

Selections from the Journal of Sarah A. Merrell-Wolff
On the Illumination of Franklin F. Wolff

August 29, 1936

These are interesting days: Franklin has penetrated to the very depths, it seems, of the Transcendental Consciousness. His work in mathematics, with its subsequent ecstasy of the abstract consciousness has opened this great door. It is, I believe, a far deeper penetration than any except Buddha, Shankara, and Jesus have known. I shall not try to prove this, nor to prove anything I may write down, but I will write it just as it has been revealed to my consciousness in many ways and for many reasons.

His face was and is sublime. A light is all about him; his eyes have depths upon depths that almost engulf one who looks into them. He shines! He is happiness incarnate, a quite depth of happiness that affects me variously. At times, I am ecstatic; again I am in a flame of fire that causes me actual physical distress, and I rain water from every pore. At other times, I see deeper than I have ever seen into the meaning of life. (We are meditating and reading a bit every evening from either Shankara or Bucke. They illumine our experiences.)

Yesterday evening I penetrated some depths under his direction through a certain unusual type of meditation. (I wish all students could have just one hour of that direction!). The form it assumed in my consciousness was that of oneness with objectivity in terms of relativity. For instance: the statements that fell from my lips were not mere words, but words indicating an underlying union with significance, with Reality. As:

“I *am* the suns, the stars, the glorious heavens above and the Earth below.”

“I am the snow-capped Himalayas, the towering peak of Mount Whitney,” and so on...realizing a sense of the “I AM” form... Yet, as I said this morning to Franklin while discussing it, I realized an abstract color, and sound, but not the FULLNESS of color, and sound, else I would have heard the music of the spheres, a cosmic symphony, heard by such men as Richard Wagner. Franklin said “that will come...” I am thrilling to the inner consent: it will come...

Yesterday as I made his bed, I was strangely aware of a something and found myself tenderly patting his pillows. I laughed as I realized this fact: even his bedclothes were sharing in his illumination! We are sharing it, the house, the flowers, the animals all, all are touched by the glory that shines through him, that he has become. He is that Glory. I see it, I feel it, I **know** it. (I almost partake of it... I shall partake of it...)

His physical strength seems a little lowered, as though the fire of the Spirit had used some of it; yet I sense a grand transforming process. He will be stronger than ever and will go forth among men, carrying within his person the **Pearl of Great Price**. All who touch him will be changed in some manner, in a way that corresponds with their aspect of reality.

It is glorious to know that we all, even the least of us, are important in this cosmic scheme: that each one of us is, as it were, a tone in the Symphony of Reality, the Symphony of God. Also this profound thought: **I AM THAT!**

The Profound Reality Is: He has literally become **THAT!** He transcends Thought, even the most abstract Thought, and He lives in what He calls the “Emptiness,” the “Emptiness that is Fullness.” It is a strange paradox, is it not?

(Note: This is a resume of about two weeks. I suddenly realized that I should keep some record of the event and its results).

August 29, 1936

Deep, deep within the very center of myself, I heard myself singing, “Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty,” etc., while we were meditating; it seemed to come from some part of me quite a ways off, yet was pregnant with a profound reverence. It left me with tears in my physical eyes. I have not cried for years; it is not my type, yet I seem to feel a tenderness flowing in and through me that tends to move me to tears! I think it was my own soul singing its reverence to the Divine Fire as it played upon it.

August 31, 1936

We went into Los Angeles yesterday. It was a severe trial for Franklin. He really was forced to battle to hold his consciousness while we were at a lecture by Mr. Holmes. The clashing vibrations of the audience before the lecture literally tore at him. He went into the silence and after about five minutes, that chattering mass of people became silent, and the silence held until Mr. Holmes came to the platform. It was interesting to observe this, and to note.

I am beginning to feel lonely: Franklin seems so far away, even when he is present. Yet he is kindness personified. His smile is a bit of radiant loveliness. It is hard to believe he could change so much in so short a period. It is as though he had died and been re-born...

