

The two Trees Within

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Website: www.themanwithin1.com

Email: themanwithin1@gmail.com

Or by mail at:

P.O. BOX 282

Loudon, TN37774

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Forward

Man being who he is, is capable of making any mistake, but I have, to the best of my ability, wrote down the precise things of the vision that the Lord has given to me. This was the greatest of all learning experiences in my entire life, for in this case, I alone was the student, and while in the Spirit, I was amazed. Not only did it seem real, it was more real to methan the earth reality is.

I made a desired attempt to be as accurate as possible, in transcribing the events that took place in my vision. My memory may not be my strongest suit, but I do believe that this account is accurate.

I realize that many will take offense to some of the following chapters, and that is not my purpose. I have to do what I have to do, and that is write it, as I saw it before me. It surely was a neat experience, and like I said before, it was a wonderful, peaceful, and most needed happening in my life. To be a student, is great, to sit at the feet of our Lord, was more exhilarating than anything this world has to offer.

We all live in this world, and the world itself is drastically different than it was fifty years ago, during my

childhood. I have had no direct word from the Lord that the end as we know it, is near, but I do have a strong sense that something drastic is going to happen soon, an event. Call it a balancing or equalizing, something is apt to happen, because I can't see the same-o, same-o continuing. We, the world, are in an accelerating downward spiral of morals, and the attention that we are giving to our Creator God. God is almighty and man cannot create Him to be anything else than he already is, but yet man keeps trying change him.

Man has not had a conspiracy to destroy himself nor others, but man has been fed, and continues to feed others the hype and crap that our religious forefathers gave. Man still does not understanding the full Truth. I will be writing about this structure called 'church', and the terminology that I use in calling it a 'structure' and 'church', with a lower case c, is because I am speaking of the institution made by the mind and hands of the flesh, the carnal man. The Spirit wars against the flesh, and the flesh wars against the Spirit, so the following pages are an attempt to show the differences.

To those that can read this in the Spirit, leaving the carnal at the wayside, for neither are to be mingled one with the other. The Spirit does not speak flesh, nor does the carnal flesh speak in the Spirit. Those that are engulfed in the system of this man-made church, and especially those whose livelihood depends on that

system will be offended. I desire to hit hard at the carnal system, but in no way want to attack the people in it, afterall, we are all Gods' creatures and made in His image. Gods' true Church is alive and well, and waiting in the wilderness for the trumpet to sound, and it will. If you continue to read farther, it is my hope that your world will be shaken, and all that remains is a closer relationship with the Truth.

The harlot and the words whore and whoredom are mentioned many times in Scriptures, and we have been taught that they refer to the other guys, and I will attempt to turn that idea back around. All, that have a method, a ritual, 'a way that seems right', but still feel and understand the emptiness of the weekly gatherings, will find a Way, a Truth, and a Life that lies beyond the man-made services.

We are Gods' people, and all deserve to know Truth, and what's been going on for the last seventeen centuries, but in reality has been a glossed over atrocity. God is lifting up His voice through a people world-wide and His voice will be heard, and my hope is that you too will hear it. Please don't judge the contents of this book until you have read it to the end.

Each have been given that piece of God and nothing can destroy it, the rest of man feeding from the tree of Knowledge, is full of dead-mans'-bones.

Galatians 4:16

Where do I begin? I want to be able to say what God is leading me in to speak about and still not offend anyone, and at the same time talk about the things or happenings that need to be addressed despite some taking offense?

Before any growth can take place, any and all, have to be willing to accept CHANGE. Change involves RISK, we have to be willing to step from the so-called known and into the unknown.

If that which we are doing is working, then why would we change to something different? But if it's not attributable, then why would we continue to do it the same way? In other words: If you like what you got, keep doing what you've done. The definition of insanity is: Doing the same thing over and over and over, expecting a different result. Therefore, if we want something we've never had, we may have to do something we've never done, or see something we've never seen.

Folks, what we've been doing ain't working. We may have more technology, we may even have a greater understanding of the workings of the universe, but I don't

know of anyone with the brains of a lizard that would say that planet Earth is a better place to live than it was a generation ago. Yes, we like to pride ourselves in being bigger, smarter, prettier, and more sophisticated, when in fact we're in an accelerating downward spiral of disintegrating ourselves and our entire environment. Human nature isn't growing kinder or more appreciative; we're certainly not smarter than our forefathers, mankind has descended to a place that we don't even know our neighbors, and not many of us could even point which way is north. What was called a fifth grade education seventy-five years ago is now called a high school graduate.

This ain't working folks, what man is doing to man ain't working. We've made a change all right, although subtle, it's been constant, slowly descending to the depth we are now, a world that not only doesn't know his next door neighbor, but probably hates him. We are anything but united. What ever happened to loving your neighbors, heck, what ever happened to loving ourselves? Thinking about it, this might be the problem; we hate ourselves. Therefore, man has no choice; we love, or maybe better said hate our neighbor with the same degree of affection that we use on our self. Looking at it this way, mankind might ought to look at himself, so that he can see the guy next door differently. If we can't respect our self, how in the world can it be expected that

one would even know how to respect or love the guy down the street or the person across town.

We, the human race, and even more precisely, Americans, have been fed a bill-of-goods. All are taught from our youth up to pledge allegiance, and I'm not just talking about to our country, but also to a set of ideas from the religious system.

Think about this. Democracy or a Republic is a great idea and looks good on paper, and as a matter-of-fact it is a great plan, but only in an ideal world will Democracy work. Power corrupts, and giving more power, it will certainly corrupt even more. We've been taught the idealism of a certain government, something that isn't, or maybe even can't be. Freedom, truth, and rightness are slowly, subtly being taken away from the majority of the people mainly by our pie-in-the-sky ideals and the pressure to bow to the political correctness that is being forced on us. I could probably write a whole book about this subject, but this is not what I want to express. Again I hope I can tie this manner of teaching that has been taught to us to the real subject that I think is so sorely needed for us to see and then internalize.

Now, I said all that so I could say this: In the religious world, it is no different. I'm not using the word religious as a good word, but in its' purer definition. Religion or religious simply means methods. Did I just say methods? WOW!!!! I may have just completed in that one word all I

wanted to say, maybe even just completed this book. There is even one denomination that uses that word in the name of their calling card.

In all religions, each and every one of them teaches one thing, and they all have it in common. That there is something we must do. I'm not leaving any religion out of this category, be it protestant, catholic, mormon, muslim, buddha, hindu, or any of the independent or even the home groups. There is virtually no true teaching of the true and pure Love, Grace and Mercy. All religions demand that there is always something we have to do to keep our status and fellowship with God. Folks, listen to me. This is not rocket science nor do you have to be a road-scholar to understand this. Nothing can be farther from the truth!

Love is simply Love. Grace is simply Grace. And, Mercy is just as simple, it's Mercy. God just simply loves us, not because we've earned it, or deserve it, or believed it, or made a proclamation or a confession, and certainly not because we stood in front of the first roll of pews and let everyone come up to us, shake and howdy and then go on their way. It can be so elementally understood that; God just loves us, just simply loves us because that is what He does. Love us. Not because we meet at the building on the corner every week. Not because we pray, or read our bible or that we did or acted any certain way, He loves us because He loves us.

I'm thinking that at least one time in our lives we have all thought of God in a man sense, that is to say that we try to put our human attributes or maybe better said detrimental qualities onto God. His ways are not our ways and His thoughts are not our thoughts, so maybe it's time to stop trying to create God in our image by manipulating Him to a human standard with our earthly qualities.

All of us have been taught by the religious system that God only loves the good. The ones that obey Him, follow Him, seek Him, and spend their waking hours showing this great love that we are supposed to have, or at least show the appearances that we have them. That's crap! God just plain and simply loves us. Not because we're pretty or have a gift for speaking, or because we went to some cemetery school, or that we can pray some beautiful prayer, or sing well, or read the bible often, or talk to others about Christ or any other high standard or good morals that we may have achieved. God just loves us for what we are in Him, his image. God didn't so love a part of the world that He gave, He so loved all, where we are, in spite of who we are, or what we are, or even in spite of what we do or don't do. God doesn't love because we've proven ourselves worthy, or for that matter He doesn't withdraw His love because we've proved ourselves unworthy. God loves and sets His approval on us because that is who, and what He is. The heart of every religion is that we must be doing

something or saying something, you know acting religious, before we are recognized in His eyes. Again, that's crap.

All, in this earthly body have fallen short, none in this clay vessel can measure up, but God meets us where we are, in His image. WOW! That's not really hard to understand, but it's certainly not what we've been taught. The Man within is Him. So as a matter of speaking we are all in the place where God wants us to be, in Him. No, no, no, we've been going or listening to these seminary teachings, I mean cemetery teachings that there is the good, the bad and the ugly. All, according to mans' ways are about good and evil, and our judgments of people are based on our learned concepts of what good and evil is. In the tree of knowledge, good and evil both grew. Jesus asked; "Can a tree produce both good and evil (corrupt) fruit?" NO. Not unless they are the same thing. When Adam chose to eat of that fruit he was choosing his independence. And that's all good and evil is; independence. Let us not forget, that God also placed in the Garden another Tree, the Tree of Life.

INDEPENDENCE

When you and I were walking in the Garden of Eden, we walked with God. We were with Him and were one with Him. There was a relationship between us and God that was truly a oneness. Our spirit and soul were one, and we walked in a fellowship totally dependent on each other. We were created for companionship, and God said; this is good, this is very good. Therefore it's not hard to understand that our Creator had a use for man, as man had an inert desire, and total dependence on Him, we were one together.

But as Eve, (the soul), seduced Adam,(the spirit), they both ate of the fruit of the tree that produced one fruit; good and evil. At this time we chose our independence. Receiving that fruit, we ate it, becoming wise to the things of this world, but at the sacrifice of our relationship with God. We surely died. We chose Independence and then saw that we were naked, and at this time put into use our worldly tools of wisdom and made our selves clothes to hide our nakedness.

In a nut-shell, this was mans' genesis.

Some umpteen years later, God sent his first begotten Son, (born of flesh), to restore our relationship back to the rightful owner, God. Christ was to get back the keys that were seduced from us, thus restoring our dependence and relationship back with our Creator, even allowing Himself to be hung on the cross completely naked to take on our shame, and He did. Our first action after our independence was to hide our shame with the covering of leaves, made by our hands, and Jesus' last earthly act was to be crucified naked for our shame, thus restoring all that was lost. When I say 'all', I mean all that was given up by you and me, Adam and our soul, Eve. We were emancipated by that which Christ Jesus did and gave to us, not that we're now independent from the garden of Eden in our new given freedom, but that we now have the true freedom to choose God and His Way, Truth, and Life, therefore now we can, because of Jesus, eat of the fruit from the Tree of Life. That is; trade our independent life from the other tree, to a totally dependent Life that God has given to us through His Son. That is REST in Him. Faith. Adam, in the beginning didn't labor, nor do we that eat of the Tree of Life labor, much less carry a net full of burdens.

A vision by light of day

It was early one afternoon not so many years ago that as I sat on the front porch of my house and I was then called into the Spirit by a vision:

For some reason I found myself standing in the barn behind the house, what I was doing wasn't clear, but at this particular moment I seemed to have been cleaning for I had a pitch-fork in my hands maneuvering some hay from one side of the barn to another. The barn was a mess, things strewn every-which-a way, and stuff that should have been put up and/or arranged a long time ago filled every space that there was. It was so messy and cluttered, the roof had started to leak, and several of the slats on the siding were beginning to come loose. There was virtually no room left in the barn, rendering it useless, or so it seemed.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw some movement through cracks in the slats of the siding, and could tell that something or someone was coming towards the place I was standing. Thinking to myself, I wasn't afraid, and if it was some mischief then heck, I had a pitch-fork in my hand. Just a few moments later I could see that help had arrived. But I wasn't expecting anyone, and besides, I

didn't have a clue to who this person is, or where he came from.

The man standing before me was big, and I don't mean big like Hoss Cartwright, I mean huge like John Coffey, the man in the movie "The Green Mile". He looked to be a mix breed of several different races, for I could see Oriental, Hispanic, African, and maybe a touch of Caucasian. But anyway he was a large fellow, and had this kind, full face smile that touched a spot inside of me, that I could feel all the way down to my toes.

He flung his hand up, and let out this big-ole howdy that sounded more like a song than it did just a greeting. It warmed me to the bone, and for the first time on that warm late summer day, I felt good. I was no longer tired and my back quit hurting. Responding with a hello, I asked if there was anything that I could do for him.

"No" was his come-back, "Just thought I come up here and talk a little, if you've a mind to". It seemed the whole barn was lit-up and filled with the combination of sweet smelling grass, and the smell one gets after a brief summer shower. I don't think that I've ever turned down a pleasant conversation and the chance to rest, so I pulled up a bale of hay and invited him to do the same. "Ross, I understand that you're going through some stuff, and are pondering on some of the deeper things of your Daddy". I knew what that meant, I often referred to God as my Dad

or Daddy. *“Often people search, but answers come in weird ways, at least some of the time.”*

Looking at this giant of a man with his bib overalls and a straw hat I could tell that he was a peaceful fellow with a gentleness and softness that one only dreams about but seldom, if ever, finds. His features were pronounced with a square jaw, rather large nose and a few wrinkles here and there, but something about him reminded me of a teddy-bear. I couldn't tell if he was middle-aged, young or maybe older, but he was a welcome relief on that day.

“Yes I am troubled about a few things, where this world is going, what my place in it is, and why God is not doing something, just any-thing about the evil that's going on. I can go to a grocery store or just about any public place and what I see is so many people troubled and beat down by the evil and oppression that they have done to others or has been done to them. One can read the news-paper or watch the news and see the turmoil and destruction that the world and mankind is falling into, all because of the ugliness and coldness that many in our population have piled upon themselves.”

Wow, did I really say all that to this stranger? I was thinking to my-self. He put his hand under his lower jaw as if to think, and was quiet for some time. As the thoughts were still running rampant in my brain, I was

then glad that I didn't give him the full length version of the many things that I wanted answers too.

Just about the time I was about to ask; "what can you tell me...", He interrupted, "about the tree of knowledge, of good and evil?"

"Yes. What about that tree?"

"In the garden," he answered, "I placed the two trees, for I wanted a relationship with my people, not puppets, but a people that would love me and want to come under my protection that we would fellowship and nurture one another with our companionship."

Wait a minute now, I was thinking. Did he just say that he placed the trees in the garden? "Who are you and I don't know..."

"Your name?" he answered before I finished. "Well, my name is Jehovah-Jireh, some call me Father, some the Creator, some mother nature, some Allah, and some call me things that I shouldn't repeat, but you have been calling me Daddy for years now. You don't remember, but you were with me before the foundations of the world were created. You and I were together, and all others, were with me when the universe was formed. Since you now live between the eternities, none have a remembrance of our togetherness then."

A little startled, and now a little confused about the profoundness coming out of this guys' mouth, I shuffled my feet in a nervous way that people do when they don't know what to do, and looking every direction except at him, I said; "this barn's a mess, ain't it?"

"Yes it is, but a beautiful mess in my opinion."

I could see the potential of the barn, and with a lot of work and long hours, I could probably get it straightened out. Heck, that was what I was up there trying to do, I guess, it was going to take a lot of labor and surly couldn't be done in one day, or even two, it would probably take a long, long time.

We sat there a few minutes, and no words were spoken, and after a long deep breath Dad began to speak. "Even though Adam never went back to the Tree of Life, it was and is still there for the taking. Its' fruit is still available to this very day. There is great rejoicing and wonderful celebrations when one reaches up to take of the fruit that I have provided for each and every one. To eat of my fruit is to come back to me with pure agape Love, to walk with me again in relationship as we did in the beginning. Even though no one really remembers walking with me in the Garden, all have that subtle inner acquaintance, an almost memory of when we were there, and the communion we shared."

Pausing a couple of seconds, and then moving a little closer to me, Dad placed one leg on a bale of hay that had an old board and a rusty can sitting on it and spoke.

“Again, what was it you wanted to ask me about the tree of knowledge, of good and evil?”

The closeness of His being was more than a little awkward, and I was more than slightly frightened, but I did manage to ask; “will you tell me about that tree of good and evil, what it is, and what’s it for?”

“It’s a tree of knowledge; it drives man to learn things, to expand himself beyond the relationship he had with me. Its’ purpose is; that I wanted my sons to have a chosen relationship with me, not one that was dictated without a choice. All of man is loved by me, all comes under my gracefulness, none are lost out my hand, but not all have the dependence and that intimate relationship that I and he longs for. Now, let me ask you a question. How do you determine whether something or someone is good or evil?”

“Well, I guess I haven’t given it much thought, I guess it just sort-of comes naturally to me. But, something is good when I like it, or it becomes an attribute to me and society, I’d guess it would make me feel good. I call someone or something evil when it causes pain or damages a person or thing in some way.”

“So you see evil and good as subjective, placing yourself as judge? And how much confidence do you have in your ability to discern some-thing or someone as good or evil?”

I snapped back a little quicker than I really wanted too “I guess that I really do place myself as judge and even though I make decisions rather quickly, I think that I’m usually pretty close to being right. I’ve thought my objectiveness is pretty well balanced, I think that I was probably taught well in my ability in viewing people and situations.” Pausing a few moments to reflex on what I just said, I spoke again. “It’s fairly obvious that my abilities to judge are mostly self-serving. Several times I remember that things or people I thought were good turned out the other way around, and vice-versa. Many times I’ve judged a situation as bad, when really it turned out really well.”

So, at this point Dad leaned towards me and with this big-ole smile, looked me right in the eyes and said; “you, and millions and millions of others have done the same thing. Some saying this is evil while his neighbor is grateful for it, others will like something that someone else thinks is disgraceful. So good and evil are subjective and cannot be trusted in the hands of any one that is eating of the tree of knowledge, of good and evil.”

“But what shall we...”

“..do to prevent this from happening?” He seemed to know my every thought. Continuing, with that big grin of his, and a voice that still sounded more like music than they did mere words. “Understand that good and evil are the same thing, the same fruit, and come from the same tree. It is not mans’ calling into judgment, that is to discern evil or good, he only does this to satisfy his own selfish needs without regards of what I am doing in the whole theater of life. There is no absolute to the reality of good, just a subjective thought that man puts on the meaning of that word. You could actually substitute the word good with the word evil. Man wanted in the Garden to be free and independent and therefore ate of that ‘good’ fruit as he was seduced by his own appetites instead of a continued communion with love, which is me.”

“I am sort-a following, but truly don’t thoroughly understand, but I sure can tell that understanding this concept would put an entirely different meaning on the life we live in comparison to the Life you have prepared for us.”

“Yes it would, when one chooses to live free of independence; he then chooses to live in Love. Independence simply means to live on your own, to make you own decisions, and therefore reap that which you have judged. To live in the Tree of Life is to choose to live under my direct Love, walk with me and desire that

dependency that I will truly give from Love. Each and every day most people world-wide again and again picks of the fruit from the tree of knowledge, yes on a daily basis man can and does pick of that fruit because he has declared his independence and therefore has the right too. Jesus was sent to set all free, think about this."

And at this point Daddy leaned over and put His extra-large hand on my shoulder. Thinking his hand would feel rough, it was not. It was soft, soothing and felt like He was hugging my whole body. I then noticed that His hand, just above the palm had a scar of what seemed like a long ago injury, deep, ragged, but healed.

"The freedom that I gave to all through Jesus was the choice to choose to be free indeed. Yes, man can then choose to give up his freedom that he may walk with me, in that fellowship that each person senses in his heart when quiet enough to hear, to cease from all his labors."

"Lord", I began to speak, now very much sober, "I can now see that I have lived my life pretty much out of touch with you. A selfish, self-centered life of independence, judging and making decisions from what's been taught to me all my life, from my experiences, my success', and my failures."

"Pretty much," He whispered back, "and did you notice how many times you mentioned me and my? When one walks with the fruit from the Tree of Life, he then walks

under my umbrella, no longer self- sufficient but dependent on me, and my Love to carry him and face every problem that the tree of knowledge can throw at him. I am sufficient. At that time there will be many less 'I's and a lot more we's."

This large man to which I was still a little skeptical about lifted me to my feet. His hand still on top of my shoulder, and without any energy or effort, raised me to a standing position, and then motioned to walk with him.

Standing beside Him, my six foot frame barely made it to His arm pit. I would almost have to look straight up to see His eyes, not realizing just how big this guy was in His overhauls, and that beautiful smile, it was something else, but I think I was lovin' it.

As we began to walk out of the barn, I turned back for a look-see and again noticed what a mess the barn was in, but maybe not as big of a job to clean up as I earlier had thought, but still a mess.

We slowly meandered across the field and were heading towards a group of trees, as He sung a beautiful song that I had never heard. He sung with passion, as if it was a new song, and we talked about the beauty of the distant mountains and all the valleys that were between us and them. He said, "this is my farm, as far as you can see, you and I made it out of nothing, every branch and every tree, every river, every blade of grass, all the

waterfalls, the oceans,” (and looking up) “as far as man can see. Turn around Ross“(and I did and He said,) “all the way back to me, and then some.”

“Wow, I have traveled, Lord, across our country several times and have seen your beauty many times, but I have a question for you. How do you explain...”

“...how you were there with me?” He finished my sentence.

“How could I be there with you?”

Ross, you and all the others were with me before the foundations of the world. Man is first a Spirit man, conceived in me, birthed in me, and we all were before this solar system was.

“Will we, at some point return again to you as we were?” I asked.

“Yes, there is not principalities, rulers, things in heaven, things of earth, nor anything in high places that can pluck anyone out of my hand, I will lose none. I Love to Love my people, and I Am able to keep all.”

As we walked in the woods, birds singing, critters scuffling, again I ask questions. “Lord,” (I was now beginning to see that He was real and that He was who He said He was; my Dad.) “As ugly as mankind treats each other, and with all the unadulterated evil going on,

what is my right to defend myself, my right to see the difference between what is good and what is evil? Can I, if I see a wrong, step in and try to help the matter; can I intervene if I think I can help?"

"No and no to both questions, to live in your independence, you have an ability to exercise your so-called 'rights', but in reality you have no rights. Ross, Jesus didn't hold on to or claim any rights, He gave up any and all claims, everything, that He could have a relationship with me. He, by choice, became a servant, and by doing that He opened all the windows in Heaven to give you the choice and freedom to give up your rights and become dependent on me. You were bought with the price, by what Jesus has given; therefore you no longer belong to your-self. No, you do not have any rights, not even any rights that you think religion and the tree of knowledge of good and evil gave you. Please do not confuse rights with abilities." After a brief pause, He went on to say. "As helping others; sure we are to lend each other a helping, sound advice, or even a financial lift, but not unless I'm telling you too. I often use situations and circumstances to bring my people to a place in their lives where they will consider me, where they will turn loose of their ideals and consider me. I use situations to do that."

"This is no small matter, is it Lord?"

"Most of the time the complexity of things is in reality just plain simple." Dad turned and looked back at the

barn that we came from, smiled ear-to-ear and said; "Ain't that barn beautiful?"

"Well," I replied, "the barns not so bad, it's what's inside of it, that's all jumbled up, is."

"You're right, but it will be my pleasure doing it. I've had my eye on you from the beginning, that is, the beginning of time, and I see, but wanted you to see that this barn is a beautiful mess, it's you Ross, all wrapped up in one bundle, a mess indeed, but beautiful."

"Wow!"

I sat there stunned and a little startled, and leaning back on a rather large oak tree, I began to ponder. This was so amazing to me, that is, this whole situation, that I thought I'd take this opportunity to ask my Dad a few questions.

Before I could even ask, my Dad spoke. "Sure it is, that's what I'm here for. Ask more than a few if you wish."

The ups and downs

Dad, or should I call you Lord, what is time?"

"I have many names, and I answer to all of them that are expressed from the heart." And He continued. "Time is one of those subjects that man has always struggled with and can't seem to get an understanding about. There was a past, and there may be a future, but I don't live in any one of them. I am the present and always have been. The past is there as a schoolmaster and the future is something that you need not concern yourself with. I Am the I Am, ever present and never failing. If all things work together for good, then the days gone by can only work within each person to bring them to a greater understanding of them- selves. That is to say, that the people in the Bible and the situations in your past are archived for your benefit to give you a teacher to nurture you in the ups and downs of the now. I was there, but not anymore."

Once again I asked. "What about pain, that is the many times we feel pain or even when we give it to others. What is it and why is it not bad and not called evil, pain hurts, isn't anything that hurts bad?"

"I know pain," and He then rolled up the checked sleeve of his shirt, "the scar that you see on my wrist

came from the wound that mankind gave to my son Jesus. Him and I are one, we share in everything, just like I share in all of mans' hurts and glories. The scar is just a happy little reminder of the Love we have for each other and for you."

"Lord, you are God, and speaking of love, I've always been taught that you are Love, and although I've thought that I knew what love is, I'm really not that sure. What is it, I mean what is Love?"

With a content look on His face, and His brown eyes so wide open that you would think that one could see to the ends of the universe through them, He spoke. "That's one of those words that has been misused for eons. There are different meanings in different languages for the several meanings to love. True Love is undefiled, it is that action that one gives to another unconditionally, and it is always beneficial and always edifying. Pure Love is constantly giving and seldom takes. My son Paul wrote much about this and at times it was interpreted as charity. Love never fails and is not to be confused with trying real hard to really like someone. I so loved the world and that means everyone in it, that I gave and I gave with pleasure that I endured the cross with my son Jesus, still bearing the scars of love. You can-not earn it, nor deserve it with any thought or deed, I, from my deepest loyalty and compassion, give my love to all. Love does not depend on whether a person feels good, or whether one has done

good or bad, Love stands on its' own, does not need to be propped up, never presents itself unbecoming, nor does it always feel good, for Love never fails."

Looking back at the barn again and with His answer on my mind, I again was reminded of how messed-up I was. "Lord, could or should I love someone that hated me or has committed some ugly act against me, you know, deliberately wanted to hurt me?"

"Sure you are, but when you understand and receive the trueness of love, you can't help but love them, no matter what they've done. It's the person, not the deed that you love, and that comes easy. Whosoever Loves, Loves me, there is no effort in Love, and for those that abide in me, it is an extension of the new man. All are made in my image, and I live in all. Ross, you love me by loving them."

Rubbing my fingers over my eyes and sitting up a little straighter, beginning slowly to comprehend what He was saying, I asked; "how did I and all of mankind get so persuaded that you send your wrath on all that go against you?"

"When man ate of the fruit of independence in the Garden, he not only chose to separate himself from me, he also chose to make his own decisions with his own knowledge of what 'good and evil' is. The serpent convinced man that he could be like me, if only he would

eat of the fruit, since the throne of satan is the mind, then it's easy to see that there is just too much thinking going on. Depend on and trust Me, and the mind will melt into My Heart ”

“Religion and all other methods did not come from me, nor is it the invention that I have ordained, but man with his desire for his so-called freedom wanted it bad, just like the Israelites also wanted a king. All religions have that man must do something to earn my graces. This is at the heart of all religions, ‘do good and act right and God will love you and not send His wrath upon you’, therefore to manipulate others to adhere to their form, and their set of rules and regulations they began to teach; unless one conforms to our standard, God would do nasty things to them... I am grace, I am Love, and no man can escape either.

Remember, my sons Cain, Moses, and David, they were what you call murderers, and that did not detour me from using them in great ways, nor did I withdraw my love from them. I just plain and simply loved them because I loved them. And I love all the same way, this is my enjoyment.”

“Thank you Dad for saying that,” I spoke as He was beginning to sit on a fallen log that was slightly up-hill from me, “I think I really do understand what you just explained, thank you. Going back a little to what we were speaking about earlier, let me ask you this; Lord, is

all the things that people do in the world, are they all directed by you as happenings, events and so-on that are useful to the whole theater of life, are we made to do them without choice or do you simply, in your Holy ways use them for the betterment of man? In other words, can or do you take the stuff that we call evil and make something beautiful from it? I guess what I'm trying to ask; are we puppets directed by you or do we make our own choices, and you then take our stupid mistakes and make something beautiful from them?"

Reflections

Let me step back here a little bit and reflect on a few things before I continue with the vision that I had while on the front porch of my house.

I remember back in the late 70's, while still involved in the church, that I would often wonder why the meeting places were on a decline. Why were they preaching what they said was the 'truth' but people were not growing in Christ? In fact, the so-called churches were losing patrons left and right. If this were the 'truth' that they were teaching, wouldn't people be knocking the doors down trying to get to it? So I often wondered why they were doing the same things, over and over, thinking a different out-come would be brought about? If what was being done was working, then I couldn't blame them for doing the same repetitious sermons and teachings that were constantly preached and even shouted from the pulpit. But they were not working.

What was working though, was that their programs, projects, committees, covered dished dinners, bible schools, and doctrines were keeping the parishioners under bondage and manipulation that their 'truth' was the right one and all others would suffer Gods' wrath.

Folks, there is nothing we must do, no place that we must go to be loved by our God, He is simply Love. We don't earn it, (not by works, less no man can boast), His grace and love is sufficient, and always has been for all who were made in the similitude and image of God, and we all were, yes, every last one of us.

At the heart of every religion is something that we must do. And each and every club house, or should I be nice and call them denominations, make their own set of rules and regulations to keep their people under their control, in bondage, therefore afraid to find God in any other avenue or be led by the Holy Spirit, Instead of being told how or what to think by some man or woman in some elevated platform(pulpit). No wonder most don't like talking religious beliefs at any of the gatherings, thanksgiving, christmas, and so on, that so often end up in an argument or even worst, a fight. Seems, no one knows what or how to think about the things of God, there's just far too many alternatives, too many opinions, ways, truths and so-called life's that each club house spit out at us. It's no wonder so many stay confused and think their relationship is with the 'so called church' and 'its' institution, programs etc. Instead, knowing in person; the true Way, Truth, and Life that we can have in Jesus Christ, not just an image of Him, but the person of Him

Have you ever noticed, and I'm sure you have, the pretty little marquees, all lit-up, in front of virtually every church house, and the cute little sayings that are conjured up and changed weekly? All to promote something they don't have. And that is a revelation and relationship with that our father longs to have with each and every one of us. It sure looks good, but the cute sayings don't work.

I'm not here to speak-out to hurt any person in the gathering or meeting house. No, that is not my intentions at all. But, I do realize that speaking out will probably upset many people and most will think I'm nuts. My intentions is to say something, in the hope that it will wake up a people to see the heart of each and every religious activity that man has created unto himself. Therefore I do understand that speaking out will have a hurtful effect, but again, this is not my intention.

