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*Lecture:*  
*A Riddle*

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## A Riddle

April 28, 1969

Tonight, I will call this, "A Riddle," for every creative mind rises to the challenge of a riddle. Now a riddle is defined in the dictionary as "an imperial object or person; that which is difficult to understand." It is also "a sieve to separate the chaff from the wheat, or a puzzling question."

Now I ask you: who is the greatest of the great of earth, who was never mortal born, or lived – as you and I understand the term – in this secular world? I could use the plural and say "they" who were never mortal born, but tonight I will confine myself to the greatest of the great of earth, the one that is worshiped by all. As far as I am concerned, he is Jesus Christ.

I think you will agree with me when I say you did not choose the environment in which you first found yourself at birth. But you quickly adjusted to everything you found here in this section of space/time; the habits, the classrooms, the religion, and the doctrine. This is true with everyone in the world. If they were honest with themselves, everyone would admit that they did not choose their environment, but simply found themselves there.

God the Father placed you in this particular age, as it is best suited for the work he is doing on himself in you. He did it willingly, prepared to accept all the consequences of this confused world of beings with all of its tangles and enigmas. This he did in Jesus Christ in you, for

Christ is God's power and his wisdom buried in us all.

Now let us turn to scripture. We are told in the 6th [chapter] of Isaiah, that the Lord God blinded their eyes and hardened their hearts, lest they turn and be saved. So when someone awakens by reason of the long, long journey he has taken, and scripture fulfills itself in him and he tells it, there are only a few who will accept his message and believe him. The majority will reject him, for they will see only his mortal form in the world of men. They will know his father and mother, his sister and brothers. But when he tells them exactly how it unfolds and they cannot believe, so his story is completely discounted. But those who hear it and believe will experience scripture. They too will tell

their experiences, yet it will still be denied by the mass because He has blinded their eyes and hardened their hearts, lest they see with their eyes and perceive with their hearts, turn and be saved.

Now, "Do you not believe that I am in the Father and the Father in me? That the words I speak are not my words, but the words of him who sent me? Believe that I am in the Father and the Father in me, for truly I say unto you, the work that I have done you shall do also and even greater works than these. If you don't believe me, believe it for the sake of the works themselves." God the Father is not on the outside. I am in the Father and the Father is in me. If you turn you will see Him and, becoming what you behold, you will vanish from sight. All that you see now,

that appears so real before your face, is only a shadow made real by the world. This I know from experience.

There is a little boy in New York City who bears my name. He is now about fifteen. Before he was born, he stood before me in vision and I felt I was his father. Appearing to be about four years old, he told me his name was Neville Mark. When I asked him when he was coming, he said the 10th of November. This was now September. The next morning, I told my wife that a little boy was coming to us on the 10th of November. Well, she admitted that she believed in miracles and in me, but she knew she was not pregnant. Regardless, I told her he was coming anyway.

A friend of mine who was expecting her baby in December wanted a little girl, as she already had a little boy. I said to her: "If your child is born on November 10th and it is a boy, his name is Neville Mark." She agreed, although she was certain that the child would be born in December. But when November 10th arrived, Neville Mark was born.

About five years ago, while visiting them in New York City, the little boy came in, walked over to me and said: "You know, Neville. I feel that if I could turn around, I would see who I really am. I know I am wearing a mask and I can't wait to die, cause then I will turn around and see my true identity." His mother was a very poor girl who married wealth, and anything relative to death frightened her. The



thought of losing her diamonds, her home, and all of her possessions, scared her to death, so she was upset when the child spoke of death. No doubt having grown up in the meantime, the boy's attention has been diverted; but that is what he told me five years ago.

Now let me tell you my own experience. While lying on the bed, on my left side, I felt a force coming from beyond my head – yet near it – enter it. The force as so powerful I wanted to turn around and see who was applying it. I felt as though some person – not an impersonal force but someone – was doing it. Although my body was just as alive as it is now, the force at the base of my skull was so intense I could not turn around. Had I turned, that day I would have seen the

being that I am and instantly vanished from this world.

So, he blinded their eyes and hardened their hearts, lest they should see with their eyes and perceive with their hearts and turn and be saved. These same words are used, in the Greek sense, of the prodigal son who came to his senses and turned. Remembering his father, he turned and went home to receive the great robe, the ring, the fattened calf, and shoes for his feet.

You and I have been purposely blinded by the Father in us. Our hearts have been hardened by the Father in us. So the words are true, and when you reach the end, you will say: "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." God the Father uses the tyrants of the world for ends beyond their own. Every person in

the world is only a mask God the Father wears while playing that part. Man sees and judges the mask; but the occupant he does not see, for his eyes have been blinded and his heart hardened. God is playing each part based upon the environment in which he was placed – not by his own choice, for we were made subject unto futility; – not willingly, but by the will of him who subjected us in hope; and we cannot turn back until His predetermined goal is reached. That is when we reach the end of the journey and go through the series of events called the story of Jesus Christ, at which time Christ is formed in you.

