it is not really the idea of a round world that should set the soul free, but the idea of any world – flat or round or otherwise – suspended in space that should tell the story. It is the *suspended within an eternal space or location* that is really the liberating thought. Why? Because the rational mind cannot go up or down from the perspective of a suspended object in an eternal arena. Down will reach one object and up will reach another object, but realistically, an object down from the Earth will be but one planet, for instance, and up will reach another planet. In the middle, of course, is the Sun; but out from the Sun, no matter which way you go, you will not find any level of existence different than any other.

If you do not believe me, take your own test. You know what the universe is like – one huge object in the middle (The Sun) and varying planets extended from that middle. Take a trip in your mind. I do not know my planets very well, but assume that Mars is up from where you stand and Jupiter is down from where you stand. Would it make any difference in terms of level of existence if you go up to Mars or down to Jupiter – or up to Jupiter and down to Mars? Of course not. In all directions is the same space – and because that is so, effectively speaking, there can be no up or down in terms of up specifying something good and down representing something bad.

But *up* designated something different to the flat world mentality and *down* reflected its opposite. In reality, there was no up or down in terms of actually meaning anything from a spiritual point of view – spiritual meaning *the assessment of soulful value*. There really was no *Heaven* where Moses looked to attain it and there was no *Hell* beneath the Earth which Moses believed to be the realm of the unholy or damned; but Moses did not know there is no up or down from a *universal point of view* because Moses was not even aware of a *universe*.

I find it mighty surprising, however, that over three and a half centuries after Galileo passed on that almost no one has discovered the astounding impact that the idea of a round world – or any world suspended in space - should have in the world. It is no small issue because the freedom of mankind may very well depend upon it. With a round (or suspended in space) world, there is the potential of fantastic liberty for its suggestions as to the makeup of the world and ourselves within the world; and as we have found by the past, with a flat world, there has been demonstrated excuse for domination and justification for superiority.

**Take away the *up* and you remove ancient *Heaven* from consideration. Take away the *down* and you remove ancient *Hell* from consideration. Where does that lead? It leads one to find *Heaven where one stands* – not up into no man's land, but right where one is standing; and, of course, it leads one to find *Hell where one stands* – not down into some labyrinth of shame which does not actually exist.**

## A Flat Earth Doctrine

What is a *flat Earth doctrine*? It is a doctrine that was dictated based on the notion that the Earth is flat – or at a bottom of the world. What was that basic notion? **That the Earth is defective because it is “below” and those on that flat Earth can only find salvation by help from “above.”** I can understand how Moses could decide that mankind needs help from *above* for sensing a location of being *below*; but for the life of me, I do not understand how modern man can continue to base human conduct on needing help or grace from up above when any sense of above in terms of superiority should have disappeared with the discoveries of Copernicus and Galileo centuries ago that the Earth is not the base of existence Moses considered it to be. The Earth is not at the *bottom of the world* as Moses thought. It is *in the world*. **All sense of being at the bottom of the world should have been erased long time ago when mankind discovered there is no bottom and there is no top. There are only bodies suspended in space.**

I look at the Earth and what do I see? I see a globe hanging in space with sky equally all around it; but I do not see only the Earth. I see the Earth as but one of many planets encircling the Sun. What does that tell me? It tells me that the Earth is the same as all other planets. It deprives me of a sense of hierarchy. It forbids me to assign more importance to one planet than another. **It tells it like it is; and in telling it like it is, I can transform the lesson of equal bodies in space to equal persons on Earth.** It is all very clear. Though I may not understand any of the details about how each planet happened into existence, I can know that there is equality among planets simply by having a picture of the solar system in my mind.

**What does a lack of hierarchy in space among cosmic bodies say? Again, that it is unlikely that any hierarchy among humans is ideal.** You see, I can learn how I should value other humans by looking at how Mars and Venus and Jupiter and Saturn relate – as equal, but various, brothers in the solar system.

Taking my vision further, though, I can know there is likely no *Heaven* anywhere in the cosmos that may be better than a *Heaven* I might know on Earth. **I might want a Heaven elsewhere; and maybe there is a Heaven elsewhere; but I have no reason to believe that if attained, it would be any better than the Heaven I can know on Earth.**

For those who believe there can be a better *Heaven* elsewhere, where is it? Is it on Jupiter – or on Mars – or maybe somewhere way out there in another galaxy? And if you were to actually find your way to Jupiter, expecting *Heaven*, you may actually find *Hell*. Is it likely that conditions for survival are better on Jupiter than the Earth? Probably not. Maybe life in a different form can survive on Jupiter, but life as we know it on Earth probably cannot survive on Jupiter.

How about *Hell*? If it exists as a place for the damned, it must have a place. Where is that place? Can anyone pick a place in the grand universe and declare it to be *Hell* and then demand that all souls who defy some given doctrine of choice be sent there? Where is there any intelligence in that notion? And who came up with such a notion? You guessed it – the same flat world people who expected to find answers from up above. The contrary of up above is down below. Right? Thus, very conveniently, without any proof of any such place existing, people are directed that there is a *Hell Below*. Below what?

In truth, there is probably no *Hell* below anything as there is no *Heaven* above anything. The notions of *above for salvation* and *below for damnation* came from the flat world people – those who had no idea whatever that the Earth is not flat – but round and therefore, incapable of meeting all their flat world definitions – and expectations. In not realizing that up is no different than down for failure to know about the universe, they predicted what they expected – a *Heaven* beyond the depressions found on the Earth.

How many times have I made predictions based on my expectations? We are all prone to predicting according to expectation. Moses and Mohammed and Joseph Smith were all prone to the same human tendency of predicting by expectation. Moses expected help from above to aid his race in their struggles with the Egyptians; and I am quite sure that he predicted help would come based on his expectations. And when it seemed like he and his fellow Israelites did survive, then it was believable that Moses knew what would happen. Since he predicted rescue and since rescue did occur, the entire scene is enveloped in a picture of clairvoyance by Moses and instruction and salvation at the hands of the Jewish God; but in reality, Moses simply experienced as he expected. **His expectations were the source of his predictions – just as all those who predict various things to happen are predicting according to their own expectations.**

### **Expecting Heaven on Earth**

Blame it on Galileo for his opening my eyes to the reality of a cosmos without hierarchy, but I cannot expect as Moses or Mohammed or Joseph Smith expected. **I cannot expect to find anymore of a *Heaven* – or *Hell* – anywhere in the vast cosmos than what I may find on Earth.** It makes no sense to me. Looking out into space and seeing all those wonderful equal bodies here and there, I can only relate that to my life on Earth. **I can try to imitate what I see; but I cannot improve upon it.** The model of life is there in the stars and in the Moon and in the Sun and in my Earth. It is there I will find my direction, not from the dictations of those who were convinced the Earth is flat and that the Earth is the base of all life.

The Earth is not the base of all life. It is only the source of my life; but there is no advantage for me to think that my life is anymore important or significant than that of any entity in existence. I am satisfied that I am equal to all other entities – and that no inferiority or superiority exists. There is no hierarchy of value in space; and there should be no hierarchy of value among humans.

And is that not what we want when we say we want a *Heaven*? Are we not saying – *let me be equal*? Are we not saying – *let no one dominate another*? Are we not saying – *let us be free together*?

In truth, our aid to become what we want is not from up above. It is in ourselves and from ourselves. Mankind is not *below* because it stands on some imagined *bottom of the world*. Mankind is *in the world* just as his solar system is *in the world*. Mars needs nothing to be a better planet than it is; and we need nothing beyond ourselves to be what we ought to be. **We are what we are; and virtue is only accepting that and thanking God or whatever we wish to call our source for it.** There is nothing up in the sky or beyond the sky or in another galaxy that is not also in us now – right here on Earth. **If we are ever to find *Heaven*, I think we must change our expectations. We must not look for it beyond ourselves. We must find it in ourselves; and in finding our worth –**

though perhaps without desired explanation – we can abandon the detailed thou shalt not commandments of those who sought help from above.

## Listening to the Universe

There is but one commandment that anyone needs to obey: *Be Equal!* Take a lesson from the cosmos and cast off hierarchy and any sense of one being more important than another. I think if we do this, wars will cease because domination of one upon or over another will cease; but even if the whole world fails to obey that single commandment that should drive us all, I hope that I will obey; **and in obeying, I will find *Heaven on Earth* – and anywhere else my soul may go.**

Of course, it is to each, his or her own; but as I have offered elsewhere in my writings: **however we fill our soul, we will have to recover later all that we put into our bowl. *That's Judgment. It is only to say we will find tomorrow that which we expect today.*** If we expect that we can only find our answers and our worth by looking up today and fail to see *Heaven at hand*, we will only continue the process tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow – until such time that perception and attitude changes.

There is no need for help from up above because there is really no up above. **Above and below are illusions.** From the perspective of beings on a round Earth, China is below America in terms of on the other side of the globe and America is below China. By the same measurement, America could consider itself on top of or over or above China – just as China could consider itself above America. All that above and below nonsense amounts to nothing, then. Doesn't it?