It doesn't take a rocket scientist to see what's going on, not even behind the closed doors, but openly, agendas contrived by man is being pushed on every one. This might be such things as; youth programs, Sunday schools, plays, so the parents of the children will attend, covered dish suppers, building projects, and a huge list of other stuff, all to manipulate their crowds to commit their time, energy, money, etc. All done so some man can hold his head up and receive his praise, saying, look

at what I've done. Yes, truth is, it's that hierarchy, that pedestal that man puts himself on that is the true attention that us underlings should bow too, at least in their eyes. I'll even admit that most preacher/pastor are probably so blinded that many don't stop long enough, or realize that is exactly what they are doing. We are all in some degree delusional, but the game in the name of God that is being pawn off on us has gone way too far.

This thing called "church" is not what God intended for His people, and therefore does not represent Him in any of its' forms, methods, ideas and so on. Our God is calling a people to come into His bosom, placing Him at the center of our lives, that we would give God His deserved place in the heart of man, as He alone is the Alpha and Omega, to give up our independence from the façade of the worldliness, and return to Him in a relationship.

Of course anyone involved in the many programs, committees, church boards, or any of the vast number of positions, are going to balk at what I'm saying to justify their actions. This is not only delusional, but at times called sincere delusion, for most will think that they are doing Gods' work and of course they will be persecuted for it... Hey, I'm not trying to persecute you, just wanting to maybe take the blinders off some few of the people, for in their heart they already know that God is calling them into a more intimate relationship with Him in the stead of some building, power, prestige, or institution.

There are several in this thing called “church” that realize that man and his image of God, rather his image to the structures and doctrines made by mans’ hand, is what’s been going on for centuries, and want to have that close personal relationship with the Father of all creation, but do not know of another course to take. It has been sold to all that this weekly institution is the only avenue or passage they can take, that is to have that contact with God that is in the heart of every man to obtain. IT IS NOT!

To paraphrase a scripture; I thank God that no man need teach me, but the Holy Spirit that knows all things, teaches all things. We need not sit at a lower level than the pulpit and hear some sincere delusional preacher teach us his way, truth, and constricted life, when one can sit at home or under a tree etc. and in the quietness of their heart and hear God speaking whether through scriptures or the Spirit working within. When Jesus said to Peter, or rather about Peters’ statement; “upon this rock, I shall build my Church”, He was not, did not, speak about His disciple but was referring to the revelation that Peter heard from the Holy Spirit. “For flesh and blood did not reveal this” astounding statement about the Christ to him, but the Spirit from Heaven that was within him did. For Jesus is truly the Christ.

I'm certainly not saying that folks can't meet together, "for where two or three are gathered in my name, I will be also," Jesus said.

In The Beginning

Have you ever noticed that on the sixth day God created man in His image, and in His image He created him, male and female? The 'him' that God created was both male and female according to the first chapter of Genesis. In the second chapter after the seventh day, that was sanctified, the Lord rested, then the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and then planted a garden and placed the man He had formed there. So we see that a man was created and God rested, then after His rest He formed man, planted a garden and placed His formed man in it and then named him Adam.

So God did plant a garden in Eden, and there also was the Tree of Life along with the tree of knowledge. The Lord commanded the Man saying. "of every tree of the garden you may eat freely; but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil you shall not eat, for in the day that you eat of it you shall surely die."

After naming all the creatures He had formed, God caused a sleep to come upon Adam. From a rib He made woman and brought her to the Man. At a time later the cunning serpent said to the woman; "Has God indeed said, you shall not eat of every tree of the garden?" The

woman responded back that they may eat, but not only should they not eat of the tree of knowledge, but are not even to touch it. Then the serpent said to the woman; “you will not surely die.” The serpent went on to say; “for God knows that in the day that you shall eat of it your eyes will be opened, and you will be like God, knowing good and evil.”

The woman when she saw that the fruit smelled good and was pleasant in every way, took of the fruit and ate and gave also to her husband, and he ate. At that time both of their eyes were opened, (they had surely died), and they saw that they were naked. Trying to cover their nakedness with leaves sewed with their own hands. When later that evening God called to Adam and he then ran and hid because he was naked and thought he could hide from God. “Who told you that you were naked? Have you eaten of the tree that I told you not to eat?” Adam spoke back; “the woman you gave, gave to me, and I ate.” And the woman said; “the serpent deceived me and I ate.” (passing the blame, knowledge)

After God had cursed the ground and clothed them, the Lord God said; “behold the man has become like one of us, to know good and evil. Unless he put out his hand and take also of the Tree of Life...” God drove him out of the Garden.

I do not want to sit here and say that the story of the genesis of man is not real, it most likely is; but the true purpose of God giving the story to us, is to show an important allegoric message of who, maybe I should say what man is, again better said, the Man within.

The word Adam means dust or clay, the first, and represents the Spirit, and woman means servant or stranger, and Eve means to declare or show, and both woman and Eve represent the soul.

Before anyone gets offended, I'm not speaking about the flesh man of Adam and his wife, I'd just like to briefly talk on the subject of the inner man and the wholeness of his true Life.

Adam is the genesis of man, and in reality represents you and me, man/woman living on earth today. Adam and his evolution, is paralleled by our own lives, our beginning, our decisions, our independence, our struggles, and so-on, but it also shows us that God has never left us in spite of what we have done. Jesus, the last Adam, is also a parallel, that God didn't forsake us, but made intervention to rescue us from ourselves through Jesus, the Christ of God. That is that we can eat of the fruit of the Tree of Life.

The Garden of Eden is truly a reality today, we live in the shadow of it, none have strayed far from the garden, for God has kept it attainable to all. Yes, we did and

continue thus far to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, but by giving up our independence, we can then not only live in the shadow of the Garden, but actually live in it, and walk with God, eating from the Tree of Life.

Will we continue to live and even worship these idols we call religion, with its' good deeds, rituals, programs, and all their money-making schemes, or will we heed Gods' voice, give up our man made images, and run to that which God has given to us from the beginning? Jesus was hung on the tree, therefore making that provision that God has promised, when our own efforts are aborted, we can then, cling to the cross, (the Tree of Life).

Can our good efforts and good deeds save us from ourselves, the world, its' systems? NO. No matter how many institutions, and worthy projects, whether it be governments, schools, religions, or any other tower that we build unto our self, can maintain us or qualify us in walking with God with our head, feet or hands, (the flesh). Good deeds have not and never will maintain us, nor please the Father of Grace and Love. Only when all is given up, that is the work of our flesh, will we heed Gods' voice, while still living on this earth, that we can then apprehend the Tree of Life. Only a laid down life will cleave to that Tree, whether it be the one in the Garden or the one Jesus was hung naked on, both are now the same. No knowledge, nor the tree that it came from, nor

any 'good deed', will ever change the nature of man. But one life given and hung on that other Tree can.

God created one man and one man only and called him Adam. For Adam was in the image of God and was with Him through all eternity, (before the planets was made) being formed at this point and placed on earth. And Adam walked with God; they were one with each other. The flesh at this point was not separated from the Father, but had a complete and total relationship with God; they were truly one. The Man at this time in his life was somewhat like a mirror, that is to say he was with God, dependent, and that is all he knew, God. Subduing the land and having dominion over all the earth and all that is in it, and upon it. But didn't have his' own personality, character, temperament, or demeanor, but that of God's. He was lonely, and I'm speaking of his earth life, so God took a rib from his male/female body and formed him a wife, Eve, called his soul; for God was the beauty of Adam, and Adam was the beauty of Eve. They walked in harmony together in the garden with no restrictions but one, not to eat of the tree of knowledge, of good and evil. No wrong could be done, there was no shame in anything that the Man and his wife did, for their nakedness is the symbol of their purity, oneness with each other and with God; they were truly married.

Our soul is our companion, as Eve was at Adams' side, so shall it be with you and I. This thing called 'church', for

many centuries, has taught that our soul will spend eternity in Heaven, or even taught, maybe hell. Jesus spoke from the cross His last words and said; “Father, into your hands I commit my Spirit,” which is the same Spirit that God gave Adam, so It went back to God from which it came and belonged. Exactly what is and will happen to each and every one of us. If and when our spirit and our soul are united in one flesh, as spoken in Ephesians chapter five, they too, both will be one as it was before Eve gave of the fruit and her husband ate. The scriptures speaks of marriage as a uniting of the Spirit, of man,(Adam), and his soul, (Eve), coming together as one. This union brings the soul of man, his personality, character, temperament, and demeanor, into that reverence, obedience, and intimacy with his spirit that came from God, and has always belonged to God. This is exactly what happened in the life of Jesus, He laid down His life, that is the soul-ish realm, the things of this world, to be completely with the Father, entertaining no thoughts of His own, and had no submission to the things of this earth, except what He heard from the Father about. Ephesians chapter five, verse thirty-two; “This is a great mystery, but I speak concerning Christ and His church. Never-the-less let each one of you....” So the Apostle Paul was telling us this, the previous verse, was spoken in a mystery, concerning man and wife, but never-the-less we can apply them both ways.

So the many scriptures that speak of the wife or the woman to be in submission to her husband, or to keep quiet, etc., they are teaching that the soul, (Eve), is to come under the headship of the Spirit, (Adam), and at this point the two are one as it was and is with the Christ and the Father. Our soul is to be our companion, not that woman at the tree of knowledge that is seducing and compelling us to take of the world, (of good and evil), and its' independence. Our soul and spirit were made to unite in marriage as one with the spirit as the head of our feelings, (our soul,) having that companionship with the Father as it was meant from the beginning.

Let's not get sidetracked here, I'm not talking about the flesh husband and wife, or man and woman, I'm concentrating on the allegoric, spiritual message the scriptures give to those that have ears to hear. Every person born, male or female has an inner man and inner woman which are within each of us, spirit and soul. Since we've all been mistakenly taught that the soul is eternal, and it very well might be if united with the spirit, it is at this time that one might want to open up his heart to receive a more accurate perception of a deeper meaning belonging to us from the scripture. The she's and the hers' in the books of the bible, are a representation of the soul, that is the personality of mankind, and the him's and the he's, are the spirit of every person. For example; when the woman is not permitted to speak in the church, and to keep silent, or the woman is not to hold authority

over the man, or the woman is to only pray with her head covered etc., the scripture is speaking of the soul, which is our feelings, attitudes etc., and are not to speak or hold any authority over the Holy Spirit speaking through that person. Each one of us has a contaminated personality that been taught to each one with prides and prejudices, instilled individually to us through our environment and growing process. Therefore, when speaking the things of God, our soul, or could say opinions should be kept to ourselves, and in our prayer life we are not to ask amiss or to consume it on our flesh, but to become under the submission of our Creator, God. Submission is not an action that man can do, nor is it an effort to put forth, it comes naturally in a marriage where the two have become one.

You know, we all want what we think is right for ourselves and those that we love, but each and every decision we make most likely comes from the 'knowledge' that we've accumulated from the experiences of life and growing up through trials and errors. And we have all been persistent in our efforts that were born before us, our forefathers, that at this place and point in the life of mankind, we know of nothing else but these efforts that are called idols. That is to say; our 'right and wrong' has never brought man to that close intimate relationship that he had in the Garden before we contaminated ourselves with the fruit of 'knowledge'. I'm not jabberin' about what some man

named Adam did, I'm talking about what you and I are doing, eating of that same fruit. Our spirit is born-again, but our soul can be deceived. Every day, every thought, we are faced with the decision, the choice, of whether we shall choose to soulish (Eve, or the woman), realm of the mind of man, or the heart of every yearning spirit (Adam, or the man within), to cling to the Tree that Jesus was hung on. Are we to justify ourselves, or fall into the arms of Love and Grace? If 'good deeds' is what maintains us, then stick to the tree of knowledge, but if one wants that worriless, non-struggling life, we will then put down that idol called 'effort and good deeds' and then cleave to the cross which is the Tree of Life, where nothing else matters but the things of God, Love, Grace, and Mercy. Here we are called into just 'being', not the 'doing' that has been fed to us through centuries of man-made religion. God, plain and simple, just wants a relationship with us, where we are at in this walk of life. Why would we wait until we think we'll deserve it (His love) before we bask in the relationship that all already can have?

You know, I feel like a fool trying to explain something this simple, but that's what this man-made religious crap has fed us for so long. That every people, world-wide, has fell into the trap, or better said bondage, of each and every religious belief that man is supposed to do something, just about anything that some head-master can invent to keep us under his rule, so that the egos of a few can be stroked. God is not looking for 'good men and

women', but the purpose of the reason that He created us to begin with; a relationship with Him. Will He see the Son when He looks into our heart?

It's still daylight

"I guess what I'm trying to ask; are we puppets directed by you or do we make our own choices, and you then take our stupid mistakes and make something beautiful from them?"

With a nod, Dad crossed His leg and leaned back with a content demeanor about him. "Ross, I have different sheep scattered around the world, some have a designated purpose, some have a free choice, but most are just wondering around, but all are being prepared. Many happenings in your life was orchestrated by me, some were just happenstance, and you have made several decisions on your own. But I was there in every one of them, every fall, every victory, to pick you up or to knock you down, so you would take your eyes off yourself and find a deeper, meaningful relationship with me."

"But Lord, why didn't I sense that you were there with me? Why did I at so many times feel all alone? So much of the time, I felt ashamed of myself for the stupid things that I'd done. And I will admit that I did gloat too much in the good stuff that was occasionally coming my way, but, why didn't I know that you were intervening on my behalf?"

He leaned forward as if wanting to show me His sincerity, and still having that beautiful smile said; "that's what I said before, you were so full of yourself, and your eyes were fixed on the problem or the victory and your inner perception was out of kilter. I was there, but Love doesn't flaunt itself, so I had to wait on you to see, you had to see me on your own and that wasn't going to happen until your eyes were wide shut. People everywhere think that they are seeing the world and life by opening their eyes, that is their flesh eyes, but the three dimensional sight will only blind a man. What I have stored for you and all, flesh eye cannot see, nor flesh ear hear, nor has it been conceived in the heart of carnal man. Jesus is an exact reflection of me, and we both, with the Holy Spirit came to give you True Life, and give it to you abundantly. So it takes a few bumps, falls, even a few high points, and maybe a tragedy or two to bring you about, that you can't take these 'tree of knowledge' eyes and find that Rest, that is only in me." Reaching up and pulling a paper bag from under His straw cap, he continued; the complicated cases are the folks that have such small horizons, I called them near-sighted, for they will take so many of the superficial, shallow things in life and make what you have so often done, gloat in their mini victories, thinking that the few good things is what life is all about. It is not, for I see the whole realm of life, and I'm not detoured from my goals which exist for more than new cars, new clothes, good grades, another raise at

work and the such, but I still use these worthless victories to work my Grace and Love into their lives.”

I thought about this for a moment and looked up with a kind of smirk look on my face and said: “I really didn’t get away with nothin’, did I?”

Pulling the brown bag down to His lap replied; “Ross, I wasn’t trying to catch you in something, that’s not what Love does, I’ve just always wanted a friendship with you. I don’t keep any records of your ‘goods and bads’, I think you’re beautiful the way you are.”

“How’s that, most people think I’m sorta on the goofy side?”

“Not me,” as His face lit-up in the colors of the rainbow, “I don’t see things and people the way others do, I see my image in each and every one of them, I look through Love.”

As Dad began pulling stuff from the paper bag and laying it between us, I allowed my thoughts to roam freely through my mind, thinking, my thought was; “WOW!... What did I do to deserve such attention and love from my Dad?”

Without me saying a word He spoke. “Nothing, nothing you can do, say, or even think can make me love you more, and for that matter, even love you less. Love doesn’t have conditions, it doesn’t keep a record, love is

all I know, so I just love you the way you are. Besides that, I'm not finished with you yet. I want you to be fulfilled in your heart, that you can also have that satisfying, peaceful and resting relationship with me, and with others."

The words that he spoke were more than just words, they had a peace about them, a power that I'd never experienced before, as if we were best friends and always have been. At this point, I hoped the day would never end.

Allowing Himself to slip down the slight hill towards me, I noticed for the first time during this conversation, that He'd laid out a picnic lunch that looked as good as it smelled. There, on the ground were sandwiches, potato salad, chips, plates, napkins, drinks and just about everything else one would want. And I was hungry. Not sure whether it was the sight of the food, the smell of it, or that I'd not eaten since early this morning, but it was more than good.

We both just sat there and ate and talked about this and that for about thirty minutes, nothing of real importance, we just talked. And after dusting more than a few crumbs from His lap, Dad stood up and pointed with His face down the hill a little, indicating that He wanted me to follow Him in that direction.

Now, I don't know where all that food came from, surly not from under that straw hat, but the residue of our wonderful lunch was gone, with the same mystery that it had appeared.

As we both sorta meandered down that hill, Dad, with this whisper of a voice said; "Right over here a little ways, I want to show you something that you and the world need to see and know. It's not much farther, just right beside that dead-fall," pointing towards the west, "is a tree that I'd like you to see."

As we walked upon the broken down tree that looked as if it snapped off half way up the trunk, was this huge oak that I did know was on the property, but was too big for fire wood, and too knotty for lumber.

Walking around to the far side He motioned for me to follow, and as I did round the huge tree, I saw a hollow. It looked as if a million years ago a large limb had been there, but now was replaced by this huge opening that was almost big enough to crawl in. As many times as I've been in these woods, I'd never noticed it.

We stood there a few minutes in silence, and then He spoke again in His whisper of a voice. "Look inside that hole, there's something I want you to see." He even rolled part of the dead-fall next to the tree so I could step upon it to get high enough off the ground to look inside. As I was looking through the knot-hole, all I could see was

black. Turning around to face Him, I blurted out; "All I see is the darkness, does this have significance?"

"No," and He placed His hand on my shoulder, "You're not looking past your nose, be a little patient, and look again, maybe even squint your eyes."

Placing my hands on both sides of my face I peered back into the hole where a limb had once been. Standing there for maybe a minute or so, my eyes started to adjust, as I could now make out a few shadows. A few seconds later I could see as if looking at a movie screen in a theater.

As far as the eye could see, and I could see for miles and miles, there was an endless valley that looked somewhat like the Serengeti plains. It was either early morning or late evening for the sun was barely above the horizon. The sky was tinted orange with very few clouds. The grasses and small bushes were green and the farther they were from me, the grayer they had become. Close before me was a small river, or maybe I better say a large creek, that ran from left to right, and was maybe fifteen or twenty feet in front of my view-point. It had bare banks and seemed to be flowing very slow, and when I say slow, I mean oh-so-slowly. Instead of water in the creek, it looked more the substance of tar than it did the water that one would expect. It was an eerie black tributary with these bubbles that looked like the mud-pot geysers at Yellow Stone national park, large bubbles,

scattered all over, and there was many of them, about ten inches in diameter, and were oozing up as if in slow motion to an height of about ten inches, and then slowly bursting, with what looked like tar splattering in all directions. But instead of a plopping sound, as each one popped and then splattered a voice sounded that said; "feed the demon".

Looking closer and more to my right, I could see that the creek meandered left and then right many times as it flowed on and on to a distance towards the horizon where the sun was either setting or rising. But the last object that I could see before it went over the curvature of the earth was a large rounded rock that was sitting in the middle of this thick mess of tar. It appeared that the river of tar was flowing on both sides, and then I could see no more.

Leaning back, and stepping down from the round log I had been standing on I barked my shins on the side of the tree, rubbed it a few times and just stood there. I had to let my eyes adjust back to the bright sun-shine that my Dad and I had been enjoying previously. More than a little stunned, all I could say was "WOW!"

We both stood there for what seemed like thirty minutes before I looked back up from the ground and said; "Dad, I'm not sure what I was looking at, don't know if I can even digest it, and with this uneasy feeling that I'm having, not real sure I even want to know." Still

standing under that large oak, with my legs a little weak, I sat on the same log that a few minutes ago I was standing on.

Looking up at my Dad, I asked; “what did I just see? Was I looking at my life as it is, or the life of and in this world, or was it just a sadness that was upon the Earth?”

“Yes, yes, and yes, it is you, it is the world, and there is a great sadness on all of humanity. But there in the midst of all the land was hope, a great hope that will and is overpowering any and all sadness. Ever since that fall of man in the Garden I have always made provisions for my people, many, many don’t see what I am really providing, but I have always kept a remnant who continually seek me in the Way, the Truth and the Life.”

“What was that...”

“...That river of tar?” He spoke before I could finish my sentence. “The river is life obstructed, is a cancer upon the world that was delivered by the deceiver, fear, which is the fruit from the tree of knowledge of good and evil.” But most of all, it is your life, the darkness of the river, the tar, is the fear that you’ve had and still having, it wants to be fed more fear. For without the continued adding of fear, it has no choice, but to vanish.

“Was the river then representing a depression on humanity also?”

“Yes it was, and a whole lot more, that’s what fear does. You see, when we continually take of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, we continually feed the power coming forth from that tree. Man and his struggle for power, and he always wants it, seeks it from the deception that good, evil and knowledge has tricked him into following. Don’t get me wrong here, what man does can’t separate him from me loving him, but it does dampen severely his relationship with me. The tree, and what it provides, feeds from mans’ desire to be like I Am. It has no power of its own, so must feed on the power of those made in my image, man.” Hope is not wishing for something, hope is the expectation of positive change, Love and Hope cast out all fear.

Pondering several minutes on what the Lord just said, I looked back up at Him, and with a weary expression on my face asked; “so that means we all have power, the kind of power that can really change things?”

“Yes it does. I have given mankind all power on earth, but he is so involved in that knowledge stuff, that he now sees himself as limited, helpless and therefore hopeless as that river of tar has deceived many into thinking. The flow of the tar through ones’ life is eliminated when he walks away from that tree and comes boldly to the Tree of Life, where all that is needed is given freely.”

“So if, I mean since we have power to change things, why do so many live their lives defeated? You know, with

all the worries we seem to find, sorrows, heartaches, all the disappointments we have, that at times are not a few? Power should have a positive effect on us, not having these broken down bodies, or for that matter broken down homes etc., that so many people experience, why can't we get through them with a lot less pain than we do?"

"Listen carefully". He said as He handed me the stick that was being used to scratch in the leaves and dirt. "Power, when taken from the tree of knowledge, with all its' delusions, and artificial promises, can and will eventually corrupt. As long as man feeds from that tree, the best he can hope for is to break even and in truth, that really never happens. Man has always wanted his independence, and he got it, but I came to give Life and give it more abundantly. But each individual must be willing to give up that false freedom, turn his back on that tree and eat of the Fruit from the Tree of Life, which is me. My promises are not given lightly, they have substance behind them, Me. I sent my Son to express to the world that I love them, I care. I long for the intimate relationship with each and every one, but there is still a gulf between us, and it's called that tree. It's really not the tree, but the façade that it represents."

"Am I understanding you right that we are as close to you now as we were in the garden, you know, before we ate of that fruit?"

“Yes you are. I have and never would forsake you, I love my Son, in which you all are. You are all my entire corporate Son, a many different membered body, with Jesus as the head. Not all can be hands or legs, not all fingers or belly-buttons, some are hair follicles and so on, but all make up My body and are very dear to me. No, I have never left you, but far too many have clung to the false hope that knowledge said it would provide, but cannot. I did not make puppets out of you, for I could make the rocks sing out and worship me, but what I did want, is to be chosen over all thoughts, ideas, rituals, institutions, programs, religions, and the buildings that they meet in. Remember this; my Son Jesus never claimed to be a christian, He is me, and so are you. Jesus came not to bring peace, but a sword, a sword to divide my Truth from the religious fables of this world, that I could have it once again as it was in the beginning, have the relationship with my Son, which is you.”

“Lord, thank you for explaining this to me. I may not understand it completely, and when my head clears a little, and your Holy Spirit settles inside of me, I will probable see a little more plainly. So if I do understand what you were showing me, maybe it’s not all doom-and-gloom, maybe somewhere down the line there is hope.”

“Ross, there is hope and it’s not somewhere down the line. I Am the I Am, I’m here and I’m now, the hope is now, today’s the day. Did you not see the sky, rock, sun

and the horizon? Don't you even care what that rock was doing to the flowing tar? What was beyond the rock? What color was the sky? What was waiting for you above the horizon? Those that seek me, will find me. Those that ask, will be answered. Those that knock, I will open the door and they will come in and sup with me. Look beyond your own nose, beyond the things that your natural eyes can see, I am here and now, I was in your yesterdays, but I don't live in those days anymore, I live in the now, and now is the time."

We'll continue the vision shortly

WHAT TIME IS IT?

Let's take a few moments from the story of the vision and talk about some things that I think have been confusing to so many people that I've talked with.

Pure religion is: Love, Grace and Mercy. Man within himself is incapable of that. So I use the words religion and religious in a negative way, which it is. I use to have a supervisor in the machine shop where I took my apprenticeship in, that said in a joking manner; "if you can't make it right, make it look good." That's exactly what religion does. The scriptures says; "there is a way that seems right, whose end is destruction." And; "They have a form of godliness, but deny the Power therein." Folks, that is us.

Through the century's, man and his rules, regulations and unwillingness to give up his freedom to have FREEDOM, has created this monster with its' rites, rituals, doctrines, programs, regulations and uneducated teachings, that were learned in this so-called seminary, which I call cemetery school, and have fed all this foolishness that man must be approved to be acceptable to God. Not only is this a wrong teaching, it's stupid.

God is not so small that we can put Him in a box and place a steeple on it, or so shallow that He thinks man can get himself out of this mess. He simply just meets us where we are.

As long as man pursues his independence, he has to live under the law. A law he can in no way keep. Paul said; "all things are lawful to me...", and that he would not be under the bondage of such.

When Jesus, right before he gave up the ghost on the cross said; "it is finished", what do we think He was saying? That His time was up? NO! He was expressing to us that everything that needed to be done, was done. "He, that knew no sin, became sin." It doesn't take a road scholar to see that the sin He took on Himself was your and my sin, and especially mind. He left us sinless in the eyes of God. Yes, I really did mean to say that, He left us sinless. Our shame, nakedness and unworthiness was placed on Him, and He took it to that shameful, unworthy cross naked, in our stead.

So why does man think that he can institutionalize God and His Love? In Christ there is no rules, except to Love, nor earthly rulers, there is just the freedom to give up our freedom to live in His Freedom. That is, we no longer have to live independent from God, but now totally depend on Him, even for the covering of our sin. (Sin simply means; to miss the mark.)

So why all the rules and regulations?

The law and all its' rules is what man, or better said the institution, uses to keep those under them, under their control. It's a power thing. It gives them power to judge, making the ones under them to feel inferior, therefore making the preachers, pastors, those in charge feel superior, with their expectations that no one can live up too. Now that television and the news are such a big things, we now see that they themselves can't live up to the rules either. No one can, so the only reason that they were invented in the first place was to keep us under their control, power and bondage, and to show us that we missed the mark. In revelations eighteen, verse four says to; "come out of her my people..."

Truth is; we all come by this method of religion unaware, that is naturally. The way man has set up his (mans') church, yes, I meant to say mans' church, and has been doing this thing and calling it church for so many century's that we, and our forefathers, at this point does not know anything else. Or do we? It has been fed to us for so long that those institutionalize don't know of anything different, may be, that I should say that the teachings, doctrines and etc. have been flaunted for so long that many don't see that they are being trapped in a system and are forbidden to walk away from "it" without persecution. It's not only a power 'thing', it's a money 'thing'.

The 'it' is a business. Yes, you heard me right, this thing called 'church' is a business. With its' presidents, vice presidents, C.E.O.'s, bouncers, secretaries, followers etc., making commerce with the world, just like any other business, buying and selling their wares to whosoever will come and 'worship' with them. Let's say it again, 'it' is a business. No different from any other government program or outlet in the mall. What Jesus was intending when speaking to Peter was not this 'thing' that has been set up by man and ruled by him.

The law given to us by Moses was not given to us, that man is expected to live by them, but to show that man cannot live by them in every jot or tittle. Without the law, man would not know that he has missed the mark, (sinned). The Apostle Paul spoke of this often, saying the law is a school master that is to show the division between following the Lord of Host and missing the mark. The law could never 'save' a person and was never taught that it could until modern times. The law is unto death, the letter of the law is death. It condemns and separates, but Grace doth more abound. In Romans 6:14, Paul again states; we are not under the law, and in 8:3 says; "for what the law could not do in that it was weak in the flesh, God did by sending his own son in the likeness of sinful flesh, on account of sin in the flesh."

If mankind has to live under the law, there is no hope, but he doesn't. Do we then sin (or do things stupid),

because we are no longer under the law, God forbid. We are all called to the rest and relationship with the Father through Jesus Christ. The laws and rules and regulations given to us, that is those seeking God, is more than anyone can bare, but the purpose is to keep this hierarchy of big people and little people in order, to stroke the egos of those that think they are in charge. As long as there is a separation between those in the know and the peons, the parishioners, then the bondage that was hoped for is achieved.

This has been going on for so long that most think now that this method is the right and maybe the only way to please God. Nothing could be farther from the truth, religion and its' ideologies want to further man to their own set of rules of thinking, stroking their inward drive to be as God, the tree of knowledge. This can't happen, because it legislates out the freedom of a relationship with God. Folks, let me say this one more time; there is nothing we have to do to have the Love of God. We are acceptable where we are, and what we are in Him; His cooperate son, already loved, already accepted, but since centuries of contrary teaching, most now believe that we have to run to the corner building with the steeple, and do what's commanded of us before God will even hear our first prayer.

Who's in charge here? Is it man with his manipulations, his separations, his master plans that, if

developed makes him feel all fuzzy inside? Are we to tithe our money so they can build a bigger building, or put in a better heat pump, maybe upgrade the pews, buy choir robes, put out a fancier bulletin, pave the parking lot, the list goes on-and-on. NO, not one penny of this money is going towards God or the forwarding of His Kingdom, but most have been manipulated into thinking that we are doing Gods' work, that we are pleasing to the Father of creation, but instead, we are pleasing the serpent that still lives in that tree of knowledge in our life, with all his seductions.

God, for whatever reason has always placed a lot of preachers around my life, and several years back I asked several of them what their 'church' was tithing too. Everyone that I asked didn't have a clue of what I was talking about. "Well, you ask that people tithe to you, who do you tithe too? What are you giving back to God?" In truth, they were taking up the money, spending it on their own selfish programs, buildings and so forth. And after they paid the exorbitant light bill, there was little left, some even had mortgages. If this ain't the seduction of the serpent, still in the tree of knowledge, that's still in the heart of man, I don't know what is. The peer pressure from one 'church' to another is far more than the flesh can resist, therefore they must follow those that take in more money, even to the point of almost going bankrupt. They claim it's my Fathers' house, but it

appears to be a den of thieves by taking from the poor to feed their own wealthy appetites.

