

Story Time with the Master—Book 4

And some Parables

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

1. Sweet Water
2. Half a kingdom that was sold for a penny
3. The Bicycle and the Thorn
4. Prince Peaceable
5. The Corn and the Coins
6. The Bandaid
7. Celtellina and the strange plants
8. Celtellina's pretty new dress
9. Celtellina discovers a secret
10. Celtellina's narrow road
11. Celtellina's hair
12. The Boy with Music in his Heart
13. Mr. Bizzare and his two String Guitar

Sweet Water

(Jesus said:) I am the way, the truth, and the life. (John 14:6)

A man put out some sweetened water for the bees. He wanted to find out more about how they find nourishment. When one bee discovered it, he flew back to the hive to tell the others. Through movements of his body he told the others exactly where to find that sweet water. Soon many more bees arrived to enjoy it.

The first bee must be sure to say the instructions just right. The bees going to find it need to bring just the amount of food from the hive that they need to keep them flying all the way to the sweet water—or whatever food has been discovered. If the bees don't bring enough nourishment for their journey, then they run out of energy and can't

make it. If they don't find the food, they get too weak and they can't fly. The food they find keeps them alive, and helps them to make honey, for their nourishment at the hive. So, they need to know the correct way to find the things that will keep them alive and doing what they were created to do.

The man watched, and after the first bee left the sweet water and told some of the others in the hive about it, they all came to have a refreshing and energizing drink. They brought as much as they could back to their hive to help make the honey for the good of all the bees living there.

Devotional application:

The sweet water is like the "water of life" that Jesus offers those who believe on Him. We can live forever with Him. God's Word is like nourishment for our spirits. We need it, or we will be too weary to do our job on Earth. Just like the bee that knows the way to the water and nourishment, who tells the others the right directions, Jesus tells us the truth.

We need to follow His instructions, so we can go the right way, the way that will lead us to Heaven, and living forever with Him in Heaven. Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life. He is the way to Heaven. He only tells the truth. He lives forever. He can give us life, both now and later can give us life forever with Him, after our time on Earth is done.

Dear Jesus,

Thank You for showing us the way to Heaven. We know we will find You, and see You, when we get to the end of our earthly life—because You told us the right way to get to Your house.

I believe in You, and want to know the truth. Please help my heart to listen well so You can teach me what I need to know. I want to live forever with You, in Heaven. Please help me be a good messenger to others, telling them about You and the eternal life You freely give to those that believe.

I love you forever! Thank You for loving me always.

**

Half a kingdom that was sold for a penny (Parables for Children—By Charles)

Once upon a time, there was a great kingdom, and in that kingdom there was a noble knight called Sir Vincent. Sir Vincent was very important, brave and noble, but he also loved money and riches. One day, a neighbouring country took over part of the country. And the king wanted to send his bravest knights to gain it back. On the way there, Sir Vincent was riding his horse, and then on the ground he saw a glimmer. It was a coin. “Money!” he thought. So he jumped off his horse and he picked up the penny. He made his horse go slowly so he could spot any more money on the ground. He never saw any more, but he thought there may be some, and wanted to be sure not to miss it. This process took so long that before he reached that part of the country, he had run out of supplies, and his horse was tired and hungry. He tied it up to a tree and slept under it. In the morning, he had to turn back, because he had run low of supplies. He had only enough to reach a nearby village. When he arrived at the village, an old lady who was selling potatoes asked him “What are you doing in our village? Has the victory been won?” “Victory!” exclaimed Sir Vincent, “I totally forgot!” After buying the needed supplies he mounted his horse and galloped off, but when he reached the area, it was too late. They had taken over more land than they had at first, and they chased him away. They took over even more land until half of the kingdom was taken away. Sir Vincent was sorry, but nothing could be done.

Has the love of things and money taken you? Has it distracted you from reaching your real goals of helping others, and got you thinking that finding riches was the goal of life? Are there invaders in your life that come to take away your happiness—such as selfishness, lack of love, greed, pride, unkindness—and instead of people chasing these things out of their lives, they allow them to take over while they search for money to try to make them happier.