*In reality, there is nothing above and there is nothing below – in terms of anything important and in terms of absolutes. Everything is the same – or on the same level. A round Earth equal among planets and celestial bodies lost within an enormous galaxy tells us that – if we are willing to listen. Look up! No – Look out! – and find the lesson of equality as the universe dictates it – and find peace.*

## Living in a Round World

A Song by

Francis William Bessler

(assuming that *round* is a metaphor for *suspended in space*)

Written Oct. 8th, 2007

### **REFRAIN:**

*I'm living in a round world – where the truth should be plain.  
I'm living in a round world – where there should be no shame.  
I'm living in a round world – a child of the universe;  
and, my friend, I shouldn't be living – under a flat world curse.*



Does it matter if the Earth is flat or round?  
Well, I think it does.  
The shape of things may well astound  
and tell us all so much. *Refrain.*

If the Earth is flat, then there's an up  
as well as a below.  
and mankind can look for help  
where none can be bestowed. *Refrain.*

If the Earth is round, then there's no up  
and neither is there a below  
and mankind can find what's just  
by looking inside to know. *Refrain.*

If the Earth is not the base of life,  
then it's just out there like the rest;  
and we can find ourselves alive  
by knowing there is no best. *Refrain.*

The universe will teach us  
if we will listen  
that equality is a must  
to maintain celebration. *Refrain.*

So, let the mystery of life go on  
as we ponder what we are;  
but let us know our Earth is round  
and is as gallant as the stars. *Refrain.*

Heaven is not some other place.  
It can only be found in mind.  
It's knowing that the state of grace  
belongs to all mankind. *Refrain.*

## FLAT WORLD DOCTRINES IN A ROUND WORLD

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**THE END**

# THE NAKED & THE NATURAL

(3 Pages)

A brief essay with song

By

Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Oct. 21<sup>st</sup>, 2007

**I'm not much into going naked; but I have always enjoyed going natural.** Most people do not realize there is a difference; however, there is a huge difference.

If I were to remove my clothing in front of a congregation of clothed persons, more than likely I would feel naked. I might be able to override that naked feeling, but it would take some definite concentration to do so. The reason I would feel naked – without an effort to overcome that sense of things – is that the rest of the congregation would be looking at a naked person, not a natural person. Their image of me as naked and not natural might become my own image of me until such time that I could disown their image of me and reform to my own. It happens that way.

What is the difference between the naked and the natural? One is **without clothing** and the other is *dressed in nature*. That represents a huge difference. Sadly, most people in the current age would see naked and not natural. If they were to open their eyes and see natural, then the naked would disappear – and I could be at home and totally at ease among a congregation of clothed people. I know because I have gone natural among the unnatural many times in my life.

I do not find it particularly meaningful to be **unnatural** – or what most folks call **civilized**; and that is why I pursue going natural as often as I can – and I have done so since my days as a child. Even as a child, I recognized that the ideal must be to be part of nature and to sense an identity within nature – to get lost, as it were, within nature. So I would take great delight in stripping of my clothes to play in the mud or the sand on a farm in northern Wyoming where I spent my childhood. *You can be sure that little kid did not think he was naked. He thought he was only being natural.*

Many have told me that they could not be caught dead going naked. That is to say they would be very uncomfortable with the state; but as I have offered, I would be uncomfortable going naked too. I would not go so far as to say I would fear being naked in any circumstance; but in terms of comfort – which we all seek – I would not like being stripped of protection. If I felt that I was being unprotected without clothes, I would not do it; but natural is not *unprotected* for me. In fact, there is no other state in the world in which I feel more protected than the natural state – though I must admit that coldness is a

rather strong deterrent beyond spring and summer times. You will not find me going natural during the cold seasons as much because I am not particularly fond of the shivers.

Coldness considered, however, it is greatly a matter of perception. Am I **without clothes** and therefore, **without protection** – or am I *with nature* and therefore, *protected* by nature or within nature?

*A long, long time ago, I decided that true protection is being lost within that which is the source of one's protection.* Some people think they are lost within God – which they see as their protection. Some people think they are lost within worldly riches – which they see as their protection – or security. Some people think they are lost within some stupor – alcoholic or drug related – and they see that state as being their protection. We all seek protection. No one wants to be unprotected and no one wants to be vulnerable. It is just that we go about seeking protection – or security – in different ways.

**How am I protected by nature – or by being lost within nature – by going natural? Mostly I suppose by identification with nature.** Since nature is almost infinite – if not actually infinite – in scope – then I have chosen tremendous security. I am not one who is different than all other creatures. I am like them; and in that friendship or alignment with other created beings, I have no need to struggle. **Struggle is only possible if you are fighting a situation and want to be free of it.** *Peace, on the other hand, goes hand in hand with submitting to being one with others* – even if those others are the flies that fly onto your peanut butter sandwich or cats chasing mice or antelope loping through the prairie. *Even the grass in the front yard becomes a companion when you can find identification with it.*

*And so, I go natural – not naked – to better know what I am.* I am basically dedicated to finding the truth of me in life; and I think there is no better way to do that than to slip on nature and be natural. Like everyone, I will die in time. When I do, I strongly suspect that since I chose to make it my priority to bond with nature while I lived, I will probably go quite easy from life through death to whatever is on the other side. Living natural, I think, is not only the best way to live because of the contentment that coincides with it, but it is also the best way to die and go forward because death is but one phase of an entire natural process.

If I lie in a coffin in the end and someone has seen to it that I am dressed with nature as I lie there, I will not be naked. I will be natural; and in that, whatever comes after, will also come naturally. Since I tried to embrace the natural in life, I probably will not struggle with death. Why struggle with anything that is natural? No! ***I think I will just slip away and slip into another natural wardrobe – and go off dancing among the stars.***

# Dancing Among The Stars

By

Francis William Bessler

Written Oct. 22<sup>nd</sup>, 2007

## **REFRAIN:**

*I go dancing among the stars – when I go natural.*

*I go dancing with the Moon – every night.*

*I go dancing with the Sun – and I'm in love with everyone  
when I feel that I'm part of the light.*

It's all so very clear to me – why there's insanity.

It's because mankind insists on separation.

It is so sad it is that way – because we're all part of the day  
and our souls should be leaping in celebration. **Refrain.**

I think we insist – on knowing way too much

when we should be content with what we are.

Why must I have the truth – to know that I should lose  
myself within the mystery of the stars. **Refrain.**

I am what I am – and I am as I began

within a Nature I think knows all.

The wise know they should concede – to be part of what they see  
and to listen to Nature's welcome call. **Refrain** (several times).

**THE NAKED  
&  
THE NATURAL**  
-----  
**THE END**

# DESTINY

(4 Pages)

An essay with song

By

Francis William Bessler

Oct. 25<sup>th</sup>, 2007

I take a great deal of pleasure in having lived. I think that what I have learned – in terms of attitude – I will always be able to retain – be the retention of attitude be for later today, still tomorrow, or perhaps into a next life. **That retention of attitude could be called judgment; but it could also be called destiny.**

What is destiny? Though others may see it differently, *I see destiny as one's likely future*. Some will say that they are destined to find peace or heaven or be the winner of a World Series in baseball; but whatever that destiny is, one who has it is quite convinced of some likely future. People may differ in why they think they are destined to reach some goal or attain some paradise; but for whatever reason they may think they are destined, it is almost always related to a future – not a present.

Confession time: I am extremely destiny oriented. I think constantly about the future in terms of expecting some future reward. I guess we all think the same in that regard. **We all want some fabulous future and we hope that fabulous future is our destiny.** We hope to attain some goal in the future, often in spite of ourselves. In other words, we hope that even if some desired goal in the future is not at all experienced today that somehow in some way, it will be experienced tomorrow.

**I guess I would call a desire for something tomorrow that is not true today a hope; and I would put it on a par with gambling.** Those hope who want to attain some reward not necessarily commensurate with past experience. I may not have ever won a lottery; but if I play it, it will be on the hope that I will experience a different result than that which I have experienced thus far. I hope my luck will change; and I hope I will win tomorrow when I have not won thus far.

**I think a lot of people mistake hope for destiny.** Personally, I am not enough of a gambler to do that. I do not want to hope for something that I have not known because I am too unwilling to take a chance. I want a far more certain future than to make it dependent upon hope. To each, his or her own, of course, but I want to be sure of a destiny – as sure as one can be of such a thing – and I do not feel that hope for something different in the future than I have known in the past is a smart way to go about assuring my destiny.

Again, according to my definition of it, *destiny is one's likely future – not one's possible future*. I guess one could define hope as one's possible future. Can you blame me for not wanting my future to be based on hope alone. No way – not this kid!

So, how does one go about assuring a favorable destiny? Life has taught me that lesson. At least, I think it has. I have always found that tomorrow is basically a repeat of today – or yesterday. I can hope tomorrow will be different; and that may be sufficient

for a lot of folks; but it is not sufficient for me. **I want to count on tomorrow; and the only way I can do that is to start practicing today how I want tomorrow to be.** It is quite clear to me.

