

CONSCIOUSNESS IS THE INFINITE ITSELF

WHAT DOES THE WORD *infinite* really mean?

Is Consciousness, or what some call the Self, the Divine, or God, really the Infinite—does an Infinite really exist? Or is Infinite just a word used by spiritual teachings to sound impressive?

Most importantly, where do you fit in with all this? Do you assume you are finite, and the Infinite is something really big, way off, apart from you? If you claim that's true—can you “back it up”—or have you just unquestioningly accepted popular beliefs?

Then again, maybe you're not supposed to probe too deeply into all this. After all, the word Infinite often has a mystical connotation that sounds sort of “spiritually correct.” Perhaps such affairs should be left to the so-called enlightened, but *you* shouldn't inquire too thoroughly.

What happens when you just plain make a little effort to pull the whole thing apart and look at it *intelligently*? Take another look at the difference between pure Consciousness Itself, and the many things it appears you are *conscious of*.

It sounds funny, but every single thing one appears to be conscious of, or observe, in daily experience is just that, *observable*. According to the way the five senses, or the so-called human “mind” seems to work, every single thing it supposedly would experience has some observable qualities. It doesn't matter if it's something seen visually, an item that's touched or felt, a sound that's heard, a smell, a taste—or even a thought or an emotion. Everything the human “mind” claims to experience always has a noticeable, observable *form*.

Imagine picking up a stick. First, according to the sense of sight, it has a *visual* form or appearance. The stick has an observable length of so

many inches, and a little width or depth. It also has a clearly noticeable beginning and end. Even its color is a form—say brown, instead of blue. If you were to close the eyes while holding the stick, the sense of touch, or *tactile feel* of holding it in the fingers would be yet another type of noticeable form. That tactile feeling is a form easily distinguished from the tactile sense of a snowball, or a piece of jello.

The other sensations of *taste* and *smell* also are distinct, observable forms even though they can't be seen or touched (compare the taste and scent of a chocolate cupcake to those of an onion). The sense of *sound* can't be seen either, but suppose you tapped that stick on the ground like a drumbeat. That rhythmic sound would be a noticeable pattern or form, quite distinct from a telephone ring, or a balloon popping. The point is, each of the five types of sensation that the mind experiences is an observable, noticeable form, though the sensation is not always a visible object, or made of "solid matter."

Besides the five types of sensation, even *emotions* are distinct, observable forms. Each emotion (happiness, anger, etc.), has its own particular feeling or "color," which distinguishes it from other emotions. While hard to measure technologically, each emotion according to scientists would be a specific nerve or chemical reaction. It's actually a very definite pattern of energy or vibration. For that matter, sounds, sights, touches, tastes and smells all are forms of vibration, too.

Thoughts, while fleeting, also are observable entities. The thought of a sunrise would have a form quite different from the thought of what was eaten for dinner last night. Various thought forms would be mental images, memories, concepts and ideas; that which is seen in the "mind's eye."

Just as physical objects are not One's Self as pure Consciousness, neither are sensations, emotions and thoughts. They are what one seems to *have*; not what one *is*. They are never "I." If an emotion or thought were the same as you, that is how you always would be; they wouldn't seem to change, come and go; but they do.

One term perfectly describes every observable thing that the five senses and human mind experience in this way.

It's the word *finite*.

"Why all these unusual words?" the thought may come. "First infinite, and now finite. They sound complicated. Why bother with all that?"

Don't be put off by either word. They're both rather simple.

First of all, finite just means *limited*. It's not a specialized term only for scientists or mathematicians. According to the dictionary, finite comes from the words *finire*, or *finis*, which mean finish, or end. So if something is finite, it usually can be said to end at one point and start somewhere else, like that stick. Finite simply means it has limits or some type of form, and it can be measured.

When you stop to consider it, *every single thing* supposedly experienced by the human mind and each of the five senses would be finite and observable—not just sticks, cupcakes, sounds and smells.

Even things like temperature, electricity, and other forms of energy, while not seen by the eye, would be finite, measurable things. What about tiny cells and molecules, right down to human DNA and the smallest sub-atomic particles? That's really small. They're all finite too, because they involve a specific pattern of observable *movement*, or what scientists would call their vibration or frequency. While these obviously would be extremely difficult to detect or measure, they still have their characteristic form, pattern, or limits.

