

# Lesson One

Text of Speech	Screen	Soundtrack
<p><b>[10 second pause]</b></p> <p><b>Come with me.</b></p> <p>Come with me on a journey... if you'd like to come.</p> <p>But only if you'd like to come.</p> <p>It's really up to you.</p> <p>And this journey... goes better if you</p> <p><b>Close your eyes.</b></p> <p>But come only if you want to.</p> <p>Because today you can do what you want to do.</p> <p>So if you want to</p> <p><b>Come with me</b></p>		

<p>We can journey... Back through yesterday</p> <p>Back before you decided to come to this conference</p> <p>Back before you decided to become an educator.</p> <p>When was that, now?</p> <p>Do you remember?</p> <p><b>Remember.</b></p> <p>Back before then.</p> <p>Watch the years fall away beneath us.</p> <p>It's safe to watch the past.</p> <p>It can't hurt you now.</p> <p>We are high up and far away.</p> <p>So</p> <p>you can</p> <p><b>see the years rolling back.</b></p>		
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<p>In complete safety.</p> <p>Because nothing is going to hurt you today</p> <p>Because you are very, very safe.</p> <p><b>[Pause]</b></p> <p>You're safe enough to go back to a time before your education began.</p> <p><b>Go back</b></p> <p>To a time before your education began</p> <p>You're safe enough to remember the time you were a babe in arms.</p> <p><b>Remember the time you were a babe in arms.</b></p> <p>And if it's safe enough to remember being a babe, it's also safe enough to remember being born.</p> <p>You can</p>		
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<p><b>remember being born</b></p> <p>If you want to.</p> <p>Only if you want to.</p> <p>And if you like, you might want to remember</p> <p>The time before you were born.</p> <p>Do you want to?</p> <p><b>Remember the time before you were born.</b></p> <p>The warmth</p> <p>The safety</p> <p>The sound of the heartbeat</p> <p>Steady</p> <p>Safe.</p> <p>And because you fee safe, if you want to,</p> <p>You can remember the moment of your conception</p>		<p>Sound of heartbeat starts softly and continues in the background behind the voice of the speaker until the next instruction. Take care not to raise the sound so loud as to be intrusive over the words of the speaker</p>
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the moment when you began to be you for this lifetime.

If you want to.

Only if you want to

**Remember the moment of your conception**

**[Pause]**

And if you want to

Right there at the moment of your conception,

You can see your time line for your life to come

Laid out in front of you, with all the choices you have yet to make. All the learning you have yet to derive. All the love you have come to give and all the love you have come to receive.

Because its safe to

**See your time line**

**[Pause]**

And if you want to

Only if you want to

You can turn around now.

**Turn around and look back**

And see all your other time lines stretching out  
in the clouds. All the time lines before this one.