I walk a lot. My shoes wear out in time and once they have worn past a certain point, they begin to rub on my toes – or against my toes. When that time arrives, I would be smart to toss such a pair of shoes. I can continue to wear them, but if I do, I can be sure that my feet will continue on their pathway of pain. I can hope that somehow tomorrow, my shoes will stop rubbing against my toes; but life has taught me that all the hoping in the world will not resolve the problem. **I need to do something to stop what is happening.** That is, if it is in my power to do so. I may not be able to afford new shoes. In that case, I would have to either put up with the pain – and maybe get used to it – or reduce my walking.

I think an old pair of shoes tells it just like it is. My destiny in wearing a worn pair of shoes will be to continue the pain. Destiny is far more certain than hope, I think, because it deals with a likely future, not just a possible future. ***One can know one's likely future by looking at today and knowing that tomorrow will be the same as today*** – if some particular pattern is not changed. My destiny will be to continue to have sore feet tomorrow if I insist on wearing the worn shoes of yesterday.

Relate that same lesson about the shoes to the soul. If I am unhappy today, unless I change some pattern in my life that is allowing for the unhappiness in my soul today, my destiny will be to continue the unhappiness tomorrow. ***There is really only one sure way to change tomorrow – and that is by starting today that which I want to see tomorrow.*** That is the only way true destinies can change. Otherwise, though it may be different tomorrow based on hope, it is by no means certain. Destiny, however, is far more certain than hope; and personally, I would never base my future on mere hope.

People think that the future will represent some different reality than today – and they pretend they are destined to know that future. People want peace in the future and they hope that if they practice war today, peace might happen tomorrow. That is Hope in an extreme. Time after time after time, history has illustrated that those who think that war is justifiable today will think so tomorrow; and as long as people justify war, they will continue to practice it. That's reality. Such people will never attain a destiny of peace because destiny is a likely future, not just a possible future. Yes, it is possible that peace will result through war; but it is unlikely. Peace is not a consequent of forced surrender. It is a result of willful contentment. If contentment cannot be forced, how can peace result from war?

That is just an example. ***If you want peace tomorrow, you have to start being peaceful today. That is the only realistic way of making peace a destiny and not a hope.*** Others can settle for hoping for something that is not true in the present; but for the sake of my soul that I know will continue to be tomorrow what it was yesterday, I want something far more definite than hope. I want destiny. What destiny do I want? I want a destiny of peace – just like all the warriors in the world want; however based on life's experiences that has proven to me that tomorrow can only be as certain as today, I will probably have the peace I want tomorrow as my likely future because I am experiencing it today. ***My destiny is not based on hope for something different. It is based on expectation of something known.***

It is always possible, of course, that I will be proven wrong. It is always possible that though I insisted on being at peace yesterday that somehow I will lose that peace tomorrow and will be given to turmoil instead of peace. It is possible; but it is not probable. It's also possible I will win a million dollar lottery; but it is not probable. Like I offered previously, I am not much of a gambler – especially when it comes to my soul and my future related to peace or turmoil. I do not want to chance turmoil based on hope that something will be different tomorrow than it is today.

So, **why should I gamble on tomorrow when I can judge it by today?** *All I need to do to assure myself of a wonderful destiny is to insist that I am today as I want to be tomorrow.* In truth, if we are only aware of it, we can control our destinies. We can determine them by the way we act today because of the principle that tomorrow will likely be only a repetition of today; or we can hope that tomorrow will be different than today – and be so much less certain of it.

## Destiny

A song by

Francis William Bessler

Written Oct. 25<sup>th</sup>, 2007

### **REFRAIN:**

*Destiny, destiny – I'm thinking of my destiny.*

*Destiny, sweet destiny. Oh, what will my destiny be?*

People think life is mysterious –  
and I agree it is;  
but while I see it full of goodness,  
others see it full of sin.  
I think it is quite clear  
that as I thought yesterday,  
I'm still thinking now,  
though it is a different day. **Refrain.**

Yesterday, I had some bad shoes  
and they made my feet ache.  
Today I wore the same shoes  
and the pain was still the same.  
My destiny tomorrow  
if I do not change my ways  
will be to know tomorrow  
the same pain I knew today. **Refrain.**

Though I agree life's mysterious,  
I think destiny is clear.  
I will have to recover tomorrow  
all that today I hold dear.  
So, if I want a kind tomorrow,  
there's only one way to make it be.  
I must be kind today  
if tomorrow I'll be free. *Refrain* (several times).

**ENDING:**

*Destiny, sweet destiny.*  
*Oh, what will my destiny be?*  
*Destiny, sweet destiny.*  
*Oh, what will my destiny be?*

**DESTINY**

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**THE END**



# INTENTIONS

(7 Pages)

An essay with song

By

Francis William Bessler

Oct. 27<sup>th</sup>, 2007

*What are your intentions?* I have always considered that the most wonderful of questions. I wish that more people would ask it than do. I think that if someone is really interested in another's intentions in a positive way, it expresses a certain friendship between them. If it's only for the sake of small talk, exploitation, or condemnation and not for any sincere personal interest, however, such a question can have no real friendly importance; but given that one person is sincerely interested in another, I think it is a truly essential question to be asked.

*I think the question should be asked – not so much to judge another in terms of their being correct, related to one's own course - but to judge their course as being in agreement or disagreement with one's own course.* I am one of those who think that course in life is one of the most important aspects of life. I think that each of us has his or her own course; however since courses may not agree, the ideal would be to know about a person's course before committing to a person. The single greatest question that could be asked to determine another's course in life is to ask that question: *What are your intentions?* Again, it should not be asked to judge a person for being correct as if there is some one and only correct way, but to determine if varying courses are complementary or not.

I think one's intentions can specify true friendship or a lack thereof. Beyond mere friendship, I think true intimacy requires a certain sharing of the same intention – or intentions – in life. Nothing can be more personal – or impersonal – than telling of one's intentions. If I tell you of a certain intention of mine and it fails to impress you, then that would say that we are likely **incompatible** because we differ in our intentions; however if I tell you of a certain intention and that revelation rings some bell in your mind, then quite possibly, the two of us would be **compatible**.

Intentions, then, should be discovered – or uncovered – to determine compatibility or the lack thereof. If I were to tell you of some intention of mine and you were to respond with either disinterest or disgust, then that should convey **incompatibility**. If I am wise, I will not seek something from you that you cannot deliver. To do otherwise may well be to impose on you. Unless my intention is to actually impose on you – and it might be – then it would do neither you nor me any favors by seeking companionship.

## Intimacy

As I suggested earlier, I think that true intimacy is only possible if parties share an earnest intention. Intention is the only thing that can bring two people together and let them share each other's souls, as it were. Since intention itself is an expression within the mind – and probably, the soul – two can become intimate as fellow minds and fellow souls only if that two are of the same mind. That really translates into having the same intention for living. Intimacy, I think, is **only sharing the same vision of life – and the same dedication.**

My main intention – or focus – in life, for instance, is to live in awe of nature and to do my best to act in concert with it. I see nature as an expression of the Divine Artist, God. I believe that I can only know God by respecting His, Her, or Its artistry. Let me assume God as an *It* for simplicity.

So that is my focus – to love life as if God is the artist that is making it. It is like showing respect for Michelangelo by admiring his work in the Sistine Chapel. I do not need to know Michelangelo to honor his works and show a respect for Michelangelo himself. I need only to admire the artwork of Michelangelo to demonstrate respect for Michelangelo; and if I were to take a knife and cut at some facet of Michelangelo's complete artistry, I think I would be showing disrespect for all of Michelangelo's works and for Michelangelo himself.

And it's like that for me, too, with works by the Divine Artist, God. I think I show respect for God only by expressing awe for God's handiworks. That includes everything from an unseen molecule to a huge mountain. Created beings are part of that vast handiwork of God, including all life and most especially, myself. I think there is only one way I can love God – and that is by showing respect for myself as a handiwork, yourself as a handiwork, and all others, as handiworks or artifacts of God.

By loving Michelangelo's works, I am not trying to impress Michelangelo. I am not seeking for approval from Michelangelo. I am only trying to know him through his works and to enjoy him through his works. Failure or success on my part to admire Michelangelo and his works would have no effect on Michelangelo. It would only effect – or affect – me. Likewise, failure or success on my part to admire God or *It's* works would have no effect on God. It would only effect – or affect – me – and, perhaps my fellow souls by exhibition.

That is the way I look at the world – and God. I do not see myself as having to impress God or seek for God's approval in what I do. It is only for my sake that I admire myself and all creation. It is not for the sake of God.

How many times have I heard that I should do this or not do this **for the sake of God?** I do not believe in that. Being Infinite – or inclusive of everything - my God can be neither diminished nor enhanced by anything I might do. My God is in me because I am in God – or within God. All finite beings must be within God because nothing can exist outside the Infinite. God is not outside of me to be impressed or disappointed by what I might do – or not do. **My main intention in life is to love God by demonstrating respect for God's handiworks – for my sake, not for God's sake.**

I offer this definition of my personal intention in life because it may help to show that I can be intimate only with those who share my intention – or dedication. I could not be intimate with any who see God as judge and jury, though I have tried to do so. I could

not be intimate with any who pay no mind to God at all, though I have tried to do so. Experience has taught me what my mind probably tried to tell me all along – unless another sees God in much the same way I do and has the same intention of admiring and respecting God through God’s works, intimacy for me is impossible. I can be kind to everyone in this world, no matter how much in agreement or disagreement we may be, but I can be intimate only with those who share my intentions.

