



Secrets with Jesus 1-8

(Book 1 of 3)

Setting:

(Somewhere in Heaven, in the house that hosts authentically set meals and times listening to the Master telling of His life on Earth. It's like a club or class you sign up for, and attend. This group of people chose to be part of this learning experience. I, though still an Earth dweller, was invited. Here is what I saw and heard in the Spirit.)

Secrets with Jesus 1—

(Part 1)

(Jesus speaking:)

“I was very lonely as a child. I suppose you know that. There are many reasons for this, and I'll talk more about it later. But the loneliness was a special consecration in My bosom, a knowledge that I wasn't to be just any one in society, to have My drinks, My laughs, and say randomly whatever came to mind. No, I was to be special, for I held a royal place in the Kingdom of God.

“Shall I go on?”

(Everyone nods and is eager.)

“Sometimes the only solace I got from this constant ‘set aside’ condition of the soul that I knew was present, was to talk with the animals, the wild

birds, the pigeons who came to be fed, or at times the neighbour's animals that might wander into our courtyard. They would understand what I was saying, for I had a way of communicating that made sense to them. As the Son of God I could do things like that. It wasn't a noticeable gift, but one that My Father allowed. They too felt the scourge of the fallen world and wished for things to be at peace—where animals and man could walk in harmony to the tune of their Creator.

“What I didn't always see was the host of surrounding angels that accompanied Me constantly. I was the most important being on the planet, because I held the keys of life and had the power to transform the fallen state of the world into one of peace and beauty.”

(Jesus takes a break and has another swig of drink, kisses the servant maid's hand, and looks into her eyes to say thank you. She blushes and turns away in bashfulness, and puts the jug down again, while His story continues.)

“Of course, everyone meant so much to the King of all. I knew this, and that is why I was there in the first place. I missed being with My Father and seeing the angels that served while I appeared in this 'lower than the angels' state. At the same time I truly did love each and every one so much that I felt My heart would break—which eventually it did, as I gave My life, knowing that many of the ones around that day would not be able to join me in paradise, because they turned away and chose their own belief systems. But that's for another day.”

(Jesus sits up and lets a lovely lady sit on one side of Him, and a teen on the other side. He's hugging them both, and they curl into His embrace. The servant maid, our host for the event, comes with a bucket of water to wash the Masters' feet. --Not that they need cleaning, but more as a gesture of love. He smiles with a twinkle in His eyes and winks at her. With a racing heart looks down and finishes her loving task.)

“So was it worth it—all the pain I went through? All the sorrow? All the years of loneliness, knowing I was to remain separate and set apart, in order to complete the mission I came to earth to do? Well, I’ve got all the love I could desire—surrounded by you who love Me so completely....”

(Then His face takes on a far away look. Everyone bows their head slightly in a moment of prayer and tenderness; they know what He is thinking. For there are many more that He yet yearns for. So many more that He wishes to be part of the feast of love that is available.)

“Yes, there are others who still need to be brought to know of My loving longing for them. But still I am a happy man. Each one of you are worth all the diamonds and rubies in the world. Please don’t think I am not valuing the fact that you have given all to Me—all your love and life, and endured much tribulation for it. It means all the world to Me, and I will tenderly care for your soul for eternity. It’s just that everyone that My Father created, that is meant to be a part of our happy fellowship is very much engraved in My heart and soul and on My mind too... like an unfinished puzzle.”

(Jesus sheds a few tears, and everyone moves closer to Him, as if to show their love more for Him, so He will know they would love to, if they could, erase the pain of heart that He yet feels.)

“I think the meal is ready now,” He says looking up, and happy for something enjoyable to share with everyone there.

A gap is made in the centre and the food is spread out on the mats on the floor. People start eating and smiling and enjoying the fun fellowship with the Master of all ceremonies. At the end, He takes a flat piece of bread and a goblet of wine and performs the special and memorable time of communion with all there. Even though He isn’t going to be leaving them and giving His Earthly life, it’s a time of prayer for those who have yet to join the body of believers, and drink deeply from the well of Salvation, imbibing the New Wine of the Holy Spirit.

It's a solemn time, and one that each one takes the time, as they get their piece of bread and wine, to tell Jesus personally their thanks for going through all that He did for them and for everyone. They say how much Jesus means to them; what having the gift of salvation meant to them. Verbal gratitude, and hugs and kisses were shown to Him by all, one by one or sometimes two by two. In the end, when all had partaken of the bread and wine, and had shown Jesus their personal gratitude, things started to get a little less organised, because love was spreading and multiplying, and the wine of heaven was taking an effect.

All who partook of the wine of love and freedom just wanted to enjoy the gift of freedom that Heaven grants. Soon everyone was hugging and really showing love to everyone else. They were telling each other how much they really appreciated them and what they had done for Christ, and how much they meant to them personally as well. --For to show love to another is to please God. Jesus sat back looking pleased as this love feast was like the wonderful desert to a pleasant meal, the cherry on the top. Now tears were running down His face again, but this time tears of joy. To see those that love Him showing love in action to others was what He always longed for and prayed so much for. It really thrilled His heart.

When everyone had again settled down, the stories continued.

“We had a little donkey for a while, that's where I learned how to ride one. It was always a bit shabby and not particularly cooperative—much like many people I had to learn to get along in harmony with anyway. It wouldn't look Me in the eye, like it knew it wasn't being the best donkey in the world. But still I'd pat it and feed it its provender and do what was needed in its care.”

(The meal and dishes were all cleared away, and large carpets and soft mats were placed on the floor for everyone to lie on with long round pillows and such. There was to be a show projected. Everyone looked up to the ceiling and it seemed to roll back to show a special video. It was Jesus

and his brothers doing some carpentry and working. It was like a compilation of spots of His life and working.)

“I didn’t do carpentry nonstop. That’s not all I did. But I did need to grow into that task and learn it well pretty early on in life, as the more we could get done, the more we could support our growing family with growing appetites. But there were hikes and hills to climb. There were meals to cook, and trips to be taken nearby to get the things needed. Farmers to help sow and plow and harvest their crops, neighbours to lend a hand to, and thank when they helped us out. And there was always chores of one sort or the other to carry out. The days were tiring, and the nights often cold, but it was just what I was meant to experience.”

(The video turned off, and each one turned over on their side or sat up to again look at the Master telling His story.)

“So what else do you want to hear about? Since I can remember anything and everything, I can tell you just about anything you want to know, if I am meant to say it and it will bear good fruit in your heart and mind.”

(He looks over to someone who obviously looks as if they have a question. That is the reason He asked this question and gave this chance—so as not to embarrass this one, but to make it seem as if He was opening the door for anyone to ask anything, and that to respond was as if it was in obedience to His invitation, rather than seeming to the others as if the person was interrupting. His thoughtfulness with people is unearthly and surreal.)

“You look like you have something, sure go ahead.” He says.

(Through mind transmission, they asked if He had any girls He loved and if it was hard to never have a wife while on Earth.)

Jesus replied aloud:

“When My mother and brothers and sisters came to see me, you know what I told those who were listening to me—who were sitting in a place

that My personal family relations could have likewise been sitting in if they had desired it and weren't so caught up in the living of life that has a way of taking all one's time..."

(Some of the people in the room there hearing this story nod knowingly. It is all too easy to squeeze out the time for doing the best and most important things in life—time taken with the Master.)

He continues His sentence:

"I said that those who loved me enough to be giving up all that was pulling on them and to be sitting there, doing and wishing to do nothing else, but to sit there and hear the Words I had to say, were a family to Me.

"What I didn't include in that statement, but all there knew what I was thinking anyway on that score—those who loved to hear the Words of God were like a wife and loved one and personal companion to Me, better than a wife would have been who was close in body but not in spirit, or who didn't and hunger for God. I would rather be with someone who loved God's Word—no matter who they were--than with the prettiest girl in the world. What would it do for the Kingdom of God if they bore lots of children, but failed to teach them God's Word? I had to choose the love of the Truth above personal romance."

Secrets with Jesus 2—

(Part 2--The continued answer to the question posed to Jesus,

"Was hard to never have a wife while on Earth?")

(Jesus speaking:)

"I was requiring many of My disciples to give up the same thing—getting married and having children, either for the rest of their life or temporarily, so that they could learn of Me in the short time we had together. It was better that they were free to go and preach the Gospel without the added

worry about a family that would be dependent on them. It's Godly to care for your own, yet if they made God's family their's, the family of believers their own family and cared for them rather than having their own children at this time, this would be a whole lot better for getting the Gospel out and getting news of salvation spreading.

"My disciples were to, in a way, though it's hard for English words to say it, be married to the Word of God, to make that take the place in their heart that normally people try to fill with other people. For the Word of God to be as the children they wished they could have, and care for the Words God gave them, and teach it to others, using their finances and strength to pass it on. Their "Bible projects" were their "babies" to tend to. The Word of God was also to be their life-long companion and mate, their constant friend, what they go to for comfort and strength, and what will give them good counsel and right advice.

"I didn't want people to care more about their physical relationships more than passing on the Word of God that was then being given like never before. Marrying and having relationships had been happening since the beginning of the world, but it wasn't what was going to change things for the better if that is what held the highest loyalties in people's life. It wasn't good enough to just love someone, that person you loved needed to love God and His Word most of all, and they needed to love God and His Word above all as well.

"So, in putting first My ministry of preaching the glad tidings, and telling people the ways of the Kingdom, and forsaking the idea of not only having a personal little family unit to care for but not sticking with My own relatives for that time, was what was needed. It wouldn't have worked for Me to be like a King that had all He wished for, and just tell His servants to go out and spread the Good News. They needed an example to follow, and that's what it cost Me—giving up marriage while on Earth.