P.S. This story can be used with a fire fighter going to fight a fire, if that seems more appropriate at the time or the audience. For example:

Once upon a time, there was a great kingdom, and in that kingdom there was a [brave fire fighter] called Vincent. Vincent was very important, [strong] and noble, but he also loved money and riches. One day, a [a big fire started up in] part of the country. And the [fire chief] wanted to send his bravest [fire fighters] to [put out the fire, before it got too bit]. On the way there, Vincent was [driving in his truck], when on the ground he saw a glimmer. It was a coin. “Money!” he thought. So he [got out of his truck] and picked up the penny. He [drove his truck] slowly so he could spot any more money on the ground. He never saw any more, but he thought there may be some, and wanted to be sure not to miss it. This process took so long that before he reached [the fire] he [realised that he didn’t have enough petrol to go there, so he went to a nearby town to fill his truck’s tank]. When he arrived at the [petrol station, the petrol station manager,] asked him “What are you doing [here]? Has the [fire been put out yet]?” “[Fire?!]” exclaimed Vincent, “I totally forgot!” After [paying for the petrol, he drove off], but when he reached the area, it was too late. [The fire had spread to a bigger fire than he was prepared to put out. It did a lot of damage and would take many more fire fighters and plenty of supplies to now put it out]. Vincent was sorry, but [the damage could not be undone].

Has the love of things and money taken you? Has it distracted you from reaching your real goals of helping others, and instead have you been thinking that finding riches was the goal of life? Are there destructive things in your life that consume and get rid of happiness—such as selfishness, lack of love, greed, pride, unkindness—and instead of people getting rid of these things in their lives, they allow them to burn and ruin their country, while they search for money to try to make them happier?

The Bicycle and the Thorn (Parables for Children—By Charles)

A patient recovering from a hospital stay did something the doctor told him not to—to ride his bicycle. He was to wait until he was strong enough later on. However, he wanted to try to ride his bicycle anyway. He thought it would be fun, and he would be able to get away with it. But then fell off it and got a very large thorn stuck in his skin. He didn't want to tell the doctor that he had done this, because he was afraid the doctor would be angry at him, so he just left the thorn in. Day by day the pain grew worse and worse, until after a long time of waiting he at last got up the courage to ask the doctor. The doctor was understanding and forgiving, and the thorn was taken out, and the pain went away.

When we tell lies, it is like we are doing something we know we shouldn't do. In this case it was riding a bicycle. The thorn is the feeling you get when you have lied. And the pain growing worse, is like the bad feelings inside getting worse by the day. And though it may take some bravery, you should always tell the truth, like this man did in the end. The truth will always find you out.

Prince Peaceable (Parables for Children—By Charles)

In a land far away where there were high mountains, vast valleys, beautiful planes, trees, hills, forests, fountains, rivers, lakes, and other things of nature lived a king who loved his people very much. But the people could not see the king, for there was a great epidemic in the land of a disease that the king wanted nothing to do with. It had been there for a long time, it started when the founding people of this land decided to do something the king did not want them to do, to eat a certain type of berry. When they ate it they got this disease. Since then, every baby born, was born with a strong wish for that certain type of berry.

Everyone had the disease that that berry brings; everyone that is except the king and his subjects. The king greatly wished to see his people, and let them get to know him better, but while they had this disease, they could not come to the castle, for his castle must remain pure.

The situation seemed hopeless, but there was only one thing to do, to send his only son to obtain something that would heal all of this disease. However, it would require a dangerous trip into the mountains, where king Kenexer would do all that he could to stop this mission. But king Kenexer's days were numbered, for he was the person who first offered them the berry, and he would have to pay for his unrepentant wrongs.

If the king's son went on this expedition, he would not see him for some time. The son agreed to go on this mission to obtain the healing powers the king's people needed badly. But despite all odds, the king's son decided to go on this mission. It was a long trip, and king Kenexer did all he could to stop him. However, as long as Prince Peaceable, which we shall call the king's son from now on, kept closely in touch with his father. King Kenexer would never be able to stop him—unless Prince Peaceable willingly chose to be stopped.

