

Story Time with the Master—Book 3

And some Parables

2018-2021 or so (given to CQ) (Unedited and unproofread)

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Hang Glider Ride

The man was going to go on a hang glider ride. It was the moment he had prepared long for. He wanted to get a good aerial view of the land. He realised there was much he didn't know about this place.

Just walking down streets and talking with people, or going into shops didn't reveal much about the place. Because most people also only knew about as much as what their neighbours would say, and they in turn only knew what their next door neighbours or friends talked about.

He knew there was much more to be discovered. So early one morning with his friend he drove up to a lookout on a mountain. There he could take off and fly over the land. It was windy there, and wasn't that easy to set up his hang glider. But he persevered and at last was soon soaring over the whole area.

There were lovely parks, trees, clusters of houses, ponds, and a river that wended around here and there and through. Then he spotted

something that caught his interest. He marked the spot in his mind to go for some land exploration there. In a cover at the beach front there seemed to be a big cave entrance. However it was in a place that was nearly inaccessible, except by some tough climbing and hiking. He was determined to do just that.

The following week, with his hiking and light camping gear strapped on, he and his friend went on their mission of discovery. They loved to discover new things. The first night was spent under the stars, sleeping in their sleeping bags.

They were closer to the goal, they hoped. But with no maps of this area to lead them, it was an adventure and struggle to locate what they set out to find—the huge cave entrance. When the sun rose, so did they, and continued walking and wading in water, and climbing over rough and sometimes steep rocky areas.

When the sun was hot over head they were feeling rather at a loss. They seemed no closer to their goal. They wished again for that clear aerial view. It seemed so easy then when looking down over the land. It was clear to someone above just what was the best and fastest and safest way to go.

“I wish there was someone looking down from up there who could communicate with us and show us the way to go,” the man expressed.

“Yes, it would make it so much easier,” his friend acknowledged.

Just then like a flash into his mind came again the picture of the aerial view that he had seen when up there, almost like it was projected into his mind. All of a sudden he recognised just where they were. And they were not far off from their goal.

Following the mental map that he suddenly saw again in his mind, the friends found their way. It was tough, but they reached their goal and were so very glad.

At the cave entrance they stopped and put down their belongings. They were ready for a rest before the next adventure of exploring inside.

As they were eating and planning their next move, the man had a serious thought. “You know, it’s not going to be any easier in there—probably even harder to not get lost, and to try to find our way. It’s dark and that makes it dangerous.”

“Yes, a map indeed is what we need—and light!” his friend agreed. But a map they didn’t have, or so they thought. And so that’s what they did, thought and thought.

“How can we make this trip a successful one, and both find our way in and out and then back to our home again?”

The more they thought about it, the more they realised how unprepared they were. But then something wonderful happened! As they neared the cave entrance to just peer in once again, they spotted a metal box.

What was in it? A map, some rope, a flashlight!

“What is this? Why, it’s just what we need! We can go ahead after all! What a great find! Someone obviously put it here for explorers like us. I guess we aren’t alone, after all, in our journey. Someone is around, and may yet come by to visit.”

The man and his friend were overjoyed! They found the map to be accurate, the rope to be strong, the light worked, and a successful trip they had.

When the man made it safely home he remembered that it all started with a desire to see things from a different point of view, from the way someone up in the sky sees things down here.

Chicks and Hopes

The old grandfather blew on his pipe, making a melody that sounded through the simple stone and clay cottage. The little girl who had been playing near his feet with her dolls, paused, turned, and then began to cry. She came over and hugged the old man. He stopped the music. He knew just what the sorrow was.

The music stirred up her memory to the loss their family had just endured—the loss of her daddy. That was a tune he also often played, on those very pipes. The old man was trying to get over the pain of loss by making the music be heard again in the house; however it was bringing a strain of pain to the girl's heart. She still needed time to heal.

Thinking perhaps she was not ready yet to hear the music, he began to set the pipes down. But the girl encouraged him to go on. As long as she was free to let the tears flow while being held in a loving embrace, she could manage—and wanted to hear—the music again.

So old grandfather began again, yet it sounded like the sobs of crying were the words to the song. The music and tears blended. Yet, by and by, as the melody continued, the crying softened, and before too long there was a peaceful smile on the girl's face. Through the music she was able to recall happy times that she and her daddy had together, rather than only the feelings of loss.

When the song was ended, the girl sat up and was ready for a walk. The old man with his cane took her out to see the chickens. For a long while they looked around seeing what the chickens were doing, and checking on the new cute little chicks. They made the girl laugh.

