

Now We are the Sons of God

by Walter Lanyon

Have you ever claimed your rightful position in life? Have you tried to feel that you are the son of a King, and that that King is the most powerful and only King of the universe? If not, then just try it for the space of a few moments each day; and at the end of a month you will have a nobility and power which has seemed too good to be true to you heretofore.

When you think of the fact "*I am the son of a King,*" something supreme and fine takes hold of you. You begin to realize a certain aristocracy which is independent of crest, coat of arms or family name. Suddenly and without warning you feel yourself breaking through wall upon wall of doubt, limitation, fear and worry. You throw off care and tear down the clinging vines of doubt, trampling under foot such obnoxious weeds as fate and destiny.

Oh what a glorious feeling. What a new and perfect thrill comes over you when you finally realize that your earliest fairy tales are all possible and can come true. At last you can live in the palace of the King with abundance of love and life, with the King's treasury open to you and you at your best, your finest and in possession and giving expression to the wonderful gifts of Love.

And then you seek as one having authority; you say as you fill Your lungs with a wonderful new life, "*I Am that I Am has sent me.*"

"I Am," you repeat it over and over and slowly. A happy feeling comes to you that you are whatever I Am is, for you and I Am are one.

Within the secret place of your being you go and commune with the Father and from this place you speak your I Am out. Am healthy, I Am wealthy, I Am joyous and I Am happy. Oh what a thrilling and joyous feeling comes when you begin with the I Am process, and when you realize that you are a son of the Most High and are one with the Father.

Your mind becomes supreme, your actions become supreme. You were born to have dominion to rule. All things are placed under your feet. What are these deep, rank growths of weeds which have almost smothered you while you slept for a short moment. Their poisonous odors have almost lulled you into believing they were real and that there was no escape from this awful condition.

Yes; you say, my condition is this or that way, I am tied so to speak, I can see no way out of it all, every time I try to make a move forward I get caught in the weeds until I am a most miserable thing, unhappy and burdened. Awake! awake! awake! the blast of the King's trumpet is calling his son. Your condition is of supreme importance. Like the beauty who slept for a hundred years in the palace about which had grown up a massive forest, the Prince, your divine heritage, has come to deliver you and claim you again. What a rejoicing there is in the palace and waste places when the stir of life and dominion has again set it in order. What rejoicing and thrilling your poor life feels when it comes into its son-ship. With one sweep of your mighty power you cleanse from your mind all the binding thoughts which have held you in the pit and made you pay to the uttermost farthing. You are supreme, you are supreme.

Your palace or body is supreme, it is wonderful, it thrills with a new life. It glows with new strength. Your divine self comes forth and asserts its power. It "*searches the joints and marrow*" and chases all the shadows of fear and doubt of sin and sickness out. Awake! awake!

awake! the trumpet of your hour is again sounding. You are free, you are in power and have dominion, Rejoice and be glad, I Am supreme.

When you come into the knowledge that you are a son and are supreme, then you become a miracle worker or a demonstrator of this truth. Your faith which was as a grain of mustard now flourishes as a mighty oak and covers a million plains. You speak now with authority; your I Am advises and counsels you.

As the idea is brought forth for manifestation or expression, be sure that idea of life is fresh, glowing and beautiful. Be sure it is kept youthful, for youth is growth in the right way. Life has no cognizance of time; it is eternal and cannot be blemished, wrinkled or made the time table of material-age. Drop off that old belief that you are so many years old. You are supreme and eternal; you record nothing but eternal youth.

What are the attributes of youth, except strength, joy and love? Have you these qualities in your make-up? Do you make people glad when you meet them? Do you radiate this spirit of youth? It is your province — begin being joyful.

If you would be strong, don't hold before your mind the picture of a starving Armenian. Get a grip on Hercules. If you would be young, don't ponder the looks of Methuselah. Take youth and hold to it. Saturate your thinking with that which you wish to see manifested on your body. If you were looking for a certain color, say red, you would not keep thinking about purple, but red would be in your mind so that instantly it came into view you would recognize it. What you hold in mind will be drawn to you. Be sure you hold nobility in mind, for you are the child of a King. Forget, forgive and bless all mankind. Rejoice and laugh. Refuse to ever accept any adverse condition. Keep smiling at them and refuse to let them grip you.

I Am a son of the King. I find myself free and joyous. I find myself happy and care-free. I find past conditions tumbling down and disappearing. No matter if I have dwelt in darkness and doubt, superstition and fear for years, one moment and I am free. I loosen the chains which have bound to me these heavy weights and they roll down the mountain into the deep pool of forgetfulness. I trace these wrong conditions back to that idea which brought them forth, and there loosen them and let them go. I free those who have been bound and am thereby freed and blessed. Oh glorious life, one with God, one with My Father and one with the whole universe.

Sing songs of praise and thanksgiving. Give yourself and your body over to a glorious service of praise. Praise your wonderful body. Forgive it of all those evil things you have accused it of. Say to it, "*Neither do I condemn you*"; you are free. You are the temple of the living God. You are a glorious radiant temple, beautiful to behold. I rejoice over thee.

When you start this praise service, a herd of dirty diseased and sinful thoughts will scurry out of your mind (and with them superstition and fear) and enter the swine as a means of destruction. And you are standing there overlooking the sea of infinite love and strength; rejoice, rejoice, rejoice.