After a long, tiring day of travelling, Prince Peaceable had a feeling the time was coming that he would obtain the healing powers. Meanwhile,

somewhere above him in the mountains, king Kenexer watched.

“Perfect,” said king Kenexer’s men, “we shall go and bring him to your dungeon.” Soon those evil men were on their way.

Prince Peaceable knew the time as very close that he would obtain the healing powers, and he knew exactly how.

“Seize him!” they shouted, and they soon had apprehended Prince Peaceable. Of course Prince Peaceable knew he was doing this at his own will, as it would be very easy to escape from these knaves of king Kenexer. Soon they put him in the dungeon. While inside, he unleashed the special healing power, and healed all those that were in this dungeon. After three days of healing all those that wanted to be healed, the doors of the dungeon went flying off when a large beam of light shone from inside. Prince Peaceable was free, with the healing power fully activated—for it only could be so when Prince Peaceable had entered that dark dungeon. Though an unpleasant part of his journey, it was vital to unleashing the healing power. As soon as Prince Peaceable was out, he was whisked away by the royal chariots to a grand celebration back at the castle.

After this momentous event the king sent out the royal harold to tell all that if they wanted, they could get this healing and eventually be taken to the king’s palace. But before that, they were to tell all the citizens they could about it. When their time of telling all about it was finished, those that chose to receive the healing and reject the terrible berries would be taken to the king’s castle. There they would await the royal feast that was being prepare by Prince Peaceable and his father. The message from the king also warned of a coming storm that would stop king Kenexer and his troublesome ways. The only safe place at that time would be within the castle. However, only those who had received healing and cleansing could enter it.

However, not all in the land wanted the healing. There was a great deal of people that wanted the berry and wanted to keep on eating it. They had to choose, a sour additive berry or a feast with the king that would go on and on--more beautiful and enjoyable than they could ever imagine. When those who chose the feast instead, and requested and received the healing power were safely in the castle, the doors were shut, and the great storm of destruction began for king Kenexer and all those that chose his way and kept on eating the berry.

And of course, in the storm, lightning consumed all the poisonous berry bushes. When the storm would be over, there would be no sign of king Kenexer, his dungeon, or those that choose his ways and the sickening results of the poisonous berries. After this, Prince Peaceable and his father would repair and restore all the beauty of his land, and in a way that it would be like that forever.

The End.

The Corn and the Coins (Parables for Children—By Charles)

Once upon a time God sent His Son, called Jesus to sow a huge field of corn. Then God took Him back up to Heaven and when it was time, He send down His workers to harvest the corn. While they were harvesting the corn, not all times were easy. Lucifer sent down his own messengers to try to stop the harvesters so he could destroy the corn. A storm was on the horizon. It was getting closer day by day. Lucifer's men charged the harvesters a strange thing called "money", it was just like paper with pictures of people on it.

God was not happy with Lucifer's men. Lucifer sent some more men to make the storm come faster. God saw this plan and asked His harvesters politely if they could keep up the good speed they were at. However, some of the workers were already under the storm, before the storm

really started, and they had to harvest the rest of the corn in the cornfield. So God sent angels to hold back the storm.

Finally the storm struck, and the workers finished up the last parts. God sent a lightning bolt to bring them all to Heaven. When they were finally nearing the gates, the angels stood before them to see how much corn each of them had gathered. A lot of the people went smiling ear to ear with huge bundles of corn that they had gathered. The angel beamed at them with an angelic smile. When the line was almost over, some of the shifty-eyed characters had to finally stand before the angel. All they had to show was that funny old paper. The angel gave a slight frown when they showed him their little pieces of paper—and no corn.

So God sent them back to Earth to work hard and try to regrow as much corn as they could. They brought it back up, and God finally let them into Heaven. They had learned a very good lesson. And from then on they lived happily ever after.

