



One Fine Morn

Ramtha

Excerpt from Ramtha, the White Book
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“The Unknown God is silence — great silence — and yet it speaks to you if you allow it to do so. Reach out and be a part of this continent. Go to all of its places. Be a part of them. Put down your silks and jewels and take your shoes off. Be cluttered with unfashionable simpleness and go and experience God in this your heaven that you have created. I beseech you to do this. You will not truly have lived — nor will you come to understand this God that you are — until you have been to these places and been a part of their ongoing, forever consciousness.”

— Ramtha

These moments we have shared together have been sweet. To come into your life and touch perhaps even the edge of it is a grand pleasure, I assure you. All I have shared with you, I have done for myself, for each of you are what I am, the Father that I love fervently and always will. Whatever I do to add to the evolvement of your precious beings glorifies and magnifies the Father that is the kingdom I Am.

I have come as a brother to mankind, of which I was once a fervent part. I lived here as man and experienced all that you have experienced. I lived your despair and wept your sorrow. I dreamed your dreams and knew your joy. Though I have been to all levels, the most profound of all my experiences was when I was here in the midst of you as man, God/man, experiencing the perils, the desperation, and the fleeting moments of glory that all of you have known. I have chosen to come back here because I understand you. And to understand you is to love you.

I have come not to save you, for there is really nothing to save you from. I have come simply to remind you of the wonderful heritage you forgot long ago and to tell you of a glorious future you are all soon to see. I have come to help you realize that you have greater options for your life's expression and to help bring forth the knowledge that allows you to exercise those options, if it is your will to do so. All I have asked of you is to apply in your life — in your own time and in your own way — whatever understandings are fruitful for you in your own evolution into a more harmonious and joyful life.

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My path in my life upon this plane was to become the Unknown God — which I was to discover was myself — and to go beyond the dimensions to frolic in the adventures of forever. And so I did, and still do. I have returned to tell you that those adventures are awaiting you also, when you have embraced all of this life as I did.

Go and live the understandings I have given you. Let them be within your being. When you do, you will soon realize that you have been given a greater treasure than you could ever have asked for or conceived of.

Take what you have learned, what you have heard, what you have read, and apply it with simplicity. The simpler you are, the more powerful you become. And if you want something, ask for it. No one on this plane is empowered to give it to you. Ask from the Lord God of your being that the Father give it to you and know that he has, regardless of what it is. And where do you go to ask? To the temple within. Simply ask within the silence of your own thoughts. It is always heard.

I know who you are. And I know what you do and what you dream. When you think no one sees you, you must understand that you are like the stars in the heavens at midnight. You are there for all to see. All things know who you are and what you do, particularly those of us in the unseen. Who you are really matters only to you. When all is said and done, you have only you to depend upon and that precious light within you called God Almighty. Be even with yourself. Be individual with yourself. And love what you are so that your light and how you are seen, like the stars at midnight, becomes very bright and very beautiful.

I was called Ramtha the Enlightened One by my people, and so I have kept that name even unto this hour. An enlightened one? I was a solitary entity who sat on a plateau while everyone else busied themselves with all of the things they do in their days. Yet in that wilderness, alienated from everyday life, I found the Unknown God.

The world is not in the marketplace, my beloved brothers. It teems there with life indeed. But the greater life is to be found outside of the marketplace at the base of a magnificent tree, or on top of a snowy mountain where the wind is crisp and cold and clean, or in the openness of the desert, or upon the endlessness of the sea. There is so much more to this your plane than most of you have allowed yourselves to see. You have yet to really live and investigate it. You have only been in the oppressive consciousness of your society, with its judgments and petty ideals and its mad race against the illusion of time.

You will not truly know life until you have become solitary in such places, at peace with the midnight sky and the moon that waxes and wanes until the brilliance of dawn. And through all the knowledge and dreams that come to you, behold, you too will become the enlightened one, for priorities change there. The consciousness of the wilderness accepts you, beloved brothers. It accepts you and it expects you to be timeless, like it is. In such circumstances do you grow to become this God and to become steadfast in all the days of your life.

