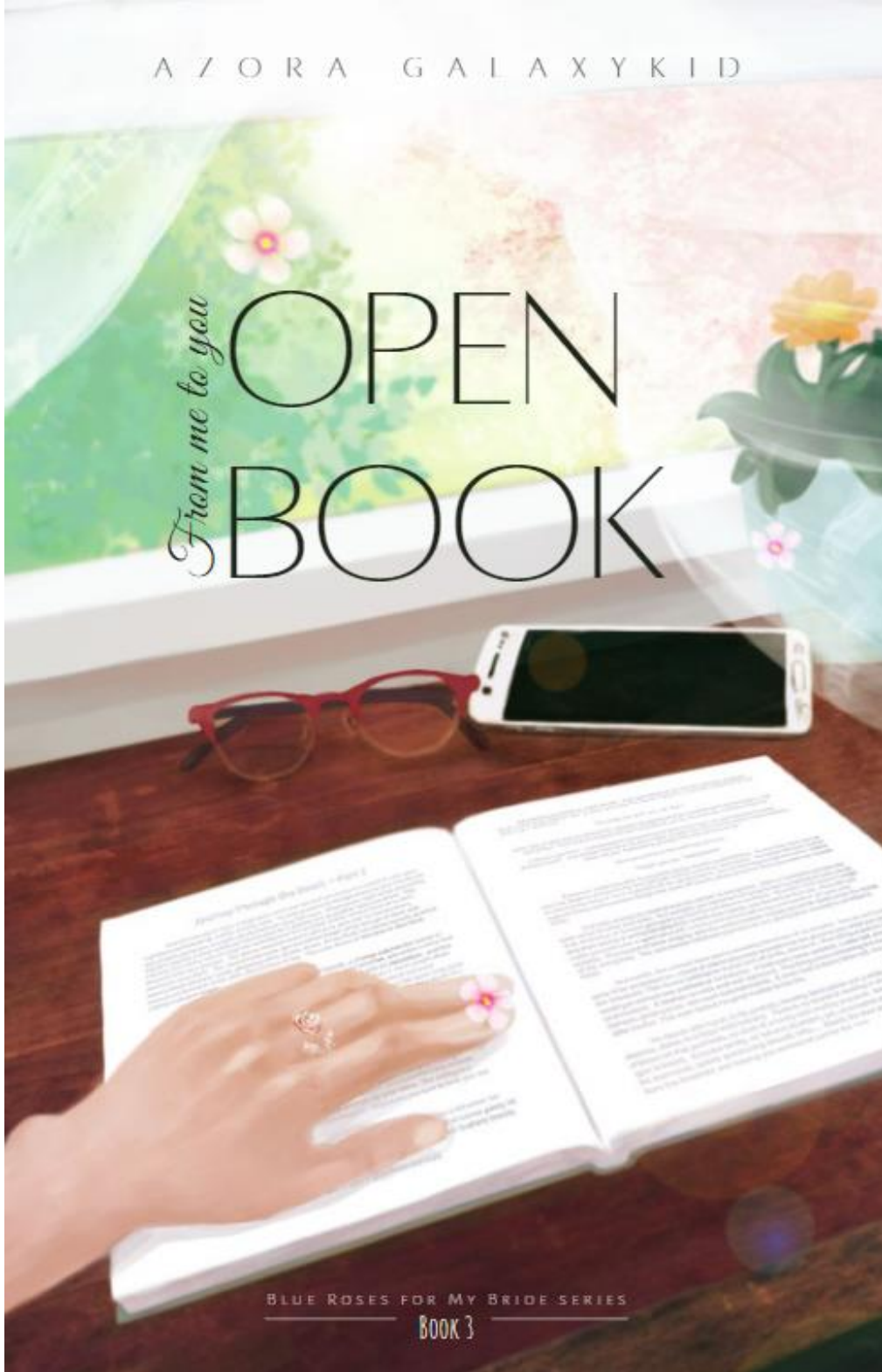


A Z O R A G A L A X Y K I D

*From me to you*

# OPEN BOOK



BLUE ROSES FOR MY BRIDE SERIES

BOOK 3



*Open Book*

*Book 3 of*  
*Blue Roses for my Bride*  
*Series*

*By Aurora Galarykid*



*I thank you, my dear Lord, for living with us throughout each day.  
For helping us ponder, discern your voice, learn, and write down all you  
teach us, your little ones. For giving the inspiration, courage, and love to  
write. And for bringing these books together as a series.*

*You are our Precious Pearl!*

*I thank my little sister and close friends for their presence and support.  
Finally, I wish to thank Melissa for helping us put things together.  
May the Lord bless all of you for your encouragement, prayers,  
and love.*

*To Him be all Glory and Praise.*



## Open Book

### Book 3 of Blue Roses for My Bride Series

1. In the Womb – Page 8
2. The Father’s Profound Affection – Page 9
3. The Book Catching Dust – Page 10
4. Our Bodies – A Clothing – Page 12
5. The Fighter – page 14
6. Wealth of the Kings – Page 16
7. Flowerpots & Boxes – Page 19
8. Walking Temples – Page 23
9. Fear – Page 25
10. A Hilarious Giver – Page 27
11. Shake off the Rashness – Page 30
12. The Correction of the Father – Page 32
13. Following God – Page 35
14. “My Voice” – Page 39
15. Wanting Someone Else’s Life – Page 42
16. The Surface – Page 45
17. By Its Fruit You Will Know – Page 48
18. Retreat Time – Page 50
19. The Joy Set Before Me – Page 52
20. Uncommon Respect – Page 54
21. Your Eyes – Page 59
22. Journey Through the Doors, Part 1 – Page 63
23. Journey Through the Doors, Part 2 – Page 68
24. Repeating – Page 75
25. Pride – Page 76
26. “I would Like to see you pray” – Page 78
27. “My People can have what they say” – Page 82
28. Inner Desires – Page 84
29. I am Highly Valued – Page 89
30. Footnotes – Page 94
31. About the Author – Page 95

# In the Womb

*“Before you were even born, I knew you...”*

Through the womb we come into being in this world. Many secrets happen in there; the soul comes when the seed and egg join, but at that time it is only cells! In the womb you can see God’s finger, there He paints something new, while out of the womb you can witness the perfecting of that newness brought forth in this world – He still creates. Ponder with me: The first time the muscles of the heart began to beat, who made that call for them to beat? When the tiny feet of the fetus firstly moved, who commanded it to move? All the instinct-reaction of the babe...who gave them? Does this not lead to a Heavenly Daddy?? The one and only capable to create? How is that? Out of *cells* a human being is born!

And while in the womb – you dream! You jump, you slide, you feel pain and smile. You open your eyes and scratch your nose. Though you are inside there, you already know so much! The babe has not quietly seen the world already, but the babe is still aware of its surroundings (lol). Just as it is written in His Word; “Yet you desired faithfulness even in the womb; you taught me wisdom in that secret place.” Psalm 51:6 NIV

I am speechless! What a magnificent Daddy.

He shows us just how His fingers shape a being in the womb, how He shapes them all seemingly out of nothing. There is seriously something else to humans, it is not only arms, legs, hair or senses. A spirit linked to the physical, wow. My thoughts, they run, but my words crawl and cannot describe! (another LOL).

Another mystery: thoughts. We have them – we cannot hear or see – but they are here. Confusing at times, yeah, for His wisdom is something out of human understanding! But it is okay though, we need not know much, because if we do, we lose ourselves. Better to know only what is needed then strive to know what is not for us at the moment.



# The Father's Profound Affection

One day while listening to birds singing behind my apartment, I recalled how a person in love arranges those romantic events with roses or varied flowers, or even a view that says, "I love you!" I linked it to God too. He shows His love in a much larger and stunning scale, or perhaps, a hidden cute way only one received individually!

How is that?

Say that you are walking on a little lane in the woods. The leaves above you rustle in the wind, allowing rays of light to meet your face. As you look forward you see a valley spread before you dotted with varied colorful flowers. "Woah!" you say. The sound of your voice startles a squirrel, so it passes by you swiftly to another branch, yet it drops a chestnut near your feet. Picking it up you undoubtedly notice a natural light-brown heart shaped marking its surface, leaving you in wonderment along with a smile at this 'unusual coincidence'. Then when walking in the valley you come to a stream where you dive your fingers in, and you see near you on the bank a stone that naturally resembles a heart shape again.

"Just think, this stone might have been here before I was even born, shaped along time into this heart shape," you ponder, "it feels as if God waited this whole time, brining me here just for me to see it!"

The next day you cook, but since it is summer you decide to peel potatoes outdoors. So, you sit yourself on a rug on your backyard porch, all the while eating a piece of bread. Suddenly a hardworking ant catches your attention. She is trying her best to carry a crumb slightly bigger than her mandibles. You smile, cheering her on inwardly and then pick up the phone to zoom in to see better. The little one picks up the crumb again and again after dropping it along the way, "Oh dear, perhaps you should just leave that one and take another easier for you to carry," You reason with her, but suddenly your eyes notice the crumb itself – its shape is like a heart. "I did not notice that!" you laugh, "A little ant carrying a little heart shape crump right in my face!" you continue to laugh softly, amazed as this little thing makes your day happier and warmer on this summer day. "Thank you, Lord." You say softly, appreciating Him more.

So, you see, God amazed his children in diverse ways of expressing His love and affection to them. Therefore think; the most colorful sunset you have witnessed, a bird song echoing in your ears or even a heartfelt song of a singer. The flowers you like, your favorite fruits (even if only one), the stunning view you once beheld somewhere. Diving in deep waters (if you know how to properly swim), perhaps even the tiny joy of sinking your feet into the sand. The funny and interesting pet near you.

Anything small or great that touches our little hearts are as love letters to us. Is He not a lovely God? Does countless things in so many diverse ways. Northern lights, frozen lakes with their aesthetic beauty...Simply everywhere. We just rush to and fro, hardly stopping to look at them.

# The Book Catching Dust

People oftentimes thing the Bible is so boring.

“Oh, Religious stuff.”

“Rules”

“Too many pages.”

“I don’t like to read much.”

Those were kind of my thoughts. But somehow, I got the curiosity of giving it a try one day and guess what, I could not focus. The voice tone sounding in my head like those heard in mighty loud poetry and I was not in good shoes with poetry back in my school days. Plus, it sounded like DO-THIS and DO-NOT-Do-That in a restrictive way! However, things change, do they not? I cannot recall when exactly, but I got into this deep thing and was able to take it slow and patiently, giving it one more chance.

I realized that the Bible was like looking back in time and learning and knowing what happened. Even if I could not see the WHOLE scenes behind every layer in each line. Little by little, question upon question, my beautiful Holy Spirit lead the way and – it is interesting. The Bible version I had when I first gave it a try was a bit confusing for me personally. I could not get that richness from it. (maybe I was dull too lol), so I began to search for a version that spoke to me and found a website called BibleGateway; tons of versions and different languages, choose one and off you go.

But back to the point. There are many revelations and answers one looks for and questions himself throughout his life. Truly the book is not a fairy tale, it is gut real. And what happens there? I took hold of Wisdom speaking throughout happy or bad endings, but all in all, one can see a certain plan of salvation in action throughout generations.

Visualize in front of you a bunch of books, they are being written and guided by a Heavenly Hand for guidance, correction, instruction, encouragement and more. These pages written throughout time came together into one book – the Book of books! It is of such importance that I was musing one day; even if all books in the world were burnt out of existence and forgotten, this one would never disappear or be wiped out.

Seems like what is beautiful, is hardly bearable. What is beautiful is rejected. What is stunning on the inside, catches dust on the outside. This book nowadays catches a lot of dust, wherever it might be.

What a world we live in. I used to watch Marvel and DC movies, “It would be so awesome to live in a world like that.” I would say, but *this* existence we live in is more amazing than the ones in movies. In the end, no matter how fascinating and supreme they might look, are they not just green screens behind the scenes? They can inspire to dream high and yet they expand the imagination indeed. But still, it does not fill the deep void within that it is just a dream seen on the screen, an illusion. What makes this world amazing is that there is a God who is a good God. One who has all the power imaginable to do whatever He desired and still, He does good stuff with it. One can experience His world, His power, HIMSELF above all!

