

Gypsy Young and the Sacred Scrolls

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--Anonymous :)

*Gypsy Young is a servant of God, a scribe of His Words, and a story teller. This book is arranged in such a way that parts of her life are told as if in parable form, then are followed by words received from the supernatural realm which she penned. The book is also interspersed with stories that have been written down as she listened to the whispers of the guiding invisible realm that surrounds us. It is not so much a story book, but a book of stories to be learned from and insight gained from them.

Chapter 1: A Girl Called Gypsy Young

[GYPSY'S LIFE]

I look back, dreamily in time, to when I still laughed and played with those I understood, and who it seemed understood me. I understood them well, for I had grown up with them. We were companions, in sickness and in health, in good times and in hard times.

This didn't mean I never was lonesome, for rare would be the individual who never was touched with such feelings; for that is merely part of existence.

Perhaps I then dreamed, as I do now, of a time when I would be fully at peace with my surroundings, with my colleagues and acquaintances. I didn't realise how much I did have in common, until it too was taken away, as the swift stream of life pulls one down and around and away.

Some call it progress, others don't know what to make of change when it happens. Change always seemed good, before it happened, for there was always the hope that one would find peace and surcease from whatever was ailing them at the moment. But when change occurred, with it came a new surge of challenges—some good, some that were unexpected and hard to bear.

And so it was with me. But perhaps that is just because I am not truly home yet. My home is yet to come. My companions, still earth bound, weren't living yet their full potential. Perhaps in the days to come, when we all have passed through this life of learning, we will be more equipped to be the companions for each other that we've all longed for. But that will be some time, sometime far down the line.

I sit and stare out the window of my heart, not forward, but to a dream that has passed. A dream that seems so distant and crushed, just as past is gone and buried, so is what I knew to be. But I am still alive. I am still yearning for the peace, for the love, for the laughter of friends. My dream mates, I wish they would be here for me, to talk with, to love, to share the heartaches of life, and to encourage one another in the paths we each must walk.

Though I sit alone in heart, though I dream alone without a voice to echo my heartbeat, still I must carry on.

I have a family now who needs me. Though it aches me sore to see that I alone am from the culture I emerged from, still they love me, though they scarcely understand. My heart, my thoughts, have no one at hand to resonate with; at least in the seeable realm.

Am I a misfit, or simply a resident in another country where customs are so very different? Am I to merge, to reinvent

myself, to be different than what my heart feels? Am I to do this so that I can pretend to have peer-like company?

I am misplaced, yet not lost. I know where I am heading. I know who I am. I know what is going on around me like a map I have studied well. But yet I sigh, as someone who has learned a new language might ache to speak their mother tongue with another—for some things only can be expressed in that tongue.

Let me try, if I may, to tell you the story of a girl we'll call "Gypsy Young"; for her heart is ever young and free, and she has traveled the world, and has yet to find her final abode. She has been told that her tribe, the one she married out of, is yonder, just out of sight. She dares not dream it so, but once in a rare while she will allow herself to imagine that sometime, somewhere, there is a chance, a scarce hope that she will feel at home one day, surrounded by those who truly know her.

Chapter 2: Forbidden Dance

I danced when I first heard Your name,
I danced because my life would never be the same.
I danced in the sun, I danced in the street,
I danced in the halls where the dancers like to meet
I danced the dance of joy, I danced with passion too,
There wasn't a move I wouldn't dance for You.

Then came the day when the dancers had to pay
The price for dancing and giving You away.
The foul ones schemed, and the world heard them say.
"Down with the dancers, they'll be our next prey"

We met in secret dance halls,
Underground, behind thick walls
We listened to soft music play
And still we'd dance the night away.
Nothing could stop the movement in our feet,
As we danced to the rhythm that God's loving heart beat.

We danced until the day we dancers had to pay,
When they tried to take the dancers all away.
They found where we freely danced for Your delight,
They found where we hid ourselves to dance all through the night.

One by one shots rang out, through the room so dim,
Yet my heart screamed out,
“I’ll never stop dancing for Him.”
I’ll dance in the moonlight, I’ll dance all the night,
I’ll dance in the sunshine, I’ll dance in His sight.

Down another dancer fell,
Just who it was, I could not tell.
Those who came to take our dance away
Had said with blood we had to pay.
The music never stopped,
As one by one we dropped.
Blood was on the floor,
It struck me to the core,
But on I danced yet more.

Before each ardent dancer dropped
They said they’d never ever stop
Dancing in the room so dim
Their hearts yet singing out to Him,
“We’ll dance in the moonlight, we’ll dance all the night
We’ll dance in the sunshine, we’ll dance in His sight.”

Though my partner was the next to go
Yet I felt my passion only grow,
“Lord, I’ll dance and dance for You,
It’s all I really want to do.
No matter what the cost
I know all is not lost”

Even if it seems I’m last on the floor
I’ll dance and dance much more

Like I've never danced before.

Till I feel my spirit soar.

Dancers never die

Up to the sky they fly.

When the dancers all meet,

And the dancing King we greet,

In the halls up above,

There'll be no end then to their great dance of love.

They danced the night away,

They lived to see the day

When all tears were wiped away,

And they let the music play!

Those who tried to take their dance away,

Were now the ones who had to pay,

While the dancers danced all day

In the light of His new day.

Until the end, my heart sings out:

I'll never stop dancing for You, my King

To the music I hear Your angels sing,

I'll dance in the moonlight, I'll dance all the night,

I'll dance in the sunshine, I'll dance in Your sight.

I'll dance the dance of joy, and the dance of passion too,

There isn't a move I wouldn't dance for You.

Chapter 3: The Unbeatable Force

[A MESSAGE FROM HEAVEN]

(Jesus speaking:) Once upon a time in a land not so far away, a team of warrior men and women were preparing for the final show down, or fight, with a neighbouring village. Now it sounds wrong that they'd be fighting with others rather than getting along. However, the village nearby was a wicked one that was pillaging and raping and destroying all the good things that these good warriors were trying to set up. It was a terrible time in deed. Nothing seemed to be going really good for quite some time.

"Look up! Here they come!" someone shouted.

And sure enough, coming up over the crest of the mountain was a team of wicked horsemen on horses kicking up dust, whipping their steeds and moving in for the kill on the weak ones of the good little village.

But they wouldn't get their way, at least not without a pretty decent fight.

On the weapons were strapped, and on the beasts the warriors went. They rode on beasts that were wild and could do more damage than any trained horse ever could. But they were trained by the top warriors to be a help to them in times of battle.

Battles like this weren't an everyday occurrence. Skirmishes yes, but full, all out war, where it's life for life, didn't happen all the time. But now it was the time.

(Jesus continues:) So my love, the war is on full steam ahead, and you are one of the dwellers in pleasant-vill, or what is trying to be so. The wicked ones have been released, much like the beasts were let loose on the people in the arenas of Rome. Their wicked hunger has been building up, much like the beasts were made to be hungry and thus more damage could be done in a short amount of time.

The horses have been released with their vicious riders whose goal is nothing but death and woe, hunger and pillaging.

The page is turned to this next part of the story. But it's not all there is to the story, for good times will follow.

The ground will open up and down the wicked one's hordes will fall, right into the crack and be trapped for so very long. Just like "a day with the Lord is like a thousand", so will a day be like a thousand for those in the pits of prison in the bowels of the hell they rode fiercely to.

We round them up, get them running to their wicked slaughtering, and then boom, right into the crack they go. Any stragglers are rounded up and picked up by their collar and dropped down, down, where they will sit cold and hungry, or hot and thirsty, or whatever each one deserves.

It will cause many to fear God in the latter days, when they know what has happened to those who opposed Him.

Fear God who can move Heaven and Earth at His whim, and fell all the nations of Earth in an instant—yet waits until as many as will be saved, do turn to Him.

Chapter 4: Hath the woman loved?

[INSPIRED STORY FROM ABOVE]

Resting on the laurels of his success in the garden many years ago, the sly, stealth and sickening serpent tries something new. Hoping to be undetected. He knew he wouldn't try that same thing on this man. The man was now too sure that what God had said was indeed true. So the lying thief thought if he couldn't lure the man to eat of the evil knowledge, at least he could try to stop him from eating from the tree of life that would heal all ailments.

As the man was happily walking through the garden carrying some fruit from the tree of life that he and the woman had been lovingly sharing together, he stumbles upon the hater of joy and love.

The serpent had to wait for just the worst time of course, when the woman was not in earshot and was at that time giving fruit to her children in another part of the garden. If he could cause disruption to their special times under the shade of the tree of life, and cause doubt in a way that hurt the most, then the man wouldn't return to tree and to the fruit and couldn't enjoy love and joy with the woman.

Catching the man off guard, the serpent hisses:

"Hath the woman loved? Truly loved?"

The man stops and thinks—the fruit in his hand shows that she did love him. She gave him the best she could pick.

"Yes..." he tries to say, but the doubt makes him want to talk about it more.

Then the foul smelling words and gasses the serpent breathes out, and the way he circles and moves in for a bite, makes the man feel in a stupor. He can't think clearly and starts to listen more to the string of accusations and bitter words against the woman and against love.

"Just look at what the woman so called 'gave' you. Ha! She's just using you. Did she not ask you to hoist her up so she could pick some of the fruits on a high branch? She stepped on your hands as you lifted HER up. She just wants the best and to keep you down on the ground. Am I not right? That fruit is no good anyway, toss it out, and the sooner the better. Think about? Why do you spend time over there with her? She has nothing good in mind I can assure you."

Then the pain of the bite brings the man to full consciousness, but now he is trapped—he is wrapped in a tight place by the serpent, and the poison starts to make him feel very unwell. He wishes the woman was there. Or maybe it was better she wasn't; since she was most likely responsible for the terrible state he found himself in. He is confused and in terrible pain; and trapped with no one in sight to help him out.

At this point the fruit drops from the man's hand and the serpent smiles as if to say "very good". Then one by one he picks up the fruit with his fangs and throws them with a force at the trapped man's head. The man cries out, screams out. The serpent just laughs hideously. The man is wishing at this point that he never had the fruit, for he is being bitterly abused with them.

"See, she is just trying to play games, doing things her way. See how bad this one will hurt," the serpent said, tossing the final fruit extra hard right at one of the man's temples, nearly making him pass out.

"She gave you this!" the serpent says, making sure to place the blame for the pain on the one who had shared it lovingly with him.

The man gets tired of this abuse and tries to call out to the only one he thinks will be of any help—the woman—but she is so far away that all she can do is call out a response and try to wave, but it will take a while to get there. She calls out to the Guard of the Garden to please go to the man's rescue in the meantime.

She had been happy as she waved to him earlier, knowing she'd given the best she could gather from the good fruits. She had cuts and scratches and bruises from her tree climbing and fruit picking for the man. When she picks fruit alone there is always the serpent who slithers around hissing out to her to stop picking the fruit, adding, "I'll be down here to bite you when you get down from the tree, you stupid woman. Why don't you stop?"

But she knew it was the best she could do for the man she cared very much about. It would sustain their life.

She had to step over the serpent when she was done, and often endure a bite to get these special gifts of life to show love to the man. Yet she did it again and again and again. She noticed a bleeding cut she got just that day from her fruit gathering and said, "Never mind that. The man needs this fruit, and I love to give it to him."

And when she had to walk over to another area of the garden, when saying good bye after sharing the fruit with the man, the serpent had wacked her with his tail, using it as a whip to punish her for giving the fruit. "Never mind that," she said again, but the tears were flowing while she walked on to help others in the garden. She encouraged herself: "He got the fruit and that is what matters—the fruit of love and life."

However, when she found out that he was not feeling healed and joyful, but instead was again being abused, and her very gifts were being used as weapons against him was nearly too much for her to bear. The serpent was once again hurting the one she tried to bring nourishment and healing to—simply because she tried to do that. Losing ground is something the serpent hates—he hates healing coming to the wounds he inflicts. The woman is so hurt, so furious, that the serpent beguiled this dear one once again, using her as a tool of pain to hurt and trap him.

And she knew the man had stopped to listen, once again to foul and lying words against her. This hurt her badly. And this wasn't the first time. It started to become almost normal. She was getting used to being scorned and bad-mouthed by people in the garden. It was rare to find someone now who actually spoke well of her, all the time. One day she might find someone.

On one hand she very very much didn't want the serpent to win—and stop the both of them from ever picking and enjoying the fruit of the tree of life; because the day they did that, they would start to die. Yet, the pain of seeing her loved one viciously hurt BECAUSE she shared the precious gifts with the man, broke her, shattered her, time and again. And knowing that he was taking time to listen and believe wicked lies against her made it very hard for her to have the strength to keep on giving. "Why does he do that? It hurts him; it hurts me—mostly because it's hurting him."

As she walked toward the dear man she thought, "You know I so want this to be the last time. I really don't know if I can manage seeing the good I have done—at great painful cost, because love spurred me on—being ruined even one more time. He'll have to choose between the life-giving fruit I want to share with him lovingly, or chatting and listening to the lying serpent that tries to bite him every time. It's me and the fruit, or the serpent and scorning me. One day very soon he'll need to choose, because I don't have the strength to do it even one more time... unless I get some supernatural help."

The woman then got a feisty idea. Before showing up to help rescue the one trapped in the serpent's snare, she stopped by the tree of life and got a large armful of fruit. "That serpent is going to regret what he's done," she grits her teeth and flashes her eyes with fury.

When she gets there, the fruit, the hardest and biggest ones she could pick, were hurled with all the force she could muster, one after the next, on to the serpent. The juice of the fruit bashing against his scales were like burning acid and caused him to curl away in pain.

And why didn't he bite at that moment in self defense? Well, she called for the Guard of the Garden to come help them out. He stayed unseen, creeping up among the bushes just behind the serpent. Using a rope he suddenly placed a noose on the serpent's neck. The serpent was squirming to get loose but it only tightened the rope. Meanwhile, now both the man and woman were bashing him with the fruit again and again. When they were satisfied with seeing the immobilized painful writhing of their tormentor, they walked arm in arm over to get some needed healing—from the only place it came from.

"Shall we have a picnic?" the man said to the woman, placing a kiss on her head. Thinking briefly of what it would cost her and him, but willing to chance it and very much wanting her beloved one to receive healing as well as herself, she said, "Yes! To the tree of life. Let's go."

They held hands and assured one another of both their love and forgiveness, and would take time to lovingly feed each other under the shadow of the over spreading branches.

"You won't do that again, will you?" the woman asked timidly, not knowing what to expect. "The serpent is on the loose once again, I'm sure. But I want you healed and filled with joy. I don't want you to ever listen to him again. He should be made sorry he ever tries to harm you again."

The man held her in an embrace while tears fell. Just the thought of how painful the repeated bites had been, and how it could easily happen once again, saddened him.

"I know you need to feed fruit to others in the garden; I just wish we were together and could tell the serpent to be gone," the man responded.

"Let's stay as close to the Guard of the Garden as we can, he'll help keep the serpent under control. And let's always leave our time under the tree of life with a few fruits on hand, should either of us need to pelt that sly and wicked one again while on our caring duties around the garden."

So they picked a few extra pieces of fruit to carry, and soon parted ways to tend to the garden. It was so big that while they worked they couldn't always see where each other was, but often they could be in calling distance; and if not that, then they could see each other wave or do hand signals at times throughout the day.

Sure enough, it wasn't long before the serpent, drunk with the success of his last attempt to get the man to give up his fruit, saw his chance again.

"Yep! That fool doesn't learn. Here he comes again with fruit in hand. He's walking into a trap I tell you," the serpent said to himself.

This time the man didn't wait to be addressed; he took the lead after hearing the slightest sound in the long grass that he was there to cut down.

"I've got fruit," he called out, baiting the serpent. Out peeked the sickening head and was about to say something when "bam" the hardest fruit—something like an unpeel coconut of a very large size—hit the serpent on the head and

put him in a daze for a moment. Calling the Guard of the Garden to take over securing this sly one, the man kept on with his cutting of the grass, whistling while he worked.

The Guard of the Garden put a chain on the neck of the serpent and a timer. “You’ll be here for a while—just long enough for the man to finish doing what he needs to,” the Guard told the serpent, who had no choice but to be bound there for a time.

The serpent, when coming out of his daze and seeing the man working away, thought of a new idea. “Well, since I can’t slither and constrict and breathe foul gas close enough to do him damage, at least I can talk to him. He might enjoy a bit of company. In fact that is just the way I’ll get in.”

The serpent hissed out as loudly as he could, “You must be so very alone here. You say the woman loves you, and yet she leaves you totally abandoned. How fair is that? You know she’s surrounded by smiles and joy, while you, look at you, you just work, work, work. At least you’ve got me for company. You might even start to appreciate what I can share with you. I won’t hurt you a bit.”

The serpent however didn’t get farther than that, when “bang” another fruit was hurled on to his head. This time it was one that was filled with a juicy liquid that broke all over his head and seeped into his eyes and mouth. And oh! It burned badly. There was no more talking or attempting to talk for quite some time.

“I’m not lonely at all,” the man called out, as the Guard of the Gardener was just then coming to see how he was doing. They sat to chat about things that really cheered the man’s heart, so much so that laughter was heard—yes, all within the sight and hearing of the beaten serpent.

“Hey, look who’s coming?” the Guard of the Garden spoke, looking up.

There was the woman, with an arm full of fruit and a jug of water.

“You asked her to come?” the man asked.

The Guard of the Garden nodded and smile.

“Gave her a bit of work to do nearby. I thought it might do the serpent some good, while he’s still chained up for a bit, to see the two of you happy together, enjoying an abundance of fruit. Can’t think of something worse to give him to see, once his eyes recover from the last fruit’s juice.”

Folding the woman into an embrace, the man held her tightly, and then looked into her eyes.

“Nice to you see you. Very nice to see you.”

They both looked over to the Guard of the Garden and smiled a thanks.

After a brief picnic they then got to work fixing up this one part of the garden together. It felt great.

When the sun set that day, they lifted their arms up in praise and their eyes took in the awesome beauty that was created by the Guard of the Garden.

Chapter 5: Key of Survival

[GYPSY'S LIFE]

Our story of “Gypsy Young’ will start right from the beginning, yea slightly before, to set the scene, as if told by Gypsy Young herself.

Somewhere I heard a whisper saying “live!” and so I am. So I exist. I am because I was willed to be so, and the breath of life has filled my being. And on I go. Not always knowing why. I won’t pretend I have that all figured out. But that is part of the reason—to find things out, to make discoveries.

Without the element of the unknown, I couldn’t possibly be happy. Well, I’ve never been in a state of knowing it all to really prove that. But I can image it is so, or it wouldn’t be the case that there will always remain an element of mystery, hidden secrets, and new joys yet to be discovered, if we just keep going up the road a bit more. Lo, and behold there are treasures and secrets revealed, and just enough to keep us going.

Of course, if that were the only thing that kept our pace up and made us feel the urge to move on forward, life would be a synch. But no, there is also the “you must, or else” part of life; the hard things that keep at our heels and press us onward. I guess if mysteries to be learned isn’t enough, then the troubles that come if you try to stand at a stalemate keep one going. And vice-a-versa. A little good, a little trouble, and on we go.

Why? Where are we going? In circles? I think not, because I have yet to see the same scenery pass by twice. I think it’s a one-way ticket we were given at birth, and on we go. To where? Well, that might vary, but if you look out for the signs—some blatant, and some subtle—you’ll get a pretty good clue. And you can choose the right and best destination.

I found the first clue when growing up. I heard there was a God, that there was a way to get back to Him. I wanted that. I wanted to know there was a happy ending and home for good at the end of life’s road. I don’t regret taking the ticket that said the “Heaven Destination” on it, paid for and signed by Jesus Christ—the only way to get there for sure. I was told once you have this free pass, you can rest assured that no matter how hard the journey is, the destination will be worth the trouble.

But there was more to it than that, I’ve found out. Not more to do to get to the “Heaven Destination” but that, depending on the choices you make on the rough or smooth roads, your prizes when you get to the end of life’s road will vary.

Hmm. That’s worth a think. Or more than one—a daily decision and decisive action to take. There’s something about showing up at life’s end with holding the ticket to free entrance, and also having a sack filled with the treasures you discovered along the way that were placed there specifically by the One who made the path and the people who walk it.

And there is something for having another sack very empty. There is one sack you don’t want to show up with full: a life that was filled with hoarding and keeping things only for one’s own benefit; to keep holding onto one’s own dreams when it would have been best to discard them in order to help others along the path.

See, if you have a full sack, one in each hand, then you have no hands left to help others with. But if both are empty, well, you’ll be a sorry mess if you don’t have the treasures that will help you along the way, providing what you need.

So I’m trying to get the plan and program down. What things to put down, (like a game played), what things to pick up, and when to reach out and help someone versus waiting until they are ready to be helped; and the way and method

with which I help others can mean the difference between success or failure in nudging them along the right path.

Then there are the sorrows also. But whenever things seem strugglesome, all I need to do is look in my sack of treasures and remind myself that it's been worth it thus far, and then look around to see if there are other treasures I am missing by being too busy with the journey that I forget what I'm meant to be collecting.

And if I start to feel real weary, it's often because I've got too many things in my 'to discard' bag that have yet to be discarded. So I need to take time to do that also. It's not always fun; well, it never is. Some things are special to me, or I thought, "Cool, this might help me at some point on the journey." But I've never really needed it yet, and it's just dead weight I'm pulling along, thinking I need to carry it.

So there are some really hard and tough choices of things to just put down. Some things looked like treasures, and I thought they were. And maybe they were, but were just for a time. And when I got rid of them it felt like a part of me was being left behind. It really hurt. Oh, how I cried, for quite some time. But I was able to make it up a steep incline due to the fact that the bag was emptier.

Once in a while something really special happens when I toss away a particularly dear item. One bag is lighter, but then the other one feels like something just entered it; something that I didn't place there. When I look to see what happened, if something really did come into the bag of treasures, sure enough I find it true. "How did that get there?" I wonder.

Just little things like this keep me guessing and having a sense of wonder at this mysterious pathway and journey.

Sometimes I see someone with a really sad look on their face. I look at the bags they are carrying and it seems they got them mixed up, or they never heard what they were to do. They have the discard bag so, so full, and the treasure bag basically empty. It's hard to get on in life with that kind of an arrangement.

Then, the saddest of all I think is to find along the way a couple of bags just lying there, no one around. They have given up altogether. I can tell by the empty bag that should have had treasures in it, that they thought there was little worth in taking this particular pathway. But it's just that they focused on all the wrong things and thus missed the point.