The Bandaid

“Ouch! It’s that blister again!” Harolt Hoowalhelp said. He’d gone jogging that morning, and went too fast trying to get ready. He thought he could skip on wearing socks, but now he regretted it. Trying to walk in his work boots was making things real uncomfortable for him.

“I think I’ve got a couple of band aids here,” offered Charley Churrusting.

“I always like to keep a few with me while at work, as you never know what bump or bruise—or blister. I’ve got one myself too, on my thumb, from doing the shovelling yesterday.”

Charley Churrusting looked in his pocket but saw that he only had one left. What should he do? Harolt Hoowalhelp obviously really needed one, as each step was uncomfortable, and he had plenty of work to do.

Charley Churrusting pondered for just a moment, deciding if he should give it anyway, even if it meant that he wouldn't have one for his thumb, if he needed a new one later on.

"Go ahead, you take it!" Charley Churrusting said, handing it to a very grateful Harolt Hoowalhelp.

"Are you sure?" Harolt Hoowalhelp said, but Charley Churrusting was undeterred. He figured it felt just as bad to see someone else hurting, as it would if he was the one hurt.

He was okay for right now, and if Harolt Hoowalhelp was in need, and there was something he could do to make things better, he would want to do it. It would bring Charley Churrusting no comfort to have a spare band aid in his pocket for "just in case he needed it" while Harolt Hoowalhelp was struggling with each step.

"Besides, I can choose how to use my hands, but there's only one way to take a step—and it's the only way to move around out here! So I think it's far better that you have it. I'm glad to help." Charley Churrusting expressed.

Harolt Hoowalhelp did feel much better, and was then able to make faster progress, and get his mind on happier things.

"Ah! This garden court is going to look so nice real soon! The work part is tough—the clearing, the cement work, the brick carrying, laying the pipes for the fountain and irrigation and so forth. But once we get to the fun part and we get to see the beautiful flowers and lush grass it will be worth it!" Harolt Hoowalhelp thought, reminding himself of the great end result.

As he was working, and able to do it much more comfortably, he thought of how when Charley Churrusting gave to him his last band aid, that in some ways it was like what they were working on building just

now. To give to others something that you could use yourself can be hard—like the hard building work now. But then when someone’s deeds of kindness make other’s heart’s glad it’s like flowers that bloom in their life. It not only makes their life better and more beautiful, but all those around them too! And those that gave to others soon find themselves surrounded with flowers of deeds of kindness and caring done for them in return, and beautiful smiles of those they have helped.

Every time someone gives to others, because they want another to feel loved and cared for, it’s like planting a seed of joy—and when a whole town is filled with loving deeds of unselfishness, the whole place will become a wonderful a beautiful place to be. Those living there will be surrounded by a whole garden-worth of beauty represented by happy and kind hearts, and cheerful caring smiles.

**

Celtellina and the strange plants

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Finally, she knelt to talk to the King.

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

This time when she lied down to rest, something came from above that covered her. It spread in the air all over her and put her into a deep and

peaceful rest. Then it entered her all over and into her body went this healing elixir. It ousted out the foul elements, and brought renewal.

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

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

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

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

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

And so back outside she went.

“Knock knock!” she knocked on the door.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Celtellina's pretty new dress

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Just then the door, that had been firmly shut, opened every so slowly as someone crept in silently. With out a word he placed his arms around her and just held her as she cried some of the hardest tears ever.

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

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

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

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

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

Celtellina discovers a secret

Celtellina discovered a secret one morning. At first she went to walk outside, but stopped when a particular ring sounded in her ear. She stopped and listened, but no more came. Yet as she started again to go about what she planned to do, there the ring came once again, and yet three more times.

When she stopped, she couldn't hear it, only when she, I'll say attempted to go about what she planned on doing, then it rang. It was like a bell to warn her or even to distract her from proceeding with what she was in the habit of doing and thought nothing of it.

**

Woe be to those who make their own plans and attempt to live them out in their own way.

Every man must make a choice while on the earth to go against the norm, in some form or the other, if it is what will please the master. This shows that they are not taking orders from those who live around them in the world, nor from the world's ways and methods, but are willing to swim rather upstream.

