

## 7-Dec-2021\_Celtellina and the strange plants

(Spirit helper speaking: ) Celtellina was walking through her garden when she noticed something that caught her attention. She hadn't seen this particular type of herb before, but it was curious indeed. As soon as she saw it, she felt the urge to pick some leaves off it and see if it made good tea. She hadn't thought of what might happen to her if she did choose to sip it. She was willing to experiment. Besides, if it was growing in her garden then it's what was meant for her, or so she thought.

Then a voice called out to her from beyond: "Taste not, Eat not, Handle not."

"Hmm," she thought. "That's interesting." But since she had already picked some, she couldn't undo the "handling" she'd done. And she wasn't going to eat them, really, just drink the juice it could produce. "Just a sip isn't really 'eating', now is it?"

Well, she was right that eating was different than sipping some water flavoured with it. But as she reached out to get a cup to put the leaves in, it slipped right out of her hand and with a crash it fell onto the floor. She wouldn't be using that mug today, that's for sure. She then swept up the broken bits and threw the leaves in with the heap as well. Into the bin they all went.

It was then that she started to feel a rash forming on her fingers from having touched those weird looking leaves. Wondering what to do she heard the voice of one of her invisible friends saying:

"You can't get it off the usual way, as the poison is inside of you. Washing won't cure it. You need to imbibe a cleansing fluid."

So out to her garden she went, and there was the tree whose bark was good for just that. A bit of bark cooked briefly made a bitter sort of drink. She drank it down and would just have to wait for the cleansing to take place.

Later in the day as she woke most groggy from a brief nap, she noticed the rash was beginning to fade. "Well, at least that is cured, though I don't feel the best. Perhaps too much sun without shade this morning."

Although she knew it wasn't due to the sun shining, for it hadn't been all that bright or strong.

Finally, she knelt to talk to the King.

"I'm sorry," she admitted. "I just acted in haste and partook of something that wasn't meant for me, and now I have healing needed. I should have asked my guides for counsel. Please help me to get back to health once again, all the way."

This time when she lied down to rest, something came from above that covered her. It spread in the air all over her and put her into a deep and peaceful rest. Then it entered her all over and into her body went this healing elixir. It ousted out the foul elements, and brought renewal.

She still woke feeling rather tired, but there was a bit more strength, and so up she got for some special time alone in the garden, eating from the fresh and good edible plants that were there for her good. She took a nice walk all around and heard the birds praising their Creator for the glorious new day that they could be a part of and add their bit to make it beautiful.

"I do want to be beautiful," Celtellina thought, "and feel good and healthy as well."

She knew what to do. Donning gloves and a sunhat she grabbed her tools and got to work. She looked everywhere in her garden for signs of that infiltrating plant and dug it up, roots and all. Away it went to the bin.

“There, done!” she said, putting away her gardening accessories and tools.

But as she walked to the house a thought struck her. “Your garden is clear and clean, but what about your neighbours, they have lots of this wicked plant there. Do you care only about your own garden? After all, it will creep back into your back yard, spreading from the neighbours, if you don’t do something about it.

And so back outside she went.

“Knock knock!” she knocked on the door.

Out came a portly but pleasant lady who was willing to listen to what Celtellina began to express.

“Well if you want to show me what types cause the poison and unwellness, I’ll think about removing them,” the lady said.

And so it was that Celtellina began to discover and point out to others what infiltrating plants were there in their own backyard. Some people cleared them, others didn’t see the worth in removing them. But Celtellina had done her part, and then returned to her home again, satisfied that she had done what she could to better and extend the life of those around—or at least enhance the quality of life and bring more joy and wellness.

\*\*\*

And so this parable brings to light something you may be called on to do.

Think it not strange if you are summoned to do a bit of “gardening” and weed out the plants that shouldn’t be growing inside of you. For the wicked one watches for any signs or hints of disobedience, and then whack you get the rod of iniquity hitting you down.

Be watchful and wise, and don’t let anything into your body, mind or soul that tears down the wellness you could and should be having. Weed it out and stay pure and clean.

\*\*\*