"Besides, they would have gone through so much and many troubles by those who hated Me, that it would have been very hard to bear. I would

instead bear the persecution and threats on My life without endangering the lives of personal family, if I would have had one. Of course, in saying that all who loved and listened to and received the Words I had to say and pass on from God where like family to Me, it also meant—and I knew it—that they would endure trouble, just as a personal family might have, by those angry with My message and who I was.

“It was very hard, so very hard for people to understand that in receiving Me they were receiving God, and thus would find their way into His Kingdom. But God always expects faith, something that takes utter faith and trust in Him; something that makes no sense to a carnal human. You have to step out and reach beyond your carnal and worldly way of viewing things if you want to actually GO beyond—like you all here have done.”

(With that, Jesus was done speaking for the time being—but of course not for long, for Word is what He is. Everyone took turns come up to thank Him for letting them be there for this special meal and personal chat time. They hugged each other and walked out of the room arm in arm to carry about their celestial existence and tranquil responsibilities.)

I describe:

When everyone was gone, all but Jesus, who was reclining there for a reason, the maid servant host, who had washed His feet—that is the one playing the role of a servant for that time, though all like taking turns at this, as the Master taught them—came to clear away the last of the dishes and jugs... Though in actuality they were all taken away already, and she knew it. She wanted to see Jesus one more time, and alone. It was not presumptuous, for had He not called her, in His special way?

She came and knelt down again at His side and placed her hand on His chest. He held her hand and kissed it, bring her in closer to Him. He caressed her hair and made her feel like she was a queen and worth all the gems of all the crowns on earth put together.

A tear or two rolled down her cheeks, for Jesus had a way of making everyone feel His love in the most spectacular ways. As He looked in her eyes they both were, in a way, transported to a place of heavenly splendour. And it was there that this maid servant, who only lived to love and serve Her Master, received a special reward of some marvellous heart's desire. It was something she had long hoped for and was waiting, in heaven, for the time when she chose to serve one another in love, and to come and kneel at His feet, showing humility and deep love.

The story will not describe her personal wish, for it is just that.

But if you were to do the same, as she did, out of deep and yearning love for the Master of life, the King of the universe, He too can take you for a time of splendid bliss and marvellous realisation of your deepest heart's craving. His love makes any heavenly dream possible—and your love for Him above all, gives you the passage to take the trip to paradise and personal enjoyment with the King of love.

Now I'll give a glimpse into what her life was like, and what helped the host of the evening find her way to Jesus and Heaven:

Night was falling down in the back alleyways of old Earth. The beggarly woman dragged her feet along the nearly deserted street for what seemed the millionth time, all in hope that there would be something, even a small something left around to eat.

It was always a good time in the summer, because more tourists were around, and being that the food of their region wasn't always to the liking of the visiting men and women, that meant more scraps to be gathered here and there. They didn't know what it was like to be utterly destitute of help, and feel so completely forgotten, and have not a hope in the world but making it through to the next night.

But this night something different was to happen. No longer would she have to struggle in the way she always had for more years than she kept count of.

“Here, this is for you!” a kind gentleman surprised her. Expecting a food hand out, it was instead a small piece of paper showing directions. It had a lovely picture on the front. But knowing she could not read, it was pointless keeping. Besides she thought it was best suited for someone of more worth than her. She handed it back, marked now with a smudge of a finger print. She sported a toothless grin, hoping she didn’t have to tell this stranger with the kind eyes and gentle manner the reason. It was enough being despised as she was, without having to further embarrass herself with this nice looking man.

“Would you like me to read this to you, while we sit in the shop over there and enjoy something refreshing to drink?”

The woman who was called “Maggy”—which reminded her of “raggy” each time someone called her, so she preferred to not be called at all for the most part—looked up in disbelief.

“Let’s go,” the man said and started heading across the deserted road.

Once they had found their seats and a waitress, trying to keep her nose as far away from the odorous first time visitor, asked for their order and was off to get it.

Wasting no time at all the man, called Gregory began to read the little pamphlet. He was sure that as soon Maggy got feeling better in body with a drink and a bite to eat, would head off out of the place promptly, for she most certainly felt terribly uncomfortable around “decent” folks. It was best to read to her now while he had her full attention. Though, admittedly, not full, for her thoughts were filled aplenty with the whole experience.

Taking her hand to in some way capture her thoughts all the more, the chap began to read the simple message of the love of Jesus, and why He had come to Earth, and most of all what He could do for each one that let Him come into their life.

After reading the sort message, while the drinks and snacks were on the table, Gregory told her about a place two blocks down the road that was looking for someone to help with a bit of waitressing. Looking at her very surprised, and almost scared look on her face, Greg hastened to say that it wasn't at all like this place, but very simple, nothing fancy, and in return for her help with clearing away the cups and saucers, she could get a meal each night while listening to someone tell her and others there more about Jesus. If she would like that job, they could walk there now to check it out. No one was there, but the one who was cleaning things up, single handedly—the one who had cooked the food, prepared the Bible lesson, served the food, and now was cleaning it up—after a full day of working elsewhere to raise the funds to pay for the rent and food to minister to the spiritually hungry.

With little better to do than nestle down to a cozy sleep on a doorstep, Maggy decided to walk with this seeming angel to her.

When they reached the bare looking room, it was warm and the low lighting was soft and relaxing. The first thing Maggy did was spot a soft looking, though rather ragged, couch, and all she wanted to do was to lie down and go fast to sleep.

“Tom, this is Maggy,” Gregory introduced them both.

Tom looked her up and down and inside and out, looking more in to the heart and eyes it seemed.

Maggy looked down and felt like running far and fast away, she'd never felt so nervous and out of place. Were these guys to even be trusted? They spoke of love, and God, things she knew little about; there was a

chance they meant it. Time would tell. Just getting through this moment is what she needed to do now.

Greg broke the silence—since it seemed Maggy really had little to say. What could she say?

“Perhaps we’ve found the angel that you need, Tom. You work yourself too hard, and there are still so many that need help and encouragement. She would do a wonderful job of lending you a hand. At least she could give it a try, and if she doesn’t enjoy it and it doesn’t suit your needs, well, nothing is a binding arrangement.”

“She’ll do,” Tom said, looking tenderly with compassion.

“I imagine you are due for a bit of a warm shower, clean set of clothes and warm bowl of soup? Followed by a good night’s sleep on a real mattress... am I correct?”

Tears came to the woman’s eyes. She nearly fainted, thinking she must be in heaven.

Ding-a-ling! The doorbell jangled while a lady walked in. Tom introduced her to Maggy.

“Maggy, this is my friend Celina, and she’ll get you all set up for the night in the neighbouring apartment. I think you’ll have all you need there.

“Hi doll, you’re in good hands now. Come, I’ve got just the thing for you. We’ve been waiting for you all day!”

Maggy was really surprised. How did they know she would come?

She’d find out more later, but the Lord had told them there was someone in the neighbourhood that they were to help in this way on this day. As they listened and obeyed His voice to their hearts, the best plans unfolded.

Maggy proved to be a kind hearted lady, who even learned to read a bit, simple things at least, and was the most faithful student at the evening

Bible reading and times of prayer. She had the understanding to encourage just about anyone, as she knew what life was like on the side of the fence where it seemed no one cared or really understood.

A few years later she went to her heavenly home and was greeted by many who showed her the love that she always wanted. They were her new family.

Now, when there was ever the chance, she in her humble Biblical-styled heavenly home, would host “meals with the Master”. It was the best time of her life. She was the maid servant that loved her Master with all her heart and mind and soul.

Does the story end there? It doesn't need to and shouldn't, for all around there are people who need to be introduced to the one that gave His all for them; the one who walked cold and barefoot, who often was hungry, and who came to serve so that others could find in Him the love their heart always wished to experience.

“I'll see you later then, Magdalene,” Jesus said as He escorted her back to her chosen humble dwelling place, just right for her wishes. She couldn't wait until next time came around. In the meantime there were others to help and speak with and encourage. The Master would wish for her to do so. And while caring lovingly for others and making them feel welcome in this new heavenly land, she knew she was doing it for the Master. He knew, He felt it, and loved every bit of love that she transmitted to Him through her deeds of loving care for each one that He loved.

Secrets with Jesus 3—

I enter the simple, earthen house. I see the meal is already spread on a low lying table; it's various dishes of different types of beans, colourful and delightful looking. The host for today greets me.

"John, how pleasant to see you. Thank you for inviting me." He gives me a warm embrace, looks me in the eyes and says, "I'll be your host for today, and it's a pleasure to have you. Please have a seat wherever you feel comfortable."

He motions to some wool cushions on woven mats.

"The Master will join us when everyone has arrived," John says.

He read my mind. Of course I'd want to sit right near to Jesus, but since He's not here yet I don't know where He'll sit, so I will have to just choose based on other considerations.

I choose a seat off in the corner, so when more guests arrive they won't have to go stepping over me. It's a bench that looks like it's made of clay, covered with a long cushion. As I sit down, John lovingly hands me a glass of the water of life, while he proceeds to wash my feet with a bowl he had ready and on hand.

I smile. It's humbling, but is such a loving way to be accepted into a house. I don't feel like I should be waited on by someone so knowledgeable about God's ways as he, but I know the loving thing to do is to just accept the love that is being passed on through him, from the Master Himself, in this loving gesture.

Then John opens a bottle of sparkling and glowing Heavenly oil and pours it in the air all over me. It's not like earthly oil that is sticky and gets on your clothes, but this Heavenly oil anoints my spirit, the way I am, it changes the way I feel. John will do this for everyone that comes, and all will be filled with the same Spirit of God, the Spirit of readiness to hear and receive the special things the Saviour wants to tell us about.