Christ is not and never was a mortal person. Those who believe that he was born from the womb of woman have no

ears to hear and understand when told who Christ really is, or who the Father really is. To them "He who sees me sees the Father" is a riddle, which cannot be understood. But when the sum total of all experience of man is formed into a youth who calls you Father, the riddle is solved. David is he who sees you and thereby sees the Father; yet he, too, like the greatest of the great of earth, had no mortal birth.

Called Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Jesus Christ, you and I – clothed as we are in these mortal garments – make their drama alive; for it's the Father alone who is playing all the parts. Willing to take all the consequences of this horrible experience unto himself, in Christ, God the Father thinks Christ is other than the one who

sent him; but he who sees me sees him who sent me: lo we are one.

The whole in me sent me to clothe myself in this garment of flesh you see. He placed me on the tiny island of Barbados in 1905, with many brothers, in a limited environment and no social, intellectual, or financial background. Then, because I was sifted prior to 1905 (the sifting was the riddle, separating the grains of wheat) I couldn't stand the environment I had been inducted into and felt the restlessness of a boy to continue my search. My one outstanding corporal punishment in this world was for the Bible. In response to my schoolmaster's question, I said, "Take up thy bed and walk." When he asked me for my Bible and I couldn't show it, he was allowed to

beat me. I was beaten from my buttocks down to my feet for the Bible. But all of my life I have been restless for the Word of God. I came all the way across the ocean in my search and joined the theater, all in preparation to stand before you and tell you of my experiences.

I know from experience that if a man could only turn around, his eyes would no longer be blind or his heart hardened; for he would see that he and the very being who sent him into the world are one. You and your Father are one. You would see God's only begotten Son as a radiant being, the only God and you would see yourself as you really are.

Now, we are taught that all who are baptized into Christ have put on Christ, and all are one in Jesus Christ. This is

true, for when you meet him, you are baptized. He who is infinite love sent you into this world of horror, where you murder and are murdered, rape and are raped, mutilate and are mutilated. And when you have experienced it all, you will turn and all is forgiven. Then you will return to your eternal home more brilliant because you have raised the one you wore.

"You must be perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect." The moment you turn, you are perfect, for you are the Father. Clothed in your body of perfection, the blind see, the deaf hear, the dumb shout for joy, as everything you behold is made perfect. I know, for it is the end of my journey. So I say to you: be of good cheer. No matter what you have gone through, what you may still have to go through or

what you are going through right now, one day you will be baptized into Jesus Christ, you will turn around and – seeing him – you are incorporated into his being.

To be baptized is to be completely covered with fluid. It doesn't mean water, because the Messiah is Christ and the Messiah is the placenta, one who is anointed with oil. What the pope does here hasn't a thing to do with it. There is a living fluid, living water you break through to merge with, just as a drop of water merges with the ocean; yet your identity or individuality is never lost.

All are One and all will be baptized into that One. All will put on the Lord, which simply means to live as, to move into the garment and flow with it. The last words of Christ in the Book of Luke are: "Remain in



the city until you are imbued with power from on high." Power is Christ; wisdom is Christ, and to imbue is to clothe. In other words, wait until I have clothed you with myself, and on that day you will literally say: "I am in Christ and Christ is in me."

Believe me when I tell you I am in the Father and the Father is in me. If you can't believe that, then believe it for the works themselves; for truly, truly I say unto you: the works that I do you shall do, and greater than these shall you do because I go unto the Father. I came out from the Father and came into the world. Again I am leaving the world and returning to the Father.

The entire drama of scripture unfolds in us and hasn't a thing to do with any being that was mortal born. Christ in you who is

your hope of glory is born from within, and does not walk the earth, as you who are born from the womb of woman. So who is Christ? This, the riddle of riddles, is asked all through scripture. In the Book of Proverbs the question is asked, "Who has established all of the ends of the earth? What is his name and what is his Son's name? Surely you know." Who has established all of the ends of the earth? The Father of fathers, one of infinite love, whose son is David. It is he who established all of the ends of the earth and sustains them from within you. You are his suffering servant, who is Himself.

The 53rd chapter of Isaiah, called "The Last of the Suffering Servants of God", begins: "Who has believed our report? And to whom has the arm of the Lord

been revealed?" My arm has been revealed. It has been completely unveiled before those who are being prepared to tell the story.

So I tell what has happened to me, but who will believe it? This power which is to be revealed in you is not worldly demonstration, but for the unfolding of your godhood. After your arm has been revealed, when you leave this world you are one at the right hand of the Father, for you are David, his right hand. God the Father unfolds himself in you, for there is nothing but God. Not God and you – just God.