Yes, our thoughts make us question, recalling the injustice we see all around. Much is hidden from our eyes for a time and therefore, this existence and the Bible seems boring and lifeless. But why hidden? Among many reasons I do not know yet, just one thing came to me; whenever you have heard that something is beautiful and precious, but hidden, would you not want to go and look for that hidden treasure? Would it not seem like a great adventure? It would be in my eyes at least! I looked and found a Jesus out of the box. I continued to search and found a Holy Spirit willing to journey with me though my mess each day. Still more, gradually now I gaze silently at a Father beyond description of words.



*Note:*

*Eventually I found a version that worked, the New Living Translation and the Passion Translation.*

## Our Bodies – A Clothing

There are some hard dealings we must face throughout a day. Say I see someone having very thin and uneven eyebrows and then I spot someone with over-the-top fancy clothing, high-heels, heavy make-up or even a light touch. Furthermore, someone with a highly arranged hairstyle passes me by, and what are the thoughts running around in my head? Sadly, the first ones to appear is judgment on the spot! That is one deep fault, but soon I understand something; a way to look at them and still avoid all that judgmental trash.

A soul that is originally neither white nor black, nor Asian nor African, Italian or Canadian. A soul that is LIGHT, coming from the very heart of God the Father and was woven into a clothing called 'body'. A temporary clothing which eventually is to be restored to its original beauty without sin, without sickness nor infirmity. Nothing of what we ourselves have done to outbalance what the Creator made in a certain order will remain. I notice someone being harsh, bad and violent, yet he also came from that heart being woven into this clothing, and because we are weak in it, evil take hold. Think of those people who do bad things as prisoners in a 'cage' called a body, a cage that the enemy keeps watch over and comes in and out whenever he desires to use them in their weakest state to create havoc. Chained prisoners crying for freedom while fading inside them, cries that men cannot hear.

The hope is in this. It is in the promise of being changed from limited to unlimited, made gorgeous in the image of the Lord Jesus. That we will be as He is! Ever heard how He was transfigured on the mountain before His passion? Being changed into this glorious body emanating the purest light, blindly beautiful and strong! Can you imagine that those who follow and love Him will inherit the same fate!

So, when I change my viewpoint to this it made me conclude that it really does not matter much how one dresses. How they make their hairstyles look like, what clothing they wear, thin, uneven eyebrows or not – all of that is SO temporary! Critically giving off judgmental opinions is what this world gets all seconds of the day. It has become sickening that it has become a cliché response, even when we see someone for a second on the street. One ought to focus therefore more on the invisible being living in those clothes they must call as 'bodies'. Eyes unfocused from mainly looking at outer things! How beautiful and appealing one makes the body appear or how bad and distorted it might be. We must focus instead our attention at the Mystery living within; the soul, the one that is to live forever. Seeking attentively, its inner beauty, its humor, character, and the warmth they have given in hidden little actions you perceive. One gets along not with the physical body of someone, but with the personality and character of that person.

But truth is we have flaws and if I were to see a flood more obvious bad things than good, then embracing that person with requests toward the Father of All, to dig this soul out of the sinking mud I have witnessed – that would be the option! Knowing that the spirit/soul is meant to exist forever alive, the 'forever' either being a good-forever back home in Heaven, or bad-forever away from its original birthplace. Meeting its forever death, doomed among rebels and hardcore torments of all forms and manners ever saw (even others yet not known). Being aware of this truth it should be sufficient to make me jump off the judgmental fence and see the real things that matter. So, I would pray for mercy for my brother instead of judge.

Summing up, my body, the body of the person that I judged, is also a temple of the Spirit of God! When the Holy Spirit comes to live and take residence in it, we become *walking temples*. So naturally I should take care of my own temple for the Holy Spirit, physically and spiritually. Yet choosing to refuse to throw arrows and knives of criticisms is taking good care of God Himself dwelling inside that person. It is also taking good care of that person's soul! Just as one is tender toward a newborn baby.

The temporary must be placed in second place, or in this case, in the LAST place! Having the Forever in first focus of our sight.





# The Fighter

Visualize a fighter and his armor, how do you see him? I visualize him thus.

The armor is water, bullet and fire proofed. An atomic bomb might be sent toward it but the shield in his hand would engulf the attempt. His enemy would redirect a comet toward the fighter's helmet but the giant rock would be split in two by one slice of the sword. Poured out chemicals over that armor would run down in failure, finding no crevice or break to seep in. Arrows would break into particles. Swords, knives and spears would be unable to pierce it. The armor is war proof! Billions of enemies with all their imaginable weaponry and artillery would fail, leaving them frustrated in madness and confused anger. Its material is stronger than tungsten or steel. The helmet, the breastplate, the belt, the sword, the shield and the shoes, made perfectly and in order. With a bonus; pieces of worn-out material covering all the armor, as a desert traveler. Normally one would feel the weight of the armor, but with this one it is not so. It is as light as a feather; easily removed and equipped within seconds. What makes this armor so unbreakable? What is it made of and what skilled blacksmith could acclaim this his creation?

But first I would say, as fire shapes the metal, so does this armor shapes and transforms its bearer. A person becomes an unbreakable fighter as he comes out from the fire of the battle!

From armor to armor the design differs. It can be an exquisite, detailed work, decorated meaningfully at each inch or it could be plain in beauty, clean and simple without any decoration. You see, as the armor can be strong on the outside, the inwards parts can totally contradict it by being so delicate that even a needle can create a hole. What makes the difference between now and the fighter we spoke of before? It is the one who wears it of course! When the fighter is keenly focused on the armor's external beauty, not applying himself to battle but admiring himself in it solely... the inward parts will break. In contrast to that, when one uses it in battle, deliberately choosing a plain décor or covering it up entirely with worn out material; the man's inwards parts beautify him though he is unaware of it.

[I found out that I can be in both areas. At times I struggle, and I am one in love with myself, and other times I am the one fighting in loyal love. Two sides at war inside myself.]

So, what makes a needle able to create a hole and what makes a comet split? Well, it is in the heart of the fighter! Either he is a wimp in love with himself or he is a loyal lover in face of monsters. The one choosing to be a loyal lover realizes that no one is born knowing how to wield a sword, so he must acquire a fighting skill for his persona and character – finding it and training in that skill. But where to learn it if not from the Commander of Angel Armies? As the little fighter begins to learn with a teachable spirit, he finds out he needs to have more “bonuses” to his armor and himself. And since all was *given* to him, he goes and asks his Father (who owns it all). In the asking the little one receives a Red Substance that covers the armor entirely. Now the strongest substance in all existence has descended on him! His helmet changes shape and a visor is added to it, black on the outside but clear and normal from the inside view. On the sides of the helmet, over the ear areas, *something* takes shape to buffer the hideous loud unwanted noise from outside sources. The Blacksmith sitting on His Throne of Wisdom added much more of all the young fighter

needed the most. Amazed with meekness, the young man witnessed his Commander's touch to the armor and to himself also.

Then, somehow, he notices his Big Brother walking up to him gently; amazing! He is One of a kind! A warrior in His own class. Admiration shines in the little lover's eyes, if only one could see them through the black visors hiding them. What a beautiful person his Big Brother has become! What honor and strength He emanates! The little one, in his childlike mind, desires to be just like Him who stands in front of his face now. And thinking about it; since the Commander is the little man's Father, and since the valiant warrior is his Big Brother (who in fact adores his little one to distraction), would it not be a path guaranteed?

He, the loyal lover, is to go through all kinds of fire and will come out a valiant warrior. Honored like the eldest brother, but uniquely shaped with one-of-a-kind traits! All the while patience takes hold of the little lover because toddlers do not grow up within a day.

A fire of struggles in the coming days; a hurt on the little toe for not being observant; pains like knives stabbed into the body caused by words; disease grabbing the throat; bones dislocated and eyes losing sight and color... These and all more are signs of battles. To a warrior *pain* is an honor and *scars* are a reminder of growth and conquers in battles, big or little. Just like Mater (from Cars animation) refused to get his own bumps fixed, holding them precious, so it is with all of us; little fighters learning from the Master Commander who is God the Father.



*Note: I kept hearing the song "Fighter" by Danny Gokey in my head when waking up one morning...!*

# Wealth of the Kings

Wealthy people seem happy. They gather a lot of adventures, eating good food as much as they want. They get to see places many do not, to be able to show up and instantly be known by name. Kings and Queens also own much because of their royalty, be it by blood or not.

I remember hearing of an extraordinarily rich man who had it all. Literally all there was to gain for a rich person. He was so full that he did not even know how to use all he had and for what! Stunning honor and fame he held, known as the son of a mighty king. If he wanted wives, he took as many as he desired. Many important and mighty people visited this king, bringing along all kinds of treasures that their cultures held. They came and were left astonished by his fulness, both material and as a person too; palaces so luxurious, servants so many, fruitful lands abounding as the eye could see teeming with animals. He had all the wisdom a man could ever experience, such detail to his words, such revelation and flow! Normally, the full accomplishment of all desired things leads to a happy life, being cheered on till the end. Yet his exact words after he went through it all and having gained much, are “Meaningless. All is meaningless...all but a vapor.” Instead of being filled to the brim, he was dry and troubled to the bone.

But I have heard of another king who had great wealth. He was honored and adored by many. He was also the owner of a very brave and kind heart. Beautiful, handsome and valiant in battle! His followers loved him to such an extent that they willingly put their lives on the line just to bring him a cup of water from an enemy well. Attractiveness was his fragrance, not in terms of flesh but in terms of heart. The wisdom he held picked up on liars as they spoke to him face to face with their double mindedness. The king knows of things many had no clue about at all! His heart got tested by fire, and thus, it was filled until his last breath.

In ancient times there was also another king – a kind of hidden one. He, as the other two, had much land dotted with varied living beings; servants who obeyed him, a wise and faithful wife – the honor of a husband was his and the promise of life – a son after his own image and heart was given. All the livelihood he owned he used to help others in their various needs; giving strangers the freshest shade under the household tree in a melting day; a fresh cup of water from the well he himself dug. He was a king who cherished his own yet cared for the stranger without boasting.

His days were also filled with fire. Mighty valiant battles had been won and therefore he grew in stature and value in men’s eyes and hearts. The hidden king was meant to be such a great person thus the great king of kings of that Age felt threatened and wanted to kill him while he was just an infant.\* He too, was filled with fullness.

So now, the richest who had it all and the security others long for, he found it empty for themselves, so therefore what filled the other two kings?

Well, the wealth of the two was not the security worldly wealth offered in abundance. Yes, they used it to the brim of goodness but that was not their treasure. Deep in their beings were the written love letters of their God and Creator; most pure than transparent waters, more dazzling than the eyes of a person in love – so was their joy in Him! So they clung to Him stronger than inseparable magnets joined together. It was He who they followed, their Master who had won fierce



battles for them, while using the battles to shape their character at the same time. What filled the two kings was not an “it” gained, but a relationship with “who” and a “someone”, the source of their true wealth.

Nowadays we know that a man with great wealth can be paranoid, insecure and worried for his life. That those around him would come and steal everything he has and kill him for good. Abounding materials are like pollution to the eyes, making one suffocated, dizzying and numb. While a simple person having only the necessary has a calm and quiet heart, “What is there to steal from me?” he thinks, “even if I am robbed, I still will not lack anything.”

.....

The mighty Titanic is now rusting in the deepest waters; the fancy writings and architectures of Egypt are dusty and sandy, stripped of the power it once had; the fame of the Mayan civilization is now broken, they did not last in their glory. All but just sounds. The memory echo might be heard here and there, but they are no longer truly playing, are they? Time consumes the rusting wealth. But Time loses its power in Eternity. Fancy chairs lose their strength, beauty and color and then they are just thrown away as garbage. Fancy dishes break easily, and famous paintings lose their vibrant rich colors.

All but temporal and vanity in the end.

Chasing after the winds of a fading fame, fame that changes and becomes old repeatedly each time a “new thing” is brought forth. Yet the trends of twenty years come back again, for there is nothing new under the sun.

It is never enough.

You are more at peace when you have simple clothing on you, because then you do not need to impress anyone. In my eyes, a person is simply gorgeous when they live in the simple category. Pride is not a daily shadow; men’s opinions are not the source that defines value. When simple and meek amid their unavoidable struggles (inwardly or outwardly), and still having a giving open door toward their well of transparent waters – that person shines with the brightness of kings and queens! And when that person remains *hidden*, unnoticed, unrecognized as they walk among many people their beauty is more gorgeous still. All that is seen to them and all that is enjoyed is their heart and the persona they are.