And so it is with everyone. Two soldiers who think they should live to defend their sense of right and wrong by going to war if necessary could share intentions – and therefore, be capable of intimacy; but no soldier who is willing to condemn another could be intimate with me. Two executives who think they are justified in assuming power over others could share intentions – and therefore, be capable of intimacy; but no executive who lives to order others could be intimate with me because I seek only equality. Two slaves who are willing to live in submission to others could share intentions – and therefore, be capable of intimacy; but no one who permits him or herself to be a slave could be intimate with me for the same reason I could not be intimate with an executive in search for power. I believe in equality; and slavery – or a sense of inferiority - is not an expression of equality.

But there it is. Intimacy can only happen when two of a relationship share the same intention – or focus in life. I think that is why people fail to be intimate in life. They fail to share intentions; and when one of a pair tries to impose his or her intention over another that fails to share that intention, abuse happens. Abuse between two who share the same intention is impossible because they are of the same mind and one could not impose on the other; but abuse between two who vary in intention – or perceived purpose - happens all the time.

And that should be a very strong argument in favor of two people knowing each other’s real intentions before committing to each other. That is not always easy, however. Those who seek power over others may very well feign intention or pretend their intention is the same as that of the desired one. Then once in power, real intentions are expressed; and very often, the result is abuse – though maybe not intentionally so.

## **Respect**

To speak of abuse, I think, is only to speak of a lack of respect. Abuse happens, I believe, when any two people lack respect for one another. Intimacy is only possible when two share the same intentions in life – or inclinations. Intimates automatically respect one another. There is no effort needed because they are already of the same mind. In a way, intimates do not have to learn respect because it comes with having the same intention; however non intimates probably have to learn respect. It can happen – and probably often does; and I think that learned respect can lead into a sharing of the same intentions – or dedications – and therefore learned respect can lead into intimacy.

I do not want to get into any nitty-gritty on this thing because it might imply that I have some major sociological or psychological training. I do not; however from my observations of life, it seems that people change all the time. That demonstrates to me that change is possible. For change to happen, if there was disrespect before, respect must replace it. Otherwise, there could be no change. The change – in this discussion – is from disrespect to respect – or perhaps respect to disrespect. I guess it could go either

way; and I suppose intimacy could be lost as well as gained for the same reason – people change.

I think that where respect resides, intimacy can follow; but, on the other hand, where disrespect resides, intimacy is impossible. That would be to say that two people can share a vision of life at first and hold the same intention or dedication between them – and know intimacy as a result; but if one of that two should come to disclaim that vision, then the sharing of the same intention – or dedication – in life ends. With that ending, a previous intimacy could be lost. That is why people divorce. They may marry sharing the same intention or sense of purpose; but then one changes and the other doesn't – and the result is divorce. It happens all the time.

Personally, I think that we all carry with us some disclosed or undisclosed respect for some major aspect of life upon birth. I think each of us has lived prior to any given life in other modes and in other circumstances; but as we exit one life, we take with us some respect for something that we may have gained in that life. Consequently, we are born into another life retaining a respect learned in a past life. Sometimes, our previous respect is shuttled into the background because it somehow challenges some manner or thinking of a current incarnation. We don't lose our former respect. It is simply ushered into a back room of our mind for a time. It is made to disappear for a time; but most importantly, it is not lost – at least, not at first.

Then with a former respect sitting quietly in a back room, we become engaged with one who does not share that respect sitting so quietly in the back room. Perhaps we have become somewhat comfortable with some new respect and have gone with that for a time. That leads us to marry another, thinking that the two of us share a major respect – or vision of life. In time, however, by living with a partner that does not share that respect that we have so willingly ushered to the back room of our mind, we become more and more aware of our true respect and our true belief. In a way, we are not so much changing when we find a new self, as it were. We are only emerging – or re-emerging – as our former self, having opened the door to the back room of our mind and having invited in as current guest – and maybe even lord – our old respect and a former dedication.

By the same token, however, one may not choose to recover an old vision or belief or respect. One might become so comfortable with a new respect than an old respect is unattended for too long a time and does not remain sitting in a back room, but simply exits through a back door. That could happen too. As long as there is a possibility for any happening, it can happen. People can leave old conventions and old comforts completely – or they can revisit them and make them new again.

I believe I represent the latter – the one who has revisited an old comfort and has made it new again. *In the process of my life, I have replaced a doctrine of sin with a doctrine of virtue.* I was born into a Catholic family that believed that man is sinful by birth. Though I somewhat resisted that notion as a kid, I did surrender to it for a time. How I enjoyed confessing my sins to the local priest, Father Carroll. I really got into that life. If I did not have a sin to confess, I'd make one up just so I could take part in the practice of confession.

I became so much a part of my new life that I even studied for the Catholic ministry for six years after high school. I guess I did not want to only confess sin. I wanted to hear confessions as well – as that is what a priest does. But the faculty of St. Thomas in

Denver noticed my real leaning and my real belief in virtue – and chose to discontinue me from further study. I think that is what happened. I guess I challenged Catholic doctrine too much because at the conclusion of my last year of study – three years lacking to ordination as a priest - I was told that it was unanimously agreed among the faculty that my **thinking is not that of a Catholic priest**; and it wasn't. Whereas Catholicism teaches that life should be overcome, I have always believed that life should be embraced. In time, I would replace **overcome** with **embrace** – and the old me ushered to the back room for a time would become the new me in the front room. Quite possibly, however, I did not so much change – as emerge.

After being discontinued for the Catholic ministry, I married a Catholic friend, not having completed my transformation by then; but, in time, my former respect for life in general took over and a concentration on sin was replaced with a concentration on virtue. Since my Catholic wife could not follow me in my transformation, our marriage went by the wayside; and I think that is what happens to many who divorce. In time, an old self will emerge and take over – leaving a temporary self in the past.

That, of course, is only a speculation. Maybe I changed in this life time alone. Maybe I started with nothing and embraced sin for a time and then changed to embrace virtue – which is only *living in support of something* as opposed to **living to defeat something**. *My life has changed from a vision of defeat to a vision of embrace*. I do not live to defeat sin or those who sin or what ever. I live to embrace what I see as good in life. I live to embrace life itself. There is no defeat left in me. *Perhaps I have changed; but perhaps, too, I have only emerged as what I have been all along.*

## Main Intentions

I am a big fan of movies. In one movie of my liking in the 1950s called **AFRICAN QUEEN**, Humphrey Bogart played the part of a captain of a small ship. On board by some coincidence was a lady played by Katharine Hepburn. In the course of some of the action, Mr. Olnut, played by Bogart, drank a bit too much and claimed that it was **only natural** that a man should imbibe now and then. Hepburn's character disagreed with the Bogart character and said: **Nature, Mr. Olnut, is what we were put in this world to rise above.**

I think most of the world is like the Hepburn character – or at least the controlling part of the world. Some think that all they exist for is to **rise above** or **overcome** something or other. Their whole concentration in life is to **overcome** or **defeat** some opposition. They love to joust with one another and even to kill one another – be that killing somehow legal as in war or illegal as in murder. Those who are of the Hepburn character mind of being put in this world to **defeat** some opposition are always engaged in battle in some way. It is the battle that they need. Battle is their intention in life. Battle is their concentration in life; and outside of the playground of battle, they find no meaning.

Then there are those of us who have no need or desire to concentrate on battle or overcoming or defeating in life. All we are about is to **embrace** life as we see it and know it. We look at the life before us and see fantastic miracle and mystery and have no desire to overcome any of that. We wish to embrace all of it for what it is. In that

embrace of life, we find our meaning. Our intention, then, or purpose, is to embrace in kindness, not insist on defeating in the name of some sort of justice.

But that serves to demonstrate difference in intention in life. ***For whatever reason, some of us live to defeat others; and some of us live to embrace life – OR some of us live to oppose what we do not like and others of us live to embrace what we do like. In the end, the intention any of us chooses will represent a way of life.*** My own personal intention is to embrace life as much as I can and show respect for life as it is – without any desire to change anything about it. My choices in life will reflect that intention. It can be no other way. We can only act as we intend – as we think is right for us; but given that we will have to live with all we choose, it only makes sense to ponder our intentions before we settle upon them – and choose wisely.

## **My Intentions**

A song by  
Francis William Bessler  
Written Oct. 27<sup>th</sup>, 2007

### ***REFRAIN:***

*She asked, what are your intentions?  
I said – just to be kind –  
I have no reason to act otherwise.  
She said that's good, my friend,  
because that's all that I desire.  
So, come on in and let us build  
a nice comfy fire.*

Let others speak for themselves.  
It's not for me to judge;  
but I can tell you what I believe.  
I think there's only one emotion  
that can set a soul free;  
and that is kindness to everyone. ***Refrain.***

I have no need for battle.  
I have no desire to defeat.  
My aim in life is to embrace.  
All that I see and know  
is full of God's grace.  
My life is to know I'm complete. ***Refrain.***

My intentions, then, are clear.  
At least they are to me.  
I'm dedicated to a sense of pure.  
If God's in everything,  
that should make me sure  
that we are all children of Divinity. *Refrain* (several times).