I guess the only good thing about seeing that sad sight is, it gives me a bit more determination to keep at it. I'd rather make it to the end, ragged and in need, than miss what I'm meant to learn, and meant to see and do. If I try to skip out, I'll never, ever get the same chance again. I'll probably regret it, for a very long time; perhaps always.

So here I am today, taking the next step.

The fog has come in. I see some flashing lights up ahead, but I'm not sure exactly what to expect. But I'll never find out if I don't keep walking. Sure I'd like to see it all as clear as day, but that's not for today. Chances are that if I did actually see this particular pass, what's actually ahead, I might faint just at the thought of it. Not because I wouldn't be capable, but because I might just think I'm not. So sometimes it's best to just only know about and take one step at a time.

Sure is chilly today, so I'll need to bundle up better.

One more step. Gotta keep at it.

Oh, what's that glowing off to the side of the path nearby? Oh, good, a treasure! I needed one about now. Thank Heaven!

Chapter 6: Knights quickened

[A MESSAGE FROM HEAVEN]

(Jesus speaking:) Why are the sheep asleep? The sirens of Satan have done this. The hohumness of life, the lack of really big, bad happenings was a tactic in itself to get them so bored they'd just rather sleep than live, really live.

But when My wind begins to blow on their clutter-filled life, it begins to make a tune, an awakening tune.

“What? Oh...! We are going into battle? Why didn't you tell me in advance? What's going on?”

Up they will stumble, in a confused daze for a while, wondering what direction to walk on.

Then they come to a well of living water and drink. They are fully awake now. Their eyes start to see clearly and in focus. They see the hordes starting to approach. They see the dust being stirred up. The water acted for good, in the way that the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil did. It opened their eyes, but this time it's good. They suddenly know and are aware of what is going on. They are fully awake. The soul within them comes alive.

And then it hits them as they are standing by the well and seeing this coming dust, along with a rumble of horses, getting closer. They scream in terror, or in warning, as they are jolted into reality. They turn and run yelling out, trying to awaken and call others; and trying to locate their scattered weaponry that was left somewhere along the way while they wandered through the desert wilderness.

The horde is approaching faster now, and this man is getting nearly frantic. “Where's my sword? My helmet? My shield? Why, oh foolish me, did I go to sleep? Why did I throw these off before falling into slumber? 'Don't need these while sleeping' I told myself. But how foolish I was. The battle was always going to come, but it was just delayed in order to give us time to prepare, not time to sleep.”

Then he sees the gas blowing over the land; the green gas that had kept him asleep the first time. It's nearing him on his left, low over the land, it too is coming closer. In front of him the invading armies are approaching. He instinctively knows that if that gas makes it to him before he can get his armour on, it will knock him right out, to sleep a sleep there is little chance of waking from. The approaching army will do what they will with him when they get there.

“Where is my shield? Oh, I found it now. Should help a little.” He mentally tries to remember each piece of armour he is meant to have on, and hopes to find it, or dig it up from its half-buried state in the sand.

What he doesn't see are the angels, the big, very big, tall angelic hosts with fiery swords that are keeping watch. They are even diverting some of the gas from hitting him, because he is on the right quest now, to find the right treasure—that which will actually protect and keep him.

The Angels even cause the ground yonder to act somewhat as a treadmill that spins with no forward progress, to hinder the approaching horde. The man does not know this, as he must feel the desperation to find and get on his armour. To him it seems as if they are running just as fast. And they are, but they are being delayed supernaturally to give him time to re-don his armour.

Now is the time of the awakening. It's the thirsty who will come to, awaken fully, and really notice what is going on. And they need a “nameless” well to drink from. They are burned and tired of being called by another's name, they just need to drink and not worry about the consequences of doing so. And that's where you come in. Gather from near and

far, the stories, the spirit messages, the information that will teach and instruct, and prepare My humble and small army to fight the coming hordes.

And it will seem like they lose, because there are so many fighting against them. It will seem ridiculous to try. But it's a battle that is fought in the Spirit, and the victories will likewise be seen primarily in the Spirit. That is why you must walk by faith, not by sight. —Because you won't see a whole lot of good come for your efforts. You are on the wrong side of the veil to notice what's really happening. You are players, holding the spots for God's Spirit to work through you. Keep holding on to your spot and fighting on bravely.

“Hold off the hordes till I seal them!” I tell those manning the field where My warrior band are getting ready and pulling themselves together.

With armour on, from head to toe, and a smile of surrender to their Lord and King on their face, they are ready. They heave a sigh of relief. So glad to be protected. Then they let out a battle cry with a yell and scream. It's not a time to relax. That's not what the gear is for, just to help them not go to sleep, but it's to cause screams of terror to be heard from the approaching evil horde.

So the man takes one more drink from the well of Living Water, and an angel, very tall, leans down and pours oil on his head. He is consecrated to God. But that is not all. A cloak of zeal covers him in the form of fire from head to toe. The fire burns on the oil he was coated with and is so hot it melts some of his armour, just enough to seal up any cracks, and to be molded to his shape. There is no way he can take it off now. It's on for good, and he is covered head to toe in a protective layer of molten, fiery metal.

More oil is poured on whenever the fire begins to soften. He has become a light, a fiery light of burning and white hot armour. It seems he is dressed in white, but it's just because he's lit on fire so hot. And the flame gives a golden light.

The hordes don't make him scream in fear and cause him to take flight now. He stands his ground. Where? Right by the fountain of living water. The horses rear up now when they are driven close to this fiery warrior of light. Then they part. Any weapon that tries to lash out and hit him, simply vanishes. The swords that tried to hit him and whack at him, when pulled back are only half a sword, or less, as whatever went near the fire that was protecting him was consumed. The hordes carry on just as swiftly, but they had to part to get around this fiery soldier and the stone well of living water that he stood beside. It too helped to protect him.

And now he sees what his mission is.

He nearly faints at the sight of what is left behind in the wake of that evil horde on their path of destruction.

Just then an angel catches him before he falls. He could hold his ground when under attack and in the path of the wicked ones, but he didn't now have the strength to bear the sight of something worse, worse than seeing a terrifying attacking horde.

The slayed and the half-dead lay, scattered all around, the aftermath was what he was actually outfitted for.

“Take the living water to them now. Remember, that was all you needed to do, to drink. Simply take a cup of water to any survivors. Do it now before the clean up crew arrive to finish them off. You've got to get them awake and up again,” the angel holding the man says.

The instruction is simple enough, and almost mechanically, though dealing with things totally out of his expertise and zone of comfort, he fills a water sack, brings a cup, and goes to the first groaning wounded person he sees.

“Here, take some of this,” he says.

And on he goes, first to one then the other. He has to make it to as many as he can before it’s too late. There is no way he can quench the full thirst of each one, at least not at first. He just needs to make the rounds first. Then once some have started to revive, he can give them some more and point them to the well, where they can get full satisfaction.

This is a parable to alert you that there are coming days of trouble. Get on and keep on the armour, and keep drinking of the living water. And be ready and have the means to share it with others.

Be wise and entertain no lies.

Chapter 7: The Gift

[INSPIRED STORY FROM ABOVE]

In the morning when Celtellina opened her eyes there was a package sitting right there at the edge of her bed. What a treat! She could hardly believe it. How did it get there? Who was it from? And, of course, most importantly, what was in it?

Well, she was just about to find out when a voice coming from outside her window called out to her.

“Celtellina! Come quick! There’s been a leak in our house and water, water, water is everywhere!”

The cry for sudden help made her need to postpone opening her special delivery.

So out she went, slightly miffed at the timing, for it stole her special, “New Morning Joy” as she called it. Work before fun. But away she went to see who needed help and how she might assist them.

The leak source was located and stopped up for a bit with some rags. More work would be needed, but at least the house could be mopped up and made safer to walk around.

At last, at long last she was able to settle down to see what was in the gift package. She was a bit wet and somewhat tired, but in a way she was glad to have something to look forward to now.

“Oh my!” she said as she opened up the box. “It’s the prettiest dress I’ve ever seen! I wonder who made it. And does it fit? Oh, yes it does!”

She tried it on and it did make her look very special.

She wanted to show it to everyone. Not because she wanted them to think that she was so pretty, but just because it made her happy to wear it, and she wanted others to be happy. However, when she put it on and walked around a bit with it, there were no expressions of joy on others. Most people were either too busy or too tired to take notice, and the one who did look at her made a sort of scowling face, as if she was doing something wrong. It was like they were saying, “Why are you dressed like that? You should be dressed in hardworking clothes and getting in the mud like we are.”

Again, the joy of the gift was stolen. So quietly she slipped back to her room hoping for a moment to enjoy it in peace. But that wasn’t to happen, for on her bed sat the cat, purring and stretching, and in the mood to scratch. A scratch here and there, and even her dress was clawed at.

“Out you go!” Celtellina said, using the broom and moving the intruder out of the room.

The door and window were both shut and all she could do was fall on to her knees and cry.

It had looked like it was going to be such a fun and joyful day, but the gift seemed to make things all the harder.

“What I thought was to be a reason to be glad, has left me in tears and heartbroken—not because it is bad or wrong, but because I so wanted to be able to enjoy it fully, along with others too,” she lamented and the tears fell across her face.

Just then the door, that had been firmly shut, opened ever so slowly as someone crept in silently. Without a word He placed His arms around her and just held her as she cried some of the hardest tears ever.

“I gave you the dress you know. With every gift there is a cost. Sometimes the cost is that you have to keep such things privately to yourself. But I’m here and together we can enjoy this dress of prophecy. See, I’m the only one who truly appreciates it being worn by you. So wear it for me and with me. It’s our special thing. Okay?”

He wiped her tears and together they sat on the bed talking about this and that. If she hadn’t been crying so, she might not have been ready for this special time in His presence. He thoroughly enjoyed every part of her dress, and they had a very special time loving and having fun.

The tears were gone by the end of their time of intimate sharing.

And yes, she then had to don the muckier clothes and go out to the gutter to do the hard work.

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And so it is my dear, when don the wear of Heaven, when you put on the garment of prophecy, it will not look all that great to the masses who walk in the muck around you, but in our secret chamber it is right and we can have lots of fun with it—you and I together.

Chapter 8: The Sacred Scrolls

[GYPSY’S LIFE]

Some of what I tell about my life here is in parable form—that is, you can’t not take it literally, but realise that there are symbols and meanings behind the things I describe in a veiled way. For in actuality, I am not, nor have ever been a genuine gypsy, as we see in the world today. But in a parable sort of way, this image fits my life well. There are some things in the tale of the brief sketch of my life, that are genuine, just as they were, actual events. I’ll leave it to you to guess; for I will keep much of my life only hinted at.

I grew up in a rural village. There was no running water or electricity. I didn’t always know where my next meal would come from, for there was much about life in those days that was rather mysterious. But on we lived, and many smiles were enjoyed, just as more stars are seen on a darker canvas of the sky. Dark times and bright times, and hard times and pleasant times, but all in all I grew to be a capable young lady who was ready for real work at the age of 13—or so I thought.

At night our village, in groups here and there, would meet for singing songs, sometimes dancing, and eating a simple modest meal. We were healthy and free from the conforms of the country’s regulations. That is not to say that we

never suffered illness, for all lives are touched with such as a way to build up and to be strengthened.

When I was in my early teen years I would meet during the day with small groups of the village children, while their parents either worked in the field or at home, plying their trades. They were not far, however, from their parents, for this was the way of our culture. This is when I began learning the art of telling meaningful stories to an interested young audience.

There was a boy about my age who I greatly loved, but it was not meant to be, for one fine day my parents and I and a few others packed up our gypsy wagon and headed elsewhere. I wept sorely, but that was life as a true gypsy girl, never to call one place home forever, but to explore and to bring our home-made, quality materials to other places of the land.

But all was not lost, for by the time the numbers switched from 13 to 31, I had a family of my own. We too travelled first here and then there, but always in our hearts did we carry the same melody that my parents had taught me since birth. And of course we always kept special care of the box of scrolls that were entrusted to us—just like most everyone else in our unique village tribe of free-born gypsies.

However, rain clouds gathered one fine day, when I least expected it. This was no ordinary rain, for it fell not from above, but from the ground beneath. Up sprayed water as if a hose was focused on us. From all sides the water poured as the dark clouds encased us.

When there was a break in the weather—whatever strange sort of weather that had been—we found our wagon wheels were too stuck in the mud to move forward. And the precious chest of scrolls was nowhere to be seen. Much loss was known, and much grieving was felt in my soul.

“Where oh where can the precious scrolls be found? Perhaps someone else has spare that they can share with us?”

What troubled me the most was the fact that some on our little team seemed to be rather relieved at their loss. “Less weight to have to lug around,” one said.

I was utterly heart broken and attempted to speak of how I wished we could get to look them over again and learn from the wise sayings written therein.

“If only I had been guarding it with my life, this would not have happened. The storm must have soaked the chest, broken it somehow, and the papers too wet to hold together must have broken down and found their way into the dirt,” I surmised, though I didn’t see how mere water could have made them so difficult to find.

Instead of a chest filled with the sacred scrolls I found a container of ornaments, pretty things that would be used in a more stable house situation.

Not knowing what to do, now that we were stuck in mud, we broke off this and that from our wagon that was unable to move out of the dirt, and began to make something to call a stable home. I did the best I could, but the boards and this and that never did make a perfect dwelling place, but at least we had a place that was somewhat dry to live in—for how long we didn’t really know.

Chapter 9: A new called out army

[A MESSAGE FROM HEAVEN]

(Jesus speaking:) Come out and be separate. I will mark you as My own.

You don't belong to this or that group of people, but are on My team of representatives there on Earth. You wear the emblem and are there on commission.

Fall not into the trap of 'groupitess' but cleave to Me, Your Maker and Provider, and I shall sustain you. The fall of mankind is to link up to others in order to pursue their own set of goals that are contrary to Mine—as in the fall of Babel.

Link up to Me, get your orders from Me. I will direct your path. You are not to call yourself by another's name, ... associated with [only] a certain religious body of believers ... but a member of all who are true to the faith.

(Jesus speaking:) I'm desperate and searching for [those who will lead others to God's way.]

So few are willing to pay the cost of showing others the way. For those that try, are picked on, despised, misunderstood, and persecuted. The Devil aims stronger attacks on those that are threatening to do more for the Lord and lead others in the way of the righteous King.

It takes utter yieldedness to God as King to be a true and great leader of light in these troublesome and confusing days. But the children of light no longer sit in the shadows, but rise up to shed light on to others' path, and to let it glow in their eyes.

No longer is it to be this or that group of followers, but the Children of the Kingdom as one body of believers seeking to do their Master's will.

I'm calling from all around the World, seeking those who will rise up to fight against the Enemy and His forces. You can't do this on your own, and you will indeed need others to work with you—both in the flesh and with fighters in the Spirit.

I'm calling a new army now, from all around the World who will do My bidding. Don't delay. Don't miss the call. Come and follow Me, and I will make you fighters for men, who would perish otherwise. Now is the time to sign up to work with the troupes of Heaven, with Me, Jesus Christ, as commander and chief Captain. Will you join? Greater empowerment means greater success.

Those who would rather play and let the world all get worse without them doing much to lift a finger, are going to find the flood breaking in on them. Those who choose to be on My team at all cost and give up their easy life now, will be on the life boats, the rescue vessels, zooming through the icy and dark waters, trying to find those who thought they had all the time in the world to eventually do this or that.

I'm calling a new army, the old is passed away, and behold the new is forming. Wholehearted folks from all walks of life are marching on. Not everyone has the full and only truth. But all need to seek Me for My Words of life to lead the way, to lead those who need to get to know Me.

Find out the truth and let it empower you. You don't know all there is to know. They don't know all that I want to say. He or she doesn't know all truth from A to Z. But if you all follow Me wholeheartedly, I'll teach you a thing or two that will make you truly have an edge over the rest of the masses, that are being now washed away in the flood of untruths across the world.

If you don't want to be a casualty, then hop on board when I bring the boat around to your port. Wanna ride? Want to survive? Come on then. Yes, you'll have to leave the ways of the world, but that's okay because it's all going to go under soon anyway. And when the water at last abates, you can help to set things up the right way.

If you only learn the ways of the world, then before you can even be of any help in the ruling time of My reign on

Earth, you'll have to go through a "detoxing" learning course to "unlearn" all the folly and begin to learn to do things My Way, in the ways of God.

Those who "come out from among them and be separate" will be strengthened. Learn all you can from the Holy Word of God, reading it daily with concentration, and committing large parts to memory.

Learn all you can from the great men and women who I showed much truth to and who suffered for My name. If they were true prophets and messengers, they suffered persecution, or would have if they lived long enough, or their followers did. But they chose Me above getting the world's opinions.

Learn all you can from modern day, whole-hearted believers. I am revealing new things all the time, and if you are keen and listening, you'll learn what will give you strength. And always match everything up with the Bible, and My true voice of My Word in your own heart telling you what I want you personally to know and see and do.

You have to have a connection with Me now too, as I want to be your personal life-coach. Don't neglect your relationship with Me, for that is your lifeline, what will give you strength.

Be brave and strong and give Me your time and attention.

Chapter 10: The Ragged Girl and the Prince's Surprise

[INSPIRED STORY FROM ABOVE]

(Jesus Speaking:) I want you humble. Thinking you are seldom liked helps you to stay very close to Me. I dwell with the humble.

Like going into a crowd and wanting to feel appreciated, you scan it to see who is feeling the most dejected and despised and you go to befriend them. They are grateful for your companionship. This is how it is with Me too. I find those of low degree—or rather who actually realise that they are, and then I comfort them. These make Me feel the happiest. They laugh at My jokes, they play the games I suggest, and I like to let them win. I share my toys with them—My heavenly joys, and they light up when they see I am back.

What if I had whispered to them that I was actually a prince and would be back to get them and take them in My golden and crystal carriage to the castle on yonder hill? If I told them to tell the others about Me and that whoever wanted to come could—they just needed to be willing to leave the party, and trust what I said was true. If the beggarly humble and despised girl in the corner started to tell the other proud and fancy, into-themselves girls, the message that the Prince in disguise had asked her to pass on, they might have had various reactions.

"Who? That ragged boy who was talking to you? Boy do you have a grand imagination."

"Even He couldn't manage being around you—that's why He actually left."

"Why would He want to be around you? There's not a thread of beauty in your appearance."

She would be mocked and laughed at, pushed away from their groups of shallow chatter and such. But there might be someone who was tired of all the fake cover ups of the way they were really feeling inside, and wished for something real—and to get it she was willing to believe in a supposed fantasy. Perhaps this other girl or two went then to sit with the low-class, ragged girl, who now had diamonds for eyes it seems, as they were glowing with a light of hope and a light of love for the 'Prince' that she called him. Instead of mingling with those who rejected the message that was

passed on, and having no one else to tell, they looked out the window for any signs of his coming. They didn't want to miss it.

Sure enough, He showed up, and the humble ones who believed ran to the door—and were transformed as they walked through, to now be wearing gorgeous clothing, and they were shining all around, clean and looking like ethereal princesses. Those in the party were laughing in their fake display of merriment, and were too drunk to make the move anyway to get to the carriage. Even if they tried, walking through the doorway wouldn't have transformed them. And only transformed persons would be allowed entrance into the carriage that took them to the castle.

Their laughing stopped instantly as a look of terror hit them. They had missed the truth and now the trip. Everything they'd actually wanted was missed because they believed they were good enough, and didn't need anyone humble telling them anything new.

As the believing and humbles ones ran out to meet the prince, He stood there now looking radiant and very royal, with His arms out ready to receive them. He embraced them and ushered them quickly into the carriage. He looked upward and saw the clouds of storms about to fall. The wave of the ocean was swelling to wash over the land, and a rumble of an earthquake was felt under their feet, beginning to escalate. Inside the carriage the lovely believers went, and off they were whisked away through the air, until they went farther and farther, hardly able to be seen as it went towards the castle in the clouds.

Meanwhile back in the party room, drinks and cups were flying, people were losing their footing as the earthquake hit full force. Chandeliers were falling, and pictures were tilting and then falling off the wall. Broken glass was on the floor, and people were trying to crawl out. But when they got to the door they screamed as coming towards them was a tidal wave, a flood. Lighting was flashing and deep darkness was falling. If they only had listened. If they had only forsaken their pride, even for an instant, to hear what the humble lady had to say. If only they believed they needed something or someone more than themselves to make all their best dreams possible.

I dwell with the humble and believing ones.

Chapter 11: Scrolls to Read and Cherish

[GYPSY'S LIFE]

One day as I was gazing out of the window, which I often did, with little more to occupy my mind at that time, I noticed a seller on his wagon passing by our place. He seemed to have something I very much needed.

"House fixing supplies! Healing aids! Beautifying creams! And so much more..." his voice called, and I listened.

"Now that is just what I need!" I said, and stole out quickly to see up close just what was being offered. Though on the lid of a fine-looking chest were some items resembling what was being offered, instead of a chest filled with material items there was something altogether different placed inside—or so it seemed very different to me.

"Is this what you are offering?" I said, rather surprised. But before too long my surprise turned into joy. "Oh! These are the very scrolls we'd lost! The very ones!"

I could hardly contain my joy; but when I told some others on my team about it, they were rather concerned than

joyous. Suddenly my smile turned to dejection.

“Why? What are they so worried about? Why can’t they share the joy of my heart with me?” Sadly, and after waiting until they had gone about their busy work here and there, made to feel nearly like I was stashing some forbidden and stolen items, I tucked the chest with the sacred scrolls away in a secret closet that I held, and only I had the key.

I shook my head. “These should be the very centerpiece, perhaps even the only ornament adorning our living quarters.”

Late at night I would sneak ever so quietly into the dimly lit closet, and using a torch of sorts made by that which glowed in the dark, I pulled out one scroll and read it. Sometimes I only got part of a scroll read before a call came for me to rush and help someone in our household.

There was a note in the chest, that was not part of the scroll, just as beautifully written:

“I knew you would need them now, and so I saved them for you. The rain did not ruin them, though the loss of them during this time did make your health and strength and joy wane. But now that the lost is once again in your hands, you will gain new vigor by the day. It is indeed as beautifying lotion. And the parts of your room that are allowing the rats and mice to help themselves at your expense, will be blocked up; the scrolls will tell you how. Your own body will be made stronger than it ever has been—but you must, at all costs, continue to search in the sacred scrolls for the secrets.”

