



Learning with Jesus

—Memories of the Master—

(For Mature Readers)

-Book 4-

Learning with Jesus

Stories 16-20

—Memories of the Master—
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Jesus speaks today, with thoughts and
memories about His life on Earth.

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Memories of the Master —1

(Jesus says:) I was very lonely as a child. I suppose you know that. There are many reasons for this, but the loneliness was a special consecration in my bosom, a knowledge that I wasn't to be just anyone in society, to have my drinks, my laughs, and say randomly whatever came to mind. No, I was to be special, for I held a royal place in the Kingdom of God.

Sometimes the only solace I got from this constant 'set aside' condition of the soul that I knew was present, was to talk with the animals, the wild birds, the pigeons who came to be fed, or at times the neighbour's animals that might wander into our courtyard.

They would understand what I was saying, for I had a way of communicating that made sense to them.

As the Son of God I could do things like that. It wasn't a noticeable gift, but one that My Father allowed.

They too felt the troubles of the fallen world and wished for things to be at peace—where animals and man could walk in harmony to the tune of their Creator.



We had a little donkey for a while, that's where I learned how to ride one. It was always a bit shabby and not particularly cooperative—much like many people I had to learn to get along in harmony with anyway.

It wouldn't look Me in the eye, like it knew it wasn't being the best donkey in the world. But still I'd pat it and feed it its provender and do what was needed in its care.

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

Of course, everyone meant so much to the King of all—the Father in Heaven. I knew this, and that is why I was there in the first place. I missed being with My Father and seeing the angels that served, while I appeared in this “lower than the angels” state.

At the same time I truly did love each and every one so much that I felt My heart would break—which eventually it did, as I gave My life, knowing that many of the ones around that day would not be able to join me in paradise, because they turned away and chose their own belief systems.

I had a vineyard, not very big, but it was with great joy that I at last saw the first little grapes begin to form. After tending to the plants for so long and nurturing them, I could hardly express how very happy I was to see the fruit of My labour starting to show forth. Of course I called my mother, and sisters, and a few others. I wanted each one to share in the joy.

They must have wondered why I was just so, overwhelmingly happy; joyous. But again, I think it's because it had something to do with you—My fruit, the fruit of My life; My reason for coming to Earth.

Though grapevines grow grapes naturally, so it's not really that big of a deal, but in my heart it was a sign that My life was going to bear fruit, no matter how long it took to nurture the fruit.

Thank you My beautiful, darling fruit. You are so sweet. Your beautiful shiny faces, clustering around Me, like shiny grapes on a stem! How I love you. You are so pleasant to Me!



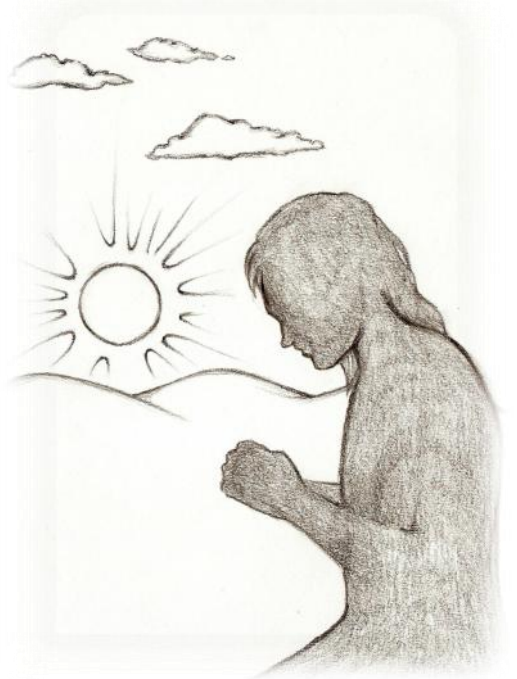
Memories of the Master —2

(Jesus says:) I'd wake up real early to the rousing sound of the neighbour's chickens. And there was this one peculiar rooster whose crow could be heard a mile away. Ever since I was a child I grew accustom to hearing this sound upon the break of My day.

Anyway, the sun would rise, of course, and I would start off by memorizing some of the Holy scriptures and letting them be a part of Me. When I was younger I would be much more anxious to get outside to play with My friends, whenever I got the chance.

But when I was getting a bit older I needed to take things more seriously and start preparing My heart and soul for what I knew in My heart was ahead of Me.