## INTENTIONS



THE END

# A MASTER'S PRAYER

(5 Pages)

An essay and prayerful song

By

Francis William Bessler

Oct. 29<sup>th</sup>, 2007

I would prefer to call it ***THE PRAYER OF JESUS*** – or even ***THE ALMOST PERFECT PRAYER*** or ***A MASTER'S PRAYER*** or ***THE PRAYER OF A MASTER*** rather than as it is known as **THE LORD'S PRAYER**, but however it is called, I think *that* prayer of Jesus as offered in one of the gospels of the **BIBLE** commands the ideal of mastery of soul like none other that I have ever heard. It tells how a soul should act to gain mastery and to actually imitate Jesus. It amazes me that Christians pray what is called **THE LORD'S PRAYER** frequently because they believe their lord, Jesus, commanded them to pray it – and then totally ignore its precepts and still believe they are disciples of Jesus.

That is probably because most who pray **THE LORD'S PRAYER** have no idea that it is really not the prayer of a lord over anyone else, but one who has learned to be lord of him or herself. It is a *lord's* prayer in that those who pray it and live it become *lords* or *masters*. Many who pray it, however, do not pray it to learn of what they must do in life to *gain salvation*. They pray it because they think they are somehow **impressing** Jesus with their recitation of it.

**Did you hear me, Jesus? I just honored your name by praying the prayer you asked me to pray? I do hope you were listening.**

Personally, I doubt that Jesus could care less if I pray **THE LORD'S PRAYER** out of some allegiance to his name. I doubt that Jesus would be impressed at all with a mere recitation of his prayer; however, I think he would be extremely impressed if I were to follow the principles he specifies through his prayer. It is, I think, the greatest *blueprint for happiness* as I have witnessed in this life.

If I had only one verse in the entire world to live by, it would be **THE LORD'S PRAYER**. Why? Because it is tremendously liberating. If anyone really follows the principles expressed in that most wonderful of prayers, the result could only be freedom of soul. It is because I love freedom of soul so much that I could almost call it **FREEDOM'S PRAYER** or **THE PRAYER OF FREEDOM**.



For those who need reminded, the original prayer goes much like this:

*Our Father, Who art in Heaven – Hallowed be Thy name.  
Thy Kingdom come, Thy Will be done,  
On Earth as it is in Heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread.  
Forgive us our trespasses  
as we forgive those who have trespassed against us.  
Lead us not into temptation,  
But deliver us from evil. Amen!*

Quite promptly, I will offer a variation of that prayer in a song prayer of my own that I will label **A MASTER'S PRAYER** or subtitled **FREEDOM'S PRAYER**; but first let me offer in narrative why I think **THE LORD'S PRAYER** commands everything any soul needs to find salvation of soul.

**Our Father** --- First of all, Jesus referenced God by the generic term, Father – not by a given name, like Jehovah. The God he was making reference to did not belong to just one group – like the Jews – but to all people. If Jesus was referencing the God of the Jews in his prayer, he would have probably used a proper name by which such a God was known – again, like Jehovah. He did not call God by the name of Jehovah. He called God by the name of **Father** – and he said **Our Father**, not just **my father**. In other words, the God of Jesus is the God of all. That is important because no one should act in life like God belongs to him or her alone and that some one has a personal relationship with God that others may not deserve. It is ok to say **my** as long as by doing it, you are not acting like God belongs to you alone.

If you will remember, I offered initially that I could call **THE LORD'S PRAYER** by a subtitle **THE ALMOST PERFECT PRAYER**. I would add *almost* to my title because of the next lines: **Who art in Heaven** – . Those words could be somewhat misleading by inferring that God resides only in some place called **Heaven** when, in fact, if Infinite – as I believe God to be – God must reside everywhere. If one is to assume that everywhere is Heaven because God resides everywhere, it is fine to think of God in His Heaven; but if one is to think that God resides in some restricted place that does not include **All**, then the words **Who art in Heaven** could be misleading. For the potential misunderstanding that the words allow, I could not call **THE LORD'S PRAYER** a **perfect** prayer, but that aside, it is *nearly perfect* – and it is *nearly perfect* because of the soulful principles of peace it suggests.

Let us continue: **Hallowed be Thy name!** It is to say only that God is **holy**. I can go with that. Can't you? If God is **holy**, then anything that addresses God reflects that notion of holiness. At least I think of **holiness** when I think of God and when I refer to that which I call **God**.

**Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done – on Earth as it is in Heaven.** This is to say that the **Kingdom** of God is everywhere – on Earth as well as in Heaven. It is to say that the **will of God** applies to everywhere and everyone – not to merely some restricted place or people. I would modify the prayer a little by offering that the **will of God** is being done as opposed to **will be done**, but the notion is only to offer that God and God's will is the **stuff of mastery**.

And what is the *will of God*? That will is stated next – and it is these words that command freedom and true mastery, beginning with: *Give us this day, our daily bread*. That is to say, give us what is needed for our minimal needs. It implies that greed for more than *our daily bread* is unwarranted to attain freedom of soul – or salvation of soul.

I think we can really derail ourselves by wanting too much – or getting too much because **too much** can really amount to **junk**. It may be very expensive junk for some, but anything that is strictly surplus and is not needed can be qualified with that nice little descriptive word, **junk**. It is best to be satisfied with a little; and that is what *daily bread* implies. If we are grateful for our *daily bread*, then our lives would be full with just the little we really need. No one needs a lot. We only think we do. Too many possessions can distract from the wonder of life itself. **It is much better to be poor and not ignore the wonder of life itself than to be rich and pay attention to those riches and ignore the wonder of life itself.**

And then what comes next? *Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who have trespassed against us*. This is the *command of freedom* because the words tell us that we must forgive to be forgiven. It is to say: *forgive us of our failures if we forgive others of their failures*. In other words, it is to put a condition on forgiveness. That is not just some arbitrary item that God could have omitted if God wanted to omit it. It is the very nature of freedom of soul. That is why it is so important.

Why should I forgive others? Because it is extremely burdensome to do otherwise. Bearing a grudge is extremely heavy on the soul. To bear a grudge is to suffer a burden that no free soul wants to bear. The soul must forgive because to fail to forgive is to load burden on a soul. I cannot live with the weight of a grudge on my soul and be a free person. By bearing a grudge, I am enslaved by the grudge. Thus to free my soul of the burden of a grudge, I must ignore **grudgery**, as it were. We are *forgiven* of the burden of **grudgery** – only if we bear no grudges. The prayer does not say – **forgive me of my failures**. It says *forgive me as I forgive others*. In other words, it is *in forgiving that I am forgiven*.

Then follows *Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil*. I do not see Jesus offering this as part of his prayer because it implies that God can tempt us to do wrong. I do not see God in that way at all – and I doubt that Jesus did either. How can something that is in us be outside of us to tempt us? It is rather an insane idea; and I doubt very much that Jesus ever offered such a thought. God does not **tempt** us to do wrong and if we are tempted, **deliver us to evil**; but that is what one might get from the *Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil* line.

Anyway, outside of the few reservations about **THE LORD'S PRAYER** that I have stated, I think it represents as close to a *blueprint of happiness* as I can imagine. It is also a *blueprint of freedom*. Perhaps *freedom* and *happiness* go hand in hand. One cannot have one without the other. At least I have found that the single most important item of my own freedom in life has been paying no attention to the misgivings of others and instead concentrating on the blessings I have – as in my *daily bread*.

It would be interesting, however, to let each one redefine **THE LORD'S PRAYER** according to what each considers significant or important. Given that only deletion of parts of the verse are allowed and no additions permitted, some might say:

**Our Father, Who art in Heaven – Hallowed be Thy name.  
Thy Kingdom come, Thy Will be done,  
On Earth as it is in Heaven.  
Lead us not into temptation,  
But deliver us from evil. Amen!**

Many – if not most – would not be satisfied with some *daily bread* because their lives are too full of greed – and **junk**. Thus they would leave the part about *daily bread* out. And many – if not most – do not forgive in life. Thus they never learn forgiveness; and they would definitely leave out the line about being forgiven as they forgive.

And what would be my deletions? See for yourself:

*Our Father, – Hallowed be Thy name.  
Thy Kingdom come, Thy Will be done.  
Give us this day our daily bread.  
Forgive us our trespasses  
as we forgive those who have trespassed against us.  
Amen!*

All in all, however, I think **THE LORD'S PRAYER** is all anyone needs to recite – if they will only pay attention to the precepts of *gratitude* and *forgiveness* that it dictates. With that in mind, let me close by offering a personal rendition of **THE LORD'S PRAYER** as I have found it meaningful in attaining happiness and freedom of soul in my life. I think it is the **PRAYER OF A MASTER** in that through it and the principles of *gratitude for the small things* and *forgiveness to be forgiven* that it offers, true mastery of soul is attained. It is not the prayer **to a lord**, but the prayer *of a lord*; but a lord is only one who is **captive of no one and is free.**

**A Master's Prayer (Song)**  
***(Freedom's Prayer)***

By

Francis William Bessler

Written Oct. 29<sup>th</sup>, 2007

Our Loving God, My Generous God,  
Holy is your name.  
I thank you for my life and blessings.  
That's why I feel no shame.  
Our Father, My Father -  
Thy Kingdom's here as well as there.  
Thy will is only that I share –  
what I am with the world.  
Our Father, My Father -  
To be forgiven, we must forgive;  
that's the only way peace can live.  
Our Father, My Father -  
I thank you for my daily bread.  
My needs are simple – thus I do not dread.  
Our Father, My Father -  
To see only good is to allow no evil.  
I pledge to you a life of no guile.  
Our Father, My Father,  
I will always be your child.  
Our Father, My Father,  
I will always be your child.