The old man placed a chick in the girl's hands and she smiled. Then he asked her, "Where is the egg? The perfect egg, so smooth and unbroken? How would the chick have come out if it hadn't broken? Does the mother hen miss her nice smooth, round eggs? No, I don't think so; not when she sees the chicks that hatched from them."

When they walked away from the chickens, the girl was thinking about what her grandfather had said.

Things were different now than they had been. Things weren't perfectly rounded out, like they had seemed before—like hopes and dreams and wishes in a shell of an egg, ready to hatch. But now her father was gone, and it was like seeing a broken egg shell, all empty.

“I just need to look for the chick—the hopes that still can come true—and perhaps because the egg shell of our perfect life broke. Maybe something new will happen for me now...” she mused, and understood.

When she was 14 years old, something did happen. “Would you like to come work with me on my farm?” a lady who knew their family invited the now young lady.

“I know it's not been easy for you, without a father all this time, but that is why I want to give you a chance to learn about animals and food growing and working with wool. You will be glad to know these things when it's time to have little ones of your own. I can teach you about weaving and making cloth. I can help you make things out of wood and clay.

“You know, I once had a daughter too,” the woman said. “But she too has gone, like your father. I was sad because I so much wanted to teach her all that I knew, and to one day see her care for her own little ones.”

This was a wonderful opportunity that would not have happened if nothing had gone wrong in either of their lives. It seemed more than perfect now. If she knew all these skills she could not only take care of her own family one day, but could help be a support to her mother and grandfather too.

“Oh, thank you!” she said, “I would like that very much!”

The girl began to mentally list all the skills she would like to learn first—such as knitting warm clothes, making cheese from fresh milk, riding a horse, planting and caring for crops, and so forth.

She was now old enough to learn them well and enjoy the challenge. She would stay at that farm some of the time and learn as much and as she could.

When she was 16, she surprised her mother with a very special birthday gift. “Here mother!” she handed her a package. When it was opened, a lovely warm shawl was inside, as well as some warm socks.

“I’ve not only made you this one, but ten others besides. And you can sell them and get whatever you need from the sales of them,” she told her mother.

“Oh, daughter, you are such a hard worker, and have learned so many new things, and so quickly too. You’ve made me very happy—and the kind lady too, from what I hear. She is at last able to sing again and have hope that she can make a difference in others’ lives,” her mother said and gave her daughter a loving embrace.

Beautiful Flowers

The girl was sneezing like she was made of wind.

“Achoo!” again it sounded, followed by a nose wipe.

“Will I ever get better?” the lament groaned, even though it had hardly been half a day since she began resting in bed from the cold the girl had suddenly contracted.

Mother put on a soothing audio for the girl to listen to while she attempt to rest in between various bodily disturbances.

“Why don't you play a little game,” her mother suggested. “Count on your fingers ten of the things you are glad you don’t have to be doing today. I’ll start the first one for you, are you ready?”

The little girl nodded, so mother started with, “You can be glad that you aren’t out digging in the rain, like a hardworking construction man might be today.”

The girl’s bed all of a sudden felt all the more comfortable and warm just thinking about it, then she added her own thought,

“I’m glad I don’t have to be a bus driver, as I feel so unwell in buses. I can have cleaner air here while I get well, with the window open to the garden.”

“That’s right! What else?” Mother encouraged.

“I’m glad I’m not in a hospital bed...”

Mother added, “Nor working there, but can rest instead and get all the things you need.”

The girl nodded. It seemed her sneezes had stopped and her nose was giving her a break too. She started to feel rather sleepy all of a sudden. Her mother filled and brought the girl a hot water bottle wrapped in a cloth to soothe and make her feel all snug while she drifted to a nap. She could finish her be-glad-it’s-not-today game when she woke.

Somehow the time of thinking happy thoughts made her begin to heal faster, it seemed.

After a long and cosy nap, she started again:

“I’m glad I’m not sleeping in a cold tent with icy wind and snow all around, like those have to do who climb the tallest mountain in the world—Mt. Everest.”

She paused and then thought of a few more,

“I’m not in a desert hungry and thirsty and lost.

“I’m not blind and handicapped, trying to beg on the street corner in order to survive.

“I’m not an orphan in a huge, cold, poor place with hundreds of others, yet feeling very lonely and wishing for a family of my own.”

Mother came in then with a warm and nourishing drink. “I thought of another one,” she said.

“I’m glad that you aren’t an elderly lady yet, but still young and I can be with you and take care of you,” Mother said, stroking the girl’s head.

“And I have you still with me!” the girl added.

When at last they reached the goal of ten things the girl was glad was not happening with her that day, they settled down for a nice time of story reading.