And so I did just that.

While picking up scrolls to read and cherish I found something wonderful had been added to the chest that hadn’t been there before. Paper! Lots of it! Pens! And a teaching kit to help me create many more scrolls—new ones. I was in awe at how speedily my hands began to write. Words echoed through the air, yet I alone heard it. Immediately I wrote all my mind did hear, as best as I could.

Before long I could hear the comments of others that I had a new glow to my face. I didn’t know this, but it showed me that it indeed had the power to heal and to bring a glow.

One night, a rare occasion when I showed one sacred scroll to a companion, something mysterious occurred. Suddenly, their pain they were suffering vanished. Something happened.

Chapter 12: Your heavenly tribe

[A MESSAGE FROM HEAVEN]

(Jesus speaking:) You are forming a tribe, you know, with the ones there to help you [in the spiritual realm]. You’ll all get along well, as you have been through so many of the same things. I can make a tribe exist, a team that can meet and enjoy one another like one big family. It’s folly to think that you will show up basically alone Upstairs, with a few friends here and there. You have the big team that you are living now with, learning from, and also helping them to increase in their skills as they fight and work and love with you.

This tribe is going to be a fun bunch to hang out with. When you learn what you are there on Earth to learn, then you can all really enjoy one another.

And you can “exist” anywhere you wish to, also. What setting, what “world” do you want this tribe to hang out and be together, when you are with one another? You know, like there are settings and styles for different parties, or holiday places, or even longer time dwelling places, your Heavenly “tribe” can have a place you go when you are together, a place that is in whatever setting would suit you.

It might be a mix of what some places on Earth are like as several in the clan are from places on Earth and would like to have things resembling that location and atmosphere. But there are others. There are many created places. You could even design a place, like you click and select from a computer the features, settings, buildings, plant and animal life, planet setting, or any wild thing.

These places for your tribe to be together can exist at the touch of your fingers. And then you all show up and enjoy this time together as a clan; yet so much closer. There isn’t infighting; there isn’t division of married life, all squared away two by two in little boxes that are mostly shut—called Earth houses.

You love each other intensely and wish to get to know each other more. You can get to know what new things are going on in each other’s life, and what they are being asked to do.

It’s a club, a team, and something really fun to be part of. You’ll have bosom buddies forever, and love each other on through eternity.

They have other tribes too that they are a part of, and so might you, depending on your faithfulness level and how closely you obeyed and did what you were called to do—to reach the lost in some way.

Your heavenly tribe—of angels, departed servants, and whoever else helped out on your life’s journey, can make the dwelling place and land be a certain way from the selected options made available, or change it, and make it rather vanish.

Just think about it—do you really want to live in the same style of dwelling place, always, only forever? What about elaborate vacation spots, or “summer houses” or a “home away from home”? Didn’t I say that if you gave up houses on Earth you would get 100-fold in return? Was that a proverb? Maybe that too, as ‘house’ in the Biblical term can mean family or tribe. But it’s also real. You do need places to be, for learning and relaxing purposes, and work too. For in Heaven, as wonderful as it is, you will be employed in all kinds of ways, and having a station to work from aids you in this.

What else does it say you get again many times over? Wives, husbands, children, brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers, lands, and so forth. I could have listed a whole bunch more things. But that was big enough and amazing enough for My crew to think about—and hard enough too, for they had to first of all do the forsaking.

Look at it. That’s what it says in black and white.

“MAT.19:29 And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life.”

If you are so attached to the world family you were linked to, and didn’t “come out” and forsake all, then you’ll have a hard time fitting in with your Heavenly tribe.

So enjoy the prospect of it meaning just what it says. And I mean it too. But what? You have to do the first part of the deal if you want Me to complete My part, My promise.

Just think of the people you really love. You want to win them to Me so they can be a part of your Heavenly clan. But if not, if they turn away, if they no longer walk with you, I can and will give you so much more in return for doing your best to win them to My team.

And one day, when all the tribes meet, all together, you'll have a great and glorious reunion at the foot of the throne of God. What a glorious day that will be. Unity is a word that hardly describes the joy we all will feel, when at last we are one, united, together, interwoven and settled in closely with one another. I'm fervently looking forward to that day. It will be a cause worth celebrating.

For now, keep being faithful. Keep trying to win others to Me, and keep staying and getting more and more connected with your Heavenly tribesmen, the host of God sent to escort and aid you.

I love you and will fervently love you when the time at last comes to be one, in every sense of the word. Be near as we go through the last bend and up the last stretch of mountainous terrain. Keep putting one foot in front of the other. I love being near you every day.

Chapter 13: The Town of Ornata

[INSPIRED STORY FROM ABOVE]

Once upon a time, in a mysterious land called "Ode" lived a very kind ruler. He liked to make things, and could make them very fast. One day he decided to make a new place, a town we'll call "Ornata". The place the King himself lived and His many many, oh so many subjects that helped him, was the most beautiful, clean and lovely place ever.

Now this new place, Ornata, wasn't at all like Ode, the beautiful place where all was pure and lovely. Well, at first Ornata was nice, very nice, with every type of flower and tree that made it so. But then something happened. One day some of the dwellers discovered a pit, a pit with the blackest and most foul smelling substance in it. Imagine a well that should be filled with liquid—like water that can clean—instead is filled with a thick type of blackish oily liquid, that is very hard, if not impossible to wash it off your clothes and face and body.

A mischievous team of troublemakers saw that the Kind Ruler had made a new and special place. They thought how wicked it would be to go and make everything all black and dirty. And so they did. These terrible ones told lies to the people living in Ornata. They said lies about the Kind Ruler, bringing mistrust in people's hearts towards him. And then they said that the terrible black slime was actually good.

It wasn't long before the people with the help of the terrible ones were pulling up bucket after bucket of this sticky, stinky, slimy liquid and spreading it all over.

Some children looked out the window and began to cry when they saw things getting all black and sticky. The people of the town were looking very very dirty, and all the pretty flowers were wilting and covered in blackness. What could they do?

Well, the Kind Ruler actually knew this might happen to his nice new place, so he had a plan to save those who didn't want to live only in Ornata, the little dirty place. Those who wished to come out and live in the vast and beautiful city of Ode, would be able to. But to keep things all nice, only clean folks would be allowed to enter the glorious land of Ode.

A letter was sent to Ornata and was supposed to be posted to everyone, letting them know about a special river that

would wash them of all the wicked black oily slime. It was the only water that was able to clean it off. The water of the town didn't do anything for them when they tried to use it to clean themselves or to wash their clothes. Everything that had been white and colourful was now black and brown, and very smelly.

The children certainly didn't like it. And what horrified them was to see from out their window that more and more people were pumping up and pulling up more and more buckets of that horrible liquid. It made them cry all the more. There weren't any nice places for them to play in. They sat in their little upstairs room waiting, crying, and wondering what to do.

It was a wonderful day when a beautiful bird, one obviously not from that place, came and flew right to their window and dropped a copy of the note from the Kind Ruler. Eagerly the children read it.

It said:

"Whoever wishes to be clean and live in the most beautiful land, can come when I call them. But they have to be spotlessly white, and they have to go to the only gate that will let them in. There will be a door keeper guarding it and he won't let anything foul or anyone wicked come in."

Yea! The children cheered! They would wait for the call of the Kind Ruler, and they would go to the lovely and tranquil land of Ode. Even though things weren't nice yet, and they still couldn't run out to play without getting very messed up, and they had to wait for what seemed like a long time, still they were excited. They had hope and were looking forward to living in Ode with the Kind Ruler.

"We have to tell others," the children realised. So they started to copy out pictures with their pens and paper, showing the way to the river, just as the map on the note had shown. And they copied out the instructions and note from the Kind Ruler. They made these copies of the instructions into little paper airplanes and sent them out the window to go here and there. They hoped others would find them, believe them, and start walking toward the river.

"But how will we get across it," one child said to her friends. "It's wide, and surely we will be clean if we cross it, as the water will wash over us as we walk and swim. But I don't think I have the strength to do it. I don't even know how to swim."

"The Kind Ruler will help us, I'm sure." And it was true, for at the river's edge he had placed many of his special helpers to assist all who chose to leave the wicked dirty place to come and get clean. They had to leave everything they owned in the town; they couldn't bring a single item, not even a hurtful frown. Everything dirty and bad had to be left behind.

Many did come to river and were getting washed, and were waiting for the call to cross over and to enter in the only door into the glorious realm of Ode.

When someone was at last at the door that led into the glorious realm, when it was their turn to enter, they would have to be permitted in. Not just anyone could go in. They would need to be clean and only want to do good and kind things, and only speak the truth, and only want to make things nice and treat people well. If someone was still soiled with the blackish oil and wished to mess up places of the glorious land, then they were not allowed in, but sent away.

There needed to be a very good and strong door keeper who would only allow the right people in. Who could be trusted to do this? Well, to place the right one there, the Kind Ruler had to train and test someone.

"You! You are the one I choose to be the keeper of the door," the Kind Ruler said to the one he chose. "But you'll need

to first prove your trustworthiness—both to me and to those who are going to come to the door. They will need to know they can trust you; and I will need to know I can totally trust you to only let the clean and pure ones in who have good intentions.”

The Kind Ruler explained what would need to be done.

The one chosen for this very important task, who we will call “Ortava”, took his mission very seriously. He did all that he was asked to do, and passed the test. To reward him, he was allowed to be the door guardian, as well as own all of Ornata, to do with it and the people whatever he wanted to, later on.

The test he had to pass was to first go and live in that wicked and filthy place that Ornata now was. He had to be there but not do any of the bad things the town’s people were doing, even if they pestered him to join in and do wrong. Even if they tormented him and pressured him to stop doing the good things, he had to still bravely do what was good. Ortava the Prince, for that is what he was, showed the people of Ornata what they were to do. He was kind and helpful. He showed and told everyone who would come to Him and listen, how to get to the river. And he told them how to get clean.

“I’ll be at the door to let you in, if you’ve washed in the special river,” he told them. Many did learn to like and trust him, even though it cost them so much trouble. It cost Ortava a whole heap of trouble too, for every time that he did something nice for someone of the town, then the wicked ones hit him and tried to dump more foul liquid on him. But he wouldn’t stop being nice to people and helping others.

One day the leader of the wickedest ones doing the most damage to Ornata tried to get Ortava to be on his bad team. The wicked leader tried to offer Ortava great rewards. “You can own much of everything in Ornata, if you will do whatever I tell you to do,” the leader of the terrible ones said to the brave prince, Ortava.

Ortava passed that test, and many other tests. He chose instead to be poor and hungry much of the time, rather than owning things and being owned by the wicked leader. He didn’t want things, he just wanted to be trustworthy and able to be the door keeper. He wanted the children to be able to enter into the beautiful land of Ode. And they could, if he was appointed as door guardian.

Eventually, Prince Ortava was completely chased out of Ornata, but his task was done and he passed the tests.

“I’ll be back!” Ortava told the many children who had gathered around him. “And when I come back, I’ll clean it all up. Because Ornata actually belongs to me now.”

The children cheered, and would wait for their turn to be called to enter the special doorway and live always in the beautiful land of Ode.

One by one, as the years went by, the children who were washed totally clean, were helped over the river and brought to the door. They were so glad to see Ortava there waiting to greet them. They knew they had reached the right door when they saw his kind face.

“Yes, you can come in,” Ortava would say to them, and in they would go. Some adults who lived in Ornata also passed through the doorway into Ode, but they didn’t look like adults then. Everyone was as a child when they entered. They had to be as a child to be allowed in. Everyone was young and eager to learn, and very happy. So it indeed was children and only children who entered through the doorway, allowed in by Ortava the brave prince. No one else but children could enter.

“Wow!!” the children would always exclaim in total pleasant surprise. Ode was a place more beautiful and fun than

they had ever seen or ever imagined.

If a dirty and wicked one, rather than cleaning off in the river, had dug a tunnel under it or tried to be catapulted over it and showed up at the door way, Ortava would say, “No, you can’t enter like that.” And they would have a choice to either plunge in the river and get clean and give up all the wicked trinkets that they carried with them, or they would be sent to a place for those who liked to stay stinky and dirty.

The only ones allowed to enter were the clean and washed ones, who washed with the special river water, and who brought nothing else with them, and who politely asked the door guard if they could please enter, and if they wanted to do good and be nice to everyone, they would be allowed to enter.

When Ortava returned to Ornata years later, he made the biggest hose ever, and it sprayed and sprayed water all over Ornata—the special water of course. And it got all clean. Then he lit a very big fire and burned everything foul.

Suddenly all the flowers were able to grow clean and beautiful again. The grass was at last green again, and houses were rebuilt with the nicest materials, and were clean and beautiful.

“Would you like to go to Ornata?” the door guard asked some of the children. “It’s all nice now,” Ortava told them.

So they went on a little trip to see what it was like now. And it was so very nice. They could play there and laugh again. But they liked the land of Ode best. Of course now Ornata was part of the land of Ode, but they liked to be as close as they could to the Kind Ruler and his prince, Ortava. They felt so happy to be around them.

And you know, the Kind Ruler and Ortava really liked the children to be near them as well, for that is what they made this extra special place in the land of Ode for, so they could see the children happy and laughing and having fun. It was so very hard for them to see the children all black with wickedness, but now that was passed away and all was pleasant again.

Everyone was very glad. Well, most everyone. Those who didn’t get clean and who didn’t trust Ortava the brave Prince and door keeper, and those who didn’t want the land of Ode to be so very nice, well, they were very miserable. But the good folks who liked good and liked clean and beautiful things, they were very glad about all the good that the Kind Ruler and Ortava the prince had done and were going to do next. The children were excited to see what new things the Kind King Ruler, his wife Ellaina, and Prince Ortava were going to make. It was always good.

Chapter 14: A village on the northside

[A MESSAGE FROM HEAVEN]

(Spirit being speaking:) I’m going to take you exploring. There’s a cute little village on the northside of this place that I want you to see. It’s set up to the T with everything that a lovely, quaint town would have.

I’ll show you to the bakery where lots of fun conversation goes on. Not only do the folks gather here for tea and talking, but they help out as well. It’s a town bakery, as in all help out, and all know the skill of making the breads and pastries.

See, in this town, no one is overworked, and certainly no one is stuck with a “job” of doing only one thing, again and again. That is for earth life, for it teaches you lessons through that tough challenge.

But here, the way it is set up, is whatever aids the overall joy of the town. Whatever helps to up the joy mood of the overall place. You can only do that by finding out what each one finds the best joy and fulfillment doing.

Variety is something that nearly everyone needs.

No, no one is lazy. For that brings neither joy nor satisfaction, and certain not fulfillment of needs. Each one likes to be able to give, and so chances for giving to others are abundant.

The children here learn the art of working in a wide variety of ways. They too find fulfillment and challenge through learning this one day, and that another day, and switching around from various teachers and elders who can train them in all sorts of skills. They are never left to wonder what to do.

See, that is the reason for group-helping in all the main functions of the town. The children and young people see that the adults don't carry the full weight of all that needs to be done. Each one can do their bit and help out or be an apprentice to learn some skilful craft.

Perfection is a thing of the past, for the goal is joy and inclusiveness. No one need feel alone. No one even need to waste their time thinking "what am I going to be"—as in one exclusive skill that they work themselves to the bone trying to do for the rest of their life. —Where if they had any joy in doing or learning that skill, by the time the first year or two are through, all joy has been beaten out with the lack of variety and the lack of group support. The sheer weight of it all resting on their two shoulders drains the love of their task right out of them.

But since joy is the theme of this town, nothing of this sort happens. It's a collective goal instead of personal competition and racing against time, and facing clashes of interests. No one need to compete against another, but rather aid one another if they find they both have the same earnest interest.

Let me take you around. As you can see all around this town there are flowers and parks and it's hard to even find more than a couple buildings one against another. For space, and lots of it, aids in the thinking process. Too many buildings all boxing up the population makes the mind close up just as tightly. Open air places for worship, while the children run and sing, or ride their animals, makes for joyful gatherings.

Another feature to this place is that there isn't any piping system going through the town. Nothing has to be dug up and plants and animals disrupted to set up a new living quarters. New and far more effective solutions are found; some you have never thought of before. Beauty and harmony, and beautiful sounds, and beautiful sights, and peaceful surroundings are thought of as the biggest priority when setting up living places or when new areas are added to this town.

I'd like to take you to the town's waterfall. A lovely place of peaceful gathering it is indeed. There is joyful bathing in the nude, laughing and splashing in its pool by the town's wee folk, as mother's spread out picnics and share around the food they brought, trading this and that with another family's picnic spread. Here no one needs to envy what another has, for always, in advance, each one tries to bring or create a bit more than they actually need, all for the purpose of being able to share with others who might wish to have some too. In deed it would feel rather saddening if one only had enough for themselves and their own, and had nothing to share. For joy comes when seeing that another is made glad as well.

I'll take you now through the forest that surrounds the town. A deep and vast forest it is. There is never a lack of wood or leaves for any of the town's needs. Abundant supply is there, and all are freely able to take what they truly need.

See, with no one trying to make a living by taking from others, or trying to get more than another by exploiting, then only true needs are tended to, so all have what they need—and a bit more, as everyone generously shares the extras for the pleasure of it.

And now we have reached the outer edge of forest that surrounds this town. And what is there? A vast body of water, a beach, and some mountains coming out of the clear water. Boats are on the shore, and there are some men preparing for a trip to a sea mountain. Goods, raw goods, are found in these places and can be gathered and brought to shore.

There are some cottages along the shore where folks can stay when they are here to explore or to gather needed goods for the towns all around. If you were to stand on the tall mountain that resides in the body of water you'd see that there are many other little villages and settlements around, much like the one I just showed you.

Visiting one another is a lovely way to spend a week or two. Each of these settlement places have free access to the body of water, and the goods in this sea and in the mountains. Each village is surrounded by many, many trees; a vast forest that goes on and on.

There are some log cabins in the middle of the forest as well, for those folks who wish to camp out and be rather alone for a time. Village life isn't for everyone, as lovely as it is, and this forest provides accommodation for those who want time surrounded by nature rather than people. Everyone can get what is needed for their personal joy maintenance. Some people just need more quiet than others, and so the arms of the deep green trees of the forest welcome any who wish to reside there, for however long is enjoyed.

I can't wait to show you around this place, some years in the future. I think you'll enjoy your trip. What a change and difference it is to the world you live in now that does all it possibly can to drain all joy from a heart and mind and life.

Here is a place where a visitor can literally soak in the joy, and smile just about nothing really, just because the air of the place fills their heart with a light and cheery feel. It's rare to see someone who is not smiling, in heart at least, but faces too are usually clothed in a grin. It's just the way it is.

Chapter 15:

[GYPSY'S LIFE]

One day Gypsy Young sat to do her daily story telling, she told a story none had heard before. Each part of the story had a hidden meaning. Some would hear the story, and could learn something from it; and yet others knew more the deeper meaning and it gave them clues that they needed that would help them to gather jewels on their pathway, and discard what was unneeded or what would slow them down on their journey.

When she was finished telling the first story, the listeners wished to know more, and so a second one followed, showing in a new way, the same ideas that the first one tried to depict. Each one listening thought hard about what it meant for them. There were secrets baked into the thread of the tale, and one must listen very thoughtfully in order to grasp what it might mean for them personally.

Each story she told at "story telling time" meant something slightly different to different listeners, for each of their lives had their own sets of challenges to face. Yet each one was trying to reach many of the same goals, and struggled with many of the same road blocks, storms, and hinderances from reaching the end of their journey.

Retrieving the Jewels—Part 1

[INSPIRED STORY FROM ABOVE]

A jewel cutter and his family travelled far over dusty and hot terrain to find a place to settle. The man wanted a place near the town where there was sure to be those who wished to see, admire, and want the lovely jewels he could offer. He knew these could benefit the people of the town, making it better, all the while helping to provide for his family.

He was no ordinary cutter, for he indeed also had the heaven-sent gift of finding and knowing where raw precious stones and gems were. For the King who knows all things would lead him to them, or at times place an uncut jewel into his hands as he slept, or as he woke, or while he communed with Him out in nature.

The jewel cutter found a nook to set up as a home and base for his trade. His children grew, and as they watched him finding and cutting jewels, they began to learn this skill. Whenever he would show these jewels to others, they would gaze in amazement at their beauty. They were of priceless value, and unlike what most others were using to adorn themselves and their homes, or to give as gifts to one another.

Now it so happened that another jewel cutter who was also a merchant from a distant area began to hear about this man. He began to make inquiries regarding the types of jewels made. He wanted to expand his source of merchandise, and began to eye the treasures this man had. The jewels were beautiful indeed, in fact just what could benefit his business. But he must make a plan.

He looked and saw that this man, the poor yet very skilled jewel cutter, though rich in jewels, was still struggling to establish his place of living. The wagon had a wheel that needed fixing, the tarp covering his goods was torn. The children's shoes were tattered, and the wife was eyeing the wagon loads of food goods being sold at the market, hoping to feed her family well.

Now, there was one more special gift that this jewel cutter and supplier had. There was the magic given by the King to him, to replicate as many of a certain cut jewel as he wished for. When he gave or sold one of his hard-worked on jewels, there would be in his hands—like the bread and the fish multiplying—still yet another of that same jewel resting in his hands. As many as he sold or gave away, the same would still be there with him.

However, as marvellous as this was, this was particularly disturbing to the jewel merchant, who saw only the riches that he could gain from the miraculous talent and gifts of this humble jewel cutter. He thought up a plan. He was aware of the sympathy this man had to the welfare of his family, thus he thought he might be able to convince the jewel cutter to do what he wished.

The merchant could not rest until the plan had been put into place, for the jewels cut by this certain jewel cutter were unique and were sure to bring the merchant much wealth.

One day he casually sauntered up and circled around, with smooth words and convincing tone he shared his vision and request with the jewel cutter, and added, "And you, wonderful crafts man will be granted up to half of all I earn...if you'll allow me use of some jewels. Together we can make something great."

The jewel cutter looked around at the many needs of his family, and saw his hands could work a little extra, perhaps. He thought of the benefits of this plan, and was nearly convinced it would be for the best.

