

The Hallway

by Coreen Walson



Imagine you are at the beginning of a long hallway. At the other end of the hallway is a brilliant yet soft, warm and inviting white light. You know intuitively that it is your job to keep focussed 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. The remembrance of your connection to—and Oneness with—the Creator floods your consciousness. In this stillness you know that everything works together in perfect harmony and all that you will ever need is effortlessly supplied for you because it is your Creator's

pleasure to provide all that its creation needs and desires. 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.

As you begin walking down the hallway, you notice that it is lined with identical doors. Suddenly, one of them swings open and there stands your best friend with a panicked look on her face, motioning for you to come in and look! Because you love your friend and you are concerned, you walk through the door. You find yourself in a room with rows of chairs lined up facing a screen where a projector is playing a movie called *Scarcity*. Your friend is talking rapidly about how the economy has been hit very hard due to a crisis in the housing market, how prices for food and gasoline have gone up, how there is a shortage of food, how jobs are hard to find, and that she can't afford her rent. You watch your friend point to the movie playing and you see how agitated she is. As your eyes become accustomed to the dark room, you see the people sitting in the chairs, some have their eyes glued to the screen and some have fallen asleep because they've been there so long.



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 provided for effortlessly, where you are safe and loved, and cared for. You try to take your friend's arm and lead her out the door, but your friend keeps staring at the movie screen, irritated that you aren't seeing what is before your eyes. "Look!" she insists, "Don't you see

what's happening? Don't you care?" As you try to explain what is on the other side of the door, the volume of the movie gets louder, drowning out your words, and your friend goes back to the screen, her 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 the hallway, the stillness and peace welcome you. You take a moment to allow yourself to adjust 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.

You continue farther down the hallway and another door opens. This time it's a family member crying and begging for you to come in and see what's in the room. You immediately head for the door to see what's the matter and, just as you cross the threshold, there again you notice that still, small voice within asking whether entering the room is a good idea. But this is *family* and they are crying, so you dismiss the voice and go into the room. There on the movie screen are very disturbing and very real-looking sick people. Scenes of illness and disease, with narrators talking about symptoms and the seasons during which people will most likely suffer from these unavoidable illnesses, how long they will last and what medications they can buy to help alleviate their inescapable suffering.

You see the fear and horror in the eyes of your family member and you begin telling him or her that what they are looking at is only a movie being played out on a movie screen. You point out that it isn't real... that there is, in reality, nothing going on except that he or she is mesmerized by what is playing out in front of them. You tell them that there is nothing actually taking place, and all that he or she needs to do is come *out* of the room into the hallway where everyone experiences perfect health. Your family member looks at you as if you are absurd, and he or she points out the scenes showing high fevers, pale skin color, runny noses and breathing difficulties. "Look at the pain these people are in! How can you deny this?! You obviously don't care or you are delusional!" 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, still staring at the

movie screen and fixated on the images of suffering. Again, you feel the familiar tug to leave the room, so you head back out into the hallway.

You continue a bit farther. Again, a door opens wide and your mother steps out. She looks frail and scared and she asks you to come into the room with her. You don't want to go but it's your mother and your heart wants to reach out to her. So you go into the room and the movie of her unavoidable death is playing. Your mother is wringing her hands and you go to comfort her. You explain that you want her to come into 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 tell her that she is not a limited, physical body, but rather a free and perfect spiritual Idea of the Divine Mind that created her.

You think she's convinced, and she turns to go with you. As you head for the door she takes another look at the movie screen and then back at you. With great sadness she 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. 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 again telling you that you are of *no real help* to anyone as long as you stay in this 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. With this renewed strength you grab the door handle and enter the hallway once again.

A wave of joy and gratitude washes over you and you shed tears of 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.

While you continue your journey down the hallway, new doors begin to open up showing some people you recognize and some that you don't. As you

acknowledge these people, you might strain your neck occasionally to see what movie is playing in the room, but you don't enter any of them. You sometimes begin talking to those in one of the rooms while remaining outside in the hallway. Some of them slam the door in your face, others listen for a moment, then shake their heads and close the door.

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Now you begin to realize that the longer you stand in the hallway, the more certain you become about the Truth of your Being, and the more influence you begin to have over those who are still in the rooms. They may 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.

Then one day a woman opens one of the doors and pleads with you to come in to see the *Help Me, My Child is Dying!* movie. Now, there is not a single part of you that is the least bit interested in going into that room but you do feel an immense compassion for this woman. You look back up at the brilliant white light at the end of the hallway and with a surge of Love and Power moving through you, you look her straight in the eye and declare to her that what she is standing aghast at, *is nothing!* It is but a movie playing on a movie screen and nothing more. Furthermore, she has the power, authority and ability to walk out of that room any time she wants! Her life and the life of her child are always perfect, safe and secure with God. No power exists to end, alter or destroy Life. Life is of God, and 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 all victory over the illusion of death. You see something click in this woman's eyes, as if she has remembered. She smiles, and without looking back

she leaves the room and enters the hallway with you. She is transformed as she walks out to join you, beauty and holiness radiating from within her; she laughs as she throws her head back, and faces the Light. She is overjoyed, recalling her birthright, and sings out her thanks because she is simply overcome with gratitude. You feel something also, and as you look down you see that her child has joined with you both. The child takes your hand in one of his and his mother's hand in his other, and looking into tear-filled eyes, says a simple "thank you" to you both.

That's when more Truth begins dropping into place for you. Yes! Your role here is to stand firmly in this metaphorical hallway, where you will receive all that you need to do the Father's Will, and to beckon to those who are still watching the flickering images in the projector rooms, hypnotized by pictures of pain and loss.

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"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 starts when the door opens. 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."

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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. Then comes the punch line, which you hear spoken in the sweetest, kindest, most loving Voice, “And by the way, I never created a false believer.”

You take a step back and you gasp. The tears fall and you begin laughing...laughing because you now realize that you had still been mesmerized while in the hallway. You were seeing doors with false believers beyond them. You were being *taken in* and feeling responsible or concerned for others when all along there is *no such thing* as a false believer. There is no such thing as a false belief, sadness or scarcity. There is no such thing as a scary picture, an illness, sickness, death, or a sufferer of an illness. You now 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. It moves through you and out, into everything that you look upon.

You are transformed by the freedom that this Truth brings. You can't help but feel grateful that everything that felt so real before was nothing but a false concept you now can leave behind. You know that you have the mind of Christ and therefore you are not a believer of false images—and neither is anyone else. What is true for you is true for everyone! You claim this out loud and you thank God for it. 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. 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 each other and you are overcome with Love. There is nothing else. Nothing else matters, nothing else is real, nothing else is acknowledged.

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