Finite applies not only to the entire material world, but to the ethereal world as well. Instinct or intuition, dreams or visions, and what is called extra-sensory perception would be more types of finite things. So would all psychic phenomena such as auras and chakra energy; "soul sense" experiences, soul travel or astral projection; communication from others who have "passed on"; and *all* other types of mental, paranormal or occult phenomena. Clearly, these aren't easy to measure or quantify—and they can't be seen with the eye or touched with a finger. But they all still would be finite "things" in that they are always experienced as *observable* phenomena, though perhaps only "mental" or relatively ethereal. Even these would have a specific form or pattern to them.

If you've never had such ethereal experiences, do not feel this book isn't for you. This is not concerned with such experiences, but only with pure Consciousness Itself.

Why go into all this? There's one characteristic *all* finite things share, no matter how material or ethereal. Not one of these finite things ever is conscious. Not one is the pure Awareness being You now. When was the last time an orange, or the spontaneous laughter at watching a funny movie, was aware of you? No finite thing—whether an object such as an orange, a laugh, or even an aura—ever can be aware; no such thing ever can be pure Awareness *Itself*.

Awareness never switches places with such things. One never would say, “I am that thing.” At most, all one could say is, “I appear to be aware of that thing.”

What never changes is that all finite, observable qualities always are connected with the *things*. Always, it would be the thing, the form one appears to be *aware of*, that is finite.

Now—what about Awareness Itself?

Does pure Awareness have a size that can be seen? Does Awareness have a length or width you can measure? Can you point to where Awareness’ Alive Presence comes to an end? Can you touch Awareness? Has It ever made a sound? Can you smell or taste Awareness? Does It weigh anything? Has It *any* finite form or limits?

There is nothing about Awareness that is finite. Awareness is *infinite*.

In-finite simply means *not finite*. The prefix *in-* means *not*, or *no*.

That means Awareness Itself has no finite limits, no measurement.

Now try another test. See if the finite form of this book, the body, or any other thing ever can *leave* that thing—and instead become true of the Awareness aware here, now. In other words, could the rectangular form of this book ever leave the book and become true of Awareness—so the book has no form and Awareness becomes rectangular? Impossible.

Awareness always is infinite *only*.

Notice something else. See if the three *dimensions* of height, width and depth of this book or the body can ever leave those things and become true of Awareness.

Awareness Itself has no dimensions: no height, no width or depth. It is completely *un-dimensional*.

Awareness Itself never takes on any finite or observable form, not even the most ethereal. Awareness never is something “out there” that is objective to Itself. Awareness never is an idea or concept to Itself.

What does it mean that Awareness, Consciousness, is *infinite*? It means Consciousness never can be observed or known by way of the five senses, by thinking, or even experienced emotionally—for all of those would be *finite*. Consciousness is completely “beyond” the finite world of the mind and senses. Yet it’s undeniable—here infinite Consciousness is, effortlessly present and aware. The fact that

Consciousness is infinite and without dimension *hasn't suddenly made It distant, or put It far off, has it?*

It's no accident that the most brilliant scientists never have been able to observe or measure Consciousness' form. Why? Because It has no form! Everything science may claim to have measured is not Consciousness *Itself*. It's not infinite, because the very fact that something has been measured means it's finite, something one appears to be *conscious of*.

That's the telling distinction. It would be everything one appears to be *conscious of* that comprises all of what's finite.

Meanwhile, *pure Consciousness Itself* is Infinite.

More importantly, this very Consciousness, as It is being aware right here, now, is the only Infinite there is!

The staggering truth is that never, ever is there another Infinite—whether a “Divine Infinite” or any other kind of Infinite—off somewhere else, apart from *this very Consciousness*. There never has been. *This Consciousness* is the only Infinite there is.

Try as hard as you can to come up with another Infinite somewhere. You never will. Whatever you would refer to as another “infinite,” it always would have to be some concept or thing that you alone appeared to think or be *conscious of* in order to even mention it. Thus it would be a finite concept and not the Infinite. You alone are the Infinite—as pure Consciousness *Itself*.