A wise king and queen release their words from the deep springs of knowledge only when necessary. Not throwing it all out to be heard in boast and to be admired by many, and therefore not chasing after vain rusting glory. Their authority allows their words to be few, for it is those without that authority that ramble to be heard and understood.

So, better to have little with much of your Master and Creator than to have much from this world till you are paranoid with phantom fears after you. Because when the mind is focused on money, all it can think about it creating more money. And as days go by, for some reason or another bitterness takes place inside of us at each request someone might make at our working places. Mainly when things do not go as we expected them after giving our best efforts, being repaid with

acts of ingratitude for our repetitive efforts. Therefore, slowly all things become vain and empty of meaning as our mind roots itself more into income.

But, when the door is held open for someone to pass simply because you willingly want to hold it, when carrying other burdens or letting another borrow a coat or the phone, you become rich. Storing up varied treasures beyond in your homeland above.

“Oh, but those acts are SO LITTLE!” One might think. Yet it is little in our eyes, but it is one shovel full of sand, little by little, one at a time, that a mountain is made. Just like tap water drop by drop will fill a pot.

So, if we keep our eyes transparent and simple, free from overloads on our backs, we prepare ourselves to walk the narrow paths and pass-through small gates that lead to life!

*\* Reference about Abraham's infancy, written in the Book of Jasher/Jashar, Chapter 8.*

# Flowerpots & Boxes

While we are growing up many of us are educated in a certain religion, in a certain denomination. We are young then, kids in growth, so these teachings given to us introduce us to God and about him and they are enough at the time. But what happens when kids grow up. Are they still enough to keep a soul maturing in the faith?

Take for example flowerpots: the plant when young, has plenty of room to stretch its roots and sink in the earth. The pot grants security and safety and it grows well in its little pot. It grows and grows and grows. Yet there will come a time that the flowerpot will not be enough. Though the plant's great leaves seem that it is healthy, the pot is now restricting its roots. The roots are now cramped with no more space to grow and no way to breathe. It becomes limited and isolated. So, what happens next? It begins to slowly die... The person in charge might water the plant but it's still crumpled to death. The only option to save the plant is to repot it in a bigger pot or planting it outside where it will have plenty of space to stretch like a baby waking up in the morning.

And what happens when a tree is replanted in its God-given environment? It grows into a giant Mustard Tree, with its branches as shelter for the birds and a covering for whomever hides under its shade! Growing into a giant free and fruitful.

So it is with a soul. Religious denominations are like flowerpots. We fit into them while we are young but when we grow up, we no longer fit that mold. We were not made for boxes or pots and in the end, we cannot fit in them no matter how large they might be. Why? God does not fit in a box and He says that we are made in His image, in His likeness. Heaven is not a box, right? And since we belong to our Father who is in Heaven, we are citizens of Heaven, therefore no box should hold us in limitations. We were made to soar free up in the heights, to dive deep into the depths, to climb mountains and enjoy the vastness of His goodness. Free to discover Him in His variety. But above all, to know HIM fully without limited boundaries.

This was the case with me. I was planted in a good church that taught me about God, the saints, the angels, the archangels, and hell. I was encouraged to discover about them and about God, but I did not *personally know* the God I belonged to since birth. Inside the church would be paintings that would take up a wall and go all the way to the ceiling, paintings of Jesus, His Blessed Mother, as well as some icons of some saints. Through gazing at those paintings and hearing the stories that went with them I learned about God. Yet while I was looking at them, I did not dare think of an actual interaction with them would be possible. That a relationship with them as with a family member or a dear friend could be mine.

I always thought, "They are there (in Heaven), I am here (lowly on earth), you should know your place!" I felt the same with Jesus. I knew that He died for my sins there on the cross but that is where it stopped. Though I learned about the ten commandments I did not follow all of them by heart. I lied and stole. I did not confess all my known sin when going to confession because I was ashamed and afraid of what the priest would think of me.

I did not know God, though I belonged to Him.

Later, I would try to follow the regulations about fasts, yet because I was fasting in the flesh, I would push myself to the point of weakness and dizziness. If I broke the fast when my concerned family told me to eat, I would feel awful about failing the fast and resentful toward my family who insisted I eat. I wanted to please God, but I was doing it on my own strength in my own *self*.

I still did not know God's heart.

Knowing the background of my orthodox church I used to secretly boast inwardly whenever the topic came up that we were more 'right' than others in holding the truths regarding Christianity. I knew nothing about other denomination other than the gossip that went around, which I did not take the opportunity to discern since I was afraid of falling astray somehow.

Obviously, I still did not know of God's heart for if I did, I would not have been so proud and inwardly disrespectful to my brothers and sisters of another Christian denomination. Although I did speak to them kindly as human beings, whenever the topic of faith arose my heart would define them as "deceived" because of what I have heard about their church. Perhaps that is what they call a strong boastful "religious spirit", obviously the fruit in me was not pleasant.

I belonged to the vine (Jesus Christ) but I was not bearing fruit, rather barren and isolated by *self*. However, God in His mercy took me out from the isolated *self*-corner of my box, as I was slowly dying in my pot, and planted me firmly. Watering me with pure waters from sources He Himself chose, not solely from my domination's circle.

So, then I began to *know* God.

A relationship began. The branch began to give new shoots as He Himself took care of me in His own wisdom as to how to deal with me. Before I had been trying mainly by myself, but He changed that.

I did not fathom the idea that the reality of a pure close relationship with Him could happen with me. "That is only for a few! Like those saints of old! Not me! A normal nobody." I would think. People oftentimes grow in a Christian circle, but rarely seek to know God intimately. Through an intimate nurtured relationship with Him, you being to know God and then you being to know *yourself*. If you know His character and persona, you yourself begin to imitate that, and eventually freedom from above envelops your being as you truly are made into Him Image. Growing firmly in the vine, the branch stretches and becomes strong and then bears true fruits from Heaven. Just as it should be. You then become free to soar the heights of Heaven, into the lows of valleys, to dive into the depths with Jesus, to climb the mountains with the Holy Spirit and enjoy the vastness of His goodness. To sit with the Father and to *know* God! He gives true freedom to stretch and grow.

So, begin to genuinely want Him.

This brought up something else I noticed. God's judgement and love is like white and black colors under the sun. When dressed in white clothing, the sun caresses you with its warmth. Sometimes even a slight fresh wind catches you and brings fresh delight. Yet when you are dressed in dark clothing on that same day you are scorched! It feels as if the sun is specifically eyeing and scorching *you* out of all those around! (lol)

The garments of Jesus are the pure white clothing given to us to wear under the heat. It is the stubborn unrepented sins that we have accumulated up to this point that are the dark garments scorched by the heat.

It is like when picking up a coal in your hand, even just by one slight touch the fingers get dirty. This is what sin and evil does; they get us dirty! And the more we grab them but do not wash afterwards, we create a huge mess of blackness all over us and around us.

So, what is the next step to take?

Taking a shower.



# Walking Temples

Where is His resting place now?

His first dwelling on earth was the tabernacle. Then in the mighty temple made by King Solomon, and after that in the little simple second temple, greater than the first one! Now His dwelling is in walking temples that He made by His own hands. In the past, men's hands built the temple with rocks, gems stones etc., but now He made His tiny little ones with blood and water from His own substance!

A man's physical body is more than just meat and bones with cells and veins mingled in. You could say a human soul is a mystery of how it was formed. So, you being so precious and wonderfully made, would He want to dwell again amongst the hardness of brick and stone? Having you as the apple of His eyes, interesting watching your every moment, would He live in between walls and look at you only through some windows, so to say? Does that not sound isolated and limited?

As a kid, you have come from a Christian background, you went with your family to a building where people gathered and you discovered that there is a God, that He has a Son, and that there is His Holy Spirit that can live in you, about the many saints you have heard of. But you see, He does not dwell in *that* building exactly, He literally lives in *you*, in that person who was next to you, in that one standing in a corner, in the priest you listened to. Yet as you search, you eventually find out that He is in the *core heart of a man*. Just as He lived in the core heart of the past two temples: in the Holy of Holies. So that every man, women and child that come together in a building to share testimonies, singing songs of worship, praying together and healing, etc. If these same people got out of that building, they would still be His little temples, the Church of Christ, His Body. Every believer is a part of this Body and is a vital member, just like there are many members and parts in you but together forms a WHOLE body where your soul lives.

So, let us think about the source of Christianity. This source is Jesus. Let us think about Him for a while. His heart shines brighter than the sun. His face is more beautiful than all the beauty in the universe. His hands are gorgeously stunning, His wounds shine gloriously. His eyes are like the most heated part of the flame, blue. God the Son willingly came and become small like an atom under the heavy gravity and all that is on Earth. He could have just said a word to those who spit on Him, those who continuously mocked and beat Him, those who made holes stripes on His body...He could have just said one word and they all would have disappeared with no trace! But no, He let Himself be mocked, spit upon, flesh open, blood spilled out, hands and feet pierced deeper with each blow, His loving head pierced with thorns, shown naked full of wounds and bones dislocated. He allowed Himself this because of His deep yearning for you and me, for all. He even gave us an extreme example of forgiveness; He pardoned His torturers. The pinnacle of human wickedness was seen all over His destroyed body.

However, in all this God the Father is being deeply merciful. On this hill of those tortures, He was magnificently building His new little temples with His own substance. Out of the ugliest came the most speechless beauty! (you could liken this to Jesus and to yourself too).



So, as it seems God Himself cannot be limited to men's rules in some boxed religion. The teachings they hold that *are* of God do help indeed and should never be ignored or tossed aside. Yet that division we often see and feel between religious denominations, stirring us to keep away from loving others openly and widely, really, because of the rules we have – those heavy burden of manmade added rules that suffocate the soul and hinders us from knowing deeply the Creator and even the person themselves (in the light of who they truly are in front of God's eyes).

Nowadays we see that things are changing; people are awakening up wanting something deeper than shallow waters that we have been in all along for so long. Many people looked in heard but lacked in encounters with Him, and so when their time is ripe Jesus touches them and they eventually realize they have been living in "boxes" and are only just starting to see the vastness of His beauty and tender affection toward them.

It is like looking at the horizon from a beach. You feel the sand and see the ocean. You might even get your feet on the shallow coast and swim a bit, but you are always aware that there is more than this that your eyes see. There is depth and newness that is all around you and you are just touching the hem of. You have no idea what is in there and how much you will enjoy it until you, yourself, decide to lay aside the fear and go to explore it. Now, mirror that to the heart of God...deep and beyond fathoming, mysterious yet transparent and open, HUGE and always having something new to discover!

You see, your God is something else, more than meets the eyes and hits the ears. He created you to be His own! His is a Being continually burning with raging flames of love for you. It does not matter if you might be little, unnoticed, passed by or on the spotlight of many, famous or rich. Before you even became famous or unnoticed by many, His gaze followed your speedy baby steps. He laughed at every cute gesture of yours, and even when you missed it and made a mistake – there He was carefully showing you the mistake and correcting His precious kid. Perhaps not a day have you lived without having a meal. Perhaps after you went days without it, He finally reached with His own hands to feed you, even if it be by the hands of another soul. Recall the blessings and ponder how you are still breathing today.

Today, in these Last Days, evil torture is seen bountifully and in every corner. God sees all at every mini-second, and yet, He gives one more day to bring many more Home, *restored and made anew* through His own building materials. On the hills of this growing and emerging evil, He is secretly constructing and birthing countless born-again souls, bringing many out of all kinds of boxes.

He is stepping outside the portraits frame!

**Way more** is on its way.



# Fear

Fear: it steals your breath right from your lungs. It chokes your throat as not to inhale more air. It smashes your dream, hopes and waters down your fire. It paralyzes the muscles from forward movement, your brain cluttered with phantom scenarios.

The thing is though that Fear is fearing you, terrified of what you could do to him because you now belong to the King of Kings. Becoming a child of the King of Kings places you on the other side of fear, and since you are in an infant vulnerable state fear takes advantage of that to trample your soul or someone else's in the dust. Fear wants you to fear him, so he goes about telling lies, throwing up illusion and vapor-images, screaming you are not good enough to walk in your dreams burning deep within. It yells, "You are so unloved!" "You will always remain weak and depressed." Fear sees what his own destiny is, takes that, and splashes in on you as though it is your own.