By the time he is done ‘greeting me’ properly, and gives a kiss of blessing on my head, he then turns to see there are a few others now who have showed up. Warmly he greets them and proceeds to wash their feet, give them a drink each, and pour Heavenly anointing oil all over them. The air in the room almost gets giddy, or electric. We are greatly anticipating the entrance of the King of love Himself. The oil made us hungry for His words, and calmed our other thoughts.

By the time there are about two dozen guests, John offers for people to come up and begin serving themselves some of the food. There are wooden and clay bowls to be used, or even some large leaves to use if one would rather. It’s really authentic eating and cuisine.

Once everyone is settled again with their bowls of food, silently, suddenly appearing towards the front of the room, where every one is sure to get a good look, is Jesus Himself. John hands Him a bowl of food as well, and He greets and thanks John with a warm and loving embrace, like seeing a best friend again after a time of parting. He’s so enthusiastic about each person He sees; He loves each one.

No one moves and rushes up. They know they will get their chance to be in the arms of Jesus. The calming oil and desire for His Words most of all have made them eager to listen, and to remain seated for the time being.

Jesus begins, to a waiting room of listeners.

“Thank you for inviting Me,” He says. Though everyone knows it’s really the other way around—Jesus has invited them all to live in His house, in His Kingdom. They smile and give a little chuckle.

Jesus adds, knowing their thoughts, “Still, I appreciate the love you have for Me. I never take it for granted when one of you wish to have Me close by. I love it, and cherish each moment that you love being with Me.”

The looks on the faces of those in the room show how much they do indeed love being with Him. They wouldn't wish to be anywhere else in the world but right here, right now.

After offering a praise and prayer of blessing for the meal and their time of fellowship, to the Father of Light, the God of all, Jesus begins to share a few more secrets about His life on Earth.

“Shall I tell you about the time I first did a major job on My thumb, a real whacker? I was using a rock. Primitive, I know, but sometimes you use whatever you have on hand. We had tools of all sorts, but sometimes just a good natural tool works just as well for simple jobs. So I was working with wood, as was My trade when on Earth, and missed what I was aiming at, and knocked Myself a hard blow with the rock directly on My left thumb. Oh, boy, boy, boy that took some recovery. I couldn't work right for a few days at least. So even though I was God's son, I wasn't immune to pain. I guess I couldn't be, or else it couldn't be said that I “suffered for your sins” if I had it all blissfully easy, without pain from start of life to the end.

“When I was pondering my pulsating thumb, really feeling the pain, and being hardly able to think about anything else, what do you think came to mind? My Father helped use these times and these accidents to show Me things I wouldn't have been alerted to on a regular day. I saw a flash of a vision of a nail being driven into a piece of wood, the difference was that there was my hand also there, in between the wood and the nail.

“Ouch!” I almost said aloud. Somehow the picture of the greater pain, that I was being prepared for—the death on the cross for the sins of all people—made the wound now seem much less intense. I got sombre and pensive. It was to be part of my life on Earth, and I knew I would have to go through worse things than a bruised and bleeding thumb.

“I went to soak my thumb in water, and a tear or two ran down my face. I wasn't crying now because of pain, but because I was starting to feel the

premonition of the anguish and sorrow that I was yet to endure someday. I didn't linger long on this, as, though I was hurting, I would need to keep doing what I could to help my family. But these glimpses and preparation of the heart, flashes of pictures in my mind, and the readying of the mind and body and soul kept me sober and maturing in character. I had a unique mission on Earth, though no fun, would yield much good on the overall scheme. I wouldn't regret it, if I chose to yield and to do what I was sent to Earth to do."

(There wasn't a dry eye in the room, for when Jesus talked, He had a way of transmitting the feelings and emotions to the listeners as well. His Words moved each one there, and stirred them to greater love and devotion.)

"Now on to a happier topic," He led out.

"I had a vineyard, not very big, but it was with great joy that I at last saw the first little grapes begin to form. After tending to the plants for so long and nurturing them, I could hardly express how very happy I was to see the fruit of My labour starting to show forth. Of course I called My mother, and sisters, and a few others. I wanted each one to share in the joy. They must have wondered why I was just so, overwhelmingly happy, joyous, but again, I think it's because it had something to do with you—My fruit, the fruit of My life; My reason for coming to Earth. Though grapevines grow grapes naturally, so it's not really that big of a deal, but in My heart it was a sign that My life was going to bear fruit, no matter how long it took to nurture the fruit."

(At that point, some of the girls gathered up around Jesus, kissing His hands and cheeks, and cherishing Him, really happy to be his little grapes, His fruit, and wanting to "abide in Him.")

"So all those stories I told had something special that they reminded me of or I was well acquainted with. Thank you My beautiful, darling fruit. You are so sweet. Your beautiful shiny faces, clustering around Me, like shiny

grapes on a stem! How I love you. Yummy love! Beautiful love. So delightful. You make Me want to hold you. You are so pleasant to Me!” He said kissing each one, and as they went back to sit down, others came up to Him.

I describe:

It was as if it was on cue that they would come to shower their “true vine” (John 15:1) with love—these were some of His good fruit from nurturing them with His Word and love.

When everyone was settled back down again, John brought out nothing less than some large trays filed with the most delicious and luscious grapes, of all colours, for the guests to feast on. Something was special about these grapes. Were they filled with “new wine”? No one expected them to be, but when Jesus is there, you never know what He’ll turn into wine, that is what He will fill with a special token of His Spirit. When these grapes were eaten, there was a lot of laughter and joy heard. People were joking and laughing, even getting up and dancing.

Soon John brought in some musicians to play some merry tunes, while the guest of honour, Jesus Himself, stood up to dance with everyone. It must have felt somewhat like that marriage in Cana of Galilee, when Jesus turned the water into wine, for everyone at this “Listening to Jesus” time was up and active in a Heavenly merry way.

The guests were having such a fun time dancing with Jesus and each other, they hardly noticed when Jesus had slipped away from sight. Eventually things calmed down, as the music took on a more relaxing tone, and the guests were swaying from side to side in a line, with their arms around each other. They sang along with the words of the final song; a song of adoration to Jesus, who won them to His side and took them to His Kingdom.

After hugs and a time of thanking John for his kind hospitality, the guests slipped out of the room.

I was the last one, for I didn't want to miss anything. It was all so new and inspirational for me.

John came and sat with me and let me rest my head on his chest, like Jesus had done for him, on the last night before Jesus gave His life. Such brave men they were. I was hoping that I would have the courage to face whatever challenges I would encounter on Earth. It was time to go, and I faded from the scene, with the pictures still part of my thoughts and the joy and emotion in heart.

As I entered my normal life again, I pondered some words that this man, who loved Jesus so much, had told me that day:

John speaking:

"Maybe I got to be there to hold your dearest treasure, in the flesh while I lived on earth, but you get something I never had: a long life on Earth getting to form a relationship with someone you have never met in person. It's very special, you know? Keep resting in the arms of Jesus when trials come, that is to say trust Him and tell Him that you love Him. And know that one day you'll get to feel it for real. No time of trial when you wish you could be held by Jesus, your Darling, will go unrewarded. Though the soft comfort has to wait a bit, at least in the full way you long for, it will come. No wished for hugs are ever missed. He and you can catch up on all the snuggles and tear-drying times you ever wanted. Trust for that. Wait for that."

(He hugged and kissed me good-bye and off I went, looking forward to the next "Listening to the Master" time in such a special loving setting. I wish I could bring a bit of it back to Earth. Maybe that's why I was allowed to attend, though still actually living on Earth. I hope I do my part to share the love and joy with those I live with.)

Secrets with Jesus 4—

I was being summoned. It was time for the next meeting and meal, time to sit and learn of Jesus in the humble home in Heaven that was set up for this special time of class. A very fun class.

“Can you do this for me?” people were asking.

“Oh, and I forgot to take care of that,” I thought.

“Maybe I can’t go after all, and will have to skip it,” I pondered.

I really did want to go, so I made a compromise. I’d go, but after I’d done a bit of this or that first, and hope I’d still make it in time. I shouldn’t have. I should have dropped all for the highest and most important appointment of all. At last I did make it.

When I arrived at the meal and talk time gathering this time, it seemed I was late. The room was filled with people kneeling around on the ground, closely clustered with eager eyes, around Jesus while He sat on a chair.

“Perhaps I’ll just slip in, unnoticed,” I hoped. It’s too bad I was so cumbered with the cares of life that I missed being here for the beginning. It never pays to be wasting time on things that don’t matter, when Jesus wants to talk. I missed some of the joy.”

I realised that it was important to put my time with Him first, or else I’d miss things that were far more important to me.

Jesus looked up, glad to see me come at last.

I loved His eyes. Though sorry to be interrupting, I couldn’t help but draw near to Him, give Him a kiss, and cry a tear or two. I was saying I was sorry. He reached up and wiped my tear. The others made room for me to sit for a moment, like a child, on His lap. He held and hugged me and sang a song of welcoming. I felt love, not disdain or sternness.

I politely then moved off and over, so the other could resume their closeness and the story could continue.

Though I didn't hear it all, the beginning part that is, one of the other attendees kindly retold the words of Jesus to me later on, the part I'd missed. So here I will record the full story that was shared on that day.

Jesus had said:

"I was sleeping outside at night, out in the open, as we often had to do, My disciples and I. I looked up and saw several fire flies or lightning bugs zooming around, making a dance in the night. The sight of the moving light and the cheeriness of their dance, seemed to calm Me. I hadn't been feeling well at all, most of the day. Though I was the Son of God I still had to be touched with a bit of this and a bit of that, so that I could know what those on Earth felt like. This helped move me with compassion to heal those who came to Me.