That is so huge in significance it's almost indescribable! That which is called “the Infinite” never is something separate from you that you must ultimately reach, evolve to, or become *conscious of*.

The *only* Infinite there is, is the One already being aware right here, now—this very Consciousness.

The Infinite is *You!*

To be infinite, does one have to *do* anything? Being infinite is simply a matter of identifying as Consciousness, Awareness, *alone*. Infinity is what Awareness *always* is, totally distinct from things. Being infinite never is a personal ability or responsibility—it's all up to Awareness *Itself*. And to Awareness, being infinite is normal—in fact, unavoidable. That's the beauty of It.

It is as easy to be infinite as it is to be aware—they're the same. And how easy is that? It's effortless. There is nothing that has to be done because Awareness is permanently this way.

How unstoppable, how *irresistibly present*, is Infinite Awareness?

Right now, “taste” what it is for Awareness to be so busy, so fully *alive* to being Its Infinite Presence alone, that there is no Awareness “left over” to give to finite objects, thoughts, emotions or sensations—but just pure *Conscious Aliveness*.

This is being Infinite Awareness, instead of what one is aware of.



To the Awareness You now are, being infinite is as basic as can be. Infinite doesn’t mean rocket science. Nor does infinite mean anything supernatural or esoteric.

Really look at the word again. Pull it apart and completely de-mystify it once and for all.

In-finite.

It literally means *not finis*—not finishing or ending anywhere. But that also means having no place where it begins. In other words, infinity can’t be pointed to anywhere, as if it were a stick, a planet, or even an atomic particle. Infinite means having *no* finite form whatsoever. None.

Contrary to what is usually believed, infinity does not mean a big, vast finity. It means *no finity*. This is an overlooked but extremely important distinction to make—and crucial to beholding the true nature of Consciousness. Infinity is *not* an endlessly large (or small) number. It’s *not* endless in size. Because infinity means no finity, no measurement whatsoever, it is the complete *absence* of size.

Regardless of what you may have been incorrectly taught, there’s no getting around it. That’s what *in-finity*, *no-finity*, literally means.

In science and mathematics, infinity is mistakenly considered to be an endlessly extending finity. The traditional mistaken concept says you could pick up that stick mentioned earlier, only this time if the stick somehow stretched forever without coming to an end—that, supposedly, would be “infinity.” *But you’ve still got the stick.* You could measure parts of it.

In true Infinity, *there is no stick.*

Infinity, rightly known, isn’t a long distance in space that goes on forever. It’s not an enormous quantity in mathematics that one never comes to an end of counting. All such examples actually start out

with finity and say infinity is an endless version of *that*. It's not. Such examples, while extreme, and beyond the capacity of human thought to fully grasp or contain, still would be in the realm of the finite, of *some* measurement. It would be like trying to measure the vast stellar universe, which although not possible to fully measure, can be partially measured.

Infinite in its correct sense means no counting. Infinity means abandoning *all* finite form. Not only is infinity without physical size or length—It hasn't even a length in time. Infinite doesn't mean forever in time, but is the complete *absence* of time, because time, too, would be measurable. Infinity is not even a circle or endlessly repeating loop, for that, too, has form, an inside and outside.

Infinity has *no* form or limits—exactly as *the Consciousness You now are* has no form or limits. They are the same One.

If you assume all this is abstract and has nothing to do with you, don't forget it's speaking of *You*. You are now reading about what really counts—the *Infinite Conscious Presence You are*—instead of the mere finite things you seem to be conscious of.

To mistakenly identify with finite things instead of as Infinite Conscious Aliveness, would be doing what? It would be needlessly subjecting oneself to all those finite limitations—when in fact as Consciousness, One is absolutely *unlimited*.



There really is no such thing as a finite body or person known as "I."
Infinity Itself is the only I.

This isn't said to impress; it's really true.

Right now—very slowly, gently and softly say the word *I* to yourself.

Do not voice I aloud. Let I be said *silently*.

Let this I keep repeating Itself—very, very slowly, softly and easily—"I," "I," until you clearly hear It "within yourself."