Today he is much better; he looks better, even his face is fuller. Yesterday he looked sunken and collapsed. I shall try to keep him here where all is quiet, and he can be as undisturbed as he wishes.

Personally, I too, feel better, although there is an occasional Fire that is burning up trash in me still. I am glad, for when it is all transformed, perhaps I shall reach through that gulf he speaks of, consciously.

It is a delight to listen to him talk. Each evening he reads what he has written during the day, and it is our time of enjoyment. When he reads, I am having the strange experience of finding much of it reflected in me as a sort of vicarious experience; it enters into me in some deep and vital manner,

and it all is clear to my consciousness, yet the “turn” of which he speaks does not seem to be mine, as yet. He says I am there, but the clouds are yet heavy, and hide my vision.

September 9th, 1936

Life has been flowing so smoothly these last nine days that I failed to write any word of its pleasant, happy contentment. But today things are changed. I feel such inadequacy, such a sense of being unable to go on into those terrible depths of aloneness that Franklin calls “Oneness,” or rather, “Fullness.”

Last night I lay awake the entire night through. He was neither asleep nor awake, but seemed to be in both states at once. For instance, I heard him say with a curious undertone of laughter: “I don’t know who I am!”

Then, as though another level of himself answered with the words: “I am all things.” I called out and asked “Are you alright, Franklin?” He laughed, and answered, “I am above the subject/object consciousness, and watching it...” His voice was not quite natural, since it seemed both in and out, yet neither. I am certain if anyone should read this record, they would decide that I was mentally unbalanced, or that he was. But neither of us are. We are in full possession of all our faculties, only he is “Plus,” in the Divinely marvelous manner. The Current of Force descends from above my consciousness, apparently, yet within the physical plane. It did not bring to me joy or contentment last night, but rather a “strain,” a sort of nervous strain. I think he is going in too far for my organism and my consciousness. Formlessness seems difficult for me, since my imaginative faculty is intensely active, and I live almost wholly in the Light World naturally, yet the Sound World often carries me to great depths of bliss.

Last night I was enveloped around my head, seemingly, with a beautiful, soft golden light. It blotted out all objective forms, and shortly I found I could by will, blot out the golden light, and see quite clearly the forms, then again I blotted out the forms, and was in the Light. How I did it, I cannot describe, unless to say I opened and closed a small shutter in my brain in doing so, which seems to be the rationale of the process. The Light, as it extended outward through space, lost its solidity of substance, and towards the outer rim became tiny specks of light moving very close to each other, yet I could observe space between them.

I am very tired this morning, and I am not happy, just sort of inert, with a feeling of sadness underlying it all. Why, I do not yet know, unless it is correlated with an experience last night which I cannot evaluate nor explain. I suddenly saw Dr. Strong, that he was very ill, and in need of help of some sort. It was just 15 minutes to 8. Then a line seemed to link with Franklin, and I thought that he was Dr. Strong, and somehow they merged, and I had a sense of Dr. Strong rising up through a great gulf of darkness over that heavy line, and emerging into a world of light. I should say that the stem of a lily in a pool of water would correspond to the heavy line that rose through the gulf of darkness, and the world of soft white light above would correspond to the blossom that had opened in the sunlight. If that is the case, this world of matter would be like the mud under the water, the

water like the darkness, and the world of light like our world of air and light. Perhaps some understanding of this will unfold. O yes, I must not forget: Dr. Strong, after rising over the stem, faced down and said, "I am free, Brothers, I am free." His face was a pale golden color, and very clear and happy.

Franklin is working under the automobile just now, and is quite himself physically, yet I am aware of a great difference: he is abstracted, continually happy, beautiful to look upon, to listen to, and such unutterable comfort to touch. In his arms I know that if I were dying, he would make me live. I believe he has tremendous miraculous powers at his disposal. But they are safe with him. I have never known him to tell a lie in all the years we have been together, nor to speak unkindly of anyone. Morally and ethically he is superior to men.