However, the jewel merchant added, “Just one more thing... you’ll need to not activate the magic on the jewels you make—at least not for yourself and your family. Once you make them for me, you are to give me the power to do so—and I can then replicate as many as I wish to give and sell; but you are not to retain the original jewel to use. It will rest solely in my hands. You must promise you will not keep a copy of it in your treasure chest, along with all the other originals at your fingertips for use. But don’t worry, I’m sure you’ll benefit from teaming up with me.”

Feeling somewhat uncomfortable, knowing the long hours it would take to find and then cut the jewels, ones that he and his family would be under oath to not use or retain, he asked, “How much will you give me to find and cut these jewels for your jewel merchant business?”

“Well, you see...” the words were carefully chosen; for he had not wanted to spend anything at all. He had to retain the confidence of this jewel cutter, but he wasn’t willing to lose anything at all that he had so far gained. “First you find and cut the jewels... then we... I mean I sell them. The payment will come after I do...if I do. How can I pay when they are not made nor sold yet? We are a team. Put your trust in me. You see, I’m trying to help you.” He smiled his warmest fear-distilling grin.

The jewel cutter looked at his tools. They did need some fixing and sharpening. There were many things this endeavour would cost him. But perhaps if one day this giving up of jewels would come back to him again with supplying his and his family’s needs it would be worth all the work it took.

“I’ll think about it,” he said, and planned to ask a few jewel sellers and other cutters. Maybe they would have some experience in this to help give him guidance. He wanted to make the right choice.

“My wife has no jewel cutting experience, so what she says will be irrelevant. I will ask another lady.”

And he did. This lady jewel seller was indignant that the merchant would act so low. She saw immediately through his user-scheme and said so clearly to the jewel cutter.

But his heart seemed more and more inclined to not only find and cut the jewels for this merchant to sell, but to promise that he would not retain use of any of the jewels. They were to be given over completely to this wealth seeker.

The King was with this jewel cutter, through all this, and promised to help him. For the King loved him deeply, and was grateful for all the long hours of labour this jewel cutter had spent in cutting jewels that helped bring more beauty to the Kingdom.

However, though his wife knew the King was in charge of all things, she sensed something was wrong, or not quite what it should be, and wholly wanted their family to please the King. She, upon occasion tried to speak of it with the jewel cutter. But the matter was a closed topic; after all she knew nothing of business and jewel cutting. Yet in her heart she cared deeply for the jewel cutter, and his children; their children. Anything that affected the family, indeed, was her business. All she could do was wait, bide her time, and pray for the King to help him find jewels that the jewel cutter would not regret having given them up to the single-minded merchant.

And so the business was arranged, for the jewel cutter was hard up and felt it was at least something he could do for his family.

“Daddy can you come and play,” sometimes the children would say, or they would run and laugh near to where he was working. “You can’t disturb daddy now, and please be quiet so he can focus on where to find jewels and cut them just right,” the children were told.

Resentment started to set in. Their daddy had to do much extra work, for he would not be payed for this work. He had to do his usual jewel work, plus the free work for the merchant.

“How much is he paying you,”

“Nothing yet...”

The children and wife would console themselves, “At least daddy is getting to find and make more jewels than ever, for someone wants them! Now he’ll have more in his treasure chest! It makes us pray for the King to give him more jewels.”

But this was a false hope. Nothing could be further than the truth; at least while the jewel cutter continued to surrender to the conditions put on him.

“Can we hold some of some of the jewels you just made, daddy, they might be right for a special project we are doing!”

“No, you can’t hold them, for I have given them to the merchant,” the father said.

“Daddy can we use that neat new jewel to use to attract the children of the village to come, and then we can tell them more about the King?”

“No, like I said, the merchant has it.”

The boys’ eyes got teary, and their heart began to burn with anger at the merchant who would dare to take their daddy’s jewels, and sell them, while refusing for their daddy—the very finder and cutter of them—to do the same.

They would sob to their mother, with hot tears, “All that time we gave up being with daddy... and we can’t even have use of the jewels at the end of it! It was worthless. And such a man must be a very bad one who would make daddy do that. Why would daddy do it?” It all seemed terribly wrong, no matter what angle it was examined with.

“Can I use a magical copy of the jewel to set in this piece of jewellery I’m sharing with the poor,” the wife asked.

“No, as I said, I have no copy of it for use, only the merchant can give permission.”

“But I have so many I need to help. Who can I hire to help cut jewels for me...”

“I can, of course, one day...” he’d say, though the amount of time he already could not spend with his family and children, and his ailing health at times from repeated tool use, made that not a practical or good option. He worked day and night already it seemed—working more wasn’t going to happen.

This was indeed new for the family to grasp, and seemed very wrong indeed. The jewels were part of their family, the things they had given up the man’s time to create. It was like a part of him. And most of all, they were given from the King. To not have what the King had put into their hands anymore—and forever never to have—wasn’t right to their hearts and minds.

Their family had committed to being servants of the King, and all they had they had promised to use and give for the good of His Kingdom. The jewels being taken was opposite to everything they had pledged to the King. “And who knows what those jewels are being used for...” the wife would think. “Those who buy them from the merchant could be setting them into their idols, for all we know. God help us.”

“But I thought we came here to share and show the special jewels, to make this part of the country nicer,” the jewel cutter’s wife would think. “The King gave my husband the skill, the jewels, and the commission to use it to help those in this town. If not only his time and strength and health are taken away while working for the merchant, but the jewels as well—nothing at all use for the benefit of the Kingdom—this smells suspiciously of the work of the hinderer.”

The Hinderer would sneak around town, invisibly, and grab people’s time and attention and focus, until all they could do was wish to gain monetary success, and thus no further progress for good was made in their lives. The hinderer would trap people’s talents and resources that the King had given them to better their country, and would stop them from using them for anything more than running in circles chasing wealth and trying to take more from others.

If the jewel cutter’s wife ever tried to even hint on wanting to discuss the arrangements, the jewel cutter would shut the conversation tightly, like an iron door on a castle. She wanted to venture out to share bits of her concern with the jewel cutter, but it seemed the door slammed each time. The jewel cutter had made up his mind, and was in fear of being thought of as untrustworthy, so he painfully kept the arrangements made with the merchant.

“He must be held in the grip of fear. It’s more serious than I thought, the grasp this merchant has on him. Something must be done, but for now, prayer is all I can do,” his wife would say to herself.

Chapter 16: Retrieving the Jewels—Part 2

[INSPIRED STORY FROM ABOVE]

The merchant was very happy, as he was making money on someone else’s exquisite labours and jewels, and didn’t have to pay a cent. He laughed!

It was sometime later when his hunger began again. “These jewels are beginning to make revenue for me. If I had twice as many, then though I must give half the earnings to the jewel cutter, I could be getting twice as much as before.... but they must be cut just right.”

By now the jewel cutter had become more well-known, and he had a new wagon and a few new tools. Other jewel sellers were happy to help him sell his jewels, as they had a particular shine to them, more lovely than many other jewels. The secret of course, was that the King Himself had given these jewels to the man, or shown him where to find them, and taught him, through patient labour, just how to cut them in the best ways.

Other, so called “jewel cutters” seemed to be content to sell parts and bits of coal, calling them “diamonds in a unique state—black is the new white; dark is the new clear”. But this good jewel cutter wouldn’t dip to such levels. Only the best and most shiny, true jewels would he use and cut and make available. People began to become very interested, and some would pay him to find and cut some special jewel for their loved one, but always could the jewel cutter retain the jewel to keep in his treasure chest, and use it for His ultimate goal of bringing light and beauty to the realm of the King.

Some jewellery makers, who were working for the King would ask to keep the only jewel that the jewel cutter would cut, but then would give him a set of the made jewellery, so he could at least have it retained in that way. The jewel cutter could use this piece of jewellery in his work also for the King.

When the merchant was pondering how to get the jewel cutter to work and to give over to him more of his precious treasures, the jewel merchant saw that no longer was the jewel cutter in as desperate a state as before, so former arrangements would not work. He had to try something else that would be attractive to his new state of living. “I’ll pay

him something, enough... not too much... but enough to get him through some immediate expenses..." the merchant decided, confident this would work.

"Say... how would you feel about a spare lump of cash, right now? And you could work on some more jewels, and I'll give you more then, after you have given them over to me?"

Money sounded good. There were always needs and wishes and ambitions to be covered. "And if the jewels I give to this merchant, in return for cash, have the potential to bring in more later on... sounding mighty inviting."

For some reason, the jewel cutter didn't think to change the arrangements and agreement with the merchant, even though the jewel cutter's situation had changed for the better and his priorities in doing more work for the King had changed, and his family's needs for more jewels in their work was pressing on them. So thinking of the immediate cash, and not wanting to rock the boat, he agree to once again take on a long and tiresome task of finding new jewels—not just any ones, but according to the specification of the jewel merchant—and cutting and polishing them, repeatedly at times.

It took his strength, health, and time. His family once again gave up their daddy and husband to work for this merchant. But the feelings of ire against this man and the willingness of the jewel merchant to so easily give it all away was growing. And the uncomfortable feeling, and anger towards the hinderer getting in to their family business was burning.

The wife was stirred deeply, and sought the King daily about it. She found no peace. There was something sinister about this, though not outwardly detected. The end goal seemed to be less time for the affairs of the King. If only the jewels were reproducible for the family's use in their ministry to the town's folks, and they were able to be kept in the treasure chest for use when needed, and sold as the jewel cutter wished, then it would be worth it, and the King would be getting the benefit of it.

Though she could see the Hindering hand in this ordeal, she also knew a much larger hand was holding it all—the King's Kingdom was in His hands. His was a hand that would work all things out for good, and that was working in this situation for a greater aim. But the right choices must be made.

The jewel merchant was lustily pleased with his latest plan working, and all the new jewels he was acquiring; then dreams started to soar. "I want more... more... in fact I wish to yet double what I have gotten from this jewel cutter. One day he may wake up to assert his confidence in his jewels and talent, and would never give them fully away again... so I must act soon, before it's too late."

A request, lavished with flowery words of delight was sent to the jewel merchant, requesting yet more jewels to be handed over.

The wife pondered the future. She prayed for her husband to have guidance and openness; and a change if it was the will of the King. She determined in her heart: "I pray for the right outcome, and will not cease to pray until all is as it should be."

One night the jewel cutter had a dream of one ending to this story:

In his dream he is shown the possible effect of the decision to carry on as it has been, thus far, with the merchant.

In the dream the jewel cutter says, “Hmmm, more money... could be useful... why not. Not only money now, but future earnings through it...”

He labours much in tiresome ways to cut more jewels. Nothing is able to be retained or used in his missions for the King; not one chip of it. His family’s great need of jewels for their ministry to the town’s children is never met, as the merchant takes more and all he can—of the jewels and the jewel cutters time.

The jewel cutters sons are so angry with their father for not only taking so much time away from them, but then also giving up the jewels they sacrificed their father’s time and strength to create. They have nothing lasting to show for the time they all scarified—both father and sons. When they at last begin creating the jewellery they have longed to make and desperately need the jewels to set in them, and have none to use, they think of the nearly 50 jewels that were taken, and willingly given up, by their father. They have much ought in their heart both toward their father and the money-minded merchant.

By that time their father is getting tired, his extra labours have wearied him, and he still is very busy with other’s need for jewels—some of which had to wait while he was working for the merchant. He now doesn’t have much to give to create yet all his sons and wife need then, for their work for the King. “Perhaps you can find and make your own jewels...” the father says to try to console. And although the sons do this to some extent, this takes them many more years to create the jewellery they wanted to make, for they first have to find and cut jewels. Those young ones that they wanted to share the jewellery with, who were greatly in need and it would better and beautify their life, have grown older, colder, and are no longer interested in it.

The loss of time. The loss of jewels. The loss of loyalty for the King in others. The incomplete treasure chest sampling all the jewels the cutter has ever cut, that his sons so wanted to have, never is complete.

Years later, in the future, when asked, “Why is the treasure chest incomplete?” the only answer the jewel cutter’s sons can give is, “they were taken away by some greedy merchant we never even met.” Everyone is enraged that such a crime could be committed. “Who would have allowed this to be?” they ask. The answer, sadder yet, too embarrassed to even voice it, for not wanting to cast a shadow on jewel cutter so many admire and love “our father did” their hearts wince and whisper.

The dream ends and the jewel cutter wakes in a sweat. He needs time with the King. So much is weighing on his already hurting heart. He sets out in the early morning for a walk to the oasis.

The jewel cutter then sits and sees the sunrise by the oasis. The grass growing by it has diamond-like sparkles of dew that the sunlight is illuminating, reminding him of the many jewels the King has helped him to find and cut.

“Dear King of my life, of my heart, of my family, and of all, please direct me. I don’t want to be led by any man, but Your Sovereign will alone. As this year is nearing a close, and I cast my eyes on my family’s future and the future missions that you wish to enable me to do, I need your guidance.”

He feels a soft but sturdy presence around him. The fears he normally feels seem to flee when this unearthly presence is there. The jewel cutter’s care for the well-being of his family seems a drop or particle in the care he senses is felt by this divine Being, the King himself. And not only does he sense the great care the King holds for his children and wife, but the ability to do anything to help them. There is nothing to fear or worry about.

The fears he feels about his own safe keeping, how long his life will go on, and if he will live to see his children grown and raising grandchildren; his awareness of the delicateness of life had overwhelmed him at times. But now, in the surrounding arms of the creator and sustainer of all life, such a feeling is preposterous and seriously out of place.

His fear over past losses and choices, and the difficulties he perceives were brought about as a result, are lost in a wave of overwhelming love that covers past present and future, and loves him as a particular treasure, immeasurably.

“You can pick up from where you are now, and take firm steps. Falter not due to fear gripping you. I will hold your hand and lead you to the jewel-laden paths. Yes, it will take work, but I will make your load light, if it’s my work you are striving to do. If you dabble in the fruitless, you will be as weary and labour-laden as the poor ones working for that which bears no fruit for the future. Money is no trade for health, for happiness in heart, and for the grand rewards I give to those faithful servants. You must choose to ‘labour not for meat which perisheth’ but only that which will give back to you and to My Kingdom endless dividends. For what God creates, and stays in His light and life, lasts unendingly. The workmanship of this world will pass away and be buried in the rubble along with so-called wealth. But seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things will be added to you—the revenue to accomplish what you must while living here on Earth.”

These words filled the jewel cutter’s heart, and tears flowed from his eyes. For long had he been wanting a clear voice of the King to give him guidance. This ray and glimpse of the King’s heart and mind was like light in a corner of his own heart that he had so wished to have illumined. There would be much yet to still ask and seek His Majesty, the King of the Kingdom, but his heart felt a joy and peace.

The jewel cutter got up and began to walk home to his mud brick house, pondering the various aspects of his life.

“How can I give what time and strength I have left, in the best way, for the King?”

As he was walking home a friend he’d known for some time surprised him.

“I want some jewels as a gift for my wife. Do you think you can find some new ones and cut them, not only for me and my wife, but you can have them for use in whatever the King has for you to do with them. I will pay you well...”

This words delighted the jewel cutter’s heart. When he heard how much this friend was willing to give in return for the favour of being able to use some of the jewels, it rather stunned him. “He’s willing to give, just for the use of a few new jewels—and I having the ability to freely use them for other missions for the Kingdom—the same amount as the merchant wanted for four times that amount of jewels cut and laboured over. The merchant then saying he would keep them and forbid the use of them for the Kingdom.”

He shook his head incredulously.

The King was working and calling and leading already.

And that wasn’t all.

He’d received another offer for just one rare and large, special jewel to be found and cut, and allowed use of, for double the amount of money that the merchant was asking for 12 jewels. This one likewise the jewel cutter could use as he wished to.

The jewel cutter was most intrigued.

He knew the first thing he needed to do, and set to work on it right away.

The merchant was awaiting a response from the jewel cutter on future jewels to be given over to him. This must be addressed immediately. The fear that he had felt was now turned into a fervent fire of passion “All for the King” is all he could say. Nothing man could do or had done would stand in the way.

It was time for a change. Time for new beginnings. And all the jewels that the King had given, were to be used for the Kingdom—past, present and future. Whatever it took, he was determined to do it. Even if he had to buy them back. God would show him what to do. It was time for tables to turn.

“Dear Sir,” the jewel cutter began to write. “I have taken time to think over my life goal’s and the needs of my family. As you know, there is much to be done to better the town and the country. I’m getting older, and wish to use my time for making things better, in any way I can. As my workload has changed, so have my commitments and arrangements with those wishing for jewels. I write you now to update our agreement, so it will now reflect the current state of affairs. Not much will change, but a few significant factors must. Thank you for taking the time to look these changes of contract over, and to agree, should you wish to continue to request my time and jewels.

“If you wish to continue using the jewels I have worked on and have allowed you use of, you are free to do so—and I grant permission to continue receiving up to half of the amount you sell my jewels for. I wish you well in your business, and am glad my jewels can be available for use by others.

“If you wish to request more jewels for use as a jewel merchant, I’m open to the possibility. However, our agreement must be updated to be in accordance with my jewel cutting and using policies, that my family and I have decided on. Please understand that this new agreement must render all old ones obsolete.

“In the contract that I have now drawn up, it states that I will retain the right to use of all jewels I cut, and have cut, though I will continue to allow you use of them, and my permission for you to keep up to at least half of the price.

“This arrangement includes all past, present, and future jewels cut according to your requests—all that you have or wish to yet have. My family will keep a copy in the treasure chest of all jewels I have found and cut; and they and I are free to use my found and cut jewels according to what our needs and wishes are; we retain creator’s rights.

“If you wish to hire me to find and cut specific jewels for you, and give you permission to sell them and keep half of the earnings, you can request my time. But since there are many others needed and requesting jewels, my time is costly and will be worth thus and thus per jewel. When this is paid, I can get jewels to you, as soon as time and other commitments allow.

“Sincerely, a fellow jewel cutter, for a better world and lighter future”

With a few changes here and there, together with a few others, a final agreement was drawn. It was signed and completed—by all parties.

A loud and joyous cheer went up that all heaven sent out. And a relief heaved from the bosom of the jewel cutter’s wife. The King had rescued his jewels, and given them back with dividends, to the jewel cutter. Instead of the merchant being instrumental for the Hinder, he was being put to use by the King himself, causing the jewel cutter to find and cut many new jewels—those which the King, through the jewel maker’s family, could be used for making the town and county better; and in time brought in benefits to the jewel cutter and his family as well.

The sons of the jewel maker were delighted, and they got to work right away on making the jewellery the King had inspired them to. The lives of many were beautified, and many children learned more deeply about the King through their efforts.

Though work was always present, and weary days at times wove through their lives, the family of the jewel maker were at last deeply happy, for they were able to, unhindered, give truly their all to the King—their time, their strength, and the jewels found, cut, and polished. Everything the King gave to them, they could at last use fully for his Kingdom. The King was pleased and blessed this family with many more treasures, as well as all the income needed to sustain their work for Him and others. The jewel cutter found new joy and inspiration. His health and wellbeing sprung back as he threw all his heart, mind, soul, might and energy into work for the King and using all the jewels for the good of the Kingdom.

Chapter 17: Secrets—Part 1

[GYPSY'S LIFE]

Several months later, a man with a messy hair style, torn and ragged clothing, comes panting up to me, Gypsy Young, as I stood in the doorway looking out—like I often did. I thought it was mud adorning his wet and rugged skin, but as he approached I saw it was rather soot and ashes. Some ashes were on his forehead as well, and in his hand he held the remains of a scroll.

“What happened?” was a question obviously written on my face, and the answer is just what he had come to tell me before I could ask it.

“The scrolls. Some are being burned in the looting. Some have caught fire, others are being rescued and tucked away. Rain indeed has wetted many, and they are being discarded in this state. There were already so few folks left who still had a full and complete chest of these now secret and sacred scrolls. We must be very cautious and keep well what has been entrusted to us. I have my own full set in a locked case where I do hope the wrong people won't happen upon them. But how are things for you?”

“I think we are well, at least for now. Thank you for your advice. I will cherish what I hold all the more,” I replied.

Then he said,

“Many will wish for the return of the scrolls in time, but it will be hard, if not impossible to fully recover what is being torn away and robbed of the careless who spent much time in the field and left their true riches open on the wayside. Those who did not spend much time studying and tucking away these rare scrolls, are the first to have lost them. Be wise. Do more than hide them in safe keeping, for that isn't what they were given to you for, but most of all to read and review and ponder what is written on them.”

Thankfully some time past and my copies of the scrolls were safe and well hidden. Why, not even the neighbours knew of their whereabouts. But was I likewise learning from them? Did I spend enough time in the secret closet learning and reading them? What if one day mine too were taken—could I knowledgeably tell others what many of them had said?

Many many secret hours, whenever I could get moments or hours alone, were spent writing out the new sacred scrolls that were added to the chest.

One day I made a tremendous discovery. The scrolls contained a secret clue to a most valuable hidden treasure in the

land. Someone on my team had always wondered about this and spoke of it. They had heard from their parents about the existence of this treasure, but thought it must be a myth, as so very few talked about or claimed to have discovered it.

I was thrilled to find this clue when comparing both notes from the sacred scrolls, as well as the newly written ones, and some ancient documents that my tribe referred to as “The Script”. All three harmonized.

“Click!” the clue was plain and showed right where to go to find this treasure.

As soon as I could I wrote out all the bits of the clue from all the documents, and when placed together on one piece of paper it was very plain to me that the treasure was a reality, and how to get there was clear. I knew already, or did believe that there was a place of secret treasure, as a few of the older ones living in the land—places I had traveled through—had let me see and hold some very beautiful jewels, and told me that these were found in the secret treasure cave.

I wanted to let people know now that it was true, I was so sure of it, that the place of secret treasure did exist and would help sustain our family for years to come. One of the reasons I longed to show and tell about my discovery of the clue wasn't to get more things, even rare and costly things, but to show how the scrolls were genuine—both the older ones and the new ones; and that they were vital to our survival. Of course I knew it, but few others if any, had the same joyful delight in reading and making discoveries in the sacred scrolls.

However, a most surprising twist occurred that broke my heart and changed things forever.

I knocked on the door of the one who I had heard tell me long ago that they did wonder if the place of secret treasure was indeed a reality.

“Guess what!” I ventured.

They, thinking I was merely coming to tell them, perhaps about what was on the menu or some sort of weather conditions, casually asked me to speak on.

When I told them my amazing discovery, and my great delight to travel and discover the treasure, their face took on the most grave look I'd ever seen. A fear, like a white sheet, came across them. Angrily they spoke, nearly spitting with utmost contempt.