Can you even imagine Jesus wanting to build a building, much less wanting to put stain glass in it? Can you picture Him in an expensive suit, shined shoes, maybe a Rolex watch, and a big ring on his finger, standing on a platform yellin' and screamin' that people are going to hell if they don't do this-or-that? No you can't and I can't either. But if we are his representatives, what are we doing about it? I don't even remember Him washing His hands, much less getting all spruced up.

What time is it?

It's time to open our eyes, wake up, take notice and see the degree of maneuvering that is being conjured up in the meeting places called 'church' to bring in more people therefore bringing in more money, just to help someone feel good about them self for coming up with another program that worked.

What time is it? It's time to read about babylon and don't forget to read revelations 18:4.

Jesus said; unless you come as a child, one cannot enter into the kingdom... In the love of God, we are. In the image of God, we are. And maybe even doing what He has set forth for us to do, in some degree. But, as long as

we are under the law, or any part of it, we therefore walk in our own accord, without having that wonderful, restful, peaceful relationship that He wants with us and for us. This is not complicated; we are given the privilege to walk in the Garden with Him without the anxieties that rule the world and those of it. We simply come as a child that needs his Dad, and depend on Him to walk with us, whether it be what the world calls bad times, or what we call good. Forget about all the gimmicks, or should I say rules and regulation that the hierarchy has burdened us with so that we would be pleasing to their selfish motives, and when they go home at night say that they are pleased with the progress their parishioners have made... A child is simply just a child that is dependent on his Dad to scare away the booger-man, bandage his broken or empty heart, to think for us, to listen to Him, to walk with Him hand in hand. It's not our doing or acting that pleases our Dad, but the being that aligns us with Him. We just walk with Him, not necessarily in perfection, we simply hold His hand and walk.

We are all His children, His sons. Always have been, now, we just put away our 'man-toys', that is, our ideologies, our formats, and the silly little themes that have been made up to keep us in line, and quietly follow Him, walking.

A slave is under the bondage of his master, and when set free, he simply becomes free. But a bond-servant is

one that was a slave, set free and then chose in his freedom to become a servant of his master. This is the true emancipation that man, (and I'm speaking of mankind), can ever have the privilege to walk in; true freedom. Not the independence that was chosen at the tree of knowledge, but the powerful relationship that has been withheld from us for doing it.

I'm not sure how many choices man really has, but I am sure that choosing to give up our freedom to receive His true Freedom is an act that will seem hard, but there will be no destruction. The Tree of Life, gives Life.

All that we've ever known is that there has always been troubles, problems, heart-aches, trauma, and so-forth, and have never been taught that there is real victory. I'm not talking about the short-lived times that things seem to be going right for a change. I'm talking about the; 'cast your cares upon me, for I care for you' victory. When in times that we call troubles, we can't understand why we're not worried about them, victory. When we see something or someone that would normally disturb us or we would lose patience with, but always comes out right, victory. When one gets so-called cheated or abused and the silk-lining flows though the storm cloud, victory. That unspeakable peace is ours, anytime we're willing to stop in our tracks, lay down our life, turn around and follow Him, walking.

It's not, sometimes, easy to walk away from the religious ways and life styles that have been going on for generations, nor is it easy to understand that the theologies that have been taught for so many centuries is mans' invention to promote himself, but if each individual will study and take a look at the transparency of it, may want to change their mind, and come out of her.

Maybe this would be a good time to explain a little bit about myself. I see God as the Father of all, not just mine, and I sure don't think of myself as special. But God did give me several visions and revelations about Himself and a few clues about the mystery of His written word.

I am not a nut case, although there may be a few that would disagree with me about that. I haven't lost my mind, nor do I belong to some sort of sect that's way out on a limb in la-la land. I'm just a person who has spent long periods of time alone with me and my Daddy, and through the years I have learned a few things or two from listening. Not sure that I actually learned, but He gave them to me.

Over the decades when one spends time without the television, a lot of company, and gets rid of the traffic of the mind, he can hear, see and learn the inner mysteries hidden in the scripture that those who have their lives filled with noise miss. So I wanted to share some of the

workings that's been going on inside of me. I have, through trial and error in my younger years, continued learning to know the voice of God, and how to separate it from my own thoughts, and I'm convinced, it's not from the devil, as many would probably say. I said all that to say this; I'm not a nut. No one has to accept anything that I have to say, but I do believe that God has called me as a voice calling from the wilderness, to make straight the way. We have all been duped by the institution of this 'thing called church' as being unlearned or maybe even stupid. But it may be that God just might use my voice to plant a seed in whosoever reads this with an open mind.

All I'm asking is for you not to turn this voice off until you have meditated on it for a period of time. I'll plant the seed, and maybe someone else will cultivate, and another water, but of a truth, only God will give the increase, that we may all grow, (including me), as we rightly divide the word of Truth as God helps us all to expand in His Knowledge and Wisdom.

Babylon, The Whore

I'm sitting here thinking, thinking how this subject can be approached, get the point across and at the same time not offend people to the place that they throw this book down, or just won't look at a deeper truth that's going on everywhere.

Babylon is the capital of the Babylonian empire, and no, I do not want to talk about the place located on the Euphrates river. It's an empire, the world. You know, the whole world that is made by the hands and thoughts of man; that sacred place in our mind where every thought and imagination runs rampant, that runs wild to any distance that man can invent. Babylon is the reproduced fruit that came from the tree of knowledge of good and evil. It has a bottomless-pit, an endless abyss of formulas, governments, rights and wrongs, religions, standards, and everything else that man can invent from his knowledge gathered at the tree in the Garden, the cravings of the empire that man has built unto himself, in other words the world that we live in.

It's been going on for so long that all of us take it, this worlds' ways, for granite, as the best or right way to proceed, but it is not. The occupants of Babel were in

one accord and working together to build a tower, an empire unto the heavens, (themselves), that would raise man to the top, as him being the empire and him being the leader of it. God destroyed the tower, babbled their language, and dispersed the people, to the far reaches of the earth, with their mind-set still in tack. And we began again to start this all over, doing the same thing, thinking we're a little smarter, and will get it right this time. It wouldn't work then and it sure as heck can't, or won't work now, but we keep trying and trying. It's a state of mind more than it is a place, but never-the-less it is still the world as we know it without mans' total relationship with God as can be provided by running to, and eating from the Tree of Life.

God has put blinders on our eyes, as we see through a glass darkly, we may be able to see a little bit, but not the Life that has been provided for us, that can only be seen without the sun-shine of this planet, that is when one shuts his eyes and looks through his heart to the true meaning of this abbreviated life.

So yes, we all, to some degree live in the Babylonian empire, not willing to accept that man has failed and now needs to turn around. But once again the tower will fall, be destroyed, and man then will be called into repentance, (to change his mind), and turn from mans' ways and follow the pattern and example of Jesus Christ. 2nd Chron. 7:14 says: "if my people who are called by my

name will humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways, then I (God) will hear from Heaven, and will forgive their sin, (missing the mark), and heal their land.” By-the-way, ‘land’ is our own individual person, family, etc., you know, the place we live; our heart, mind, soul and strength. This is what God is saying to His people, you and me. We can live in this world and be not of it, its’ tragedies, hang-ups, kingdoms, rights and wrongs, ups and downs, manipulations, and all the games that it plays on those they want to control. We might have to live in it, but none has to be a part of it.

Revelations 14:8 says; “Babylon has fallen...because she has made all nations drink of the wine of the wrath of her fornication.” Even though this event is really going to happen, I want to go a little deeper and see that it has already happened throughout this nation and others, as the mine-set of a people that see’s themselves as superior walk, live and judge their lives and the world by the knowledge all have attained through a dysfunctional world. I call it a dysfunctional world because it is, yes we can all struggle by if all the rules and regulation are obeyed, but no true peace or prosperity is ever achieved, and never will be achieved until one stops the bowing to the idols that man has built unto himself. Jesus said; “it is finished”. Again, we’re talking about His people turning away from mans’ ways and following our great emancipator, which is Himself, the Christ of God. “It is finished” is what happened when He gave up the Spirit,

was resurrected, and began sitting at the right hand of the Father. There is nothing, and I truly mean nothing that man has to do, act or say that can warrant our approval to the Father. So unless Jesus lied, and He didn't, it is of a truth, finished. But mankind won't accept that, because to do so means that all the hierarchy has to lay down all their idols, their formulas, doctrines, large or small cathedrals, all the ways that they have created a god in their own image... This ain't goin' happen,

King Nebuchadnezzar, the ruler and lord of Babylon was a man that took on the disguise, and wanted the people to think he was doing the will of God, but was following his own lead. His ego was revealed when he took Jerusalem (the Holy place) into captivity. He had a form of godliness, but in no-wise followed God, only made a pretense of it. Look around, what do you think is happening today? Nebuchadnezzar would talk the talk when it was convenient, or when it made him look good to a few of his peers, but in no way was he leading the people in a Godly way. He built himself up to be an idol, worthy of being followed, with the façade of ways, and the burdens he put on the people, but failed, and failed miserably.

Hosea was asked to marry a woman that was a prostitute, a whore, named Gomer. No Lord he shouted out. If I do that, she'll fool around with everyone in town, just like she always has, but God told him to marry

her anyway, and she did. Not getting too deep into the story of Hosea and his wife, we can all read it to see what happened. Hosea's wife went a whoring around, just like the bride of Christ is doing today. That is, following the doctrines and so-forth, worshipping the buildings, rules that each denomination creates, placing a king, (pastor), in charge, and summiting to one another instead of summiting to the Lord of our being, the only God worthy of our life. The story of Hosea is a parallel of Christ and his church, He being the Christ and we being Gomer, the bride. Many, many times in the Word of God, there are references made about Israel going a-whoring-around. Remember Israel is God's chosen people, just like we are. The people that He brought through thick and thin, Egypt, the desert wilderness, Jericho, and so on, His bride, just like we are. No, God did not give up on them, not in the least bit, the them is us. The word Israel in scriptures can and should be paralleled, not really replaced but as equals to each other, with the word church. And we still have Nebuchadnezzar running the show, and I did mean that with the pun-intended. What's going on today is the same show being thrown together by the leaders of these 'things called churches' as it was in the days Jesus walked this earth with the Scribes and Pharisees.

Why have the people of this world, and especially the people that call themselves by His name, allowed this trick of manipulation to be fed to us, and why have we bought it hook-line-and-bait? Did satan, the human

knowledge of the mind, have this two thousand year plan to take over the world without firing a shot? Were we so hungry for the things of God that we bowed at the first pretty face that came alone saying he can now put God in a box and feed him to us?.....God said; “oh Israel, oh Israel how long am I to be with you that I have to keep you under my wing?” How long folks? How long are we going to continue to stand up for everything that seems right, that looks pretty, that smells good, that sounds good, that has bells and whistles on it, and not stand up for the Christ of the True Church that God has presented to His people? And this misrepresented ‘thing’ is not it. It doesn’t even come close, not even a little bit close to what Jesus was speaking of when talking with Peter about this Rock. With all the bitterness, strife, envy, back-biting, not to mention all the different denominations and sects with their many different ways and avenues to find God. No wonder there is so much confusion and disorder between them. We may love or like a few of our neighbors, but there is no connection with this to what God has set up for each and every person wanting to ‘ask, knock and seek’ to know the Truth, and Love his neighbor with a Love that passes all of our understanding.

Whore; One that sells them self for gain or profit.
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Pimp; One that advocates the selling of one self for gain .or profit.

When did it become acceptable in the eyes of God to sell our wares, our sermons, books, videos, take up a collection plate and pretend that one or two men were to run the show and the rest were to follow him through the power and schemes of their mind? We have gone a-whoring-around when we have placed anything or anyone in front of God, which includes the thoughts of the mind. When we worship this church in the stead of Christ that's building His Church, we are whoring with idols. If anyone promotes this activity and calls others into it, that is called a pimp.

Israel, in the wilderness whined and murmured the whole way through it, to the place that God was letting all the 'old man' of them die before Israel could enter into the promised land. If God is always the same today, yesterday and tomorrow, why would He be different today with the way the people 'that are called by His name' conduct themselves as; business-as-usual? We've chased about every idol that man can invent such as Sunday-school, sanctuaries with their stain glass windows, fellowship halls, choirs with their upper seating, people singing hymns and songs for profit, people writing books for profit, and even the television guys will sell you the coveted brow cloth that they wipe

their sweat off with. Do you think that cultures have gone too far running after the idols that man and his imagination can come up with, or is it time to stop the non-sense and face God?

The hardest people to reach with the Gospel is the religious people, especially those living in the so-called bible belt, because of their long lasting traditions and their closed mind attitudes that have been developed over the years. This ought not to be so, they, or we are the ones going around bragging that we have the only truth that needs to be heard, and without reservation of what God can and is doing today in the lives of many. None of us have the whole Truth, not yet, but none that close their heart will have any of the Truth until our deserved God gets His due attention.

I've been in the 'church' for many years and do not want to have any resentment about it in any form or fashion, these were good years spent in an assembly learning what I could about the things of God. But all the time being involved in this "thing", God was speaking to me about what is really going on, with all the prides and egos circling from the pulpit to the front porch. This may be a bold statement, but: I don't see anything wrong with going to these assemblies, unless one wants to graduate out of kindergarten. As for me, I wouldn't take anything for my experience there.

Yes, we have been held back by the teachings of the different denominations because of the burdens, (heavy weights), that are heaved on the newborn, ready and willing to seek God in every way they know how, go to 'church'. No one person is to blame for all that's been happening, nor can we narrow it down to a dozen or so, for we (mankind) missed the mark a long time ago when man put his hands on the congregated people. It wasn't our job then and it's not our job now, 'lest God tells you so'.

I'll let this go for now, but will talk about it in greater detail later on.

I have mentioned earlier in this text that every man has a woman within and every woman has a man within. Again, I was and am speaking of the Spirit and soul of each individual person, the female certainly has the Adam, Spirit of God and the male certainly has the Eve, soul of the person. Both have a purpose, and especially when joined together in the marriage, ordained from the beginning. But for whatever reasons, and there are many, man and his soul, for the most part are still separated.

So let's take a brief look into Revelations, and we'll begin in the fourteenth chapter, verse eight.

“And another angel followed, saying, Babylon is fallen, is fallen, that great city, because she has made all nations drink of the wine of the wrath of her fornication. Then a third angel followed them, saying with a loud voice, if anyone worships the beast and his image, and receives his mark on his forehead or his hand, he himself shall also drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out full strength into the cup of His indignation. He shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angel and in the presence of the Lamb. And the smoke of their torment ascends forever and ever, and they have no rest day or night, who worship the beast and his image, and whosoever receives the mark of his name.” Verse 12: *“Here is the patience of the saints; here are those who keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus. Then I heard a voice from heaven say to me. Write, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from now on. Yes, says the Spirit that they may rest from their labors, and their works follow them.”*

I stopped at verse thirteen but I hope all will read the rest. But let's try to talk about these verses a little and see if we can make sense or glean from them.

The scriptures are pouring from heaven the everlasting Gospel to those that dwell on earth, to every nation,

tongue, tribe, and people. A new message it seems will be poured upon all.

Babylon is, in general, the world as we know it, and is fallen. In other words, this system of government, religion and the way man conducts his internal affairs will crash down, therefore no longer will we, individually, operate with the business-as-usual attitude. So when babylon falls from the status that we have accepted it in our mind, it will have fallen indeed. Remember, we are not speaking about the geographic place on earth, but the degree that it has infiltrated our lives through the mind; our affairs, the way we think, the way that we have readily bought into or tolerated it with the attitude of not wanting to rock the boat. I'm here writing this for the sound reason of maybe planting a seed, and to rock the boat.

So look closely, in verse nine we can see that the beast and his image is the mind-set of babylon, and is received when ones' brain, or could say his mind, and the work of his hands, embracing the same formula that Peter was trying to use at the mount of transfiguration, when he wanted to build three temples as a shrine of what took place. And those of us, and it is all of us to some degree, that have given our lives to the rites, rituals, formats, and daily and weekly religious rhetoric that never worked in the past, and certainly can't work now. Yes we have gone whoring around, chasing other little gods, such as

this 'thing called church' which most that attend 'it' have placed 'it' in the status of an idol, to be worshipped and adored. The true Church is an unmovable way of life that cannot be altered by anything or anyone. The Church is Gods' people, not a place or a thing, seeking Him with whatever means they have, to find the relationship with Him that was intended from the beginning, walking with Him. So the wrath that is spoken of in the verse above is the tearing down of that mind-set that has enabled each one to buy into this deception that has attempted to feed man with the same seducing attitude fed to us in the Garden of Eden by the serpent in the tree of knowledge of good and evil. That is; that man has to put his thought and hands on it, therefore receiving the mark in his forehead (mind), and his hand.

Let's just take a moment here to show something that has been taught to all about the wrath of God. Yes, God has a wrath and it is sent down on that which He wants destroyed, but since God is love and love conquers all, His wrath has to be a form of love, and it is.

When God sends His wrath, it is not sent upon the person or the people, but upon the plague, or whatever principality, that is in the high places of the mind. So looking at it this way, completely different than we've been taught, we can see the wrath of God is as a blessing. It is liken to a surgeon attacking a cancer, to take it away

through a painful procedure to heal and help the patient. We are Gods' patient.

The Sadducees and Pharisees didn't come close to getting it right, and Jesus was born to rescue man from his own delusions, so what makes us think that this 'thing' is getting it right,... it's not. It doesn't matter how many people have been doing it or how long it's been done, the methods and towers that man has built unto himself will never save a single soul, only God can do that.

In verse ten we can see that no matter how small or how great, how rich or how poor, no matter whether we are free or a slave, all have taken of the mark of the beast, by receiving a mark on our forehead (the human efforts), or on our forehead (the thoughts, schemes and so forth to think one is smarter than God), and therefore the wrath of God is not a horrible act, but an action to resolve us of these ungodly thoughts and efforts man calls religion. It's not that man is bad, he is not, but the delusion that he (we), bit into, thinking the serpent may be right when he said; "we will be like God". So ever since then, man that didn't run to the Tree of Life, kept running with the tree of knowledge, thinking he can still show himself approved by his thoughts and efforts. For those, verse eleven, that continue with this hypocrisy, and again we all do to some degree, are tormented, and we are, and can and will find no rest. The torment is that

we can never fill that empty space in our heart that is reserved for God, no. not with the forms and idols that man has created, nor will we find that REST that was laid out for us in the Garden, that is still available today. The rest is an inner place inside each of us that longs to have that intimate relationship with the Father.

Verse twelve; but those that are patience and keep, hid in his heart, the commandment of love and faith will find or be given that REST that can only be through God. *“Yes” said the Spirit , in verse thirteen, “that they may rest from their labors (efforts), and their involuntary works shall follow them.”* Maybe another way of attempting to explain this is that man gets into his own way, becomes his own stumbling block.

Chapter seventeen, verse five;...”*MYSTERY BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF ALL HARLOTS AND OF THE ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH. I saw the woman, drunk with the blood of the saints...*” Can we now see who it is that’s drunk? Even though babylon is government, and spread out in many different fashions throughout the world and so much of the world, this is narrowing in on babylon, this thing that we call church. For in truth, none other has persecuted the Children of God but the Sanhedrin and the structured ‘church’ of today. Both have made the sons of God stronger in their faith, maybe with a little help from the Romans. It is truly our enemies

that challenge us , and therefore cause us to become stronger.

As Babylon falls, God shouts; chapter eighteen, verse four, *“come out of her my people, lest you share in her sins (missing the mark), and lest you receive of her plagues.”* Let’s keep reading a little more. For verses five, six, seven revealed that her sins have reached Heaven and in her glorified luxury it shall be measured back in torment and sorrows. She sits as a queen and says she is no widow nor does she have any sorrows. How arrogant can you get? She (the church), says in her harden heart that she is above all sorrows and troubles, is doing things right, is meeting the needs of the people, sits higher than the common man and is therefore untouchable... Nonsense, she thinks she sits as queen, but she sits as a whore, gathering in as many as would follow her with her pompous attitudes, and stain glass windows and all the bells and whistles she can come up with. Seducing as many as were entering her doors or even those that look in her direction.

“Am I therefore your enemy because I tell you the truth.” No I’m not. Many might think so, and many may think that they’ll do the world a favor by getting rid of me, but the Word of God shall carry on, with or without me as a voice. Yes the whore and the harlot is alive and well on planet earth for the time being, but it will not

always be this way, for her throne as queen shall be tormented, and her sorrows shall be great.

Again, I am not an enemy to the christian world, not even a threat to it. If I was to speak a few of the truths about some of the other religions, they may feel it's their right to attack me, But since, I was involved pretty deep, without regret, in this thing called 'church' for so many decades, and know the ends and outs of it, I am qualified to speak the truth as God gives it to me. If what I write about evokes or provokes any of you, or if anyone can imagine it doing so, to the point that they too would see it as a blessing to attack me, well, then that proves my point. No one involved in the institution of this 'thing' would want their idol spoken against, especially if it is their means of livelihood, and certainly doesn't want anyone or anything to mess up their sand-box.

Please feel free to read any part of Revelations and see for yourself that the events spoken about is not necessarily speaking about things that are yet to come, but instead, are speaking about the now, the words of the great I AM.

...“Come out of her, my people, lest you share in her sins, and lest you receive of her plagues. For her sins have reached heaven, and God has remembered her iniquities...Rev. 18:4-5.

Games people play

Earlier, I had mentioned that for whatever reason God had given me a gift of seeing beyond situations and what's behind them. I mean people, just about everyone is transparent when looking at their behavior, that is the actions that motivates one to do something, and the reason behind it. And I guess this is the reason that He has asked me to write this book, and expose just a few of the shenanigans that's being flaunted everywhere, but more particularly in those that are called christians.

But anyway, when I was in my teens a song come out on the radio sung by Joe South. It was called 'Games People Play', and had a major impact on my life. I'm thinking, maybe God used this song to initiate me to the stuff going on behind closed doors.

Games People Play

*Oh the games people play now, every night and every day now,
never meaning what they say now, never saying what they
mean.*

*While they wile away the hours, in their ivory towers, all
covered up in flowers, in the back of a black limousine.*

*Oh we make one another cry, Break your heart and then you
say Talkin' about you and me, oh the games people play.*

*good-bye, cross my heart and say I hope to die. You're the only
one to blame. Neither one would ever give in, so they played it
an ace against. talking about the things that might have been,
it's a dirty rotten shame.*

Talking about you and me, oh the games people play.

*People walking up to ya, singing glory halleluiah,
Then they try to sock-it to ya, in the name of the lord
They're going to teach ya how to meditate
Read your horoscope, cheat your fate
sayin' your goin' go to hell with hate, so get on board.*

Talking about you and me, oh the games people play.

*Wait a minute, take a look around and tell what you see?
What's happening to you and me? God grant me the serenity,
just to remember who I am. You've given up on your sanity,
for your pride and your vanity, turned your back on humanity,
cause youdon't give.....*

*Talking about you and me, oh the games people play. a
da...Joe South*

I think I got the words right, heck, I had to remember 'em from my child-hood. This song stuck in me, and was the beginning of a great change in my life. Thousands and thousands of times the meaning of this song came to me as I watched people after people play these silly games on each other and, more often than not; on themselves.

The human race since the fall at the Garden is a strange nut to crack. We get so involved in our surroundings, in our self, and trying to stay afloat, that in most cases we don't even know what's going on in our own head, much less the dealings of the world. Much of the times that games are used on one another, we can't even stop long enough to see that we are manipulating someone, or being tricked by them.

Manipulation is attempting to get someone to do something that they normally wouldn't do, (witch-craft). It's not just a form of witch-craft, it is witch-craft. Everyone, in at least one form or another, plays games. For example, a man might call to his wife that he's got cut very badly, when in fact it is a small scratch and he took some aspirins that day and therefore bled a lot. The game is; he needs or wants attention, and the blood along with his making a big deal out of it, will get it for him. A game is; when we want attention and maybe raise our voice to get it, or maybe whine, or act as if we're sad, or pretend we're mad, or even act like we're glad when we're not, the list goes on and on, and it's in human nature to do it. The sad part is that most have done it for so long, and it's so deeply imbedded in them that they never realize that they're doing it in the first place. And that is sad. That tree that the serpent lives in has infiltrated our lives deeper than most realize.

The first part of the above song speaks about ivory towers, flowers and limousines and they are symbolic of; towers, that place in our mind; flowers, the compliments and praises we give one another; and the limousines is that special place in our egos. So as we cross our heart and hope to die, it's easy to see that this is a child's game and still played as adults because of it's embedded in our lives as a child. No one wants to die, even if their wrong, it's a game. We live as a people that given up on their own sanity, turning our backs on the true reason that God placed us here. The list of games goes on and on, just wanted to touch on a few of them, to show that virtually everyone plays games to trick or manipulated others to do as they are directed. It's all called witchcraft, so let the shoe fit where it may... Ain't it nice, knowing Jesus forgave us of all our sins?

The point is; that we see them or treat them as innocent little happenings, and ignore them as harmless, but they are not. Without going on and on about the different games people play, use some imagination and you can see the extent of them. Even thinking, as young children do them, that there will be no consequences, but there is. We've played games for so long and so many times that, not too far down the line, say puberty, they become instilled and then become dangerous. Not knowing as an adult when one is tricking or being tricked.

So, saying all that to say this: What has happened to those that are called by His name, and want to seek a relationship with our Father? They, or better said we, go to the only place that we know to find that tutoring, that education about God, only to find they too have this imbedded set of games planted in them, but we don't know it. Witchcraft goes back a long ways, but right now we're most concerned about the last seventeen hundred years. Constantine, the first Roman emperor to become a christian, and some call him a pope, almost immediately began playing games on the people he wanted to join him on this new crusade. Even killing those that wouldn't bow to his demands, and after conquering many lands, and killing tens of thousands, he thought he'd made a wonderful pilgrimage. There are still some today that think he was a godly man, doing godly things in the name of Christ, but he was not. It has perpetuated from that time forward, with consistent efforts, with its lamb-blasting, misinformed, manipulating ideologies and so many today still believe that school of thought, and is still what we should be doing and promoting today, but on a somewhat more subtle way as the strategies have been somewhat refined.

I'm attempting to place a pattern here, that just because it's been done as a tradition, doesn't mean it's the way God set it up in the beginning. Just because it didn't come crashing down on their heads, does not mean this is the right way. The relationship with God

came spiraling down at the same time their methods and ideals were bouncing up.

People don't have to be taught how to have a relationship with each other, certainly not with God. But as long as people think that having a relationship with this thing called 'church' is the same thing as it is a communion with God, then the trouble begins. Having a relationship is not just talking with each other every now and again, I'm speaking of a reliance on each other, a fulfillment that can't be met any other way. You can know all there is to know about Jesus, but until you know HIM, you will never know the intimacy of walking with Him. You can read all the books and articles, and even an autobiography about the President, but unless you've met the man and spent much time with him, you will never have a relationship with him. That's the way it is in our walk with Christ. Unless we know His voice, and seek His face, and walk with Him in intimacy, we will not have the relationship that we want or He wants with us. The friendship grows as we spend more and more time together. Intimacy develops when two are bound together in love, and no principality, power, nor any ruler of high or dark places, (the mind, or anything else), can cut asunder.

Intimacy is a word, really an act that has a deep and valuable meaning. It literally means; to have intercourse with. Remember, we're touching on the subject of

spiritual matters. So intimacy, or intercourse, is a closeness that only two can share. One doesn't have to out-rank the other if we are close together in a union with two people, and God always should top the list, even in a husband/wife relationship. So therefore to know God takes on a whole different meaning, when we are involved that deeply with Him. It is a marriage of sort, as Jesus said; "I and my Father are one... that they,(us),also may be one in us." That 'one' togetherness is a closeness that cannot be shared except there is a marriage, one with the other. So it is not hard to see, though we cannot see in another's heart, that knowing about God, and many, many things about Him, is not the same as 'knowing' Him; having that wonderful, intercoursing relation-ship with Him. But the games we play on each other have prevented many to go beyond that which we've been taught by our so-called leaders, what a relationship with Him is. The teaching is that if you love the Father as I love the Father then your love is real, and since I haven't gone to that place in my relationship with Him, you cannot, because if one could, I'd be there. Well, you can, if not held back by some cemetery, (seminary, or been taught by one that's been there), teaching that is only built on their knowledge about God and not one built with the intimacy with God.

Once, (and this has happened many times), there was a preacher that wanted to be healed of some ugly disease, and prayed and prayed to God to be healed, but

was not. Having to face himself and his inadequate dysfunctions, he could then come to this false conclusion that God doesn't heal anymore. With him and his close friends around him, they can and will all confer that his belief then about healing is rightly discerned, and God no longer does that, because if He did, the preacher would have been healed. And this is a perpetuation taught, over the centuries, many, many times until finally it is drummed into the head of many, that God no longer does this sort of thing.

When looking at games people play, they are everywhere, in you, in me, they are so frequent and so accepted that we all have been distorted to a level that each are troubled by the times, and don't know where they came from, much less how to solve it.

It is a truth that manipulating and being manipulated is a major part of all our lives, whether it is a commercial on T.V., our parents trying to get us to do something, our friends hoping for a different outcome, or anything else the mind can come up with, for we have been inundated with so many silly games that society is losing its' true perspective.

The Great White Whale

Hollywood, through the years has made a passel of movies and every once in a while a movie is produced that lines up with God. Now, I'm not talking about religious shows, I'm talking about movies that inadvertently show strong parallels concerning the thoughts and ways of God without maybe the writer, or whoever even realizing they are doing so. To name a few that I think are like this, at least in my opinion, is; "The First Knight" starring Sean Connery and Richard Geer, "The Green Mile" starring Tom Hanks, just to name a few, there are many more, but few in the whole theater of things. There are also books written, probably not intended to show us the ways man is traveling according to God message, but align with Him in very accurate and precise ways. So, if it's alright, I'd like to take a few moments to discuss a book written that I have not heard of any that has gotten the message out of it the way I did.

The book is "Moby Dick" written by Herman Melville. I'm sure this author and book has been discussed many times in book clubs, professor's class rooms, and in groups all over the world. But I'd like to share the interpretation that I received.

The way I see it: It starts off as looking through the eyes of Ishmael, A man looking for adventure, maybe a few thrills, just wondering through the land with no particular place to go, with an attitude that he can learn something and maybe conquer a piece of the world, looking for answers. A Tom Sawyer attitude of happy-go-lucky, enjoying the thrill of the ride, can easily make friends, observant, and see's things as they are.

Ishmael meets a cannibal named Queequeg and several other odd sailors and signs up to join a whaling ship call the Pequod. Captain Ahab, a recluse kinda guy, sees the world in a different way, but tries to keep it to himself. The crew is an odd sort of characters, and consists of maybe a score or more of contrasting fellows from all over the world. All had joined the ship to hunt whales, from the American Nantucket port.