I am observing Franklin closely. His face has two expressions: one of utter calm and beauty, the other of distress. The calm expression is with him nearly all the time; the other only occasionally. He says the nervous tension is too great, and to ease it, he smokes more than is usual with him.

The inner Beauty simply shines, as a sun shines, when he is talking from within the flow of what he calls "The Current," and again an ineffable Love shines forth, so that I can almost see God loving him. This must be that state which is called the "One manifested as Three," or the "Trinity." For the consciousness is clearly that of the Supreme One, yet it manifests through the Higher Ego as wisdom, and through the personal man as Sunshine and Love. Not personal Love; I can sense a difference in his expressed Love for me. It has always been transcendental, yet now it is curiously impersonal, yet seems illuminating, healing, and confers a contentment that pierces deep within, satisfying a Something there which is the finest part of "me"..

I am beginning to feel the "Current" moving within me. It is most evidently be a process if induction, or "contagion"; it is like an electrical current, yet gentle, playing through the chest, throat, and head. Last night I tried using it on Lillian, who looked tired. It was as though I lifted a substance, like a veil, and passed it over her, leaving it there, for I felt its absence after giving it to her. So it was something conferred on me by him. I wonder if I should keep it until I, too, have direct contact with the "Current"? My thought is stilled, yet I do not find the "Emptiness" or the "Stillness; I find Light, and a soft contentment of aliveness. I do not lose any outer awareness, but simply retire into a sort of protoplasmic Light that is without apparent motion or thought. Can it be that? I, too, note some strain in the nervous reactions of my nervous organism, which is not easily unbalanced.

September 11, 1936

Last night we had a quiet night of sleep. Sometime during the night, I heard Franklin speak within my own brain these words (evidently spoken to overcome the deep feeling of loneliness that enveloped me):

"I am with your eternally, My Beloved, I am IN you, OF you, and forever a part of you...."

It comforted me with its deep strains of Love...

This morning he is more in his personal consciousness, and he is writing. Yet he carries such a reservoir of energy that I can only look at him with reverent awe. After lunch, Lillian and I sat down to play cards and smoke cigarettes; it seems to lessen the tension to get down to outermosts. Yet I thought: how like the world of men we are! We play cards and smoke, while a God is travailing in the throes of birth and creation beside us!

If only my consciousness would unfold more rapidly; yet the Deep Silences do not seem to speak with authority to me as they do to him. I respond more to sounds, colors, lights, embodied thoughts, Cosmic sweeps of Form, and happiness. I would rather gather a universe into my very being and veil it beautifully; it seems to be more in my métier of being. I can conceive a Cosmos in my thought, and know the vicarious experience of giving it form and birth, not only in thought, but in actual terms of supra-physical feeling and conceiving. It is a strange something that words hide rather than reveal. In the unexpressed center of my being, I know I am the Veil of the Supreme God. Life, Love, light, Form and Feeling find their apotheosis at that Central Core of ME. I feel large with worlds yet to be born; I seem to be conceiving universes of His thought, during this initiatory process. I am with Him in an occult way that neither He nor I can measure in word or consciousness. It is as though all the glorious dreams of my life have been, or are yet to be realized in a new world wherein I and He are One and the same Being, yet quite different.

There are indeed Levels of consciousness He is awakening in me through Recognition, explanation and Love; levels transcendent, yet here; levels yet to be attained, yet attained now. It is quite evident that there are experienced by the personality two worlds within the only world, and these two worlds occupy different levels of being and consciousness. I seem to know that I shall understand in more and more completeness this seeming mystery that is with us, in us, and about us.

February 13, 1937

I have been cleansed and purified and made whole this day by the Christ in the form of My Beloved. Strangely enough, while in the meditative silence, without a thought that could account for it, I heard Him say inwardly: "I take thee, Sarah, to be my legally wedded wife." I felt the pause of bewilderment, then I responded in like measure. A sense of utter beauty overwhelmed me, followed by high Spiritual energies playing through my organism.