What cross or opposite way is the Master's way for you? Do it, and you'll be eternally glad. Go with the norm, the plain and easy, the way that is set before you, and you'll miss what you are meant to do.

Every single person has their commission to do something so different, so totally opposite than those who live around them; because following what the masses are also doing brings death—will always bring it, in some form or another, because most people aren't taking their orders from Heavenly Headquarters.

Be different; be called out; be unique. And when you reach the gates of Heaven, you'll find that you fit right in, and aren't so different after all. To be and do what you were created for will set you apart. But that is what light is and does. It changes things from one opposite to the next. It transforms, and it definitely stands out. Be who and what you were made to be.

**

Be pure, or your light will get covered up in rags and plastic bags, soot, black paper, and moths trying to get in.

I want you as close as possible to being an Eve in the pure garden, listening only to My voice. Compare a woman to day to that first one and spot the differences, and see what you can do away with or add; subtract or change.

Celtellina's narrow road

Celtellina was wondering why she had to walk on this narrow, very steep-sided pathway that led up to the beautiful gate. The sheer rocky sides on the path that were as two walls on her sides made it feel so very confining. But what made it the hardest of all, was the briars that were at her back every time she tried to go back to find a better way.

It seemed a bush of thorns met her; just was there, and it would tear at her if she tried to go through that awful thicket. So onward she pressed. Alone, yes, nearly always alone, one hot and sweaty step at a time.

But that wasn't all, for at times a bear cub or lion cub would be also facing her down in the very narrow pathway, too narrow to run away. But as she kept on going forward, facing down whatever opponents were facing her, using her spear as a form of protection and defense, eventually the way would clear and she could see the pathway ahead. Though sweat and fear had been her companion in those difficult face-down times, she enjoyed all the more the clear view and clear path when at last it came. It caused her to walk further and faster too, for it would seem easy then, after having something coming up against her for a while. It worked in her favour in the end.

**

So darling treasure, so must you walk on. Not timidly or with apathy and a lazy gait to your step. But pushing onward, forward, even though it try you to your depths.

Celtellina's Hair

Celtellina was combing her hair for the umpteenth time. It seemed to never stay brushed for too very long. It was one of those things, those many things that were to be done repeatedly, it seemed just to use up her time. No real purpose for doing them, as in something lasting that would actually help someone else. But again she posed to do the task. It's not that she minded it altogether, but it added to her frustration, because there were so many other things that required her focus that she rarely was able to get to them—things that seemed to matter so much more.

Well, it wasn't always this way. There was a time when she wasn't able to brush her hair at all due to its mess being beyond what a brush could do. So she was really glad that she did have now the liberty to comb it. However, she was just annoyed that these seemingly pointless tasks

would take up valuable time that she wished could be spent doing something that would only need to be done once. Those kinds of things did give her a sense of satisfaction. It was the finishing of things that she did like. But that came rather infrequently.

“Mind if I chat with you for a bit?” a friendly voice poked through the reverie of her thoughts; thoughts that were reaching out as far away into the future as they could go, trying to bring a bit of future joy into her present circumstance.

“Darling,” this welcome guest said, while taking the brush and setting it to the side. “I’ve been observing somethings lately and wanted to bring a few things to your attention; things you might not have realized.

“Remember when you first used the brush, and did so vigorously so as to get each and every one of the knots out? Remember what a joy it was to at last have knot-free hair? It was a task that wasn’t pleasant, and took your time, sleep, and some hair loss to do it. But now that it’s done, the maintenance needs to occur rather regularly. Be glad that maintenance is all you must do, for it takes must less time than a big and super difficult task does.

Maintenance is needed, not to take your time, but rather as a means of saving a whole lot of time later on. So some of these things you fuss about having to do, and think are rather pointless, are saving you tons of time that getting into a tight fix would cost you. Every moment of a little time of maintenance saves you many hours. And these hours can then be used for those delicious things that you so enjoy getting to work on.

Maintenance means that you are on top of the game in so many other areas, and all you need to do is a little this and a little that. It saves you time and helps you reach your goals better.