“I have just the perfect book to read to you!” Mother exclaimed. “It’s called, ‘Hope for Another Day’, about a girl who suffered a serious accident, yet found reasons every day to be glad and do some good for others, in spite of her lack of ability.”

This sounded great.

Mother read a few chapters, and then her little girl rested quietly again with something to listen to. Mother checked to make sure she was also drinking plenty of water, for that would make a big difference in the speed of her healing.

A week later the girl was out in the garden, feeling as good as new. It wasn’t the first time she had been outside, for even when she was unwell, some time out in the fresh air was a part of her day and helped speed on her healing.

She was picking flowers and putting them in a vase to give to her mother.

She wrote a little card that said,
“Thank you, Mother, for your kind care of me when I wasn’t feeling well. And thank you for teaching me to think about all the good things, and to be glad. I’m happier now because of it. Now, even if it’s something

smaller that troubles me, I stop to think about the good that I have, and the troubles I am glad that I don't have. It's helped me to be braver and smile."

When mother walked into the kitchen to wash the dishes, a lovely surprise was waiting for her.

"Oh darling! How very nice of you! The flowers are nearly as beautiful as the words you said here. They encouraged me so much. And the flowers will continue to cheer me and anyone who walks in, for sure."

The girl smiled and was thankful she had shown appreciation back to the one who had and continued to do so much for her. Maybe things weren't perfect—they never were or would be. Sickness, sorrow, hurts, lacks, would keep popping up in life. But if she learned some tips how to manage them and still be cheerful through them, then nothing could get her really down, not for too long at least. She could ride above them, like someone using a beach wave to move them along.

The Mechanic

The mechanic opened up the large door of the garage. It was going to be a good work day. He had lots of fix-ups to tend to. Several appointments with car owners were on his schedule.

"Let's see... Mr. Broneshire is on for an oil change at 12 o'clock noon. I'll need to ensure I'm here for that. Oh, and I see I have a tire change in the afternoon with Mrs. Elderesteir. And, of course I need to keep working on the four cars and vehicles that are in for repairs. Families are depending on them being ready on time, or sooner if possible."

The mechanic opened his tool boxes to see that all was available and ready for the tasks at hand.

"Hmmm, one of the wrenches have seemed to go missing. I wonder if it's still over by the car, or has been borrowed by another worker... I'll need to find it right away. I don't want missing tools or it makes jobs harder to be done."

While the mechanic looked and asked around for his missing tools, a certain customer was just pulling in. This was his first appointment of the day. Well, they came earlier than expected, to ensure plenty of time to get their car in good working order, in case something else was detected that needed fixing. They quietly waited until the mechanic was seen.

When he came back with tools in hand and a smile on his face, the customer was glad--and so was the mechanic. He was ready to help. "Had to chase down a few wandering tools... but I'm here for you, and glad to see you arrived in good timing, nice and early, for your fix up. With the spare time we have, I might even be able to do a few extras."

"Oh, that'd be real nice of you. I sure appreciate your work and help. You know I depend on this vehicle, but I could never get around if it wasn't for your regular assistance to keep things working right," the customer replied.

So the mechanic got right to work and checked everything over, adjusting this or that, fixing the other thing, and making sure all was in good working order. They had a nice chat together, and the customer felt like he'd learned quite a bit by the time the job was done.

"Thanks so very much," the customer said.

"Sure thing, anytime," the mechanic waved.

And it really was true. There was never a time when this customer needed help, and the mechanic denied his assistance. For longer jobs it worked better to work out a scheduled appointment, of course, but they

had never been turned away from this mechanic's garage in the past when sudden emergencies occurred, or a little quick help was needed.

The customer never had to go on and on with nagging problems, or tolerate things that weren't right about the vehicle that put them and others at risk. Just a quick trip to the fix-it place, and time taken to explain what was the problem. Communicating always came first, then problems were looked into and solutions given. Then a time of relief and ease. Time with the mechanic always paid off in the end, even if it seemed to take time.

Friendly Melanie

Melanie was sitting sadly on the side. She watched the other players who seemed to be enjoying the vigorous game of ball play. Why wasn't she invited? She didn't know. As far as she could tell, when she last counted, the sum total of legs were two; arms, two; eyes and ears two as well. And they were all in good working order.

Maybe the ones chosen for this game were being judged by something other than physical ability. If they had looked into her heart, the players who chose their team would have seen that she was really just trying to be a part of their lives and wished for someone to wish for her to be so. They might have seen that she was like a puzzle piece looking for where to fit in.