Whales were hunted for their sperm, (blubber), which was rendered into oil for lamps and a variety of other stuff. All the sailors were aboard the Pequod to make a living, as they were paid well for their two or three and sometimes four year stint that were required for each voyage. And after killing several whales they were on their way to make that fortune, and so thinking that the voyage was going fairly normal with their trip across and around the world, maybe several times. But Captain Ahab had different plans, but kept them to himself until the trip was well under way.

A year earlier Ahab had his leg amputated by the whale now called Moby Dick, a great white whale. The only one ever known, the king of all whales and feared by most, but not Ahab. He now wore a whale bone leg in the stead of a wooden one, and used it precariously because it was only a year or so earlier that he was wounded. After the rendering of several sperm whales, he announced the voyage was to hunt down, attack and destroy the great white leviathan, and have his revenge.

The crew was a motley sort, all rough men and could stand their own ground, but all had given their allegiances to the captain, for he was the first and final word of the ship. A gold doubloon was offered to the first mate to spot the unruly white whale, so as to buy their total attention when on guard.

The whale was spotted, chased and harpooned several times over a three day chase but never brought under subjection. As several of the chase boats were damaged over this three day period, but the whale showed no signs of slowing down, even though he had lost a lot of blood.

Well, maybe I better not draw this out too long, but the great, larger than any other, white whale had finally destroyed all the chase boats and then attacked the mother ship, the Pequod, destroying its' hull and it sunk in a vortex of downward rushing water. None but Ishmael survived the sucking motion as the ship and crew

that were pulled down into the abyss, to be seen no more, at least by those on this planet.

Now let us take a look at this tragic, but certainly not uncommon, act of the events, and the manipulations, and the consequences of such a voyage in the lives of so many of us, even today.

Ishmael, a fellow on a journey, probably wanting the education and knowledge of something different, as he was dissatisfied with his life at this point, shows his perspective. The crew is made up of the same folks that live on this earth as we have today, that just want to scratch out a living, a couple was called cannibals, many from several different countries, and only one called himself a christian. But all were loyal to the man-in-charge. The voyage represented the road many travel, the ship is how we get there, and the ocean is and was the vastness of the planet (babylon). Not the planet itself, but the empires, kingdoms and nations that man has built unto himself.

The captain, Ahab, a gun-hoe sort, wanted his way and wasn't going to tell anyone his agenda until it was too late to turn back, tricked the crew and the owner of the ship, letting them think they were going in one direction, but went in another. Giving no thought to the crew and what was best for them, he set out on his mission.

The word 'wind' in the bible is associated with spirit, as in the book of Acts, as when there was a mighty rushing wind, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost. I said that to say this; the Pequod, the ship sailing towards what they thought was the destruction of the white whale, was headed leeward, against the wind, into a destruction, but not that of the whale. They were headed towards the wind as Captain Ahab had commissioned, therefore against the things of God, and would end in total annihilation of the vehicle and crew it was carrying, save Ishmael. As the captain was unaware of anything but the head-strong course he had set for himself and his loyal followers, the crew.

The great white whale is pictured here as superior, almighty, beautiful, different, with a vast knowledge, but could be caught up with, but not cornered as to be fully obtained. He could be wounded, sought after, but not contained. He was the master of the sea of life. The whale was in charge, but Ahab, his pursuer didn't know this with his arrogant train of thought. The whale is beautiful, but not the mind-set of the captain.

So pretty much, I have spelled it out for you, at least what I could see, and so much of the same things are going on in our world, especially in the institution of this thing we call 'church'. People wanting a deeper life; seek an avenue represented as the road, in this case a voyage, to travel to get there, but are tricked and manipulated to

bow to the desires of the man claiming to be in charge. This is him or them that make up the doctrines, rituals, and methods which man must subject himself, and bow too, before the 'man upstairs', will be appeased. And I'm talking about the man in high places, not God, that needed his ego stroked because someone, anyone, really and hopefully everyone, will subject to this train of thought, to his methods and directions; the leaders and perpetuators of this non-sense that people have to go a certain place and do a certain thing to be acceptable before God.

That ship don't float, it sunk at the crucifixion, burial, and resurrection of Jesus Christ, our only hope. We are acceptable, the way we are, where we are, and how we are, in the eyes of our God. "For God so loved the world...", under the same conditions as just described. We may not all live undefeated lives, or all be happy as a lark, and maybe still feel unworthy, but all, and I mean all, fall under the category of being loved and accepted in Gods' eyes. This is the message that went out in the beginning of Christ's teachings, but got screwed-up when man put his hand to it and craved the desire to be in-charge. And as far as man is concerned, his, (mans') superiority is more important, than the good of the people, for to experience that power, to be chief, is more than man, in his weakness, can handle. Captain Ahab couldn't handle it, for power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely. We are no different today,

and man wasn't meant to be in charge of Christ's Church to start with. He is only in-charge, so he thinks, of the babylonian empire that he created, the world system, and that is all. And mans' not doing too good of a job at that either.

The illusion of beauty and happiness of this world and what it has to offer is a facade, a veneer, a hope that it cannot give because it wasn't the worlds' to give in the first place, that was God responsibility, and no other. Man can only achieve that, by turning away from this world, and giving up his freedom, (independence), to attain the FREEDOM that can only come by walking with the Father in a dependence on Him.

When I'm speaking of the world, I'm speaking of the place that man built, and man didn't build the planet, just the structures on and in it. The word human is not mentioned in the Bible, not even once. The word means; error, screw-up, can make many mistakes and make them often. So when looking at it this way we can easily see that the things, whether they be thoughts, ideals, philosophies, doctrines, laws or any other variety of things, that the potential of screwing it up is bigger than mediocre. That is, that there is a larger than average chance of not getting it right. We fail and we fail often, but man in his own abilities has no other choice than continue to work hard until he gets it right, maybe learns from his mistakes, keeps on persevering to do the best he

can until it is done right, but that's impossible. It's impossible to get it right, for only God knows the ins and outs of human society, and has made us a provision for that, Jesus, and what they gave us on the cross. He never knew sin, but took on the sins of you and me and became sin, and had it nailed to the cross.

Anyway, I thought it was odd that the book of Moby Dick had such a parallel to the way things flow in our world, and especially how it mimicked this thing that we call 'church'. The whole crew, all that got on board, went down in a vortex with that ship, except Ishmael, who had to tell the story. Call it babylon, or call it this institutionalized church, that boat don't float.

A Quiet Shade Of Love

Let's go back to the vision, for at this time I'm getting a little more comfortable with my Daddy in the straw hat and the faded overhauls that made Him look so down-to-earth.

Still holding the stick that my Dad handed me, and looking Him square in the face, I could see that He had the most peaceable expression and still had that big-ole smile that was out of this world. I pinched myself to see if I was dreaming, and it hurt, so I guessed that I wasn't. My feelings of weariness melted into a peace and joy that I have never experienced before. "This is wonderful", I thought as I stood there in my amazement.

After about what seemed like another thirty minutes, still basking in this most beautiful encounter, my Dad spoke; "hey, you want to go on a short walk, maybe just enjoy the woods as the sun shows its many different shades of colors against the leaves?"

I was up in a split second, "Yes", I couldn't get the word out fast enough. Thinking, anything He had to say or any place He wanted to go was what I wanted.

We walked several hundred yards just watching the different shadows and the colors as they bounced off the leaves, and then He was the first to speak. "Do you know what love is?" Kicking a small log maybe six feet long to see what, if anything, was under it. "I mean love, the real kind, the Love that goes far beyond what those that don't have it, claim it is." Not wanting to seem stupid, I said; "I think I do, but you just asking the question makes me want to doubt it."

"Ross, you have it, but it's still in its infancy stage, and no, you aren't stupid. You see, Love is an action, where most think of it as a feeling. It is an expression that does not need to be taught. True Love cannot be held back, it just comes out with or without your permission much less having to think about it."

Since all my thoughts were not hidden from Him, I caught myself trying not to think about it. "Lord, you said that the Love that I have is immature, but I know that I love, for I have watched your son Jesus many times and have tried to learn from Him"

"And you are learning", He spoke with this same ole beautiful smile that He always had. "And again yes, I can still hear your thoughts, and you don't have to try to hide

anything from me. I've always known every thought you've ever had, but my Love has never seen you as anything but beautiful. Just be yourself, understanding that you can't be, or can't hide anything from me. I don't judge you by your maturity level, I just Love you. Just be honest to Ross."

"Lord, maybe I better just walk with my mouth shut and listen to you. I just needed to remind myself who I'm with, and what a privilege it is to be here with you. I'm here to learn, or you wouldn't be here."

Smiling even bigger, with both hands out, the palms up, my Dad spoke; "I'm always with my children, all of them, whether they see me, feel me, or not, I'm always there with them."

"Are you with all the others right now, as I know that you are with me in these woods? ... Oops, I said I wouldn't speak, that I'd just listen."

"Yes, I am with all, all made in my similitude I am with, and you can talk anytime you'd like, that's why I'm here with you personally."

"Now getting back to our conversation about Love: Love is what I am. I will begin to explain what so many think love is, but it is not. Most folks, especially those caught up in the religious stuff, think of me more as one that accuses, or will send my wrath upon, or the man

upstairs with this extra- long staff with a hooked end-piece and catch people by the neck to jerk them back in line. I am not."

In first Corinthians, chapter thirteen, it states that; love does not envy, nor parades itself, is not rude, nor can it be, does not seek its' own, is not provoked, thinks no evil, does not rejoice in iniquity, and never fails, no it cannot ever fail. But, Love suffers long and is kind, rejoices in Truth, bears all things, hopes all things, endures all things, rejoices in the truth, believes all things, for Love never fails. When that Love, which is perfect is come, then that which is in part is done away with. In other words, when what, which we miss-called love is then put in its proper place.

"I can now see that of a truth; my love is very immature."

Wanting to learn all I could, I began asking more questions. "Is turning the other cheek, an act of love? Is that why you ask us to do it?"

As Dad stopped for a moment and leaned backwards against a rather large tree, and shuffling His feet as if to build a mound of leaves, He spoke. "Certainly, turning the other cheek is an act of Love, for you'd have to love yourself and the one striking you, to be able to turn away. But, I wrote that in my Word for a different purpose also. Love never forces itself on anyone. It can't,

for love endures all, it never fails. The reason being is that if and when one strikes you, and you then hit him back, you then have made him the lord of that part of your life."

A little puzzled, I asked; "You're Lord and there is no other Lord, so how's that?"

"We're getting off the subject a little here, but I will try to explain that.

"No one can make you do anything, not unless you are a young child, or being held captive beyond your control. So unless you just go about hitting people, hitting them would be something you normally wouldn't do. Just like, if someone were to call you a name, would you call them one back? Only a child would give another that much power over them to do such a thing like that. So, to do so would be to give them the right to be your lord, because only I can make you do something, and because of my Love for you, I wouldn't. All are called to follow me by following my son Jesus; to hit them back is an act of following them, for in this case they took the lead. Besides that, if you loved your neighbor, why would you want to get on their plain, and want them hurt?"

With my eyes widened, I responded back; "I can see that. So to love the Lord with all your heart, mind, soul and strength, is to be loving You, and myself by not following their lead and getting into a fight. I do what I

do, and not what someone else is trying to make me do, right?"

"Right."

Thinking a few moments I spoke; "so love is a very complicated action and I've got a lot to learn."

"No Ross, Love is not complicated at all. One doesn't have to work at it, or even learn how to do it, Love is a state of being, an action that comes from receiving my Love. Love conquers all things, that's because of the peace and joy that I have set in force that comes from it. You don't have to try to remember how to love someone or even to show it, Love comes from within to those that have received me. So love is not a complicated action, it is pure from its simplest form, love doesn't hurt as some would suggest, Love is the beauty of life, and those that walk in my Love, walk without fear. Love covers all sins and cast out all fear, for Love never fails."

"Ross, some think that humans can never achieve this, but they can. I would never ask for one to receive and give something that they couldn't. It's again that religion has taught that love is an outward thing, and something to be flaunted with the recognition they receive, but pure Love is when one gives up his life for mine."

Thinking to myself, I was trying to understand what my Dad just said. I must have rubbed my face, my chin, my

hair for several minutes before speaking. "How can I receive this kind..."

"of Love?" He spoke. "Relax, look to me in all things and you will then receive my Love. When our relationship continues to develop, you will then find that your life is changing, even though it may not be recognized that the change is taking place. It is natural to reciprocate the world love when involved in the world, and my Love will be a natural reflex when you are totally involved in me."

Starting to relax a little, I just sat there and pondered. The sky was the bluest blue that I'd ever seen, and the sun had a warmth and brightness that I'd never experienced, it was a good day, and truly I was favored for getting to spend this time with the One that loved me, with more Love than I could ever explain. I had a peace that was not comprehended, and a joy that I was not able to speak about. All I could say was; "Thank you."

As we stood and sit there looking at the clouds in the sky and their many different designs, I asked. "Why are we to love our enemies, and to do good to those that despitefully use us? Are we not to protect ourselves?"

"To answer your last question first. No. It's not your job to protect yourself, that's my job. Besides that, I may choose to use a particular situation to give and show you a valuable lesson that you could not receive otherwise. Anytime man protects himself, he is walking in his own

independence and not with me. There is a big picture going on out there, and I will have my way on your earthly heart as my heavenly heart sees fit. When one lets go of that tree of knowledge of good and evil and clings to me, all he has then is Me, and I'm sufficient."

"Now to answer your question about your enemies, yes we are to Love them. Can't you see that they too are my children? Of course they are, my Love does not just extend to those that follow my Christ, I love the whole world, that's why I sent my lovely son to give himself to it, to overcome it. So again, if one hates his enemy because he's done something bad to him, then the one hating has bowed to the level that his enemy is at, therefore making him the lord of that situation. But to Love him, even prepare a table for him, is to place him in my hands, and at the same time, you and I can continue to walk together. The same thing applies to those that spitefully use you, even those that try to drag you down with their accusations and separations. I Love them, just like I Love you, so why would I want a separation between the two that I hold dear to my heart?"

"So Love," I spoke in a sober voice. "is a big part of your life?"

"Love is my life. It's who I am and what I am. I am Love."

"This is neat" I thought, "just plain neat to be standing here with the Creator of all things. "Dad," spoken out loud, "I can understand, I mean I think that I really understand your point on loving others, even if they dislike us. We are to love, even when it's inconvenient."

Still leaning back on that big oak chewing a pine needle, he looked down towards me and chuckled a little bit and whispered back. "When you are one with me, you know of no other way. Love is plain and simply your life, and at that point you know of no other way to be than to Love. It's you, because you are me, we are then one. Love covers a multitude of sins, just like it has when I look at you, or anybody else for that matter. So the dislike that someone may have towards you is covered by the Love that you have for them."

"WOW!," is all I could mustard up.

Still whispering He said; "a house divided cannot stand, it must fall, because it has no structure, nor a foundation. You are both houses, when love is broken, then the house is divided, and it has to crumble. But Love is the glue that holds my Kingdom together. There are many called into my Life, but few have chosen it. Just because someone has done something you dislike, doesn't have anything to do with Love, Love is always Love."

I'd look at Him awhile, then watch the sky, and back to him, as I pondered on what was being said. My life was being turned upside down and there was nothing I could do about it, and wouldn't, even if I could. And then I asked; "what can mankind do about this?"

"Well first of all, my Son Jesus is working in you, and he came to turn your life upside down, He came with a sword to divide. Think not that he came to bring peace, but division, to set ones teeth on edge. To bring meaning to life, and to break man away from his traditions, so to recognize your life is being flipped-flopped is a good thing. Now, what can man do about it? Let go of that tree of knowledge and run to the Tree of Life. The Garden is still available, alive and well, right here, but you'll have to see it with your heart and not that of your eyes. The Garden is that place, this place, where you walk with Me. Oh, by the way, how do you like our little walk so far?"

"Wait a minute!" I almost shouted, "you mean this is the garden of Eden? I thought we were on my farm.

"We are, the Garden is where one walks with me, talks with me and has a relationship with me, is exposed and doesn't care if he is. Aren't we doing that? You probably thought the Garden was some place way back when, but I am the I AM. And where I am, it is. Whether one chooses the tree with good and evil or the Tree of life, the Garden is alive and well on planet Earth. When anyone chooses the Tree if Life, I am there, or in this case here."

And then again all I could say was; "WOW!"

"I'm not sure why you chose me to express your realities too," I relayed back to Him, "but what a privilege it is. I have truly been favored."

"Tens of thousands of times a day, I share my thoughts and ways with my people all over the world, but only a few listen, others seem to be caught up in this world and the things that's in it. I truly am glad for you that this attention has been given to my Way of Life. This world has many distractions from the Truth, many ways to travel, lots of noise and bling to sway many from the Truth of Me and my Son. Broad is the way to destruction, for so many travel on that road, but my Way, Truth, and Life is a road that is narrow, for so few choose to walk on it. As one so travels on My road, he will find that it has many obstacles, many pot-holes, and is usually lonely, especially to those that are caught up in the bells and whistles of this flesh world. Each step may present another problem, another situation to temper and train those that want Life, and want it more abundantly. It's not really a hard road, but all caught up in this life of independence have been trained by the world to receive immediate gratification. Jesus struggled in this life, and so will those that follow Him, but it's darn well worth those struggles to see and receive what I have stored up for them."

“The preparing of your children, the emptying of our personal vessel,” I reflected to Him, “even showing us that you are there through all our problems, makes sense to me. But I always thought that what you have in store for us, meant for the after-life, was it not?”

“Well yes, but mostly no, before the foundations of the world, when you were in my bosom, I laid out a life for you and others, to empty your vessel of the world and what it has given you, to make a new creature, with new wine, and from them I stored up many wonderful, beautiful experiences for you to rest in, in this life on earth.” He then began to meander down the hill rubbing each tree as he walked by it, as if, it too was precious. Stopping a moment to turn around and look at me He said; “Eye has not seen, nor ear heard, nor has it entered into the heart of man all the things that I have stored for you as you live and walk in this Life.”

“You mean it is for now? The storage thing is for now?”

“Ross, I am the I Am, I live today, and all that I teach and give, I do to all the Sons on earth, and is, for the now. Everyone has a moment now and again that is pleasant and peaceable. But what I offer is an eternal Rest that begins now, a place in your heart, a communion, a relationship that cannot be defeated by this world or any other.”

“Lord, you said the Kingdom of God is in our heart, that place of rest, is it also in our heart?”

“The true inner heart,” He said as He twirled a branch, and shoed the gnats from His face, “is the inner most part in man, that place that I have always lived in. It is the Spirit, my Spirit, the Kingdom that I have set in order, that secret place within you that I am always at. They are one and the same, that is the Rest in me and the Kingdom that I have placed within the reach of those still in the flesh.”

I looked at Him with even a greater excitement and spoke rather quickly; “Is that what it means when you said to ‘let be done on earth, as it is in Heaven’?”

Still swatting around His face, He stretched His arm towards the clouds and blue sky and said; “all this is mine and I gave to you, I gave it to all at the beginning while we were in the physical Garden. I never kept the inner Spirit of man from coming back, just the flesh. For flesh and bones may not enter anymore, but those that worship me in Spirit may enter any time they choose. So yes, the Kingdom can be entered on earth, and when chosen, it is the done on earth as it is in Heaven. That is Heaven, the place that I am at, with my children, I am one with them.”

“We have been taught through the institution a lot of silly things.” I thought out loud. “Why have we not been taught the Truth the way you laid it out for us?”

“When Jesus built the true Church, it was built upon a solid foundation with my Christ as the head. Not too many years afterwards man stuck his two cents in it, and if it wasn’t for our Love towards man, it would have failed, but I have always kept a remnant, a few that will get out of the way and let us have our Way. The true Church is built on Love, Revelation, and faith, and not the instituted doctrines that man has invented, to place himself as the chief. Love conquers all, and there are people all over the world that are listening to us in these last days, people that are tired of the hype, separation and condemnation that is coming from the pulpits of so many. My Kingdom is established, alive and well, and ready for Its’ bride to enter in. We will talk about this later on. Do you see that cloud coming out of the west?”

The Safe Place

Looking up, I saw this dark cloud coming that had the shape of a ship, a very large ship. You know, the kind that would have been built centuries, if not millenniums ago. It was blue all around it, and appeared to be sailing on the ocean. Vivid in contrast to the sky, it showed many of the details you would find on a ship with the different shades of whites, grays, and dark grays. I'd seen many pictures or images in the clouds before, but nothing this precise. You could see the port holes and even had one sail hoisted half way up, as it appeared to be slowly moving through the waves. And then it began to lightening and then thunder, but I wasn't afraid. With the talk my Dad and I were having, and the rest and peace that I felt being with Him, it was pleasant. But I asked anyway; "do you want to head towards the barn?"

He smiled that big-ole smile of His and asked; "you wanna sit on these two stumps here and just enjoy the scenery?"

We sat there for some half hour or so just watching the ship float by as if watching a movie. It was raining, and raining hard with thunder clapping all around, but we weren't getting wet. Nope, not even a drop fell on us, as

in the space of about six feet around us, it was totally dry. Thinking about this I looked up to see if a large, dense limb was keeping us protected, but there wasn't one. At that time there was nothing but gray sky above us, so I looked towards Him, and about to say something, but He winked. I just smiled and we sat there for a while longer just enjoying the afternoon.

As the sky began slowly to turn back to this beautiful shade of aqua I asked; "Dad, was there some significance to that cloud that looked like a ship, were you trying to show me something of a profound meaning that I might grow deeper in my walk with you?"

He, still smiling, winked once more, took my hand in His and said; "nope, I just thought we might enjoy a little quiet time together watching how the universe can be controlled, and how powerful my Love is through the different sights, sounds and shapes of everyday life. This one was for you."

"And I didn't even get wet." I thought. But I did notice all the birds, squirrels and little critters the rain had brought out, for they were going in every direction, it was more than pleasant. Thinking about it for a moment or two, I figured He just wanted me to know who and what He is. Just another time to spend together and I think this is what's called Heaven.

I got up to stretch my legs and He did the same. Standing there I asked; "Why then is there so much separation and condemnation in the world? When we could all enjoy the fellowship with you at any time, and just let the world be what it is, the world."

"Well, the people in the world are mine, the attitudes and behaviors are mostly theirs. Man that couldn't apprehend the Rock that I set up through my son Jesus, began making their own rules and regulations. Their egos wouldn't let them admit their faults, and not wanting to be viewed as left out they acted as if all the answers were received and understood. So man began to add too and take away from the foundation that we sat up. In other words, they replaced me with themselves. Man belongs to me, not the other way around. I don't belong to them; it's just Love that keeps us together, my Love. Heaven is eternal, and right now is eternal, so it's not just a place to go; it's a place to be, even now; with me. So slowly and subtly things got changed, at least in the mind of man. Separation is the distance man in high places, pulpits, has placed himself in contrast to the ones under him that he wanted to teach. Condemnation is what he uses to keep them there."

"Why, why wouldn't we not want to fall on our knees, and ask for help?"

He answered in this matter-of-fact voice that was still pleasant to listen too. "The deception started in the

Garden when man wanted to be like me, really wanting to be me. The lie that was told to you is still believed today. The tower of Babel, King Saul and his rein, The Sanhedrin before and after Jesus was anointed, Constantine, and even today with these empires that preachers build to their own image. Even the small meeting places fall into the same category. Death entered into the world at the tree of knowledge, and was procreated through the law. The law destroys, the letter of the law is unto death, but We made a provision for that through my son Jesus. Don't get me wrong here, I love people, I love them in spite of what they do or don't do, but what's been done thus far has separated them from me to the degree that our relationship suffers. No one has to do right or act a certain way to receive my love, I just Love 'em in spite of their doings.

"You mean," I responded back, "that preachers and teachers that give information that is contrary to you, you still love them the same?"

"Of course I do, nothing can separate them from my Love. I don't give it with a condition, I love because I am Love, I know of no other way. A person that follows me and my son, I love, but not any more than those that don't. The difference is that those that seek us, we have the privledge of having a relationship with. No one does everything right, no one, but those that quit depending

on themselves and search inside to find us, have placed their life in my bosom, I will sup and fellowship with."

Curious about the answers Dad was giving to me, I wasn't about to stop asking questions, so I did. Being drawn toward Him, I stepped closer, close enough that I laid my hand on His. "So no one falls into the category of being outside your Love? So how does the scripture that says that God does not look upon sin, fit in?"

"Jesus told you that He lost none, and to forgive all, for they know not what they've done, so all have been covered by His blood. That's why I sent Him, to restore the communion between us and man. No Ross, none were lost, and nothing can separate anyone from my Love and that of my Son. And you are right about me not looking upon sin, for I don't. I'm not blind, I know what each is doing, but my choice through Love is to look past it, that is, their sins so to speak, and see the inner spirit of man, not his fleshly behavior. I'm capable of seeing sin, but Love covers a multitude of them, so therefore I only see the beauty inside that person and not the ugliness of their deeds. Even those that follow Jesus do things wrong, and sometimes very often, but they don't let the flesh keep them separated from me, nor I them. If your child did something terribly wrong, would you quit loving them? Of course not, your love is not dependent on them acting correct. You just love 'em, maybe try to help or teach them, but their act will not separate them from

your love, maybe your affection, but not your love, and it shouldn't have anything with affection either, but sometimes it does."

We started walking through the woods, watching this and touching that, maybe throwing a rock or two just to hear them bounce as they rumbled down the hill until the sound faded out, and then do it again. Saw the chipmunks with their cheeks full of acorns and a flying squirrel glide from her nest, even watched a deer feeding on the tender lower leaves of a sapling, but we just walked, enjoying the pristineness of the environment after the summer shower. We walked down the hill for maybe some fifteen minutes until we came upon the pond that cattle use to drink out of, but now only deer, coyotes and the other critters use. It had lily pads, cat tails and other flowering grasses around its banks, and was most beautiful with the several little ripples that danced on the water, made by the falling drops from the trees above. I just stood there watching, and pondering the talks that we were having. I thought about trying to skip a rock across the water, but for some reason that just didn't seem right. It was like watching a show on National Geographic's and certainly didn't want to turn the station with the abruptness of a rock flung across the quietness of the water. So we stood there, and I was enjoying the scenery, but more important was the fellowship that I was having with my Dad, as we were silent for those few moments.

And then I was the first to speak, and somehow I knew that He knew that too, that is, that I was the one to break the silence. "Lord, some years back, I thought I'd heard you tell me that your name was Gravity, was I hearing right?"

"Ross, you heard right, my name is Gravity and many, many other names besides that. The law of physics is a law that applies to those that believe in that law. Yes I hold things together, and yes I have placed in force several laws of physics, but I'm not bound to any. I am creator, but I am also creation, all things belong to me, all are good, and all are used to some degree that point man to the reason for all of this. Have you ever thought of the atom and the 'trons that belong to it? I am the atom, and I am the electron that circles it, but did you know that I am also the space between the two? The human mind can never comprehend the fullness of who I am. Some have called me the big-bang, for I am the beginning, but as much as man will search, it is not given to him to apprehend the true knowledge of the universe, or even his own life that is within him. Only through a oneness with me can man come to the breath, height and depth of who, and especially what he is, much less of how the other particulars of the universe exist."

As I was thinking to myself, I began to understand that my little finite mind could never understand the depth of who this appearance of a man is. I could just barely

follow what He was saying, wasn't much need to ask anything else about the physics of life, much less trying to relate to all the spheres that are out there. So I stood there hoping I could come up with something clever say as we were still looking at the beauty of the pond and all its surroundings. Twisting around to take another look at this brawly man in His straw hat and checkered shirt, I was about to ask this, so-to-speak, wise question, when he broke in.

"Maybe you're not the smartest cookie in the jar, but I like the way you think. Man just thinks he needs to know all the ins and outs of everything, and I did put that instinct in him, but these are just trivial things people do to occupy their time. Bye the way, I was just kidding about that cookie thing. Curiosity is not a bad thing, and it is interesting for people to figure out the many different mysteries that I have hidden around the many galaxies, but all the knowledge in the world can never bring one to the Tree of Life, unless it's My Knowledge. Again, your so-to-speak wise question isn't necessary, I just love it that we are in this relationship, especially on this day."

Why this man in His overhauls presented Himself to me in this manner, I couldn't understand, but it sure was one enjoyable adventure we were having. With everything still and quiet in the woods, He walked pass me to the waters' edge, reaching His hand in up to His elbow, He looked as if He was fumbling around, but as fast as it

started, He came up with this fairly large fish. "How'd you like that?" Turning around with this smile that must have lite up the world, He said, "Remember, I was the one that taught my Son how to fish. I'm proud of that boy; He's caught a-many of them, people from all over the world. Without Him, I'd be a lot lonelier."

Surprised with my Dads' statement, I asked; "how's that, I thought all the people were your children?"

"They are, but I didn't have many to have a relationship with until Jesus began introducing man back to me. That Son of mine did every-thing that I asked of him, he's the reason why you and I are here today.

Looking straight at me, He held the fish up over His head and said with the excitement that still sounded like music; "too bad we've done ate, this one would make a good meal for the both of us."

"Yeah right, with you here, we could feed a couple of thousand with that one." I sort-of snickered and said with no sarcasm.

His smile seemed to even get bigger as He said; "yep, he's a good one." Then turning back around again, facing the pond, He gently laid the fish in the water, and it slowly swam away.

I stood for several minutes, maybe a half hour, pondering the day with my Dad. I'd look this way and

then that, look up for a while, then down, but mostly I was just staring off in space. I couldn't believe what was happening on this day, and then again I could believe it. I must have swayed back and forth for a good while, basking in the Light of my Lord, and enjoying every minute of it. I'd never met anyone like this man under that straw hat, never talked with anyone so easy to talk too, and He listened with compassion. His demeanor was nothing like I'd ever experienced, not once did I aggravate Him, nor do I think anyone could. For a middle aged farmer in a pair of worn out overalls, a shirt with a tear in it, I don't think anyone could look so good. Did I mention that He had the kindest voice and He was fun to be around? I really liked this day thus far, sort of hope it never ends. Maybe it's okay to say that I thought my Dad was beautiful.

Standing On My Head

I don't mean to get off on a tangent here, but I thought I'd stop a little while, not long, and voice my opinion on a few subjects. I might even play the Archie Bunker role and say a couple of things that I'm sure others might want to say.

We call this country the greatest of any in the world, even boast of our financial success, strength, homeland security, independence, and the freedom to speak what we want, whether to each other or from the press. Well, I'm not going to sit here and say we're not, but I would like to express my thoughts on a few of the subjects.

