

THE EXEGESIS OF LIFE

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The exegesis of life by Claude Greppo

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"All that the author has tried to explain or to express in this book is that which is expressed or realized in Existence—that the absolute or the infinite is *one* with the relative or the finite. That everything in relative or finite existence is relatively or apparently that which it is absolutely or really in absolute or infinite existence. As everything in relative or finite existence is *apparently or relatively* self-existent, self-ordained, self-contained, self-willed, self-minded or self-realized; so in absolute or infinite existence everything is *really or absolutely* self-existent, self-ordained, self-contained, self-willed, self-minded or self-realized. *Realize that truth perfectly and the secret of Existence will be yours.*"



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PREFACE.

THE circumstances of my life, added to the general ferment of the human mind, which seems to be in the painful throes of travail for the birth of a new truth, have impelled me to look within myself, and endeavor to find in the recesses of my own mind, if I could make anything out of that wonderful existence, of which I am a part, and which surrounds me on every side. For the last few years, I have witnessed around me, and read in the magazines and newspapers of the day, signs of a mighty controversy going on and raging between the would-be champions of truth: the theologians on one side and the scientists on the other. It has struck me, that their quarrel must prove interminable, unless they can be brought, somehow, to look at the object of their quarrel, from the same point of view, a rather difficult feat to perform, as neither, as far as I can judge, are willing to budge an inch from their respective stand-points. The theologians persist in seeing nothing but God, and nature outside of God, as the work of God; and the scientists nothing but Nature, ignoring God and refusing to see or to recognize any intelligent or guiding force in Nature.

For a little over a year, I have wrestled with my own reason, in order to arrive at a satisfactory conception or

realization of existence. I have appealed to nothing outside of nature or of myself, disregarding the opinions of other men, as if they had never existed; an easy task for me, as I have never read any book relating specially to science, theology or philosophy. Of course, I do not mean, by this, that I could make a perfect blank of my own mind, and undo, in my own self, what it has taken thousands of years in nature, to produce in humanity or in the mind of man. There must be that in me, or in my own mind, which represents the effect of heredity in mind, as there is in my body, that which represents the result of thousands of years of animal existence in my race. It is on that accumulated and mysterious concentration of intelligence that I have had to draw upon, to realize my conception of existence, and, I must say that, as I made appeal to it, there came back to me in answer, as an inspiration or a revelation, out of which truth seemed to gradually unfold itself to my astonished mind, as if emanating from an occult power which dwelt within me.

My mind or my reason may have misled me; but everything, so far as I can conceive and realize it, appears so clear to me, that I firmly believe that it is the truth, as far as the mind of man, in its present state of evolution or being, can see or realize the truth. I am the more convinced that it is the truth, that in my conception of Existence, I find reconciled and meeting as one, all the theories and conceptions of man's mind, in relation to existence, in as much as I know them.

With the theologian or religious man, I can say that

the purpose of existence is the realization of the knowledge of God or of the Infinite; that living is doing or accomplishing the will of God, and that in God is concentrated all Existence. But my God is not an ignorant and cruel God, as made by man in the image of man, when man was himself an ignorant and cruel creature; because my God is not a God whose Will is changeable, in as much as he is a God who is *what he is* and *whatever is*, of all Eternity, as one, indivisible and perfect.

With the scientific man, I can say, there is nothing *but Nature*; but I go further and I say that there can be nothing outside of nature, or behind nature, as he sometimes expresses it; besides, my Nature is an intelligent Nature, which knows itself, and which acknowledges *no laws* but its own nature, which is to be whatever is of all Eternity, in accordance with its own infinite intelligence, purpose and power, as a whole, one, indivisible and perfect.

With the philosopher, I can say that everything proceeds from the Cause of Causes, and that the Cause of Causes is what it is of all Eternity. But my Cause of Causes is not simply a Cause, it is an indubitable and an infinite Fact, an indubitable and infinite Essence or Power, which of all Eternity, at one and the same time, is cause and effect, subject and object, good and evil, matter and mind, absolute and relative or infinite and finite existence. In a word, it is Existence or whatever is, of all Eternity, as a whole, one, indivisible and perfect.

With the sages of old, I can equally say, my God, my

Infinite, my Existence, is the great "I am," one, indivisible and perfect.

And finally, with men and to men of all times, I can say, my Truth is the truth of truths, in which center all truths. It is Eternal Truth itself, one, indivisible and perfect.

What I have expressed, in the following pages, is not the result of deep study, as I have never studied at all; it may perhaps better be said, that it has been *impressed upon my mind* by the lessons of a very hard and peculiar life, which I have always considered, as being, from my infancy, providential in its circumstances, so much has it been beyond my own control. But, when I consider that when I first sat down to write whatever impression I might have in my mind upon the subject of the relations of man towards the rest of the Universe, I could not have formulated one, the whole thing appears to me more like a revelation or an inspiration than anything else. I have written down the cogitations of my own mind, just as they have presented themselves, and in the order in which they have presented themselves to me. The reader can, by following them, see how I have arrived from one conclusion to the other, to the point I have finally reached, and how I have shifted from one point of view to another, prompted solely with the desire to reach the truth, as far as my reason could see it or make it out, without a single bias upon my mind, either one way or the other. What I wanted to come at, or to reach, was the truth, whatever it might be! How far I have succeeded in my undertaking, it is hard for me to

say; but I am so satisfied, in my own mind, that what I see is the truth, and I am so convinced, that it is through no merit of my own, but simply as an humble instrument of Eternal or infinite Existence, that truth may thus be made more evident to mankind, through myself, that, should my contemporaries look upon what I have here said as merely visionary and without foundation in fact, I would still confidently say with Keppler that I can wait—and, as Galileo said, “*e pur si muore,*” I would myself say: and yet it is the truth!