But they had their minds on scoring points--something that would be long, long forgotten, perhaps even by next week. Numbers wouldn't matter later on, when other new interests and passionate pursuits moved their mind on. But it hurt, and Melanie began to cry, in her heart that is. She decided to go exploring somewhere else.

Maybe, just maybe there was someone who wished for a friend, who

likewise didn't feel or wasn't included in the lively play. Since she couldn't find a friend, the best option would be to go and be a friend; even if it was to someone that she didn't particularly understand or feel an affinity with. She could just be a stand in, for a friend for the person, in place of the person they probably would rather be with. "I'll just act like their friend," Melanie thought, as she made her way somewhat shyly over to a young lady holding a baby.

Since this young mother was often awake in the night, she missed much sleep, and it was hard to go hanging out at night with others, for any time she could rest, she must. However this tended to give others the impression that she wanted to be alone--especially when others came around to see her as she was putting her baby to sleep and asked them to please not disturb just then. And at times the mother was short tempered, again, due to over tiredness. It was her time of learning and growth in heart and mind and emotionally. It wasn't easy, and caused many to draw the wrong conclusions about her and to misunderstand, or just not understand at all.

But Melanie was going to take the risk, since it was clear the young mother was both awake and happy for company, though alone. Her baby was now sleeping in the stroller nearby, and she sat on a large rock looking at the game in the nearby field.

When Melanie approached her, the young mother looked up with surprise. At first she thought she was being asked to join in the game; that someone had sent for her. But seeing the look on Melanie's face, she realised that it was a friend coming to join her.

Rather awkwardly, she moved over a bit and motioned for Melanie to sit with her there, which she did. They weren't sure what to talk about first, but after a bit they got warmed up. Melanie chose a topic that this young mother was sure to have things to say about, and quite possibly not many to hear about it. She asked about the baby, and what his new

developments were, his likes and dislikes, and how she was adjusting to life as a mother.

Knowing the right thing to ask, giving another person the chance to speak about what is on their heart, is the key to truly "being a friend". Sometimes it seems like a waste of time, just talk, but it's a need to have a way to say things, it's part of the completion of the feeling of living.

Melanie knew she'd asked the right topic, for the young mother talked on and on. It seemed like it had been weeks that she'd been storing up all these things in her heart and mind. At last--what seemed nearly an hour--the conversation quieted down, and the mother realising that Melanie too might have her own friendship needs, said, "The baby is about to wake up, he's stirring now, and I'll need to tend to his needs, but would you like to go for a walk in a bit, when I return? He'll be happy to be strolled along with us."

What a nice idea, Melanie thought. "Sure, that sounds great. Is there anything I can help you with?"

Then she knew what was needed and said, "I'll prepare a snack for the two of us, and fill some bottles of water. We can bring them along. Feeding the baby means you need to feed yourself, and as you were saying to me, there's not always time to do both. I'll see you soon then--as soon as you wish, without pressure. Just give him all he needs, and if he is happy, then we can go. If it seems he's unhappy for a walk at this time, I'll just bring you the snack and we can walk later, another day."

Melanie said this with a smile. She had gained much insight after hearing all that this young mother experienced each day. This gave her on-target friendship ideas. It paid off to listen to someone else and to gain insight into their way of thinking and feeling.

The young mother gave a grateful nod as she lifted her little one into her arms to walk to the house.

Melanie walked over to the orchard and selected some fine pieces of fruit, picked some ripe strawberries and made her way to the kitchen to prepare the promised snack. A smile was in her heart and on her face. She learned that a good way to feel needed, and to be included, was to first find out just what the needs and wishes of others were, then she could be the friend they longed for. The gratitude they would feel in return would give her the feeling she wanted, that someone loved and enjoyed her company.

The Lizard

The lizard lay in the sun, hoping to catch some warming rays. This was its chance to keep up its warmth and health, otherwise it would just be too cold. It opened a lazy eye every now and then, just to make sure nothing harmful was coming near. When all was well it would slip back into a deep rest.

The only time it really needed to move on this day was when the sunshine seemed to move from its spot, then it needed to go elsewhere, to stay in the sun.

When a cloud covered over the sun, and it started to rain on the at last warmed back of the lizard, it didn't enjoy that. Maybe in the heat of a summer's day it would have been a welcome thing. But on this day as it was trying earnestly to warm up, anything chilly just made the efforts to keep warm, lost.

"Where can I get all nice and feeling good?" the lizard thought. "Oh! Over there. I'll try it."

The "over there" was a little spot shaded from the rain, and also had been recently warmed ground, by a child having sat in that spot to read a book. They had just left, and so lizard moved in. It wasn't sunny again

yet, but it would do for now.