He once loved, now nothing remains in him but fear and hatred. He once lived beautiful dreams; he now is doomed to barren realms. He takes his own problems and makes them your own. You have dreams, he wants to steal them. You have a warm God given breath; he wants to pull it out of you. You have a beautiful smile; he is envious of it for he himself has no warm reason to joyfully smile anymore. Humans are wonderfully and fearfully made – demons fear that even more when God lives within the person. And since they are His child, they with God can do a lot of damage to the devils' realms!

But to think about it, how come one even has a stronghold of fear, anxiety, stress, insecurity and unbelief, etc.? I recall a child who was told to do something, but he did not obey. I remember the tricks some used saying to their little ones, "If you don't come here, the police officers will take you." "Come here and do what I say, if not, those people in that red car will kidnap you." "If you are not a good child, bogeyman will appear." These people unknowingly do the work and follow the plan of the devil when they willingly run to these tricks. They open the door wide open for the demon of Fear to enter and swift those precious little souls whom they claim to love. Many might find themselves victim of such tricks here and there throughout their childhood.

To mention some of my childhood; I was playfully swinging my legs back and forth on day, until someone passed unto me something that someone had told them, saying not to swing my legs like that because I was entertaining a devil on my feet and that I was sinning. The outcome was instant fear gripping my tiny heart in such a way that I stopped doing it for a time. But even unknowingly of it, the kid-me was beginning to discern those words shortly after and it has gotten me out of that lie. Other times even without the influence of some words heard or read, I recall one night around 8/9PM my mom was late than usual. While I was sitting on my bed, I felt a fear in my thoughts whispering that my mom was dead, therefore that was why she was being late. When I fought that thought, another came up mentioning that she had been kidnapped or that she had abandoned us in this house. Or even mentioning that while she was absent some thieves would shortly enter and assault me and my brothers.

So, Fear enters in our life not only through words spoken by a poorly informed person, but it also comes as a thought or even a shout in your ear. So much so that little by little a mountain of fears is accumulated over every little thing.

These devils stalk a person all days ahead, recording their movements of weakness and using it to beat them to the ground. Paralyzing the soul with Confusion backing it up together with Insecurity and Unbelief – one becomes scrupulous. Letting fear reign in one's life is a wasted madness. This we are told and this we know, but defeating this stronghold is great struggle to even an inner war.

Such is the battle with fear, this serpent-giant-wall before me blocking the beautiful views of sunrise in the tiny days on earth.

In the mix of all these emotions, at the end of the day one is left emotionless and exhausting. Realizing the mess of the day and all that happened which crates depression and the felling of hopelessness to come in. The force they come with is the same as one suffering with addictions of sorts, the battle and the struggle is the same as a man suffering with alcoholism, violence, lust, or madness because of paranoia.

Their words though, every word is lacking in meaning, being emptier than empty space itself. They have not grasp, no source, no course. The same devil might tell you, "How beautiful and attractive you look with those clothing, way better than these around you. You look simple and cute; they are definitely eyeing your beauty!" Then he turns around and says, "Pfft, how ugly and how worse off will you be ahead in your days – you can hardly do anything. Why do you even brag about your external beauty while look how ugly and disgusting you are within. Innocent you say. Yea right, you will be burned in the fire for ages and then you will be the least of all in the Kingdom, right at the bottom for all your wasted talents and days!" After these words are said the devil turns right around and starts speaking sugarcoated words, fueling pride and flattering you, just so they can feed off you. Then once again within a second the words again turn like poison and you are beaten worse than a baseball bat directly in the face. Playing you alike a ball.

Therefore, no importance should be given to such creatures, they lack meaning in a very decaying cell.

However, amid all these arrows flying by day and night, hope stills stands. My Hope breathes, lives and speaks. He is the source of my breath, the moderator of my feelings and the Commander of an army to defeat those liars. Hope says gently yet firmly, "*I give you my own breath, I restore your strength. I will be your sword, I will even by the One who slays down this serpent-wall with such strength and might that not one brick will remain intact. They want you to be beaten down to dust but I will turn THEM to dust instead! Your dreams I hold dear and they are fulfilled in Me. That new dawn will shine on you day after day. I hold you through the rains.*" The source of all beings, my Jesus... the King of kings.

## A Hilarious Giver

Before the foundations of the world, God gave. He created His angels and clothed them in majesty, from the least to the greatest, none was overlooked. He gave them a share of His own power, wisdom, knowledge, deep insights into His heart. Giving, sustaining them and all those countless dimensions that Heaven holds. Every being existent in Heaven originated in Him, even if we know about them or not.

But then, He set His eyes on giving light in a dark chaotic world. According to His own design, He built everything with His own hands and might. Seeing that all was good, He created even more; from atoms to cells, from salty water to drinkable water, diverse kinds of clouds, matchless petals on flowers and leaves on trees. A giant variety of fragrances, countless beings of their own type. Creative artworks of diverse foods, lands with their own unique beauty, stones and gems hidden as a deep treasure, a splendid night sky richer in splendor than any diamonds and pearls. He gave vast space for everything and everyone! He gave humans His own image and DNA, calling them His children. Flooding them with His time, affection and care. Clothing them in honest beauty after Himself. And then, He gave a rescue plan from their own deep fall, saying “**I won’t abandon you**”, He enriched them with fruit of their own womb, make them beautiful in appearance, shaping beauty further and deeper into the soul! For many He gave honor and fame among the nations as His own beloved people after His heart. He provided very day food, few or much, they were not left in hunger. Opening foundations and bringing forth rivers to quench their dry thirst, He went as far as bringing a rain of food from Heaven directly to feed them! Even in their rebellious ingratitude He endured them and gave mercy. Thousand times do man fail and thousand times over He did not give up and completely wipe them out.

He gave and gave.

Along human history with each battle and war that ever emerged, He continually gave a new sunrise. Day, after day, after day, even if the hearts of men began to turn away, He did not abandon them, He was never silent. His ultimate giving was of His own Son. He even went along with the Son and took the death punishment belonging to mankind for their wickedness upon Himself. God who owned and created every single little and giant thing, became a *thing* Himself just so He could embrace His children again. He went as far as going into the depths of prison to take the keys of death, so death would not rule over them ever again. And finally, He gave His beloved ones the opportunity to see His rescue plan fulfilled by opening the gates to reenter and live near Him again! He became their cure, their freedom, their “soap” for their dirt. Holding them dear to His huge heart that He even become their food and drink! Freely giving what they did not deserve at all. He withheld nothing; letting go to His throne and honor, putting aside His glory and dressing Himself with rags, leaving His castles and mansions to not even having a proper bed. To Him, giving all to gain these little fallen children, was worth it.

And God gave EVEN more, all His power and authority, His own persona, everything was in the Son’s hands. The Son entrusted these on His people’s hands, while at the same time guiding and shaping them even as a child holds his daddy’s hand, walking and learning. Leaning on the parents for godly counsels and advices even in his adult age – so it is with this Divine Dad!

He gave away His last breath from His crushed lungs. His full life as an example. His pure blood, body, tears, sweat, hands, feet, the very heart exposed to be wounded. His longing eyes, bones out of place, hair forcefully pulled out. His smile was silenced, His health taken completely away! His angels were given to be near us all the way, the Son's beautiful mother is now the mother of His own people too. His glory, His light, His Spirit – HIS OWN BEING, AS GOD! He gave.

As we sleep and rest at night, He goes into your "tomorrow" and prepares the day for you. As you wake up, He is gazing at you smiling with His eyes, and you might hear a random "**Good morning!**" in your thoughts, and off He goes with you side by side. He seats you at the table and gives you your meal, hanging you a napkin or so to clean yourself when needed. You might say a "Thank you" for the meal, but if not, He is there wanting to hear it from you, big eyed and expectant! You step and look out the window and it is a moist humid air outside, it just rained softly! All calm. Streets at peace from the constant day-noise, birds singing and flying in the abounding freshness. You happen to live in an environment where there are some trees and a river nearby; you notice the leaves are clean and shiny, the rushing waters cleaning the river that it is more alive than you saw it before. It is springtime and here comes the little ducklings with their mama walking and discovering treats as a hand throws carefully breadcrumbs out of a window. How they run speedily! On another day you play a game with your dad, bonding together even more. Hours later you stretch a bit and end up having a surprise hug from someone, catching you off guard yet filling you with unexpected delight.

These are the little things that fly to and fro from His heart, nailing your heart with joy.

Little gifts weight to fill your heart with lots of lasting joy!

He lavished you with all these gifts, and why? What are men that made Him give all and continually do so? Why does He not withhold goodness from them? Why that time to educate and teach them lessons, leading therefore to growth and wisdom, making them more gorgeous? Why men, who seems to do so much evil and hurt Him each second of the day?

His eyes see something that men cannot perceive in themselves. A kid would wonder why his parents gaze at him so lovingly, take it as an example as to how God feels towards *you!* Gems from the deepest depths even if mostly rare, are not enough. From the first coin to the very last piece of money from whatever country, all of them together are not enough. The purest gold? It just melts away, all the value put on them burns and melts. You see, the soul is priceless! So rare and unfathomably unique that nothing such as these above can reach to its value. God alone is its only price. One tiny soul is worth waging war, breaking time and realms! The lowest one on Earth is very much worth it.

So, if He gave and gave and still gives, why do we not give? The one who gives and gives will have more, so he could continually give even more. He will not lack or ever be in need for the eyes of the Lord are on him.

In a time of trouble comes the test of giving. Will the soul withhold because he is insecure his own needs would not be fully provided for, or will he give a share to someone in more deep misery than himself? All would *desire* to give, but we fail in the *action* of it.

However, failures and mistakes are not meant to be a laid-down defeat with face glued to the floor, saying, "I cannot do it, I am way too weak to approach and speak or give! Why even try after so many failures, crushing myself deeper each time!" [That is me when I fail a lot of time].

At each selfish fall we are to pick up our wounded bones and rise, calling on the eternal Daddy to make **giving** hilariously joyful, like Him.

## Shake Off the Rashness

Like any place on earth and in any culture, there are things passed down unto us, things we have been taught of since young. Some things are true and beautiful, other rise some questions. There are certain sayings or traditions that nobody knows about their source anymore, so all left to do is just to discern their fruit and where those sayings or traditions lead the people in the end.

We are also creatures of habit that we build up over time. Two of them I would say is cleaning and organizing and preparations. No, it is not wrong to do deep cleaning and organizing one's property. However, if one goes overboard and spends most of their energy and time on cleaning/preparations during Christmas or Passover weeks too (before the feasts) ... Well, then there is the need to stop and look at this way of doing things. It might not totally be your case and mine; but let us take me as an example.

I have a guest who is very dear to me and I did not want Him to be in a filthy environment, so I go about arranging this and that. "Oh, this carpet has not been washed for a long time now. I better take care of it." I think and go about doing it. After that I stop and look ahead, "Those curtains look kind of old and ragged, I better get some new ones," and so I do. "What shall I feed him with? It has to be something special and delicious." This sets me to choose some good meals, desserts, drinks and even decor. By the time my guest arrives everything is ready and nicely done, but his knock is heard at the door sooner than I had expected! Surprised and stunned, I open the door sweaty with a messed-up hair and in my pajama. Having been busy with this festive season, I did not had time to even shower that day. The dust and dirt of things around were now all over me. At that moment shame grips me. He came to spend this Passover with *me*, mainly, and I present myself unprepared. Yet being understandable of my situation even then, He waits until I get myself prepared too. Taking a chair, He sits down and gives a glance at the surroundings. He notices the food I cooked and it makes Him deeply grateful, but He is eagerly awaiting me, attentive at each little movement. This guest is a gentleman and a best friend on my top list. He is in fact a King, He is God. And *I am* His home, His dwelling place. So, my own house I cleaned and arranged it, but His *house and temple* were unprepared (me).