“Of course the scrolls would speak of it; because they are fanciful and corrupt documents. This proves the mistrust I've had all along. Can't you see that the storm was saving us from these scrolls. Why ever you chose to get them again by that shady and untrustworthy traveler, shows you are so easily deceived. What a crazy fool you are to believe this so called 'clue'. You've made it up yourself, trying to justify your desire to leave us. I've known all along that in your heart you've wanted to move on. Now you are using this baked up 'amazing discovery' to make up a false cover for why you are going.”

I was in utter shock. What I thought would give them a great surge of joy, and that they too could then fully embrace what the sacred scrolls said, and together we could study them, had blown up in my face.

I simply said, “I thought you wanted to know this... you said you did...it's taken me so long to find this out. I thought it would make our team happier to have an exciting exploration to go on.”

I walked away in utter dismay as they replied, “I'm not going anywhere. And the ancient documents are enough for me to give me advice. Come to your senses before you ruin everything.”

My dreams of joyful discoveries—like we used to do when we traveled—was placed in an unopenable grave of dead dreams. (Continued in “Secrets—Part 2)

Chapter 18: Palaces in Heaven for teams

[A MESSAGE FROM HEAVEN]

(Jesus speaking:) It's the separateness of the “mansions in Heaven” concept that needs to be broken down. The aloneness. This is a world concept, each in their own little boxes. But if you were to travel around the world, what makes a home a home is the family, the extended family in many places, that all live together. If they were to be separated and each have their own palatial residence, they would miss one another. What people are trying to get away from, besides poverty and all the ills that have formed on a sick world because of it, is a lack of love. They don't want to live with this or that person because a lack of love has caused them to be hurt. So living alone or imagining that they will each have their place to call “their own” seems a comfortable thought in comparison.

So what these past few messages seem to say to you, dear girl, is that there is more of a “group house” a shared dwelling, ‘come home’ and ‘arrive in our palace’.

It won't be up to you where you live and with whom, but know this that you are loved, and you do have a place in their hearts, in their home or homes, and in their arms. There is so much to be explored. You have a safe haven in the Heavens.

But “family”, a Heavenly family team isn't made up of just who you happened to be related to on earth; as who was born, and when, is something to do with who needed what experience. But say you felt a strong kindred spirit with someone born 2000 or more years ago, what if they were on your “family team”; or someone from a tribe you never heard of or met, but both of you were sent to earth to learn some similar things and so you have lots in common. These might be a part of your “tribe” in the next life.

True “family reunions” in the Heavenlies are going to be a whole lot of fun.

Now you might have your own “living quarters” in the large palatial estate, a place to call your own, where you and I can meet and be alone; or where others can meet you in the privacy of your place; or you can go over your lessons and learn what you need to in a place of peace and beauty—like a rather large room, with a terrace and fountain and garden, pathways through to a meadow, a garden house, patio, fish pond, grapevines, or whatever, in this estate. To some that might seem like a very luxurious house, but it's not on its own, labelled with its own “street address”, but a part of a larger place, with united dining halls, many rooms where visitors are free to come and attend your family banquets—“family” being the main team abiding there.

I know you like very large places, with halls and halls and floors and levels to explore. And this can happen when you live as a team. Just think, with so many friends and “family” living with you, you can have plenty of friendship time, lots of chats, and great times of fellowship.

Of course the main feature in one such a place might be the grand hall where I sit and commune and teach you, My children, what you need and want to learn. And I can visit you each privately as well, each in your own living space there where you dwell.

I also have My own Master bedroom in the palace, where you are free to visit and love with Me in “style”. That's the time when we are waited upon and special treats happen there. But mostly, I am with you, and so are others. I am

with you, in the form that is best, right where you are. But with Me on the 'property' you never know just when I'll show up. There are no locked doors for Me. I have the keys, remember? Not that people close and lock their doors much, but I can walk into any room at any time and see what is going on, or join in anytime I wish. —Like a father does with his children; or like a lover does with a mate, I join in.

And since I can be in more than one place at a time, this isn't a problem. I can be in one room talking to someone, while another part of My spirit is engaged deeply with someone else. There is enough of Me to go around.

And each household has an elder who keeps watch also; someone who knows Me very very well and reports all to me. In some ways it feels like you are with your Master when you are interacting with this one, whoever it may be. My Spirit can live through them and touch those there in the household, when perhaps it would feel less intimidating to have someone of a "lower rank", quite a bit lower than the "Son of God." Yet, still I will be experiencing it through them; hearing and feeling all that is going on, such as I do today through you, My body presence on Earth.

Now it doesn't mean that all in the "family" who dwell within those walls are there all the time. They each have missions of the Kingdom to tend to, and treats to be granted, places to explore, and people to help. But I've made it be that each one need somewhere to call "home". You look at the animal kingdom and so do most creatures need a "home". Why? Mostly to reproduce, right? Little ones of all sorts, need places to grow and to be nurtured.

And so into these "family homes" made up of all types of souls from distant past, and beings you have yet to learn about, I place the young ones who need nourishing. You can teach and train them. You can share God's Word with them. This is one of the home duties, to bring some up in the way of the Lord. They didn't "earn" a "mansion in heaven". But they are young in faith and need nourishing. All God's "grown up" children can help raise the young ones—young in age, in maturity, in faith.

You never know who you might have housed with you there—perhaps even appearing in age as a young child—for you to teach and train, because they didn't "grow up" while on Earth and missed some big parts of their training. They might have reached grey haired age on Earth, but didn't learn about Me and My ways enough to teach others in the next life.

Are you learning enough now to be teachers in the world to come? Are you willing students now? Or will you reach "babe's status" when you get Home, and "become as a little child"—the first step at the point of salvation. If some just squeaked in through Heaven's doors with the ticket they managed to get through a wee bit of faith, they might be as children in My kingdom, to teach them to learn of Me, and to remind them of their status—a humble child who needs to learn.

But they might just really enjoy it. A new childhood complete with new memories and the best up bringing, with Me as their Father, and those caring for them as their teachers and caretakers, and other childhood playmates.

You can't choose who you will get to "teach". It could be someone you prayed for on the street, that I send to your Heavenly house, as a boarding child to learn something from you. It could even be someone you felt you greatly despised on Earth and were at odds with, but they ended up being saved. And now you get to "raise them again" the proper way. You didn't like how they turned out? Here, you have a go, and you have at your disposal all the Heavenly aids and tools to do the job—all the sages and prophets and people of by gone days that can visit and give classes. You can have the best excursions and outings to take them on.

I think you'll end up learning more than they.

So be careful who you sharply criticize on that planet—you might get to teach that little boy or little girl, right in your own home in Heaven. And through it you'll learn to love them in a new way, or love them at last. If making them be a child in your care for is what will help to bring unity between some of the different people I have created, that's what it might take.

What if I make a whole church group be your new toddlers that come for lessons at your house one of these days? Would you like that? You just might. But I might also have you attend a few classes elsewhere. There are worlds of hidden knowledge you have let to learn.

So don't be too sure that you'll never be a child also. For in some of the giant's houses, you might seem very very small indeed. You might be as a young one, there for a class on whatever they can teach you.

There are lots of surprises coming up, and a whole lot of learning left to do. But eventually all My children will learn to love and appreciate each other.

One more thing. I've hinted on it before. But if building a relationship with someone that you became cold towards while on Earth is better done while you both are of a different seeming "age" in the next life, this can happen too. – That, for awhile, while broken strands are healing, whenever you meet each other, you are some other age, like children or teens out for some adventure together with a guide; that might happen. Then once those new ties of getting to know each other form, then you can "grow" in appearance, as your respect and trust and friendship grows.

Just like you are children to Me in many ways, and I may have you appear to be so at times, just to keep that part of our relationship going—that Father/ children respect and eagerness to learn, and needing My help and permission to do this or that, and being the provider for all your needs—so might it be in other relationships on this side of the veil.

Parent and child swaps happen, for example, if the child knows much about Me, but the parent does not, but had a rather "deathbed conversion" the child who has lived for years for Me might get to "parent" them to greater maturity.

I love you and will tend to each and every need of every human being and immortal soul I have created, in some of the most creative ways.

But just because one is as a child when in a certain setting, that doesn't mean they always will be and or always are. There's variety according to the situation and need. For indeed you all are as children, very little children to Me, yet you also are as a Bride. There is variety according to the learning moment, and the needs of your own hearts too.

Be prepared to be surprised, but mostly extremely loved!

Chapter 19: Feeding the Hungry

[INSPIRED STORY FROM ABOVE]

"When will daddy come home? I miss him so much," a young boy asked his mother.

"I don't really know, but he said he would be working late tonight at the restaurant. There is a party, and special food has to be made."

As an attempt to cheer up the boy, his brother says, “Maybe we can cook some of the same food for our party that we have planned in a few days, for the orphan children! Daddy can tell us how, or give us some of the extra food.”

With this idea they perked up and chased away the looming tears.

Their father was a recipe maker and chef. An exclusive restaurant had asked him to create unique and special recipes, and cook them for their elite costumers.

Their dad liked food, and could come up with some very good recipes. He knew how to cook them well. Their family was getting a large collection of healthy and special recipes, that was added to more all the time. The family was glad. Though it took the father’s time, at least they had this great book they were creating, and it was such a help when they served food for the hungry.

Some time back a restaurant owner found out about him, and asked him to work a bit for him. He thought with this father’s help he could make many happy costumers.

The next day, after dad had slept in till almost 7:30, and the boys and their mother had been up for hours already, the wife planned to ask the question. She knew it would heal the hurts and pains of missing their dad for so much of the time, if they could have a taste of the food he cooked for others.

The wife had the responsibility of serving many families, and if she didn’t have to try to find someone else to come up with the recipe, buy and cook the food, it would save time and money. Well, she didn’t have any money to hire someone—as she cared fulltime for the chef’s sons, so he was free to follow his life passion to create recipes and cook. But why would she need to hire others? That’s what her husband did. It was great, as it then benefited their family’s goals of helping many others. So her giving up her husband’s time and the resultant health effects and stress, was like giving to the Lord in a way, as it helped the Lord use them to feed and help others. So it was worth it. “In the end, his working for others will turn around and be a help to the Lord...” —Or so she thought.

“Honey, how was last night’s event for the ‘Got-too-much-don’t-know-what-to-do-with-it’ club? Do you have the recipe available for use? The boys were thinking how nice it would be if the orphans got to taste it and enjoy it. I am already using the little bit of money shared with me for the poor, to get them other needed items. If I had to use it to hire others to create a recipe, buy and cook the food, I wouldn’t be able to help as many people.”

The husband sadly shook his head. “The owner of the restaurant wants to keep all recipes private and just for his use there.”

“You mean the ones you created and cooked, can only be used for customers at his restaurant?”

“Yes”.

“So in our big collection of recipes made by our family, the ones you did for the restaurant can’t be added?”

“I’m afraid not...”

“Oh, no. What I’m a going to tell the boys... it was the only thing that gave them a ray of joy and forgiveness for their father’s absence.” The mother thought, then tried to salvage the disheartening situation.

“Well, can you at least bring a few leftovers, perhaps...”

“No, that’s not possible. Only paying guests can taste that food.”

Shocked, and stirred inside, she tries again.

“Can you help out at the meal for the orphans, and help cook? You know how to cook great meals...”

“I’m sorry honey. But on that day the restaurant has asked me to have several new recipes created and turned in. I’ll be very busy.”

The wife has one last thought: “Is there some day, anytime, you’d be free to cook a meal for us, so the boys at least can have a taste of some of the foods you make for others?”

“I can let them look at the menu... but I’m contracted to not allow my family to use the recipes or cook the food at home.”

“What?!..” It’s almost unbelievable.

“How much has he paid you for this very rare honour?”

“Nothing. At least not at first. He said he’d pay something now if I keep working; just paying me for future work, not the past recipes and work done.”

There must be something wrong, she thinks. “Either the owner is a strange and money greedy man, or my husband has misunderstood. Either way something needs to be cleared up. For unless something changes, the seeds of resentment in the children’s hearts will fester. For their well-being, and just plain ethical character building at this crucial life-forming part of their minds, something needs to be set right. Until then, I guess all that is left is for me to try to raise the funds in some other way, to take the orphans to the restaurant. I can’t ask my husband for money to go and eat the food he has cooked and invented; this is plainly wrong and unethical. Yet I have no way to raise the money myself—so that I can buy my husband’s recipes and use them at home and with friends, and for our mission of feeding the hungry little ones.”

The wife, before assuming that both the owner is crazy and her husband is swallowing a bad deal, decides to write the owner of the restaurant. This will determine where his heart is at, and if future work with him is worthwhile or wise. Her family’s unity and joy is teetering, and her husband receiving or missing out on the full blessing of the Lord is at stake. The well-being of her family and each member was important.

She explains in a letter how upset the children and herself have been over the conditions he has set for her husband’s work. She then states that if he wishes for her to consent to her husband, the chef, continuing to create recipes and cook for him, that in the agreement he be allowed to serve those menu’s for his personal family, and the recipe be put into their family archive of recipes. That they will also be allowed to use it for feeding the poor and helping others. She expressed how sad and angry the children were, that after letting their father work for long hours, and late nights, they were not able to eat the food he cooked for others, nor preserve the recipe in their archives. She explained that because she gave of her husband’s time to cook for the restaurant, this gave no time for her to raise funds to get others to create recipes and cook for her needs of feeding the orphans.

When the owner of the restaurant read this letter, he was taken back—it was unpleasant to think that it was assumed, and such an accusation was made that he wouldn’t allow the family’s use of it, nor for the chef to cook it for family and friends. He, not wanting to lose one of his chefs, and mostly not wanting to lose face and bad word to get out about his restaurant, he writes:

“I’m terribly sorry for this misunderstanding. Of course you understand that to make my business prosperous I wish to be exclusive. But I regret that I have overlooked your family’s feelings and their need to feel a part of what your husband does. I had no intention of hurting you. I am a kind man, really, and I wish for all to enjoy my restaurant. Please, with discretion, enjoy the recipes your husband makes at home, and with family and friends, and it can be used for your charity projects, and kept in your husband’s recipe archive.

Kind regards, Restaurant Owner”

His good choice saved him, for if word got out from one mother to the next, from one boy to the next, certainly business would have gone down for his restaurant. His being willing to make the family feel a part, and not as if they were strangers in the world—and treated as such in this matter—kept the family supportive of the husband’s work for the restaurant. Otherwise, this may have been terminated, with all moral support gone, and great anger and disunity ensued.

And because of it working out well, the wife and children were so glad to see that the thickening book of recipe archives was complete, and free for use for feeding some of the many hungry, who needed just those types of foods for their strengthening.

Chapter 20: Secrets—Part 2

[GYPSY’S LIFE]

One day I found my companion crying and crying. Ever since the day I dared to show them the clue and express my desire for us to travel and explore the treasure cave, they had changed in their interaction with me. It was from one day to the next. I hardly knew what to do.

They explained, “It’s like you are dead, gone, with your mind so taken by distant joys you wish to gain. What is wrong with us here, and the hard earned things we have in our little place here? You act like you don’t care how hard it has been for us to make a living here. But what is most disturbing is that your mind is no longer fully focused on our place here. Every time I look in your eyes I see a new light that hasn’t been there before. I just know you are being deceived again with fanciful and life-destroying visions.”

It seemed now whenever we talked, their words hurt me again and again, reminding me that the dream and hope was indeed gone and buried. If I wanted to find out if this clue was true and be able to share it with others—even if I could never fully enjoy the treasures discovered—then it was a journey I would have to take alone, mostly in secret.

The words of this one greatly admonishing me to never step outside of our abode, had said, “Don’t you realize that you will ruin everything for us if you attempt to travel to a cave that doesn’t exist? I had a dream last night that you were gone, and you had traveled to find the hidden treasure, but instead of a cave of treasures, it was a pit with a large serpent. As you neared it, the serpent lunged out and grabbed you and took you down and we never saw you again. Why won’t you listen to me?”

So I had a choice to make, to guard my own safety or to dare to find out if this hidden treasure did exist. Explorers finding other lands risked their all for the good of their nation, to find new places with space to live and natural resources to sustain them. If they had stayed only in their shores, then future generations would not have benefited from their discoveries—the ones who made it that is, for much loss was known by those attempting to find new lands as they sailed throughout history. And those who did find new places were then faced with hostile natives, illness,

homesickness, hunger, and more.

“Was their struggle worth it?” I pondered, and realised that the very land I now lived on was discovered at a very great cost. So it was worth it to take some risks to make things better for others.

I did make the choice to take a few brave steps in the direction the clue said to go, and in time it was at last discovered. This cave of hidden treasures was real, but I knew now just why so few, so very few, had attempted to reach it, even if they too had discovered what I had. It was over the most rugged mountainous area that left one exhausted and bruised when traveled over. There were indeed deep pits and many serpents slithering and ready to bite with a deadly venom. Storms on this part of the mountain were fierce and only those very sure that the treasure was worth discovering would have the determination to make it through.

If I ever came home with a jewel that was found, the reactions were mixed. Never was there joy, of course; never an exclamation of “So it’s real and true! Can you show me the way?”

The jewel of course would be something we really needed and would greatly benefit our children. But never a thanks was uttered. If I showed my wounds and bruises that it took to find the secret treasure cave, or to visit it again, I was told, “It’s not worth you getting hurt. Give it up. Of course you didn’t find the mysterious place, as it doesn’t exist. But you are happening to find some other jewels in your attempt to not be proved wrong. You’ve stolen these no doubt so you will have at least something to show to make us believe in your waywardness, straying like a dog from where you are meant to always reside.”

One day a friend of the man who had given me back the scrolls was passing by our hut. I knew I could trust him to share in my delight. I couldn’t let anyone see me—well I could, but I’d be mocked and teased yet again, and I had enough of that already—so I slipped quickly out to the road and showed him a jewel from the secret treasure. He just smiled and pulled one out from inside his shirt and said, “I’ve been there too.” With a wink he was off and so was I, back into the hut. Ah, how very wonderful to have one soul know what I knew—both of the joys and the pains for daring to gather secret treasure.

Chapter 21: A Visit to Angeland

[A MESSAGE FROM HEAVEN]

(Spirit helper speaking:) Baby, I'm going to take you tonight to a new place. We are going to fly past this old dwelling place, and know new territory. You don't have to do anything but ask for me, your Knight, to do as I am commissioned to. You wooed with your readiness and eagerness to hear messages from above—well, maybe it took a pep talk from a certain someone—but you are listening and that is good.

So I'll tell you now a bit of what to expect.

We'll enter through a veil to pass on to the other side. The air is so much clearer, cleaner and invigorating. Fresh is the word for it. You even have greater vision as looking through it is easier.

I carry you in my arms, like a child; like an excited older baby looking, reaching, trying to talk and express what new things he or she is seeing. I'll carry you and let you see what is there.

First, we'll come to a bridge of sorts, only we fly over it, or through it really to get to yet another "other side". There are so many sides and dimensions in this realm of the Spirit. Now is when you can walk on the crystal water. Over the little lake you patter, with me holding your hands. The floating plants and flowers are fun for you to sit on, when you wish to.

Over we go to a gazebo type of hut on the other side. It's here that you get to taste some of the fruits of this place. I give you one to try and then another. It's fun seeing your different reactions; it's not just the taste of fruit, but the way they make a person feel that gives them a reaction. And the same type of fruit can have a very different reaction in a different person, or even the same person at different times, depending on their mood, needs, or abilities to experience things at that moment.

Some beautiful birds of various colours come up to get nibbles too. There are some bird snacks in this gazebo for young ones to use to feed the friendly feathered ones. You grab a handful and toss it out to a team of birds gathering to say hello and to get a treat from your hand.

I too hold my big hand out with a good batch of seeds. On to my hand then flies a large bird. I can hold him easily as he nibbles right from my hand. You like seeing this, and smile and giggle a bit. Then I take you into my arms and with a look I say a question in my mind right to yours. You smile and agree that you want it—you want to fly up like a bird.

I spread out my wings and up we go. You laugh loud. You love flying with me. I hold you close to my bosom, nestled very near and snug. You aren't afraid of the height. You like the flight, and you like being held close. The only thing is you can't see where we are going, as you are facing toward me.

After awhile we settle down, and you see that we have also been flying in formation with a team of other angels, in a circle, and we all have just landed in a circle. We have fun passing you from one member to the other, around the circle you go. We each say hi in our special way and greet you with love and give you a bit of a giggle in some way, like a father or mother does with a baby.

When you make it around the circle, I then place you back on the ground, for you are ready to walk. Well, you thought it was ground, but it's still up in the air, only there is a stable surface we are standing on. You can walk on it too, and it holds you up just as well as an angel's feet are upheld. But also you can see through it, way down, to what is below. Then you get down on your hands and knees and peer down real close, like you are looking through a window to the place below. You recognise the place we were standing in and feeding the birds. You look up and smile.

See, you can't talk yet and speak in angelic, but we communicate just fine, at least on my side, I know what you are feeling, and I can impart to you what I am needing to express, when you try to listen.

Then I hold you on me with a cloth wrapped around and snug, while I hold the hands of the female angels that are on either side of me. Our circle starts to spin, as we all are in unison. It seems the turning works like a cookie cutter and cuts a ring hole in the layer we were standing on, and down we go again, but not all the way. Still we hover, at different levels, floating a bit here and there, flying, chatting and so forth.

Then we play the "pass the baby" game again, only this time we rather toss you through the air from one angel to another. You float gracefully, moving your arms and rolling somewhat and are taken into the arms of the next one, who then, after a snuggle and laugh gives you a fun toss and away to the next angel you go. It's a fun game and you like playing it.

Then it's time to wave good bye and return to our station.

I'll take you for a pleasant visit here next time, where we can explore new mysteries.

Do you like my world, my secret place I can take you? I have access to it. There are lots of secrets there. And it was fun telling you one just now—about its existence and what we're going to do tonight.

Chapter 22:

[GYPSY'S LIFE]

One day something most disturbing happened. I had just come back from the cave of secret treasures when I saw a messenger at our door. He held in his hand a pamphlet, rather poorly written. I could tell right away it was forged to make people think in a certain way. It had a stamp on it from being from a distant land. But only few people would know that. Yet, since I had lived in many places I knew the difference of the stamps. I could tell it was not from around here, yet attempting to explain a horrible occurrence as if it had happened in my own neighbourhood. The terms used, however, were nothing a local dweller would have used. I saw the trickery in it, but knew that many wouldn't.