I liked to have lots of fun, as I know you do as well, but when I was getting on in years I needed to prepare for what I knew to be My life's calling. —One especially dedicated to God, with a job to do for Him, in a short amount of time. Not unlike many of you, too.



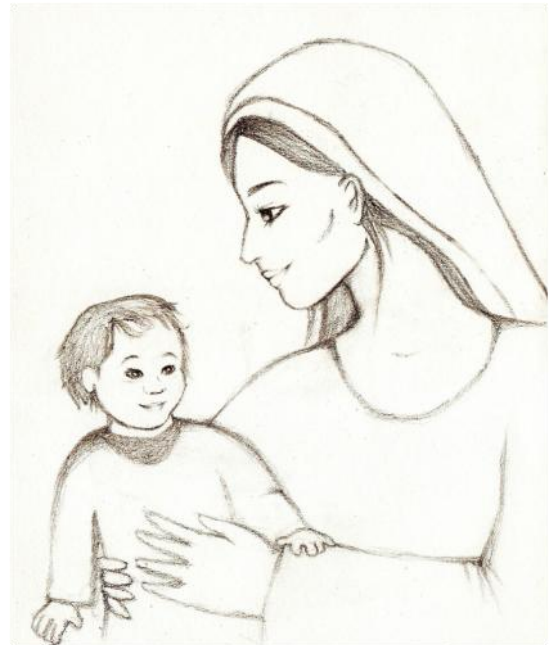
I'd then get up and move on with what I needed to do. Instructing the boys of our village and going about My daily chores. People would ask Me to come into their house to help them fix this or that or furnish them up with what their housing needed.

But I was not fully anointed for My future job yet. That came later as God called me into the role I had to play to fulfil My mission.

God, the Father, came through and we made a good team. You see I had to learn to work along side of Him, not following with My program and plan , but what He showed Me to do and that's when it best works out and brings about the best results.

There was one thing that was particularly hard for Me to face and that was actually leaving behind the life that I had come to lead, the comfortable home life, the cosy way things could seem to be.

Things weren't always calm, we had some fiery natured brethren, who were tough and strong and not mild natured. But the Lord brought us through somehow—because He was with us.



I gave up My family and loved ones, who I knew cared a lot about Me and My wellbeing and knew I had some kind of mission in this life, though were not always clear on what it really was going to be. But I had those loved ones to forsake.

I care about you and thus have I gone the great lengths I did for you. You are Mine and who I bought with a price.

The price of My blood is what it cost to have you forever. I did that for you. I did it to save and bless and prosper you in all your ways that you may come to know Me fully, without measure.

Know that I am your life and your song, your reason for existence, your joy of living, I am all these things and so very much more for you, My precious you!

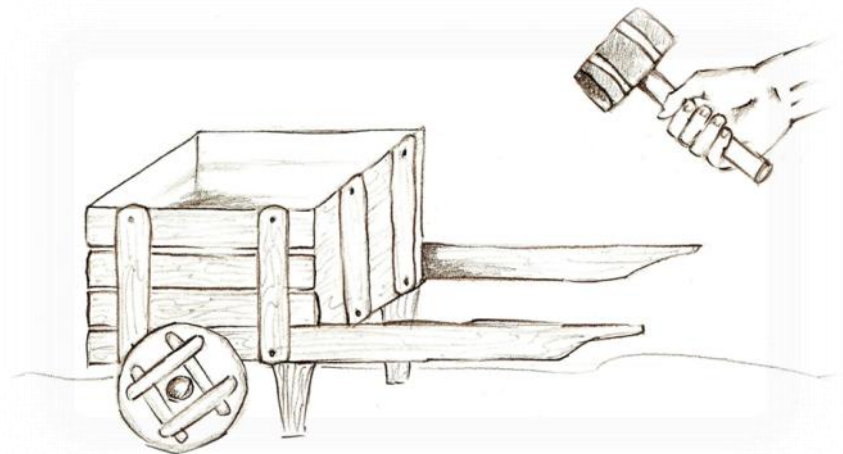


Memories of the Master —3

(Jesus says:) Shall I tell you about the time I first did a major job on my thumb, a real whacker? I was using a rock, primitive, I know, but sometimes you use whatever you have on hand. We had tools of all sorts, but sometimes just a good natural tool works just as well for simple jobs.