While it heard the rain fall, it drifted off to a drowsy rest, that is until a large hand came and took him up. Where he was getting taken, Lizard didn't know. But there was little it could do just yet. However, it was only a moment before it was put down.

"Where am I?" the lizard thought. "It is warmer in here. It's nice, but lacks the freedom."

It had been placed, for the time being, in a large glass box with plants, and a warming light overhead.

It was being put under observation. Not like a pet really, as it was just as wild in nature as ever. But he was being watched, perhaps as a TV almost. The children would peer into the glass and see the shape and size and movements of this lizard. They would get to know it better than just seeing it briefly outdoors every now and then.

The things it liked were made available, but of course the freedom to go here and there, wherever it pleased, that would have to wait until later, after the children had learned all they could from it.

One day it was time to open the box. The children took their little friend out into a nature place. The box was on its side now, so that their friend lizard could crawl out anytime and anywhere it wanted to. They decided to leave the box there with some food and water supplies, just in case the lizard still wished to be there. Though it had more freedom to go here and there, it was a nice shelter from the rain, and it did get warmer from the sun, as it was like a mini greenhouse.

Now the lizard was glad it had been placed in a box for a while, and was used as a living lesson and teaching object of observation for children. Now they took good care of it by providing this nice little place to come to, whenever it needed shelter and food, water and warmth.

It was worth the time away from the freedom it had known. It had the best of all things now.

Though a mother might for a time be taken from her normal environment and be placed in a new location, being an aid to teaching children, it's only for a time. The future will be better for her because she gave up what she had before; now she has new friends that look after her, and they are a part of her life. Though she always felt she was a completely different species, varying greatly from others she was placed among, that is why it was so. For that is how the children learned.

They needed something or someone very different, to watch and to be with, otherwise there would be little new to have learned. Be glad you are different. Be glad you are where you are. Just be glad. It's not a sad thing to be in a box of confinement, but something that is and will benefit you and others, as you'll see one day.

And if you feel lonely, like there is only one of you around, well, remind yourself that rather than alone, you are just unique and prized by others as very special.

How the stepped on flower survived

(Jesus speaking:) There was a little flower that got stepped on. A cute little flower it was. But its petals were crushed by someone running with a mob. They were going out for a picnic. It wasn't a bad thing they were doing, but still, the little flower was no longer its perky little self. It could no longer stand on its own, but lay close to the ground.

A different noise was heard. It was that of a lawn mower coming to cut the grass. Closer and closer it came to where the flower once stood tall and proud and feeling so complete, like it really was doing what it was created for.

The sound of the mower was very frightening and slightly shook the ground. Very soon it all got dark in the place the flower lay. The sun was no longer shining on this crushed and flattened flower. But that was only for a brief moment. Soon it was just as bright as ever again. The shade had nothing to do with the sun, really, but all to do with the mowing. The mower had passed over the flower and kept cutting its way through the overgrown grass.

When the flower noticed that it had remained safe, and in fact was one of the few things missed getting cut by the mower in that area, it felt rather pleased. It lay there wondering, "How did that happen? I'm safe. I'm still alive, though not as stately as I used to be. Yet if I had been standing ever so erect and fine, there's quite a good chance I would no longer be still standing."

Then another voice joined in the thoughts of this little flower and said, "Yes, when you are low, and humility lays you flat against the breast of the nourishing soil, you are safer. Here let Me help you to stand once more. For there is more yet that I need you to do."

The flower felt the gentle hands lifting it up.

"Were you the one mowing the long grass?" the flower asked.

"I had it done," came the reply.

The flower now saw that the crushing had benefited it.

Yet it wasn't the only one standing. There was another. This one had a different story to tell, of how it was still able to stand.

"Hello, it's good to see you over there," said the first flower to the other.

"Well, I wouldn't be, that's for sure, if it hadn't been for the strong wind that knocked me down for a bit."

So the wind had come and done to one flower somewhat the same deed as the running feet had done to the first. Yet because of both of their unpleasant experiences, and feeling knocked down for a time, now they both still stood. When the real trouble came, of the more permanent type, they were safe, and were bringing beauty to the area.

When the picnickers returned a few hours later, it wasn't the grass that was seen, that had been hiding these little beauties and over shadowing them. Now these few ones remaining on the lawn were the highlights, and clearly seen.

So if something knocks you down, take courage, it might be to spare you from worse trouble that is about to come to all but those with a heart filled with humility. But don't worry, you'll get your chance to shine, when the time is right.

A Lovely Butterfly

MAT.11:29 Learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

Once a lovely butterfly was searching the forest for companionship. It was no ordinary butterfly. This one would be able to live a very long and lovely life. However, there were not many others just like it, and it felt lonely.