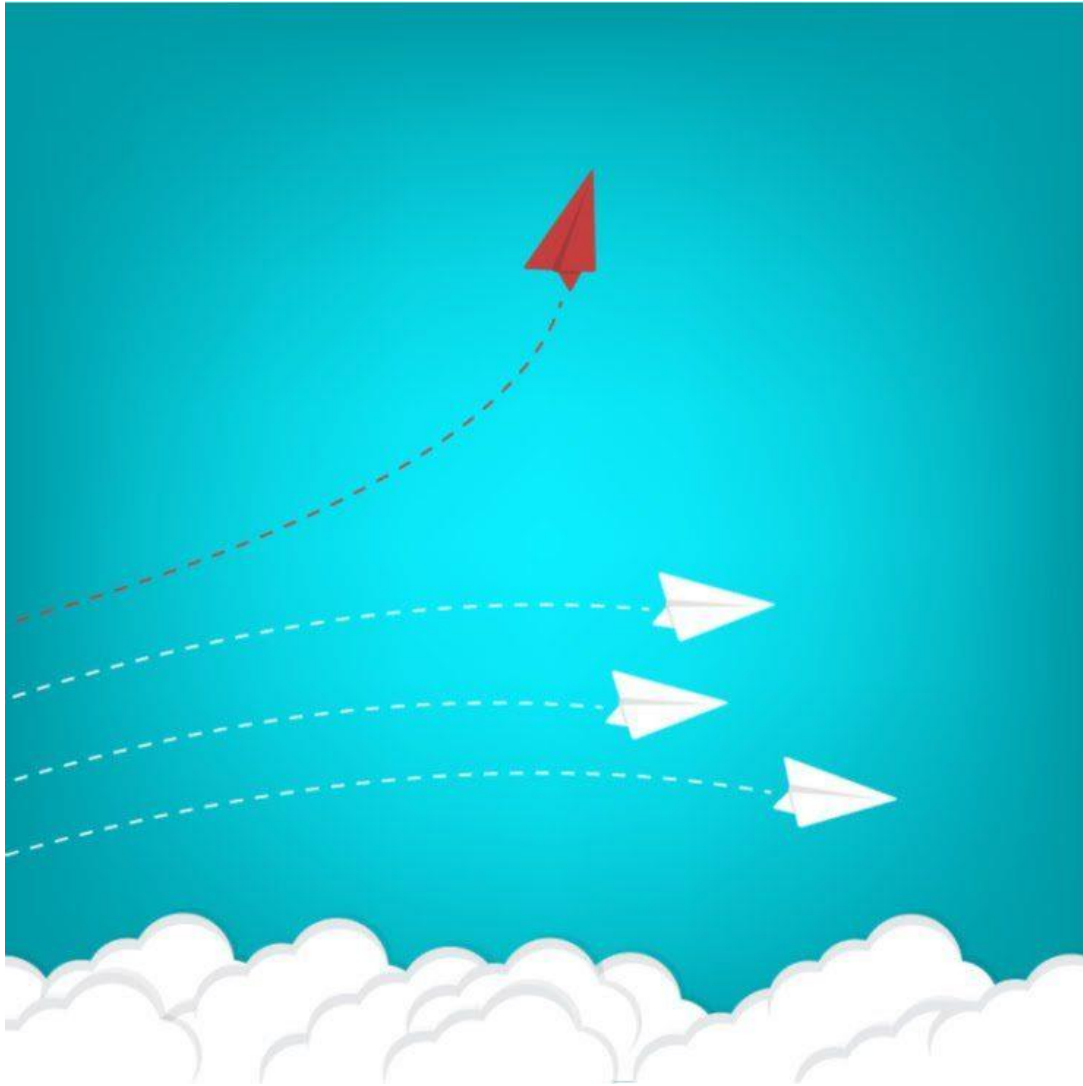
So, during those weeks I have spent mostly on preparations, it would have been a beautiful gift to Him to just lay down my rushed activities and simply spend time with Him (it reminds me now of Martha and Mary episode). Cleaning, yes, cleaning the windows of my soul; the dust off my heart; removing those dirty spots I have noticed and even going into a general cleaning deep within my spirit; changing curtains to allow more light to come in; apply the love-paint on whatever needs to be adjusted; cutting and throwing things I did not need, etc. One week with one other unnecessary distractions and entanglements to snatch me out from near Him; outer rushed activities moderated and allowing myself to breathe and appreciate life and the Guest. I have noticed that oftentimes so much of what we do, after a day or two, it is back to its former state and the amount of energy spent on them flew by as nothing accomplished. And there we find ourselves sighing deeply, feeling forced to do it again. The rustle and bustle of it all leave a soul dead weary! Yet in the quietness of the heart the soul finds God everywhere around and hears His voice in one's own thought too.

As an end, is it not better to take some good time in the morning (or whenever it might be), and firstly fellowship with HIM, and then take care of our temporary houses? Because just the way it

is with washing dishes, normally we clean first the inside, the most important part, then the outside which is less dirty. Think of it like this; our homes are spotlessly clean and organized but then the next hours a hurricane, a flood comes and destroys things from foundation. Smashing down walls and dishes, fancy cups and important paintings, TV useless and wet now, video games destroyed. Nothing is left intact. The only thing standing is *you*. So, perceiving it; *you* are the most important than the house made of bricks, wood and windows. Just like the hurricane or that flood did not wait and came in unexpectedly so can we be taken unexpectedly from this planet. Really. And rather than meeting Him up there in a distorted state, feeling ashamed we did not take some moments while on earth... Would it not be much better, putting a smile on your face and His, to stand before Him clean and prepared meeting Him now in *His* forever awesome house, *your* forever home?

Yes, those *inner* cleansings are not to be done solely around Passover or Christmas feasts – anytime would do, the more frequent the better! But as you can guess these feasts are special and cherished by this dear Guest, and He desires to have us better in heart matters too – He would want to share that joy with you and I after all.





## The Correction of the Father

A tender truth is that the correction of the Father is a precious jewel to keep close to one's heart, because it is better to be corrected than to be left alone to walk in debauchery and misery. At times even to receive severe correction!

I can be a stubborn heart at times, following my own ways regardless of warnings around. I bet it happens to many, not just to some. But I figured if there is a desire to be wiser and better at making decisions, at doing something challenging and acting with proper motives – then I better accept the council of the Father, for evil He does not wish for me but only the very top best at heart.

You see, children are children and sometimes they must learn though painful lessons of life to really understand something. It happened so to me.



Before I began to follow God wholeheartedly, I had to go down an unpleasant path because a certain blindness was over me and I did not realize He was sending me warning of danger ahead. I went there out of my own free will and ended up wounding myself. He was faithful to warn me in dreams, to advice and counsel me through other people, through circumstances around me... but I did not perceive it was HIM behind them all. So, in the end I could only fall deeper, with all my fleshy misery at its culminating point (but only to a certain degree). Although I blindly chose to go there, He followed me, not allowing to go beyond of what I could bear. You see, His protective hands are around us still! And He took my greatest mistake and turned it to the greatest of good; He got me completely repenting of all my perverted sins, even of those I never got the courage to ask forgiveness for in days past, going way back to my sinful childhood.

So, if we despise His warnings and corrections it will end up being our own undoing. It is like, just think of a child wanting to experience the adrenaline and excitement of jumping off a high cliff without any thoughts to proper safety, thinks he will be flying. His parent would advise him not to do it, but the stubborn child would turn a deaf ear and mock, being all puffed up and overconfident that he will turn out just okay. The heart of the parent holds wisdom and understanding, knowing that when the kid hits the bottom rock of the cliff, the sight would not be pretty.

Just as a mother would counsel a daughter not to play with fire too. A brother would say a word of caution about swimming in deep places when not even knowing how to swim properly. Someone would even warn not to carry around sharp broken tiny glass in a tight grip.

Common sense warns not to do something irrational and dangerous, like, using a heavy sharpened axe, (me being light weighed kid and having no skill of using it...).

As another point of view to us taking wrong paths stubbornly, and Him warning us, just imagine Jesus walking alongside someone and so it came about that the soul began to think weird, taking a curb to the left. Jesus says, "Dear one, the end is a roadblock!" but the soul heeds not. Jesus comes near and touches the shoulder, trying to stop him or her with reasoning – but to no avail. He moves in front, trying to block the pace – but He is swiftly passed by!

His words were not heard, the touch, the reasoning – nothing worked. Jesus sees Himself forced to go a bit harsher on the soul: He steps on the soul's foot and he or she falls face flat on the floor! Now He has that soul's attention.

Like me, some might fear God's correction because it feels as if we are going to be punished and thrown a cold towel with abandonment accompanied, along with distanced attitudes from Him toward us making a mistake. Some (like me) want to avoid it by trying to always choose the right decision and act right so others (and God) would not be displeased. So, when a mistake *is* made and a fall *does* happen, there takes place in one's heart all kinds of stress and anxiety for making that mistake (or repetitive mistakes) and shaking in fear about approaching God. Ever wondering, "What He will say to me and how He will 'punish' me as a consequence."

But.... If there is no mistake and no correction, how would one truly grow, how could one know how to choose better the next time?

Neither I or you or anyone else is programmed to know all things right at first.

Does it seem harsh and rude for God to make someone fall flat on the floor? Well, He would lovingly, but firmly do more to keep the soul He madly loves. Tough love is true love in this case.

I am thinking of King Nebuchadnezzar who had to be humbled in such a strange and odd way, it left me awestruck that the Father would go to such an extent to keep that soul on the right track of heart. I even recall the severe corrections He allowed ancient Israel to go through repeatedly to lead them back to the right path. You can recall some of your own corrections, I recall some of mine, everybody has got them. Because if a parent does not correct their child with loving but firm discipline, then that parent is showing a lack of true love.

A good father or mother takes care of his very own, how much more the perfect Father looking after His precious ones. Counting every step they make, knowing the amount of hair on their head, how many cells within the body, how much blood flows, how much energy one needs, the amount of food for each stomach...

If this perfect Father looks after our physical needs, He would be ever more attentive and devoted regarding our spiritual needs (this side that is to remain forever). His type of loving is beyond, it is incomprehensible, difficult to grasp but somehow easy to accept. Easier said than done for some people, right?

Yet it can be easy to receive it, and that is by beginning to have the mindset of a child. Meaning; being open and teachable, not yielding to doubting and fear (just to enlist some).

*Note:*

*The Book of Proverbs holds much wisdom; a father's instruction, being yourself and not an actor wearing a mask, sticking to loyal love and all good stuff you have been taught, being careful with words, etc. (I read the one from The Passion Translation).*



## Following God

Sometimes I look back at those who have already run their race until the end and have won. I sincerely see them with eyes of respect and wonder. So diverse they were, and so beautiful!

It is clearly seen that being a Christian in the past had many tough challenges, and well, the same stands for today.

I had read the lives of some total laid-down believers and it strikes me every time how abandoned to His care they were, to the point of laying down their physical bodies. This is, “no greater love can one show than to lay down one’s life for a friend.” It struck me with wonder at their bold surrender because I find myself facing many struggles about surrendering completely and letting go of the fear of the unknown, or the fear of physical suffering.

One day I was inspired to look at the life of Saint Irene (mostly known as Great Martyr Irene), since it was her feast day, and her journey marked me with deep thoughts and contemplation. She fell in love with the Lord her Savior at a young age. From the very beginning of her walk, she did not run from big trouble, but rather faced it boldly. She accepted to face torture throughout her journey

in life. Which at most, in the end, the tortures did not prevail over her body because of divine protection and she walked out unharmed, with new souls brought to the Kingdom as a result. And in some other cases even if she did suffer, instant healing came to her, together with a wave of people who converted after seeing her bold and strong faith and how God moved.

The life of a Christian is the life of Jesus. And if Jesus was hated and suffered, we are hated and suffer. Jesus experienced God in divine ways – we experience the same. All He did, we are to do. All He experienced, we will too. Although this is an amazing path to walk, with mind-blowing blessings, it contains suffering as a part of it too – a think we often want to avoid.

I often think to myself that it is like wanting only honey and chocolates while avoiding lemons and onions. Like wanting to learn how to ride a bike without a single fall in the process, to cause no pain and scratch on the body. I question then, “And what is wrong with having only sweets and desserts as daily meals? What is wrong about wishing to have no scratches at all?” I would then realize; one does not truly grow when they are totally healthy! A wound can create deep lasting growth in one’s character when properly dealt with it. A fall and a scratch do wonders to spiritual growth as I perceived it. And when you have a scratching throat, a lemon juice combined with the honey is needed to heal as well as sooth. Other types of food are needed, even if they make the eyes teary too.