The down-fall of our people started some thirty years prior to the September eleventh happening, but I'd like to show what God had given me about this, just three or four days after it happened.

The tower of Babel was a tower being built by a people united in one accord, working together, to build an empire that would reach to Heaven. Built by a single group of people, combined in unity constructing an empire, a system, that would equal that of Gods'. So

they thought. God intervened and scattered them to the four corners of the earth.

The Twin Towers were the second tower system to ever be brought down. The Trade towers were what they were called, built by a multi-national, multi-language people from all over the world. A scattered bunch, coming from the four corners of the earth to build a trading power to help run the world economic system.

It was torn down, not as much by terrorist, but by God coming to the rescue of His people that had a diversion of money, power and fame, in their hearts, and seeking a way to become like gods. The system itself was the target, not so much the people, but it was truly an institution created to dominate the world economic order. I'm not saying the people working there was doing this, I'm sure many were, but the construction of it was certainly for that reason. The destruction of it was a call to the blood of Gods' Son and the Power that it contains to free His people from the bondage that the economic idols has wrapped His people in. It's so funny, maybe I should say sad or amazing, that the people of the world heard the call to the blood, but weren't quite willing enough to hear the rest of the story. So, many rushed to donate their blood instead of running to the only Blood that was already paid for our trespasses. So much was donated that the city of New York had to pay big-bucks to have it destroyed, for much of it was never used.

The first plane struck one of the towers, (economic system), and the second did the same, the third struck out at the Pentagon, (the power system), and the fourth was heading towards, what my understanding and research evaluated, the liberty bell, (freedom), in Philadelphia. Some would say that the fourth plane was flying towards the Capital or White House, (the legislation), but the symbolic meaning still stays the same.

This was not an attack by terrorist as much as it was by our Creator. Read Obadiah, and see that the hand of God is stretched out against the idols that pervert the true Way, Truth, and Life that God had provided, not against the people, but against the idols.

Verse two; "...Behold, I make you small among nations; You shall be greatly despised, the pride of your heart has deceived you, who dwell in the clefts of the rock. Whose habitation is high, who say in your heart, 'who will bring me down to the ground? Though you ascend high as the eagle, and though you set your nest among the stars, from there I will bring you down.'" Says the Lord...

Read the whole book of Obadiah, it's only one page.

What are we doing, as a nation, a people, a world made in the similitude of God, only half hearing God, and then going off on some tangent thinking we're in touch with Him? Has our hearts been so hardened, so seared,

filled with so much crap that we have turned to every idol thinking it's okay. Maybe thinking that Gods' mercy and grace thus far is the way it will always be? It is true that His mercy and grace is sufficient, but He will not be defeated, nor ignored forever.

Yes, I believe that the destruction of the Twin Towers, the Trade center, was an attack on the economic system, power and freedoms of the people of the world, especially on Americans, and not necessarily on the people involved in the towers. It was a multi-national project, torn down to unite a people back to the true and only God, and we missed it.

The tower of babel and the two towers of New York were destroyed in opposite directions, but the same thing happened to each. It a thing about uniting and dividing, and where our attention goes that I believe God is talking to us about. What do you think?

I got to thinking, and I thought that since this was my book, and there is freedom of the press, maybe I should take a little more time to express a few things that's been a bug in my bonnet. I promise not to take up much of your time on these political issues, because, for the last ten or twelve years I have been anything but political. I've got my faults, but some of the things going on in this country are anything but right.

Let's start with political correctness, a legislated, dictated, code of conduct that all should follow. A few people in high places, (the mind), have come up with a system, a language, to make all who don't follow their agenda, a stumbling block to their egos. First of all let me state, I think we all have the right and privilege to talk to each one, everyone, in a respectful way which includes the tone of our voice and the way we present our message to them. Stupid people are always going to talk stupid, and there's nothing anyone can do about it, but we can stand up for their right to be stupid, and anyone that uses racial slurs are. Some girl may wear a revealing dress, or someone may want to show their sexual orientation, or maybe express them self with ink on their skin, maybe even smoke a cigarette in public, all are covered in our constitution, and all have the rights and privilege to do so. Believing we all should respect their right to do so, but what about them respecting the imbeciles that want to comment or slur the person doing it.

Again, to call a homosexual, or a Mexican, or a person with a learning disability a name, shows us more of the name callers' intelligent level, than it would ever say about the one being talked about. To say these things or any number of other slurs, are stupid, (see I just did it), but I support the right of stupid people, to do stupid things, at least in this category. We say nothing if one is called an s.o.b., or a nut, or a fruit cake, or a loud mouth,

or any of the many things commonly spoken, but if called a politically incorrect word, the world falls apart. When is it going to stop, when will we realize that many fought wars to give imbeciles the right to call another an imbecile?... Pun-intended.

If it walks like a duck, talks like a duck, and looks like a duck, what is it? It may be a duck, but it may be a coot, for they too resemble ducks. There is no such thing as never, and we never really know all that's going on behind the closed door, or the other side of Gods' plan. Some things are not what they appear, and did you know that a bumble-bee can't fly? Anyway, we can't legislate morals, or even dumbness for that matter. So what is political correctness anyway? Isn't it some inventor's dream to be noticed for his high-level outward morals?

I'm not saying it's right, or even that we as children of God would do so, but I am saying that no one has the authority to dictate what is proper or what is not, at least to the point of shunning them. Each year, another group, whether it be ethnic, social or moral, adds to the list of no-no's, coming up with new ways to speak and new ways to chastise those that don't follow their egotistical monuments that they've built unto themselves. For example; I personally don't think the n--- word should ever be used, it shows the lack of respect, teaching, and/or character defect in the one using it, but we as a people still have the right to be stupid and show it. Yes I

think that each one of us has the right to judge as he sees fit, but maybe a little more privately would suffice. That goes for the ones making the comment and those that have to listen to it. But no, we have to make laws legislating our ideas of what people need to be doing, or stand up so all will notice that they are to be commended and given great attention too, that the egos of a few can be stroked at the price of many. I'm thinking that this political agenda is the starting place of a deranged rabid wildcat being turned loose with a far deeper device to be used on us in the very near future.

Let's talk a minute or two about a few of the words in our language that have been perverted: love, miracles, and heroes.

True and real Love is not what one readily gives to his dog, or the kind of food they like, or the way their car rides, or the way one makes another feel, or even their vocation or enjoyable moments. This is called 'like a lot', not Love. Love is when someone would lay down their life for another. I'm not talking about saying that we would lay down our life, I mean really giving your life for the stead of the other, Agape. Love is one of those beautiful actions that cannot be mimicked by anything else.

Miracles; First let me start by saying what it is not. It is not one of those strange moments when something extraordinary happens, nor is it when a flower blooms or the regeneration of a seed or birth. A miracle is when the supernatural, God, steps in and does a thing that just couldn't happen without His intervention. We've spent a life-time defining the word miracle, and through the years and generations it has been polluted to the point that it has very little value.

It is a wonderful, meaningful happening and many times is not replicated twice, such as walking on water, being translated to another country, or maybe even falling from a plane, and not getting hurt after hitting the ground. A miracle is a special thing indeed, and can only come from God. Don't get me wrong, they happen, and they happen more often than we think, but a miracle is not what you see on the news each night.

How in this world, (this has pun intended), did we ever start calling Sunday the Sabbath? When did the first day of the week end up being the last one? Who told us to keep the first day, Sunday, Holy,(which means separated), and ignore Saturday? Folks, this is the day that the Lord has made, let us rejoice and be glad in it.

If these 'things' are all bent out of shape to keep the laws of Moses, why are they doing this so-called worship on the first day of the week? We were told to set aside the first day, but to think it replaces the Sabbath is crazy.

To be honest, all days are Holy, and to be kept separate from the contaminations of the world. I understand that it doesn't matter which day we choose to praise, but seems few know that Jesus the Christ is our Sabbath. He is the All of all, He is the Alpha, and he is the Omega.

Anyway, I just thought it strange that so many have been manipulated into thinking that Sunday is the last day of the week. The one thing that has never changed throughout history is the day of the week, months maybe, years maybe, but not the day of the week.

Heroes; A hero is a person that goes far beyond the line of duty, or does an action that surpasses the action of a brave soul. When people doing their job, and getting paid for it, does a feat that could get them killed, is not necessarily a hero, if they are doing what they get paid for.

Do you remember the man that jumped into the Potomac River when the plane went down in Washington D.C.? If I remember right he jumped in several times to save people he didn't know; that was a hero. But these people that rescue a cat up a utility pole or ascertained a long-lost item that someone had been looking for, for years, is not a hero.

I'd like to express my gratitude to those that have help others, put their life in danger for others, fought in the military, or even given finances, THANK YOU, and I really

do mean THANK YOU. Be it a firefighter, a policeman, a soldier, or a civilian on the street.

Our values and meanings have declined over the years at the same rate our soulish laziness and selfishness have been on a spiraling ascent. We have perverted many things and happenings to the point that the words themselves have very little meaning. The old saying; If you don't got it, fake it and make it look as if you do, is put into force, and many have bought into it.

I don't know, maybe I shouldn't have added this chapter. I guess I just wanted to get a few things off my chest, and maybe take a look at the backwards evolution of man and what he thinks he's building to himself.

The Pie In The Sky

Every religion has to have their appeal; all have their glitch to draw people, if not masses to their front door. All will tell the delusional belief that theirs' is the truth and the way to be in fellowship with God. I'm not talking about most religions or denominations; I'm talking about all of them, every last one. Most will tell me this is true, but the church that they attend is different, but not so. And to make sure I spread this completely world-wide, this includes all the home studies and off-the-road home churches. Every single one of them has something that says 'if you come here you will get the whole truth', or you'll just enjoy it better, learn more, or we are not as judgmental, or we believe the whole Bible, maybe even this one is run by a proclaiming prophet, but anyway, all will have a glitch. All will have something that says to the people that this is the place you ought to be. They have to, if not, what is going to set them apart. What ever happened to having a relationship with God through His Son Jesus, in the closet as He taught? If there is an exception, and I'm sure there is, I don't know about it.

All kinds of strategies have been put forth to draw the masses, or even the few, to their new found methods.

Come to our group and you'll make it to heaven, you'll live in victory, you'll be healed, so therefore all have a motto that entices those that are wandering to step inside their door.

Some might ask me; is this what I'm trying to do? No, it is not. I certainly don't want anyone to follow me, nor have I been placed in charge of any. I'm just one of the plain people that love his Daddy, enjoy my relationship with him, and want to share the things that God has brought me through, and brought me too. There is no 'pie-in-the-sky' attitude in my voice, and as you read on, you will become acutely aware of this fact.

To please the Father, that is God; the way I see it, is that it will cost you your life, that is, there is no material profit to be made. We're not talking about being loved by the Father, but walking in a complete relationship with Him. A 'laid-down-life' is what Jesus asked for and to follow Him. In my opinion and from my point of view, and what I can tell thus far, it's darn well worth it.

Let me just stop a minute and express a few of the things about the trials and tribulations of the life that we all have on this earth.

Most will say that when something goes array that the devil is out to defeat us. This is not true. *Romans 8:28; And we know that all things work for good to those that love God...* None of us in our flesh are perfect, that is to

say complete, but all in the flesh have fallen short, for the apostle Paul says that our righteousness is as filthy rags. But God is processing those that seek Him, and He uses trials and tribulations to temper and teach us, this is good. If God is in control, and He is, of every situation that is presented to us, then why do we belly-ache so much when something happens, that we didn't order up? The world calls this a silver lining in every dark cloud, so we as children of God call it a blessing that has been disguised. A moment of tempering, adjusting, flexing, and building on the man within, to raise him up to be used in the forwarding of the Kingdom of God. This is a special time that God uses to help and prepare us for the true walk with Him, a blessing. But religion and their so-called devil has taught that these things ought not to be happening, and wouldn't if the one that it's happening too would straighten up. Well, we all need to straighten up, but the act of a tribulation is to bring us to a closer intimate relationship with the Father, and it will to those that view it as God's in control, and we're not.

We all say that God is almighty, but we mostly say it because that is what we've been taught to say. God is almighty, and that's a truth, but to say it, verses realizing it, is two different things. So since all might, power and strength belongs to God, every action and reaction is His. So how is it that when a trial or a tribulation comes along, we attribute it to the devil, or it's just an accident, or a happenstance? You see, we've all been taught to say

things, but really never come to believing many of them. The list of the stuff we 've been taught to say we believe, and the long line of things we do as some ritualistic, religious act, is completely different from what many truly believe. I'm thinking that when the inner man has been changed by the hand of God, our outward begins to follow that which happened inwardly, and there is no effort in doing it.

I said all that to say this; A tribulation or a testing trial in our lives is not some accident, or just a circumstance by Murphy's law, it is an act of God, or at least used by God to train and teach us of a new life. It has been said for centuries that only those with enemies will rise up to be strong. The bigger or the more powerful an enemy is, determines how strong the one being attacked will become. That is true about the United States or Israel, and it's true about most individuals that will listen to what is being said through them, (the trial, that is). When a tragic event or when someone gets into trouble or just about anything else that bothers us happens, God will use it, the circumstances, to purge us, teach us, redeem us back from the world and the way it solves its problem, to the only God that was in control of them anyway. The Scriptures say that patience comes from tribulations, and we've again been taught through the religious system to avoid patience because of the tribulations. Folks, they can't be avoided, without them

we would all be doomed to this useless life that many live while still in this flesh.

Have you ever noticed, and I'm sure you have, that young kids raised by parents who keep their children so protected, and on a short lease, and help them up each time they fall, are raising kids to become adults in age that can't stand on their own and whine about everything that they think is bad. And then we wonder why so many can't solve the problems in their lives, much less be in a position to hear what God is saying to them. Trials, problems, accidents and tribulations are certainly several of the tools that God uses, even sets before us, to bring us back to the dependency that we lost, or gave away at the tree of knowledge of good and evil. When He said that on the day that you shall eat of the fruit, you shall surely die, we surely did, and this testing is one of the ways that He procures to bring us back to the Tree of Life that was given up. So when you see someone going through a trial or something 'bad' in their life, I'm thinking we might want to second guess our self before lending a helping hand. It just might be that Gods' most unique Hand is already upon them, His redemption may be at work in their life, and I'd hate to be the one that prevented it. So unless we hear God telling us to do something about it, it might be better to let them go through their hell. Watch for the silver lining, the blessing in disguise, the final straw that may bring them to a more victorious life, it takes many, but God is surely

starting somewhere and the next so-called tragedy might be the one to get a life moving in the right direction.

I'd like to try to express the true inner desire that many of those that do lend a helping hand, do it for. There are exceptions to every rule and most folks will say that they are the exception, but are not. I'll start out with the obvious and then attempt to move a little deeper.,

Have you ever see some organization on T.V. write this eight foot long check to give to some charity? All lined up with their best clothes on, smiling as if they are some hero. I'm not saying that I'm not glad that the money is going for a good cause, it is, but would like to point out the show, prestige, power and status that they feel doing such a good deed and getting the recognition for it, is a game, and a game mostly played on themselves.

You ever sit around the break room or on the front porch and listen to someone brag about the wonderful help they gave their neighbor or someone stranded on the side of the road? Maybe even hear how they gave money 'til it hurt to some institution or organization? The literal meaning of the word charity is; Love. So is it hard to see that the above examples are not love, but recognition? We live in this cruel up-side-down world that has taken every 'good' thing and perverted it. Someone is always coming up with a new scheme to exalt themselves, maybe get a little more business, or even

worst, just plain and simply hide the inner value of the act, that is, they want attention. If someone didn't want the attention, only God would know what they've done. Yes, we make excuses for why we have to brag about it, but the end result is always the same, we either have a need that needs to be filled or just want someone to think highly of us.

Perfectionism is a disease and some are known to brag about theirs, as if it were some attribute. When we criticize someone, we really are telling our self and others that they are inferior, therefore making self, superior. This is all done at the expense of others, so we think. There is no free lunch, what-so-ever a man sows, that must he also reap. But many feel good to tear down another's work, in the hope that they themselves may look good, but it don't happen that way. What's given out, seems to always come back.

Therefore, moving a little deeper, let's look at the real reason that people help when someone they know is going through some hell. If the person themself is important to them, and they have a love for them, and they understand that God be may purging them to walk in His Kingdom, we might want to back away unless God's voice is heard, to intervene.

Who was it that placed the travail upon Adam and his wife, or gave Moses the misery of the wilderness, or Joseph the prison term, or King David to have to hide out

in a cave? It was God. He was loving them in a backwards way, (or at least that is what I call it), to teach, purge, and rid them of the old man, which is inside of each and every one of them and us. Just look at any of the Bible characters, and you will find that God had to prepare each of them to be fit for the vessel He chose them for. And He's doing the same for us. When we don't allow our loved ones to stumble and fall and maybe even have their backs pushed up against the wall, we could very well be hindering them from the preparation and blessing of God, and what He has in store for them. So the next time you see a brother or sister going through some hell, talk with God before you reach your hand out.

Maybe next time a certain situation comes around, an accident, or a problem of any kind, instead of looking around to see who's the blame, let's remember that God may have engineered, orchestrated and custom designed this event just for you.

No, there is no pie-in-the-sky, just a lot of Gods' work for those that want to listen to Him. Very few things are what they seem, and as long as our mind is in the flesh, we will never know.

Prodigal Living

A house divided cannot stand; it has to fall, at least the part that did the dividing. In the Garden of Eden when the couple decided to eat of the fruit and chose their independence, the trouble started and has been going on ever since, at least to those that still partake of that fruit. This act separated Adam from his Father by choosing his individuality in the stead of his dependence and communion with his Father; he longer walked with God as he had previously. This was the first act of being prodigal, in other words, chose to live for self instead of living in the whole of Life.

Now remember, that these stories are not just about those that chose to eat of the tree of knowledge, but us too that are choosing the same things. All, and at any time, can turn our backs on that tree and run to partake of the Tree of Life. We can as an individual make the decision to give up our individuality, eat the fruit from the Tree of Life and began again that walk with God.

Now there was a young man in the book of Luke, chapter fifteen that did the same thing that Adam and most all of us are doing. He lived on the land that provided all that was needed to have a wonderful life,

with his older brother and father. He had the Whole of things, and in want of nothing. As the farm or ranch or whatever you want to call it, provided all the needs for all that lived on it. But he wanted his freedom to be separate from the Whole, wanting his own individual way in this world, so asked his father for his share of the inheritance so he could go his own way and make a life. *“Father, give me the portion of goods that fall to me. So he divided to them his livelihood.”*

But after he had left the land of plenty, and spent all that he possessed, far away from his roots, a famine came. Taking a job with a citizen, and working in the fields of distress, he was taken to the point of eating the food that the swine were eating. Not a good place to be, seeing he left his father’s house that supplied all that was needed, including a family. The strange land that the younger son had sought, gave him his independence, but was extremely limited in what it had to offer. All because he wanted to become distinct, free, and to operate on his own.

This is exactly what we have done by choosing the tree of knowledge, the life separate from our Father, to be on our own without the abundance of our inheritance, our home land. Our choice had brought us to accept that which is before us, the left overs and nothing more than surviving. We were entitled to the whole, but had to be

content with what this foreign land offered, or so we thought.

For 'no man gave to us', we felt helpless. Therefore, the son came to himself, for no man gave a plugged nickel for what he was going through, because of their own lack. The world wasn't designed to fill the spot, the emptiness that the inner man has always longed for. That, that is the fullness of Life, can only come from the whole, the place of his Fathers' ranch, the Kingdom of God established on earth for those that seek that life. He came to himself, I guess because he had a lot of time to think, and no one was around to contaminate this hideous but special time. He saw, as we should also, that he was better off in his Father's house than to be independent from it. The veil had lifted, and he changed his point-of-view, looked toward the infinite and began to run home. So the part that he had, looked dismal before the whole, so he ran to the bounty of the Father, where all that was lost, was not lost. And while still a long ways off, as we are, the Father saw and ran to meet him, to restore him to his rightful place.

Virtually, we are all prodigal, and in need of the Whole of the Father. We have all gone astray, and have been taught by the religious systems that that's the way it is, but it is not. We all, as individuals can come to our self, change, (repent), our minds, and run back to the Tree of Life that all of us obtained from the beginning. This is

called the 'New man', the man within that was before the foundations of the world, a new creation that we received through Christ to restore us back to our Father's ranch.

The younger son that was lured by the world and what it pretended to offer was too much for his immaturity, as he had his sights set on living for himself. But after his long stay in the world of famine, which means we all hunger for that completeness with the Father, he came to himself and literally ran to the Love, Grace and Mercy of his Father, knowing he had screwed up. The part will never measure up to the whole, and it sure wasn't designed too.

So now let's take a quick look at Sampson and his trip through life. When born, the Spirit of the Lord was upon him and he prospered through the years with the strength God had given him. In this case the strength was represented through his long hair that was never to be cut. Sampson married a woman, then lost her to the best man of his wedding, because of his neglect. He became mighty in the years to come, showing the strength that the Lord God had given him and judged Israel in the land of the Philistines for some twenty years. All this time the Philistines were conjuring and enticing, to find what and where his weakness could be.

He met a harlot in the land of Gaza, and his attention was then on her, but her attention was on finding out for the Philistines the source of his strength, for he was mighty and stronger than any man. To find the source of his strength was to find, his weakness and the way to break him down,

Before killing a thousand men with the jaw bone of an ass, the men of Judah came to him and said; “do you not know that the Philistines rule over us?

“Now Sampson went to Gaza and saw a harlot there, and went into her... Afterwards it happened that he loved a woman, whose name was Delilah.” She was told to entice, seduce, and to find the strength with by what means that they may bind him helpless. She had pestered him that his soul was vexed, and he then told her all his heart. Of course, she played the things of his heart against him by telling the Philistines and then getting paid for it.

They shaved his hair, the origin of his strength to render him bound and helpless. Was put on display to preform, after his eyes were gouged out, but his hair began to grow back. And when their hearts were merry, they called for Sampson to be displayed between two pillars that supported the temple. Asking a lad to let him feel the pillars, and the temple full of men and women, about three thousand, Sampson called on the Lord for strength. He cried, “let me die with the Philistines... *He*

pushed with all his might and the temple fell on all the lords and all the people in it."

Now, let's go back over it rather fast and see if we can glean something from it. Sampson was anointed of the Lord before he was conceived and waxed strong through the years, including the time that he judged Israel in the mist of the Philistines. His hair was the symbol of his strength, but the strength was solely that of the Lord's. He got sidetracked by flaunting his might, and also for his involvement with the whores and the Philistines themselves. To me, it was as if he was showing off during these compromised years, and sort of went in the wrong direction, whoring around, so to speak. He lost his strength to the city, temple and the enticing harlots that lived in it, much less the people conspiring to rid him of his God ordained gift. Blinded and put on display to be mocked and to intrigue the crowd for their pleasure. While still blinded, Sampson received his inner sight to see the purpose that God appointed. He destroyed the meeting place of their religion and the people therein, he came to himself, was awoken to Gods' ordination, and cried out with a believing heart, to destroy that which had been his nemesis. He came back to the God of all power and might. Let us take a sober look at this as it applies to the life of Jesus, Paul, and even today as we also are involved in a similar manner. Whether it is the money changers or the builders of the statues of the diana, the so-called goddess during Pauls' travels, this

temple still applies to this day and time, as people keep going back to the same-o things. It is a truth; there is nothing new under the sun, we have all gone astray, and until we quit looking through the natural eyes, we will never see. Sampson got it right, and so God will have it in our days also.

It took the complete weakness of Sampson, and it will be done today also, *“that in our weakness, we shall be made strong.”* Whether the temple be the exalted mind, the self-centeredness or the place down on the street corner with the steeple, God will eventually have His way.

There is a saying out there in the world misquoted by these ‘things called churches’ that says; when the gospel has been preached through- out the world..., and has been preached by many, but is none-the-less misquoted. The scripture says that when the Gospel of the Kingdom has been preached throughout the world, the end shall come. And I believe that end represents the end of the independent, self-righteous, individual man. When Jesus said ‘it is finished’, He meant all His works were finished, and the restoration of man back to the Tree of Life was done. God’s Grace, Mercy and Love has maintained us all, and that is what He is doing, but to have the complete fellowship, communion and relationship with Him, we

must turn away from our ways and run back to the Father that has the robe, ring and fatted calf waiting on us.

Knowing about God and His Son is not what they have intended for us, but to actually know the Father and the Son personally. To know that all that is theirs', is ours. For the apostle Paul said that we are heirs to the promises made to Abraham, and joint heirs with Christ. It's now time to turn our back on the institution of false teaching, and claim our rightful inheritance with the Kingdom that Jesus provided.

Does the assemblies that meet each Sunday, and the unity they provide, really have that much power over us, and even the scriptures themselves? Just because so many, even millions believe what's being taught, does it have to make it true? Just because I say what I'm saying, does that make it true? Of course not, Truth is always the continual, never changes, and always has to measure up with Gods' Word, and His Spirit. Are we so shallow that we say to ourselves; why, there are so many that believe this way, I guess I'll just believe it too? Certainly we are to follow, but I just don't think that God wanted man to follow man.

Remember in Jesus' walk on earth that almost all in the Temple, and all that weren't, still believed the lies that were spread by the Pharisees, the Scribes, and the other leaders of the religious sect. Jesus stood alone, and until He taught His disciples, even they didn't know. The

'united-we-stand' attitude doesn't work here, remember the people of Babel.

God Meant it For Good

I'd like to take a little time and go over the story of Joseph as it is mentioned at length in Genesis, starting in chapter thirty-seven. I will not go into every detail, but will attempt to hit the high-lights.

Joseph was the eleventh son of Jacob, now called Israel. The first born of the love-of-his-life, Rachel, Jacob loved Joseph more than all the others, including Benjamin, his twelfth, and also by his wife Rachel. Jacob made Joseph a coat of colors, which the young boy paraded with undoubtedly arrogant posture. This didn't set very well with the older brothers, and Joseph wasn't tolerated very well by them.

Joseph had a dream and then again another dream, and when he told the brothers and his Father, they were not received. The first dream was about sheaves and the second about the sun, moon and eleven stars. The dreams were that the brothers and his father were to pay tribute and bow to him. This didn't go over good at all with his family, but he still wore the coat of colors, dancing and strutting, for he was the favored, or at least in his mind.

The brothers were out in the distant field tending sheep, as that was their vocation, and father Jacob called for Joseph to go to Shechem to check on them and bring him word of their doings. And as the young man went, he was spotted afar, so the brothers went to scheming of what they could do to rid themselves of the problem of brother Joseph, conspiring to kill him. When spotted, one said; "Look, this dreamer is coming! Come therefore, let us kill him and cast him into some pit; and we shall say. Some wild beast has devoured him." But as Reuben stepped in, said they were not to kill him, to shed no blood. So as Joseph approached, he was captured stripped of his tunic of colors and cast into a pit. Later, as they sat eating their meal decided to sell him to a caravan of Ishmaelite's, and make a profit, for they were on their way to Egypt.

The brothers tore the coat of colors, killed a goat and splattered the coat with its blood. Then going back home to their father told him that some wild beast must have devoured Joseph, so Jacob mourned throwing ashes and a sack cloth over himself, for this was his favorite son and he loved him very much.

Now in chapter thirty-nine Joseph was brought down to Egypt by the Ishmaelite's and sold to Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh and the captain of the guard. And the Lord was with Joseph, and he was a successful man, and found favor in the eyes of his new boss. And he and Potiphar

both prospered, for at that time Joseph was made overseer of his house, for the hand of God was on him, that is Joseph. But after a time Potiphar's wife had eyes for Joseph and tried to seduce him into her bed, but Joseph refused. This happened several times, but on this occasion, as Joseph was running from her, that she caught him by the garment and tore it from him, and ran and told her husband that he wanted to have his way with her. Of course this angered Potiphar, so he put Joseph in prison, but still having the favor of the Lord, he prospered. There he met a butler and a baker that both had found disfavor of Pharaoh, and too was cast into prison. But the hand of the Lord was upon Joseph and he and the other prisoners prospered.

In one night both the butler and the baker had a dream each and Joseph interpreted them saying; the butler will be restored back to pharaoh, but the baker would be hanged, both were to happen in three days. Joseph told the butler to remember him when he got back into the big house and things were well. So some time later Pharaoh had a dream and was troubled and called for the magicians of Egypt and all the wise men, but they could not interpret his dream of the cows, (kine), and corn that he had dreamed of. It was now two years later and the butler had once again found favor with Pharaoh, and told him of a man in prison that had interpreted several dreams and could interpret his.

So after cleaning Joseph up and getting him out of the dungeon, he was taken to Pharaoh. After listening, Joseph told Pharaoh that the two dreams were one and the same. That in the land of Egypt there was to be seven years of plenty, and will come throughout the land, but after those come, seven years of famine, and all the plenty would be forgotten, for the famine will deplete the land. And since the dream was repeated twice, means it will happen shortly. As Joseph was telling Pharaoh how to remedy the problem, Pharaoh appointed Joseph Governor of Egypt, with no one above him save the throne of Pharaoh. He was given a ring, fine clothes and was to ride second in the chariot next to Pharaoh, and also given a wife, which bore him two sons.

The Egyptians were to store in reserve all they could in the seven years of plenty to have more than enough during the famine.

Shortly this all came to past and the famine was upon all the land of Egypt. In chapter forty-two, Jacob was told by his sons that the Governor of Egypt had plenty of corn and could feed his starving family by buying it for a price, since the famine was in the land of Canaan also. So Joseph's ten brothers went down to Egypt to buy grain from the Governor, not knowing that he was their brother Joseph.

Joseph recognized the brothers, but acted as a stranger to them and spoke roughly, but the brothers did not recognize him.

“Where do you come from.” And they said from Canaan.

“You are spies and came to see the nakedness of the land.”

“No, we are of twelve sons, the sons of our father Jacob, the youngest stayed and the other is no more, we are your servants.” Joseph spoke back that this is a test to see if they were telling the truth, and he would hold one and send the others back to bring the youngest back, which was Benjamin.

So he put them in prison for three days, and when let out was again placed before Joseph, where they talked among themselves and said; *“We are truly guilty concerning our brother Joseph, for we saw the anguish in his soul when he pleaded with us.”* But they still didn’t know who the Governor was or that he could understand them, for Joseph spoke in the tongue of the Egyptians through an interpreter. When this was heard, Joseph wept.

So Simeon had to stay and the others had their grain loaded and were on their way back to Canaan not

knowing that Joseph had their money placed back in the sacks they were carrying.

After returning to father Jacob, the nine sons told him all that had happened, and that the man-in-charge spoke to them roughly, and the money given was found in the sacks of grain, which was scary. But Jacob held his ground, and the youngest son Benjamin couldn't go. That's what was required to get Simeon, his second son back that was held in prison.