One pleasant day it nestled on a flower stem and thought how fun it would be if all the flowers in the woods and field got wings and flew up and danced through the wind, and played together. What an awesome display that would be. There would be plenty of friends to fly. But then the butterfly realised that as lovely as it might be for a moment or a day, or even a few days, the flowers would wither and fade for they were not

made to be away from Earth's nourishment. And besides that, they wouldn't be able to create more of themselves—that is in a flying fashion. They would not be a sustainable joy, that could reproduce and make more, that could then also create more.

The joy the butterfly wanted to have, had to start first with a lowly egg, then when hatched, be a tiny worm-like creature. When that crawling creature grew and fed on earthly nutrients, it would get bigger and stronger. After a while it would then retreat into a sack of lonesomeness, nearly seeming death; so still, and all wrapped up. However, in that state, unseen to others, a miracle of transformation would occur inside that encasement. Then, when the time was right, out would pop the winged and fluttering beauty. The lowly crawling creature would change to a flying butterfly.

As the special butterfly of our parable pondered this, something unusual happened. All of a sudden its wings were gone, and it was as a large caterpillar crawling among many little hatching eggs. Tiny caterpillars were emerging and crawling around trying to find the best nourishment. It had been a butterfly, and would again be so, in all its radiant glory, but these others around it had never know what it was like yet to fly. So it helped to lead the little ones around the plants to find the best leaves to eat. When they were strong enough to find their own food supplies, this caterpillar retreated into an encasement.

The other caterpillars, that still had some growing to do, thought their helper and friend was gone forever. When it popped out again, and with wings this time, the others were so glad. "One day you will fly with me too! Just keep eating up the good leaves that I showed you were right to have. When the time is right, you too will have the transformation. I'll be so glad, because I'll have many more friends to fly with. You will be transported to a wonderful field and forest, a place I know well. It is very lovely there. You will be very special and live for a very long time too."

Many of the caterpillars listened to what their friend butterfly said, and started eating well, and helping other smaller ones they found, to know the right nutrients to have. Then one by one, when the time was right, they retreated into their encasement to await the miracle of transformation and transportation to the special fields and forest that their friend butterfly had told them about.

All of a sudden, one wonderful day, burst, pop, flutter! New butterflies, lovely, colourful butterflies were filling the air, swirling and dancing, to the Heavenly music that could be heard. They had flown right to the special field and forest, and as they hoped, they met again their friend the butterfly.

This time it was not sitting alone and feeling lonely anymore. The welcoming festival was a grand one. The sound of laughter and joy sparkled like diamonds in the air. “I’m so glad to see you!” Friend butterfly said. And thus began the first day of the best time of their life.

To make Jesus Happy, and be able to fly up and be with Him in Heaven’s paradise, we need to be content to start off humble and small. We need to feed on God’s Word, like a caterpillar feeds and grows, preparing for his new life and form. Then the Lord can change our hearts, like the caterpillar changes inside. It’s a miracle the Lord can and will do in us. When the time is right we’ll flutter and show the delicate and colourful beauty—like a butterfly.

Right now, Jesus, like the special butterfly in a lovely field and forest, wishes for companionship in Heaven. You say, “But He has angels”. Yes, but they are different and have their job and role in the Kingdom of God. Jesus needs us and wants us to become as Him—to be sons and daughters of God, and fly with Him Heaven’s joy.

So we need to be humble and hungry and feed on the right things now—God’s Word—so we can get big and strong. We need to learn from Jesus. His miracle power will change our hearts and later on our bodies too, and so we’ll be fit for the Kingdom of God.

How happy Jesus will be when we can all join Him. He came to Earth, looking like we do now. As if He was a caterpillar and we were too. He rose from the dead, out of His grave and received the first resurrection body. If we believe on Jesus, then with joy we too will have our beautiful transformation, and gain our resurrection bodies one day.

We need to feed, day by day, on His Word, and do those things He wants us to do to progress in our life. To become more like Jesus, we can learn to have humility. Follow His example, be meek and lowly, feed heartily on His Word, follow the instructions for our life, and wait for the miracle—and joy will come. Joy for us and for Jesus, when we fly with Him in Heaven.

The Parable of the Secret Blocks

Imagine you are sitting in your back yard and you look up to see the feisty neighbour’s dog trying to climb into your garden through a hole in the fence. How do you feel? You’d want to feel safe, right? Now imagine a work man showed up at your door and said,

“Guess what I’ve got? I’ve got secret blocks, bricks, stones and strong things to build a wall all around your property, so nothing disruptive can find a way in. The good thing is that it’s invisible, so people won’t think to disturb it—as they can’t even see it. And you can see out too. Do you want some?”