**A MASTER'S PRAYER**

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**THE END**

# BELLA VITA!

(5 Pages)

An essay and song

By

Francis William Bessler

Laramie, Wyoming

Nov. 4<sup>th</sup>, 2007

It is Italian, as I understand, for *Life is Beautiful*. *Bella* means *beautiful* and *Vita* means *life*. Some years back, there was an Italian based movie by that name. I became quite drawn to the title upon seeing the movie; and from that, *Bella Vita* has become a slogan by which I try to live life.

*There is no sin in the idea of life being beautiful.* There is only honor in the thought; and I think that when one honors life as beautiful, there is no room for sin in that devotion. In fact, I think the main sin of humanity is looking past life itself and thinking that virtue is somehow the result of using life to gain some kind of personal achievement – like, perhaps, slaying some mighty dragon.

I must admit that I have never seen a dragon in my life. Perhaps they are only myth; but some offer snakes as akin to dragons. I have seen quite a few snakes in my life; and I must confess I am not very comfortable with them. If, however, I were to meet a snake unexpectedly – a poisonous type of snake – and that snake were to bite me and I were to know that my life is ending because of the poison, I don't think I would look too negatively at snakes in general. I would just consider that snake poison was my way of exit from a beautiful life – and entry into another.

That is only to try and put the beauty of life for me in perspective. *When I offer that I think that life is beautiful, I mean to include all life – not just my life.* A snake is a beautiful critter on its own and is just as much a part of the total mystery of life as I am. All creatures, be they the licking kind or the biting kind, are equally beautiful to a soul who is in love with life. We who see life that way look at all of life – and all of existence – as one fantastic garden of wonder and awe. We don't try to separate some so called good from the bad because, for us, there is no bad.

Now, I am not talking about unnatural enemies. I am talking only of natural enemies – defining an enemy as one who can naturally harm by virtue of its nature. I do not claim to understand how it all happens. I do not claim to know why some snakes possess venom that can paralyze a fellow creature. I merely believe that it is ok that some snakes can paralyze other creatures. If it just so happens that I would be one who becomes a victim of a poisonous snake, I do not believe that I should rant and rave and act like life has been mean to me. I do not think that dying by means of snake venom would be a bad way to go because at least it would be within the natural scenario and the natural big picture that it might happen. I would be delighted to meet a snake in the woods and become that snake's natural enemy. If I should die by such an encounter, I would try to

lift my mind and spirit to embrace that ending with kindness to the snake and with joy that I am part of the total complete natural picture of life.

To die at the hands of an unnatural enemy, however, would not be so good. It would be difficult for me to face a fellow human who might kill me. I do not see man against man as being part of that wonderful big picture of life. **I see man against man as being an aberration of the whole concept of natural enemies.** If by some incident I were to be the agent of killing another person – not intended to be a natural enemy – I would know for sure that I had sinned; and if by some other incident another were to kill or injure me, though personally I may have not sinned, I would still be somewhat distraught over another thinking it was right to kill or harm another person – in this case, me.

**Unnatural violence is not part of the big picture of Bella Vita.** I do not wish to condone unnatural violence at all. Perhaps in some cases, it is justifiable from a civilized standpoint in order to better secure the safety of civilization in general; but from a natural standpoint, I do not think any violence between two fellow humans – for whatever reason – is justifiable. **It is not justifiable because it is not in concert with Nature. If a creature kills to eat, it is within the big picture of Natural Design. If a creature kills to hate, it is not. It is unnatural to kill for the sake or motive of hate.** Unnatural enemies are an aberration within the big picture of Nature; and no one who concentrates in life on seeing all of life as beautiful will resort to it.

Unnatural violence between humans is only one example of that which is not part of my Bella Vita view of life. I will let that suffice for this article as an example of unnatural conduct that smears my vision of Bella Vita; however, ***in general, any conduct that opposes or obstructs Natural Design is a violation of Bella Vita.*** When I say that I think that Life is beautiful, I intend only to embrace and include that which is clearly in concert with Natural Design. ***I do not think that man injuring or killing man is at all within the scope of Natural Design; and therefore any killing or harming of any person – for whatever reason – is a violation of Bella Vita.***

## Acceptable Behavior

***So, what is Bella Vita? In short, it's all Natural Behavior.*** It's a butterfly fluttering about a garden. It's a bee consuming pollen. It's a bee stinging me, should I invade its territory. It's a lion killing a deer for a meal. It's a coyote stalking a baby calf for the same reason. It's flowers blooming. It's trees growing leaves; and it's leaves dying in the Fall. ***It's me being part of all of Nature; and it's Nature being part of me. That is Bella Vita.***

It's the Moon going around the Sun. It's the Sun lighting up its solar system. It's brooks flowing over rocks; and it's the Earth erupting from the deep heat of its center. It's quiet rain; and it's destructive wind. It's me embracing what I am and not being much concerned with who I am. ***It's looking at the complete mystery of all that exists and being grateful to be part of it. That is Bella Vita.***

It's roots absorbing water. It's trees reaching for the sky. It's potatoes gorging on the nutrients of the soil. It's potato leaves storing the light of the Sun. It's grass growing in my front lawn; and it's the sprinkle of dandelions in the grass. It's thistle looking for life along a roadway. It's a concert of a variety of flowers with a myriad of colors

seeking the warmth of the energy in light; and *it's me smiling naked while the cool breeze swifts my hair around my face. That is Bella Vita.*

It's a deer frozen where its standing, cocking its head as if to pick up some distant noise. It's a little dog licking one side of my face and then darting to the opposite side of me to check out the other side. It's that little dog wagging its tail in complete excitement upon hearing me come through the door. It's that big dog barking at the little dog. It's the cat brushing up against my ankles in hopes of some friendship or some food; and *it's you naked in your kitchen, peeling potatoes and tossing them into the boiling water on the stove. That is Bella Vita.*

It's Ole Bess switching her tail in my face as I milk her. It's the fattened steer that will soon become food for the family. It's the fish in the river that manages to avoid my lure; and it's the fish that didn't avoid my lure. It's holding my hands together in thankful prayer; and it's taking a shower with a brother or a sister or a mother or father – or a friend. *It's knowing no shame for embracing life as it is. That is Bella Vita.*

It's knowing that whatever God is, God is Infinite – and therefore, Everywhere and in Everything. It's knowing that all partake equally of God and that no one or no thing has to earn God. It's knowing that I will never know God except through God's Creation. It's knowing God by respecting all that exists like it all deserves to exist and having no part in ceasing any life for sake of anger or hate. It's forgiving all who may damage me in any way because to do otherwise is to hold too much burden of a grudge in my soul. *It's kissing you gently without any thrust to occupy you; but simply to encourage you to enjoy the blessing of life with which we have both been blessed. That is Bella Vita.*

It's not insisting that my own personal rules must be obeyed by everyone else. It's having respect for different views and allowing each to choose according to their conscience. It's refusing the arrogance of compulsion. It's offering suggestion as advice, but never compelling obedience. It's holding lordship only over oneself and refusing to be lord of another. It's being satisfied with a heartbeat and being grateful for eyesight; and it's never taking an eye from another who has taken an eye from someone else; for that would only make two who are blind. *It's being willing to die without offering death in return. That is Bella Vita.*

Bella Vita is easy – never hard. It's kind, never harsh. Bella Vita simply continues as it is. It only inherits itself. Those who follow the way are instantly justified within cooperation with Natural Design – and within Natural Design. Bella Vita is bypassing the expectations of civilization and attending to the expectations of Nature. It's using Nature as a judge while realizing that mankind is not equate-able to Nature – though wonderfully a fascinating aspect of it. *It's knowing that God is the source of all mystery and that to be lost within that mystery is the only way that anyone can truly be saved.*

Bella Vita is embracing life as it is and not demanding that life be understood to be grateful for it. The Bella Vita soul will rise from a departed body like all the rest, but will find its way forward into the mist of mystery that will still enfold it just as it found its way through the mist of mystery while incorporated within the body it will now have left behind.