**See you time lines.**

<p>So let's go back.</p> <p>Because it's safe to go back.</p> <p>We can journey back past those time lines.</p> <p>If you want to, you can visit them another day.</p> <p>But today we are going back.</p> <p>If we want to</p> <p>Only if we want to.</p> <p>Back before the first memory any parent or grandparent ever told you.</p> <p>Back through the history.</p> <p><b>Watch the years seep away</b></p> <p>Back before Christ</p> <p>Back before Abraham</p> <p>And yes,</p> <p>Back before Adam.</p>		
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<p>And as we watch the years and the millennia slip away</p> <p>If we want to we can go back</p> <p><b>Go Back now to the dawn of time</b></p> <p>Come</p> <p>Take my hand</p> <p>Stand with me</p> <p>Stand with me here, high up over the darkness. We are safe. We are high, high above. We are far, far from the darkness and all is safe.</p> <p>Look down into the chaos below</p> <p>Watch it turning and swirling in its own nothingness</p> <p>Because</p> <p>In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth and the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of</p>		<p>Heartbeat fades out Singing bowl starts very low rising in the background</p>
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<p>the deep.</p> <p>Can you see it? Can you see the darkness upon the face of the deep? I'm asking because something is about to happen. Something is moving. Can you hear the Spirit of God moving upon the face of the waters?</p> <p>Don't miss this, beloved. Don't miss this moment when Spirit speaks.</p> <p>Do you know what Spirit is going to say? Do you know?</p> <p>You do know.</p> <p>You have always known.</p> <p>Because Spirit says</p> <p>LET THERE BE LIGHT</p>	<p>Milky Way projected onto the ceiling</p> <p>Screen simultaneously show the sun rising over water [I have an image if you can't find a suitable one, but I think it should be easy]</p>	<p>Singing bowls reach crescendo</p>
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<p><b>[Pause]</b></p> <p>And you know this already, don't you?</p> <p>Because you know that</p> <p>the purpose of education is <b>to enlighten</b></p> <p>Do you remember the time? Think back to when the light began to arise in you. You remember, don't you?</p> <p>Yes.</p> <p>That's right.</p> <p>That was the time, wasn't it?</p> <p>The time when the light began to come up in you.</p> <p>The time that everything started to change.</p> <p>The time you began to see.</p> <p>The time you began to understand what it was all about.</p>	<p>Screen image fades to an image of one sun hanging in space</p>	
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<p>The time you began to realise what you were doing here and that your calling was to educate.</p> <p>And just as you found the light arising inside you, you know that our job as educators is to help our learners begin to see the light arising within them.</p> <p>Because</p> <p>In the beginning was the Word.</p> <p><b>THE LOGOS</b></p> <p>This is the <b>Word</b> we bring in creative writing</p> <p>This is the universe <b>spoken</b> into being</p> <p>This is the creative act being replicated by every teacher that teaches a class, in every bridge that spans a chasm, every edifice that soars the soul heavenward.</p>	<p>Auditorium lights come up to normal level for conference delivery</p> <p>Screen is blank</p>	
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<p>But there is still darkness in our world. There is still chaos, a firmament without form and void. And darkness spreads if we do not lighten it.</p> <p>Light a candle today. For as Francis of Assisi is reputed to have said, 'All the darkness in the world cannot extinguish the light of a single candle.'</p> <p>We are lamp-lighters, you and I.</p> <p>Our creative act is to ignite lamps across the world.</p> <p><b>PAUSE</b></p>	<p>Single candle appears on screen</p> <p>Candle image replaced by image of a lamp – preferably a lit 19<sup>th</sup> century style oil lamp</p>	
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<p>Someone somewhere in this room is asking what all this has to do with outcome based education; maybe lots of someones. What is this crazy man from a tiny island 6,000 miles away doing here, talking to us about candles and God? We know this already.</p> <p>For you, beloved, I have a question. Please be patient. Please wait for my question.</p> <p>The Creator's first act was educational. He <b>spoke</b> the material universe into being. That speaking, that Word was the first recorded lesson in history. And this lesson, the Word, the Logos, was ALWAYS THERE. He had always been with God. He had always been God. And when God spoke the Logos, it was the first lesson of time, the first creative writing, speaking, singing, signing,</p>	<p>Milky Way image to screen If technically possible, a second image is simultaneously projected so that the two mix, the second being children in a kindergarden classroom. If they can't be merged, can two images be projected onto different parts of the screen?</p>	
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<p>building, acting, teaching, policing, serving, driving, cooking, giving, ever undertaken.</p> <p>So can you see my question, beloved? Can you guess it? It is this:</p> <p><b>Was God's lesson outcome focussed?</b></p> <p>Because on how you answer that question, depend all the future lessons of your career. And why is that? Because</p> <p><b>Questions, the very best questions, beget not answers, but more questions.</b></p>	<p>A series of educational images begin on screen – class room pictures rising from kindergarten to university auditorium. These continue down to the last in the series ....</p>	
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<p>Answers bring mere closure but questions, oh, questions are different.</p> <p>Questions bring growth, expansion.</p> <p>Answers bring</p> <p><i>No More.</i></p> <p>Questions bring</p> <p><i>More, more, more.</i></p> <p><b>Questions expand the universe.</b></p> <p>So, Is God an outcome focussed Educator?</p> <p>You think my question blasphemous?</p> <p>You think I take the Name of the Lord My God in vain?</p> <p>How can it be?</p> <p>How can it be a vanity to ask questions?</p>		
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<p>You want your learners to ask questions do you not?</p> <p>So does the greatest Educator of us all.</p> <p>He wants you to ask the most fundamental question of all of time.</p> <p>And His answer beloved?</p> <p><b>LET THERE BE LIGHT</b></p> <p>And be assured when The Creator says ‘Let there be light,’ there WILL be light.</p> <p>And the light our Master Teacher brings steadily extinguishes all the darkness.</p> <p>So I ask again. Is God’s first lesson outcome focussed?</p> <p>YES! Of course it is.</p>	<p>The last image is an image of this group themselves sitting in the auditorium, if possible projected live.</p>	
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<p>So...</p> <p>What is The Creator's Outcome?</p> <p><b>PAUSE</b></p> <p><b>I cannot tell you. We haven't got there yet!</b></p> <p>But I can tell you where to look for the answer. Because</p> <p><b>THERE IS A TEMPLE</b></p> <p><b>AND THIS TEMPLE IS THE TEMPLE OF INSPIRATION</b></p> <p>I say to you today</p> <p><b>Your outcome must be nothing less than for your learners to enter the portals of the Temple of Inspiration. The learning of a lifetime will be to approach the inner sanctum and take hold of the source <u>themselves.</u></b></p>	<p>Temple image [I have this]</p>	
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Do not fear that they will exceed you.