**

So darling, you do need to get some time of healing. I know you know just what I'm talking about. But it won't take so long. Just time to listen, to purge, to be inspired from Heaven. It's time to fix things up so you can go on with new vigor. I love you dear.

The Boy with Music in his Heart

"I don't know what you need, if you don't express it to me," said the man in a kind voice to his son.

The boy sat looking out the window, crying and wishing for something his father knew not.

Truthfully, however, the father did have an idea, of what it was. But to ask in order to receive was a skill the boy lacked. He wished that everything he ever needed would always be given to him right away, without humbly and honestly communicating with this father about it.

The father wanted his son to have a good life, but he knew that to do well, his son would need to think and decide what he wanted there to be in his life, and what he wished to accomplish. The boy would then need to put those thoughts into words of respectful requests, to his father who could help him.

At last the boy stopped to think, then turned to his father to express his wish. He knew that if his father agreed that it was good for him and right for now, his wish would be granted.

The boy knew it was good, for it was even something his father wished for him too, he was sure.

"Father," the boy said, drying his eyes.

“If it please you, would you give me permission to take music lessons from our neighbour? For music is in my heart and I wish for it to be expressed. Yet as I am now, I have not the skill to do so.”

The father smiled. “Yes, indeed, my son. I see you have made a good choice. This will be granted. You may start lessons as soon as it is possible. I will pay for them if you will use the skill for the good of your family and the community. See to it then, that it will be worth the cost.”

“Thank you!” said the boy, giving his father a big embrace. Then with a cheerful smile ran out to tell his mother and brother. So happy was he that while he told his mother he offered to help her with the task she was doing.

When he went to his younger brother to share the news, his brother said, “Why are you so glad today when you have not even had your first music lesson?”

“Ah,” said the older brother, “But my father said that it shall happen, and I know our father never lies. I can trust him to keep his word. He said it, so it is as good as done. When the time is right it will happen. I can wait with a heart of joy.”

Then the boy paused, and a thoughtful look crossed his face.

He thought to himself, “I wonder why I waited so long to ask. I could have saved myself the sorrow in heart if only I had asked my father sooner. For even if he had told me the time was not yet right, I know I would have felt at peace knowing that he understood my feelings and desire.”

The boy resolved then that the next time something troubled him, he would speak with his father about it. He knew his father loved him and would care about his needs and desires, and would agree to give him what was good. The boy could trust that if his father ever denied him a

request, or he was made to wait before receiving something, it would only be because the father knew this to be what was best at that time. In either way the father showed his love. And communicating with his father about what concerned him would help keep his heart free of care, and the trust in his father's care would be renewed.

When the boy at last enjoyed his first music lesson with the kind and skilled neighbour, the boy said to himself: "I am glad my father has given me this gift of what I have long desired. I will not keep this kindness to myself, but will use what I have been given, to cheer the lives of others. I will freely give of the gifts I have been blessed with, to help others in ways that will please my father.

Mr. Bizzare and his two String Guitar

It's important to note that whenever Mr. Bizzare was at work in his studio, he always wore some kind of hat.

"Ya neber do know when dem birds will come. Don't want no turds messing with my words."

He'd say, when he donned the most fitting hat for the day, if he ever was questioned.

To match with his purple and grey suit, a suitable and worthy bright blue hat was chosen, complete with a beacon of sorts. This was for transmitting thoughts to his friends who lived on the other side of the "great deep" as Mr. Bizzare called it--that is to say, the large sea.

Both strings on his old guitar were completely out of tune, and so he set to work on perfecting their tone.

When the strings were out of tune he had names for them. One string he called, "Rebel" for it was seldom in tune whenever he set out to play. The other he called, "revenge" as it seemed to "get back at" the first odd

sounding notes of the first string, with a far worse sound than ever.

"I gotta get dem two strings out of their tune and into the right tune."

At first it was hard, that is, when Mr. Bizzare had on headphones listening to Miss Mollymuckup's latest album, "The Hit Dog's Howling Hey Day", while at the same time yelling outside for the cars to stop driving past, as this made it hard to hear right.