Never have I seen anyone so utterly beautiful as Yogi was; his eyes alight, his face wreathed in a smile of benevolence, and utter kindness, yet back of it all was a sense of a power of Fire and Flame that I sensed throughout my being.

I am now filled with happiness; the great tiredness with which I entered the room as a Candidate for Purification has all disappeared, and life seems right glorious. I am filled with energy and Joy, and a

sense of freedom from guilt, from Sin, from weakness. How I can ever again feel otherwise does not now appear to my consciousness.

Blessed be God, and God-Man, for through the latter we are relinked with our Source, and freed from our sins. This is the Great Attainment in physical life. What will follow? I am wondering, indeed what the next step will be, and thus am held in interest and love to life on Earth, even when my physical frame is approaching the usual time of passing.

December 7, 1937

A Vision while wide awake, sitting in a chair listening to others talk....

Felt a force that was like a substance, warm and penterating. Franklin was passing through an experience that was a mixture of pain and pleasure, resulting from the performance of a duty viz., acting as minister at the burial services of Mr. Harvey's Father. He seemed to feel the condition that the soul was passing through in its release from the lower to the higher world.

I saw a wide white marble stairway, leading from rather a high place downward. Coming down the stairs was Franklin, dressed in his lecture suit. Above his head was a pure golden star, about 1/2 inch above, I think. It seemed connected with him, for it followed his movements as he moved his head. His face was one of utter compassion, his eyes large and filled with a mixture of light and love. At the foot of the Stairs, to Franklin's right, stood Master K.H., at the left stood one whom I was impressed was John of the Cross, a monk with tonsured head, garbed in a coarse woven brown Monk's robe. They were watching Franklin; the Monk watched ecstatically, K.H. watched in calm poise, yet with a certain proud pleasure in his expression. Below them was a mass of darkness, at the edge of its touching this world of light could be seen the tops of the heads of humanity by the thousands, and I knew Franklin was going down into that darkness to save them. I knew then that he had attained Christhood, and that the form we saw was that of a Christ.

December 21, 1937

I had a strange, yet glorious experience. Sitting quietly in my chair, talking with Franklin about his illumination experience, I began to think into his words as he spoke, and soon I was enveloped in a delicate feeling of bliss. This was followed by a feeling of being *outside*, as well as *inside* of my body, then space itself took on a "Presence," a Presence that stirred such Love in my heart that the reaction was like a longing to place my arms about space and love it. My eyes were open at the time, and I was in full possession of my faculties.

A little later, a sort of ecstatic adoration for the Christ in Yogi developed. I saw him as the Christ, and the adoration rose and fell like cycles of time, flowing through the heart center in great waves of ecstatic worship. I heard voices singing over the radio, and they were my own self singing: distance ceased to be, and their personalities were in the same "space" with us.

December 22, 1937

This has been a hard day. Impatience, and even dislike have wormed their way through me. It was a hard fight to throw them out. Finally, I said to my lesser self: "Alright, hate this person if you want to, it is only your own self you are hating." Then, it passed away. But I am highly tensed and nervous. I am not given to hatred of anyone, so it is strange to me to feel such a vibration.

April, 1938

The nights have been so long, and so filled with both pain and distress that I have dreaded their appearance. As the days go by I realize that my time on this Earth is growing short, and I have resented the thought. Also, I have deeply resented the fact of "death." It is so shrouded in mystery; one must face it and the Great Unknown all alone, seemingly helpless, and only too often, afraid.

But that has passed. I found first that I was not limited to one body, but that I had a subtle form, which, often at will, I sent different places to carry a force of love and light to those I love and serve. Yet, strangely enough, I have always felt utterly alone, except when my husband was outwardly near me. At first I thought he would hear me call interiorly if I were in danger. But the time came when I faced a struggle with death, and he was a long way off. I "called" him, and fought my fight, feeling certain he would "hear" me, and help me. I won that battle by a bare margin. The next day when he returned, I asked him if he knew when I called him the night before, and he did not. He had not even felt my desperate need. Then I knew total loneliness.