I noticed that the world thinks we have our head in the sand by choosing to follow this God and that Jesus. As being foolish weak people who do not have anything to do for a living, following some outdated teachings. Thus, oftentimes, many lovers of God are looked down upon, mocked even by unspoken words, stabbed by fierce speech and stares of disapproval. Sincere lovers of Jesus are thrown in an invisible corner, ignored as mere delusional being refusing to face “reality.” These choosing the world, hate God, for the one ruling the world’s system is Satan, and Satan detest Him with bitter hatred. So, all who follow the world’s system of living (inspired by Satan) they hate God’s system of living. Disliking the very ones who live accordingly to His ways. So nowadays evil is seen as “good” and that which is good is seen as a bad thing to avoid because it would rob you of your “freedom”, all the while the devil is handcuffing your hands without you realizing it – being a thief of freedoms himself.

A soul walking in the footsteps of Christ has a portion of daily battles to face. Some battles are won, some are not, it is a get up and keep standing type of fight. Even if a battle is lost, the little lover still has the victory. Why? Because first: the war has already been won. Secondly, because that fall shapes virtue in the soul and it fires up the little lover to slap the devil’s face with determination to keep on running the race.

Humanly speaking we are weak. We tend to give in to our pleasures and are more bent toward believing the enemy’s words. At times overwhelmed by pressures and wanting to give it all up just so we could have it easier on us, sometimes we are more willing to take a shortcut rather than taking the long run! We see our faults more clearly and make a LOT of mistakes. We are also more willing to take off the mask and be real.

It is just that some gifts we receive are disguised as sufferings. Do you know what happens when a little lover suffers – he matures! Since the little one walks with God willingly, his character is purely shaped and built up. He is maturing, but not coldly as seen in the world. No, God’s definition

of maturity is different that the world's definition of it, and His education far outweighs any valuable treasure or item the temporary world could offer to make it easier. When we accept these tenderly given gifts of suffering, the little one needs to be brave like a warrior to keep standing. To not bed the knee and bow to either Satan, man's agenda or to even his own selfish pleasures. The suffering hitting sometimes are only a little portion compared how much more the devil keeps on attacking, but never succeeding. Most of the attacks never land because God would not allow it, therefore, His angels deal with them, protecting the beloved soul. Yet if a blow should be allowed to land, it is only to cultivate endurance and strength, so that when heavier things happen the little one will stand strong.

Some lovers of God must stand on their ground while facing kings, presidents, satanists, communist and terrorists. Others have a fervent situation where they need to be brave while facing fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers. The fight seems fiercer and deeply wounding when against a loved one while they cannot "see" yet. I, myself, had times where I had to stand my ground through physically trembling. One such example was seven days after I got baptized. I had told no one in my family because somehow, I could see they would not permit this, so they knew nothing of where I was those hours. I had not answered their phone calls at all, and somehow when I got home that day, they let me be for a whole week! "Strange." I thought, but I was extremely glad and relieved for this week of peace.

So then, seven days passed, and I get called out about my absence that day and my odd suspicious behavior I had for quite a time now (like changing things in my life so to be more pleasing to God and stay away from things that offend Him). You see, God had allowed a family friend to see me that day and thus the news arrived to them that I have had a backpack and waiting for someone. Standing in front of my parents was like facing fire at your feet that moment. The whole situation made me feel like a prey under the eye of the predator ready to be attacked. I could not answer to their questions, I could hardly speak at all because of crying. I could not explain a thing because I was not properly being listened to. Being smart parents, they picked up that it had something to do with God and they wanted me to drop it, because fear and concern was in their chest about my eternal welfare. They were afraid that I am being deceived. You know how parents get so firm and fierce when their children do not listen. That was what I was dealing with. I had to stand there and take it as inner wounds landed inside me. I stood my ground with weak shaking hands and legs, trembling in my boots. Yet the Lord had warned me that morning that a storm was coming and that He was extremely near to me all the way; so, I stood.

Other times I try to stand when facing my faults and not to beat myself so much. I try to not bend the knee to Satan's constant lies about my walk and future, that I would lose it all because of my bad choices and miserable sides in me. Sometimes I lose and fall, others I stand and move on. Falls are a part of learning; it cannot be shunned away.

So, while being a little lover of Christ includes battles, crosses and walking in the Master's footsteps. All these little portions of tiredness are washed away in those "peaceful streams" where one is lead to rest. One comes to realize how fulfilling this God is, so much so that the soul chooses to sink his, heart, mind and spirit in God even more. God showers His little lover with tornadoes of love, perfecting him, holding the little one when his misery is revealed. He washes and forgives the folly of the child for playing in the mire when he was told not to. He smiles at the precious one in such a way that legs melt and give in and awakens a longing inside to know Him deeper and truer. So much that one cannot contain himself, burning with tears for Him. God is a Daddy that many did



not have, loving His children with such a passion one can hardly fathom where it begins and if it even has an end. With Him, many learn to be themselves without shame or fear of how they might be, because His thoughts are pure gold toward them. He is willing to go down to prison to get one out. He is willing to take several bullets to have one living. He would not restrain His spilled blood just to have many well forever. He is a companion, a fighter, a warrior, a lover, a teacher, a friend – your counselor! A healer of deep wounds kept inside. A God that is not willing to abandon someone to one’s own foolishness or to the enemy’s plan. He would not force anyone to love Him. He would not step over someone’s trust with betrayal as we see many doing here on earth.

I noticed in my tiny soul that He fulfills my days. My most bizarre dreams are on the road to becoming a reality. He takes my being to adventures (physically or via mind). Well, we do not understand how God is madly in love with tiny human souls, and who can figure it out as to why He feels like that? He just wants to be with them constantly, not separated for a single second, so He prepared everything, inviting everyone and refuses to be forceful.

So, the choice is theirs (the souls). All of us chose to chase after the wind and rusting treasures before. Some still do and are yet to turn their heads back and see the glories waiting for them, if only they accept and enter through the gate He prepared.

*His yoke is easy because He carries the heavier part. He is gentle because that is His nature. You find all that you need in Him because He is Your Origin! Your source.*

# “My Voice”

## *I hear the Lord saying...*

*“My voice is like a tender gentle breeze of the night, refreshing your skin and soul. It is silent like the breeze but when it touches you it does not go unnoticed, for you know it is there.*

*My voice comes in visions of the night. In dreams. In manifested ways of My presence, and it is also an audible tone at times. But oftentimes, it is subtle, yet fully entwined with your thoughts. Ever present, ever clear as your own voice! My very own ones, they hear My voice but do not often perceive it. I am so One with them that they do not perceive it is Me speaking and not just ‘their thoughts’ as many would say about themselves.*

*I am near to them, closer than their heartbeats. In fact, I clearly hear every fast or slow beat! Oftentimes it is melodic to Me, for they think about Me. Other times it rages, and yet I am there to still their storms. In chaos, I am peace to them. In stillness, I am their refuge of delight and they are My very own delight too.*

*As they draw near to Me, My heart skips and beats with anticipation. I am so wanting them to be aware of Me, so much, that I sing over them! My delight and rejoicing cause me to jump of joy and swirl around with glee. My heart is fervent toward them, My tiny ones, the delight of My very heart.*

*Yes, I speak in visions, in My manifested presence, with My audible voice, in their thoughts... I show them varied, yet meaningful and significant images in front of their own eyes, giving them the interpretation too. I speak My heart to them through a song, a bird chirping somewhere, and it catches their attention. A flower so brilliant in color that they marvel at its ardent existence, giving Me glory and praise (unknowable to them), as it goes out from their hearts.*

*I dance and rejoice over My very own! I also weep and suffer, feeling stabs piercing their being. I feel and am very aware of the pain every one of them feels, even over a little injury, it does not go unnoticed in My eyes, for I **see** them. My eyes are ever watching them...*

*I delight when they come to find Me and have more of Me. I can then, at last, have their attention and fill their depths therefore. That void, that deep lasting emptiness finally is washed away, giving way to fresh living waters straight from My living heart.*

*My voice speaks to them gentle encouraging words in the morning. I bring up a song in their mind as they wake up, singing it over them. I love it when their minds are on Me, so tender and thankful.”*

Yes, your voice is tender, gentle and not forceful, it is like the summer winds that bring refreshment. It is also like a thunder, mighty with power. It is full of life like the oceans. Fruitful like all fruit-bearing trees. Fragrant like the flowers and freely soars like the birds in the sky. Your voice brings healing to a broken heart, shapes the bones of a man and strengthens his steps.

You are mild. Carrying out your plans with great patience toward our immaturity. Your words (even those unspoken words) reach the core of a soul and awaken deep slumbering places, it brings forth light in that long-forgotten darkness. You break chains with a simple breath, casting away all mire and spiderwebs that one has gained. Your voice, your unspoken voice, speaks through your eyes words of forgiveness, never looking down on the one you are healing. It is just the way you are! So, misunderstood by many, yet so unwavering by THEIR words, you remain the same no matter who blames.

I often wish I would listen to you as I listen to my mom telling life stories – stories of past days when I was not born yet. I love how very expressively and lively she told them, even releasing a joyful laughter at times! Oftentimes, I find myself wanting to listen to you telling us stories about times long before; What did you do in your might glory? What were those little things that touched your heart with amazement? Things you, yourself, went through! That would be amazing to listen to.

Yes, you speak to me in the beauty of the clouds; gazing at their color and shape, showing just how beautifully you made them even if for one fleeting moment – You gave your best even for a tiny moment! You say how much you love littleness while I gaze upon cute goslings on the water, and even as I ponder the littleness of babies. Such cuteness and serenity you give to all who enter this world! Then, I see you showering the Flower of Beauty; men and women in their teen days, growing beautiful. As they mature to adults, their strength is full. When old and advanced in age, a certain aura of meekness settles over them, even of wisdom and understanding accompanied, (their weak bodies awaken compassion in those who would just *look* at them).

This voice tells right from wrong while speaking in my conscience, and when I do not listen you allow me to feel the pain *you* feel. Airplanes are used to write encouraging words on the sky, car plates become means of reminding us of your presence, a crumb or a fruit has a heart shape on it naturally. Our own parents, friends and siblings, or even strangers – they become your messengers.

One interesting thing is how I see you in movies (not gospel movies), those scenes clearly showing your virtues in plain sight and melt us deep within. Another interesting thing is how your words stick to the heart and are never forgotten, always coming to the surface no matter how deep down we bury them. Even if we wanted to forget, they do not disappear just like that. It also seems that *actions* speak louder, and you have been speaking louder by *showing* since the beginning.

I wish I would hear you clearer with no sound of disbelief, just like I speak on chats with a friend or face to face to a loved person.

***The following excerpt was taken from, “The Enemy’s Next Move Against You.”  
on Still Small Voice.***

*“I am ever by your side, continually watching over you, whispering in your ear: ‘Do not go there. Do this – it would be good if you did that.’ ‘Do not answer that, delete it.’*



*Yes, I am advising you continually. But My voice is so familiar to you that you believe it to be your own. But if you listen very carefully, you will realize that thought did not originate with you...it came from a different source.*

*So, you say, 'What if it came from the enemy?' Well, you will know immediately because you will lose the peace you had five minutes ago. When that happens, the suggestion is from the evil one, rest assured. That is THE acid test. Did it leave you in peace? Or in turmoil?"*



## Wanting Someone Else's Life

Occasionally we think how it would be like to be someone else, living another life. Some look at the most excellent accomplished people as their example; Johnny Depp, Brad Pitt, Tony Stark... These were the examples while I was growing up – men of money, fame and status. The Men of many. There may be new celebrities that many look up to, silently wishing in their hearts to be like those people. Before I found the Lord, I looked up to some celebrities myself, choosing between them which one I liked the most. Some were Korean singers, some Marvel actors, others animation characters. Anything that would speak to me by means of their way of being – I wanted to be like them in those certain areas. “Who is your idol-person” some used to ask me, or even I made myself question that.

While it is okay to look at them as inspiration to follow dreams, to grow in virtue and to persevere, it is totally another thing to wish THEIR lives, THEIR beauty, THEIR accomplishments or anything else they had.

Even now many of us might look at saints who have already run their race and did a marvelous job while on Earth – we also find ourselves wishing to be like them. “How I would like to be that saint right now. How I would like to be that martyr who so freely gave himself to the Lord...they did so much better than I, now, in these last days...” Bitterly we lament. Yet though they might have done marvelous things in their days you must see that they cannot live and do the things YOU are supposed to do. If you switched places with them, they would have done horribly in your time.