It sounds great. So you and your family decide you want to find out more about it. You ask a few questions like,

“How much will it cost?” and “Do we need any building permits?” and perhaps, “What skills will we need to have to be able to do it right?” and finally “Is there a plan drawn up that we can follow?”

You find out that it’s free—but it costs time; one of the most costly things these days. But if you are willing, you’ll end up saving yourself tons of time, as you’ll have so much less disruption to deal with, and problems to fix. So it’s a bargain that, though at first appears to take time, will end up saving much time.

You also find out that you don’t need any earthly building permit, as it’s out-of this world—a secret building project. But you do find out that some places in the world try to outlaw it and try to make it nearly impossible for a family to have this strengthening and secret building project going on.

The ones who try to issue rules against it are places where people live who never built themselves a protective wall and fortress, and so instead of being safe from harm, it gave place to the disrupter to come and build his own centres and control hubs. Then he gets those people living around where he has set up a dwelling place to try to stop as many as they can from building safe fortresses.

So your family learns that it’s not only the right thing to do, but very important to do. In fact a warning has been published to all who care about protecting their family, their children, their grand children, their grandparents, their relations and all who live together, to please get this wall and fortress erected very soon and as quickly as possible. Those who heed this urgent warning will be safe.

Those that don't, will find it gets harder and harder to do so, as more and more rules and regulations are pressed on the people of countries, trying to stop them building up their protection with secret blocks.

You find out that the only skills you need to do the building, are things like determination to work on it, focus on the project, knowing what is straight and what is not, and following a blue print and not trying to make up your own design of what you think might be better.

This one is pretty hard for most folks, the man says, as they get so many new ideas, and the disrupter is constantly trying to show up and give his own ideas of the way he thinks it ought to be done—in the way, of course, that will let him come and go as he pleases.

The man explains that there are countless “blue prints” being sold around, so many that people forget what the original one is, or think that the newer they are, the better they must be. “Perhaps people drew up this new plan, because they found the original one didn't work,” people think.

“Get the latest, the best looking, the modern version,” are some of the ads headlines that the workers of the disrupter try to use to get those families already working on their secret fortress to change plans.

But there is only one plan that works—because all other plans are faulty; they are set up to be, so that there is a way the disrupter can come and mess things up.

If this happens, and a family has built using the wrong blue print, if they pray with all their heart and wish to get back to the right plan, God can help them to fill in the gaps, and straighten the crooked places. But it then takes twice as much time, as they have to redo work, and all that time they aren't as protected as they should be and would like to be.

So if they had stuck with the original and best blue print plan, they would have made good and solid progress, and been happy and safe in their home.

So this family, after learning all about it, decides that they would very much like to work together to build this strong, and yet secret, invisible wall around their property. So they find out where the blocks and bricks and rocks are to be gotten from, and the very next day, first thing in the morning, they start work, and each lay as many bricks as they can.

“If we do this every day, we’ll make good progress on it,” the father says. The mother nods and determines that it would be good to have it a part of their daily life. The children want to be safe, and have a happy life. They like the way their parents talk and act, on the days when they have worked to lay some bricks.

The parents like the way the children behave, when they too are working to add to the protective fortress wall for their family. It seems to be good for them already. And so they keep going, one day at a time. No matter what others say, or what the disturbing disrupter says or tries to get them to do, or any of his distractive tactics, they don’t even look his way, but just keep on at it, as faithfully as Nehemiah and his team did.

People around them, who can’t see this invisible wall, start noticing however, that every time they come near this family’s property, they feel different. There is a kind of peace and joy that radiates from it. They wish they could have a bit of that too.

One day the neighbours ask this family to tell them the secret. They too want to have protection, and feel safe, and have peace and joy. This family shows them some of the blocks, for the visitor is ready to see them. But rather than seeing it, it still looks invisible to them. However, it does take on the shape of a book. “Isn’t this a Bible?” they asked.

“Why, of course. And that is the secret to love, and, joy, and peace, and protection from those things that would try to harm you.”

The visitor wants to have what they see their lovely neighbours have, and so with a sincere heart they pray to receive the gift of being able to see the secret blocks and bricks. They ask God to be the master builder of their life, and they commit all that they have and all that they are to the Lord, and want Him to be in control.

“There’s one more thing you need to do,” the father of the family tells them.

“You must get rid of all the things that the disrupter has started to build in your life and on your property. These things will make you stumble and fall, and get hurt, and will be in the way of the nice fortress you want to build.”