**THEY MUST EXCEED YOU**

Your outcome is for you, yourself, to be eclipsed by those you lead towards the temple of light.

You must

- Inform
- Inspire
- Ignite

I am told that Outcome Based Education starts with the question

*What do I want my learners to be able to do after the learning has been delivered?*

<p>And I tell you this:</p> <p>Your learners must burn incandescent.</p> <p>For in their generation, they must burn brighter than we do in ours.</p> <p>If we are candles they must be torches.</p> <p>If we become torches they must become searchlights.</p> <p>If they become suns,</p> <p>those that follow them must become supernovas, <b>burning, infused</b> with the force of desire, hearing, intensifying the light, spreading the Logos of creativity.</p> <p><b>[PAUSE]</b></p>	<p>Candle image to screen</p> <p>Candle image morphing to torch</p> <p>Torch image morphs to searchlight</p> <p>Sun image</p>	
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You think this too high, beloved? You think you cannot reach it? You think it mere creative writing fluff from a dreamer?

**THEN RISE!!**

Because your commission is to speak the words to your learners, to teach the techniques, to light, to illuminate, to inspire, for  
**if you do not inspire, you education is not outcome based.**

<p><b>You are here to open souls, that souls might be infused.</b></p> <p>For if we are not here that souls might be infused, why have we come?</p> <p>I have not come here today to deliver a paper.</p> <p>Paper is dry.</p> <p><b>And paper is dry, that it might burn.</b></p> <p>Let paper burn. Let it be consumed, that there might be light.</p> <p><b>LET THERE BE LIGHT</b></p>	<p>Sun image morphs to brightest supernova image you can find</p>	
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<p>I want to read to you from</p> <p>Poetry in Buchenwald - Jacques Lusseyran (Translated by Noelle Oxenhandler)</p> <p>“I was sitting on the wall in the sun, between a young Parisian actor-a frightened and too beautiful man with the hands of a woman- and a conscientious and somewhat sceptical teacher from Bourgogne. I said to them,</p> <p>“Poetry, true poetry is not ‘literature.’”</p> <p>The both cried out,</p> <p>“Not literature!”</p> <p>I had surprised, even shocked them. I saw that I would have to explain myself, although I didn’t want to. And I began to recite verses, at random, any that I could think of, any that resembled our life at the moment.</p>	<p>A series of concentration camp images start here and continue to where indicated below</p>	
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<p>In a plain, undramatic voice I recited Baudelaire, Rimbaud.</p> <p>Little by little, another voice was added to my own. I did not know where it came from – I hardly asked myself. Finally, though, I had to listen: the verses were being repeated in the darkness. Voices had timidly joined in behind me, and in front of me. I was surrounded. Without even intending to, I began to recite more slowly. More men came. They formed a circle. They echoed the words. At the end of each stanza, in each pause, there rose a great hum of the last syllable, “Keep going! Keep going!” whispered the actor with the hands of a woman, “what’s happening is truly extraordinary.” I chanted. It seemed to me in that moment that I knew all the poems I had read, even those that I thought I’d forgotten. The circle of men pressed closer around me: it was a crowd of men. I heard of men who weren’t French. The echo which they sent back to me was sometimes disfigured – like the sound of a violin with a loose string-sometimes harmonious. The</p>		
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breath of all these men came closer, I felt it now on my face. There were perhaps fifty of them.

I said to them, "Who are you?" The response came immediately, but in frightening disorder: some spoke German, others Russian, other Hungarian. Others simply repeated the last words of the last verse in French. They leaned toward me, gesturing, swaying, beating their chests, lisping, muttering, crying out, seized by sudden passion. I was dumbstruck, happy like a child.....No longer trying to understand what was happening, incapable of feeling anything but happiness, a happiness of the throat and the breath, I began to recite again.....I had a hard time leaving that crowd, escaping from it. I had to throw my arms out and leave, step by step, still reciting. I know this is hard to believe, but behind me I heard men weeping. I learned that most of them (the men) were Jews who were waiting for what the S.S. called "transfer to the sky." They all knew they would soon die. I



