



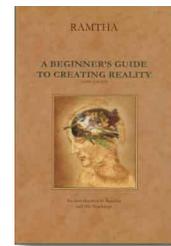
# Ramtha



## I Had No Teacher But Nature

Excerpt from:

*A Beginner's Guide to Creating Reality*  
Third Edition



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*“I have done it all, and for that, entity, I have gained the wisdom from everything I have ever done and I will never have to do it again. I am virtuous, entity, for I have done all things to become what I am.”*

— Ramtha

In having to be taken care of by that which is termed the women in our march, entity, I was bossed, intimidated, humiliated, as it were indeed, undressed before their eyes, and much of my pride, as it were indeed, and hate had to give way to survival, you know. It was contemplating, when I couldn't do anything else, everything around me. I despised man. I would never contemplate man, for he was evil in his soul. Those who possessed a soul were evil in their beings. I was certain of that, yet I was as evil as they were. It is when I contemplated the sound of a nighthawk and the sunrise and how brilliant it is over a valley, and I watched an old woman die one day, entity — the sun, when it was at its zenith — and I realized that that sun had been there when that old woman was born in her hovel, and I wanted to know what the sun possessed that man didn't. And as she lay dying, entity, wildfowl were flying from up the river to the downward river for their evening feeding, oblivious that this woman had died. You notice, have you ever wondered how life goes on when we think it is ending? It is a good thing it does. And I pondered all of these things and all of these things taught me for a long recovery, entity.

When learning about the Source, I did not have a teacher to teach me in regard to the Source or the Father. It was an experience of simplicity that all take for granted, as it were indeed, which is a good and proper term to be used in this society.

I learned, as it were indeed, from the weather. I learned, as it were indeed, from days. I learned from nights, as it were, and I learned, as it were, from tender and insignificant life

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that seemed to abound in the face of destruction and war. Who was the teacher unto my being was the Source.

In not having the privilege, as it were indeed, of education in that which is called the sciences, not having the privilege to express as a human being, it was I, out of hate, unexplainable hurt, and despair and sorrow that I had no thing else to challenge except perhaps the reasoning that brought me here. I did not know at that time that I was the reasoning that brought myself here, you see. But out of that and learning indeed how to comprehend an element that I found more forceful than man, an element I found much more intelligent than man, an element that I had found that could live in a peaceful coexistence beside and in spite of man, must be the Unknown God, and it was the elements, dear entity, that taught me, you see. And I am very fortunate, for being taught by the elements and reasoning with them I had none to say that I was wrong. And the elements never taught me failure, you see, because they are consistent.

That is how I learned. I learned from something that is consistent, that is never failing, that is easily understood if man puts his mind to it. And because of that, as it were indeed, I was not at the hands of the hypocrisy of dogma or superstitious belief or multifaceted Gods, as it were indeed, that you are trying to please, or the stigma, as it were indeed, that perhaps we were lower than perfection and could never obtain it. I was never at the hands of that kind of teaching.

That is why it was easier for me to do in my one existence what it has taken many a millennia to do, because they have looked for God in another man's understanding. They have looked for God in governmental rules, in church rules, in history, that they never even question who wrote it and why they wrote it. They have based their beliefs, their understanding, their life, their thought processes on something that life after life after life has proven itself a failure. And yet man, as it were indeed, stumbling in his own altered ego, afraid to admit to himself that perhaps he has erred, continues, as it were indeed, the steadfast hypocrisy that only leads to death.

I was most fortunate, entity. The sun never cursed me. The moon never said I must be this way. The wind teased me and tantalized me. And the frost and the dew and the smell of grass and insects to and fro and the cry of a nighthawk, you know, they are unfailing things. Their science is simple. And the wonderful thing about them I learned, entity, did you know in their steadfastness they utter not one word? The sun did not look down at me and say, "Ramtha, you must worship me in order to know me." And the sun did not look down at me and say, "Ramtha, wake up. It is time to look upon my beauty." It was there when I saw it, you see. That is the beginning. That will never fail you. That will teach you cleaner, clearer truth than anything ever written by man.

There was a great wood up north. I took, as it were indeed, what you would call the meanest of my warriors, entity, the staunchest fighters, as it were indeed — some of them very old and still, as it were indeed, had grit in their teeth — and I took them into a long



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And it will be here when you die in your own blood. And it will be here generations from now when you will return in your generations as this little seed, for your children will be your future self.”

And then one said unto me, “But, Lord, we can take the axes and hew this tree down and burn it.”

I said, “Precisely. Only you know that and only you die. The tree doesn’t. It only knows to live, to go towards the light. It does not have the thought of destruction in its comprehension, and it is very intelligent.”

And they contemplated it, and one said, “Lord, why do we die?”

And I looked upon him and said, “Because we do not know who we are. We, my beloved soldiers, are the bastards on this land for we don’t know where we came from and why we are. When we don’t know is when we are the waste of this land, we are the death of it. We slay tyranny, but that is what we are in our beings. But we do not know as the tree knows.”

And, you know, the man wept. And he sat on his haunches and removed his sword and he wept. He said, “Why know we not, Lord, who we are?”