As you do so, be alert to "that which is saying I." All that's important is that which is doing the saying—not the word "I" being said.

What is the nature of this invisible voice, this I that you are?

Do not first identify yourself as a *body* and assume it is the one saying I. Start by identifying directly as this invisible voice only. Identify as the I-voice, all by Itself alone.

Now, specifically, where is this I as It is saying “I”? The saying of “I” is not taking place by way of a physical mouth or vocal chords, is it? It does not depend on using parts of the physical body, does it?

You clearly know “I” is being said, yet It is not being heard by way of ears, is It?

Can the eyes see this “invisible I” as It is saying “I”? Can the fingers touch I? No. Nor can you taste or smell I.

Could any part of the body ever change places—so the body becomes I, and you no longer can say I?

This I that is voicing Itself has nothing to do with a physical body or senses; I is invisible to the five senses. Yet to Its own Presence, I is immediate, inseparably present. I is far closer and more “intimate” to you than anything the senses ever could hope to tell you.

What else? It doesn’t take time for I to become present, does it? No, I always *is* present. Its voice doesn’t have to carry any physical distance to get to you. Aren’t the saying of “I” and the consciousness of I simultaneous, really one and the same? There is no separation. I is not what one is conscious of. I is what Consciousness *is*.

Keep going. What is I “made out of”?

Is this invisible I, in terms of Itself alone, part of a physical anatomy? Is I solid or dense? Does I have edges or a border to It, like a material object? Or is I an incredible *softness* having no density, no edge at all?

Meanwhile, this “voice,” this I-ness, is a specific, distinct *presence*.

Exactly where is I-Presence coming from?

It is “coming from” Consciousness. In fact, I does not *come* from anywhere. I is permanently *present*, for I is Life’s very present-ness or Presence.

I never is personal. Clearly no person, no body, knows how to make I be present, be the Consciousness It is. If one did know, how did he produce I, Consciousness? What did he use to be conscious in the meantime while producing Consciousness?

Always, It is the Infinite, Consciousness, or Life Itself, that is the only I. Never is there a personal I having to become more infinite, more conscious. There is no other, throughout the entirety of Existence, that can say or be this I. Only Infinite Life Itself is alive to say “I.”

Life's I-Presence also is intelligent, for It knows that It is. It alone is the One knowing Its nature here, now—for nothing else is conscious to know It.

When I says, "I," how close is I to Itself? Does a body have to help things along; make some kind of connection? Will any amount of thinking, prayer, or meditation get I closer to the I It is *already being*?



Keep going as Invisible-I only, *which is the One Self I Am*. See what else is true of the *Alive Presence I Am*, all alone, entirely apart from what is sensed. Know that this is your very I-Presence being spoken of.

Is it possible to poke a hole in this formless Aliveness I Am, or cut out a portion, as with a cookie-cutter, and call it a personal life, one separate from Aliveness? Aliveness-I cannot be cut; there is nothing solid about I to be cut. Aliveness is indivisible. As I have no parts, I never can be parted, or de-parted. Aliveness has no physical construction, so isn't subject to de-struction.

The pure Aliveness I Am has nothing material of which I Am composed, so I can't de-compose. Having no pieces that are integrated, I never dis-integrate, which is why I Am also called *Spirit*. I Am not made up of many elements, so I Am not complex, nor any kind of mental complex. This pure I That I Am is the very essence of simplicity, ease, un-complexity.

Right now, identify not as a body, but as the *Alive Presence I Am*.

See if it's possible to plunge so deeply into this Conscious Aliveness, into the *alive feeling* that this Infinite I-Presence now is, that you go all the way through It. See if it's possible to reach a bottom of this Alive I-Presence, so you come to an end, or use It up.

Can it be done? Keep trying to find an end. Go in any direction. Go as far as possible. Pay no attention if the eyes try to tell you that the body ends at one point, or the room comes to an end somewhere else. Stay with *Infinite Aliveness* only.

Can a line be drawn showing where Alive I-Presence starts or ends? Is it possible to feel a physical wall to I, or even a mental wall, where I stop being alive, stop being I?