But Mr. Bizzare knew his bizarre ways were just that--a bit too bizarre on some days, so he had rigged up a contraption to snap him back to a more sensible way of being. A button could be pushed and a recording of his voice repeating his father's wise sayings would boom through the air zone, "Take off the headphones; sit still and be quiet." By this it meant stop listening to the wrong sounds--such as the headphones were sounding out.

He had a habit of making sure that he promptly followed through when the instructions rang out. He was always glad when he did.

So he sat down, removed the headphones and turned off the odd music, stopped his own talking to others out the window, and set to work on getting "dem strings" ringing out soundly.

He used a tuning fork part of the time, and an electronic device called a "upper note sound-a-fyre" that his father gave him. When at last these strings were ringing aright again, he called them,

"Right" and "rest" for it was then that he could get right to work, and rest assured that the sounds he would play would be right, while he worked on the rest of his recording.

**

It was one dark night, as all nights were, but during one particular night, a dream came to him. In this dream Mr. Bizzare was walking and whistling along to the park, as he usually did while he walked, when a

most displeasing sound was heard.

At first Mr. Bizzare thought his mouth caught a fly or something in it, for it seemed as if the whistling tune had taken a very bad turn. He spit and coughed and cleared his throat; he rinsed his mouth and gargled with water from the park's drinking fountain.

But as he kept walking around, whistling, there was the added unwelcome notes.

It was then that he noticed a strange and hateful looking bird flying around, just out of sight mostly, due to the tall trees, but his squawk was heard, and it was made to be as if it was coming from Mr. Bizzare's own mouth, as he whistled along.

“Fitly the Evil bird of hate! I always heard you were a troublesome pest! You be going before I sling rather than sing. --You beast of deception on top of all the troubles you cause! Why it had nothing to do with my merry song after all. I want none of this from this moment on!”

Mr. Bizzare stood his ground and called out for the Bird of Hate to depart. And only when he saw the mangy, broken, weak-feathered angry looking fowl depart, did he continue his walk and whistle.

That is when the dream ended.

When Mr. Bizzare sat up in bed on that night, he knew that was the answer to his question--what makes the strings on his guitar sound in such a way. They must be sensitive to any sounds around and try to get in tune with other means of so called "music".

And it was true, for the dream revealed a great mystery: whenever Fitly the evil and foul Bird of Hate flew around, the strings got out of tune. It was a troublesome thing, but a string is a string, and all he could do for the time being was to keep at work to make them right, for awhile at least.

Early one morning, soon after Mr. Bizzare had just finished recording his latest album called, "The Storm is just starting--and So am I" he looked out the window to the distant mountain peaks. There seemed to be snow on them. But as he looked on, it seemed as if a bit of the snow was flying off of the mountain and over to where he was. Something of white was coming closer and closer.

Mr. Bizzare rubbed his eyes first.

"Perhaps something is on my eyelash..." he wondered.

That task done, and yet the white something was still coming closer, he took out his telescopic device that not only showed him what was far, but played a large moving picture of it on a screen for him to see.

"Aha! So you're not snow, just white as snow! A lovely one you are!"

This he said of the dove that he saw flying, "Love Dove" is precisely what was flying his way.

"I don't mind you comin' round. 'Could use some of that niceness and all that ya bring!"

Mr. Bizzare half mumbled, half thought. He'd noticed that whenever this lovely feathered thing flapped its wings over his way, that a good day was to be had.

Somehow on those days both strings on his Bizzare-guitar kept their proper ring for a lot longer than they normally did. He had less tuning work to do--and more work got done, and more fun was had.

He'd heard about Fitly the foul feathered fallen Bird of Hate from a colour comic book long ago. Thinking it was just a myth he seldom gave it much thought. But though seldom seen with the eye, the effects could be clearly seen, so now Mr. Bizzare believed that bird was something to watch out for.