So again the visitor, determined to have this gift, bows their head and prays, “Please, dear Lord, take away from my life the evil things I have allowed. Forgive me for my wrongs and the ways I have given place to the disrupter and his evil thoughts and ways. I want only you, dear Lord Jesus to come and be in me. Let me always belong to You.”

And from that moment, the visitor could see the secret blocks and bricks and rocks, and began to pick them up and started with vigour to build the fortress in his property, and to load up and out all the half made building works of the disrupter. Great progress was made, and they began to be much happier as a family. Some of their family members who had left them even decided to come back and live there again, as their home was so much happier.

The family that told them about the secret blocks could also notice the change for good. There was no more the yelling or ugly music playing, or angry dogs barking at them, or reports of thieves, and so many other troubles that those ones had before. Now there was peace.

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Every time we memorise a scripture from God's Word; or commit a portion of the Bible to our memory. Every time we really study it to see what it's saying, and hide its thoughts deep in our heart; every time we sing God's Word, or remind another one in our family about it, it's like we've just added another brick or rock to a fortress wall around our yard and property. We are building up a fortress and way to be strongly protected.

If only one family member is doing it, and trying to help inspire the others to dig into the Word of God and learn from it, then the wall gets built much more slowly. It's a lot of work for only one person, who is struggling to protect their family spiritually. But if all the members—parents and children, and anyone else that lives in that house, are working together, the job is done more quickly. Like the wall that Nehemiah built. Because they all worked hard together, they all focused on adding to the wall that God had told them to build, it was done in a very short time. It didn't take the years that some thought it would take. Not even one year.

Every time you read through the whole Bible, and gain more understanding of it, it's like a whole other layer of bricks have been added all around the wall. If you only read and study one part, but do it faithfully, it's like you are adding to one part of the wall, and building it up vertically.

Well, if each of the members of the family all have a different part of the Bible that they are learning well, and are helping to teach each other about, then this might help fill the wall around. But it's better, and more thorough and gives less chance for holes in the wall, if everyone is learning all they can about all that God wants them all to learn. Then they can understand what each other is saying better when they talk

about a portion of the Bible, as they will have read it and studied that part faithfully as well.

But there is a disrupter to the work. There is someone, like there was with the wall that Nehemiah was building, who is scared of this part of the world being unavailable for him to disturb. With a strong wall of protection around the grounds of your dwelling place to shelter your family, and keep your own heart and mind safe, the disturber has a much harder time to think up ways to get in and cause trouble.

Those who have never heard the Bible, or don't know what it means, or who have only heard the lies against God's Word, have a completely open land for the enemy to walk right in all over them, and perhaps to start building his own area to stay in and linger.

So if he see some good work being done to build up the fortress, like you strong young ones and your parents are doing, there's something he tries.

"Why don't you make a nice archway over here? Or perhaps a second, third or fourth door way. And over here, wouldn't it be pleasant to have a large open window. You don't want to miss out on anything going on around you, do you? Besides, it'll save you time. It'll save you blocks. The job will be done faster. You'll have a nice pretty place to dwell in, and won't be so secluded from the world around you..."

He thinks up ideas to get the builders to leave lots of openings for him to come in. With a wall of God's Word built up, a firm, solid, no-gaps wall, doesn't leave him any opportunity to carry out his own building plans.

But if you stop up your ears from those foul ideas, that come to you sounding ever so pleasant, but are really just invitations to have your wall thrown down—because that's the disrupter's real goal, an instead you look at the blue print, the design of what the strongest fortress is meant to have, you'll see that there is only one door. Jesus is the door.

Only one door is needed. You don't need more openings. And one window too, the window to heaven. Because the blocks are see-through, it's like the whole thing is a window to see the world around you. But more than a window, it makes you see things in the right colouring and perspective. You see things the way God wants you to see them.

The blocks that form the fall of your fortress around you can be like putting on 3D glasses. You see things straight. But without the filter of God's Word, like the wall around you that you can look out of, then things look crooked and strangely distorted.

Now, most people in the world see everything all upside down, backwards, inside out, and way out of colour. It would be like looking at a beautiful garden and seeing all the grass was like broken bits of purple glass, and instead of flowers, you see dull gray flowers that look all withering and dying. Instead of warm and yellow sun, the grey rays come down and put a damper on your day.

To them, it looks normal—if they have never seen things in God's way. And everything looks bad and harmful and unpleasant. No wonder so many people are sad and discouraged. They don't have the wall around them protecting them from the disrupter, and they don't have the wall to look through to see things in the proper way. If they did, they would feel so light and energetic and filled with freedom and joy.

Get building with secret blocks today.

(See booklets "Secret Blocks")