

*You are noticing that whenever the sense of being is planting the recognition of I Am into your consciousness, there's just noticing happening.*

*You are neither the sense of being nor I Am, but instead, both arose from that which is prior to consciousness and from that on which the play of consciousness appeared. The happening of noticing stole your immaculate untouchedness and played the tune of I Am.*

People are depressed on many levels because they cannot pierce through such a perfect illusion of themselves and all that's happening. From that knowing of non-relating, you've never been parents, kids, husband, and wife. Any knowing you think you have, you have not. *My knowing, My life*, the list goes on, and none of it is true. It's all utter nonsense. It makes no sense. On top of that, there's no *humble, submissive way*—as many will tell you in spirituality—to get it, to experience you as enlightened. You can't sit around and do nothing with only the purpose of arriving at nothing.

*You aren't around, but that nothing is already happening. It's just a way of talking about all that isn't happening. What is truly happening, is happening without the talk. As a spiritual seeker, you needed to objectify an experience, to single it out in order to make something happen. If you don't do that, then what is, is timelessly happening. It embraces the concept of *You, the lost seeker*.*

A big bubble is happening. A one-peace happening and an at-ease happening. Spontaneously, all suffering is over, as it never happened. You awoke from nothing to nothing, but your light shines brightly now, and all experiences are known as an illusion. You're loving it and dancing an empty no-dance because there's just nothing else to do on the silk-carpet of peace.

You are. Liberation.

You arose from the graveyard of illusion to the playground of instant freedom. You left the dead behind and became alive. Why would someone walk back into the debris of illusion? With each step, your freedom illuminates even the tiniest things in front of you. Nothing and no one will be untouched by your untouchedness. You move through all of this without luggage. You've always been That. Whole, complete and free you're accepting the That which you are. That is That. It's an infinite complete That, allowing the totality of finite happenings to being experienced. It's a ride from now on. Don't constrain that boundless openness. It's what you are.

Now, you may burn this book. It won't hinder you from being free.

Free. Go out and don't stop celebrating that.