

## The Hallway

by [Coreen Walson](#).

Imagine a long hallway, and you are at the beginning of it. And at the other end is a brilliant, white light, yet it is soft and warm, and inviting. And you know intuitively that it is your job to keep focused on this white light. While you are in this hallway, you experience perfect peace, complete satisfaction, a quiet sense of joy and a tremendous sense of gratitude, and a remembrance of your connection to and Oneness with the Creator floods your consciousness. And in this stillness you know that everything works together in perfect harmony, and all that you ever need is effortlessly supplied for you, because it is your Creator's pleasure to provide all that it's creation needs and desires. And you are in a state of awe before the grandeur of reality, the perfect balance, the rhythm of life, the perfection, the beauty and the Love that permeates you and your surroundings.

And as you begin walking down this hallway, you notice that this hallway is lined with doors. All of them look identical. Then all of the sudden, one of them swings open and there stands your best friend, with a panicked look on their face, motioning for you to come in and look! And because you love your friend, and you are concerned, you enter into the door, and find yourself in a room, where there are chairs lined up facing a movie projector, that is playing a movie called scarcity. And your friend is talking rapidly about how the economy has been hit very hard recently due to a crisis in the housing market, how prices for food and gasoline have gone up, how there is a shortage of food, and jobs are hard to find, and she can't afford her rent . . . . and you watch your friend point to the movie playing, and you see how agitated she is, . . . and as your eyes become accustomed to the dark in the room, you see people sitting in the chairs, some with their eyes glued to the screen, some have fallen asleep in their chairs because they've been there so long. And then you receive a stirring within you, . . . . and a still, small voice

reminds you of where you just came from, . . .that feeling . . . where was it . . . oh yes, back outside in the hallway, where all your needs are always provided for effortlessly, where you are safe and loved and cared for. And you try to take your friend's arm and go back out the door, but your friend keeps staring at the movie screen, irritated that you aren't seeing what is right before your eyes. "Look!", she insists, "don't you see what's happening?" "don't you care?" But as you try to explain what is on the other side of the door, the volume of the movie gets louder, and your friend goes back to the screen, mouth open and eyes full of fear. You realize that you cannot help her, that you must go back into the hallway alone.

As you enter into the hallway, the stillness and peace welcome you. You take a moment to allow yourself to readjust from the previous scenes of chaos and calamity to the knowing of the presence of God and His dominion over all. You exhale, and are so grateful to be back Home.

As you continue down the hallway further, another door opens and it's a family member, crying and begging you to come into the room and see. You immediately head for the door to see what's the matter, and just as you cross the threshold into the room, there was a still small voice that asked you whether that was a good idea, but this is family, and they are crying, and you dismiss the voice and you go into the room, and there on the movie screen are very disturbing and very real looking sick people and scenes of illness and disease, with narrators talking about symptoms and the seasons that people will most likely suffer from these unavoidable illnesses, how long they will last and what medications you can buy to help alleviate your inescapable suffering. You see the fear and horror in the eyes of your family member and you begin telling him that what they are looking at is only a movie being played out on a movie screen, that it isn't real, . . . you point out that there is, in reality, nothing going on except that he or she is mesmerized by what is playing out in front of them. There is nothing actually taking place, that all he or she needs to do is come out of the room where everyone

experiences perfect health. But your family member looks at you like you're absurd, argues on the side of the scenes of numbers showing high fevers, paled skin color, runny noses and difficult breathing. "Look at the pain these people are in! How can you deny this?! You obviously don't care, either that or you are delusional." And with defiance in their eyes, they turn away from you, and you see that he or she has returned to join the others, sitting in their seats, staring at the movie screen, fixated on the images of suffering sense, . . . and again, you feel the familiar tug to go out of this room, and you head back out into the hallway.

You continue on a bit further now, again a door opens wide, and your mother steps out, and she looks frail and scared. And she asks you to come into the room with her. And you don't want to go, but it's your mother, and your heart wants to reach out to her, and you go in and the movie of unavoidable death is playing. And your mother is wringing her hands, and you go to comfort her. And you want her to come out in the hallway with you, where Life is eternal and she listens to you for a bit. You tell her that her life is complete out in the hallway, that she is spiritual and eternal, you ask her to remember Who made her and that she is not a limited, physical body but a free and perfect spiritual Idea of the Divine Mind that created her. And you think she's convinced, and she stands up with you, and as you head for the door, she takes another look at the movie screen, and looks back at you, and with great sadness tells you that death is inevitable and that she loves you. You stand there, looking at the screen, and tears well up inside you, but your hand is on the door to the hallway, and you shudder over this moment, as you are being called to remember the Truth of being, all the while being consumed with the sadness and grief on the screen in front of your physical eyes. Just then you hear the still small voice tell you that you are of no real help to anyone as long as you stay in the room. The only place you can help another is from the standpoint of perfection, back in the hallway. If you are in the room, you are accepting the reality of the movie being projected, and you are no longer awake to Truth and Reality. "Aha", you exclaim as you

remember once again the experience of the hallway and with this renewed strength you grab the door handle, and enter back into it.