Sometime later when all the grain was used up, and again they were on the verge of starvation, the first son Reuben talked with his father, and finagled with Jacob to let him take his youngest son Benjamin before they starved. And Jacob said; *"If any calamity should befall him along the way in which you go, then you will bring down my gray hair with sorrow to the grave."*

So the men took Benjamin and double money for the grain, with other gifts also and went back to Egypt to get the other brother back, and to restore their sacks with provisions. And as they stood before Joseph, still not knowing who he is, he told the steward to go and make a feast in his home for them. This also scared the brothers, thinking it was a trap. They tried to explain themselves, but Joseph said, "Peace be with you, do not be afraid. Your God and the God of your father has given you treasure in your sacks; I had your money." Then he

brought Simeon out to them, and asked if the old man of whom you spoke was alright?

Arranging them in order, they were served, but Benjamin got five times as much. Joseph had to restrain himself, but still didn't let the brothers know who he was.

In chapter forty-four; "And he commanded the steward of his house , saying, fill the men's sacks with food, as much as they can carry, and put each man's money in the mouth of the sack. Also put my cup, the silver cup, in the mouth of the sack, and his grain money." As morning dawned the eleven brothers left for home in the land of Canaan. But when they had not gotten very far, Joseph told his men to overtake them, find the money and the silver cup, and bring them back. And asked; why have you repaid evil for good?

No sir, they spoke, we did not, why do you say these words. Far be it, we brought back double, how then could we steal silver or gold from you? With whomsoever you find it with, let him die, and we also will be your slaves.

They searched, beginning with the oldest and left off with the youngest, of which the silver cup was found. They were then brought back to the governor who said; *"What deed is this that you have done?"* And Judah said what could they say or do to clear themselves?

But he said; far be it from me that all would be my slaves, I will keep the one of whom the cup was found, and the rest may go to your father in peace. But Judah speaking back to him said that this would hurt their father severely, maybe even he would die and they could not go back without him. Let me remain as your slave, and let the lad go back to his father.

Joseph could not restrain himself and ordered all his men that stood by him to leave. He then made himself known to the brothers and cried aloud, and the house of Pharaoh heard him. I am Joseph, your brother whom you sold into Egypt. *“Does my father still live? But now, do not therefore be grieved or angry with yourselves because you sold me here; for God sent me before you to preserve life... God sent me to preserve a prosperity for you in the earth, and to save your lives by a great deliverance.”* It was not you that sent me here, but God. They all rejoiced.

The brothers were given provisions and wagons and went back to Canaan to get and bring their father Jacob to Egypt. And they settled in the land of Goshen, the best of all the land in Egypt, and prospered for many years, for Pharaoh also welcomed them. Joseph took care of his family for the next five years of the draught, and Jacob was glad to get his son that he thought was dead back.

Jacob, now called Israel, died many years later and had told the sons to bury him in the land of his forefathers,

and the brothers went to do so. While they were gone, they thought that Joseph would reject or maybe harm them for what they had done to him many decades earlier, now since their father had died. So before returning they sent a messenger to beg his forgiveness. And Joseph wept. When they had all gotten back to Goshen they fell on their face and said; *“Behold, we are your servants.”*

In chapter fifty, *“Joseph said to them, Do not be afraid, for I in the place of God? But as for you, you meant evil against me, but God meant it for good, in order to bring it about as it is this day, to save many people alive. Now therefore, do not be afraid, I will provide for you and your little ones.”* And he spoke kindly to them and comforted them.

I’d like to talk about this a little, and maybe see what’s ticking in so many around the world, and especially in America. We are so spoiled, mix-upped, selfish and greedy, that we’ll whine about anything, and I do mean anything. If someone licks the red off our sucker, says a wordy-durd to us, and even if giving us constructive criticism, many will go off the deep-end, and belly-ache, cry, come unglued and feel completely devastated because we ‘just don’t deserve it’. Sure is a good thing that we don’t get what we deserve, ain’t it.

Whether it be Noah, Abraham, Moses and the Egyptians, not counting his own people, or Sampson, or King David, or Job and his dung-pile, Jonah and his whale, or Elijah and his nemeses Jezebel, or Daniel and his lions, or even Jesus the Christ, all had something that appeared to be working against them, and all managed to get the job at hand done. Sure, a few of them whined, but all persevered and came out victorious, by God's hand.

If one would stop long enough to quietly look at their own life, they would probably see that each and every tempting and scary moment was custom made, orchestrated, and engineered just for them, especially for them. It Gods' way of blessing us and still keeping us in his arms, to temper us, to reshape us, to the vessel and relationship that He has always wanted, for us, and Himself. There's that silver lining again.

Yes, Joseph strutted around like some dads' favorite, king on the hill, parading himself like he was the top Billy-goat in a field of nannies, but he was just a young boy. The brothers were full of pride, impatience, and a cup full of ego that had to be dealt with. Daddy Jacob had a fault here and there that had to be dealt with also, and maybe he was a little too easy on the young boy. Young, dumb, and naive to the way life is, or how it's supposed to be, Joseph probably had his vanity showing. And he did strut until the brothers had taken all that they thought they could take, so they thought.

Thrown in a pit, sold to the Egyptian as a slave, just the way God had intended from the beginning. God had favor towards Joseph and even daddy Jacob, but he didn't know, as he was in mourning, even the ten brothers were being taught by God, but they didn't know it either. Even Potiphar and his household were being favored for the sake of Joseph, but he still had to go through another ordeal, the wife.

Thrown back in prison, Joseph had more things to learn, for he still had that ego thing going as when he asked the butler to remember him when he got back to the big house. That cost him more than a few more years, so God could break him down and get him ready. But Joseph learned, and after the interpretation of Pharaoh's dream he was now in the position that God was going to use him in. That is the throne, second only to Pharaoh himself, and even Pharaoh was prospering because of Joseph. Some nine or ten years later, two years in the draught, God started working; that is on the whole family. Old ways were being broke down, old habits being ripped apart, a lot of pain and suffering, at least for those still in Canaan. The family was hungry, and I'd say that hunger could make a fellow do things that he normally wouldn't do otherwise. The pride was beginning to diminish with brothers, and some of the arrogance was starting to fade away, as they had to prepare and travel to the foreign land to beg some stranger, (so they thought), to feed them and their cattle.

Now we get to the heart of the story as Joseph had to restrain himself with the ten brothers, for he wanted to know if their life and ideas were changing. At least this is what God was working on, and still had a few more things to teach Joseph. By the time the brothers saw that their money was placed in their sacks, and then again placed along with the silver cup, all were scared stiff, if not straight. But what were they going to tell father Jacob when his only son left by Rachael, his beloved, was captured. This had all the appearances of going wrong in every direction, but God's plan was working. As Judah stepped up in intercessory for the youngest boy Benjamin, and was willing to take his stead as a slave to the Governor. Joseph heart was touched, as he wept, seeing the changes taking place right in front of him.

Folks, there is a lot going on this part of the story, as everyone involved was being orchestrated, and engineered by God and molded to their place and purpose, even Pharaoh. Father Jacob was still hurting and scared, he was old, losing his sight, but God was giving him a new sight. The ten brothers were being humiliated, and were learning the real meaning of working together and of family, not looking at their own selfish wants, but the needs of others. As they were now in agreement to not let their youngest brother or their dad be hurt, not to be the cause of any of the others pain, so they were willing to give their own life to save the

others. They had repented, in other words, changed their mind that reflected in their deeds.

Now Pharaoh ended up being a pretty good guy, as he also learned from Joseph, which was really God's doings, and gave the good of the land.

Jacobs', which means deceiver, life was changing also. It took the pain, even though it was based on a lie, and the fear of losing another son, for him to come to himself and accept the deeper things of God. Earlier God had changed his name to Israel, but was many times still called Jacob, but now he came into his true name with his true blessings that he had for the entire family. He had eyes to see, at least more clearly. For he was a much more of genteel man in his old age, as opposed to that of his earlier life. Israel was now set to be a part of his forefathers and to take his place that God had appointed.

Joseph, like all of us, started young, immature, or best just come out and say it; stupid, as he created most of his problems. Bragging here and there, strutting around with his fancy coat, taunting his older brothers, he created himself a pit that he couldn't get out of, but God had a plan. It took many years for Joseph to grow up, but with so many years in prison, he had time to listen. Still thinking himself important, he told the butler to remember him, that was another mistake.

But when Pharaoh placed him in-charge, he took it very seriously, and began to also view things differently. As all of Egypt was at his command, he probably learned that the mistakes he made had sometimes severe consequences. Anyway he grew and matured to a man that had reason.

Did you notice, that when the ten brothers had bowed and humbled themselves that it touched the very heart of Joseph? When the brothers went to apologizing, begging for mercy, and placed their very person at his feet, that Joseph saw that the whole ordeal was a plan of Gods'. He not only let them off the hook, he took the time to explain that God had engineered the whole thing, and they were not to be blamed.

I think that is exactly what we should do, when someone that has done us wrong, comes to himself, repents and tries to make amends. That is, not only forgive them, but treat it as if it never happened. Take the attention off the problem and find that silk-lining that has been there from the start, for God always has a plan. 'All things work together for good...', always has and always will.

Out On A Limb

We were still standing beside the pond. What a beautiful day it was, and I, loved every minute of the time that me and this beautiful man in the straw hat were having. It seemed that we could talk with each other without even having to talk. I wanted earlier to skip a rock across that pond, and went to look for one, when I heard His Voice say; "beat you to it." I'd thought that was funny, and finally found my own rock. Hey! I could make it skip as many times as He could, I thought that was sort of neat. We mostly sat and then stood there relaxing, I let down my guard quiet-a-bit, and was, in my heart, coming a little closer to this appearance of a man that was Lord, and I mean Lord and our Creator.

Standing there looking over the pond and at the mountains behind it, as the day was unfolding, was without any doubt the best day of my entire life. Once in a while we would glance at each other, but mostly I was just pondering.

I noticed that my Dad kept looking over to the right side of the pond as if He saw something. So stretching and standing a little taller I looked, and there was a man walking towards us. I couldn't tell who it was, but he

most likely was one of the neighbors. As he came closer, he looked very familiar, and I was at this point thinking it was the guy down the road, but still not sure, for I knew who he was, but just couldn't put a name him yet.

As he walked along the side of the pond, he was no more than twenty feet away when Dad sang out; "Ross, meet my son."

Since everyone was His son, and He knew who this was, I reached my hand out and walked toward him, smiling as if I already knew who he was. "How are you doing? Seems us two aren't the only ones enjoying this beautiful day."

And at the same moment, Dad said; "this is Joshua, he came to spend a little time with us, if it's alright?"

He's already said that He loved all the same, and this being one of His, makes him my brother, so I said; "sounds great to me."

We sat there for probably close to a half hour, just talking about this and that, but mostly of how nice it was to spend this day in the woods among friends.

I've known this familiar looking guy for only a few minutes and he's already calling me a friend. I thought; I like it. We did seem to have one of those camaraderie's that only come along only once in a life. He had a fragrance about him that smelled like honey-suckles, and

a smile just like my Dad has, so I was more than welcoming a friend like this man. He had a belt on that looked something like a tool belt, but was different.

Dad spoke and asked; do you know who Joshua is, and have you guys met before?"

"Dad, you know everything, you already know whether we've met before." I was stalling, for I really did know him, just haven't placed where we met or where he lived. There was more than a little bit of familiarity to his demeanor, and that smile that he had was brighter than the sun. About the time I started asking; "are you the guy that lives...?"

"...right down the road?" He spoke before I could get my question out.

"Yes. Are you the guy that fishes all the time?"

Before he answered, the Lord cut in and said; "Ross, this is Joshua, the man you gave your life too, back in 1975."

I'd only given my life to one person in my life and that was in 1975, and then it dawned on me. "You mean Jesus?"

And Joshua smiled real big and said; "that's me."

My knees buckled, as I almost hit the ground. He did look like what I had pictured Him to be, and He did look a whole lot like my Dad, only a little smaller. I just stood there staring at him, when a voice spoke; "This is real, and this is Joshua, the man does fish, but this my son fishes for the other kind of fish, man. Ain't He beautiful?"

All I could say; "yes He is, and so precious." This was a double whammy, and the greatest day of my life. I couldn't believe it, but I believed.

"Yeah, most call me Jesus, but my earth mom and dad called me Joshua, the neighbors down the road called me Emanuel, but I'm one and the same. I knew you guys were out here talking and enjoying the day, so I thought I'd drop by and maybe relax with you a short bit."

"Father, I heard you call Him your son, but I didn't know He was your real Son."

"Ross, He's no more my real Son than you are, all are mine and all were with me in the beginning. You and the others also are my sons, or I could say all are my Son. For Joshua, I mean Jesus died for all and lives in all, all are His, and all are Mine."

"What about those that don't live for you, or really know who and what you are?"

And Joshua spoke up and said; "it is true, I gave my life for all, even those that hate me, and those that desecrate

my name, my Love for them is not dependent on them loving me, my Love is for all, even those that hung me on the cross. I live in all, but few acknowledge me in their lives, but I'm there, waiting to be reached for and called upon. I was the first to be resurrected, but all, because of my Father's work are resurrected because of what He did through me. Those that don't lift me up, live defeated lives, and choose to tackle life on their own. That is, with their own acquired skills and knowledge, but I'm in them, just like I am with you. So, can you see that you also are His real Son?"

"I'm starting to see, but I think that I'd been blinded by the physical world and maybe I should start looking through my true eyes."

"Just to be able to understand that," Joshua said, looking straight at me with what looked like rainbows pouring out of Him, "means that my light inside you is beginning to illuminate you from within."

"What can I do be one with the both of you? What can I stop doing?"

With the patience of nothing that I'd ever seen, and a gentleness that is almost unheard of, Joshua said; "you already are, I have lost none. My Father and I are one, we see the same, think the same, we are always in agreement, that's because He, nor I, neither one held anything back, and I submitted to Him. My life was not

mine, but His, and it pleases me to please Him, and at that point, all that was His, was mine, and if anyone, no matter what he's done in his life, will do the same, he also will sup with us."

"We didn't make any mistakes at creation, nor any other time, When the Father had created all, He said it was good, very good. Yes, man chose to live within his own means when he chose the knowledge of the tree of the world, but we didn't separate our being from him, for we operate in Love. The tree and the serpent in it, is all the learning, intellect, formulas, and knowledge that this world has to offer, but we are not of this world, although I did live in it for a while. I had too, I had to know the tugs, struggles, and temptations, and in spite of all them, I overcame."

Joshua side-stepped over to a rather large stump from a long ago cut tree and was sitting there talking with me as if we'd always known each other, and I was thinking about what to ask Him, when I had a thought that I shouldn't have had. And he interrupted my thinking.

"It's alright to have thoughts like that', Joshua whispered in this very soft voice. "No I'm not much to look at, but I make up for it with my Love. And another thing, we have known each other throughout the eons."

Thinking again; I thought these were two peas in a pod. Looking up at my Dad as I was thinking, He just gave me one of those winks that said; 'I heard that'.

I was dumb-struck, fascinated, in awe, but very much at peace between these two beautiful men, and I really don't think that I should call them men. So I asked; how do I address you, I mean, do I call you Lord and Lord?

Dad spoke up with this faked smirk on His face and said; "we've been listening to you for years, and nothing in this conversation has changed the way we view you. We thought you were beautiful before this day, and we still do. We see the heart, and all those that seek us, come with pure hearts, and that can never be detrimental. So address us how you may, we just like being with you."

"And another thing," My Dad, in His size umpteen boots said, "If I'd sent my son looking like what you call a movie-star, would it have been as effective? Seeing how people like to be around pretty people, I rose above that and made Him beautiful."

Standing there with my mouth wide open, I sat flat on the ground, and couldn't help but to think. These ARE the most beautiful men I had ever seen. And then thought; am I supposed to still be calling them men?

This time Joshua interrupted my thought and said; “we have come here to you at this special time in your life, and have chosen to reveal our being to you as men, so it’s ok to see us that way. Quit worrying about what you say and think. We enjoy this wonderful experience as much as you. From time-to-time we approach many from around the world in the way that they see us. Sometimes as sailors, sometimes as cowboys, even sometimes as animals or clouds or trees, it just depends on what the person that is seeking us will accept.”

“So why are you wearing that tool belt?” And as I looked he didn’t have it on.

“You’ve always seen me as a carpenter, so I put it on for you, but now as you can see a little more clearly, I put it away. To the Greek, I’m a Greek, to the Jew, I’m a Jew, but to all, I’m a friend.”

“You mean even to those that despise you, and lash out on you, that you are still a friend to them?”

“Of course I am, I love ‘em all. The separation that comes between us and our children, never comes because of us. We do what we’re good at doing, loving them, but they have to choose to be Loved. Sin doesn’t make us separate, unless the one missing the mark thinks it does. But all miss the mark, and I will always miss the relationship that we could have, if they’d turn to me, even in their weakness.”

I listened intently as this gentleness of a man spoke with a kindness, a softness, and a love that is all but unheard of on this earth, and asked him a question. "Am I hearing right? That your love never leaves us, and we can run from you, but not from your Love?"

"Yes you can run from my Love, but not far enough or fast enough to get away from it. I have lost none and I never will, but what I am about, in my Fathers business is, establishing relationships. All that I have, all that I own is yours, you and all are joint heirs with me to the Father and the Kingdom, I will hold back nothing. I am the two edged sword, and I came to divide Truth with Love, from the flesh. I am established in my Fathers' kingdom, I am the Vine, but the Father is the root, you are the branches. The branches cannot be sustained by the root unless they are connected to the vine, and I am the Vine. The only way for you to be fed from the root is through me. The Vine feeds from the root, which is my Father, and therefore permeates into the branches, which you are. So anyone that runs from me or ignores me still abides in our love, but misses the relationship that We are about."

Understanding what Joshua just said, and stone sober, I asked; "so what does it mean that you are a sword?"

"I came not to bring peace, but division, and the division that I bring will beget Peace. Man is attached so much to his flesh and the set of religious rules and regulations that I came to cut them asunder so each can

be grafted back on the Vine, the only place that there is real Peace. It is mans' misunderstanding that he can do this walk on his own, he cannot. I am the Way, the Truth, and the only Life, and any other way, truth, or life is that which man has substituted for his own inadequacies. So, can you see that division is the only way to reestablish our fundamental right to a relationship with Dad? I also had to be separated from my home with the Father, while living on earth in the flesh, so the Way was made for each. Going through a divisive pain, only hurts for the short time that it takes for the withdrawels to disappear.

“Lord in this short time that we have talked, it is bringing a much needed clarity; I didn't realize that so much was going on behind the scenes. So am I hearing right that when some tribulation or division comes around that you use it to purify us?”

“Man has trained man to strive for certain situations, and when they are not met, he is trained that he is a failure.” I was watching Him as He spoke and the peace and the gentleness that just oozed from His being. “I do not hate this thing called church, but it is not of me, but I do hate the religion that man has invented to try to satisfy his appetites of the flesh. My kingdom is not of this world, but in the hearts of those pursuing a walk with my Dad and me. Tribulation, trials, and division are a few of the roads that We use to help my people to see beyond their self-righteousness, to look past their inadequacies,

and learn to lean on Us to carry them through. If a young child learning to walk, is caught each time he stumbles or falls, and never learns of the pain from a fall, then a big miss-injustice has been served. It is the same with our children, We take the mishaps and turn them into blessings for those that want their eyes open. I said to you that you were to be tried by 'fire', and that is for the purpose of purifying. I long for the relationship with each and every one, Our love never fades from them, but unless they come depending on Us, the relationship will be hindered severely."

"Joshua, it is so wonderful to have you here with me, because I have always struggled with this about the tribulations of life. Why do I almost always whine and cry before I come to realize that it is you that is purging me from this unclean way of life?"

"You've been contaminated by the so-called truths of this world, and you've not yet fully trusted in Us.

Still sitting flat on the ground, and listening with amazement, I spoke;" will you help me in my unbelief?"

Sure I will, that's why I'm here with you. Each time a new Truth is revealed, another blinder is removed, and another step is taken toward me, that's what I want." He said with a smile that made me want to jump in His arms.

“Go ahead,” he said with that rainbow of a smile still permeating from His being, “my arms are large enough.”

I just smiled back, while at the same time scooting a little closer.

I was so taken by the appearance of Joshua, that I think I was ignoring my Dad, so I asked Him; what do you think of all this?” It did sound like one of the stupid things that often come from me, but I had to say something, and that was all I could think of to say.

He said; “first of all, you’re not ignoring me, and you can be yourself with us, we are here to establish a deeper communion with you, not here to judge you by any means.” I don’t know how Dad could speak with so much beauty in the language of His body, for he could say things without even saying them. “When you are visiting with either one of us, you are with us both, we are one, totally connected, there is no separation. All that I do, Joshua is with me, and vice-versa. And the Spirit of my Christ Joshua is always around also.

A little caught off guard, I asked; “where is He, that spirit?”

Both spoke at the same time, and in harmony; “in your heart.”

We all sat and stood there in serenity enjoying the afternoon, the sun, the clouds, and all the diverse critters

that were scampering here and there. I was still taken back by all that was going on, still a little scared, but at the same time loving every minute of it. There were yet a few more questions that I wanted to ask, so I was sitting down, pondering on them, and broke out with a mumbling of words that didn't quite come out right. "Dad, what is my purpose, or maybe I should ask; what are my responsibilities in this part of my walk?"

"Ross, we don't put expectations on people, that's what the hierarchy does to show the differences between the two, also, that's what done when one doesn't know the future. We are busy about loving you, for you, you are already what we expected and nothing else is required from you to live in our Love.

"You mean that we don't have to live with rules and regulation?"

Leaning towards me, He tipped His hat, smiled with a sort of smirk, and said with a funny look on His face; "no, not exactly. In this earth life, there are people that are in charge of others, and as long as they are wrapped up in this world, that's the way it will always be. Religion must use laws, rules, and regulations to empower itself, for how else could they control others that they have to have to continue to survive? Law and religion have to have certain laborious and stringent rules or they will lose their following. That's just what the world does, but We move in a completely different direction. Under each particular

situation, they lay down a guideline to rescue, so they think, to bring that person back to the straight and narrow, or to give them some penance to pay.”

A little bewildered I asked; “don’t we have to establish this to keep everything in order?”

“The law and the tree of knowledge of good and evil is unto death, it was not meant to save people, only show them of their need for salvation. But I give you an opportunity and ability to respond in Love and to move in the freedom that each instance calls for. Because I live in you, and you in me, we work in the perfect Love that surrounds all unique and beautiful situations that are thrown at you. With the religious rules and regulations, our companionship is dead, for there is no trust in me. So can you see that religion separates man from me, for the law kills, and in this situation, it kills our companionship? You will either serve and love me, or the law, mammon.”

In my acknowledgement I said; “so this thing called ‘church’ has fed me a bunch of bologna?”

“Calm down a little,” my Dad responded as he took another step closer, “In order for them to keep control, they think they have to provide a way, their way, their law, their stringent rules to protect their followers from scattering this way or that. Joshua and I, with the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, come to reestablish a relationship with my people, especially those called by my

name, and all we request is Love, Love cannot force itself on others, for Love always comes out as Love. There is no other basis for relationship in our Kingdom, Love conquers all, Love covers a multitude of mishaps, and everything comes into union with Love. The world operates in guilt, judgment, shame, and fear, totality different than the relationship of the Kingdom. We don't separate, condemn, nor do we put conditions or expectations on you, Love cannot do that, Love always binds people together, the law destroys. Joshua said before that He came to give Life, and give it abundantly, Love is that abundance, along with our Grace and Mercy. Now, is what I'm saying starting to make sense?"

Thinking this over for a minute or two, to let it sink in I said; "I'm starting again to follow what you're saying, but don't we have responsibilities to the person we are loving?"

"Ross, you're looking at the surface of what I'm saying. Expectations and responsibilities are the platform of judgment, guilt, fear, and shame, which encourages others to preform to meet a certain standard, then when their performance doesn't measure-up, then the guilt, shame and judgment kicks in. But in the relationship based with Love, then all is conquered, all are free, at peace, and all that's left is the Love and the relationship. There is no labor in Love, it is a giving of yourself with nothing held back."

"You know, I believe that I understand that," I sorta blurted out, "when you and Joshua are looking at us, maybe I better say relating with us, all you see is the beauty that is in us. Your Love doesn't place expectations, guilt, fear, or shame on us because we are not perfect yet. You're just having a relationship with us because of your Love. So you've never been disappointed in any of us?"

"Exactly. You're getting it, and have come a long ways in your understanding. Disappointment is what the world uses to keep others in line, so therefore they have to turn their back on Us, and to the degree that one uses performance, they neither know me or trust in me. You are already perfect to us, and we'd know."

"Wow, I guess that I've spent most of my life away from you, for that sounds so much like my life, all but that perfect stuff."

Joshua stepped in and said; "we wouldn't let that happen. Sure, you turned to the tree of knowledge, with all its manipulations and gimmicks, and even went out on your own with your acquired knowledge, but We were always with you. Our Love never fails, We don't forget to Love all, so no one has to perform for Us, We are Love. The Tree of Life is who We are, and that's having a relationship with our Sons, everybody. And again, all are complete and all are accepted."

Mulling this over for a couple of moments, and continually looking at the sparkle in His eyes, along with that big-ole grin, I whispered back. "So you've never been disappointed in any of us?"

"Never, Love doesn't keep a record, nor does it rejoice in iniquity, Love endures all things, never fails, Love is the essence of true Life. Everything in the world will fail at one time or the other, but when that which is perfect, Love, is come, then that which is in part, mostly everything else, will be done away with, simply vanish.

"WOW!!!" That's all I could mustard up.

Mining the Mind

I began walking toward the pond with the wheels turning in my head, basking in the day, and pondering all the stuff that we had talked about that day. This was the most wonderful day of my life, and was thinking about taking advantage of my two favorite people being there with me, and maybe just pounding them with the many diverse questions that was going on in that pea-brain of mine.

I wasn't the only living thing that was enjoying this sun-lit afternoon, for the deer were around the water, and the frogs didn't jump when approached, all seemed to pick-up on the tranquility of having our Creator there with us. Walking around the waters' edge, thinking about the many directions that my thoughts were going, I sat on a rather large rock that was so close to the bank that I could touch the water if I stretched my leg out far enough. I was thinking about the mess the barn was in, about the love that my heart seemed to share, about how easy it was to ask silly questions and not be ridiculed, about the knot-hole that I peered in, but mostly about the way they genuinely enjoyed being with me.

I looked to my left and Joshua and Dad were standing next to each other, just laughing and talking, touching each other, sometimes giving the other a hug, just like they were best friends. When both stopped for a moment, turned, looked at me, and said in tandem with the voice of one; “we are best friends.”

There was something about their smiles that filled a body with refreshment that probably tasted like the manna the Israelites must have experienced.

They most likely knew that I was in thought, and were giving me room to sort things out. One would say something I couldn't hear and the other would smile, laugh, or praise Him for saying it, and then the other would do the same, they really were BEST FRIENDS. And I was loving every minute of it, for I'd never experienced a relationship like the one going on with the three of us.

As I sat there on that rock I was contemplating on many different things, when a turtle, about the size of a coffee cup crawled from the water and up my leg. He just sat there, I think it went sound to sleep, at peace with his surroundings and had no fear of me, for once in a while my leg would twitch, and it would look up, but not move.

Just about the time that I'd come up with a few questions to ask, they both walked towards me still talking in the playful way they had been carrying on with. Joshua dipped His hand into the water and made a cup

out of it, and a small minnow swam right in. Dad, still playing around, acted as if he was going to push him in, I think to break the silence, but they both knew what was going on.

Fidgeting around like a kid with five cents in a penny candy store, I looked up with a somewhat of a sheepish look on my face and ask; "Could you Guys answer a few questions that I'm a little afraid to ask?"

Joshua spoke first; "sure we would." And Dad injected; "that's why we're here".

"Lord, a while back, I heard you call me out of the assemblies, and believed that I was doing the right thing, for I thought that I was hearing you correct. But before I start with trying to clear up some stuff, let me ask you if indeed I heard you call me out of this façade called 'church'?"

"You and many others heard us and obeyed."

"Whew, I just didn't want to start off on the wrong foot." Why did you ask, or really should say demand, that we come out of her?"

"Babylon is the world", Joshua spoke in this slow voice, "and when man began to step off the Rock that I established in the beginning, and intervened with his own equation, then that which I founded started to disintegrate, at least in the obvious eyes of man. Let me

tell you a story before we get deeply involved in these struggles. In the early nineteen hundreds my Spirit began moving in a place in California, a place in a run-down building on Azusa Street. My Spirit had freedom to move and people were being healed and delivered from all over the world. It was asked for by two men who loved us, and were genuinely seeking us. This went on for quiet-awhile, as many were coming to me wanting a new life and found the freedom and peace by the moving of the Holy Spirit that was flowing freely there. As it grew in the number of folks coming, so the healings grew also. But one day after several men met and thought they had to organize the revival, They decided to place a sign over the front door which read; 'REVIVAL'."

"From that day forward, the revival came to a halt. Somehow, man thinks that he's got to put his hands to the things that Daddy, the Holy Spirit, and I am doing, and ends up placing himself as the center of all that's going on. Ross, this ought not to be so, but it is, and that's called Babylon, and all they did, was make a little sign."

"A little sign stopped all that?"

Looking at me puzzled, but knowing that I didn't quite understand what was said, He spoke in a soft tone. "No, it wasn't the sign that stopped the Azusa revival, the sign was a signal of mans' intervention. My true Church moves by the unction of my Spirit and is led by me, as I

follow my Fathers' Path. As long as man thinks or tries to organize, develop, enhance, or even put his hand to Our work, it will always fail. My Church, or can say Kingdom, is not of this world, but lives only the heart of those seeking the Love of our Father, and not their own personal benefit, or prestige."

"Lord, I want to approach a subject that I think might be a little sticky to talk about, and I'm sure not wanting to be out-of-line."

But before I completely finished, He interjected. "We both know what you want to speak about, and Joshua and I have already discussed it between ourselves," Dad spoke in the same soft voice that Joshua had used. "Don't ever be afraid to talk with us about anything, we've heard it all, but this particular subject needs to addressed."

"Dad, when I look at this institution that many call 'church', I see a lot of people trying to sell themselves, their wares, their uninformed ideas on others. Trying to get recognition and followers to feed their high minded egos, or, they are just plain and simply misled by those that came before them. In other words, disillusioned by our forefathers that have taught the many varied ways that there is to follow You."

Joshua spoke this time, before I got my question out. "Not only are many disillusioned, but come from a long line of people that are sincere in their disillusion."