"It's amazing what affect different types of light can have on you. Some makes you feel sleepy, some makes you feel more awake. As I began to relax My body, My throat felt less painful. I took a swig of wine to cleanse My throat and lay down to sleep. There were sounds, of course, of night creatures. These sounds in the night helped me to wake at a good time in the wee hours of the early morning, to pull away for a time of prayer before the next long day started, with plenty of sunlight, little rest, and lots of miracles to pull down from Heaven. That is what would give me the strength for the day, not the little bit more of rest I might try to get.

"As I woke, I saw dear lightning bugs greeting Me, for it was still dark in the morning. I popped another log piece on the fire, so it would be warm for My disciples when they woke, and off I went for My morning time alone, with just My Father and I.

"When the sun rose and the chill was off the air, I was hungry and thirsty, and still pretty achy as well. I walked back to the camp to greet each one of the ones who were with Me 'in My tribulations'. I hugged them, and we broke bread together around the campfire. I prayed aloud for the day and for each of the men there with Me. They would each face trials and

lessons this day; they too would be tired; they might make mistakes and say the wrong thing and need to be corrected, and would need real humility to learn from it, and not to be offended.

“Coming up to us I saw a few women running. They knew that we were fast movers. If they wanted to catch us when we were here they needed to make a move. They were so glad to get to us before we moved on to the town we were to minister to that day. It was a delightful sight to see their kind gifts. Flasks of wine and water, baskets of freshly made bread, a few new coats that had just been sewn.

“The men were happy, both to see the joyful faces of these pretty women who loved taking care of us, and for the supplies as well. We thanked them heartily, and I blessed them before they left. I told them where we would most likely be the following day, in case they wished to meet us there for the evening meal.

“They said we could count on them. They had taken it on to them to see that our needs were met.

“The next day when night fell, I could tell the men were looking around, hoping to see those lovely, caring women again. Besides the rumble of the stomachs, their company was delightful as well.

“Well, we didn’t need to wait for long around the campfire, for they showed up, each bearing a pot of something. One had bread and other goods, another water for washing and drinking, another had warm cooked soup for us to warm up with as we sat there.

“They were rewarded with a special time of stories that night, parables, lessons taught from scriptures that they had heard but didn’t quite understand. They liked to learn right along with the others. This was their reward for their labours of love to see that we had what we needed.”

I realised the point, that time spent listening to Jesus is a blessing, a special privilege, the reason for doing any work at all for Him, so that we

can be near to Him. But if He'd rather have our listening ear and eager heart, more than the works and gifts we might want to offer, we should be just as pleased to stop, to listen, to get quiet. It's His way of thanking us and showing us love in return.

(When Jesus had finished sharing this story, the meal was then served.)

"Let's eat!" Jesus said. He had held off the food until now, for the hungry wish for His Words above all. And He wanted to give me a chance to show up. So kind.

We sat around some round tables, in a few different groups. Each table had flat bread and some kind of broth to dip the bread into. It was very simple, but quite like what they had eaten on that night together, when the women were there to minister to them.

Jesus went to each table and broke a piece of bread and passed it around, one half going this way around the circle, and the other half of the loaf going the other way, from person to person. Each broke some off, and as was the custom, prayed in their heart for each one that was yet to be a part of the body of Christ, part of our fellowship of love, to partake of the Bread of life and take Jesus in. They were praying for many on Earth who yet needed to receive the gift of salvation. He also took a cup, three that He had the host for the night reserve, filled with good tasting, heavenly wine, and let that be sipped from and then passed around, and around the table until it was all sipped up.

Jesus then stood and lifted His arms in praise to the Holy Father, thanking Him for each one that was there, who had made it into the Heavenly Kingdom so far. Everyone followed along, and a great time of standing with arms raised praising God with all their hearts was enjoyed for quite some time. Then Jesus went around and gave each one a hug, thanking them for their personal relationship with Him that they had chosen to embark on. It was going to be an eternity of experience ahead, and He was

thankful for each one who wanted to be close to Him and make Him their life's focus and greatest joy.

Then everyone started hugging everyone, and more snacks of fresh fruits and other delights were brought out, like stewed figs in raisin wine, nuts, and honey with butter to dip bread into. Everyone ended the time laughing and rejoicing.

I was invited to stay longer than usual, for I really had no desire to leave. Even though the guest of honour was now not visible at the closing of the meal, I wanted to make up for time lost. When all was quiet, I was led to a simple back room where I could rest. I had a flutter in my heart. I could almost feel the presence of the Saviour there. I didn't want to hope, but the feeling was getting stronger by the moment. Then to my heart's great delight, Jesus was there at the door. Just what I really wanted. I stood up and walked over. He took my hands in His, and we went over and sat on the hard wooden bed for a time of deep communion.

It's was not long before we were lying down, and He started stroking my hair. I loved the sound of His whispering voice and the secrets He told to me. But they are secrets, so I can't tell them now—even if I wanted to. For I don't remember them now with my Earthly brain. But I know that I slipped way to a sleep, and woke then to find myself far away, back in my room on Earth. But is it really far away? I think not. For only a prayer and desire will take me back where I can 'learn of the Master' once again.

I'm looking forward to it already.

Oh, but I have forgotten to tell you something that I can and shall. When I was waiting in the room, the host of the evening stopped by for a chat. This is when she told me the parts of the story Jesus had told that I had missed. She then told me a bit of her life, and why she loved the Master, what he had done for her. I'll let it be said here in her own words:

"I was one of the children who Jesus took up into His arms and He blessed. Ever since that day, I knew I loved Him more than any on Earth. I was so

glad that our mothers took us to see Him. When I grew up and became a mother myself, I learned to be kind and patient too, and I always told them about the time I saw the Saviour. They loved hearing the story again and again.

“Later we helped to house some of the apostles when they were in town, or under persecution. I knew Jesus was special and I wanted to learn all that I could about Him. I got every story I could out of the lips of the ones He personally knew. I didn’t care what people said about Him, I listened to the ones that loved Him, rather than the ones who were confused and troubled.

“When it came my time to come home to Heaven, Jesus knew the love I held for Him, and once again He picked me up and held me in His arms. This time He could do more than on Earth. I could fly with Him, and listen for a long time to the stories He wanted to tell—without a crowd pressing on Him. Many others of course wanted to gather, and the children of Heaven ran over to hear Him speaking. And I made sure to welcome them and let them get the best places to sit—right on His lap and beside Him. I knew that would make Him happy. It was my way to thank Him for welcoming me when I came to Him. Children are important to Him, and it’s important to Him that we treat them each with the care that He wishes to give them.”

She ended and I thanked her for sharing her story. Off she went to pick up from the meal. I know Jesus met her out there, to thank her for making this opportunity for people to come and get to know Him better. She must have been very happy to receive His personal hug and thanks, for I do believe I heard her singing after that. Shortly afterwards is when Jesus was at my door, and the rest I have written.

She didn’t go on telling me of all the other things she does for Jesus now, but I seemed to get the impression that she holds special times like this also for children to come and be with Jesus. She is a great cook, and loves to see children enjoying time with the Master. They still have to choose to

be with Him or not, and how much they would like personal interaction, even in Heaven. He doesn't push His friendship and interaction on people, but waits, just as now, for us to invite Him into our heart, into our schedule, into our thoughts. If we really want to be with Him, He'll be there, and will love it.

Those who made time to be alone with Jesus, or together with others to love and praise Jesus, have very special times up there, for He especially blesses those who gave to Him something very precious—something only those on Earth could give: time. To give the gift of time to another is a costly and special gift. Jesus knows what time costs. If anyone knew what “a short time” meant, it was Him. He had to do it all, all that He came to Earth to do, in a few short years. But He did it, by first making time to get alone with His Father and to commit His time and future to the will of God. Then everything else fell into place.

Ah, the joys now that come to those who have found their rest in the Heavens, because they took time alone with Him while on Earth. Great is their joy now. He makes sure that their time together, in person, face to face, is very special.

Secrets with Jesus 5—

Night had fallen, on the world that is. I readied myself for my trip into the realm of the Spirit, for that is where I could meet with loved ones of Jesus, and get to attend something that wasn't available to any, here on Earth—unless they too chose to take the trip into the realm of Heaven, and put aside the cares of this life for a bit.

I fell asleep waiting. I would be summoned at the right time.

It was dark when I awoke, and I spent the first part just dwelling in the presence of the Lord, praising Him, thinking about the past trips I took to this special meeting place, and hearing His fresh and wonderful words to

me personally. By the time I was ready to lift off and enter this special place I could hear the birds singing their morning melody, and the sun was nearly up.

“I’m glad you’ve come—and early, before doing anything else in the day,” I was greeted at the door, surprisingly by Jesus Himself.

“Come,” He said. Gently tugging my hand to sit with Him over on the bench couch towards the back of the room. The window behind us showed the lovely light of morning light. This place was set up to have all such things—it could appear to have the lighting and everything that a house He had grown up in might have had. Maybe it was a bit fancier, and certainly a whole lot cleaner—as in the absence of dirt--than the house He’d actually lived in, but it was just right for these special get togethers.

We sat there in the early light of the morning, holding hands, while we talked and communed. We were alone. I had come early. No more tardiness for this special appointment. He was rewarding Me for it. When we had talked deeply and intimately for a good while, He gave me a kiss on the forehead, and a smiling look into my eyes. It was His way to show His joy because I was there with Him. It’s almost like I didn’t skip a beat, for the last time that I was here I was going to sleep, with Him holding me reassuringly. Now it was morning and we were talking. Had I really gone to earth and done all that I had done? I was glad it seemed I didn’t miss out on anything.

I looked over and saw a few people at the door beginning to enter. Jesus rose to greet them heartily. I love seeing the enthusiastic love He shows. He’s never cool towards people, taking their presence for granted. He always does what a person might consider humble. That’s His nature.