<p>also knew that none of them spoke French, not even a little, but that listening to a man recite poetry, they had thrown themselves upon it as upon food.</p> <p>No, poetry was not simply 'literature.' It did not belong to the world of books. It was not made just for those who read. The proof of this was growing.</p> <p>One dark winter morning, in the ink of dawn, we were about thirty exhausted men, shivering, and we were bumping into each other around one of the red basins for a little icy water. All of a sudden a neighbour began to sing. His voice took off before him and extended out toward us in an immediately magical way. It was the voice of Boris, a man so extraordinary that I can't speak about him just yet. A voice as supple as a head of hair, as rich as the feathers of a bird, the cry of a bird, a natural song, a voice of promise. Without giving notice, Boris had suddenly left this place of cold,</p>		
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dreary dawn and the crowd of human bodies. He recited from Peguy's "The Tapestry of Notre Dame", I think. Which of us knew what Boris was saying? Who cared? But the thirty of us stayed with our arms held out. At last, when the poem was over, a little man whom I had thought for many months was awkward and dull said to me,

"Touch my forehead. It's sweat! That's what warms us up, poetry!" In fact, the iciness had disappeared. We no longer felt our exhaustion. Poetry is more than simply 'literature.'

There was one thing that terror could achieve: that hundreds of men seething in the barracks were silent. Only terror and....poetry. If someone recited a poem, all hushed one by one, as coals go out. One hand drew these men together. One cloak of humanness covered them. **I learned that poetry is an act, an incantation, a kiss of peace, a medicine. I learned that poetry is one of the rare, very rare things in the world that prevail**

**over cold or hatred.** No one had taught me this. ....A student of books, I had loved poetry as I would have loved a phantom: for its unreality! I had thought that it was simply an 'art,' a great game, a luxury, and always a privilege. What a revelation! .....

The little worker from Lens whom I consoled, whom I nourished with the only thing that remained to me on that day, a poem of Eluard, never pushed away this morsel which I held out to him. He never called it 'play money.'

For him it had the most real existence: it was a chance to run, a rope to grab onto. It had a weight in the throat which reached, with one great thrust, towards the future.

**To nourish the desire to live, to make it burn: only this counted. It was essential to keep reminding oneself that it is always the soul which dies first – even if its departure goes unnoticed-and it always carries the body along with it. It was the soul which first had to be nourished.....**

<p>Only religion nourished. And next to it, the sensation of human warmth, the physical presence of other human beings. And poetry. <b>Poetry chased men out of their ordinary refuges, which are places full of dangers.</b> These bad refuges were memories of the time of freedom, personal histories.</p> <p>Poetry made a new place, a clearing.....</p> <p>Boris, the one who sang Peguy at the basins- said to me one day, “My child, my child” (as he called everyone he loved). “My dear friend! I beg you to <b>count up everything that is not yours. Your hand is yours, your body is yours, your ideas are yours. What poverty! But poetry, is not yours. Nor mine nor anyone else’s And that’s why it gives us life. Let’s not speak of anything else, O.K.? Only poetry, and love.</b>”</p> <p>It is in part because of the experience that I will say without ceasing, “Man is nourished by the invisible. Man is nourished by that which is beyond the personal. He dies from preferring their opposites.</p>	<p>Concentration camp images end</p> <p>Screen goes blank</p>	
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**PAUSE**

So, from that, there is only one place I can go, isn't there? Here is a poem called

**Within a World**

And hast thou heard  
that by his word  
God, in their courses, did the planets set?  
And hast thou seen,  
as in a dream  
By this, thy deepest longings, he has met?  
Then know, thou soul,  
this is the whole:  
eternity, infinity begets;  
and by thy word  
the truth preferred  
by thee, and courses of thy life are set.

Pls discuss suitable images  
from here to the end

I think astronomical  
images would work well.