*The mystery of existence and life will continue. The dedication will not end. Death is but a passage into another chapter of the same wonderful mystery; and the Bella Vita soul will always triumph in Peace!*

# Bella Vita

A song by  
Francis William Bessler  
Written Nov. 4<sup>th</sup>, 2007

I stand on a hill and shout – ***Bella Vita!***  
I don't need to know what it's about – ***Bella Vita!***  
I'm content to be within the mystery  
I'm so glad to be part of the scene.  
It's all so very satisfying – ***Bella Vita!***

It says, life is beautiful – ***Bella Vita!***  
It's about looking at life as bountiful – ***Bella Vita!***  
I'm not into wading in misery.  
I'll take what's coming to me thankfully.  
It's like a never ending party – ***Bella Vita!***

Life is far more than I can know – ***Bella Vita!***  
Life is such a wonderful show – ***Bella Vita!***  
There's wonder in everything I see  
and I try to accept it joyfully.  
Why don't you come and join with me – ***Bella Vita!***

The mystery will never end – ***Bella Vita!***  
And that mystery I do commend – ***Bella Vita!***  
Become part of the flower on a hill  
and in a lake, swim freely to fulfill  
all that's in your soul and will – ***Bella Vita!***

Put on Nature to embrace – ***Bella Vita!***  
Know you're part of God's good grace – ***Bella Vita!***  
God is in everything we see  
and that includes you and me  
Be aware, you are a child of Divinity – ***Bella Vita!***

I'm in love with you, my friend – ***Bella Vita!***  
And to you, these thoughts I send – ***Bella Vita!***  
You belong to a wonderful paradise,  
but to see it, you must open your eyes  
and then let your soul begin to rise – ***Bella Vita!***



Don't bother me with your pains – *Bella Vita!*  
If you would relax and would not strain – *Bella Vita!*  
you'd find that the miracle found in all  
should turn life into a wondrous ball.  
So come on and obey the call – *Bella Vita!*

You'd find that the miracle found in all  
should turn life into a wondrous ball.  
So come on and obey the call – *Bella Vita!*  
So come on and obey the call – *Bella Vita!*  
So come on and obey the call – *Bella Vita!*

**BELLA VITA!**

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**THE END**

## The Same

By Francis William Bessler  
Written September 15, 2008

### **REFRAIN:**

*I'm the same – as everyone.  
I'm the same – and I'm having fun.  
I'm the same as you, my friend;  
and I'll be the same – beyond the end.  
You're the same – as everyone.  
You're the same – you should be having fun.  
You're the same as me, my friend;  
and you'll be the same – beyond the end.*

The rule of life is that you will be  
just what you allow within your dreams.  
Tomorrow will be like today  
in the manner of soulful ways.  
If you're kind today, it will be the same  
when tomorrow comes, be it night or day;  
and if you're cruel now, you'll continue on  
just as you are when tomorrow comes. **Refrain.**

People think they need to be different  
in order to make life of consequence;  
but no matter how much they insist it's so,  
underneath, they're the same in Nature's clothes.  
If you think you can change the way things are  
by finding strength in various wars,  
you're only pretending life's not good  
and blowing a chance for true brotherhood. **Refrain.**

In the Gospel of Thomas, Jesus said to Salome,  
when he was asked of whom he was a son,  
he said, I am one who is from the Same  
Light as me, thus having no shame.  
And it's just like that with each of us  
from whom we come should be our trust.  
Well, we come from Nature and the Divine  
and that is what should be our pride. **Refrain.**

Many people are afraid to die  
because they think Nature's a lie.  
They think that death should never be  
but that is not the way it seems to me.  
I look at life and it seems clear  
that all things die – so I should have no fear  
of anything beyond because the truth  
must be the same for me as it is for you. **Refrain.**

What will happen when I die?  
Probably more of the same as in life.  
There is no reason for me to believe  
that my soul will change radically.  
As I was before, I will become again,  
I will see me as virtuous or filled with sin.  
If my soul continues – and the notion's sane,  
it will continue on and be the same. **Refrain.**

So, let us all join and celebrate  
the wonder of our common state.  
We are the same in what's there to find.  
Our bodies are alike – as too our minds.  
What you really are, I am too –  
and that, my friend, is a basic truth.  
The way I treat you becomes my refrain  
simply because we are the same. **Refrain. (multiple times if wished)**

## Harmony

By Francis William Bessler

Written Oct. 13-14, 2008

### **REFRAIN:**

*I believe in harmony –  
everything that is, bonded together, as one, you see.  
I believe that's the way it should be, for me.  
Yes, I believe in harmony.*

I don't pretend to understand life –  
from a beetle to a bee to a human being.  
I look at a bird and I feel delight –  
and I'm caught up within the mystery.  
I wonder how a bird survives the cold  
when it's bitter freezing and the snow is deep.  
Yet survival of the bird teaches me to be bold.  
If it can survive, then why not me? **Refrain.**

I think that if I could be a rose,  
I'd wonder just how I came to be;  
but I don't suppose I'd ever know  
anymore than I'd know if I were a tree.  
I look at a dandelion – and it makes me smile  
and I wonder what it's like to be one of those;  
but as I wonder, I pledge no guile  
and to be grateful for the dandelion and the rose. **Refrain.**

I see myself grazing with some deer  
and running wild with some antelope.  
Being part of all of that makes it clear  
that none of life should be disposed.  
I watch an eagle glide high overhead  
and I feel like I am standing on its wings.  
That eagle and I will soon be dead,  
but we will both arise for another fling. **Refrain.**

The choice is yours as the choice is mine.  
It's up to each to go their own way.  
You can choose anger to make you blind  
and make some an enemy that you hate.  
But I choose to see all as friends.  
I do not yearn to mingle with fire.  
I do not need to make amends  
because friendship is always my desire (attire). **Refrain (3).**

## Son Of God

By Francis William Bessler

Written Oct. 28<sup>th</sup>, 2008

### **REFRAIN:**

*I am a son of God – and you are too.*

*Even if you are a girl – we share the same truth. – for male*

*Even though I am a girl – I share the same truth. – for female*

*For God is not a father – that belongs to only some.*

*More correctly, God's a mother – that nourishes everyone.*

I don't think God's a moral one.

It's simply the energy for us all.

It's up to each to choose our bonds;

but we'll inherit what we install. **Refrain.**

I can be kind or I can be cruel.

It doesn't matter at all to God;

but it matters to me and I'd be a fool

to choose a path of pain to trod. **Refrain.**

Some think God's a person like us –

outside – to choose what he might like;

but the God I see and the God I trust

is part of all and in all is inside. **Refrain.**

God's not apart as we might believe,

but it's for each of us to realize

that wherever we go and whatever we breathe

is filled with the Divine. **Refrain.**

Some think that there's a Heaven to come.

Well, I'm convinced that is the truth;

but Heaven's only knowing we're all God's sons.

So, I'm in Heaven right now too. **Refrain.**

## Jesus Is My Way

By Francis William Bessler

Written November 27<sup>th</sup>, 2008

*Note: Sayings in parens within verses are to be spoken.*

Jesus is my way – but not my lord.  
Jesus – for me – represents the word;  
but the word is “nothing’s evil because everything is pure.”  
(because, God, as Infinite, must be in everything,  
making everything pure)  
Jesus is my way – but not my lord.

Jesus is my way – but not my lord.  
Jesus – for me – is all I can afford.  
All I can afford is to be kind to all that’s in this world.  
(because kindness is its own reward).  
Jesus is my way – but not my lord.

Jesus is my way – but not my lord.  
Jesus – for me – is Heaven on this earth;  
but Heaven is only knowing the Divine is in the dirt.  
(In the Gospel of Thomas, Jesus says,  
***The Kingdom of the Father is spread upon the earth –  
but men do not see it.***)  
Jesus is my way – but not my lord.

Jesus is my way – but not my lord.  
Jesus – for me – is Heaven beyond this birth;  
but Heaven beyond this birth is only extending Heaven here on earth.  
(Assuming, of course, that I know Heaven on earth).  
Jesus is my way – but not my lord.

Repeat all verses, excluding sayings in parens.

## **There's A Love In My Heart**

By Francis William Bessler

Written December 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2008

### ***REFRAIN:***

*There's a love in my heart – that will not go away.*

*There's a love in my heart – that's in my heart to stay.*

*There's a love in my heart – that will not go away.*

*There's a love in my heart – that's in my heart to stay.*

Everyone's looking for something in this world  
and that certainly includes me;  
but what I'm looking for in this world  
is to find the Divinity in me. ***Refrain.***

It doesn't matter what the weather is.  
It can be sunshine, rain or snow.  
This heart just keeps on moving on  
because it has a thirst to know. ***Refrain.***

As I walk down my single path in life,  
I keep my eyes open wide.  
I want to catch all that is Divine  
and find what is Divine in my stride. ***Refrain.***

The key to finding the Divine in life  
is to know that all is Divine.  
It is as simple as that, my friend.  
Look at anything – and find God in your sight. ***Refrain.***

Someday, my body will die.  
My soul will leave this body behind.  
But whatever's in front, it will find,  
it is filled with the Divine. ***Refrain*** (several times).

## **If I Could Talk With God**

By Francis William Bessler  
Written December 8<sup>th</sup>, 2008

### ***REFRAIN:***

*If God would speak to me – I think that it would be  
that I would hear exactly – what I want to believe.  
If I believe that God is just – and will punish those I oppose,  
then that's what I will hear – and what I will suppose.  
If I believe that God is good – and belongs to everyone,  
then that's what I will hear – that everyone's God's son.  
If God would speak to me – I think that it would be  
that I would hear exactly – what I want to believe.*

If I could talk with God, I think that He would say:  
My son, I'm within you.  
Be aware of that when you pray.  
He'd say: My presence must be mystery  
because the Infinite is not for you to understand;  
but that presence is your Divinity;  
and that's to say, I'm holding your hand.