After those few were seated, the next batch arrived. It seems they liked to travel in teams of a few. Maybe it was their time to walk or fly together and talk about things, a little time of fellowship they had before, and

maybe afterwards. I was just about the only one that would come alone—after all, I wasn't living in the neighbourhood.

It was always a bit of a surprise who the host was going to be that day. Since no one seemed to be leading it on this day, everyone sat ready and eager to listen. At first they wondered where Jesus had gone, as He was there greeting them, but then had seemed to vanish again. Oh, well, they were used to it, and knew that good things were to come.

Gasps were heard when some of the guest saw who just entered the room, coming from one of the back rooms.

The host had entered, dressed only in a girded loin cloth and towel, a bowl of water, and a big smile on His face.

It was Jesus! And yes, He was going to wash each and everyone's feet, while He told the stories today. So He was the host for today! A servant of all, showing such loving humility. The feeling is truly Heavenly.

As He went around to each one, tears were on people's faces. The feeling of being deeply touched by the love of Jesus in this simple and humble display makes one weep. It's something you'll understand more one day, that the God who can make a world, a universe, and a soul—countless of them, would show you, just one, His love like a servant, just because He really wants you to know that He really does love you.

There were no dry eyes that day. Everyone listened while He spoke, going from person to person, or some he had come up to the front to sit on His chair while He washed their feet with water fresh from the throne of God. This water was piped into this place, and flowed down a pipe, as if it was rain water, yet it was from the River of Life, directly from God's throne.

"So you'd like to know what I do for fun around here?" Jesus said after awhile. What He'd been talking about so far was more on the counsel or lesson side of things, teaching, like He did with His disciples when on Earth, not so much stories from His life. It was as deep time of sharing.

And now, He was lightening things up a bit, when He'd made the rounds to about half the people.

Smiles and nods were seen, and Jesus began to speak:

“Well, as you can see, ‘going house to house’ as the early disciples did in their mission of preaching the Gospel, is something I enjoy. And that’s why I am here today. I always did like the less formal gatherings, because that is when people have given themselves permission to just be themselves. If they are around people they know and love they can be more relaxed. Then they are more ready to receive advice and give hugs, and be like a family. In a formal setting, like many still use on Earth today, it’s harder for people to let much into their hearts; it won’t be an experience that really changes them much. They are programmed to be a certain way, behave in one way, and keep a schedule. This makes them closed up. Whereas in a less formal, more friendly and relaxed, family setting, it’s more unpredictable. People are people, and they act new ways. You never know just what someone might think or the way they might react. This means it’s a setting where people are more vulnerable—to hurt and also to healing. So if everyone relaxes, yet has love in their thoughts and mind and words, it’s a wonderful setting for My Spirit to come in and teach them new things. I prefer the ‘house to house’ approach when it comes to people getting to know Me more, and people teaching others about Me.”

Jesus could tell from the looks on the faces around Him they were eager for a story of a house visit He did while on Earth. They wanted to get a better glimpse of what it was like for Him in His ministry.

“The home in Bethany was a favourite for Me, of course.” Everyone remembered it the house of Lazarus, Martha, and Mary.

“I think what I most liked was their love for Me, their belief in Me. That meant I could relax. I didn’t have to always be defending that what I was doing and saying was right. I wasn’t in a battle nearly, just to speak or to

heal someone. Their hunger for what I had to give, and their total acceptance and belief in Me made it so pleasant to be there.

Of course in every household there are some sceptics, and there were the ‘friends’ of these ones in Bethany that came and snooped around plenty, checking out what was going on, and helping themselves to the meal. But I just ignored them and focused on the hungry. I didn’t let the “help themselves” noseys take away the Bread of Life--the time of sharing and feeding the family. And later on, thankfully, even some of them believed on Me too, after seeing Lazarus rise from the dead.

If I had only come when he was sick, many of these others wouldn’t have been at the house. They had gathered for the time of mourning, to comfort the family. That’s why they were there. So it was good that I waited, for then many more were able to come to a saving knowledge of the truth.”

(Each time Jesus spoke, it was as if in response to an unspoken, yet thought question. I couldn’t always hear the questions in people’s minds, but He could, and would respond aloud with the answers, or additions to the stories.)

“How did it feel, when Lazarus was dead—if I knew he was going to rise again? Did I have perfect peace and no feelings of grief and loss? Well, I was tempted or tried and tested in all types of trials of life. So it was part of My Earth course, My lesson learning, to feel the sorrow of a friend that died, since that is what so many people have to feel and go through. And it was one more reason to die for the world’s sin, so that death could die in the end. In the end, death itself is going to get the boot. The sorrow of loved ones being gone forever is something that I did away with on the cross. Though there still is pain now on Earth, it won’t be long now until everyone who loves Me will all be reunited again. And those who don’t, well, they’ll get some more chances for a pace more, until they know what is good for them.

“So feeling those deep feelings of loss, a wave of deep human sorrow for awhile helped spur me on when it was My time to ‘take up My cross’. It was the sorrow of the death of loved ones that was also going to be done away with due to My sacrifice. Lots of joys, so many joys, would be ushered in because I gave up the life I had, so that you and everyone could live forever—those who wanted Heavenly joy, not fleeting pride and earthly pleasure.”

People nodded. This man, this Son of God, really did understand what it felt like to be human. He went through it all. And the things that He didn’t personally go through, it was easily simulated and given to Him to understand. Maybe He hadn’t been a cripple for 38 years, but he could look at one and know the feelings and empathise, because He was there. It was an understanding of the Spirit that was given to Him.

One of the ladies there in the group had a child who passed away, shortly before she too left the world. To know that Jesus knew the deep agony and anguish that she had gone through made her love Him all the more. Jesus looked over at her, and their eyes met for a moment. What was communicated in that instant, we don’t know. It was highly personal, and very emotion stirring, for she nearly flew out of the room, bawling big tears, as she didn’t want to disturb things. They weren’t tears of sorrow but she was just so shocked and deeply touched and moved with utter joy. Something touched her so emphatically when Jesus merely looked at her.

What He’d said was something about how important her child was to be to Him, the high rank in the Heavens that he was to hold, because they had given their lives for Him. I began to understand now that it wasn’t a natural cause that had taken the child, nor her. But they were believers perhaps in a place where it wasn’t allowed to trust in Jesus and to love Him and His Word.

For any mother, to know that their children were going to be honoured by the Lord Himself, was about the biggest reward they could hope for.

In a moment later, this mother and her son were walking back in together. The boy looked more like a young adult than a child—I guess He'd grown fast here in the Heavenlies, or had big work to do or something. They both were beaming with smiles, arm in arm. Everyone in the room cheered, celebrating the joys that Heaven can give to those who put their full trust and faith in Jesus.

The young man was wearing a symbol of honour on his arm, and this declared to all that he was chosen to be part of the special forces of Heaven, one who was to be sent down on missions to defeat the forces of darkness that were taking over large parts of the world. He and the team he was with, that would be led by Jesus in special rescue missions, would claim as many souls as they could out of the clutches of darkness.

From that moment on, the meeting and fellowship turned into a celebration. Jesus had known it all along—a surprise party it was to be. But no one would have guessed it.

The boy and his mother were set on seats at the front of the room, and out came, served by Jesus of course, the fanciest treats to nibble on that they ever did see. No more “old world” foods for today, but what He'd always wished that He could have given His faithful ones back down on Earth.

Drinks were poured; ladies started doing some sort of cheer leading dancing, cheering the young warrior of Jesus on, who would be sent on his first mission very soon—after some men's preparatory meetings and briefings that he would attend, led by Jesus, His commander.

A bouquet of flowers was spontaneously brought in by one of the ladies and given to the mother, and pats on the back were given by the men to the young man, who was glowing with joy.

“Cheers!” Jesus the host said, and led in each one lifting up their glasses. “To new souls—and new friends and mates!”

“Hip, hip, Hallelujah!” everyone replied.

Then the young man knelt down, knowing he could do nothing without God’s help, and asked in prayer to be able to be the best warrior that he could be, and that as a result of being sent on these missions and being called to join the rank of Heavenly fighters, many more would come into Jesus’ arms.

When the prayer was ended, Jesus said, “I’ll meet you at the briefing. Go and have some fun now with your mom. Celebrate how you like, and tell your friends house to house, to keep you in their prayers, and I will do the seemingly impossible through you.”

The two of them left, joyfully, and soon others followed as well, for when one leaves, the team of them who came together, usually went out together as well.

Knowing that it was the host’s job to clean up at the end—not that there was dirt, but it was just the way things were, to be made as “Earth like” as possible here; knowing that Jesus would be lingering, I offered to stay and help. Of course, once everyone was gone, He simply gave a twinkle of the eye and all was back in place, not a speck out of place.

“Now, we have time for a walk together!” He said. I smiled and hugged Him, and we walked in the garden before parting and I was again back in my bed on Earth typing the account of yet another trip to the Heavenly meeting place.

Thinking about it now, since there were 24 classes planned, and 24 attendees, I wonder if it had been my turn to be the host, yet since I was just a visitor, He took the turn for me. So kind. Just like Jesus to do so.

Secrets with Jesus 6—

I was told that today's get together with the Master was to be in a different location. From the flat roof of the house we usually meet in, I had gotten a view of a portion of the River of Life that flowed not too far away. It looked so lush and green and lovely there. It did look like a perfect place to meet and do something.

So today that is where we were to 'gather at the river'.

People were already in the water, swimming and splashing around when I got there. It seems they were even re-enacting what it might have been like to be baptized at the river Jordan. Of course this sparkling fresh river didn't even remotely resemble that river on Earth, that was there as a symbol of the River of Life that was to come. And the emersion in the water was to remind people of the new life that was available to those who believed on Jesus.