"Then why do I hesitate so much in saying that what's going on looks more like a whore house, than it does group of people wanting to worship you guys? Why does each preacher, or each meeting house have to try to out-do the one down the road?"

Before speaking, Joshua paused like He was putting His words together, and then spoke in that very somber way that he usually does. "Church, is a person or people, my people, those seeking a new Life, those asking for Truth, those wanting to know the Way, those that are called out of babylon, and those that want a complete relationship with me and my Father through revelation. Church is not a place, and never has been, it's not a thing, it's not even an avenue to walk on. It's a person, or maybe even two or three that gather in my name, certainly not an event that can be viewed, or something that can be heard, it is that secret place in a man's heart when he is relating with me."

"To call it a whore," Joshua said as He continued, "is a statement that I have spoken many times before. So to think that you're out-of-line by saying it, it's your lack of believing what I said in the book of Revelations. When I wrote it in the seventeenth chapter, I wanted this latter-day people to see that she sits on many waters."

“Waters meaning what?”

I was looking at Him intently, and I knew he saw me as eager to learn. “Waters are people, tongues, multitudes and nations, the many waters of the world are flooding with the ability to play church, and even wanting to look like me, but without the companionship of Us. No one is going to catch Our attention with their stained glass windows, or their choir in their robes, or someone dressed in a tailored suit, or the attendance in Sunday school. No, I’m looking for those that are after Our heart, those that want to walk with me, those that are filled with Our Love that conquers all. And by all, I mean everything that is in the life of each believer, for their thoughts are on things, the stuff the eye can see. My people don’t go whoring around for such idols as these.”

“Then why do so many follow this way of life?”

“Mostly because of the decades, even centuries of drummed in methods that men wanted to express, and look good to those that were seeking me. You don’t have to go somewhere that’s called church, you are the Church; my people gathered, or not gathered coming before me in companionship. It’s been taught that these methods are tried and true because of the length of time that it’s been happening. When man projected himself leading the church, he thereby walked away from me. Don’t get me wrong, I love the people, all of them, but I hate their Nicolaitan ways. There is no ritual, method, or program

that I will continually use. But I will never forsake the people, for all are precious to me."

"Joshua, I thought through the years, what the great whore on the many waters was, I've looked at governments, schools, cultures, and everything else I could think of, but couldn't come up with but one."

"You didn't come up with it, I showed it to you."

"Yes I see that, the only organization or institution that consistently has masses of different tongues, many peoples, and are scattered all over the world in many nations, was that of this 'thing called church'."

Dad injected as he was now leaning on this tree that wasn't growing straight. "I love my people, but their methods and organizations that are used, does not get my attention, nor do I place stock in them. Very seldom does Joshua, Me, or the Spirit, do the same thing twice, we're not big on rituals. So when man writes a Sunday bulletin, sings a couple of songs, prays a time or two, and then preaches for thirty or forty-five minutes, We are somehow pushed out of the way."

"You mean you leave?"

"Well sort of, He answered back rather meticulously, We don't get mad and leave, We are more or less pushed out of the way. But We Love'em anyway, just don't get a chance to have a real visit very often."

Looking down to the ground and in a voice that sounded more like a mumble, I asked; "I guess that makes you a little sad?"

Joshua spoke this time. "No it doesn't make us sad, for to be sad, one has to be disappointed that what they thought should be, isn't. I'd told you before that We don't put expectations on people, We love them where they're at. We might not be able to have a relationship with 'em at the time, but our Love never fades, the one thing we're all very good at is patience.

"What makes a harlot anyway, I know it's not a sexual thing, so what is it?"

"A harlot, prostitute, or whore is someone who leaves their first love, and tries to find a substitute for love somewhere else."

My eyes opened wide, my mouth was the same way, but I managed to ask; "so that makes us all whores to some degree?"

Quick to speak, Joshua shot back as He winked; "yes it does. But remember, during my walk on earth, I was kinda partial to prostitutes, they still hold a special place in my heart."

Dad jumped in and said "yes they do, we're not looking for those that are well to join Us, but always on the look-out for those that need a physician. What I'm really

trying to say is that those that see themselves fulfilled in their ritualistic ways with their dot-to-dot-to-dot ways, won't ever accept anything but the programmed ways, but those that see that this doesn't work, we search out. You can't put new wine in an old wine vessel, the wine, nor the vessel will remain. But those that are willing to be emptied, and made a new creator, can be filled because of their emptiness. So those that remain in the traditions of men, do it at the expense of our relationship with them, and that cheats us, just like it does them. It's only because of the lust and greed of those in the high places of that thing called 'church' that keeps them anchored to the unfulfilling status-quo of the harlot. Many are like Mary, Lazarus' sister, they are always close and at our feet to learn of me, but still again continue to look for us outwardly, when we live within.

Immediately Joshua jumped in and continued; "and that hurts us all. We desire a fellowship with them, just like they do Us.

"Why then don't you do something about what man is doing, you know, step in and make us all to see what's happening?" I inquisitively asked.

Love never forces itself, we talk, we reason with them, we even convict, but unless they are willing to put away the 'old man', we just wait. Some make it to Truth, some don't, but all are Loved anyway. Joshua again spoke.

“Thank you for enlightening me, I’d thought that I’d been hearing that from you, but I guess there was some doubt, so again thank-you. Now if I could change the subject a little, could you tell me what James was talking about in his epistle when he spoke of the tongue, as it were a deadly poison?”

“That’s why we are here, to answer your many questions, and you sure have a bunch of them,” He said with a wink and a smile. The tongue of the flesh man cannot be tamed, and in its’ wildly state, the tongue becomes a poison, especially to the one speaking the words. In the case of what we were just talking about, the tongue pollutes from the preacher to the pupil, to help them procreate their messages of idolatry. Even though it is a small member, it can boast of great ideologies, programs, and any other man made invention, that sway men back to the flesh. It is a fire, a world of iniquity, and defiles the whole body, the one speaking and the body of My Church. If Wisdom ascends in meekness, the bitterness and self-seeking will not boast, nor lie against Me, the Truth. For Wisdom is from above, and is first pure, then peaceful, gentle, and willing to yield, full of Mercy and fruit that will remain. I’ve written about this in the book of James, chapter three, and it’s not hard to understand. Many brag about preaching fire and brim-stone, others preach about the condemnation of those without, others about living a life filled with candy-canes and sugar-plums, and all preach

about the flesh and how it can 'save' you. So it's not hard to see that the tongue is a fire, a deadly poison, and can be used in destructive ways, many times over. But through the 'goodness' of My Son Joshua, the tongue can be the instrument of blessing, worship and praise, but only when tamed by Our Spirit."

"Let me interrupt here," I said feeling some pressure for the many times that I too have spoken something stupid, or stood in some pulpit and taught on a subject that was taught to me, by man. "Not often, but we do use our tongues, let's clarify that, language, to speak blessings and restoration to others, don't we?"

"Of course," Dad said looking at me with a gentleness on His face, "it happens, but not with the consistency of the purpose that I have given the language for. The soul of man speaks at will, speaks of the flesh and on behalf of the flesh, It speaks the silliness of the (I wanna's). Since the unbridled tongue is to be compared to the unwed woman in each individual person, then the woman, or better said soul is not permitted to speak. And until these two, the spirit man, and the unwed woman,(the soul), come together as one, then the woman of each man is not to hold authority, nor to speak in an assembly. She, (the soul), is to keep silent, unless the two have been united together in the marriage of reconciliation, with the Spirit as the head."

Puzzled, I said; "I don't understand, will you talk clearly so I can?"

"The soul is the part of man that learns from his youth up, by the environment. It is the personality, demeanor, character, and temperament of each man, it is the part of man that feels, you know, hates, loves, gets excited, is sad, laughs, and so on, it is the part that is to be in subjection to the spirit of man. When the two come together as one, then the marriage begins."

"That's what Jesus did, I mean Joshua, isn't it? What I'm trying to say is that He and His soul were one, in harmony with each other, am I saying this right?"

"That is exactly right. Jesus, from His very early days saw that the soul could hinder someone if it is not in subjection to the Spirit. Him and I were in such a close communion, and He asked so many questions about this, that He learned early-on."

Joshua jumped in and said in a playful voice and a little animated; "that was me." He looked at me, smiled, and said very calmly and seriously; "I did learn at an early age. But I had such a heart for my Father, enjoyed very much spending my time with Him, and he gave me, as He will anyone, all that we need to know. And understanding who the soul nature is in man, is very important, for it has to be in subjection to the Spirit Man, or everything will go array."

“Is that what happened in the Garden of Eden when the fruit was eaten? Was it that after the serpent had shown Eve what seduction was, that she tried it on her Husband?”

“Yes, that was the beginning. The tree of knowledge was an opportunity, or an ability, to obtain all knowledge of the flesh, the good and the evil, and begin to work out all problems and mysteries on their own. Eve is the soul, Adam is the Spirit, the Spirit knew the Father, but the soul only knew about the Father. That is why it is so important, actually, completely necessary, for the marriage between the soul and Spirit. The soul is to be as I was and am, in agreement with the Father, the Spirit of man, or in this case the Adam. When ones’ soul is united as one with the Spirit of each person, then she will keep silent, not hold authority, and always be in subjection to her Husband, the Spirit.”

“You know, that now makes perfect sense. I always looked it all this in the flesh, this husband and wife thing, but You were talking to us about the Man within. So our feelings and earthly nature is not to have a say in our decision making? She, with her seductions is not to play a role in our walk, unless the spirit and soul are united in marriage, as it was with You and the father when you walked on earth, right?”

Joshua spoke with no hesitation, “My earth flesh and my heaven nature were one, and I was never tempted by

my soul beyond that in which I would give in to it. There were a couple of times that I thought about it, but nevertheless, I understood well that it was my Fathers' will, and not mine that I truly wanted to follow. My soul called out, but only a thought wanted the cup to pass from me, I liked pleasing My Daddy."

"How neat," was all I could say.

Being Turned Outside In

Virtually everyone has and still is eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. This concept of christian religion was started early on, just after the crucifixion. For the Apostle Paul had to confront it several times during his walk. Paul knew what he was talking about, when combating the religious orders of each town that he went through, for he himself came from a deeply rooted religious belief, being a Pharisee of Pharisee's. But in his face to face encounter with Jesus on the road going to Damascus, he was shown a Truth that the many years of his sect couldn't give him. He wasn't just changed to become a better man, he was recreated from the inside out, he saw Truth. Blinded by this encounter, he was shown the condition that he had led his life with up to then, couldn't see a thing. But when prayed for and the scales came off, he was now looking at a different world, at least on the inside.

It was the many different religious beliefs that landed him in prisons, and were used to persecute him relentlessly. Pauls' blindness is what Jesus used to give him his sight for the very first time. His outside was being turned in, for he was given the blessing of being shown

who he had always been up to this point, the chief among sinners. Wow, what a change in an inner mans' life, you know the rest of the story.

All see through a dark glass, and I guess that's because we're limited in this three dimensional world, but most are completely blinded by the rhetoric being spewed out by those that say they know what they're talking about, the institutionalized layman. 'If you can't make it right, make it look good' is the motto of the millennium. Folks, again I say, if the hype that's being fed was going work, don't you think it would have by now? As long as the law, and especially tithing, is taught in our wonderful dispensation of Grace and Mercy, that boat won't float. For no one is going to figure out how to mix that water with oil. I've been taught by Gods' Christ to Love the people, but never again will I embrace the religious crap that flows so freely from every denomination, sect, corner building with their steeple, or anyone else that tries to keep their people bound by some set of rules and regulations. The law was up until John the baptizer, and he was used by God to commission Jesus to a new era of Love and Grace. Paul said that the law and the letter of the law kills, and is unto death, but when that which is perfect Love, comes, then that of old is done away with. There will never be freedom in the heart of Gods' people until the heart is changed, and that begins in repentance, a changing of the mind. A pouring out of the old mind, being renewed, recreated, and filled with the new mind

of Christ, and is the only answer, and won't be found in these places where the lust of the flesh is being taught. Your personal relationship with God and His Christ, our Lord, will not be flaunted in a display of self-righteousness.

Of course those embedded in the institution are going to say that I'm nuts, that includes all, whether laymen, clergy, the elected back-ups, or just the parishioners. Nobody caught up in this flesh worship is ever going to admit to the truth that the True Church of God does not resemble this 'thing called church'. The apostle Paul had to deal with all the people that made their living from the idol of the goddess Diana of the Ephesians. There was a fight, for no one was willing to give up their vocations, or beliefs, not to some nut preaching Jesus Christ and Him crucified. This sure ain't the only time that Paul or any number of others were confronted with this problem of 'don't mess in our sand box' attitude.

Moses had a chaotic thing going on with his beloved brother Aaron and the people of Israel when descending the mountain with the oracles of God. We too, like Israel, have built a golden calf, and thought we were doing the right thing, we thought. The golden calf is alive and well, worshipped weekly in these institutions, and will fight to the bitter end before they give their idols of the flesh.

Again, most will think what I'm saying is from the devil, out-of-line, some cult thought, or any other devise

to shoot down what God has given me to give others. They have to, how else will those that make their living selling Christ, or those so manipulated into thinking that this is Gods' ways, bear the burden of laying down their life in a true sense, and following the Way, Truth, and Life. The way I see it, is that following after Christ will cost us everything, especially our lives. Sure, a laborer is worthy of being paid for his labors, but preaching, teaching and spreading the 'Good News' is not laborious. It's a Love, a privilege, maybe a way of life, but not a vocation, It is a joy that can't and won't be measured in dollars. In second Chronicles-seven fourteen says, and God's speaking; "if My people, that are called by My name, will humble themselves, and pray, and seek My face, and turn from their wicked ways, then I will hear from Heaven, and will forgive their sin and heal their land. And that land is us. For God is looking for His ears and heart to be perpetual, not man lifting up man. So is it that hard to see that this wonderful and valuable gift, us, the Church, has been pulled down to some street level attitude created by man and what he got from the tree of knowledge?

Of a Truth, the ones involved in the destruction of the sanctity of the church, are loved by our Lord. Yes every bit as much as those that have kept it Holy, but are missing out on the relationship that God provided from the beginning at the Garden. Will that stop them from attacking those that come against their sand-box

playground? Of course not, they have to protect their dignity and livelihood, for the involvement is so deeply rooted, and so deeply accepted by their peers doing the same things, that they feel they have no choice but to tear down any opposition.

Please think about this. How can man go to school, talk with the traditional old-men of the past, put on their shiny clothes, rehearse their weekly sermon, draw their pay check and think that they have come up with a way-of-life that's actually going to change others in a Godly direction? If I'm seeing right, then is not the Holy Spirit that knows all things, and teaches all things, anointing men to expound on the things of God? Again of course, it wouldn't matter what type of clothes we wear, or if we have a Rolex watch, some institutionalized seminary training, or maybe just a gift of gab, since the people world-wide have been trained through the centuries to accept the status-quo. A person like me, probably won't even make a dent in the attitude of those worshipping the 'church' and thinking that it's pleasing to God, it ain't. Some can sing hymns so well that they can make chills run up your spine, but some are like me and just make a noise, but then again when I sing silently within myself, it's a beautiful sound. But then again, God's not looking for educated preachers or great singers, they are a dime a dozen, but He is looking for those that seek His Heart. Those that will lay their life down, walk away from it, and follow Jesus as He walks us through every trial, every

tribulation, and anything else that it takes to purge us and temper us into His Life and Arms, are those that are cradled in His arms of Peace.

No one has lived a 'good' life, no one is without a detrimental past, all have sinned, but the past can lie where it is, in the past. For there is no condemnation, nor separation to those that give up on any kind of pretty or ugly past, simply turn around and follow Jesus, the only one that man can call upon for salvation, there is no other. And we don't need me or any other man to show us how, God is capable, willing and ready to look at His Son in you, and see nothing but the beauty.

I reckon we should at least touch on a couple of subjects that no one wants to hear, or if they've already heard would rather not talk about, and that is the pagan practice that so many do today and call it christmas and easter. Both were celebrated some thousand years before Jesus was born, and therefore have their roots in the pagans that practiced them. With their yule-tide logs, a crazy man mad flying around, and their orgies that lasted nearly two weeks. All in the worship of some god, which I won't even name, to get drunk and parade up and down the street until what was wanted, was achieved. The holiday easter was started about the same time period by some goddess called Ishtar, and again was about procreation and fertility, as seen in the bunny

rabbit or the eggs. Both were brought to us by a compromise, by a so-called pope to appease his subjects and bring the masses together. Neither have anything to do with God or His Christ. Sure Jesus had a birthday, some say September the eleventh, but it was never mentioned about a celebration. And Jesus did rise from the grave, which is the greatest of all feats for us, but easter as we know it has nothing to do with Christ, even if we do mention His name a time or two in our massive service. Both are still today celebrated to appease the masses.

The Burden of a Yoke

I guess it does sound like I'm gripping a lot about the way things are run in the institutions, and the way so many others have bought into it hook, line, and bait. This also is my Daddy, and I hate to see Him put on display, or treated like He is a man, or brought down to some earthly thing, or especially taught that He can be put in a box on just about every corner of most any town. I am not equal to God, but I do have His Son living in me, and I am joint heirs with Him to the Kingdom. Which simply means that I too, can walk with God, talk, fellowship, listen, you know, have an intimate relationship with Him anytime, anyplace, and not have to go to some 'thing' to be taught how I should do it.

The yoke of tyranny that has been put on Gods' people by those so desperately pursuing an audience, power and prestige, not to mention making a living, is more than Gods' people should have ever had on them in the first place. Jesus said that His yoke was easy and His burdens are light. It doesn't take a rocket-scientist to see that all the mess, the rituals, rites, the formulas, rules and so-on, are not light, nor do they come close to that Rock that Jesus set up in the beginning. It does hurt me to see my

brothers, my sisters, those in Christ with me, being tormented day and night with some long established hoop-la.

Call me crazy, well, I've sure been called worst. Call me stupid, well, if listening to what God has given to is, then some say I am. Call me a heretic, even that I've been called worst. Call me a blasphemer, that, I am not. I'm trying to throw a few things, (seeds) out there, that's going on behind closed doors that each of us in Christ should know about, and hope that a few will take root. This is the beautiful Alpha that we're talking about, and don't forget that He also is the beautiful Omega, our Creator and our Finisher. The One that gave us Love, and without Him there would be no Love, the same One that each of us was Loved by while we were still in our sins, running astray, following every idol that came along, even cursing Him, He is that one and only God that Loved us enough to put up with us when our backs were turned toward Him. No! We have not been given the correct information, nor are we apt to be given, as long as man is willing to promote himself in the stead of God.

If I'm trying to promote is trouble, let it be known, that I'm trying to promote the right kind of trouble, the kind that Jesus did in the Temple when He overturned their money changers tables. The same kind of trouble that the Apostle Paul was doing when he went against the many idols he had encountered on his travels. Jesus

called Himself a Sword, one that cuts both ways, the Divider of peace, so this that I'm doing is not unheard of, I just want my family, all that read this, to love our God with all of our heart, mind, soul and strength. If I can provoke one to the Love of God or His Righteousness, then so much the better, if not, then let this seed fall inside of you. I can plant a seed, another may water, another may even cultivate, but only God can make it grow.

Now let us go through a few common words used in these 'things called church': vestibule, choir, pulpit, pew, baptismal, hymnals, and stained glass. None of these, to our surprise, was ever mentioned in the Bible, no, not even in the Old Testament. Each one is a man-made item, built and designed for man and, (no matter what they say) God has nothing to do with the incorporation of it. The scriptures talk frequently about alters, they are to be made of stone, and not hewed, not altered by mans' hands, but stone at that, not the wooden so-called alters place under the pulpit of these 'things', they are a far cry from the order God implemented, and especially with their hand carved inscriptions. What's this: 'in remembrance of me'? These are but a few of the designs man has created unto himself, simply because he has little or no understanding of who God is. Now when one enters into the catholic religion, there are more than a few of these idols created for their entertainment; rosaries, confession booths, and so on, and maybe better

mention all that stuff that goes on in Latin, I guess to show superiority and keep their underlings in the dark.

How about we touch on another one of those ‘church’ words? The word rapture has this reputation of being another one of those ‘pie-in-sky’ things that is completely misunderstood. First of all it’s never mentioned in the Scriptures, and the definition given and accepted for it’s meaning is not at all what the value or the meaning is.

John while on Patmos Island was caught-up, or if you will, raptured and given the revelations of Jesus Christ. He was still on the planet, but caught up in the Spirit to a realm that is far above our three dimensions. The apostle Paul was called up, raptured, and went to the third Heaven to receive his messages. There were several times that the men of God were translated to the higher dimension and saw things of God. They were changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, they were face to face with Truth and Love. But we, or those that are alive and in Christ in these latter days shall also be changed, not by our might, but by His. So just like the men of old, we too will still have our feet planted on this earth. We too will have put on incorruption, we too will hear the trumpet, and we too will still be walking in this realm, still on earth, but with a Power that can only be that of God and His Christ. I believe that there will be a startling change in the lives of those that were hidden behind the trees, under the rocks, those that have humbled

themselves, and for the most part, stayed out lime light, for they will put on Christ, they will think with the mind of Christ.

Is it starting to come together yet? Are we beginning to see that man built an institution unto himself, and called it 'church'? And can we see that the same idols are being worshipped that was started with that so-called pope Constantine? And that God and His Only Begotten are being pushed to the side to make room for mans' inabilities to understand, therefore has built a tower with a lot of babble to look, sound and act 'good in the sight of those under them?

To go against the norm must be written somewhere as the thing not to do, but in this aspect, I've never been accused of being normal. (That's sort of a joke, sort of). The practice of christianity the way it is being done today, and observed, has been going on for many, many centuries. Each generation following the one before, with all their traditions, formulas and so-on, that it is embedded into to us by design that 'it' is the only and right way, it certainly is not.

Remember Moses, he led the Israelites out of Egypt and across the desert, the wilderness, for forty years. But God had a plan to keep Moses and his law from entering into the Promised Land. I'm quite sure that God wanted to show us in these latter days that the law will not cross that river Jordan, but only Grace. That's the reason

Moses was left behind, because he struck the Rock the second time, when speaking to It was sufficient. Therefore, Joshua, which is the same name as Jesus, was given the privilege of leading us across the 'river of death' into the Kingdom that God is establishing. To show that the 'old man' must die before entering, all the Israelites that left Egypt had to die, and then only their offspring could cross the river and go in to possess the land of 'milk and honey'. "Lest a man shall lay down his life, he is not worthy to follow Me", was spoken by our Lord. Until the old wine vessel is destroyed, new Wine cannot be stored inside. When we are made a new creature, created by Gods' hand, then that which is old will pass away, and that which is new shall be filled with His Wine, the Truth graced with Love.

Remember what God said; "when My people that are called by My name..." This is what each is called to; to turn from our ways to His. It's not at all too late, and it will happen, but wouldn't it be much greater to fall upon the Rock, than to have the Rock fall upon us and grind us to dust? The kingdom with two kings will never stand, so one has to be removed for the Kingdom to prosper. And man and his kingship is falling, and Gods' Kingdom is continually being established on earth as it is in Heaven. As I write this book the children of God are still in the wilderness, in that dry place, being prepared to cross the river Jordan. We are being taught, tempered, and purged of the 'old man', and are to be found worthy to take

possession through Love, by His most wonderful, beautiful and worthy Son Joshua, now called Jesus.

Maybe it's time to take a look at ourselves, go against the norm, fall in love with the Creator, turn our back on the traditions of the 'old man', and seek God's face, pray and be healed of all that has kept us anchored to the past.

I don't have any animosity toward those who have preached monuments to themselves, for I too, when young in the ministry of Christ fell into the same pattern of thinking. The traditional ways have been taught for so many years, with so many in agreement with them that only a very few have looked past and through the weekly rituals to see the Truth. I stood in several pulpits and sat in many Sunday school classes and taught the stuff that was taught to me. Not knowing that I too was a stumbling block and maybe leading some astray. Whether it was me or those today, no one was trying to do anything wrong, no one person is at any fault. All was done in sincerity, and a certainty that all that was being said had to be the truth, for virtually no one else was saying anything to the contrary. Since God is Almighty, and all power is His, then probably all that happened and all that is happening was in His plan from the beginning, or how else could the book of Revelations have been written? For it is written in the eighteenth chapter, verse four, to come out of her, My people.

Of a truth, the harlot is being judged, and the judgment has begun. Not some of us, but all of us are to be tried as by fire, purified. Not one has, or will escaped yet the repercussions, for all of us to one degree or the other are caught up in some way with the harlot, save those that are swallowed up in the bosom of Christ. Babylon will fall, it's not a question of if, but when. I'm not saying that God is going to take His wrath out on the people, I think not, but the institution itself will crumble. When Christ's wife is made ready, and that's what is happening now, and we come together in the marriage, the union of one, the nineteenth chapter says there will be great rejoicing. For His people will be carrying the testimony of Jesus, the Christ of God, and all will rejoice in the fall of Babylon, except those that have made their living from her. Think about all the merchants that make their living from the 'church'. Even if we don't count the secretaries, choir directors, pastors and their assistants, those directly involved, there is still the masses of people that make money building their meeting houses, and their fellowship halls. Boards, nails, screws, all the tools that it takes to do it, these too profit from them. How about the new carpet, the pews, the vestibules, the hymn books, the parking lots and so on? Can you see why so many will wale and cry when babylon falls? It's a money maker.

Thousands, millions, far more than tens of millions have either been snookered in, or bought in this massive

world-wide project, and depend on each other to keep it going. When one looks around and sees so many that is in favor of what's going on, they ask themselves; Why is it wrong if there are so many of us? Surly, we're not all out-of-line, or are we? It's the 'or are we' that I want Gods' people to look at. When so many are united in this one cause, and they encourage one another, and they prop-up one another, then it not hard to discover how it all got started in the first place. Well intentioned men, loving God and wanting to serve Him, had to do something, but wasn't quite sure what to do. They did the only thing that their peers had accepted and therefore went into the 'their ministry' the only way they knew how too. These are not 'bad ' people, no, not by any means, these are those that love the Lord and want to make an impact, by carrying the Gospel the only way they know how. And when we let the Holy Spirit that knows all things, and teaches all things, guide us, we will then see that what's happening doesn't line up with Him or the Scriptures.

No one person is to be blamed, it's that dad-burn tree of knowledge and all of us partaking of it, that has driven man to acquire the knowledge to bring himself back to God. And it won't work. It's God desire to have fellowship with His people, and running back to the Tree of Life, is the only Way. Turning loose of our learned knowledge, and all that our hands do, and even the places our feet take us, will unbind us to follow Him, as

He is a worthy leader. There is no other Door, Jesus is that Door, and all that want to pass through, must pass through Him. That's called the Way. And after passing through we are given the Truth, and the Truth always leads to Life.

I spoke above about 'their ministry', their ministry is theirs', but God does have ministers, and they belong to Him. There will be no ME's or MY's in God order, for all will be HIS.

Come, Walk with Me

Daddy, Joshua and I were still standing close to the pond. It was a wonderful experience for me, and I was now beginning to accept that they were here with me, I was a little skeptical, but am now coming around to accept them. It was still warm with a hint of crispness in the air, as the humidity starts going down this time of the year. The sky was beautiful, for it was not that long ago that the storm came through.

Dad and Joshua were close to each other and were laughing, cuttin' up, they sure did appear to enjoy one another. Me, I was about forty feet from them, and still basking in the delight of their company. I don't know if I was day-dreaming or just engulfed in the day, because I really wasn't paying much attention to what was going on around me, but couldn't help but see them as they were like two peas in a pod.

I sat down, just letting the Sun-shine flow on and through me, thinking about the day thus far, and I was sure doing a lot of that, but was truly enjoying this special time.

Like waking up, I came back to the moment, and started sorting out the many questions that were gathering in my mind. There were at least a zillion things, and most of them questions, going through that noggin of mine, and I was determined to get each one answered.

About that time Joshua walked over to me, smiling that rainbow of a smile of His and asked; "Hey! You wanna go on a walk with Dad and I?"

I couldn't get the words out fast enough, "I sure do". Even though my day-dreaming might have taken up a few too many minutes, I wasn't about to turn down an opportunity like a walk with the two most beautiful men that I'd ever met.

"Come, walk with us. We're going to walk across this little valley and up to the top of that hill", He said as He was pointing to a ridge about two hundred yards away. "There's something I want to show you, and it might help in explaining some of those questions going on in that noggin of yours." We both knew what He was referring to, He said with a smirky smile, because He knew my every thought.

"You do know that this day is going to end, as We have to leave you in a little while?" Joshua was now using a soft tone in His voice.

“Hold on a minute,” I was thinking, “I don’t want this to ever end!”

“This time that we have today with you, it will end, but we have always been with you, and that will never end.” Joshua said, now walking beside Dad, Him on Dads’ left side and me on the right. “Ross, you will never see this world again, as you have seen it before. We will never leave you comfortless, and now My Spirit will be accepted and heard by you more easily. But there are still a few things that I think you want to discuss.” So we continued walking down and then up through the woods, more or less in a straight line.

My mind was going faster than the speed of light, not knowing what He was going to show me, but I loved every second of it. Then my thoughts went to something silly as I thought that He sure was in good shape, you know, to be walking up and down these hills. But the thought was interrupted by Daddies voice. “Joshua never gets tired when I’m around,” He said with a exhilarating voice, “and I’m always around,” forgetting for a moment that they could hear my thoughts. And then Joshua jumped in and said; “We’ve always heard your thoughts, don’t you understand that We know more about you than you do yourself.”

As we topped the hill that was our destination, there was this humongous tree growing right on top, and that’s

where we stopped to gather. Joshua was the first to speak, and I was all ears.

He waved His arm as if sweeping the landscape, and when I looked outward, it had all changed. It was as if I could see the whole world, all the universe, the sky was still blue, but all the stars were shining. The sun was still shining, but it was now a large ball in the sky, and looked more like an oversized moon. And then he proclaimed in His soft but assertive voice. "All that you see is my Daddy's farm, as far as the eye can see," and He turned left and they winked at each other, "He made it out of nothing, every mountain, every tree. He made the oceans, the rivers, the valleys, the rocks, the lakes and all that live under the waters. He made the stars, the planets, the meteors, the galaxies, He made it all out of nothing, He made man and every living thing. All this that you see, and all that you can't, is all My Daddy's farm, and He made it for you and me."