You will discover diversity in unity as well as unity in diversity for, "Hear O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord." Here is the compound unity, one made up of others.

Diversity in unity as well as unity (I am) in death (diversity). I dwell in them and they dwell in me and we are one. Just as I am in the Father and the Father in me, I am (plural) and you (plural) are in me (singular). Here is diversity in unity. I look upon myself and see my world pushed out. Now I can see the diversity in unity as all within me. All that I behold, though it appears without, it is within me. All that I behold, though it appears without, it is within me in my own wonderful human imagination, of which this world of mortality is but a shadow.

May I tell you: it has been determined what the last will do, and how they will do it. Having become separated, all are moving toward the final event. I am not saying this to flatter you who attend my

meetings, because whether you come or not, it makes no difference to my way of life. I am no longer interested in things of this world or to shine among shadows, for I know that the greatest of the great never walked the earth and was never mortal born. I have no desire to establish something here for shadows to say how wonderful I am. No, all of us are moving toward the inevitable end. To turn around as the prodigal son and be embraced by the Father, thereby becoming the Father. And on that day you can forgive everyone, knowing they know not what they do. Believe me: every word of scripture is true, for I have experienced it. But it is not secular history. It is salvation history.

I heard Ben Gurion the other day on "Meet the Press." He is a grand old fellow of 80

now, who still sees the world as a history book and hasn't the slightest idea about scripture. Oh, he can quote it from cover to cover, but he's not alone. My sister's maid can quote the Bible from beginning to end, but she doesn't know a thing about life. Ben Gurion quotes the Bible beautifully, but he hasn't the slightest concept of who Abraham really is, or Isaac, or Moses, or Jacob, or any of these who were never mortal born. They are eternal spiritual states through which all men pass. Starting with the state of Abraham – the friend – the companion of the Father who is buried with him whispers in your ear and tells you the story of redemption. He tells you that you will be enslaved as long as you wear the garment of death. Then he will bring you

up to have much, much more than you had before you entered; for God's power and his wisdom will be enhanced by reason of this challenge which God put upon himself. Then, in the end, you will turn around and see yourself as infinite love, fuse into and become one with the Everlasting Father. Everyone will turn to the Father and enter this wonderful unity of Christ. So here is diversity, and yet there is unity in diversity as there is diversity in unity.

You dwell upon what I have said tonight. It's a riddle, and riddles are difficult to understand. There is no greater riddle than this – the riddle of riddles, which is Christ. I tell you an incredible story. The story of one whose birth will influence all. Who tells the only truth. Who was born,

yet was not mortal born. I tell you of one who dies, yet rose from the dead. This incredible story is summed up in one person, called Christ. He was not mortal born; he never walked the earth except within you; but rising from within, you experience everything that was said of Jesus in scripture, thereby un-riddling the riddle of Christ. The Old Testament is the riddle, and when Christ awakens within you, he un-riddles the riddle. Then when you tell of this un-riddled riddle, those who hear you will judge you by human standards, not knowing that the vision took place before you came into the world.

I was sifted a long time ago. I now know that I came into this world to be stirred in Christ. I was not satisfied with the environment into which I was placed at my



mortal birth and became restless, knowing I was destined to grow into something different; so I started my search to completely unveil the Christ in me, and now I am telling the story. I tell it to the best of my ability, but I know that only a few will hear it with faith. The mass will reject it. There will be those who will hear and believe, but they will be afraid of the reactions of society and, therefore will be silent. This is told us in the 12th [chapter] of John, where it is said that many heard and believed, "but for fear of the Pharisees they did not confess it lest they should be put out of the synagogue." The synagogue of the ancient world is still with us today, in all denominations of churches where anything that disagrees with their

traditional concept of a secular is excommunicated.

Today the present pope is asking that Luther be brought back into the fold. He was excommunicated a hundred years ago and now they want to bring him back. Have you ever heard such nonsense? Isn't that "Alice in Wonderland"? How can you forgive a man who has been dead one hundred years? I tell you, forgive them for they know not what they do, and that goes for the pope down to the one who shines his shoes and thinks he's blessed because he is allowed to do it.

Let Christ awake in you and one day you will turn around and find joy in your return. I was sent into the presence of the Risen Christ. I didn't turn around. Had I turned around I would not be here. I was sent into

his presence to answer the question asked of me, then to be incorporated into his body, that I may complete the journey. Any moment between now and my departure from this world I can turn around, and when I do, you will read of Neville's obituary. My journey is at its end. I have fought the good flight. I have finished the race. This I know from my own personal experience.

Tonight, I hope I have been able to unriddle the riddle, for the greatest riddle in the world is in Jesus Christ, he who is your own wonderful human imagination.

Now let us go into the silence.

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