“Because you have not stayed still long enough to contemplate what is within you as this tree has. And if you ever did, you would never know completely your majesty, for your thoughts change every moment, every moment. But in understanding those thoughts you would be preoccupied at understanding yourself and you would never think yourself into death. You know you are going to die; that is why you die. You even put yourself in a position to war on others to make that perhaps a certainty. You could burn the tree, it is true, but only something in its intellect that knows death could ever do that. The tree will always live. And one day they will make, as it were indeed, a great city here and they will come into this forest and they will lay hew to this great tree, and it will build, as it were indeed, many hovels.” And I said, “Do you know the thing about the hovels? They will live beyond the people that build them, and the tree will live on.”

I watched all of these things, the truest teacher of all, the elements. The elements will survive when man dies, perpetually.

When I contemplated, as it were indeed, the Father in all his brilliance, there were two main things, as it were, that had me believe in life perpetual: the sun that I called Ra, its advent of glory onto, as it were, the horizons, and its journey all through the heavens, ending up, as it were indeed, upon the western sphere, as it were, and passing into his sleep and permitting, as it were indeed, a wondrous beauty of the moon and her pale light to come dancing across the heavens to illuminate the darkness in mysterious and wonderful modes.

In spite of all of this, I learned this also, that the mute voice of the Father, the sun, though not reckoned with, as it were, controlled subtly, as it were, life. All, as it were indeed, who were brave and gallant or warring with one another and planning debaucheries

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upon their favor, ceased our debaucheries when the sun went down. And as I saw an old woman pass from this plane clutching heartily, as it were, the crude woven linen that she had made for her son who had perished long ago, I saw her, master, pass in the light of the noonday sun and her life ebb from her body in choking strokes of weeping. And I saw the old woman, as it were indeed, begin to shrivel in the light and her mouth become drawn, as it were, to open to an aghastless expression, and eyes that blazed a gaze at the light undaunted. Nothing moved, save the breeze in her old hair.

And I looked at the woman who gave birth to the son who perished and how great their intelligence was. And I looked up at the sun who never perished. It was the same sun that the old woman saw when she first opened her eyes in her mother's arms through birth, coming through the crack, as it were, in the ceiling. And it was the last thing she saw when she died.

And as we put away the old woman, as it were indeed, I looked again at the sun and I reckoned with it, and I began to ponder it and days and life and creatures that lived in spite of man. And I began to reason that the Gods that are in a man's mind are truly, as it were, the personality of the things that they fear and respect the most, and that the true God was one who permitted this illusion, this ideal, to come and go and still be there when they returned yet again another spring, another life. Quickly I ascertained this, master, that it was to that power, that life, that foreverness that is unceasingly there, where the true reverence of the true God, the Unknown God, lies — life force.

And I began to know who the Unknown God was. He was virtual life, unfailing. I conquered myself through hate, to wanting to destroy myself, an imperfect thing. And I am a virtuous God, lord, virtuous, not that I haven't done anything and that I am pure in my being. I have done it all, and for that, entity, I have gained the wisdom from everything I have ever done and I will never have to do it again. I am virtuous, entity, for I have done all things to become what I am.

How do you know what love is, entity, until you have hated? How do you know what life is until you are at the ebbs of dying? And the sun will set in spite of your death, and the fowl never even look at you, and the ants crawl over your feet, as they are quivering. You don't know that until you have come to the point, as it were indeed, of realization, and each moment brings with it a realization.

There was not a man that ever taught me anything of enlightenment. Enlightenment means knowledge. Knowledge of becomes enlightenment of. It was that out there that taught me.

And, O lord, once after I was able to walk a bit, I saw the wind go through that canyon and up the river and through the grove of olives. Do you know what is on the other side of an olive leaf? Have you ever wondered? When the wind goes through, as it were indeed, a canyon — it hits the river and goes through the orchard — the wind turns the olive leaves over. They are emerald on one side, but do you know what they are on the other side? They

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are mirthful silver, and you should see the splendor when the wind goes over them and turns the leaf over. They are a most brilliant sight. And I saw it blow, as it were indeed, a maiden's babushka from around her head and let her hair blow in the wind, and she was beautiful. I saw a little girl holding a basket she was gathering, as it were indeed, figs in. The wind blew it out of her hand and the figs went rolling, and it blew up her little skirt, and she went laughing after her figs. It was a game.

When I found out who the Father was and what he was through elevated thought, I did not wish to wither and die, as it were indeed, as the old woman had died or seen many, as it were indeed, the gallant entities of my charge die. There must be a better way to maintain as the sun maintains. Behold, as I am beginning to look upon, as it were indeed, in a state of mending in my direst despair upon my body, once healed from it I sat upon a solitary plateau, as it were indeed, and looked about, as it were indeed, far into yonder where there is a thick haze that slim outlines of ghostly mountains are seen and valleys yet uncharted, and I wondered how I could be a part of the essence that is continuum.

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For information on Ramtha and Ramtha's School of Enlightenment, please contact:  
Ramtha's School of Enlightenment, P. O. Box 1210, Yelm, WA 98597,  
or call 1.800.347.0439, 1.360.458.5201.  
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