So I was working with wood, as was my trade when on Earth, and missed what I was aiming at, and knocked myself a hard blow with the rock directly on my left thumb. Oh, boy, boy, boy that took some recovery. I couldn't work right for a few days at least.

So even though I was God's Son, I wasn't immune to pain. I guess I couldn't be, or else it couldn't be said that I "suffered for your sins" if I had it all blissfully easy, without pain from the start of life to the end.



When I was pondering my pulsating thumb, really feeling the pain, and being hardly able to think about anything else, what do you think came to mind? My Father helped use these times and these accidents to show me things I wouldn't have been alerted to on a regular day.

I saw a flash of a vision of a nail being driven into a piece of wood, the difference was that there was my hand also there, inbetween the wood and the nail. "Ouch!" I almost said aloud.

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

I went to soak my thumb in water, and a tear or two ran down my face. I wasn't crying now because of pain, but because I was starting to feel the premonition of the anguish and sorrow that I was yet to endure some day.

I didn't linger long on this, as though I was hurting, I would need to keep doing what I could to help my family. But these glimpses and preparation of the heart, flashes of pictures in my mind, and the readying of the mind and body and soul kept me sober and maturing in character.

I had a unique mission on Earth, though no fun, would yield much good on the overall scheme. I wouldn't regret it, if I chose to yield and to do what I was sent to Earth to do.

I didn't do carpentry non stop; that's not all I did; but I did need to grow into that task and learn it well pretty early on in life, as the more we could get done, the more we could support our growing family with growing appetites.

But there were hikes and hills to climb. There were meals to cook, and trips to be taken nearby to get the things needed. Farmers to help sow and plough and harvest their crops, neighbours to lend a hand to, and thank when they helped us out.

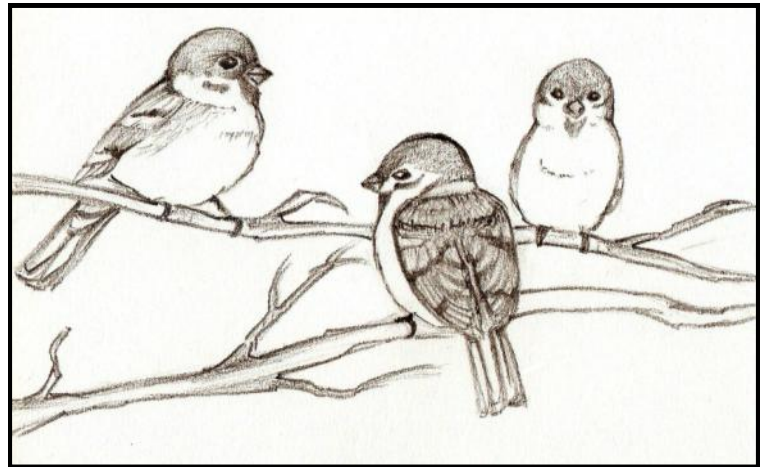
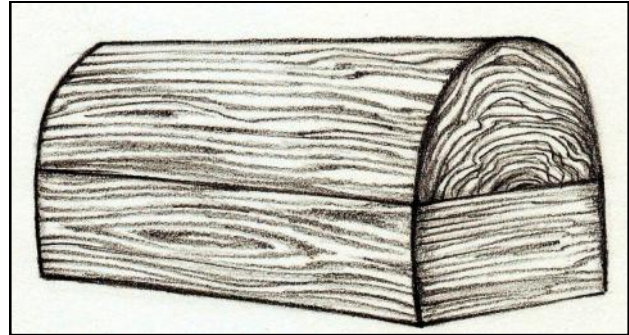
And there was always chores of one sort or the other to carry out. The days were tiring, and the nights often cold, but it was just what I was meant to experience.



As I sat at the beach side of that Galilee lake, I picked up one stone after another, examining them.

The sun was slowly rising; the smell of fish was strong. I was taking time to ponder about My life's work and calling.

Like each of these stones, each of the people were different. Story ideas would come to me. Things I could use to help get the message and ideas through to the hearts and minds of the people.



Memories of the Master —4

(On house visiting Jesus did while on Earth:)

(Jesus says:) The home in Bethany was a favourite for Me, of course. (The house of Lazarus, Martha, and Mary.) I think what I most liked was their love for Me, their belief in Me.