<p>If thou dost speak, what thou dost seek here in thy flesh is brought to be. And if thy heart will from the start seek now to make its own reality, worlds of thine own, by faith alone, set forth before thee thou shalt surely see. In congruence and elegance thine own desires become an entity.</p>		
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<p>Thou dost believe, and wilt perceive reality, immutable, is set. By this device through thine own choice thy yearning for security is met. But take to thee maturity - simplistic notions of thy youth forget. Now rather see complexity will here a new reality beget.</p>		
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<p>Thy world of youth, once held as truth, around thee now comes crashing down. Volcanoes flow and Hell below thy soul, with sulph'rous brimstone, here doth pound. Now wouldst thou hold in terror cold the pillars of thy former faith unsound. For thou dost find within thy mind foundation rock has turned to quicksand ground.</p>		
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<p>Eventually, thou com'st to see the weakness of thy former argument, and thus begin to form within a new belief thou tak'st as heaven-sent; foundations lay within thy way and so the earlier truth will now repent – instead believe and do perceive a new philosophy makes thee content.</p>		
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<p>So here and now thy soul doth vow a new conception of reality to seek and find. Within thy mind parameters of faith now shift to be new paradigm. Within its time a new-held constant of veracity is thine to hold to be the mold for faith, and of spirituality.</p>		
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<p>From time to time thou look'st behind and backward glance occasionally make – disdaining youth and former truth and patronize beliefs as a mistake. Self-satisfied thou dost deride thy former ignorance. For pity's sake! Despise no more what came before and necessary learning thus forsake.</p>		
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<p>For thou has come and hast begun to climb a little higher in thy heart. But this can be the path for thee because it was in ignorance thou made'st a start. Now thou art more than wert before - of spiritual growth can take a part. Acknowledge now the hand of Tao and honour still the ways thou did'st depart.</p>		
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<p>The time passed by. The years did fly, and comfortable within thy patterns thou became. And gradually thine energy and passion for more truth began to wane. Thy vision slept. Thy soul, once kept in fiery faith, now sadly doused its inner flame. And comfortable, intractable thy former heart of passion thus became.</p>		
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<p>And now thy world once more is hurled to turmoil's epicenter here. The fires now rain. thy heart, in pain, screams for security , and it is clear now unto thee that there will be no respite from the terror thou dost fear 'til thou begin to sense within that change and growth are paths that call thee here.</p>		
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<p>So learn, thou soul, this is the whole: God's grace forever on thy heart doth lie. When tempests come and freeze the sun then put to Heaven not the question "Why?" Change sets us free from constancy and plagues of comfort on which we rely. Our calling's now to rise and go - to learn and grow in grace until we die.</p>		
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Come angel band!  
Now take my hand  
and pour thy revelations through this pen.  
Come inner world  
within a world  
and smite within me now the ways of men.  
The erudite  
now set to flight  
the vacuous, urbane and vapid then  
put to the sword  
of Heaven's word.  
My education now begin again!

**[Pause]**



*'Poetry leads men out of their ordinary refuges which are places full of dangers. Poetry is not yours. Not mine, not anyone else's. And that is why it gives us life,'* says Jacques Lusseyran

So today I have come to challenge you. You are educators as I will never be.

Your outcomes are clear in your hearts. You will deliver. But beloved,

**will you be a poet as you educate?**

Will you lift?

Will you inspire?

Will you lead out and point forward?

**WILL YOU LET YOURSELF BE EXCEEDED?**

<p>If our learners do not leave us on fire with their own urge to create, then we have failed them.</p> <p>This urge is in all of us.</p> <p><b>This urge is the creative signature of the Creator.</b></p> <p>And we can all do it. Dig deep enough and we all want to do it.</p> <p>We leave behind us our children when we pass. That is so, so obvious. But we also leave so much more, if we have been given the opportunity, the knowhow, the enthusiasm and, if necessary, the permission to create.</p> <p><b>Have you given your Learners permission to create?</b></p>		
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Because this is the baton we pass to the next generation of educators.

**THIS IS THE OUTCOME.**

**THIS IS YOUR OUTCOME:**

**TO CREATE CREATORS.**

**BELOVED, ARE YOU CREATING CREATORS?**

Creative writing? Certainly

But also:

Creative computer engineers

Creative robotics specialists

Creative accountants

Creative lawyers

And how about...

<p>Creative drivers?</p> <p>Creative cleaners?</p> <p>And who would leave out Creative homemakers?</p> <p>Why not?</p> <p>All are creators.</p> <p>All have the signature of the creator within them.</p> <p>All we need is our eyes opened to our capacity to create.</p> <p><b>THIS IS OUTCOME BASED EDUCATION.</b></p> <p><b>THIS IS YOUR OUTCOME</b></p> <p>And my outcome for today is that you should leave this auditorium, this conference, changed, aware that</p>		
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YOU CAN DO THIS. YOU ARE CAPABLE OF DOING THIS.

Your capability as an educator is the most important creativity of them all!

Your calling is the highest of them all, beloved. Your calling is to

**SHOW YOUR LEARNERS THAT THEY, THEY ARE CREATORS**

because if you do that, everything changes.

Will you be the lesser that your learners might become the greater? And will you leave the world a little richer for the fact that **you** have walked among us in this lifetime? For I put it to you that this is not **just poetry**. It is the creative act we were all placed here to proliferate.

**IT IS THE LOGOS**

<p>And that, you see, is my outcome for my lesson here today:</p> <p><b>BURN</b></p> <p><b>INGNITE</b></p> <p><b>INFUSE</b></p> <p><b>BE CONSUMED</b></p> <p>Namaste</p>	<p>xx</p>	<p>xx</p>