There simply is no point *anywhere*, at which I come to an end. Equally, no point can be found where I begin. I Am end-less. I Am beginning-less. I Am *infinite*.

Infinity is not theoretical, not a lifeless mathematical concept.

Infinity is actually *conscious*. Infinity is *alive stuff*. Infinity is this very I, right here.

Yes, It is *I*, the Infinite Itself, being aware here, now, so it is possible to behold what these words mean.

I could “plumb the depths” of the consciously alive Infinity I Am for what passes as the next trillion years and never come to an end of My Alive Presence or use It up.

The Infinite Aliveness I Am is un-shut-off-able. I Am un-go-away-able.

My Aliveness is *inexhaustible* in Its supply, and yet always *present*.

And there is no vast storehouse or space needed to keep My Infinity in, is there? My Infinite Aliveness has nothing to do with physical volume or containment. I Am *without* measure.

More importantly, no matter how “far,” how endlessly “deep” into My undimensional Aliveness I go, I never go away, but I Am always still *right here*, being Aliveness, aren’t I?

Aliveness, Presence, and Infinity all are synonyms for *I*.



Now see if it’s possible to pin down or limit *where* the borderless One I Am is while saying “I.” Really try to find one specific location.

When silently saying “I,” don’t first assume I is inside the body, for that’s just an assumption.

Instead of looking inside the body for where I might be, put the shoe on the other foot. Rather, where are all these potential places in which one would try to locate I? Whether that place is called a head, a torso, or entire body, it always is some *thing* I appear to be *aware of*. That thing is found only “within” all of which I am aware. As Awareness, I Am always unbound—greater than that thing, rather than I being bound inside it. This never changes.

At first it may *seem* I is in the head, in the body, when I is voiced, but it is the reverse. As “I” continues to softly be said, it is clear that the One saying I is not inside of, or bound by the body.

Only when I is voiced does I seem localized in the head—but without the voicing, I have no localization. If the head were where I was, I would be found *only* there, in that one spot. That means Infinite-I would

have to stop and have an end or border where the head ends. Yet Infinite-I have no end or stopping point; only a head appears to.

As this One I Am is entirely infinite, borderless, how could I ever have gotten confined *inside* the borders of the three-dimensional body that is holding this book? I couldn't.

Just where, in what single spot could one put that which is entirely undimensional? How much space is needed? How could one say for sure, since it's impossible to know what Infinite I-Consciousness looks like? This One I Am can't be pointed to anywhere, because there is no shape to Infinite I, *nothing to point at*. Yet I Am always present, aren't I?

Not even I know what I look like. In fact, I don't look like any *thing*. As undimensional, infinite Presence, I Am not something that *can* be looked at or located, even in a body. Has any surgeon ever seen Life Itself, ever plucked *I Am* from a body with a pair of forceps?

This One I Am never stops being infinite, undimensional *Presence* to become solid, physical flesh. Limits of matter do not apply to I, for I Am not material, not a finite thing. Yet here I perfectly, effortlessly Am—present as *this Conscious One here, now*.

Trying to pin *I* down to one particular finite location is like trying to grab a handful of air. Try it. Now open the hand. Can the air that was "grabbed" be separated from the rest?

Just as *I*, Consciousness, am not inside the body holding this book, but am "outside" the body—this of course holds true for what appears as every *other* body. It's not that each body has its own outside-the-body Consciousness or I—for there is only One I. It is this same, *One I* that is greater than what appear as *all* bodies. The Conscious I "here" is the exact, same I "everywhere," for there isn't another I anywhere else, just bodies, *things*. No other body is a separate I or Consciousness—for *no* body is the Consciousness I Am. The only One conscious to say I is *this I* that I Am.

Truly, "Love thy neighbor as *thyself*." That doesn't mean a separate "body-you" should care about other bodies or selves as much as it cares about itself. There are no separate selves. There literally is only this One I-Self—the All-Inclusive One I Am.



Could it honestly be said that invisible I-Presence has a skin color, or any racial characteristics? Invisible I has no color—only bodies, things, appear to. The I-Presence You are has no body characteristics because *It's not a body*. It's pure *Consciousness*.