I threw my head back and laughed when I saw that it was indeed John the Baptist there, having fun, baptising, yet in a playful way. This water made you so happy and begin to laugh when you got wet. It was a water party, it seemed. Over on the side a lady was spreading out some picnic blankets and snacks, of none else than bread and fish, of course, and a few other herbs to added to the 'sandwiches'.

When people got out of the water they settled around in the places spread out and prepared. I learned later that the woman, who was the hostess of this fellowship gathering was the mother of the boy who had once shared his loaves and fishes. She never made a big deal of who she was; she never talked about it much.

I knew her to be one of the humble guests at these fellowship get togethers with Jesus, drinking in His Words just as much as one could. I did wonder who each of them were, each of the attendees, and a bit about their lives. I hoped that in the course of these events, as each one hosted

the event I would continue to catch glimpses in to their lives, and learn more about their relationship with the Lord.

Then to set the scene all that much more, walking over the River of Life, came our beloved Saviour. Cheers and joyful exclamations were heard, as they cheered the King of all, the Lord of lords, the reason for their even being here.

When Jesus set foot on the beach and walked up to the meeting area, He held out His hands and blessed each one there. Then in teams of two or three, people rose to greet and embrace Him. Of course each one wished Jesus would come and share their picnic area, but He chose a more impartial spot to sit, on a large rock that was equidistant from everyone. Of course the lady setting these things up already planned for it to be so.

Jesus spent the next while answering questions about His life on Earth, the miracles He did, and why He did them. When the meal was over, and the question and answer event came to a close, the team was sent out two by two, to walk back to the house while having prayer together for souls to be reached all around the world, those who needed to still find their way home. It was clear to all that no matter how lovely a place is, or how much fun is being had, that Jesus, the True Shepherd, could never fully rest when He was keenly aware of the lost and lonely ones who still needed a chance to find Him.

When at last everyone had gathered in the house, Jesus surprised them by talking in His loud and booming voice, from the top of the house, saying, "Come up hither!" This startled just about everyone, except the hostess of course, who knew what was coming next.

Some scurried up the stairs to the roof top, others just floated up and through the ceiling, as could be done when one wished. Others politely waited for their turn up the narrow stairs, and some took a grand leap outside and up to the roof they hoisted themselves. There were a few that

went into the kitchen area to help the hostess carry what needed to be brought to the top floor.

With a wave of His hand, Jesus surprised them by placing a covering of starlight overhead. It was a total simulation of a night on Earth, while sleeping atop a flat roof house. There was a small fire built in a very large short clay pot—or so it appeared, though it too was nothing more than a simulation. There was the sound of crickets, the wind, and several other very authentic additives to the special gathering.

As they sat or lay around the fire and looked at the stars, nibbling snacks, Jesus began to say,

“ ‘Ye shall be as lights’, I said to those who I was leaving in charge of taking My message of Salvation to many others. And what were they to do with the light that I put in them? ‘Let it shine’. How do you stop a light from shining? You ‘put it under a bushel’ or cover and smother it. Light that is not covered up can shine very far when all is pitch black and dark. It wouldn’t have made much sense to tell them to be a light, if it was going to stay bright and shiny as the noon day all the time. A light is not needed then. But when the night falls, a light is very needed, and most noticed too. If someone wishes to stop a travelling team, one of the fastest ways is to snuff out their light. There are lots of ways for the light of a disciple to be snuffed out, and very easy ways too if they are not careful.

“Staying always in a building for worship, instead of going out to the masses with songs and stories and meaningful ways of worship, is one way to hide a light. And a hidden light will soon run out of oxygen—as you who lived on Earth know.

“A fiery light can be put out if a bucket of water is splashed on it and it’s unprotected. So if followers on Earth are not protected spiritually, a flood of lies can snuff out the truth they are meant to be proclaiming.

“A light can be blown out by the fierce winds of the wrath of man, if the one holding the light gets too close to the words of man and man’s

opinions rather than keeping good and close to the source of light. So even if the words of others stop a disciple from shining for a bit, if they keep close to My Word, that is the fire and life of God, they can get easily re-ignited.

“A candle is only as bright and strong as the fuel and oxygen it has. And so are My lights on the world only as bright and dependable as the Word of God that gives them strength, the refreshing in My presence that gives them endurance, and the breath of the Spirit of God that keeps them bright. With this powerful trio they can burn brightly on and on.

“But some people are like the guy that bought an old fashioned oil lantern. ‘Oh good!’ he said, ‘I’ll have light tonight’. He was rather simple and hadn’t had much access to the modern inventions of oil burning lamps, so he went home thinking he had all that he needed.

“He worked on it for hours trying to get it to work, but the light never came on. Maybe there was something he missed? So the following day he went back to the lamp manufacturer and asked for some instructions.

“ ‘Well, you need oil to keep it going; you need a wick to burn; you need air to keep the fire from being smothered; and of course you need something to spark it and get it going.’

“Happy with this advice, and getting the needed items, he had the wonders of light long after the sun had dropped.

“It might be hard to imagine someone who didn’t know how the contraption of an oil lamp of My days on Earth worked, but everyone has a first time to learn things. But what should really surprise you, or dismay you, is that ‘men love darkness rather than light’. And worse than that, there are those who know the light—know the truth—but keep their lamps of truth all tucked away. They have all the knowledge and tools they need to ‘let their light shine’ and show people the pathway of God’s will, but they just couldn’t be bothered. ‘Night is for sleep’ they say, and as soon as things get a wee bit dim, off to bed and rest they go. They don’t

realise that there are some who are stumbling in the darkness and need help to find a safe place to be.

“So, ‘let your light shine’, don’t hide it under a bed of sleepy drossiness, seeking only to comfort yourself. Go out and use your light to help lead others to the place of refuge in the arms of the Saviour. I need everyone’s help.”

Jesus concluded his message under the stars in the soft firelight.

Everyone slowly and quietly slipped away, and as they went down the stairs of the house they found out that it was just as light and bright as it always was. The darkness, the stars, was truly just a simulation, but it helped to set the mood for what those on Earth were enduring, not just the physical darkness, but more than that, the greater spiritual darkness that was setting. Each one attending left with a sombre feeling and greater desire to pray and do whatever they could to spur on God’s “lights” that were on Earth. They could pray for the fire of spirit, the conviction and boldness of those on Earth, to speak out the truth.

I nearly thought I was back on Earth, the night time setting on the roof seemed so real. It was what I was used to, being surrounded by darkness, for some time each day. I lay for a while in the arms of Jesus, looking at the stars. The hostess was on His other side, and He was thanking her for the snacks and fun that she had planned for this event.

She reached over and wiped a tear that was rolling down Jesus’ cheek. She knew that He was fired up, almost in anguish at times, for all who could, to make it back to the Father’s house, and hoping earnestly that the lights, the saved believers on Earth, would ‘take up the torch’ so to speak and go out in the dark of the World to bring them in.

“I’m going down tonight, you know—to visit somewhere, in person, on Earth. I’ve got a secret mission. I still visit and help to bring the desperate seekers closer in. We’ve all gotta do our part; and I never ask My disciples to do what I am not also willing to do, and am doing.”

The lady smiled. He was earnest and doing something about it.

We stood up, and after embracing and bidding the lady good night, Jesus faced Me and put His arms around me, “Are you ready? Here we go—each to our stations.”

And in that instant I was suddenly back here again, and He, I don’t know where He showed up. But there are so many accounts of Jesus appearing face to face with earnest seekers who have no other way to know the truth in their dark land and home. Maybe this was another of those special events that would make a believer out of one of the most unlikely people, in one of the hardest to reach places.

I wish I could have gone with Him, and seen the reaction of those He visited, in visual form. But I’ve got my mission here to do, in my real seeable and touchable form. So while I still can be a light, I will shine. I know He is still with me, though I can’t see Him.

Secrets with Jesus 7—

I sat back on the bench towards the back of the room where the meeting was to take place. I must have been dozing as I woke with a start at the sound of voices entering the room.

“Welcome! Welcome!” the cheery voice was saying.

The hostess was greeting each one warmly and offering a bowl of water for their face and hands, and another for their feet as they came in. Some accepted kindly, others just took their seats to make room for those coming through the doorway, giving others the first chance for special treatment.

Each of these guests had been busy, in a Heavenly way, doing this and that, all filling their part in God’s Kingdom work. They weren’t just taking it

easy, though of course there was no stress, for faith is a strong element in this land of light, in the City of God.

Everyone wondered what today would hold, but they didn't wait for long when they saw three men approaching the door, and one of them was Jesus Christ Himself, the guest of honour. He was the reason they met here today, to hear His Words.

Without keeping them waiting, Jesus just jumped right into the main topic of the day.

"Mealtimes," He started off. "One of the oldest customs around."

"We're going to demonstrate a bit to you today what a typical meal at a typical Galilean household might have been like. I have here two faithful friends who knew Me on Earth and gave their life for me. Just for a bit of fun, we'll act it out."

The setting was made, with all the authentic furnishings, and of course clothing that was typically worn at that time.

The hostess, who today happened to be Mary, sister of Lazarus, knew when her cue was to bring in the rest of the props.

It was funny watching these men acting out in a funny way how to and how not to eat a meal. They showed what was bad manners and considered rude, and then what was proper and good mealtime behaviour. People laughed so much. Jesus could really be funny, if being funny was the best way to teach.

But what could those here in Heaven learn from this charade or skit?

"Well, even here in Heaven, as you know there are many different areas, and many different cultures still exist. Though all have the culture of Heaven permeating all around—the culture of love and kindness, and purity—some like their flavour of living, and are trying to adjust to a new land and a new way. It may take some time until they make too many new

changes in some things, as it all is so new for them. If they can have at least a few things that their mind is used to, it helps them make changes in other things that they must.