I nearly laughed at how forged and fake it was—clear to my knowledgeable eye, yet I was concerned about the intent of passing such news around.

The messenger was troubled about it too. Though he didn't know what I knew, it still troubled him that it seemed some distant tribe was using it to pick a fight with us peace seeking dwellers. They were trying to turn people away from those of us who dressed and talked in such a way, and were clearly of certain lineage and tribe, so that if we dared to travel around we would be harmed and hindered. This pamphlet spoke of, in the strangest ways, of the secret treasure cave. The odd thing that rather tickled me was the sketches they put in it of some of the jewels that could be discovered. To me it looked like an accidental advertisement, that rather than drawing people away, would have piqued their curiosity if they had instead not bothered with what the text said, and simply looked at the art and photographs.

I sighed a bit, as I wondered if it would in any way hinder my secret exploration of the caves and bringing back treasures to share with others. However, it was a fear unfounded, and was like a cloud without rain. Troubles were there aplenty to stop me. I guess I didn't need any more at this point. But there is no doubt that some time later, when the path I've beaten with my weary yet determined feet to the secret treasures is noticed and some unwanted visitors may misuse it to walk the wrong way, back to where I hope to peacefully sit.

“You want to go to the secret hidden treasure?!” they might hideously laugh before making sport and abuse of me. They might drag me down the path, yet not to the cave but to try to cast me in to one pit or another and pile rocks over me.

“Now I bet you didn’t make that pathway after all!” they’ll impishly cackle, laughing at how I seemed to have made my own trap, and paved my own way to an early grave.

Will I then echo along with their taunts that I too wish I hadn’t ventured out?

Sure those in my immediate living area will be fast to say the same. “See? We told you not to go! That it would be your and all of our ruin.”

How fast they will be to forget—for never did they actually realise it to begin with—just how many treasures came to our abode due to the costly journey I took.

Before too long this very event actually occurred. More than once I should add. I always had to be on the lookout for those henchmen seeking to bring me down. But even though I would be cast into a pit and wounded, too wounded it seemed to rise out, I always did, and noticed that at least I was closer to the cave. I didn’t have to fear one day falling into some serpent’s pit—I was in there and had survived time and again. Wiping away tears I would then walk the shorter distance to the cave. On these occasions I would nearly collapse at the threshold, but when bathing in the light that the jewels shone with, healing and full renewal was felt. The more I felt beaten and bruised from the journey, the more healing came. I always walked home stronger and better for it.

“Why go through that exercise?” some might ask, seeing it as folly. “You walk there and get hurt and then are healed at the destination. Yet if you had stayed put you wouldn’t need healing, right?”

Well, I might not have the same bruises and cuts and weariness and fears, but home was not without its own sources of pain. When home, the sacred scrolls brought healing to me. I would have stayed in the closet happily, endlessly, but that would have brought much ridicule and taunts just the same. And besides I had work to attend to. Furthermore, the journey to gatherer secret treasures wasn’t for me after all, no, it was for the good of others all over the land; and for my family. Though they did not see the source of some of the good they were benefiting from, it was indeed helping to sustain them in many ways.

“You are neglecting your family!” was often a taunt thrown at me, if I was on a jewel gathering journey; or if I was in the closet studying the scrolls to find secrets to healing for my family. Yet that was the furthest thing from the truth—as true as children saying to their dad as he goes off to work to earn what his family needed, that he was neglecting them by being gone for some hours. Nothing I did, that seemed right to me, ever seemed to appear right to those around. It was like trying to match puzzle pieces that just didn’t go together, yet we were all of the same jigsaw puzzle pieces.

I could so, so easily have given it all up—the walk, the jewel searching, the proving that the sacred scrolls were right, and given up filling the chest of scrolls. Daily it came to me that it would make my life easier if I did that; if I did as others were doing. Yet in my heart I knew that was a selfish option, trying to make things somewhat more comfortable for myself and forgetting about the longer-term survival needs of my family. It would be like pulling out a pillow and sleeping on a roof because I heard that a flood was coming. While sleeping I wouldn’t have to worry about the rising water; I would be blissfully unaware. Yet, meanwhile, my family might be trapped in the house, getting wetter and more in danger of being washed away.

I would do better to invest time getting a boat ready for our rising above the wet land, rising up as the waters did, staying above it and having all that we needed for at least basic survival.

One day, I was trying to climb out, yet again, out of some slimy pit that I was knocked into on my way to the secret cave. The rain had been falling and it was very muddy. When I at last caught sight of the land above I was relieved. I'd sit under a tree for a bit to ponder ways to keep the troublemakers away on this very, so very lonely journey.

My garments looked like they were made of mud rather than the beautiful tribal dress I was actually wearing. My mind went back to the dances we used to have, oh so long ago, before that village was pillaged and burned; and then my friends and relations were scattered all around.

We'd dance around the big fire and have cookouts, look at the stars, drink hot chocolate, tell stories—true stories, or meaningful dreams. We liked those. The dreams gave future insight about what to expect in the future. Many didn't remember those dreams now; I hardly did. But when I'd look in the sacred scrolls and read again notes of some of these chats by the fire I would see how many things had now actually occurred. I shook my head in wonder. "The scrolls tell such mysterious truths."

"Mind if I join you," I heard a voice coming from behind the tree, as I finished emerging from the pit.

I was so used to anyone being hostile, and I never had seen someone along the trek before that had been interested in the jewels. Very apprehensively I looked over and scanned the looks of him. But before long he vanished. "I'll be here" is all he said. I had to take his word for it, for if I went merely by sight, it would seem he had come and left just as suddenly. Yet, for some reason, I did have a wave of companionship wash into my troubled soul. He couldn't have come at a better time.

"I do have a companion after all—or perhaps many more; just none I can see."

This event was actually told in both the Script and the Scrolls, and now it was revealed to me. I would make note of it in the new scrolls that I was writing—that were termed "The Spirit".

I smiled and breathed deeply, and as I did I felt such a comforting presence all around me, even inside of my being. I was not alone on my journey through life and never had been.

Words started forming in my mind, which said:

"The danger in thinking that you are totally alone is that you then start to act as if you are totally independent. You think on your own; take action on your own, and then feel that you are bearing all the consequences—good or not pleasant—all on your own. But if you were to realise that you actually are part of a very big and formidable team, one that is strong in every way, you would both listen and learn, as well as do what you are called to do. You are never alone—just who are your travelling companions have a lot to do with the choices that you make; what spiritual companions you listen to. Be wise and team up with the right forces that will get you safely through this rough journey of life."

Chapter 23: _A Heavenly playground for frolicking

[A MESSAGE FROM HEAVEN]

(Spirit helper speaking:) I'll take you to a playground in Heaven. A lot of laughter comes from this place. There are fountains of crystal refreshing water that you can run through and splash around in. There are gardens to get nearly lost in, they are so elaborate and have so many nooks and designs, as the gardens and hedges wind this way and that.

There is a very large pond, where you can swim in or go sailing in small types of boating vessels, or you can swim to the bottom of it and end up somewhere completely different in this place—like it transported you elsewhere, magically, without you trying to go somewhere in particular. It's a great feature for a hide and seek game with friends. There are other places that you can disappear in, and reappear somewhere else in the playground. This is a fun feature.

There is a mirror-like, glass topped water surface that is so still you can see the most detailed reflections, or you can see right into it and watch all the water creatures frolicking below the surface.

You can feed the fish, feed the birds, play with friends, eat fruit from the many trees lining some of the pathways in this glorious playland.

Enjoy! And come back for seconds. Come tonight while you sleep. It's always open, day and night, and weekends too.

Chapter 24: The Storm, the Boat, and the Swimmer

[INSPIRED STORY FROM ABOVE]

Gypsy Young was pondering what story to tell, one day, when some pictures and story line began to form in her mind. Knowing that she might forget the details, she quickly jotted down the points of the story. Then with an eager audience at story time, she began.

"Our story today is called... 'The Storm, the Boat, and the Swimmer'"

"I heard the noise of thunder. A storm is coming. Great floods will hit this low area that we live in," a boatman said to his family. "I heard a voice in the night saying that I must make a boat that will carry us up and over the coming flood waters."

His family, wishing to be saved, did all they could to make the preparations. However, over time the boat sat, and sat, until grass began to take root around it and vines began to creep over it.

"Where is this coming storm?" the boatman said, shielding his eyes from the piercing sun that beat down. "There has been rain, plenty of it, all these years, but nothing that moves us or troubles us too terribly."

The loudest rumble of thunder came again in the night and shook this family right into a wide awake state. "We'll make preparations starting first thing in the morning," the boatman said, and went back to sleep for while more.

Over the next few days the boat was fixed up, covered in a new coat of water-resistant resin, and other preparations were made. And none too soon. It wasn't long before the rain—that didn't let up until the land had been flooded—began to fall. And fall and fall.

Into the boat the family went, and rocked along and up as the water began to rise.

“What is that over there?” a child pointed out something in the deepening dark waters. Then he soon corrected himself upon inspection, “I mean who is that?” He had not thought that anyone would be swimming. But he had forgotten that the only ones with boats were those who, well, had boats. And not everyone did.

The boatman’s wife remembered the whisper that came to her heart, and that she had spoken about it to the boatman. They were to prepare a boat, so that others could be safe with them as well—it was to be a help to those who needed it, as well as to add needed talents and strength to their small team.

The man in the water was now shivering from lack of warmth. The dark and slime filled waters had seeped deep into his pores. Hungry, cold and thirsty the man struggled on.

“Let’s bring him up into our boat for a meal,” a child suggested. And so the family forging the way through the night made a bit of room for the man to sit and to take in some nourishment. Then back into the water he went to keep making his way. The boat was so filled with and that—all the things the family thought they might have a use for and didn’t want to give up, that there was no room for them to stretch out to sleep well, especially when another person was there.

It didn’t seem right, and so in time more stuff was lifted overboard to make more room so the family could be comfortable.

“Whenever you get too cold or hungry, let us know and you can come up for a bit to warm up before you keep swimming,” the boatman offered.

The wife thought, “I wish our boat was bigger, then we could help others for longer. We can’t help all the people that surely must be swimming, but if we could only take in a few, it would be right.”

Over time the man was invited to more times of rest on the boat, now that there was a bit more elbow room, but for the nights and all day, day after day, he had to swim and keep on swimming. Finally, his strength for the long-term began to give way. And now there were dangers in the water too. Debris and dead corpses were floating, and a few upside down boats with huge holes in them were spotted here and there. Perhaps he could have tried to cling to them to give his tired heart and arms a rest, but he didn’t like the look of the dead and dying, broken and rotting.

“I can make it,” he kept telling himself. “But I need more warmth and energy to do so. If there was a way to get more nourishment I think I would be less likely to drown and to sink under due to my strength failing. Going without rejuvenation for so long is very exhausting.”

One day the wife was reading a note written to her from a friend. It spoke of rescuing the lost in the sea. She remembered well why she had married a boatman in the first place. “We will sail to far places and rescue those in need,” she and her husband had agreed was the main purpose for their union. “To new and uncharted seas we will go!” they had toasted on their wedding.

That had almost been forgotten during the long time they had spent in their harbor dwelling place. Now at last their dream could be fulfilled, at least in one small way.

“How can we feed and care for this one who is in constant danger of drowning? See even how the sharks are nearing, and he is weak with hunger,” she asked the boatman.

“Maybe sometime, in a week or two. We can even have a meal in his honour,” was the reply. “He was on our boat just

four days ago. We fed him well enough. He was even dry again before returning to swim.”

The boatman was busy caring for his family and the ones he was passing food to over on the other side of the boat, that the thought of taking on one more task was more than he could manage. Besides, the more his wife did, the less she would be available to help on their domestic needs, which gave him time to do what he needed to do.

However, knowing that the swimmer may not make it hardly another hour the woman had to act quickly. Taking a pot with food in it with one hand, removing the bulky part of her clothing, she used all her strength to lower herself down a rope ladder and hand the pot of food to the swimming one.

He was very grateful, and before too long some strength returned, though not full warmth.

“Thank you so much for coming. I just can’t seem to keep up like I used to. It’s going on too long, and there is no sign of the flood leaving. I haven’t trained for this. I’m not a merman. I hardly know how to cope. The rain is still falling in some places, without hope of seeing land anytime soon,” the man said as the woman climbed back up again to her family.

No cheering was heard for her dangerous efforts to save a life from the waves; or rather help sustain a life while in the waves.

“Where have you been? What have you been doing?” the cross questions came as she took a towel to dry herself off.

“And look at you! Your clothes are barely existent. It’s so disgraceful. I hope no one ever sees you in this state.”

A look of deep sadness came across her face, and the response was a bit gentler.

“I was just scared. You could have dropped off the boat never to be seen again.”

“But I’d wanted him to come here on the boat; that would be better for him and for me, no doubt. I had spoken of this but you were content to wait until it was more convenient. But he wouldn’t have been around—or would have been in a very sorry state,” she tried to explain.

“I never want you to do that again. I can’t lose you,” the boatman said with finality.

“And I can’t bear to lose him—for that is the reason we were wed and entered the boating occupation: to rescue the lost in the sea. He’s the only one that’s come by on my side of the boat,” she pled.

“Well, we may have thought such things when we were young in years and had no family to care for. Now they are all I can tend to—besides the many who come into the sea on my side of the boat. I must pass on some nourishment to them,” he said.

“I understand,” she said. “You do have more than enough to tend to. So I will make it my joyful task—something I have longed for all these years and at last have the chance to live out. I will find ways to keep him from drowning, and have him up into the boat as often as we can manage. I will take care of everything. You won’t have to do a thing.”

That night was stormier than ever, and waves nearly knocked the boat against unseen rocks. The woman looked out into the dark and mirky water but couldn’t see or hear this one who she knew she was to help.

All night she agonized and hoped for the best. She felt like the king who was awaiting the morning to see how and if Daniel fared his night in the den with hungry, ferocious lions.

“Perhaps in the morning there will be some sight that will comfort my heart.”

In the morning the brave and weary swimmer did look only partly alive, and was clinging to some very foul looking rubbish. It was too dark for him to know just what it was. Somehow it kept him up above the water, but did nothing for his health.

"I'm going in," she said, and before too much could be said, in she dived. Down first in to the cold and foul waters she went, and then up for air she came. She swam over to the man to see if he was alive yet. He could not move. He certainly had not strength to both swim over to the boat or climb up the ladder.

"We need you in the boat!" the voice of the boatman called, or rather demanded to the now rescue-worker woman. "We've taken in too much water in the storm, if we don't all work together to bucket it out we might eventually sink. Perhaps there is a leak somewhere. You can tend to him more later on."

What was the woman to do? Just the thought of the children seeing a floating dying man die slowly, while they watched on was more than she could bare.

"Our children need to see we care about others too," she called back. "But I'll come up as soon as I see if he is breathing."

It took some time and a bit of resuscitation to finally get the air flowing again in his lungs at a more regular pace; while at this point the boatman was pacing, looking at his watch, and didn't know what to do. It was all a bit too much for him. "Please! We need you!" he called out again.

At this point the woman was holding the man's face above the water so he could breathe, helping him to let go of the debris and to see if he could indeed float off a bit on his own. But he couldn't. There was a floating bit of wood that came by at just the right time, and this she tucked under him to help buoy him up.

A sip of water from a canteen she brought was all she had time to do, but that little bit gave him enough strength to open his eyes, longingly to the boat filled with strong and well-fed people. He cried as she climbed up again. He heard her saying, with emotion, "I'll come back as soon as I help to get things under control on the boat. Seems the storm has caused trouble up there. Not quite as warm and snug as it used to be."

He nodded.

As things were at last somewhat calm, the boatman sat with his arm around his tired wife, "I miss you when you are gone. You seem to visit the man more than before. I worry so."

She replied, "But don't you worry about him?"

"Of course I do. I let you tend to his needs from time to time, and when he has the strength we allow him to come up to our boat. There is little more than that that we can do."

He fed his beloved another plateful of delicious food. "I'll feed you and care for you well up here. I never do want you to get cold and wet and be in danger."

The wife wiped her confused tears. Obediently she opened her mouth and ate until she was too full to do more work and lay down to rest. Yet all the while she was eyeing the one struggling in the water, still waiting for a single bite to eat for what had seemed like a very long time. Too full and confused to climb down this time, she sent one of her boys who were eager for adventure, to take a pot of food to this one battling death. The boys found some clever ways to

bring him some nourishment, and from time to time they helped in this way.

One day it was a celebration and the boatman's heart was feeling rather merry. Somehow at this time he too missed his relations who were somewhere, somehow faring in the wet storm. His sons were sent to help the man in the water swim over to the rope ladder to make his weary way up. A life ring was placed around him, and using some tugs and pulls and various contraptions the man was lifted up to the boat.

"The more the merrier," the boatman said. "Good to see you. Eat all you want and enjoy our evening with us."

Eagerly the man did just that, and it was several hours before he would have to face his watery bed again

It was then that the wife thought of a plan. "Since he is not permitted—due to space issues—to stay the night here, I will go down with him for some time in the water, so at least not all night, every night he must face it alone, only adding to the rising water with his tears."

There was nothing at all that the woman could do to console her husband's anguish every time she even so much as looked over to see how the swimmer was faring—much less spent hours in the water.

"When you are here I feel like I am in a boat, and it feels real special. Yet when you leave it is as if a thousand sharks are circling me, and some do bite me. And the blood from the bites calls yet more sea-dwelling predators to feast on the remains of me. That's why I call for you. The sharks don't like you and they go farther away. The water also feels all the colder when you leave, after the warmth you bring to it," the man said.

The next day the woman thought of the next plan. She would tie a life ring's string around her waist. He could have this life ring help to buoy him up. And should he really be in danger, and the sharks be getting too close he could tug on it and the woman would see what she could do. Even just a smile from over the edge of the boat would give him hope to keep on going and not give up thinking it was pointless.

"Why didn't you ask me about that? Now he's tied to you all the time. It adds extra weight to the boat and pulls down one side of it. It's an idea that I greatly dislike," the boatman said aloud to his tired wife.

But the woman knew that with it, so many things had changed for the better. For down the rope she could send bottles of water and packets of food, and the man wasn't in as much danger of drowning. Though cold and feeling unwell most of the time—wondering if any boat would be so kind as to take him on or allow him to frequently visit or even get to spend a night every now and then in it—at least he would be kept alive and would be able to rest somewhat.

As she looked up at the stars on a clear night at last, and listened to the ripple in the unusual calm waters for a brief moment—the ripple of the swimmer bravely carrying on, and had the warm embrace of her husband, she was glad for a moment of peace. Though neither of them felt right about everything, somehow they were making it. But though the moment of peace was pleasant reprieve, all hearts were still aching in one way or another, and the questions came to them as the waves of the flood had done. They all longed for the day when all would truly be right at last, for each and every one.

Then suddenly the peace, the tranquility was shattered again. On the storm raged and on the people tried to manage, each one in their own way, trying to make it. There were nearly as many situations of coping through the flood as there were people enduring it.

Each one in the boat was stretching to do as much as they could; and by doing so, sometimes they rubbed against each other in a way that was unpleasant. The boatman never was idle, nor was he uncaring, but worked day and

sometimes night to do his part to get his family and others through the storm. They each were really doing all they could, but something that didn't seem to be a part of life was full and total understanding of all that each one was trying to do, and the reasons for doing so.

But it was this way all over. The storm had and was continuing to disrupt life all over the watery land. What could they do? Just keep going and keep trying to do the best they all could.

Chapter 25:

[GYPSY'S LIFE]

I've got to tell you about the music. In my tribe music was very important. But it had to be just right. Not just any old song would get our feet moving to the rhythm and get us moving. It was music in the morning, at noon, and again at night. Music while we cooked or worked, and plenty while the little ones played. Music was just part of life, nearly as much as breathing and laughing.

There are those who would rather have the music of the tribes in distant places. That music sounded all the same to me. What was it declaring? What effect would it have? I tried to listen to other types, but it only brought me down. See the secret to our music was the message that each and every song had baked into it. In four letters the key is revealed. W-O-R-D. And it had to be the Word of God that each song was promoting, expressing, or declaring in some way. And I'm not just talking about singing texts from the ancient scrolls, but putting to music what God Himself wanted us to be feeling and thinking about. It was His way to get us to move and act in His way, all day long. Just like a song can stick in your mind and make you think certain things, if these songs were songs declaring the thoughts of God, our Creator and Lord, and these are what stuck in our head, then it was going to lead up the right pathway and bring us nearer to Him.

Here is an excerpt from one of the secret scrolls, since it is talking about the most important thing to me, and is about that powerful four letters: W-O-R-D:

How can people become alienated from the life of God? (Eph.4:18). It's the Word! When they neglect the Word, they neglect the Lord! The Lord is the Word. When you become separated from the Word, you become separated from the Lord. **And then you become darkened in your understanding because you've become separated from the Word**, and the Devil sends you lies in its place and you believe the lies instead of the Word. Then finally you get so hard that you're just absolutely past feeling.

It's when people get separated from the Word that they lose faith in the Word, and that's when they become alienated from the life of God. What is the life of God? Jesus said, "The Words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life" (Jn.6:63). That's the life of God, His Word. That's what gives us life, food, nourishment, strength, and spiritual health. When they get cut off from the Word, it's like cutting off their food.

When they neglect the Word, they neglect the life of God, because that is the life. He is the Word and the Word is life! Jesus said, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life!" (Jn.14:6). "The Words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life!" (Jn.6:63).

I was trying to think, now what's the formula that people follow that finally completely estranges them and makes them leave and become hard? And that verse came to me right away, "darkened in their understanding,

alienated from the life of God, past feeling" (Eph.4:18,19). What is "alienated from the life of God"? How do they become separated from His life?

It doesn't mean they're not saved; they still believe in Jesus. But they've become separated from fellowship with the Lord. How? They neglect the Word, they get away from the Word. And if they become alienated from the Word they become alienated from life, spiritual life, from the Lord, because He is the Word.

That Scripture always impressed me: "The Words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life!" Think of that! They are spirit and they are life! They're real things! You can't see them or touch them, but without them everything would be totally dead. And without the Word, those people become completely dead, without life. Without the Word, which is the spirit and the life of Jesus, they're without Him.

I'm convinced people backslide because they get away from the Word. If they lived in the Word, I don't think they'd ever get away. They couldn't get away, because they'd be so full of the Word.