One day when talking with his father, he learned a tip--that a hat keeps

the hate bird's squawk from echoing through his brain and sounding out his own mouth. That is when he got to work gathering a whole chest filled with hats--hats of every shade and colour, with all kinds of built-in features and flares. He could wear a new one, or nearly new one, every day for some time! Then he could start all over again, working through the hats from the beginning--unless someone gave him new hats to add to his chest.

Sorting through the hats and selecting the one that would be right for him each day was always a fun way to start the day. Sometimes he made the choice according to what clothing he had on, other times, he would choose the clothes to match the hat he wished to don. Other times, he didn't worry about matching this and that, but just wore what felt comfortable, or that made him feel like singing, or that made his little brother laugh. There were many reasons for choosing this or that hat, but always wearing one each day proved to help.

Love Dove seemed to visit him more often, ever since he started wearing the special hats from his chest; and Fitly the Bird of Hate had a hard time getting his sounds to ring out anywhere around Mr. Bizzare's studio.

The next thing that happened was that Mr. Bizzare began noticing behavioral change in others--and he could detect whether Fitly or Love Dove was allowed around them.

Someone would be walking along, pushing their baby's stroller, for example, smiling at a butterfly who had just landed on a dandelion, when all of a sudden a dog would come up and strangely start barking grumpily at the little one. That would cause the baby to cry. This caused the mother to be most upset and begin to yell. This caused the baby to cry all the harder. When the owner of the dog caught up with it, you can be sure no smile or "good day" was passed on from the mother who was holding her little one to calm him.

The owner of the dog didn't seem to notice anyway, for the scowl on his face showed he was much too upset, all of a sudden, because

someone had stepped on his shoelace and caused him to have to retie it--and that was the cause of his dog running away to bark wherever he pleased. And he barked whenever the man he walked with got grumpy over some happening.

As the man ran briskly past the mother holding the baby, trying to catch up with the dog, his bag knocked the stroller, causing the baby's water bottle to fall out. This did nothing but further upset the mother. She thought she'd at least hear a "sorry" half mumbled, but her ears heard no such thing. What a pity.

Now, if Love Dove had been called for--and this could easily be done by simply cooing a note that Love Dove likes to hear--things would have been so much different.

Even if the man's shoe lace was still stepped on, if the man cooed out the sound and called for Love Dove to fly overhead or perhaps even rest on his shoulders as he walked, he would have remained calm. He would have said, "No problem--it gives me a chance to inspect the details of the pavement, which I would have surely missed..." or something charitable of that sort.

His dog wouldn't have ran away, in an eager attempt to escape hearing foul words, and carrying on the same notes in his bark. Instead the dog would have patiently sat down, smiling as best as dogs can, while the man retied his shoe. Then on for their walk they could have gone.

The lady, if instead of getting upset at a barking dog, could have likewise cooed and let the Love Dove change her inner reactions. She would have held her baby right away, and not let him cry, nor yelled out. The dog would have stopped his barking anyway and most likely wandered back to the man. Everyone would have been happy then.

When the man then passed by with a calm and happy dog, and said hello to the mother and her baby, this would have made for happy interaction that could have cheered them on for the next part of their day. --

Especially when they were neighbours after all, and neighbours that are friendly make for a happy living place, with each one adding to the joy of each other.

Perhaps the mother would have gotten the idea to invite the man and his wife over for a meal with her family that night--and the stories they could tell, while in a happy mood, would have caused the room to echo with peals of laughter.

In situations like these, Mr. Bizzare knew whether and when the Bird of Hate or Love Dove was allowed around and called for.

The difference is that the Bird of Hate was a rather rude creature, and never waited to see if or when he would be invited to join a person's thoughts and actions and words, but pushed his ugliness around wherever he could get away with it, never caring to notice the harm done. In fact the more troublesome the activity the better; that's all it cared to do.

However, it was different with Love Dove, she would gently visit all who called for her. She never missed a call, even the tiniest whisper of a young child calling and cooing for her. With fast yet graceful wings she was there to bring a pleasantness to wherever she was invited. Her goal was to bring peaceful beauty, in any way she could.

Mr. Bizzare had learned, and was continuing to learn, the way to have the best day.