“Who has gone exploring in the areas where large amounts of new comers have arrived and need beginner level training?”

Nearly everyone raised their hands. It was almost like missionary work here—but without the strain of needing support to do the work. I learned it was considered most brotherly and proper to pay friendly visits to welcome those who arrived in Heaven after stressful and sudden upheavals on Earth. They’d bring food to share with them, sing songs, read stories, play with their children with the animals, show them around different parts of the area they lived in. Those who knew and loved Jesus for most of their life had lots they could tell and share with these new friends.

I, of course hadn’t been to any of those places of welcoming, because I was just a visitor myself. There was much I didn’t know. But what I was learning and experiencing was very enjoyable.

“Did you know the land of Israel wasn’t the only place I have set my feet on?” Jesus said.

This might have been a surprise to some there, but I think most had an idea of what He was talking about.

“When I had My new body and told My disciples to ‘go into all the world and preach the Gospel’ and I said, ‘I will be with you’ it wasn’t just a nice thing to say, that was in a spiritual way. I really meant it. I personally, showed up in disguise, countless times, to My dear own disciples as they went out and around to preach the Gospel to ‘every creature’. I got to eat in nearly every type of setting and culture, along with missionaries of the past until the present day.

“You never really know when I’m going to show up, do you? Even here in Heaven I have rights to do as I wish, just so that I can get a little bit closer to My people, if I’d rather they act more relaxed around Me. I can show them that it was Me later on, but at first it’s nice to just be with them in a casual way some times.

“I know how to keep the most wild customs of lands, if that is what it takes to be there with a disciple and help them reach the lost in some distant juggle place. And I might be only visible to them and not to the others, if that is best.

“It’s pathetic really, what some people have felt compelled to eat, the dregs of the world really. I do wish that with the spread of the Gospel, people can learn to eat a more God-fearing, body-nourishing, and faith-feeding diet. Faith feeding because eating according to the plan laid out gives better health and I bless it. It then strengthens the faith of the one who ate in more clean ways in order to please Me and do as the Bible teaches, because they see the good that comes from faith and obedience.

“You never know just where or when I might drop by for a visit, looking like anything from a beggar and tramp, to a respectable person of high class, or a scarcely clad native. I can look any gender or age if I wish to. I do like to surprise even the angels, and give them a hand. They love to see the reactions that people have with some of the ways I do show up.

“But the best of course, is for those who love Me to show up in all the places they can, to show a sample of Me to people.

“And you should see some of the feasts I throw for those truly selfless ones that have had to eat the most ‘rarities’ I’ll say, things that were never designed to be consumed by humans, yet to get into the friendship of their hosts and to be able to teach the people about Me, they’ve had to eat up. But it might touch them to know that sometimes I was there, in person, eating it along with them, and helping to protect them as well from negative consequences. But when they got up here to Heaven, I laid

a feast the like they never knew or dreamed of. Just one meal of terrible cuisine that they endured eating for Me, for the cause of Gospel spreading, might have earned them countless feasts at My table. They were truly repaid.”

“Speaking of which...” He said when rather than the meal being served, the hostess came in and handed bowls out to each one with nothing in them but a Heavenly invitation—to a feast! The best feast they had ever gone to.

The eyes of everyone were opened wide, and hearts were getting excited. They had been surprised, really surprised again. When was it to be? Right now.

Filing in the doorway was a new team of people, coming to pair up with each of the ones attending the meeting. All ladies found a handsome man had come to escort them to where, they didn’t know. It was a surprise in deed. And all men who were attending, including the two that had come to act out the humorous skits, were greeted by a lovely lady, dressed and ready to be ‘taken out to dine’.

A wave of love and thrill swept through, as these ones felt swept off their feet to go on to the special event set up by Jesus.

He whispered, though rather audibly, to the hostess that night, “I’ll take care of the clean up tonight”. She smiled. With a wave of His hand the house was left in impeccable order, and linking his arm around hers He said, ‘Wanna go out to eat?’

A beaming smile was on her face.

“Dear Mary,” I thought. “Always loving the Words of Jesus, who put His Words above food prep and clean up while on Earth. How fitting that when it was her turn to host, she hardly had to do a thing. She would rather be sitting at His feet, listening, anyway.”

“I’ve got two arms,” Jesus said, and Mary didn’t mind. I linked up with Him and Mary, while we were whisked away, Heaven style, to the dining area. Mary wanted a head start before others got there, to do anything that Jesus needed or wanted her to, since she was the hostess for the night.

Jesus settled at the head of a small table, alone, while the other longer tables were set up for the guests. Mary greeted each one and showed them to their places. When all the guests were comfortable and very happy, Jesus led out in a thanksgiving for each one here. He never lost His appreciation for those who gave their all for Him while on Earth. He showed it to them time and again.

Mary and I both lacked a male partner, or ‘date’ for the evening, as we were there for Jesus alone. But now that He was focusing on the whole team, we were finding our seating. Just then I see Jesus motioning for someone to come in, or someones. In walked just who was missing. Before a second past, both Mary and I were being seated by the most gentlemanly souls we’d ever met. I had a feeling they were angels, but had their wings or whatever, on ‘hide’ mode, if that is possible. I was curious as ever to know who each one was in this room. But that would have to wait until another day.

The meal was to begin, and with it the talk from our Saviour, that was called:

“What I did for fun, after hours, as a young lad.”

The title of it was displayed on the wall where we could all see it. It was narrated by Jesus, while it showed clips of His life. He went walking, picking wayside fruit to bring back to His family. He tried to catch birds to be a gift for one of His sisters. He tended to the family animals, when they had some. He sat at the beach side and watched the fishermen bring in their catches, or not.

(Jesus said:)

“I remember looking at some of these down trodden and weary, over-worked and poor fishermen, thinking how I would love to one day help them catch a whole boat full of fish, if I could make it happen suddenly for them. I imagined how glad they would be. If I could be a super hero and bring solutions to the masses’ problems, and bring surcease to some of the hunger and pain, I would love that. It was in My heart to help. But I had to wait. And it had to be all done according to the plan, in God’s way. And I had to learn that it wasn’t by might or power that I was to do things, but only by God’s Spirit—and only doing things when God was prompting me to.

“I wasn’t to fix things in the natural, to take over the country, to wipe out all the Romans, and to pardon everyone’s debt—at least the monetary ones. But I was to do more, something far more lasting. And for fun, My Father let me get to fill a fisherman’s boat and see His happy reaction, and that of the others. It was a perk. My real job, as hard as it was to say was what I had to say next, depended on Me saying, ‘Now leave it all, and catch men.’ But a guy who could make fish appear out of nowhere was worth investigating. And so began a lifelong, eternity long friendship with that man called, as you know, ‘Simon Peter’, and his dear, humble brother Andrew. Let’s have round of applause. They truly had a tough job, but put Me first above all.”

At that, the two men who had done the skit with Him, stood up and smiled, then sat back down again with their partners for the event.

“Is that why the symbol of the Christians back then became a fish?” I asked, in my mind.

“A symbol of a fish does remind believers to ‘make fishers of men’, and it had other hidden meanings as well,” Jesus answered. “It can remind Christians down there today, to not ‘live by bread alone’ or by food, or for food only, but to give God’s Word and obedience to God’s Word the first

preference. For “He that hungers and thirsts after righteousness, will be filled.”

“Amen!” came the hearty response, as the happy diners continued—and finished—their amazing meal.

“I’ll take you back,” my partner for the event said, when the meal was at a close. My angelic guide would escort me. Knowing I first wished to formally say good-bye to Jesus, we went over there. He warmly held Me and said, ‘I’ll be seeing you shortly,’ and gave a wink.

I wasn’t really being separated from Him, just changing scenery. Thus started all the couples to file up and say good-bye and thank you, and shower Him with great love of heart and soul, before going off again to their ministries for the Kingdom.

And the first stop many of them had was to visit some of the newest comers in ‘Welcome-ville’ or so it could be called. They were filled to the brim with the love of Jesus, and were ready to pour out to many others the joy they had in Christ, and the love He gave them to pass on to others.

And so was I—though on the other side of Welcome-ville, making sure to point people in the direction of Heaven.

Secrets with Jesus 8—

I could hear the din of the voices of guests beginning to gather inside the room as I approached the doorway. I won’t say ‘door’ as it was always open with nothing obstructing it at all; just a nice arched doorway.

I peered in. People were greeting each other. “Oh John, good to see you!”

“Sweet Mary, darling, what a joy to be with a lovely soul like you.”

And on went the loving words of one to another, each taking part in the hug-and-love fest that seemed to have spontaneously occurred.

I found out that it was all part of the planning by the dear sweet hostess of the event today. She loved to see the vibrancy that came into the room when great love was shared, and the more the better.

Some music was being played somehow in the background, and this is what brought out the joyful love vibes of each one there. Our hostess for the day wasn't one for formalism and having too sombre of a mood, and was going around serving drinks of Heavenly beverages. There is nothing average about the drinks in "the Kingdom of God". Even Jesus Christ Himself talked about having a drink with His disciples when they made it to the finish line, and completed their 'cross carrying' days and work for the Kingdom. Guys could understand that, for they did need times of relaxation on Earth.

Even here, though the sweat and physical labour part wasn't an element of Heaven, still, the battle in the Spirit of right against wrong, of good against Evil, of trying to win the hearts of people for the Lord was manly work indeed, and took all they had at times, for those active in the battle and ministry. So times of special Heavenly relaxation was just what any angel or son of God needed—and the women liked it too.

Shelena, our lovely hostess was going around surprising people with a kiss and a drink served to them. Everyone was having a loving and happy time.