Jesus is the Word, the spirit and the life, and you have to have a dose of Him every day, really, and have a good feeding and feasting and drinking. Just like you have to eat in order to have physical strength, you have to eat of the Word, drink of the Word, to have spiritual strength.

I think that's how they get so alienated from the life of God; they neglect the Word and they get away from the Word. "Without Me, ye are nothing" (Jn.15:5). They get away from the Lord. They don't lose their salvation, but they "follow afar off" like Peter (Mat.26:58), to the point where they could even deny Him, like Peter did.

I've been trying to think, what starts people on the road back? What is it that causes them to cool off? The fire dies, the flame dies down, they cool off, they turn cold. What feeds the fire? It's the fuel. And what's the fuel? It's the Word, right? It's the Word that feeds the fire! It's the fuel, the life that's in that fuel. **And when they run out of fuel, like the five foolish virgins ran out of oil, the fire goes out,** the light goes out, and they wind up in darkness, alienated from the life of God, the fuel, the Word, the Spirit. The fuel runs out because they haven't fed the fire with the Word. Then there's no heat, and they grow cold, past feeling. They become "alienated from the life of God." What does alienated mean? Separated.

They become like an alien to the Kingdom of God, a foreigner, a stranger. They're still a member of the Kingdom, a son of God, but they're a prodigal son in a very far country and a stranger to their own family, their own home, their own country, the Kingdom of God.

The first step is that they become darkened in their understanding. And the only way you can get darkened in your understanding is by resisting the Spirit, rejecting the Word and being filled with the lies of the Devil! Because they had no love of the truth and they rejected the Word of God, the Lord sent them strong delusion that they might be damned, judged (2Th.2:10-12).

Food for the soul is important. You've got to feed your soul or it's going to die! You have to keep feeding yourself spiritually, or be fed spiritually like a baby. **I'll tell you, it's dangerous to neglect the Word!** The minute you start crowding the Word out of your lives, you're getting too busy!

Some people just worship the effects of the Word. You can't put the fruit of the Word above the Word itself. Without the seed there never would have been new life; there never would have been fruit. Without the sap, the tree dies. "Without Me ye are nothing," Jesus said, and He was the Word. Without the Word there is no spirit, no life, no power, no light, no heat, no warmth, no fruit, no nothing!

So it all boils down to the Word every time. Why do people backslide? Why do they become darkened in their understanding, alienated from the life of God, past feeling? Because they weren't really followers of the Word, they didn't build their house on the Word, they had the wrong foundation. In fact, they didn't have a foundation, just sand. And when the storm came, it fell, because it wasn't built on the Rock. And who's the Rock?--Jesus! And what is He? He's the Word, and if they don't follow the Word they've got no foundation, so they fall.

So that's the secret--the Word! The secret of power and victory and overcoming and fruitfulness and fire and life and warmth and light and leadership, everything, is the Word! And the lack of it is the secret of backsliding and failure and coldness and darkness and weakness and dying spiritually. **The Word is Jesus!** The Word is God! The Word is life! Jesus is the Word, and the Word is Jesus, and if you don't keep feeding on it and absorbing His life, you'll never survive spiritually. You will backslide like the rest of them.

So they got weak spiritually; they lost the life of God, the life-giving flow. They didn't drink it, eat it, live in it, be strengthened by it, and so they became darkened in their understanding; they couldn't even understand anymore. Isn't that pitiful? You're either going to be filled with the Word and God's truth, or you're going to be filled with the lies of the Devil.

Only the Word will keep you! **So that's the secret! It's the secret of victory or defeat!** It's the secret of success or failure! It all depends on how you treat the Word and how you live in it and live on it or try to go without it.

Help those poor backsliders, Lord. They're so weak because they're so weak in the Word. They haven't really been strengthened by the Word and indoctrinated with the Word and filled with the Word, baptized with the Word. They haven't lived on the Word, drunk the Word, feasted on the Word, lived in the Word. The Word has not been their life and strength and health. Help them somehow to come back to You, to turn and repent, have a metanoia, a change of mind, and really come back! Have mercy and bring them back to Your Word, in Jesus' name, amen.

I Give My All to You ...

Will You Do Any Less for Me?

(Jesus speaking:) My loves, nothing is more important than finding the solutions to these things I speak of. Nothing is more important than absorbing My Word and applying it to your lives. Whatever your ministry is, whatever work you do for Me, it's not more important than getting My Words in, than living in My Words and letting My Words live in you. This is your most important task--the most important thing you have to do! Without this, all else will crumble, and without this, you won't last to do your job! Without this, you will not have the strength, stamina, and power to fulfill your destiny.

My Words are Me! I give My all to you--will you do any less for Me? My desire is to see you use to the full this most priceless possession in all existence. I beg of you, I plead with you--take heed to these words, and let Me live in you more fully. My heart is heavy, for I know you will not survive in the future without living more fully in My Word. You have been given more wealth of My Words than all the prophets of all time, and should you reject them or slide into slothfulness and not fight to guard these great possessions, having known the truth, yet allowing it to slip out of your grasp to where you do not use it to the full, it will be worse than if you had never known the truth at all.

(Vision:) I see a picture of the Lord kneeling before His Bride, who is sitting on a chair. The Lord has His hands and head in her lap, like He is begging something of her. I can't see His face, but I know He's crying strongly and emotionally, as one would cry and beg. The Lord seems to be letting me feel His heavy-heartedness, at least a portion of it. I have the impression it's only a part I'm feeling, for if He let me feel completely what He is feeling, I couldn't bear it.

(Jesus continues:) I've opened My heart to you, My brides. I give My life for you. I give you My all--what will you do with it? My Words are Me; they are My Spirit and My life. Will you turn Me away? Am I not worth your prime time?

I not only died on the cross for your salvation when I gave of My fleshly life, but I continue to give My life for you every day. I gave My earthly life that you might be born again, and now I continue giving My Spirit that you might have fullness of life. I continue giving My life for you, for I am on call for you 24/7--every hour, every moment of every day. I am right with you, by your side, always available, always ready, always willing to help you, always here to answer any question you ask Me, to help you sort out any problem, to help with anything you need.

I keep giving My life for you, dear loves. Will you shun Me? Will you only absorb and apply a small portion of My Spirit, when I live to give My all to you? I give and give and give to you. This is My choice. Yes, I have a choice in the matter. Just because I am your Lord and Savior, it doesn't mean that I don't have choices. I could leave you to fend for yourself if I so desired. There is no one with a big stick hanging over My head telling Me I must be here for you continuously.

My choice is to keep giving to you, to love you, to help you, to always be here for you, to never leave you, to never forsake you. This is the solemn promise and vow I have made, one which I will keep. I give Myself to you--My Words, My Spirit, all of Me. Will you not treasure Me and let Me live in you more fully? Is My giving in vain?

My love for you is so great! My desire for you is so immense that I keep on giving, so that you might live a life of fullness, happiness, joy, and pleasure!--And so that you might fulfill your destiny--that which will bring you the greatest satisfaction and the greatest rewards known to man. Once you're saved, you're saved; you can never lose your salvation. But I have willingly and gladly chosen to help guide you, provide for you, protect and keep you, to help facilitate your journey and to see you safely Home.

I lay down My life daily for you. I give you Myself--My Words--freely, willingly, abundantly. I choose to do this because I love you, because I want you, because I want to make your lives as easy as possible, because you are worth everything to Me. You are worth My time, My energy, the expenditure of My Spirit. What am I worth to you? Will you not accept all I have to give?

You hold Me, the God of the universe, in your hands. You know the story of the pearl of great price, and how the man went and sold all that he had so he could buy it. I have handed you that pearl--Me, My Word, My Spirit that gives life and truth and joy!

Everything I have, all that I am, is yours. What will you do with Me? Will you turn Me away? Again, I know that your spirit is willing, yet the flesh is weak. I understand this. It is precisely because I understand this so well that I ask you to stop, to evaluate, to take a long, hard look into your hearts, to search your souls, and to seek Me as to what can be done to safeguard your time with Me, as well as your absorption and application of My Word in your lives. I ask this because I know you can't make it through the future without Me living more fully in you, without a lasting revolution in your Word habits, without getting your priorities straight.

You've got Me. You have not only a portion of My Words, but you hold the keys to My storehouses that contain the full counsel of God. I've given more of Myself to you than to any others in the entire world, in any given time in history. But the question is, will you make full use of what you possess? Your life depends on it, and not only your survival, but the lives and survival of many, many others.

Only as you live in My Word more fully will you be able to utilize the gifts I have given you. Only then will I be able to fully possess you. Only then will you be able to fully focus on the power. Only then will you be able to fully use your gift of heavenly thought power. Only then will you be the living sample of My Words that will win others to Me, that will win lasting fruit, solid disciples, sold-out citizens of the world to come. Only then will you walk through the storm of the most terrible iniquity of all time, unscathed and triumphant.

I give My all to you--what am I worth to you? Reading My Word is not enough. I have so much more to give, so many solutions, the fullness of My Spirit, so much more happiness, joy, pleasure and satisfaction to give you. But to get it, you must not only read, you must absorb, you must apply all the fresh Word I pour out, you must live more fully in My Word.

Will you give Me a chance to show you how it can be done? I know it looks impossible, but it's not. It's a matter of priorities. It's a matter of changing your mindset. It's a matter of listening, and then yielding to Me. It's a matter of calling on the keys of the Kingdom and letting their power work for you. It's a matter of letting go and letting Me live more fully in you. I've laid My life on the line for you--will you accept what I have to offer? *(End of message from Jesus.)*

***(Jesus speaking:)* As My Father's Word to Me had to dictate My every action, so My Word to you must dictate all your actions.**

My Word is alive, it's action, it's powerful! It's sharper than any two-edged sword. It can divide the soul and spirit, and discern the thoughts and intents of every heart. My Word is live power!

Nothing can stand against My Word! Nothing can stand against the keys to the Kingdom! Love is the greatest force; My Word is the greatest force; the power of the keys to the Kingdom is the greatest force in the world, in the heavens, in the universe!

If you are to focus on the power of the keys, if you are to allow the words I speak to you to dictate your life, you must rid yourselves of all that stands in the way of this. Detach yourselves from other things that clutter your life--the cares of the world, the pride of life, anything that opposes My Word.

Do this, My loves, and you will discover the full power of the keys. Focus on the power! Do it now! Today the keys rule! My Word rules! And the people who focus on the power of the keys will rule and reign with Me in the power and might of the Kingdom of God! *(End of message from Jesus.)* (ML #3374:29,31,36,50,53; 2001).

***(Jesus speaking:)* Please consider the following regarding My Word:**

- * The Word is Me. It is My Spirit, it is My life. I am the Word.
- * The Word is the most powerful truth on Earth and throughout the universe.

- * The Word keeps you in tune with Me; it keeps you going My way.
- * My Word is the source of all true strength.
- * My Word is food for your soul and health to your flesh.
- * You can't have faith without My Word.
- * My Word cleanses; it makes new.
- * My Word liberates; it is freedom.
- * My Word keeps you from falling.
- * My Word gives you peace.
- * My Word is wisdom; it makes the simple wise.
- * My Word gives understanding.
- * My Word is the discerner of all things, of every thought and every intent of every heart.
- * Through My Word, you partake of My divine nature; you become like Me.
- * Through My Word, you escape the corruption that is in the world.
- * My Word never fails.
- * My Word will stand forever.
- * My Word is the secret to power and victory, the secret to overcoming and fruitfulness, the secret to leadership, the secret to everything!
- * My Word is your link to My mind.
- * Living in My Word is the first step to receiving heavenly thought power.
- * Absorbing and applying My Word in your lives is the first step to focusing on the power.
- * Absorbing and applying My Word opens the door for Me to fully possess you.
- * Absorbing and applying My Word to your lives daily and following the Word is the most important thing you can do!

Chapter 26: A Nook in Paradise to Visit

[A MESSAGE FROM HEAVEN]

(Spirit helper speaking:) I want to take you to a little nook in Paradise, a beautiful haven called "Happy Heart Heaven". It's really a pleasant place to be. There you don't have to worry one bit about this thing called "time", or something else called "consequences" or another thing called, "abundance or lack of it". (That is to say you aren't limited by what you have or don't have, in order to be there. It's free, and freely to be enjoyed.)

It's a place for Earthlings who are walking the road for their Saviour, to enter and take a time of refreshment.

First we go through a doorway. It is a double door really. You walk in the first part, then shut it behind you, then open the next door and you are in. Shut out the cares of the old life and open to new realities.

Is there something that is really paining you, something either that you can't have now, or that you have had to give up?

Well, in "Happy Heart Hotel" you can enjoy a night free of care. This little haven is almost like a walled town, with all the things that are needed for joy. It's a closed off place embedded in the heart of paradise. It's not a tiny place, as it can fit plenty of nature in this place, but the feel of it is cozy and small when you are in the town-like section. You feel snug and like you'd be able to get to know whoever lives here, without there being "strangers" around for too long. You feel you could make the rounds and feel right at home rather quickly. But things are kept fresh and fun with new aspects to this place being added all the time.

There are rows of houses, but come and step in to the Happy Heart Hotel and let your heart be light.

I've designed this place myself, for when on Earth I so wanted a way to cheer people up. I saw that with joy, so much more would happen for the good, all around, but when sorrow of the wrong kind settled in, things just went downhill. Happiness gives strength to try to do better, and make things better. It is so much easier to reach goals when you are happy to do so.

You come to the waiting lounge in the Hotel, and you see some folks lingering there.

"Who would you like to have something to eat and drink and chat with?" I say.

They all look pretty jolly, and like you'd have a great time talking with just about any of them.

They wave and smile at you as you enter, and you feel very welcome.

A waiter comes to lead you into the dining place, and he takes care of the choice of company for you as well. He knows, after chatting briefly with you while seating you, who might be best, and brings a few new friends to sit with you.

You have a great time. You never know if or when you'll see these folks again in "real time", so you enjoy the fun while you are here, and get to know each other. You'll have to return to your station again on Earth, but it's nice to have this fun little time away. Treats like this can happen for faithful servants who don't depend on the world for their entertainments and distractions from the slog of life and battle time.

When the meal is over, the dishes are cleared and your dinner company wishes you a good night. You are then ushered upstairs to a comfortable and very tastefully set up room to enjoy a time of rest. During the meal you were given a questionnaire to fill out, and this helped to determine what type of room setting you would enjoy, and thus this is where you were taken.

Ah! You settle down for the longest and most comfortable rest you've had in a long time.

And that's the last thing you remember, as the sunshine woke you, and you were back again where you now dwell, ready to live and serve another day.

I hope to see you again. Welcome anytime! Please come and be refreshed. And remember, there are many more places to try out in this "Happy Heart Heaven". Maybe you'll want to visit the waterfall and lake next time, or visit with

Grandmother for tea and scones in her mansion and elaborate gardens, or perhaps a hike up Hill Boundless for a time of invigoration.

Or maybe I'll have added some new features to this place, and you'll get to be one of the first visitors from Earth to experience the joy there.

See you around.

Chapter 27: Celtellina and the strange plants

[INSPIRED STORY FROM ABOVE]

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 lay 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.

Chapter 28: A Gypsy Wagon

[GYPSY’S LIFE]

I woke one morning to a curious and delightful sight. Coming down the road was a wagonload of a very happy team. The design and style of the gypsy wagon was exactly how I remembered from days gone by. These were members of my own tribe. They waved at me as they passed, and gave a knowing wink. There were few, very few of us left, and even rarer the meet up of one with another. I couldn’t go out to see them in person as they were moving rather swiftly and there was a deep channel between the road where they traversed and my own dwelling.

I turned again to my work at home with the largest smile my face had donned in a long, long while. Just knowing that I wasn’t the last one remaining was good news indeed.

“Maybe someday we will meet up; or perhaps they could stop for a little while and chat over the gap between us.”

Well, that day did come. It was Christmas time and when I looked out the window I saw this happy team stop for a short while. One by one they got out of the wagon and called out a hello and introduced themselves to me.

“We are so glad for you!” they said. “It’s so nice knowing that someone else is still around. But most of all, we have been very much enjoying the new spirit scrolls that you have been penning. We’ve all read them and they have given us new joy to keep on in our journey and tribal mission.”

A tear ran down my cheek and I waved back quickly to them, thanking them for their time to say hi and share a word of encouragement. A moment later they were off again, and I was back to work inside my dwelling place. I had more to do than I used to, and I would need every spare moment that I had.

Chapter 29: Land of Oh so Good

[A MESSAGE FROM HEAVEN]

(Spirit helper speaking:) Let me tell you more about the land of “Oh so good” or so we can call it. There is a river that flows serenely through the very town square, or the place that could be called that; though it’s nothing like the “squares” you find on Earth.

There are little paddle boats you can float down the river on to get to other places in the very spread-out village. There are little islands in the river, very little ones, for the birds to rest on and raise their young—if they are water loving birds. A picnic and bird feeding can happen on these islands.

Sometimes the river goes completely under ground and only land is seen, but then it pops up again further down springing up or falling down as a waterfall.

The water in these places is both nourishing and refreshing, and the rocks help to keep it fresh as it rushes over them in some parts of its running course. Children can splash and play in the water in the shallow playful areas; women can bathe with their friends, soaking in it in other deeper pools that gather on the sides in some places. The water provides so many things that the village dwellers need. And the river doesn’t only go out in one direction, but can spread out and flow to this place and that, so that all the areas of the land can use and play in and enjoy the water of the land.

One part of the river that flows through the town square has a structure built over it, with plants on it that grow right out of the water. These plants love water and can thrive on it almost entirely. Their roots are in the water, and up the vines and plants grow and entwine around the structure of thin pillars and overhead beams for plants to grow on. Sometimes you can sit under it in a boat that is secured to a pillar and just look up at the plants and the light that streams through the overhead plant-bedecked structure. It’s a place that mothers often like to take their wee ones for a soothing nurse to sleep.

And the music that seems to play right out of the plants and air all around, is so refreshing. You can get refreshed and reinvigorated just listening to it—far more than going to a food and drink place there on Earth. Just the celestial sounds invigorate and renew you. Mothers who need lots of inspiration find this place so very relaxing and enjoyable. Then they can wade out of the anchored boat and walk to the shore holding their happy and refreshed little one. They both come back to the “land” part of the town looking all cheery and smiling bigger than before. No one disturbs those in the so called “town square”, which in this place is really a center of rejuvenation and relaxation, not a hubbub of senseless activity and noise.

Let me take you to the library. Again, it's different than a stuffy place of reading materials, which most of the time all seem to be saying things opposite from one book to the next; like it is on Earth. The sheer volume of reading materials that you could read, there on Earth, is enough to make you dizzy; and the truth lies under the ruins of false ideas widely promoted that are splashed in stark colours to cloud your discovery of what is actually of real value.

But no, in the place of "Oh so good" the library is completely different. In fact it rarely includes the books themselves, but rather the people who have learned this and that go there to teach and educate those who wish to learn. It's far easier talking to someone who knows what they are talking about, and have learned something special, than to try and decipher it from a text book, that can, much of the time, be misquoted or misunderstood, or taken out of context.

Yes there are books, but the teacher or teller, uses their own experiences to bring understanding on many different topics, and uses books from various writers. The true things from this or that book are told. These teachers are well trained in what is true and right, and what is not. Not every book on Earth is totally right on, nor is every book totally off, either. So bits of this one and that one are used to teach the truths that the village folks need to know. And what is false and wrong, just isn't there in this living library of learning. You can ask for different "teachers" or tellers to come and visit this place so you can learn a bit of what they learned and wish to express. And perhaps you will come and visit it too one day and pass on some things you too have learned. Even if you haven't written a book you still can be a "living book" in this library of learning, that looks more like a large study hall than a room filled with things to read.

See, then you learn something in a short amount of time, and learn what is true and right. And then you leave to get back to your other needs in life. Rather than leaving with a bag full of books to one day have the chance to read, and it taking up so much of your time that you have to deny other's needs and put off your responsibilities to sit for hour upon hour to read and hope to learn something.

Now, some people do find great joy in reading for long periods of time. And they can do this. There are boats filled with good books to read, and someone wishing to have a long time of reading can go on one of these and sit and relax when it's time for that. It's a good use of time, as the books on these are very good. But for just learning things, it's faster and far more efficient to go to the library where you can learn things fast, and make sure you are learning the right things too.

Chapter 30: There once was a King

[INSPIRED STORY FROM ABOVE]

(Jesus speaking:) Sit now with Me, and I'll tell you these things, like a child. For you do want to understand them.

Once there was a king and he was very angry with his servants. They were stealing and cheating, and using the things of the King to get more bad things for themselves. So, finally the King, after repeated warnings, said, "That's enough; no more of these shenanigans; I'm through with you."

Well, when the King's servants saw that He wasn't going to tolerate it any more, they made a big uproar to try to get Him to change His mind. It wasn't that they really were sorry for the ruin and loss to the Kingdom, but they just didn't want to be controlled. They wanted to work their way up to the top and get full control. Why? Cause they thought whoever had the most control and was in charge, could have the most things.

Well, what they didn't know was that the more bad they did, the less they were going to get in the end. The King actually had huge wealth and large areas of land and storehouses and all sorts of treasures and goodies for His faithful servants, if they were honest and didn't try to get more just for themselves.

But because they were dishonest and greedy, the King was going to take away from them all that He had planned to give them. They had to prove they were good and right with little things, then He could trust them with big things.

This uproar lasted for quite a while. Everyone trying to take what they said the King owed them for their labours for him. Finally, at the right time, He just closed up the kingdom for a while. No one could do anything, or not in the way they use to. The more they tried to demand for more, the less they ended up getting.

Yet, not everyone was being bad and angry. There were some quiet ones who had seen the King crying, and it moved them so. They saw that He actually really cared about His people and His nation.

Now they couldn't stop all the ramblers from making trouble, and they couldn't make everything right again, right then, but there was one thing they could do.

These gentle hearted, saddened for the King, people, crept up ever so quietly to where He was sitting, and kneeling down wept at His feet. They wept long and hard.

The King put his hand on their heads. He knew what they were feeling and thinking.

Then He got off His throne and sat on the footstool and held them, and wept long and hard along with them.

Finally, He whispered, "I'll tell you a secret. I'm going to make you ruling helpers with Me. Would you like that? But don't worry, it will be calm and peaceful at that time. I'll teach them to be grateful, and honest and good. And it will be much better then."