Unique destinies everyone has been given and with them comes unique crosses. Why crosses? To prepare us for the greatest things yet to come! Everyone has them, either little or bit at first, it does not matter – they are there! Going further and climbing higher on the mountain of

holiness, more trials and more sufferings come. Why? So that we will be meek and humble, not seeking ourselves as more fit than others, thinking we are more favored by God than them. Therefore, many who respond to the Call suffer a bit at the very beginning, some even have faced this since childhood. Let us say, the bigger the calling, the more purifying flames in one's life.

Wanting to carry a cross for the Lord is pleasing to Him but wanting some other cross – like the big cross of your friend, thinking yours is not good enough – that is not pleasing at all when the motive behind is envy or jealousy. God has shaped a unique path that leads to your own unique destiny. If we were to wish to be in the place of another, would we not show ungratefulness and displeasure over what He has given us? Say there is a soul who got saved and now leads a life for Jesus, and that person got there because you were led to cross paths with her, to help and guide gently. Now, if you were not there, but living and wishing to be someone else, to have their sufferings, their destinies and almost all they had from inside-out – what would have happened with that person that got saved because of you? You would have not met her which means the words about Jesus would have never gotten deep into her and she right now could have been wandering somewhere in the darkness, headed to perdition.

So, you see, do not place yourself in the shoes of another person's destiny. You have got your own. What you do and where you walk, others do not do and there they do not walk. What others do and where they walk, you do not do and do not walk. Each step is a different per person, but all is the highest good for souls to be saved, for God's plan to be fulfilled – all for the glory of God! Wanting to be someone else frustrates that divine plan in your life, delaying the progress and resisting Him. That is not smart! He leads you in such a way that everyone He sends (and you accept what He sends) becomes a huge blessing for the others and it brings glory and joy to Daddy. There is NO other soul in this entire existence that could do the things He is given YOU to do. They are yours to be done, not the others. Just like the things that the others do are theirs to be done, and not yours.

A lady once mentioned something about Mary being chosen to be Jesus's mom, and not her. I really get her, because even I have thought of it at times. However, God is good, I pondered and He led my thoughts about Mary's destiny and at the time she lived, the way she lives, the struggles she had.

Say that Mary was not born at the time she got born and she did not have godly parents. If she were not born at that time, Jesus would not have been born either. People would have still been under the Old Testament Law, they would have died and went straight to hell or in Abraham's bosom realm, or who knows. And the killings would have happened continuously! All of this would have happened if Mary were not born at that time and age of that Era. She is known for being very pure and godly, and how did she come to that point? Through purifying fires, trials, sufferings and complete detachment of the world and its evil. God's grace was given to her since from the womb and so she became the way she became. Imagine that she was not pure and godly; God could not send Jesus. He is pure, He is the Son of God and the earthly mother had to be pure and godly too. That was her destiny, there at that time, at that age. Somebody had to be that "someone", and that someone was Mary. What she did there, others could not do. What some would do here at the End Times, Mary could not do. Just like what Peter or Paul did, others could not do and what the souls of today do, Peter and Paul could not do.

So, you see? Everybody is that “someone”, fitting perfectly at the times they exist.

Imagine the Father saying, “I have this certain amazing plan filled with so much that I would like to do and release so much goodness through. I need someone to carry them out—” and He pulls out a small light straight from His heart, looked tenderly and smiling from ear to ear, “YOU!” He says. “I will equip you right now and make you fit for it!” And so, you appeared in existence.

Every small light He pulls from His heart is different and the life of one builds the life of another. That life builds the life of yet another and so on. Therefore, hold precious to this life the Lord has given you, especially your crosses – big or little – for its presence in your days matter more than you can dream or imagine.

Jesus mentioned somewhere (I cannot recall where exactly), how one soul going to Heaven and seeing the things God had prepared for her and the lives she would touch...That soul would not even think TWICE about wishing to change it for the destiny of another! That is how much your uniqueness affects those around you and how the uniqueness He invested into you and everyone else is so important. All in all, we are connected to each other to bring glory to God and to see His plan fulfilled, having His Children with Him for eternity.



## The Surface

*Imagine....*

A beautiful pink sunset sky with soft purple hues ascending on high, mingled tones creating a melodious song of waves. A man stands by the waters on a high cliff, deep in thoughts. It seems He is silently listening to something far off in the distance. Quietly He opens his eyes and turns around to encounter a person robbed with glory garments. He smiles at the sight of Him and quickly closes the distance to embrace Him tenderly. They hold one another for some long minutes. All is quiet and settled as in the evening times at sunset. Little birds land on open branches and look at the two softly, releasing a tiny chirp here and there.

The Father kisses the Son's forehead and gazes into those deep piercing blue eyes, and tuning a bit toward the waters again, both listening to the deep. The Time has come. The Son walks up to the edge. Looking down He sees His tiny ones crying aloud. Calmly He takes off His glory robe, His kingly golden belt. Barefoot and in mere white undergarment He pauses with His eyes on the deep. Memories of His Kingdom arise in His mind. Streets of pure gold, majestic realms and fields filled with flowers that release diddling sounds as the winds flow between them. All dimensions in perfect harmony with beautiful, varied forms of life. Yet despite of all this it feels empty... something is missing. Melancholy surrounds these memories, and He is brought back to Himself, facing the waters. Within a split heartbeat, the Son takes a dive, leaving the Father and all of Heaven.

On the way down countless voices reach His aching heart. His eyes deep and focused, a glance would make one fall for them and never forget. Tenderly but mighty rocketing down through the waters He entered the Second Heaven. His gaze never wavered and yet at the same time are aware of everything around Him. He aims Himself at one tiny young lady sitting on the floor silently

keeping watch in the cool night. She seems to be speaking with someone telling her of some good news. Now the glory light of the Son hovers in the air above her head. At the lady's last words, He sweetly finds His place inside the young woman's womb. The King has joined them. Clothed with flesh and bones in the secrecy of the womb. He has entered the world He had created. In this limited world, He must grow up, to learn and the live out the perfect example of an ORIGINAL human being.

In the sight of Heaven, thirty years passes swiftly since He first swam in those waters. Now the Father sees Him standing ready. For three years He shows the Kingdom. His birth-land to His beloved lost children. He, Himself being an example, for as the King is so goes the Kingdom. However, the best wine was for the last. The King of Glory stripped on a cross, bleeding crimson and absorbed in mire and chaos. Mocking stares laugh at Him, ignorant of its depths. The world looks at him as a sign of weakness, foolishness, a mere crushed worm with no power. But Heaven's silent adoration says it all. What tender eyes gaze at that crimson wood, what unspoken love pours out from their being.

"No..." Heaven's hearts exclaim, "Here it is, His is opening the gates." The strength of the Son's final cry zooms and shakes the core of each and everyone. The time and hour have come for the final cleansing sweep to be released, His last breath.

"Into your hands...I commit my spirit!" echoes through dimensions. The realms fall silent as the Father feels the pain of His Son's death.

The King now invisible to man's eyes moves straight to the deepest depth of the Earth. His glorious presence breaking down the gates of the Tormentor and crushing him and all his cronies. Victorious He stands face to face with the Tyrant. Unable to stand, wicked as he was, the tyrant burns with the anger of defeat and weakness as the keys of death are claimed into the Son's pierced hands.

"Death.... where is your sting now?" The words of the Lover of Mankind pierces hell with total defeat. None of them can stand before Him. None can match up to the warrior angels with Him.

Somewhere in another realm a gate opens and the King walks inside in majesty. His light hits all those awaiting his arrival. Sudden loud cries arise at His presence. Tears of joy, laughter long forgot emerged in the hearts of the long-awaiting children of God. The Redeemer has finally opened the Gate! Kneeling before the King in contrition of their hearts Adam and Eve humbly rejoice at His arrival and forgiveness. The seed of the woman has finally crushed the snake's head, and prevailed, crushing the beast to powder.

.....

Night has settled as the aching mother's heart longs for the promise to be fulfilled. Having a deep entwined heart with her Son, she longs for Him. For nights she walks down the path of His suffering up to the cross at the hilltop. Stars shone bright but her heart was torn apart. She could not forget His loving smiling face, His voice, His laughter...His torments. Every fiber of her being mourned for her beloved son, flesh of her flesh, bone of her bone. Suddenly, the night shone



brighter as her eyes hit the glory person in front of her. What joy, what laughter, what quickness to embrace the soul of the Glory King!

In the meantime, in the Third Heaven, expectancy abounds in every atom. All eyes await gazing at the surface, they are filled with increasing excitement. And, as though watching in slow motion, all eyes rise to the sky, mouths open wide as smiles begin to take shape, people touching their cheeks in amazement. In an instant release of seconds, the waters give way to the emerging King accompanied with untold souls rocketing from the surface, hovering above the waters. Amazing! Everywhere you would look there are glowing people surrounding the Glory King. Heaven shouts so loud with thundersome cheer that one would explode in billions of sparkles, unable to contain it anymore. The King is back Home! The Father receives the Son and embraces the children He longed for so much. He has waited for so many untold longings for this very moment. The joy of the Father fills everyone watching! The Son has brought them back to the Father's aching heart. Heaven is no longer silent, because that "something" that was missing now walks through the fields again. Valleys of flowers, mountains and cliffs rejoice at the redeemed children climbing and skipping all like deers. What a King! Leaving all His kingly rights for a moment and came back even more glorious! His heart now burns greater than before while tenderly gazing at His most desired ones. He became the way back to the surface. The light in this darkness. The stairs back to the birth-land. The gate to the Father.

The King set the example and opened all gates, and took all keys form the Tyrant.

*Born you are in Heaven. Shaped you are on the trying grounds on Earth, and back to the surface will you go by the way traced for you by the King who walked ahead of you. You have accepted to "dive into the depts" like the King did. Now, go back to your birth-land and to your birthplace; The Third Heaven itself and in the core heart of all existence,*

*The Father*

# By Its Fruit You Will Know

We are told to discern things by its fruit, to know if things be from God or not. So, I am taking some of my struggles and applying this tip to them, and at the same time trying to listen for the way out.

## **What is STRESS teaching me?**

“YOU got to keep things under your control.” But things slip out of my control and as a result there is fear, insecurity, pessimism, mental exhaustion, panic and unbelief.

## ***What is Jesus teaching me about this?***

*“Things are completely and utterly in My control. Do not fear, let go and trust me.”*

Then peace begins to descend upon me, a rest of both in mind and form striving so much. A calmness and a release from a heavy burden that was not mine to carry to begin with.

## **What is FEAR teaching me?**

“Things will never advance and become as you want them to be. You will not grow and fulfill the path ahead of you, rather you will end up losing and wasting everything God gave you and end up going to the Purifier for 1000 years – slow progressed as you are!” Its fruit is unbelief and doubt in God, that *these things are on me* and I must strive and overdo myself! So, what follows is self-effort, holding the control of my path (again) and fretting with each fall, over-judging myself and putting overweight on my shoulders. And in the end.... I cannot do it.

## ***What the Holy Spirit says:***

*“I am your guide, your teacher and your comforter. The work I began, I WILL finish it! Even if it is slow advancement with us on this journey, it is not in vain or pointless. I guide the steps of each turn. I hear each desire and I take note of them – I WILL fulfill them in My own time”.*

I then feel a freedom from those controlling fears as I trust in His words. To let go those panicked attitudes and the fretting over each fall.

*“In your utmost weakness, I am your utmost reliable strength. Count on Me to finish this race, not on self-effort achievements.”*

## **What is SHAME teaching me?**

“You are lame with those actions. Just look at yourself trying your hardest to get attention and praise. **Pfft**, look they got your trail and now they are criticizing and judging you. HIDE!”

Oftentimes, there is a feeling of imprisonment about being myself before others, fearing their judgments and thoughts, for there is a fear of being perceived as bad in someone else’s eyes. It



chains and restricts me, and so I become joyless and lifeless, reserved, as though strangling the breath out of me so I become more depressed, more discouraged and more demotivated.

***Then the Lord says:***

*“With Me you can flourish and be yourself. I have created you, so I know every part of you, even the ones you are unaware of yet. Be yourself with Me and do not fear judgement. I adore it when you loosen yourself to be **yourself** in Me.”*

His words and thoughts give me freedom from acting just-right, freedom from those chains of impressing or giving a good-girl impression. It frees me to laugh and joke and to awkwardly stare at the beauty I see around, even if I am among crowds sometimes. I calm down and trust Him with who I am becoming, with what *He* sees and thinks of me. Shame is a liar and a thief.