It was elegant listening to Joshua talk, and it sounded more like a poem than it did just mere words. He then turned to me and whispered; I know that place that man is looking for, that place that he longs to be, and the Truth has always been with you, but many, just cannot see. Anyone that wants to take possession of my Daddy's farm will have to come through me, for I AM the only door. To have life beyond your nose or what this world says it can offer, you'd have to lay down your life, as you

know it, and follow me, for I AM also the TRUTH and the only LIFE that has substance to sustain eternity. Me and my father come to you today to open up your eyes to the World hidden behind the dimensions that man can see. A Life that is bathed in peace and joy, and a whole lot of love, is waiting those that chose our Life. Yes, there will always be troubles in the world of 'goods' and 'bads', rewards and punishments, but to the ones that will put away the 'old-man' of the tree of knowledge world, will have that intimacy that every man has always longed for."

As He paused for a moment, I looked into His eyes, and they sparkled of Love, a deeper Love than I had seen previously. My intrigue and dedication was totally on Him when he continued.

"I AM the gift of God to the world, for I AM the Bread of Life and the living Water, and if any man hunger or thirst, let him come into me. My victories are the victories for all that come, for I have traded sorrow for joy, defeat for prosperity, separation for atonement, and emptiness shall be filled with the full presence of my abundance. I endured many wounds that you may be healed. When Dad said; 'let there be light', I AM the Light, and all that trust in me shall not be blinded by this three dimension world, but shall see the many rooms of my Fathers' house, and all are within you. My peace I give unto you, not as the world gives, and why look outside for the

Kingdom, for I AM the finished deliverer and King of the finished Kingdom. All my works are done, there is none left to be finished, for all has been placed under my feet and made my footstool.”

As He talked, I sat in amazement, for the strength and validity that pour from Him was like nothing I'd ever heard before. For of a truth; this is the Alpha and Omega, and no other can stand beside Him.

And as He continued to talk, leaning a little closer, His voice got a little quieter, and said; “and all that I have, I give to anyone that comes to me in a pure heart. The world gives troubles, sickness, chaos, and disasters, and many have accepted it as normal, for this cause many are sick among you, and many die. But I have come to give Life and give It more abundantly, to set the captives of the tree of knowledge free, for I AM the deliverer. Eye has not seen, nor ear heard, nor has it entered into the heart of flesh man what my Father has stored for all that Love me and give up their life, for mine.”

Standing not more than ten feet away, Dad jumped in and said; “no other foundation can be laid than that which We have already laid down. If any man hear the voice of My Son and knocks on the Door, He will come in and sup with them. And where my Son is, there I AM also, and when He is acknowledged in the heart, We both abide.”

There was nothing else spoken for a few minutes, and I guess it was to let this melody of words sink in. For of a truth, no one ever spoke as they did, for it had power and authority that I'd never been around.

Still in amazement, and while looking around, I noticed that the sky and landscape was going back to normal, but it was still a magnificent day. Then Joshua broke in, and while I was still in a thought, said: "You are not just a student; you are a partaker in our Kingdom. This plan, this place is in the heart of all those that want this Life with us. But none can be had with the baggage that religion has forced on the ones that seek me. My ways are always pure, based on Love, not the love that the world gives, but that which my Father has given to me. He has set to my charge the Church, the called out ones, they are my people, and no principality or entity or anything else can pluck even one out of my hand, for they were all given to me by my father."

Whenever I was looking down listening to Him speaks, I was contemplating, it was wonderful, but felt like a dream, but when looking up and into His eyes, He was truly the Christ, and there was no doubt about that. Life emanated from Him, like beacons from the search lights at the county fair, there were no shadows, for His light was coming from everywhere, in all directions, as if the whole earth was aglow. But thinking it was my turn to

talk, I asked; “where do I go from here, what is it that I should do?”

And before I could settle in for the profound answer, Joshua spoke; “Ross, you are so use to the law, and thinking that you have to go or do, that you are missing the point of just being.”

Trying to follow Him in what He was saying, I said; “I don’t understand, explain that to me, and speak plainly.”

“The law and the letters thereof were up until John the Baptist, and it was then that the Father commissioned me to spread and share His Grace. Even my apostles had a problem with this, for all their lives they were taught to do and go and act a certain way. But I came to reestablish our rightful relationship back with the Father. No one is going to do everything the way it’s supposed to be, the world has too much of a grip on you guys to expect that, but all can give their life in sincerity and trust in us for anything that the Father has given me. You can’t learn to be a child of God, or act like it long enough; people just have to realize that they already are the Sons. Those that don’t realize it go astray and follow any or every format that comes along, and those that come to this revelation, give up doing, and simply just be that Son.”

“Now, I ’m understanding what you’re saying. To work our way into Your Graces will never work, we’re already

in them, I mean you, but if we accept that finished work of Yours, we are already where we're supposed to be?" I said more in a question form, more than a statement.

At this time Dad didn't interrupt, but spoke; "exactly, no one can earn my Grace, It's my Gift. We accept anyone where they are, or no matter what they do. Remember that I told you earlier that I was sorta partial to prostitutes? Well, it's not just prostitutes; it's anyone, anytime, anywhere, when people want me as their God, I will never turn them down, no matter what they've done, or even what they are doing. Doing so would defeat the whole purpose of Love, I just Love to Love. I would never force my Love on them, and with the Spirit, will nurture, and teach them and Love them every step of the way."

And Dad continued as He walked over and held my hand. "Do you remember Abraham and his sons? His first was born of the bond-woman, Hagar, but his begotten was born of Sarah, the free-woman who bore Isaac. I was trying to let the people of today see that there is no freedom that can come from the bond-woman, nor her son Ishmael, and all her institutions, for My heirs are all from his wife Sarah. Hagar, the bond-woman, and her son, I had to send away, for there is no bondage in my Kingdom, for it was established through Isaac. Until My people embrace and accept My Grace, where freedom abounds, and since I will not force Myself on them, I wait patiently. I am still to this day casting out

the bondage of Ishmael, as it is prevalent world-wide. But it shall not always be this way."

With a blank face, and not understanding, I asked; "What do you mean it will not always be this way?"

"My people have had to look through a darkened glass, but one day soon the tint of that glass shall fade. The veil shall be lifted, Grace and Love embraced, and the school-of-thought of works, will surrender to the freedom of My Love and Grace. There are many advantages where the both of us are at, for We know that which is yet to come." Dad said with a wink and a smile.

Joshua almost broke out with laughter, and they looked at each other like They sure had a good time being together. "My true Church does not depend on ministers, laws, schools, or anything else made by man, in fact, you don't even have to join, I don't have members. Each are a part of me, and I them. There is no dissention in My Church, and I reign supreme, and all that come without the carnal man involved will be preserved and recued. For We are Spirit, and all that worship Us, worship in Spirit, will leave the 'old man' behind. When I be lifted up, and I will be, I will then draw all men unto myself." This, that is happening, is happening because of Our Plan, Faith is not something one learns, and develops a technique for, it is from the inside that carnal eyes can't see. Faith is a substance, not a method, and My people are going to understand that. If your faith is in learning

more, or doing more of the things seen, and that is pursued, instead of pursuing Me, then that hope is not true Hope, nor Faith. I AM Life, and as many as come to me I give, and the Life of My Father that abides in Me, abides then in you also. My called-out-ones are still in the wilderness, eating manna, drinking of My Rock, being protected by My clouds, being purged of the 'old man', and wandering, being prepared, to be prepared to cross that river Jordan, to that place where I reign supreme. As My Father is Head over Me, so I will be to My called-out-ones, and then we will be all as one."

Liking what I heard, but not completely apprehending it, I asked. "Are you talking about Heaven, the eternity that we all look forward too?"

Not in the least disappointed in me, because He understands that I don't understand, spoke with patience. "Eternity is where we're all at right now, it's not a place, but a time, and the time is now. My eternal Kingdom is alive on earth at this moment, and those that are abiding in me, abide in eternity with me. My Kingdom is not of this world, but it is within it. You don't have to die a physical death to be in Our kingdom, but you do have to let go of this world. Look to me, all that labor and are heavy laden, I will lift you up, as on the wings of an eagle. My people are in this world, but not of it, they do what they have do in this world, but are not tied to it. They use this world, but the world doesn't use

them. For they look to me to sustain their Life. I said before and I'll say again; there is none greater born of woman than John the Baptist, but the least in my Kingdom is greater than he." Joshua paused for a couple of seconds and then continued. *"Think not that I came to bring peace, but a sword. I came to bring division in the household, that is the household of the world, and a man's enemy will come from within that household, but those that abide in Me, and I in them, will abide in Our Love, Joy and Peace forever, beginning now."*

Joshua enjoyed talking, and I could tell that by His enthusiasm, when he was moving to express Himself, it was like a dance, when He talked, it wasn't just words, they flowed from Him with a power. It was enjoyable, just plain fun being with these two men, for Life and Love sprang from Them like the refreshment that They are. It wasn't hard coming up with another question, and neither seemed to mind, so I asked; "will you explain the Ark of the Covenant?"

Again one could tell that He too enjoyed this conversation and He began explaining. "Some worship the Ark of the Covenant, for it was and is a symbol of my Fathers' Love and relationship that He wants with His people. Some think It to be the most Holy of all things, and It is, if one understands It's value. For the Ark is that which the Father has placed in the forehead and the heart of those that seek Him. I AM the Ark and I AM the

Covenant, and it need not be looked for with the outer eyes, It positions itself within those that come to Me. The same with Moses' burning bush, and the Voice that emanated from it, I AM the Fire, I AM the Bush, and I AM the Voice, and again all that I AM lays within all, and those that believe shall have that intimacy that I share also with the Father. I have built My Church with lively stones, that are those that place Me in their heart, and each one that comes to Me are fitted neatly where-so-ever I place them, that all work in harmony with each other, and I AM the Chief corner Stone. For My Church is being called out of the wilderness and will show Itself in a day to come. And on that day, all will see that babylon has fallen, but individually each can see that it has fallen within them. Then all will know that I AM the Ark and the Covenant, and My Bush will never be consumed. Now, let me ask you something. Do you Love me?"

"Of course I do," I said, rather startled. "But being here with You and Dad, I can tell that my Love is very immature. I believe it is true and real Love, and immature might be an over-statement. But I love you, and I hope that you can tell that it has deepened in the last years?"

"I live in you, and I know you from start to finish, and I know all about your love for us, I just wanted to know if you knew." Joshua had some-thing in mind, and I think was trying to make a point.

“Lord, You know all things, why would You ask me such a question?”

Dad spoke this time, and it wasn't hard to tell they were both on the same key. “Ross, you have spent far too much time worrying about whether you are acceptable or not, and that is part of the reason we both wanted to be here with you today. We have both represented our self today to you in the form of men, and wanted you to know that to us, you are beautiful.”

“Yeah right,” I said almost laughing, “I bet you said that to all the people.”

Smiling from ear-to-ear and now he himself almost laughing said; “we do, but on this day we are especially fond of you. This also has been precious to us, for this is our Life, and we certainly enjoy being with our people.”

I was thinking that I wanted to ask one more question, but I wasn't sure I could hold it to just one. The day was coming to an end, and I was suspecting that so was our personal conversation. I didn't want to ask a stupid question, but this one had been on my mind for a couple of hours. So taking a chance of looking dumb, I asked; “Lord, You say a lot of nice things, and not wanting to be forward, I'd like to ask how You talk about yourself this way, and still not be, you know, conceded?”

He reared back, holding His stomach, and horse laughed and said; "That one question is one of the most asked, so no, you are not stupid. If one looks at me as belonging to this earth, or loving with its' love, or judging with the worlds' judgments, I can see how they would think that. But in me and my father there is no pride, nor ego, nor vanity, for I AM Truth and I speak Truth. I AM Love, and I know of nothing else. If I speak as a man, then all I would ever have, is a man's reward. You are Holy, but only because my Father has made you that way, but my Father and I are one, We are the Holy that makes Holy. My voice comes out as a man's, but My words are eternal, if man spoke as I do without the Father telling him to do so, then he speaks of his own accord. When I say that I AM the Bread of Life, it's because I AM. When I say that I AM that Rock and the Water that flows from it, it's because I AM. When I tell you a fish story, there is no fishiness in it, so let down your net on the right side, and it shall be filled. Oh, bye-the-way, that horse laugh was me just funnin' with ya."

We all three laughed at that one. Not only were they serious, they were a hoot.

Before they left, Joshua, standing beside Dad said; "We will go back now to Our side, but will not leave you comfortless. Even when you can't see Us, We are there with you, and will never be any farther from you than we are right now."

I found myself sitting back again on the front porch, I wasn't asleep, but to express how it felt I'll use the words, woke-up. I woke-up laughing, feeling something different inside, and right at that moment I knew things had changed in me.

I just sat there, trying to figure out the scope of what had just happened, I wasn't tired, and the reason that I sat there in the first place was that my back was hurting, it now didn't. Sort of in a daze, I began to relax and contemplate all that happened, for it seemed so real, and I believe it was. I looked at my watch, and noticed that it hadn't been but less than an hour since I'd looked the last time. It kind of scared me, but I just couldn't get scared, it was weird. So I sat there quietly, absorbing all that had taken place, and loving the feeling that was going on, on the inside. I had a peace, a gentleness going on that couldn't be explained, and I loved it.

I remembered all that took place, every word, every step, and every thought that my Dad, Joshua, and myself expressed, it was a translating experience. And, did I say that I loved it? I did.

So I just sat there on the porch swing, relaxed and enjoying this time, as it was still several hours before the sun went down. I wish I could relate the change that had

taken place inside of me, but I can't do it the justice that it deserves. So I just sat there.

Eventually I had to get up and go about with my chores, but the experience was always there, and I sense a warmth that had never been that deep inside before. I couldn't stop smiling, and I sure couldn't forget those smiles that Dad and Joshua had, their smile and personality was so beautiful that it was easy to fall within the inner man of me. For I have had a Peace within me, since that day that I don't think will ever leave, of a Truth, God, Joshua and the Holy Spirit are always with us.

It Stings like a Bee, but We Fly like a Butterfly

Each of us have a longing within our inner man, a desire to find that Peace that was instilled in each at the foundations of the world, when it was being built. Within most, lies an emptiness that has been catered too by everything this world says it can produce, but to no affect. All of us have that hole, that emptiness, that longing to be in the Bosom of God, but many times that call is drowned out by the noise of the world. And those that have fallen into the trap of thinking this structure called church, is the answer, it is not, nor will it ever be. Gods' church is a People, not a place, that have been called out of the fearful, judgmental, rebellious, covetous, fault-finding, manipulative, vain, haughty, arrogant self-serving control that the man-made structure we call church embedded in the mind of man. Teaching 'it' is the one and only place to find God, but instead they each want their egos dilated to feel good about a system having the disguise of working. It doesn't, and all entangled in 'it' will agree, if we would be quiet and listen to that still voice within that reminds us that nothing but God and His Christ can fill that void.

We have been taught for eons that having a relationship with the 'church' is the same thing as it is with our Creator, and it isn't. Many have made an idol out of this 'thing', and have built their lives around 'it' and will never confess of their harlot worship. All have sinned, and I may have been one of the worst ones, but there is no separation, nor condemnation, to any that seek the face of our Lord. Remember, He's kinda' partial to prostitutes, and we've all gone whoring around. And remember this also; 'If My people, that are called by My name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek My face, and turn from their wicked ways, then I shall hear from Heaven, forgive their sin, and heal their land,' (individually, is each person). So do we continue with this flesh act that serves the carnal man and all his selfishness, or do we come out of her, Gods' people?

Our freedom came to us free and as a gift, but the cost was no small thing, for the agony of Jesus is that Gift. To desecrate the name, let alone the body of Christ, by calling 'this structure that we call church' is no small thing. His Church is made up of His people, and is called out of babylon, which consist of all that serves the carnal mind of man. Stop and think for a moment; Do you think that singing a song, then praying, making announcements, singing another hymn, taking up the offering, singing another song, praying once more and then begin the preaching on cue, is man or God? You know, if it happened this way once in a great while,

maybe. But when it happens every single week, without altering much at all, we know it's man, and his invention.

I'm certainly not trying to get folks to turn away from God and His Christ, just the opposite. But when people go-to-church, and think that they are serving the Lord, angers me. It doesn't anger me toward the people, but toward the institution, and the ones that promote it, so nothing will happen to their livelihood. Most know what's going on, and how man has lifted himself above the alter and behind a pulpit, to serve what he thinks is right, but we must stop eating from that tree of knowledge of good and evil. Babylon has already fallen, and the motions that many go through each week are fruitless, but I believe that there will come a time when it is obvious to all that babylon, the great whore, mother of all harlots, has fallen. And, as with Jezebel, the dogs shall eat her, and nothing will be left to even bury.

No, my Hope is that Gods' people that are called by His name, will wake up, turn solely to Christ and His Father, and come fitly joined together in the true and everlasting Church that Christ formed. The Rock that Jesus said upon which He would build His Church, was the revelation that Peter spoke. And the true Church today is still being built on revelation, and God is revealing Himself daily to many. And all is done with Christ as the Head and His people following Him. Folks, we are being purged in these last days, the Holy Spirit is tearing down strong-holds, and

many are being prepared by that same Spirit, to come to God and His Christ by Faith, not by our hands.

How many times have all of us heard that someone would go down to that meeting house on the corner if it weren't for those hypocrites? How many times have we heard of someone being slandered by a so-called church member? Or how many times have you heard of someone being asked to leave for some uncertain reason, like they just didn't fit in?

God so Loved the world, and that means every last one of us, no matter what we've done in the past, and no matter how dirty our clothes might be, He Loves us all. And when we come together, we come as those seeking a revelation or giving one. The disciples of Christ weren't the most high-class kind of guys, but were made up of thugs, deceivers, doubters, or maybe a smelly fisherman or two, and remember, He is partial to the prostitutes also. So why do we continue to brow-beat people to come to Him PERFECT? It's nonsense, we live on this earth with an earthly body and all this flesh is as filthy rags, God wants people that are seeking His heart. God desires those that will to lay down this hype, and their life, to be reconciled to His Son. The Tree of Life is also alive and well today as it was in the beginning. That same Tree lives and grows in the Heart of every man, woman and child, and the fruit thereof when eaten will change man from the inside. Maybe to say it will change

man is a little misleading, but will translate us to a new creation, a new man, so to speak a new wine-skin. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the corrupt shall put on incorruption, and only the Spirit that emanates from the Tree of Life will produce that fruit.

The infection of this 'system called church' has been so wide-spread that virtually the whole world has bought into it. The deception has been so wide-spread that since at least the third century it has been taught that the system itself is the answer to mans' cure. These people didn't set out to deceive us, and feeding off that tree of knowledge, didn't have much of a choice but to relay the same message that was given to Eve at the beginning. This deception is so deep within man because of the centuries it's been adhered too, that so many believe the serpents' message is truth, we were beguiled. Death came from that tree, and death is the deception that has been ministered to us, thinking that we are really ministering life, which wasn't what was given from the tree of knowledge. Life is the Tree of Life, and no other tree can give that Life. Jesus said that he was Life, and He is, not a system, institution, nor any other filth that comes from the carnal of mind of man, nor his actions. How can't we have Life and have it more abundantly if we continue in this system called religion?

Many today have bought into the false assurance of salvation, and have been beguiled by that same serpent,

(the mind), thinking it, the message from knowledge, will take us to the glorious union of our Christ, only Christ and His living inside us, can do that. Don't you think that we have heard that song long enough and now is the time to quit dancing with that same serpent? What does a membership have to do with anything? Why do so many continue with this idolatrous, abbreviated alterative for Jesus, when in actuality many are hindered severely from that train of thought? There is no other way, but the Way, there is no other truth, but the Truth, and certainly we have no other true life, but His Life. All else are substitutions, counterfeits. We have replaced a true and real relationship with Christ with this structure called church, and beloved, it ought not to be so. The idolatrous extension of self can be seen and heard around the world, in virtually every cathedral, temple, church or any other meeting place that man has created as a monument unto himself. Yes, that's exactly what we've done, and still doing, building a house and calling it 'My church'.

Gods' Church is made up of people, not things, His called out ones may, or may not gather, but no matter what's done, it's done by the Hand of God. When God wants to move, He moves, and when he sits quietly, people seem to become restless, but His Church waits patiently. But in these 'things' they have to go on with their programs, Sunday-schools or whatever, not willing to wait on Gods' movement. The Israelites often went

whoring around, seeking their own agendas and God told Ezekiel to go to the house of Israel and show them the House of God, the Temple. This was told by God that they may be ashamed of their iniquities, for the house of Israel had defiled the House of the Lord. This is no pretty sight, but God is moving in a people to show the house to the house, that man would turn from his wicked ways and allow God to heal their land.

For some reason, everything that has value will be counterfeited, imitated, or marketed that someone, somewhere can acquire a status, or a profit with their imitation of that, that has value. The true Church is what it is, and is truly built on the Rock with the lively stones that Christ has fitly joined to His union, and carnal man being who he is, has made a weak attempt to counterfeit it. The Church is a people and not a thing, therefore cannot be replicated, for all are not arms, nor legs, nor can anyone except Jesus be the head. But man in his fleshly state has tried to reproduce the real Thing, (the Church), with the image of his imagination, and 'it' didn't work, nor will 'it' work in the future. All this said, without the complete fall of babylon, carnal man will never give up his empire. But those that hear God speaking through His Spirit can walk away and come out of her. If we are to hear that God is in the mountains, go not, if we hear He is in the forest, go not, for the same Christ that rose from the grave, lives in you and me, we that look toward Him are the Church. Since God nor His

Christ can't be put in a box on the corner, why do so many flock to that visual entity? Can He be there? Sure He can, God can work through anything, but those that take off the blinders can and will have a relationship with the only King that has substance.

I make somewhat of an apology for being repetitious, but the message must get out to the people, that this thing called 'the house of God', is not the Church that He set up through His son Jesus and the Rock that it was pronounced upon. 'It' is the extension of man promoting his own self-centered equations and agendas to lift himself up to the place that power, statue, recognition, ego, pride, and the money, sets him apart from others, on a level that is above those that are there to be entertained. This is an atrocity, and I'm certainly not the only one spreading the reflection of the heart of those that promote 'it'. I agree that many go to 'church' because they think it to be right, but they too need to hear what God is saying to His people. Revelations, chapter eighteen, verse four says; "...come out of her my people..."

David is the Giant

This problem of going whoring around has been going on for thousands of years, and we today are having the same problems that they did. Abel had to do it his way, and it didn't work, Moses had to deal with the tyrants of his day, and that's not counting the Israelites and their golden calf, and all their dissatisfaction while traveling through the Sinai. Isaac couldn't see clearly until his eyesight was failing, and the same is with Jacob. It seems that until we, Gods' people, are willing to lay our life to the side, close our carnal eyes, and be open to the Truth, that the dark glass that we're looking through will continue to reproduce the same results.

The Israelites looked around and saw that the other countries had a king, and they too demanded one. This was not what God had intended for them, but with the many years of murmuring God told Samuel to go ahead with their desires. Saul, being a fare man to look at, quite-a-bit taller than any other, and much more educated was appointed Captain over Israel, to satisfy their whining.

Not many years later did God move upon Samuel to find and anoint Israel a king that would rule them with a

man that was after Gods' Heart. And that was David, a young boy, but one that could be nurtured by God and was not polluted by the traditions of man.

Not going deep into the story of David, I'd like to point out a few things that stand out.

Gods' hand was upon David and he prospered. Even though David had a few bouts with the wrong side of right, he grew to love the Lord of Host. Saul was appointed over several of the tribes of Israel, and David was anointed to be their King. Saul had not a small issue with this, as he alone wanted to be the greatest in all the land, therefore set out to destroy David and any of his would-be followers. Saul had a son named Jonathan, and he and David became very close friends at an early age, and their relationship grew through the years. The story goes that David loved the Lord, Saul loved the glory and himself, and Jonathan loved them both, dad and friend.

Saul continually sought David, as the jealousy ran rampant in that carnal mind of the want-to-be king. David and his few chosen men had to hide out in caves and such to avoid the head-strong antics of Saul. Jonathan tried to play the go-between as he honored his father Saul, but also loved his best friend David. As many times as Jonathan attempted to bring the two together, it never worked, and it wasn't supposed to. David represented the Holiness of God, Saul the manipulator with his pretty face, high education, and his physical

statue, even disguised himself because of the shame of his doings. Jonathan stood no chance of bringing the two together, as God has called His called-out-ones to be separate.

As it turned out, Jonathan was killed with two of his other brothers, and daddy Saul killed himself because of it, and David was wroth in spite of it. We were shown that no one can mix oil with water, you can pour them in the same jar, and even shake them up, but given a very short amount of time, the two will separate.

God has a call out, world-wide, that we are to come out from among her, and be separate, Holy. Babylon is falling, and a few have seen that, but now is the time and today is the day for God's people to distance themselves from her, in this case the uncircumcised Philistines, unless He has told you something different. For there will probably be a few that He sends to break the doors off their hinges, and shout with the voice of God to "let my people go". Don't kid yourself, this thing called 'church' is not what Jesus is building upon the Rock, nor is it the straight and narrow that He and His people will travel. Will 'it' be used? Of course 'it' will, as all things work together to them that love the Lord, called according to His purpose.

Could you imagine King David joining a group to overturn Saul and his throne, or Daniel when he faced toward Jerusalem to pray that there was a mob of people there,

or John the baptizer wanting some of the sect on his side when confronting Herod? Yes Jesus taught in the Temple, but was not connected to it in any way, and yes I believe that God's called out ones meet for the refreshment of others' revelations, but this weekly ritual that's gone on these past centuries is a whole different ball-game.

The pastor spends all week preparing a sermon, certainly doesn't want to look stupid on Sunday morning, maybe even rehearses it a few times, but what if God had a different plan for that particular service? What are the people to do? How can we stuff in all those songs, and get people caught up on the latest infirmities, upcoming weddings and anniversaries, and still have time to squeeze God in, especially if He wants to start an hour late? Some will say that they are open to the things of God, and would go with the flow, but in the many years I too attended these structured systems, I sure never saw anything like that happen. No one wants to admit that they have fell by the way-side, the flesh won't allow that, so all justify everything that's done, and only the misguided stuff happens to the congregation down the road. Bull-hockey, don't kid yourself, the same rhetoric goes on in each and every institutionalized structure that man has put his hand on or his thought into.

What's happening world-wide in these meeting places ain't going change, they're dug in too deep for that, but

individually, Gods' chosen can come out from among her. Too many years, and too much pride is not going to let some knuckle-head like me tear up their sand box.

The "Saul's of this world are not going to back down for any reason, and Jonathan, no matter how much effort he puts into bringing the two together will never succeed. Like David, we will have to wait on God to arrange the order of His Church, and reveal the impotency and ineffectiveness of Saul and how he, by his hands, education, and good looks were and is going nowhere.

Saul is the outward structure of man and his ability or inability to create, maintain, and prosper with the notoriety and the praise he receives from them that think they want what's he got, a kingship. And David, called and anointed by God, will have to stay on defense, hide and continue to endure until God moves in His timing to bring sanctity back in His Church. All the Jonathans in the world will never bring the two together, at least in a way that's constructive.

David not only killed the giant, God made him a Giant, as he went to rule with the Love he found during his trials.

Building Sand Castles

Who-so-ever builds his house upon the sand, when the rains come, will wash it away. But who-so-ever builds a house upon the Rock, no flood can move it, even an iota, for it is built on the things not seen with the human eye. For eye has not seen, nor ear heard, nor has it entered into the heart of man, the things that God has stored for us. That is: that REST in Him. Jesus is the Bread of Life, and we were told that we must eat His flesh, and to drink His Blood, and therefore have that Communion with Him, so how then do we associate with the organization that draws attention to herself?

Christianity was not meant to be a religion, for it has not a certain method and cannot be restrained by the mentalities of carnal man. Walking in and with Christ is a way of life, and is given to each as a free gift, with the changes coming from within, to those that no longer see the appeal of this world and the things therein. Those that seek Christ, praise and worship the God of all, the invisible God that lives in the Tree of Life, and not the image that can be seen with the natural eye.

Jesus came to heal and deliver the blind, deaf and lame, that is, all that look through the flesh eyes, hear through

the flesh ears, and those that walk where they want to walk. For he said; I AM the good Shepherd, and My sheep follow me where-so-ever I go. I AM the only Door, and who-so-ever enters by another door is a thief and a robber. I AM the resurrection, He spoke, and he raised Lazarus from the dead, and told those close by to remove his grave clothes. That's all that was still binding him to this earth.

When our eyes are not on the things of this world, then what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices to Me? Says the Lord.

The Sanhedrin, the religious group of Pharisees and Sadducees, wanted to kill Jesus, and therefore put out a hit on Him. Lazarus also was on that hit-list. We also, that don't follow this worlds' ways and seek a walk with the Shepherd Christ Jesus, will be as different as Lazarus was to the world. Our Life will not have to be flaunted, but the world, and those that choose it, will see God's people as different, strange. We will be as different to the world as the citizens of Sodom were to the Angels.

Many that gather, do so to appease their soul, or should say their soulish nature, thinking that it is pleasing to the Father with their comings and goings, it is not. God's desire is to commune with those that seek His heart and follow His Son Jesus where-so-ever He goes. In the book of Isaiah, chapter one, verse ten we read, and this certainly applies to us for God is a never changing God. *"Hear the word of the Lord, you rulers of Sodom; Give ear to the law of our God,*

you people of Gomorrah: To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices to Me? Says the Lord. I have enough burnt offerings of rams and the fat of fed cattle. I do not delight in the blood of bulls, or of lambs or goats. When you come to appear before Me. Who has required this from your hand, to trample My court, (assemblies). Bring no more futile sacrifices; ...I cannot endure iniquity and the sacred meeting...They are a trouble to Me. I AM weary of bearing them, when you spread out your hands, I will hide MY eyes from you. Even though you make many prayers, I will not hear. Your hands are full of blood."

Think not that I am making this up, for God and His Christ have a long track record of coming against these so-called assemblies, and all that the natural man can do or invent. Religion always has a king, and different denominations call them different titles, but there is but one King that man was designed to follow, all others are an abomination. The façade of mans' creations, is just that, a veneer of the work of his head, hands and feet, the same things that Christ allowed to be nailed on the cross. So each flavor of religion has placed their own king, and created absolutes for man to follow. There is but one King, and He is absolute. The dysfunctional 'church' system, if it were to work, would be working by this time, and 'it' is not. For Christ, when he spoke to Peter about the Rock said; I,(not you), shall build My Church. God created man, but since Constantine, man has been trying to create God.

Do we, human society, continue to build these castles in the sand, or do we turn our back, face God and His Christ, and run toward the Rock?



Jesus said; I leave you in Peace. I also hope that this book and all that was said in it, will leave you with Peace. It will, to all that are willing to come out from among her, for now we can see that all can worship and please the Father, just where we are. No more playing dressy-up.

We are saved, as by fire.