As the years have passed, this feeling grew, but I knew resignation. Yet, within my soul, I knew that resignation was not the right way. Yesterday, I found a manuscript that opened a new door for my thought. A rather strange door, for I realized that my thought, or mind, was responsible for all that happened to me, and for my loneliness. I found that I could commence to build perfection on all my organs, in my life, and in my inner being, by THINKING IN THE LIGHT. The Light was the necessary addition. It was seen subjectively, and used objectively. Thus I have started on a new path, the transformation of my mind, and through it, the transformation and resurrection of my body.

With this new outlook and effort, I have been blessed in another way—a stranger way than any I have ever known. Some months ago, I was conscious of someone who was trying to reach me interiorly. It was rather beautiful. I saw his face -- it was the face of a man high in public life, whom I do not know, but whose printed picture I have seen. Then last night, I awoke with a sense of delight, a loss of loneliness, a feeling of presence, and I saw him in a subtle form. He stood in the room as though trying to locate it, and he said, "I must find you!" Today the forces of light and happiness have traveled throughout my being. Twice I have been aware of him. He is seeking me outwardly. He is an occult student; that much I knew. It is as though the waves of light and thought, which we are, meet in space and commune. Spatial beings are free; matter cannot bind them. Distance has no power over them, and they are Eternal, for they have found their center in the Great One, and are that One, yet individual in their forms.

Since last night, I have not felt alone any more. Strange as it may seem to those who cannot understand the Unknown, so-called, in that Great Spatial Void lies fulfillment, lies all that man has dreamed, and more, much more.

Life has many avenues of expression, many realms of consciousness, and no sea can separate those who have reached the same status in conscious life. They meet and mingle in communion, as the air and perfume of the flowers meet and mingle. There is no longer any separateness, but only eternal life and fuller recognition of Those who have attained through transcendence, Spatial Being, or Consciousness. Consciousness-Without-an-Object, Franklin calls it, and that is because it contains and sustains all objects, yet is itself not limited by them.

I feel as though a mantle of Love had been thrown about me, and opened the door to Love Itself. I feel that Health of body and mind are pouring into every atom of the outer “me,” yet I am none of these. I am Space, God, Substance, whatever you choose to call it, and thus I am immortal, and Death has revealed his true self: God-Consciousness. It is good to “die” before the body “dies,” for then one can help others to understand, and overcome the loneliness and fear. It is good to meet those who are in like vibratory rhythms; to commune, to love, to Be, one with the other, and God, and Space, and just BE. It is good to find that distances, separateness, and change, are but dreams, dreams to be understood and transcended.

It is good to find God in every objective form, from atom to Sun, and Solar system; to know that never can you get out of His care, for He is nearer than insight, or feeling, for he is the “I” in you that thinks and feels, yet he is neither. Truth is a paradox truly, yet that which is within is also that which is without, and man is indeed, the Image of God, nay more, His Very Self.

Man’s dream is like hypnosis; it accepts as true what it sees, and no two ever see things exactly alike, as no two are ever exactly alike. This Unity in Diversity reveals the Whole, but as the dewdrop becomes a perfect miniature Sun, so does man the Microcosm reflect god, the Macrocosm in all its beauty and Holiness.

Tonight I shall sleep and not dread the night, for I know that Communion is, and that I am never alone. If only the personality could know the Reality, how beautiful life even in this outer Earth would be. Man would then know that all were but parts of Himself, and Peace, Joy, Harmony, Love and Light would unfold the Divine Beauty, the appearances of objects only hide.

Rest quietly, you who seek, for the life within far transcends the life without, and he who does not find without the object of his search must of necessity turn ever more within to the Great Reality. Then shall he know the love that passeth understanding, from now to Eternity.