A wave of joy, of gratitude, wash over you, you shed tears in Thanks to an All Mighty God and his infinite goodness as the former pictures are wiped away and you recall the Truth that sets us free.

As you continue your journey, new doors begin to open up, some people you recognize, some you don't. And you acknowledge these people, and sometimes you might strain your neck to see what movie is playing in the room, but you don't enter into the room. You begin talking to those in the room while standing in the hallway. Some of them slam the door on your face, others listen for a moment and then shake their head and close the door. But you begin to realize that the longer you stand in the hallway, the more certain you are about the truth of being, the more influence you begin to have over those who are in the rooms. They listen to you a bit longer, they notice that there is something different about you, . . . a light perhaps, a certainty, a knowing . . . something that they recognize in you . . . . that makes them want to listen to you more, . . . .

And then one day, a woman opens a door, and pleads with you to come in to see the "help me my child is dying" movie. And there is not a single part of you that is in the least bit interested in going into that room. But you feel immense compassion for this woman. And you look back up at the light at the head of the hallway, and with this surge of Love and Power, you look her straight on in the face, and you declare to her that what she is standing aghast at is nothing! It is a movie on a movie screen, and nothing more. And that she has the power and authority and ability to walk out of that room any time she wants to! That her life and the life of her child are always perfect, safe and secure with God. That no power exists to end, alter or destroy Life. Life is of God, He is Life itself, Eternal Life, with no beginning and no ending. You share with her the story of your brother Jesus Christ, how he came to prove the nothingness of death, the Allness of

Life, that he overcame the grave, and gave us the victory over the illusion of death. And you saw something click in this woman's eyes, she remembered, . . . she smiled and without looking back she entered into the hallway with you. She was transformed as she walked out to join you, beauty and holiness radiated from within her, she laughed as she threw her head back and faced the light, she was overjoyed to recall her birthright, and sang out in thanks because she was overcome with gratitude. And you felt something, as you looked down, her child had joined the both of you, and the child took your hand and his mother's hand, and looked into your eyes, and said "thank you".

And that's when more Truth began dropping into place for you. Yes! My job here is to stand firmly in this hallway, where I receive all that I need to do the Father's Will, and to beckon to those who are in these rooms, hypnotized by the pictures. And this desire sprang up, and compassion was in the driver's seat, and you humbly asked for guidance on how to spring your beloveds out of these rooms. And you heard the following:

These rooms are like refrigerator doors. The light comes on inside them only when you open the door, and the light shuts off when you close the door. Like the refrigerator door, the movie in these rooms only start when the door opens and when the doors shut, the movie turns off. This is because the movies, which are only false beliefs being projected outwards, need a watcher, a witness, in order to be seen. A false belief requires a believer to have any influence or power. If there is no believer, there is nothing to the false belief. If there is no witness, there is no movie playing in the room.

So unless there is an observer in the movie room, the movie isn't playing. And if there isn't a believer, there is no false belief to mesmerize us. And then came the punch line, you hear in the most sweetest, kindest, most loving voice, " and by the way, I never created a false believer".

And you take a step back, . . . and you gasp, and the tears fall, and you begin laughing . . . laughing because you realize that you had still been mesmerized yourself while in

the hallway, seeing doors with false believers past them, taken in and feeling responsible or concerned for others, . . . . when all along, there is no such thing as a false believer, a false belief, a scary picture, an illness, sickness or death, or a sufferer of an illness, sadness or of scarcity. You see with infinite clarity the perfection of what God is and what God created. The new understanding takes on a vastness, an expansion that goes beyond your physical senses and moves through you and out into everything that you see. You are transformed by the freedom that this Truth brings, and you can't help but be so grateful that everything that you felt was so real before was nothing but a false concept that you left behind because you know that you have the mind of Christ, and therefore you are not a believer of false images and nobody else is either. What is true for you is true for everyone! And you claim this out loud, and you thank God for it. And then you hear voices from behind you, and as you turn around, there is your best friend, your Mother, your family members, and a host of others that you recollect from the dream, and they are smiling at you, and you are laughing and celebrating with one another, even poking fun at each other, playing like kids and enjoying the Presence of God, the Allness of good, and the absolute nothingness of its supposed opposite. You see the Truth in each other's eyes, you recognize your Oneness in one another, and you are overcome with Love. There is nothing else. Nothing else matters, nothing else is real, nothing else is acknowledged.

And in a moment, you all stop, and look back towards the light, and the most beautiful music you've ever heard starts to play, and the walls to the hallway fall away, and you see colors you've never seen before above you, and every part of your being comes vibrantly alive and together you hear, "well done, my good and faithful servant" and you are welcomed Home.