The gentle, humble ones nodded and wiped away some of their tears. They would like to help make things better for the King, for they knew it would make Him happy.

"But first, things will seem to go from bad to worse. Just wait, and I'll set things right soon enough. But you have to be patient. It might take some time, but I know how to fix it. Okay?"

The gentle ones realised, when looking at the streets that they really didn't want to go out there and mingle with the mob, so they stayed as close to the King as they could. When others who cared about the king's feelings and His plans came nearby, they'd say, "Come in here, quick."

At first the people wondered what was in that normal looking house. But then their eyes opened real big when they saw that the King was there with them. Then they too cried tears of remorse and wished to be on His team.--Not just labelled as a servant to get riches and power and hope to be thought well of, but to really serve Him with all their heart and strength, out of love.

"I'm going out today," the King suddenly announced. "It's lock up time. They've gone on long enough."

He stood up so suddenly it caused a wind to blow through the room and nearly knocked those ones who were with Him over. But they didn't mind really. They were a little shaken, as it wasn't so quiet in there anymore, and the wind was a bit cold. Some of them held on, "Please don't go, we want You with us."

He smiled. "You'll be with me, alright. Out there. It's time to go. It's going to be tough, but the good times will outweigh the bad. Are you ready?"

Some of them really didn't feel ready. Though they liked the cosy room, they hadn't really anticipated that they might be asked to move and do and act, ready or not.

One girl was standing with her back against the wall, like wind was pinning her there. She was very frightened about going anywhere.

"Come," the King said. "I'll take you in My arms and carry you through the storm."

Storm? Oh, my she didn't know that on top of it all, all the fighting and wild parties, and violence-filled streets, that it was stormy too, with lightning and thunder, and cold wet rain and all.

"I'm making the storm happen to see who wants to come into My shelter," the King said. "I'll make sure it doesn't separate you from Me. If you get cold, just snuggle closer to Me, okay?"

So His team went to the door to look out. It was even fiercer than they had anticipated. The wind was strong and if they didn't hold on very tightly to the King's garment, it would have blown them right back in to their little spot. But they were proving to the King that it wasn't just peace and nice things that they wanted, but Him and being with Him. This touched His heart and He cried a tear. It was a test, and through it they proved their love.

Some lined up behind the King while He faced the wind and was hit with all the debris that blew around, smashing here and there. The little ones behind him were sheltered by the shield of their King.

The King called for some strong angels to help. Within a moment a whole invisible army appeared, but only the little ones could see them or feel them or hear them, most of the time. It surprised these faithful followers of the King why someone wasn't afraid to do something really wickedly bad right there in front of the King and His angel army. But it was because it was primarily a secret army. And the King was in disguise.

On they all marched through the streets, seeing all that was going on. Finally it was time to give the orders. All those who were listed as behaving well, were rounded up into one building. And the rest were to stay for the next part of the show.

"Well, well," wicked ones said, during the brief break in the storm, "Look at that. The King finally stopped troubling us with those 'good people' that were still roaming the streets. We made it hard enough for them that He finally took them away, whoever was still left on the streets. Our plan of wickedness worked! Hurray! Now the place is ours. Freedom at last! That King was trying to stop us with all his woes for some time, but I think He finally realised that we just want to be left on our own."

But once all those who did want to follow in the King's way and were trying to stop the bad ones, though they couldn't do much or anything at all for some time, once they were gone, it was time for real trouble.

These ones who made a mess of the country got to have a celebration they never planned. A fireworks and bloody festival like they never knew. It was God throwing His own victory celebration. The wicked ones didn't get to have much fun after all. For after being hurt in numerous ways, they were rounded up and locked away, for a very long time.

"Now, My little ones," the King said to His faithful few, who never left His side, "We're going to clean the place up. On we go."

"It will be a very big job!" a little one thought.

“Oh, there are others who can help,” He said. And called out some very scared and very messy looking people, who had been in hiding. They weren’t too sure about the King, but they didn’t like the wicked mess makers either.

“These will help you, if you’ll help them first. Get them cleaned up. Teach them the truth, and then together you can work.”

And the Angel team showed up just in time to give their assistance.

One Angel was talking to a little girl who was trying to wash the mud and dirt off someone who had been in the rubble of a giant earthquake.

“I know what it’s like to be given another chance. There was a time when I too wasn’t too sure about the King. But long ago I too learned that it pays to trust and not try to just get the things I want, right then, but to do things the King’s way. I had to learn the hard way, in another place. I couldn’t just go and do whatever I wanted and when I wanted to. And most of all I was sad, all the time. And I was hurting and messy and dirty there. When the time was right, and I was ready to be a servant of the King, and not just do things my own way, then He got me all cleaned up. When the King said, “Come!” then I was so very glad. And now I never want to leave His side again.”

Together the angel and the girl, helped the man get clean and fed and then he was led to a grassy place to rest. One by one those left around, who were really messed up, got rescued and taught the right things.

Then when they were strong enough to help out, they started to fix the place up.

But no one did anything anymore without asking the King’s permission, or at least looking in the “Happy living golden rule book”. When they saw it was a good thing, or got permission for a new thing, they did it.

At last the King came and sat on a new throne, right in the middle where everyone could see and hear Him and come to Him when He called, or just if they wanted to.

The King loved everybody so much that he made a huge palace, sooo big, that it could fit all the people who wanted to live with Him.

What a great parade it was when at last they could move in and be always with their beloved King.

And He was beloved to them, for by that time they had seen how much He really cared, and they never wanted to make Him sad ever again.

And because of their love and loyalty and trust in their King, He gave them so many treats and huge properties, and lots of friends, and all the things they needed.

He taught them to listen to those who knew how things should go, and to be as loving as possible. It was a wonderful time.

Chapter 31

[GYPSY’S LIFE]

I realise that though the surrounds are different than where I used to live; those I live with are unlike the ones I grew up with, and it might appear like I'm no longer a traveling gypsy maiden on her quest for the King, the place I am now

is just another stage of my gypsy existence. I still am traveling; I still am on my way home. Change is all part of it. And so I carry on, the light of the city getting clearer by the day, in my heart, as each step takes me there.

My journey now is in the invisible realm, and much of my work for the King remains unseen by townsfolk around. But I am to tend to it diligently and wholeheartedly, even if not a soul around understands me perfectly, knows where I came from, or can speak my native tongue. I am who I am, and will be true to my King, my tribe, and my personal royal responsibilities.

AS A TORCH CONSECRATED TO JESUS

(A prayer in the spirit:) Hold me right next to You, my Lord and Sovereign, that the touch of our souls can ignite the warmth of a fire that will burn brightly and call others that are lost in the darkness to also come to Your side.

Just to believe in You is no longer enough--not enough if we want the rest of those who are also a part of Your heart to be called and to come to You.

The world is too dark for that.

It's going to take fire.

It took fire in times of old when the believers met You in the flames. It's going to take the fire of Your Spirit burning in me and on me and through me.

That can only happen when I touch You, when I am near You.

To get close to You I must often go through the suffering that You felt, the threshold of dying so that others might live. That is what You did. That is what You called us to do, if that is what it takes.

I'm learning day by day how to do as You did. To stretch out my arms; to suffer and endure, in order to bring others to You.

Then they will come, then they will come to Your side when they see the flame of not only Your love that sent You to the cross, but the flame of my love for You, that drew me to Your side.

I am the fuel, You are the light and flame. Let me burn bright together with you.

I offer myself to You to use me as You will, to create the light that You need in the world.

The greater the darkness, the brighter the light that is needed, so it can be seen in the farthest places.

"Let your light so shine" You said.

I thought that meant turning on a little flashlight, or a blub in a nice building to attract people to come. But no, not now, not ever again will that be enough.

It's too dark; it's too late; it's too urgent.

Your need for them to come is too overwhelming and passionate. You need and want the hearts of all to come now.

Only intense heat and the flame of God burning in the hearts of those who know You will even begin to be enough.

I am not to merely hold the light, but to be the fuel that burns.

Lord, You are no longer to be as a torch in my hand, to be held by me, or used, or set down, or covered as I see fit, as I attempt to bring people to know You.

But I am to be as the rod of the torch in Your hands, and You can use me as You wish, to draw souls to You.

Your Spirit is the fire and You are the hand that holds the torch. I place myself in Your hand so that Your light can be seen.

I need to be near You. I want to have Your light on me. I want to be held in Your hand. I want to be that close, and

never let go of. This way I will truly be useful.

A flower on the wayside is nice in the daytime, and might cheer the hearts of the children that are allowed to walk merrily along. But it's no longer the daytime, but the night.

No one will see Your beauty shining in me if I only want to be a flower in the sunshine.

You need new tools. You need burning hot ones, freshly lit from the coals of Heaven.

Yes, I want to be transformed into a rod in Your hands, dipped in oil and lit with fire.

No one will see me. It's too dark. But if they can only see Your fire burning on me and be drawn to You, that is enough.

It will be hot. I will get burned. And I know that without the light on me I look very common or worthless.

--An old charred bit of wood. There is only one place that I am worth something, and that is in Your hands and lit aflame.

Burn in me, Holy Spirit of God, burn so that others can see the true light and be called to Your throne and can enter into the Kingdom of God.

I want to be one with You, be like You, shine with Your light, be used of You, and be very near You, always, dear Jesus.

(Word count: 777)

P.S.

In order to complete the journey through these very difficult and intense days, I need as much help from Heaven as possible; and so will you likely need the same, or you will be knocked out of the race before you make it to where you are supposed to go. You'll never fully reach your God ordained goals in life without help from Heaven, for He wants to teamwork with us, and to have us work alongside of His angelic hosts. We all need one another if we are to win. For the foe resides in both the seeable as well as the invisible realm, and fluctuates between the two, and so active warriors on God's side need to be in both realms as well, and need to be communicating and aiding each other so they can drive the devil and his evil ones off the planet and out of the lives of those abiding on it.

Here are some ways that have been shown to me and others, that are written about in the ancient script, are talked about in the secret scrolls, and are continuing to be revealed by the Spirit of the living God. And I have lived them and proved them to be true and right and workable. More than that: essential.

This is just a glimpse, a tiny write up to give you an idea of what sorts of weaponry we on earth, in this physical plane, can and should be using, in order to ensure us victory. There is far, far more to be learned about each one of these topics. But here is a head's up to get you as armed as possible to face the foe who's doomed to depart.

Jesus needs you. Will you be a fighter who wins? Or merely a battered creature of earth, who doesn't know what end is up because you are so unprotected, and the fiery darts catch you off guard continually. Face the foe, armed and ready, with these weapons of Heaven, and fight to the finish. Overcomers get red carpet treatment when they return home to Heaven, having won the battles they set out to do. Be empowered by Jesus' all powerful Heavenly gifts, and you can't help but win, for Jesus Christ will be working through you, you will just be a person He can use to do His work. Let Him, and together you will win.

[MESSAGES FROM HEAVEN]

The Word of God— (Spirit helper speaking:) The Word of God is not bound. God’s words can be bound in a book for reading, but that is not in any way the totality of the Words that the Living God can and has and will yet pour out. His Living words can be bottled to bring refreshing, but though the bottle contains 100% pure living water, it’s not all God has said; it’s not the 100% of His mind encased in that bottle. It’s breathing all the time; flowing all the time. You can have sips from a pool of water, where the rain of God’s fresh Word has gathered. But there is always more ready to fall and be poured out on you. Can you contain the clouds of the sky? Or capture every drop of rain that has and will ever yet fall? So can no human captivate or hold within their tiny hands all the Words of the Living God. But you must have it to survive. Walk on and find new and fresh pools to sustain you and to refresh you as you journey through this wilderness to the promise land. And if waters is nowhere to be found, then speak to the rock, to Jesus, that waters may be poured out of the rock in gushes that are too fast and flowing to be contained, merely to be drunken down as much as the vessel of your heart can manage, according to need and desire.

The Love of Jesus— (Spirit helper speaking:) True love is shown by how deeply you take in Jesus’ Words and let them create something new inside of you; you become a new soul because of the seedy Words of God. Part of showing this love, when then empowered by His Word that activates His Spirit moving in you, is your taking action to do and be and show and live and give—as His Word told you to. Doing what He said shows you really love Jesus. It’s not about a feeling of romance or even reverence. But it’s more like dedication, that no matter how you feel on what day, you take that time to hear from the Bridegroom, and then, like a loyal subject you get to work and do it. The reveling in love and highs from this love of Jesus can come later, after all have shown their obedience to the Word of God. First yield and follow in fervency, then the joys will spring from that, and great joy will be known, and great gifts of love will be bestowed on you.

The Keys of the Kingdom— (Spirit helper speaking:) The Keys of the Kingdom are Jesus’ all powerful and mysterious workforce, service, and Heavenly provision and assistance to carry us through these last days of Tribulation. They represent Jesus’ supernatural power that can be accessed by those He grants this unmatched power to. Just as Jesus can do anything, and nothing is impossible, when we have His permission, He will enable us to claim His power to anything that is within His will. His power is given or passed on to us or provided through the Keys of the Kingdom. To be eligible for this powerful help, we need to be devoted to His Word and take it in daily (both old and new, and receive yet more, and be committed to doing what He says; we need to love Jesus dearly and show Him this love in ardency; we need to shun the world and hate evil, and be fully on His disciple team. The Keys of the Kingdom can fill us with the Holy Spirit and enable us to be or feel or do anything Jesus wants us to—long term or short term. We need to be utterly humble and submitted to Jesus, and be using this empowerment in accordance with His will.

Holy Spirit— (Spirit helper speaking:) You need Holy Spirit anointing more than ever before, for it will both cool and refresh you as you walk through the fires; and it will give air for you to stay alive through the floods of iniquity. It will give you fire and light your way, making you both fervent in fulfilling what your Lord calls you to do, as well as show you the way ahead and what exactly you are to do in order to complete the tasks, and reveal the wicked ones that lurk in the shadows trying to trip you up. Holy Spirit gasoline is the only fuel strong enough to power you across this rugged terrain. Gird up and climb up, powered by the Holy Spirit of God.

Angelic help— (Spirit helper speaking:) We are here and on duty, ready on call to do as our Lord bids and calls us to. We are at your service in many ways, for we serve, assist, protect, arm, call, instruct, train you, and many other things. And yet you are at our service as well. We serve one another in love. We need you to do the work

there that needs to be done. We are the invisible forces of God, and we use you to do what needs to get done by the seen army of the saints of God. Let's truly help one another by praying daily for the power of the Lord to give us strength, protection, and willingness to fight all the way to the end, no matter how hard it is. We truly depend on one another and need each other, much like a body needs both sides to do tasks right. You might be able to survive without an arm or leg, or get by with only one eye, but somethings can only be done or can be best done with both sides of the equipment there and working right. We need you, and you certainly can't get by without the help and assistance that we can and must provide. You need us, and don't forget this, as when you do things start to go very wrong, as you run off and make miserable mistakes without hearing first what it is exactly that you are to achieve, and you are then, when the fallout comes, very vulnerable to the attacks of feeling so very alone in this world, when that is far from the truth. We shield you, surround you, uphold you, and get you going attacking again no matter what pit you've stumbled into. We are the force that keeps you moving forward, ever forward to the goal of the commission you have been given. Cheers, and God bless.

Brotherly love and humility— (Spirit helper speaking:) When you think critical and unkind thoughts against those you are supposed to be helping, this breaks down the wall of protection between you and them; your brothers, sisters and Spiritual family members. You need to be on guard and keep a look out for the many, so many ways the enemy tries to get you to be against others who are on your same team. You need to actively look for ways to bring each other in closer, and how you can work yet more in unison. But it won't work if one of you are going this way and the other is going a completely different way. You need to be all hearing God's instructions and following them. You each will be performing vastly different duties, but all with the same goal in mind, and so you will be encouraging each other, even if they have to do things differently. You are glad for each other and you show it in active and faith feeding ways. Together you can do more than alone; but that is only if you are aiding each other and not wasting time trying to decide who is more the boss, and who is out of step with your wishes. And keep forgiving each other too, for there will be times when someone steps on your toes—either purposely or accidentally. By this I mean they try to get to you stop doing something, and it hurts and stalls you for a bit. But don't then try to step on theirs, as that will just waste your precious time when instead you could be walking forward. One step at a time by listening to Jesus' instructions and following them, is how you will eventually each reach the part of the pathway you are meant to reach.

Praise— (Spirit helper speaking:) Praising God brings triumph from just about anything that is trying to make you lose the round. To grumble repeatedly is to put yourself in a position to lose and miss out on being victorious. Praise God right in the midst of the battle, for then you can be sure of something good coming real soon. Praise is to declare your right as a child of God to be happy no matter what is befalling you. You have a right to rejoice, for you know that all things truly will work out for your good in the end—even the bad, maddening, sad things of life. If you don't know why something is good—as it sure looks bad to you—don't worry about trying to figure it out and analyze it to see how it can possibly make sense. Just say that you are glad that you don't have to try to fix everything, that it's the Lord's job to do that. And then declare your right to rejoice in Holy Praise, no matter what is happening. I'm not saying to rejoice about bad things, but to praise the one who is going to make things all right and good in the end, and make you even glad then about anything that seemed to go wrong for you in your life. When it's all worked out and the full story is told, and you see how each piece of this life and that situation all fits together, then you will be able to praise a whole lot more. So start now and it will lift you out of despair that stops you from performing your Lord's highest will. And sometimes His highest will is to first let things get worse for a time before they do get better and better. But just because things are better for you in the next life—for those who have yielded to Jesus' plan and cheerfully did what He asked, even when it was really

tough—that doesn't mean things will be totally easy for everyone. For some, that is when things will start to get tough, very tough. And you can be glad that you did the difficult things now, with a heart filled with faith and lips filled with positive declarations of praise and gratitude to Jesus, as that enabled you to win some awesome triumphs and gain your sweet treasure. Praise and hard work now, and sweet victory later, rather than grumbling and selfishness and disobedience now, and a lot of difficult times later. Be glad when things aren't your favourite today, even when you are doing your best for Jesus. That just means that He is saving up the really good things for you, when you are done doing what He asked you to do.

Prayer— (Spirit helper speaking:) Talking, listening, interceding and deep communion with the Lord, the King of all, is going to get you through this life better than anything else. When this is done with an attitude of having faith that everything is truly going to work out right in the end because of your heaven-sent communication, this brings results your way, and gives you peace of mind to sail through even the stormiest seas. When you come to God bringing your woes, in a rather disgruntled way, topped with your own “set in stone” agenda that you want Him to work out for you; wanting things to go your way and only the way you think is right, this yields little good. He's waiting for you to say, “What do you want, dear Jesus. I'm ready and eager to listen and to do what You in Your wisdom know is best.” And you plead for strength and the grace to then do it—asking in faith for the guts and courage to do what is on God's agenda for you—this surely gets His ear, and on you go to happier times. Maybe the hard pit you find yourself in was just to get you to look up and ask for the right kind of help, and to be pointed on the correct path, so you didn't get too way off course. Maybe it was to stop something really bad or drastic from happening, and to set you in motion for something great in your life. So praise and pray and then act and do.

Hearing from Jesus— (Jesus speaking:) Sweetheart, I love to whisper in your ear words that give you strength. You don't have to know all that is needed right from the start; all that you are going to need to know to get you through this battleground called Earth. But whatever you do need to know I can show you and tell you, right at the time, or perhaps a bit before, so you can make great headway. I'm so very near to you, all around you, inside of your mind and heart and whole being. I love being near you, for then neither of us has to feel troubled in heart. —You know that I am close and will protect you from the big and bad things that would really throw you off course; and I can guide you and then I'm happy because I want you to be safe and fully protected. And this can happen all the better the closer you are to Me and the more I can tell you, right in your ear.

Full possession by Jesus, and Heavenly thought power—(Jesus speaking:) I want your mind to be My television, My broadcasting station, My bank where I can store Heavenly treasures, My recording device, and much more. I want it to be a place where I can put all kinds of good things. I don't want any of its shelves and data to be filled with anything but the best. But boy does the enemy sure try to take up space and push the good out. But be like Nehemiah when he came back to check out how things were, he moved the infiltrator and all his stuff out of the temple. He cleaned out all that didn't belong in a place created to glorify God, not man and the things of the world. How much space do I take up in your mind? Or do new thoughts I wish to give you have a hard time vying for a bit of room as the shelves of your head are so filled with the things of this world? If so, it's time for a clear out. Make room for new ideas that I give you when you pray, and toss out whatever objects to the new and good and helpful. Out go old concepts that are outdated and obsolete, and on you will go making new progress.

Faith, rising above, and focusing on the light: God's Power— (Jesus speaking:) When I come into you, like a gushing wind that fills the sails on a boat, then I can move you along. You are not going to fit everything there possibly could be into the one little suitcase of your life, but do make sure that the best things for survival make it

in. Faith is the God quality in you that tells you to keep on believing, even if many others don't. It's what tells you to keep on going, when it seems like it's the perfect time to fold up and stop, due to this and that factor. With faith you can please Me because it's the opposite of thinking and acting in the ways of the world. It's the element that keeps you focusing on what really actually matters and moving on from anything else that is troubling you or pinning you into a corner, seemingly yelling to your face that "it can't be done, so give it up". But with this being of light that is stationed right next to you, you keep the faith and you don't give up; you look at things in the way that Heaven would like you to see things.

Healing and soul restoring— (Jesus speaking:) I've got all the healing elements in My big, huge doctor's bag, for any ailment that you face; anything at all. So what do you do to get it? Just pray and ask. That's all. You can tell Me your symptoms and what is ailing you, and we can talk things over a bit. And then I get to work to try to relieve whatever it is that is hurting you, so you can get back to fulltime focus on the needs of My Kingdom that are all around you and need you to tend to them. It's easier to run fast with a lighter heart that has offloaded all the types of things that bring down the heart of a person. Woe to that person, young or old, that insists of having all the weights and the sins stay as part of their make up. You really do want to let go of all that hinders and holds you back, if you are hoping to make it to the goal line before time is up. First in get the biggest rewards, for they ran hard and kept letting go of that which hurt them and dragged them down. The less sins and weights you hold on to, the faster you'll get your job done and reach your goal. I heal up the broken in heart and do bind up their wounds. Even when it's often the choices of the people themselves that gets them into a broken heart fix, still I take them tenderly, help them to learn so it won't happen too easily again, and fix them up again, all the wiser for it—and also now better able to bring healing to the heart of another because of what they learned.