If I could talk with God, I think that He would say:  
Because everything is equal in My sight,  
nothing can be favored in any way.  
He'd say: Look at anything, My child  
and be impressed with all the majesty  
that you see all the while  
and know that it's all of My Divinity.

If I could talk with God, I think that He would say:  
My son, I am with you  
every night and day;  
but I am not only with you –  
I'm with everyone.  
Since I am Infinite, I'm in All –  
and everyone (everything) is My son.

(Completed next page)



If I could talk with God, I think that He would say:  
If you doubt that I am Infinite,  
just look out into space.  
If you can find where it all ends,  
then it is for you not to believe;  
but if you can't find an end, My friend,  
be careful not to be deceived.

If I could talk with God, I think that He would say:  
Don't be fooled when others claim  
that Heaven is in another place.  
He'd say: Heaven is only knowing  
that where you are, I am;  
and if you can find where I am not,  
then Heaven there is not at hand.

If I could talk with God, I think that He would say:  
Because I am in you, My child,  
you should not be ashamed.  
I think He'd say that everything  
in that which we call creation  
is blessed of Him because He's there;  
and that should cause in us, elation.

If I could talk with God, I think that He would say:  
Be not confused, My child.  
Just be glad when you pray.  
Say thanks for the life you have  
because it's generous beyond expression.  
I hear Him saying, if you do that,  
then you will always be in Heaven.

Repeat *Refrain*.

# **I'm A Happy Soul**

By Francis William Bessler

Written December 18th, 2008

## ***REFRAIN:***

*I'm a happy soul – it's easy to be.*

*I just keep a smile on my face – embracing the one that is me.*

*I'm a happy soul – I try to greet everyone I meet,*

*thinking that each of us is Divine and each of us must be complete.*

Of course, it's to each his own,  
but what makes me a happy one  
is to know that somehow, I am Divine  
and wonderfully a Divine son.  
What keeps me happy is to realize  
that you must share my Divinity.  
More than anything else,  
those are the notions that keep me free. ***Refrain.***

When I look out into the sky,  
I can't imagine there can be an end;  
and somehow that leads me to believe  
that all of us should be friends.  
How can there be more of what's endless  
in the farthest galaxy?  
But if it's all the same, then that tells me,  
that the same should be free. ***Refrain.***

People live their entire lives  
wondering where is God;  
but if there is no end,  
everywhere should find God in applause.  
How can God be more where I am  
than where you are, my friend?  
So relax, and be aware,  
Heaven must be where you stand. ***Refrain*** (several times).

## **It's A Lovely Day Today**

By Francis William Bessler  
Written December 20<sup>th</sup>, 2008

### ***REFRAIN:***

*It's a lovely day today – as I wander all about.  
I look at life with wonder – but I wonder without a doubt  
that it's all lovely – from the old to the new.  
It's a lovely day today – and you are lovely too.*

I thank my lucky stars – for being here with you.  
I thank the God that's in them – for the wondrous moon.  
I thank the earth for the dirt – that makes up your flesh and bones.  
I thank you, dear, for being here – in this wondrous home. ***Refrain.***

The time is now to appreciate - the mystery of life.  
There's no better time than now – to embrace what's right.  
And what is right is all there is – because all is Divine.  
And that includes you, my friend, for your soul of light. ***Refrain.***

I'd like you to be my darling – and share with me today.  
I'd like you to know, my friend – my love in every way.  
But all you need to love me – is first to love the one that's you.  
Since we are the same, to love yourself – is to love me in truth. ***Refrain.***

So, come along with me, my dear – and share with me what's yours.  
Because what is yours is mine – underneath our sparkling stars.  
We all own the world that's here – because that world belongs to us.  
We are children of a single God – and in each other, we should trust. ***Refrain.***

***HAVE A WONDERFUL LIFE, EVERYONE!  
THANKS FOR LISTENING!***

*Francis William Bessler*

## **EPILOG:**

# ***HISTORICAL DISADVANTAGE***

I am back to my grandfather and his granddaughter sitting on Grampa's front porch – naked in the eyes of the world, but natural in their own eyes. Perspective is so important in any of our lives – and I think it is essential to follow your own heart and define yourself as you wish. Ignore tradition to do that – that is if you are Grampa or his granddaughter – or me.

I can see Grampa sitting on his porch with nothing but a glass of water in his hand. Can't you? Who would you say is richer than he? Who would you think is more secure than he? Who do you think has more real advantage in life?

That idea was brought home to me this last Sunday when the **60 MINUTES CBS** television program was reporting how Jews are trying to move into a sector of Jerusalem that has heretofore been more populated by Palestinians. Jews (or at least some of them) believe that all of Jerusalem belongs to them because of ancient spiritual heritage. The Palestinians – who have been in Israel for hundreds of years – resent that “their” home is being marked for possession by someone else.

And what is the foundation of all this bitter feuding? An “**historical disadvantage**” – to say the least. Both Jews and Palestinians are captive of a tremendous “historical disadvantage.” They have belonged to various traditions and have considered those traditions to be even superior to each of them as individuals. **What would they think of Grampa sitting naked on his front porch and having no ties that bind – and “possessing” all of the world?**

It works that way, you know. The less one owns outside of himself – or herself, if you are a lady – the more spiritually one does own. That is, if you are aware of your poverty in real estate and aware of your spiritual truth. **Tradition can be owned like anything else; and it can enslave one just like anything that one owns can enslave them.**

Who am I? I am a **Jew**. Who am I? I am a **Palestinian**. Who am I? I am a **Christian**. Who am I? I am a **Moslem**. Who am I? I am an **American**. Who defines himself – or herself – like Grampa defines himself? Who am I? **I am a Son of God & Nature and a Child of the Light.**

Don't get me wrong. I am proud to be an **American**, but I am far more proud of being an **Earthling**. I am proud to be a **Bessler**, but I am far more proud of simply being **Human**. It is not smart of me to either let my **Bessler family ties** or my **American national ties** distract me from just being me. I love my family, but they know that I won't let that love keep me from being me.

To each, his or her own, though. It is not for me to tell a **Jew** to love himself more than his heritage. It is not for me to tell a **Palestinian** to love himself more than his home. It is not for me to tell an **American** to lay down his arms. ***It is only for me to tell myself to do what I think is proper for a gentleman of the Natural Order.***

Well, Friends, that will do it for another volume of my ***OUT IN THE OPEN*** writings series. I have been learning a lot, but I suppose that is mostly because I learned

most of this stuff earlier in life – back when I was writing it. In this case, that wasn't very long ago. It is not like 2007 was ages ago, but in some ways it seems so. I think that is because 1941 is more like the time I was actually writing it than 2007. It was in 1941 that I was born – and in looking back I have not changed much. I guess I have always regarded tradition to be far less important than just being human. **It's just that it has taken a lifetime to tell me what I knew as a child.**

I think that just goes to show how tradition can hamper more than help. I suppose we are all born free of restraint on our souls, but for some of us the minute we break lose of our Mama's womb, we are greeted by those intent on making us one of their own; **and then it can be a fight for the rest of life to get back to the womb.**

Speaking of "getting back," in my final main volume, I will be getting back to the love of my life – **Jesus** – in a big way. It might come across as arrogant, but I have long believed that Jesus was not understood in his time and that misunderstanding was passed along for a lack of understanding. I think the reason for that is because of that damned thing that hampers so many – tradition. **People love their tradition so much that they often neglect to see a real person by insisting on fitting that person within their treasured tradition.** I have no doubt that Peter loved Jesus – but in his way, not in the way of his friend, Jesus.

If we did not have alternate gospels about Jesus, I could not have imagined that Jesus may have been reported wrongly by some of his friends who ended as writers in the **BIBLE**. Thanks to some kind of good fortune, though, we do have access to some alternate gospels – alleged to have been written by the **Apostles, Thomas and Mary Magdalene.**

Thus, in my final main volume, I will be taking a **HUGE look at Jesus** via the eyes of **Thomas & Mary**. One More Time! More song is coming too. I wrote a lot of song in this last period of writings to be included in my **OUT IN THE OPEN** series; and as mentioned in the Introduction, I am planning on one more – **Life Is A Gift – and Not a loan**. I may write an accompanying essay on that theme too. I have not decided about that just yet, but expect a song for sure because I know a song is coming. I wrote it today. Here is a glimpse at the **REFRAIN** of my "last" song:

*Life is a gift, My Friend.  
There's no need to moan.  
At least in my opinion, that is so.  
I like to treat my wonderful body  
that my soul does own  
like it's a gift from God & Love –  
and not a loan.*

**Join me if you will; and Thanks for the time we've spent so far!**

Gently,

*Francis William Bessler*

Laramie, Wyoming, U.S.A.

June 9th, 2011

# ***OUT IN THE OPEN***

***Volume 6 of 8***

**(Featuring works written in 2007 & 2008)**



# ***THE END***