That meant I could relax. I didn't have to always be defending that what I was doing and saying was right. I wasn't in a battle, nearly, just to speak or to heal someone. Their hunger for what I had to give, and their total acceptance and belief in Me made it so pleasant to be there.

Of course in every household there are some sceptics, and there were the 'friends' of these ones in

Bethany that came and snooped around plenty, checking out what was going on, and helping themselves to the meal. But I just ignored them and focused on the hungry.



I didn't let the "help themselves" nosey ones take away the Bread of Life--the time of sharing and feeding the family.

And later on, thankfully, even some of them believed on Me too, after seeing Lazarus rise from the dead. If I had only come when he was sick, many of these others wouldn't have been at the house.

They had gathered for the time of mourning, to comfort the family. That's why they were there. So it was good that I waited, for then many more were able to come to a saving knowledge of the truth.

How did it feel, when Lazarus was dead—if I knew he was going to rise again? Did I have perfect peace and no feelings of grief and loss?

Well, I was tempted or tried and tested in all types of trials of life. So it was part of my Earth course, My lesson learning, to feel the sorrow of a friend that died, since that is what so many people have to feel and go through. And it was one more reason to die for the world's sin, so that death could die in the end.

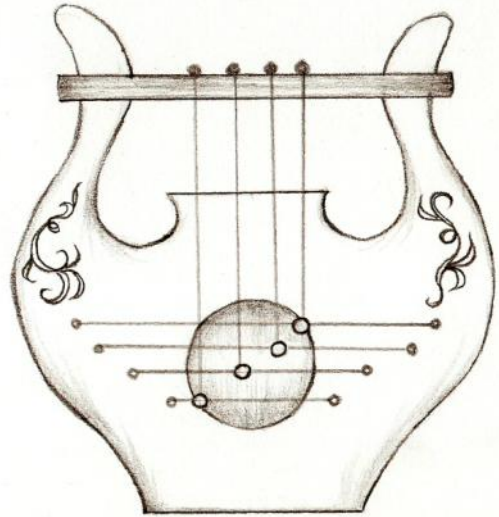


In the end, death itself is going to get the boot. The sorrow of loved ones being gone forever is something that I did away with on the cross. Though there still is pain now on Earth, it won't be long now until everyone who loves Me will all be reunited again. And those who don't, well, they'll get some more chances for a pace more, until they know what is good for them.

So feeling those deep feelings of loss, a wave of deep human sorrow for awhile helped spur me on when it was My time to “take up My cross”.

It was the sorrow of the death of loved ones that was also going to be done away with due to My sacrifice.

Lots of joys, so many joys, would be ushered in because I gave up the life I had, so that you and everyone could live forever—those who wanted Heavenly joy, not fleeting pride and earthly pleasure.



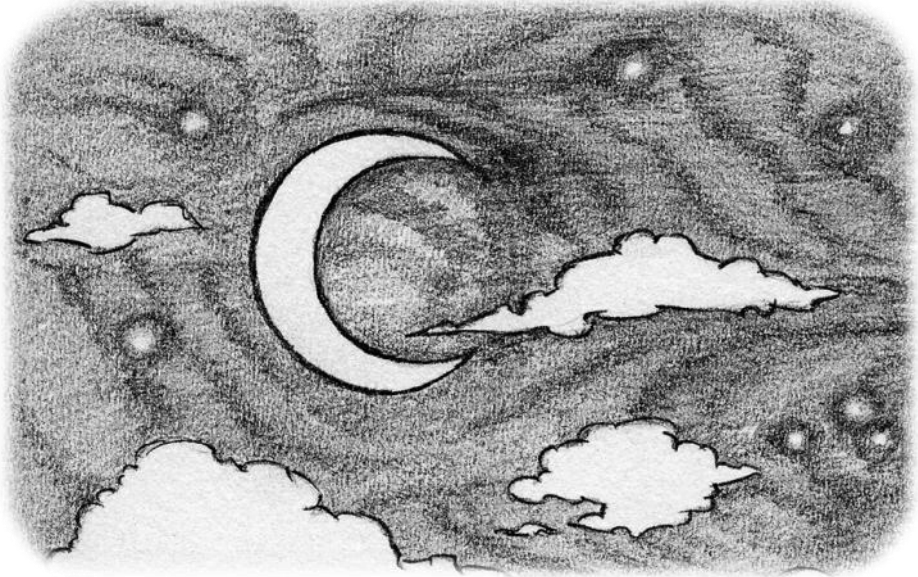
Memories of the Master —5

(Jesus says:)

I was sleeping outside at night, out in the open, as we often had to do, my disciples and I.