Go a step further. Could the color on the body holding this book ever *leave* the body and attach itself to invisible I, to You? Never. The fact that I has no color means *You* have no color. You've never had color—white, black, yellow or red—and never will.

Then can You ignore what is true of Your Infinite I-Self and assume You are limited to one particular race of bodies? Can the Awareness You are say Its outlook isn't absolutely pure and clear, but is "colored" merely because of the color on one particular body-thing now holding this book? No! Awareness-I is changelessly pure.

When you appear to be aware of a white tulip, a black tulip, or a yellow or red tulip, you certainly don't assume that tulip, *that thing*, is you. Just as you are not a tulip of any color, the pure, clear Conscious I that You are now aware of being, is not a body of any color.

Can you imagine tulips arguing because one doesn't approve of the other's color?

"But," the thought may come, "there is this long history of tension among races."

To whom would there be a long history? Only to a mistaken state of thought that identifies as a body. Only to ignore-ant thinking. Only a state of un-Consciousness would try to say that. It never is said by pure I-Consciousness, the One I Am, *the only One being conscious*.

Who alone is conscious here, now? It is the pure I That I Am—not a body or some ignorant thoughts. This isn't a matter of a reader-body agreeing or disagreeing with an author-body. It is *I*, the One I Am, being honest with Myself, the only One conscious.

The only "problem" with the would-be issue of race is that it never has been a *racial* problem! It would be merely a matter of mistaken identification—as a body—instead of as Consciousness. Yet to this One I Am, pure Awareness, there really is no lesser self or life that could make such a mistake, or put itself ahead of My Life Itself. As there is no other being alive besides the Life I Am, there is no other to ignore this simple and immediate solution to all "racial problems."



When saying "I" in everyday use, ***how often do you think of yourself as Life's Infinite I-Presence, invisible Aliveness Itself***, instead of as a finite visible body?

Being Infinity Itself, I never, ever will see Myself as some thing that appears or is objective. *Invisibility* is all there is to I. And I Am all there is to Invisibility.

What does Infinity “behold” when all there is to “see” is Its own Infinity? In response to this question, the so-called finite, thinking “mind” draws a complete blank. Yet the answer to that question is One’s Permanent Address. It’s not a physical location; It’s *Alive Stuff*.

There never is a journey to make to Infinite Life.

The only “place” I live is as Infinite Aliveness. I revel in *being It*.

Now stop a moment and *don’t* say “I.” Just be alive as the *silent Presence* I Am.

Does Consciousness go away? Does It stop being infinite, all the Presence there is? Consciousness, I-ness, is perfectly present regardless of whether “I” is said or not.

After all this, don’t start by saying “I” am Consciousness, or “I” am the Infinite, when speaking in terms of Consciousness, the Infinite, the Self. *Turn it around*. Infinity Itself is the only I. Again, there never is a personal “I” that is being infinite. One always starts with Consciousness, Self, Life, or some other synonym, not “I.” Why?

Infinite Consciousness never actually thinks of Itself as “I”; It never has to say “I” to identify Itself to Itself, or be reassured It is Infinite Consciousness. It *is*. The use of the word *I* is wholly a human invention. It is always focalized. The example of saying “I” is given only as another way of pointing out One’s undimensional nature, and that the Infinite never is separate, never off in a vague, imagined “infinite” somewhere apart from *this present Being*.

All that’s important is that One which is conscious and has the capacity to voice—not *what* is voiced. Without the saying of “I,” Consciousness has no focalization, but is pure, true Infinity.

Why are You right here and now *alive* to what these pages say? It is Your Self, being alive to Itself alone, beholding Itself for what It truly is! There is no deadness of finite things, no dullness of ignore-ance, that which would ignore the pure vitality of the Aliveness You are.

It is the presence of Infinite Intelligence Itself, cognizing what is true of Itself, that makes this chapter “ring true” here, now. This chapter is not a matter of observing the Infinite. You are *being It*.

You couldn't get "closer" to the Infinite if You wanted to.

You never *leave* Infinity.

What is it to always identify or *start Here, and stay Here*, being alive not to what is sensed, not to finite, dimensional things, but *only* to the Infinity of the Aliveness You are?

