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LOVE

*The Sum and Substance
of Our Eternal Reality*

ILLUMINATING ENCOUNTERS WITH
MASTER TEACHER



ENDEAVOR ACADEMY
Certum Est Quia Impossibile Est

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Love: *The Sum and Substance of Our Eternal Reality*

Illuminating Encounters with Master Teacher

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*A new commandment I give unto you,
That ye love one another; as I have loved you,
that ye also love one another.
By this shall all men know that ye are my
disciples, if ye have love one to another.*

-Matthew 22:37-40

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FIRST ENCOUNTER

Be My Valentine

Life on earth is a compromise, a negotiation, an attempt to establish equanimity, reach an agreement where there is none. The latest form of love is the pre-nuptial agreement, drawn up by a lawyer, whereby everybody can still hang on to all their things, but they share some. What kind of relationship would you call it?

(From the audience) “A transaction?”

Yes. A transaction in a search for a particular result.

I want to look at Valentine’s Day. So this will be a talk about love. In the last couple of days, I have heard a lot of expressions about what love is, what it isn’t, and what it ought to be, and what it seems to be ranging all the way from “God is love” to “Love is a French Poodle.” Both of which, incidentally, are true but limiting, in a sense, since God is undefinable and the poodle could only be defined in some sort of non-encompassing rationale as to a comparison of *canus domesticus*. “What was that? What did he say?”

We must finally love objectively: I love you for your ankles. I love your nose. I love your hair. I love your boobs. I love you for your intellect. I love you for your artistic achievements. I love you for the way you make me feel. I love you for your new boat. I love you because we go to

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LOVE: ILLUMINATING ENCOUNTERS WITH MASTER TEACHER

the same church. I love you because you're black or blue or green. I love you because we share a lot of dislikes. I love you because somehow we are going to work through the dilemma of earth in our quest, and together we can find the answers. I love you because my father told me I had to. I love you in defiance of my culture. I love you for all the little things that we share together. I love you despite some particular idiosyncrasies you have, but I'll attempt to change them or just have to go along with them. Amazing, isn't it?

What the heck is love? One thing I'll tell you for sure, it's not a form of exchange. And if you start with that premise, it'll help you a lot. I've heard it said, and well-defined indeed, that love is finally giving. So perhaps before we define love, we should define giving. How many kinds of giving are there? There's the kind of giving I know in exchange, where someone who loves money pulls out a gun and says to you, "Give me your money or I will take your life." And you give him your money. And certainly you're giving it to him. There's the kind of giving that says, "We are required to give to Aunt Tilly a Christmas present in hopes that she will remember us in her will or exchange with us or give us a gift," or "What did she give us last year?" or "We didn't spend enough," or "We're not going to give her anything; she didn't give us anything." There's apparently a nice sort of giving where you, in the goodness of your heart, give something of high value to you and then you are just a little disappointed when it's not properly appreciated or when the gift you receive in return does not seem commensurate with the value that you have placed on what you've given away. Then there's another level of giving where you give in absolute sacrifice. You take your life and put it on the altar of mankind and bathe the leper's wounds. You don't attempt to heal the incredible ache and sores that are in your own heart.

The kind of giving that we speak of that's associated and is, in fact, love, as defined within the nomenclatures we are expressing, is the giving with the absolute recognition

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Be My Valentine

of no need for recompense, where the mere idea that something would be returned for the extension of what you have given as a gift would be outside the framework of your consciousness. Indeed, as you transcend your limited identities, you will see that through the extension of you in gift, you receive the love that is a part of what you are.

One of the more difficult things to express to someone on the path is the idea of being a good receiver. You cannot be a good giver if you are not a good receiver. Feeling worthy enough finally to accept any gift that could be offered to you in love is part of the process that you're going through to discover who you really are.

Coming to realize that anything that is not forever cannot be given away is difficult. We are coming to understand, finally, that what we mean by love is creation. Love is only the extension, or projection, of what you think you are. How many times have you said in giving, "This will be a perfect gift for Uncle John. It looks like him." You have placed him in a particular category. You have identified him. Amazing!

The only thing that you can finally, absolutely, totally give away and still have is an idea. An idea is the only thing that the more you give it away, the more you have of it. But remember this, finally, you can only be an idea about yourself. And the only thing you can possibly present to someone else as a gift is what you think you are or what you think they are, which is really exactly the same thing. For what you think they are is only a reflection of what you think you are, isn't it? How much do you really, then, love the recipient of the gift that you are presenting them with? A lot of identities, because of insecurities, are able to love as long as they can keep something at a distance. We can then set up idols that are outside of us and endow them with characteristics or ideas that we admire. They'll fail us eventually, but that's all right. We can establish some other new fresh ones, then, that we can love. And finally reject.