I looked up and saw several fire flies or lightning bugs zooming around, making a dance in the night.

The sight of the moving light and the cheeriness of their dance, seemed to calm Me. I hadn't been feeling well at all, most of the day. Though I was the Son of God I still had to be touched with a bit of this and a bit of that, so that I could know what those on Earth felt like. This helped move me with compassion to heal those who came to Me.



It's amazing what affect different types of light can have on you. Some makes you feel sleepy, some makes you feel more awake.

As I began to relax My body,
My throat felt less painful. I took a
swig of wine to cleanse my throat
and lay down to sleep.

There were sounds, of course,
of night creatures. These sounds in
the night helped me to wake at a
good time in the wee hours of the
early morning, to pull away for a time of prayer before the next
long day started, with plenty of sunlight, little rest, and lots of
miracles to pull down from Heaven. That is what would give me the
strength for the day, not the little bit more of rest I might try to get.

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

When the sun rose and the chill was off the air, I was hungry and
thirsty, and still pretty achy as well. I walked back to the camp to
greet each one of the ones who were with Me "in my tribulations".
I hugged them, and we broke bread together around the campfire.



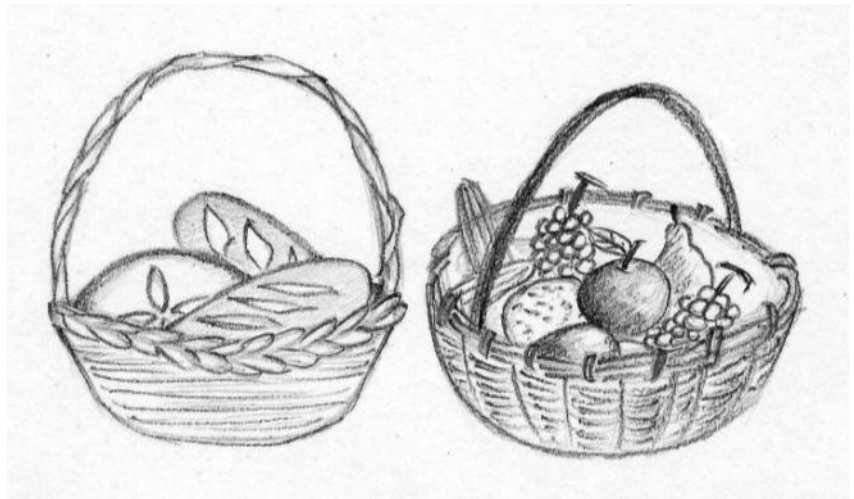
I prayed aloud for the day and for each of the men there with Me. They would each face trials and lessons this day; they too would be tired; they might make mistakes and say the wrong thing and need to be corrected, and would need real humility to learn from it, and not to be offended.

Coming up to us I saw a few women running. They knew that we were fast movers. If they wanted to catch us when we were here they needed to make a move.

They were so glad to get to us before we moved on to the town we were to minister to that day. It was a delightful sight to see their kind gifts. Flasks of wine and water, baskets of freshly made bread, a few new coats that had just been sewn.

The men were happy, both to see the joyful faces of these pretty women who loved taking care of us, and for the supplies as well.

We thanked them heartily, and I blessed them before they left.



I told them where we would most likely be the following day, in case they wished to meet us there for the evening meal.

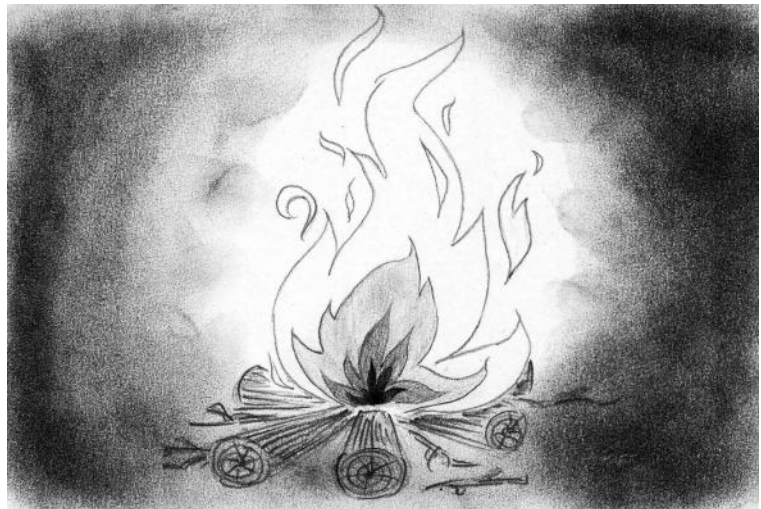
They said we could count on them. They had taken it on to them to see that our needs were met.

