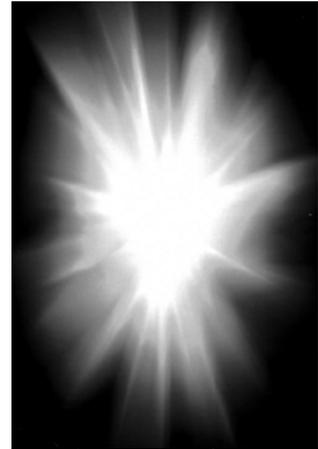


## The Realization of William Paul Racine

~ Excerpted from the book *The Light—An I Witness Account*

One night, some months after my panic experience, I laid down to sleep and experienced the event that defines my life, my thoughts, my beliefs, and my faith. As I was drifting into sleep, I suddenly saw, in the air above the foot of my bed, Jesus on the cross, fully real, looking down at me. After what was perhaps thirty seconds, I became Jesus, I WAS Jesus on the cross, looking at a now empty bed. Immediately, I became aware of the overwhelming and excruciating pain of my condition: the nails in my hands and feet, the thorns upon my head, and the gash in my side, all filling me with such suffering, that suffering was all I knew. I was barely able to breathe through the pain, and there were no thoughts beyond the desperate desire for the suffering to end. After what seemed an eternity, a pure white fire, like the flame of an acetylene torch, appeared in the center of my heart, incinerating the fabric of my being. From that center, the fire spread in all directions, cell by cell, nerve by nerve, each consumed in indescribable agony as each was burned to charcoal and then vaporized by the heat. I felt each cell scream in death. No words, no description, can adequately describe the agony.



Eventually the flame reached my mind's eye, and all that is thought-of as self, was annihilated in the blinding white agony. For an incomprehensible and immeasurable moment without end, the pure white fire of unrelenting pain, was all that is.

After some unknowable while, the fire began to cool, the agony to abate, and the light ceased to blind. And as the enveloping field cooled, my senses cleared and I awakened to the Glory of God, The Absolute beyond words or thoughts, the Self Who is the Self of all selves. I was aware of being God and being a projection of God, The Self and the self were one and separate in the same moment, a moment beyond time, eternal and unbounded. The Absolute is total communion of Being, and I experienced the infinite whole of Existence with a clarity that makes the manifest world appear as though seen through a dark and clouded lens. Time had no meaning, as all that ever was, is, or will be, was present in the limitless here and now, and pure Glory is the all of being.

After some span of time, I turned my gaze from The Father, onto Eternity, the void revealed by the glory of The Light streaming into the infinite, refracted and reflected by the countless seed crystals of conception flowing through the nothingness, awaiting excitation and animation, the diffraction coefficients from which the hologram of being-ness radiates. I felt the heartbeat of infinity, and heard the breath of eternity, and I gloried in the magnificence of All.

After a while, existence began to re-assemble, coalescing from the periphery of my senses, enclosing me in the field of sensate being like a gathering fog. As reality coalesced, my connection with The Father faded until, with the final bit of form enclosing me, the connection was gone, and I was back in my skin, back in my bed, back in the hologram of spacetime and history.