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I desire from the totality of my being, from the Father that burns within me, that you know how valuable you are and the extent to which you are loved and needed. Whenever you think you have none who cares whether you live or die, know that I do. And whenever the preciousness of your being begins to falter and you feel you need a companion, call upon me, for I shall be there. I shall be with all of you throughout all the days of your lives on this plane as your precious souls — pregnant with love and hope and joy — bloom into magnificent flowers of wisdom, compassion, and the love to embrace all life, seen and unseen. In the emotional storm of that blooming, there will be moments when you will wish you had never heard the name Ramtha, but far, far greater indeed will be the moments when God is seen, realized, and known within you.

Now I have told you in every conceivable way — and over and over and over again — of the grandest truth you will ever know: You are God. And you are beginning to realize perhaps that that is indeed a truth. To know that steadfastly, beloved masters, can come only through the moment-to-moment unfoldment of your life.

But I desire for you to know this: One fine morn, in the moments before dawn, as you lie alone in your bed and the quiet is so quiet it can be heard, you will awaken from a dream that is not a dream. You will open your eyes to the dark of your room, arise from your pallet, and walk to a window that provides the only light to be seen.

You will peer through the window, its sill cluttered with droplets of dew, into the dark gray of a morning to gaze upon the heavens that hold the promise of a grand and brilliant light. And as you look upon the beauty of all the brilliant, little jewels sparkling against the dark, velvet backdrop of forever, you see that the moon has waxed and waned and now sits silently upon the horizon, awaiting a greater light.

Alone, quivering with a feeling beyond any words, you sit there gazing into the quiet of awakening life. Soon you hear a rustling in the brush from a bird who, like you, has arisen from its bed to prepare itself to salute the morn. As you listen to his sweet and mellow song of hope and joy, you turn your vision to the East to look upon the distant horizon. And there you see the lonely, purpled mountains, like sentinels to life, looming tall and quiet and strong, silhouetted by a pale light, the color of rose. And the clouds that have made a silent journey onto the horizon are outlined in the gold of a promising dawn.

At one with all this splendor in its simplicity of being, you hear no thing except the beating of your heart as it pounds in anticipation of a grand event soon to be seen in a blaze of glory upon the horizon. As the curtain of night slowly fades into the light of morn, you see the stars grow fainter and fainter, and the moon in her magic surrenders her beauty to the unfolding dawn.

As you are caught up in the beauty and the rapture of the moment, there comes this realization. Without the ongoingness of that morn, all of your fears, your worries, your dreams, and your illusions would be no-things. At that moment there appears, rising from behind the gilded moun-

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tains, the splendor of a fiery jewel, its golden rods piercing the misty valley like brilliant beams of hope. As the great Ra rises higher and higher, the sky becomes afire with colors of blue and lavender and rose, orange and deep red. And the bird sings louder and begins its flight as all of the world awakens to the promise and wonderful breath of morn.

As you gaze at this spectacular view that has seen all moments of time, and the emotion of its wonderment seizes your entire being, you will soar with the realization that you are indeed the life of Ra. You are the strong and quiet sentinels to life towering on the distant horizon. You are indeed the colors of the awakening dawn, the movement of the branches in the brush, the drops of dew upon the windowsill, and the morning bird's sweet and mellow song of joy.

And the next dawn that you see will be seen as Behold God That I Am. And you will be caught up in the majesty and the beauty of all that is, for you are now one with the light and the power and the ongoingness of this force that speaks no word.

To learn of a truth is one thing; to become it is quite another. But when you least expect it, you will arise to gaze at such a splendor in the sky. And the knowingness of this truth, through the peace of being, will become a reality one fine morn. Then all of the words, the confusion, the anger, the rejection of self, the complexities of understanding God, the searching, the books, and the teachers, will have ended in quiet, through a profound realization that has no words. Your morning is coming, as came mine.

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