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

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

They were rewarded with a special time of stories that night, parables, lessons taught from scriptures that they had heard but didn't quite understand.

They liked to learn right along with the others. This was their reward for their labours of love to see that we had what we needed.



Ending Note and Thoughts from Jesus

(Jesus says:) I was sure I was missing out on all kinds of things, when I was on Earth. I missed so much fun and planning and preparing going on in Heaven. And I missed all kinds of things on Earth too, by having my life cut short, and staying very diligent in what I was meant to do.

But you never really miss out when you do God's will. He always makes it up to you in the end.

Sometimes it's a test so you'll re-evaluate what your heart's priorities are, and to see if you love God more than a fleeting bit of fun.

Mothers have to do that all the time, caring for children. Every day a good mother gives up something, many things, she wants and needs and would prefer, in order to lovingly care for her young children.



Fathers often give up being personally with their families, so that they can earn the bread needed to provided for them.

Maybe I understand the Father's role pretty well, as I can't be in the flesh, in person, right now with each person on Earth. I have a job to do, and must do it in the spirit.

Of course I can see and hear each one, loud and clear, but it's very different from having the joyful satisfaction of holding My children in My arms, and having them know that I am there.

So I have to wait, for a long time, just like it might feel like you are waiting to be with Me.

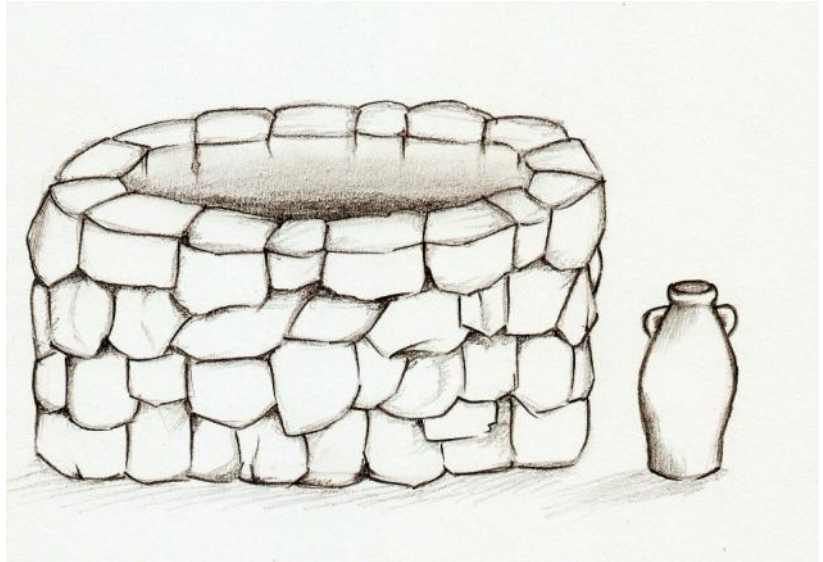


So was it worth it—all the pain I went through? All the sorrow? All the years of loneliness, knowing I was to remain separate and set apart, in order to complete the mission I came to earth to do?

Well, I've got all the love I could desire—surrounded by you who love Me so completely.

Yes, there are others who still need to be brought to know of My loving longing for them. But still, I am a happy man. Each one of you are worth all the diamonds and rubies in the world.

Please don't think I am not valuing the fact that you have given all to Me—all your love and life, and endured much tribulation for it. It means all the world to Me, and I will tenderly care for your soul for eternity. It's just that everyone that My Father created, that is meant to be a part of our happy fellowship is very much engraved in My heart and soul and on My mind too. Like an unfinished puzzle.



I want to hold you, play games with you, teach you things, go on explorations with you, help you make wise choices, counsel you, tell you stories, and do all I can with you now that you are here.

I'm going to make up for all the time lost while you and I were separate, or so it seemed. I just love being with you all.