Then the mood of the music changed, and so did the actions of those attending. The chattering and laughing seemed to simmer down, and soon everyone was seated. On cue it seemed, in walked the tall and Majestic Lord of love Himself. Everyone rose to greet Him, after first bowing in honour to the King as He walked in. When He summoned them, as He would with children, to come, they greeted Him with the hugs they had been sharing around earlier.

He joked a bit and then settled down, as the guest speaker, to begin sharing a few more secrets from His life on Earth—the part most people are familiar with; the part of God Himself that was shown through Jesus.

So it's a good place to start. Later lessons can include new and farout sides to His nature, that man can scarcely conceive, so we can get to know Him better and more deeply.

A hush fell, and all eyes were on Him.

Jesus motioned for something to enter.

Much to the surprise of all, in walked, over to His Master, a lamb--a large and grown lamb, nearly as big as a sheep. The lamb walked over and placed his head on the lap of Jesus.

"Do you know who this is?"

Jesus asked.

Well, it looked like any other lamb, and without a name tag, I really hadn't a clue.

"This was the first lamb given in sacrifice; a symbol that I, the Lamb of God would one day come and 'take away the sins of the world.' To My bosom it came, right to My green pastures. It gave its life so that one day people would understand the need for Me to give My life."

Jesus pat the lamb, that looked rather sheepy I'd say, and soon it turned and walked off again, exiting the home.

I had no idea that such a thing was possible. But God really can do whatever He wants. After all, if it was given as a gift to God, so why would He not accept it and take it in to His vast green pastures in the realms of the Living God.

It had a profound effect on the rather joyous team. A sober reminder about what they were there for—to know the heart of Jesus. If a lamb mattered to Him, how much more did a soul, or a baby, or a person that was struggling.

When I saw the tenderness, the honour, that He gave the lamb, the words, "The Lord is My shepherd" took on new meaning. If He felt such care to

bring an animal here, how much more did He want each and every human being that was created, to come and feel His love and know His care.

“What do you think of when you think of sheep?” Jesus asked.

“White” “Fluffy” “Peaceful” “Woolly” were some answers.

Jesus then said:

“Do you remember one of the appearances I took on, and John’s description of My hair? –It was as wool. (Rev.1:14) I was once again reminding people that I am the Lamb, the one that took the punishment. I was the final sacrifice. And did you know that on the cross as I breathed My last cry, that was the moment when the evening sacrifice was occurring? The final required lamb giving its life while the Lamb of God was taking away the sins of the world. After that it was no longer required. I had done the job. Only life and more life were to be given. So many symbols to remind people that I would and that I did give My life for your life. In the Old Testament it talks about life for life—or more like death for death. But I really did give Mine so that you could live. I came alive again, so you could live forever.”

“Maybe it’s an interesting thought for you: I have been both the sacrificial Lamb, and the Shepherd that finds the lost sheep. I have felt what it was like to die like a sinner, and I know how wonderful it feels to be the Saviour and able to give you a way out. I have been a man, and am also God. I know what it’s like on all sides of life. I certainly can relate to you and know what you need and are feeling.”

Jesus motioned to Shelena, our hostess, that the meal could be served now, if she liked. In a moment she was passing out bowls of soup and a piece of bread to dip in it. Some others gave her a hand to make it go quickly, so story time could resume as soon as possible. When everyone had a bowl, and had thanked God for their meal and the sweet fellowship they were having, Jesus then spoke.

“I was sitting on the hillside one night, looking up at the stars. I saw in the stars a pattern of a lamb. I could see it in dot-to-dot form. If I had a pencil and could draw it out in the sky it would have looked quite like a sheep. I knew that it was yet another reminder, or whisper to Me about My future mission. I so much wanted to know more. Just what did My life hold? It was rather a mystery for a while for Me. I had so many thoughts and felt the Spirit of God moving in Me, telling me what was right and what was wrong, but all the time I heard ‘wait’. I wasn’t to do anything rashly. I was to just fulfil My calling as a carpenter’s son, then I would be shown what I was to do. Yet, sometimes it was hard to wait. I knew there was more to be a part of My life than woodworking and just getting by in life.

“It was hard to see people struggling, always struggling to have enough to eat, or to have something warm to wear, or to keep their farm and land going so it wouldn’t be taken away to pay off debts. I so wanted everyone to be free, free at last from the chains of the monetary society. That’s why it says it so often in the Bible, not to ‘covet’, to have nothing to do with the wicked side of the money system; to not get greedy, or steal, or try to appear richer than others for pride and vain glory. I hated the way I saw the people short-changing in the market place, especially when it was in the Temple area. I knew that was wrong.

“I could see there were basically two kinds of people—those whose aim was to live in this carnal world thinking like carnal Man and getting as much materially as they could. Even a poor person could have these tendencies, whether they had the money or the means to get any, or not. It’s an attitude of the heart. Then there is another kind of person, one like My mother, and other good people I knew. They loved God and longed to serve Him. They focused on what God wanted to give them, and what they could give back to Him in return. Though not rich in worldly goods, they seemed to have what they needed to get by, and were much more at peace. They had a trust in their heart.

“You cannot serve God and mammon’ I said in one of My talks. It was one or other. But sad to say, money has taken over the better part of the world’s system today, and is in the ruling seat. Everyone is a slave in some way to the scourge of satan disguised as wealth-to-get. I knew early on that I didn’t want anything to do with it. I pulled more and more away from living My life to get more. It was with great gusto that My Father allowed Me to do the Temple cleansing that day in Jerusalem. I had kept My mouth and kept quiet about it for year after year. At last, when the time was right and it would show the right people the right sample of what displeased God, I was let loose to shake up the place.

“It was fairly shocking to those around, until they remembered the scripture that prophesied about it—‘The zeal of Mine House’. See, many things that I did in My adult ministry started as a seed in My heart many years earlier. I was being prepared, but had to wait until the time was right. It’s not like I was blind or deaf or insensitive to the hurts and evils around Me. With a pure heart I had hated the evil and the hypocrisy, but ‘held My peace’ until the time was right. I was good at keeping silent. When I stood then as a ‘sheep before the shearers is dumb’ so I opened not My mouth, as Isaiah says about My time being tried in the court of Pilate, I knew when to keep quiet and when to speak out and take action. It was all about timing and place.

“God not only creates time, but also a schedule that is to be kept, so His plan can come into being. Did you know that? You’ll find that mentioned time and again in the Bible--the timing of things, the length of a King’s reign, people told to do things now, people told a prophecy is not for now and to wait until ‘the time of the end’, and on goes the references to God’s timing when something is to happen. It’s not all random, haphazard, nor in anyway depending on mankind’s whims. God can make something happen at the precise moment it is to happen, and stop anything that He wants to. He’s got His hands on all the strings and pulses, yet still does it with mankind having their own free will and choice, or thinking they do. There is lots, however, that they are blissfully unaware of, thinking they

have done something and are in control, when all along it's been God doing or holding back something. People will have a lot to learn one of these days when all or nearly all is revealed. It will be a mighty 'widening of the eyes' I say indeed."

Jesus concluded His thought.

That gave me plenty to think about, and it was comforting to know that God indeed did have everything under control and was using everything to teach us all kinds of things. Perhaps it's sometimes like two roads that all lead to the same place. Someone might feel the freedom to choose whichever of the two they'd like to take, but it all led them to where the Pathmaker wanted them to go. And to ensure their staying on either of the paths, the land all along was planted with thickly growing thorns. So even if we think "we can choose", well, yes, but the way it leads to is to teach us a certain set of lessons that Earth dwellers were sent there to learn. One way or the other we will learn what we were put on Earth to learn. That's not to say there are two ways to Heaven; that is a different story altogether. I'm talking about other choices in life. One way or another, lessons will be learned.

I think I was deep in thought, as I didn't seem to notice when people were leaving, they did so rather quietly and respectfully. Everyone seemed to be giving each other space to think and ponder as they made their way back. I looked up when Shelena was picking up the bowls and decided to lend her a hand. "Oh, that's okay," she said, knowing it was her turn. But still I helped out. I'd like to find out about this fun-loving, yet deep soul that had much more to her than met the eye. She seemed to have been around for a very long time, though appearing as a happy, carefree soul, just enjoying Heaven.

After the dishes were taken care of, she and I sat together by the fireplace. It was there that I got a very small glimpse into her life before and now. I found out that she never had been to Earth before. That is why she wanted to attend these gatherings. She wanted to know more about the

“Life of Jesus” when on Earth. It was all very intriguing to her—like how finding out some mysteries on Earth is to the dwellers there. The way things were, so, so very different than the way the physics and all worked in Heaven, made her very curious. She was a student of Heaven, and had been created with a very curious mind. It was her vacuum for knowing about the Workings of God that helped start up several learning groups.

She said, “We each have so much we can share, and so much we can learn. Those who spend time with Jesus every day have a wealth of knowledge that they can share, and it’s good to give different ones the chance to share what they have learned with others. This is a way to help them remember it better—when they have the chance to teach it or share it in some way.”

I liked that idea, and I could see her role in this realm, as a teacher, or as a teacher inspirer, encouraging others to tell and show what they had learned in life and in their times with the Master. It would help everyone to make faster progress in spiritual maturity and understanding.

I gave her hand a squeeze, thanking her for the evening and for sharing her thoughts, and I was off, back in the realm of Earth, with new things to think about. I do wonder if there will be a time, when on Earth, that I am meant to share with others what I have learned with the Master. I guess I can balance that idea out with what He shared with us about waiting for the right time, and letting God’s Spirit lead, so the best effect can be had when it is time to teach others what has been given to us to pass on, or when it will best help bring some change in our situation.

Lots to think about. And so much more yet to learn. Perhaps in my next time alone with Jesus I can ask Him about some of these things.