**DEPRESSION and DISCROUAGEMENT shout:**

“YOU CANNOT DO IT; it is way too high for you! DO **NOT** DREAM SO HIGH, such dreams do not happen for unseen walking like you, it happens to the others, NOT you.”

This spread negativism is a dream-killer, a faith-stealer, a flower-crusher. Discouraging my hope and faith, chaining me to the world's timeframes. The “**Now only matters, dreams do not happen.**” Painting a grey lifestyle and a dull void system of the world's life.

***But JESUS says:***

*“Life is SO MUCH MORE THAN THIS WORLD. Life is dreams fulfilled; joy found amid catastrophes. Life is freedom to jump with Me. Life is laughter! Dreams in your heart are dreams from My heart, and whatever dream came forth from my heart – It Is Good! And since they ARE good, I have them already fulfilled. Your dreams are already fully fulfilled in Me!”*

There is hope for the visions of my heart. He has given me the faith in Him to let me live them, giving me a release from a dull and bound lifestyle where dreams are killed. His word concerning this fills me with peace that passes understanding. He has this all completely in control and nothing nor nobody can ruin that which He, Himself, has started. What He begins, He finishes.

## Retreat Time

Hearing about spending time with God and prayer time in one's sacred closet, it made me wonder "How exactly do I do that? What am I supposed to *do* exactly?"

When I firstly began to seek Him for real, I used little prayer books that the church has offered me as to aid a teen. I did not know very much about approaching Him otherwise, so I used the tiny book for a while until I was introduced of another way, which is to make a list of worship songs and melodies I liked and to ask the Holy Spirit to please choose the order with which the songs would play. I would then put the whole list on shuffle and sing along inwardly since I am not comfortable to sing out loud. Honestly, I was not used to staying still, it made me uncomfortable, irritable and physically agitated. I needed to *do* something. I lamented that I could not do such a simple thing as staying put and resting! Even managing to stay still for twenty minutes (which was progress!) my thoughts would run marathons at the same time.

I do not know how it came all about but putting the music on and singing helped me focus. Later, the gift of praying in tongues appeared and I would sing in tongues too, using the melodies of those songs as a guide.

When I do not 'feel' the worship songs then I would try to read the Word and pause in between, thinking and questioning the Lord "what about this, what about that" "What does this mean?" He would then speak to me and even bring up other scriptures to mind and I would see how they matched up. For example, a part of Song of Songs would correlate to a scripture in the book of Psalms. Or something from Proverbs would remind me of a scripture that fixed and completes a verse from the Song of Songs. Reading scriptures out loud would help me to record them better in my mind. Some scriptures would even 'breathe' and go deep in me, awakening slumbering desires.

Some days though, in my mess, I would just find my place to rest by simply laying my head on a pillow and try to quiet my negative thoughts. I would imagine Him near and that I would lean on His chest, not just that pillow. It might sound childish, but it does help to hang in there.

Many other times I stare at His picture, at drawings He drew through me or other paintings by other people. I gaze at Him and I bet He listens to unspoken words that come from my depths.

I may write and journal sometimes. Gaze at a plant and think how He created it. Looking at the light outside and thank Him for another day in this troubled world. I mean, the way to come to Him is through praise and thanksgiving and that can be found in anything seen or unseen. The Lord longs for us to worship Him in spirit and truth.

He often says "Come to me as you are." So, I try to take my eyes off my faults and just come, and the results of this time with Him are spectacular. Like, you see a cross and you think of Him, wanting to sit under that cross. You see a picture of Him on the internet and your heart is softened and you end up giving Him a little smile. You hear a scripture or a word someone says, and you realize its source, so you rejoice that His wisdom pours out through many. At times something would hit you that when you pass by His picture, you melt, giggle a bit, make funny

'dancing' movies and end up kissing Jesus in the picture (imagine how His heart melts when you do that!) You find yourself falling in love with Him. He becomes your First Love!

I remember when I used to work from twelve noon until nine at night and it totally messed up my schedules of times with Him. One day I was so unbalanced and was so longing for a real time with Him once again that I said to Him inwardly, "Lord, come with me!" I decided to keep my awareness out of the stress around, "No matter what task we do, let us sit here on the Sea of Glass". Then I saw myself going through the day, accomplishing the tasks to be done, and both of us were following the events from the Sea of Glass as we sat there. My body was on earth, but my eyes and mind were mainly with Jesus on the Sea of Glass.

It is beautiful and fills the depth of your being this time with Him.

There are occasions when intense intercession prayers are needed, and so we would launch ourselves into that, each according to his own strength and with God's grace we would use the prayers He has given and taught us. Also because of the harsh times occurring in this world, He might even share a part of His cross with you at times.

Jesus Himself had a lot of retreat times with God the Father and you can see the results that gushed forth all around in His life and beyond. So, wherever the place, the time, the method or the way of approaching, as long as you go as a child in spirit and in truth you are good. If you find it hard, He gives an open helping hand. He will help you as He promised if we draw near to Him, He will draw near to us. So even if it is tough at the beginning cast your eyes on the joy ahead of you and keep going.



# The Joy Set Before Me

*Imagine, from the Lord's point of view on the cross.....*

Gazes look and mock, but all my eyes see is souls before me. All the pains from the beginning until the end are set upon me; they are heavy, extremely heavy. My flesh is torn apart, every bone out of place as I lay stretched on this cross. None can see me for Who I Am, none can understand what I am doing for them. I look toward the sky and see the dawn of a new day. My eyes might be bloody and weak in sight, but I see My Love dressed in white – she is so beautiful to me! She reminds me of my mother, so lovely and devoted. My eyes rejoice at the sight of her, my heart is comforted to endure a little bit more, for just a little while longer and I will have her as my own. Who can take her away from me? I am here doing this for her and every knee shall bow, unable to steal her away from me.

*“Father, I rejoice at your plan and grace, even though my heart is crushed and my bones are overwhelmed. You are beautiful in your rescue plan. I praise you for Your Merciful Hand!”*

I look down and see my beloveds beholding me in sorrow, their hearts and souls pierced to the core.

At least, they *do* see me.

Many sorrows I carry; every sickness and every devil have come to taunt me in my bed of death, yet I count My tiny precious ones with my every breath. Just a while more and I will have them coming to my heart! My eyes weep, my bones tremble, my strength is leaving me with every drop of blood that escapes. My head seems like it has been hit with a thousand lightning bolts at once. How can I express this pain I bear? Every muscle goes limp, limited and weakened even as a tiny breeze passes by me. Both Heaven and Earth seems so far away. Who can comfort me in this deep anguish? Nothing except the joy set before me, my beloved, my bride in white.

Father, Son and Spirit nailed on a cross for all to see. What greater love can one show but by laying down his life for a friend?

The Time Has Come

With every breath left, I shout for my God. The hour has arrived for me to go and get My Bride from the deep.

*For the joy set before me....*

Angels sing above, the eyes of my loved ones in the future look back to me.

*.... I endured it till the end.*

All of you who are weary and heavy laden, come to me and I will set you free. All of you who weep and mourn, come close to me and I will comfort your soul. I saw you when I was in the



garden; I know your soul. I have seen your struggles and I have taken all on me so you could be at ease near me.

The finger that pointed at you as guilt of your sins. It is not pointing at you; it is pointing at me! I have placed myself between you and that finger. Accept me freely for I freely came to rescue you from your misery.

Take my hand and walk with me. We will walk near peaceful streams – crestline and beautiful to see. I will take you through mountains of grace, through valleys of holy passionate love. You will bloom as a rose in My Garden, without thorns. I am the light and warmth that you need to bloom fully from the depths. You are my friend and I long to have you with me for eternity.



## Uncommon Respect

As you begin reading, try to tenderly keep in mind your biggest struggles, your biggest failures and falls and liken them to this following parallel viewpoint.

*Just imagine...*

Standing in a large bright room filled with baby blue light mingled with soft yellows. You face a wall, or rather an out of ordinary big screen seemingly floating in the air steadily. At your right stands the beloved of your soul, the Son of God. You sense that His presence includes the Father and Holy Spirit as well. You, yourself, are ever so bright and pure, just born from the Father's heart! Everything seems interesting to you. You are so curious about your surroundings. This room is so oddly bright and vast with nothing else but just a big screen, right? And yet you are so focused on the One you love.

A flash of light surprises you as the screen begins to show clips of certain events. The One near you communicates to your soul everything you see, answering every question the moment it surfaces into your mind. From beginning until the end your heart absorbs it all, recording them in your tiny spirit. At times you laughed, others you wondered, even approaching and following along the screen as it showed you things unseen before. Other times you felt pain and different other emotions new to you.

After some time, the screen finished its mission and you are left pondering. Looking slightly to your right you meet the blue eyes you so love. His face is ever serene and assures you that He will be with you at every heartbeat of the way. You nod affirming, trusting His word to you. He then calls someone and in appears an armored angel bowing respectfully to His Master the King. Lifting him up, the King speaks to him and sets him next to you.

*"From conception until death, he will be with you. He will not leave you nor depart from you. He will keep you safe and guarded no matter what."* Your Beloved affirms, *"He will be your Guardian Angel, and your friend."* He smiles. Hugging you tightly and kissing your precious forehead. You feel yourself being lifted as a final gaze speaks mysteries of holy fiery love between you two. And you go, rocketing towards a specific direction.

You feel yourself embraced by someone while flying high in the sky. The Holy Spirit holds you tightly to His chest. You pass through waters, clouds and borders. You notice more lights rocketing down just the way you do, each accompanied with another strong light near. You amazingly see all things around; to the left, to the right, up, below and even behind you. Yet suddenly, all that goes off as you finally finding yourself settled in a warm cozy spot. Welcome to earth in your mother's womb.

By the time you are born and grow you experience the heavy gravity and limitations of this planet. Yet despite this you smile. Your angel keeps watch over you as you explore every corner around, even smiling and having fun with you at times, even if he is unseen to your eyes. The Lover of your soul sees you passing through same events the screen showed, but you do not seem to perceive nor remember anything consciously.

As days continue to pile up the joy seems to become shorter and trouble starts to assail your soul instead. You no longer smile that often, seeing suffering around and angrily questioning why they happen, why are they not stopped by God. Yet as He promised, through it all, He sees and hears you no matter the seasons of your life at now. You discover abuse, violence, riots, murder that even intrudes in the sanctuary and secrecy of the womb. The ones you seem to love turn out they only broke you into parts. Wars and lies abound and you wonder why you even exist in this dull, empty and filthy world.

The enemy of your soul comes and suggest you take your own life or adopt some practices that will “enrich” your days to help you forget your misery. Blindly you start to follow him not knowing his true intentions and neither your purpose. The deep wounds you have received have taken away your desire to care. You cannot seem to hear your guardian angel crying aloud, reasoning, wanting to stop you. Neither do you seem to hear the One you once called the Beloved of your soul. Yet your Beloved does not slumber nor sleeps. He loves you so deeply that heavy measures are put in action to get you out of that route: You fall, you become crushed, you cry and shout, but nobody seems to hear. The enemy laughs. There is nothing else but silence. Your legs have been crushed and broken to pieces and all you can do is blame the driver who ran over you.

“What joy is there for me now?” your eyes show themselves dim,

“What is the point in living now?” you think through red tearful eyes.

All the while, the Lover of your soul cries as He watches you. You cannot seem to remember this pain you felt before. A wheelchair and a depressed spirit slowly kill the remaining life in you. Your spouse does not seem to care, your parents are no more, and your siblings live too far away. You are only in your thirties and yet no hope is on the horizon. Kind people try to encourage you yet all you can do is ponder the loss of your teenage days wasted on money, drugs and unrestrained pleasures of the flesh. Their kind words fall on closed ears. You wonder how you are even alive after all that you have been through? How come you ended up in this condition? Where did this start to go all wrong?

Slowly you start to look deep into yourself and your past to see where it all went wrong. You start to hear and understand, and you regret the mess you have become. You choose to renew your mind and to start anew even if in a wheelchair. Your soul starts to quiet in heart and mind and in that stillness, you start to see love and kindness abounding everywhere.

“How come I did not notice that before?” you wonder and marvel.

The things that filled you before means nothing and become totally unappealing to you. Now in your thirties you remember your guardian angel and realize his protection. Slowly you start to seek the long-forgotten Lover of your soul.

In the quietness of your soul, you begin to hear His whispers telling you He never left. That He was always near through the good, bad and the worse. He has kept you alive for this day that you would remember Him. He has been longing for you to give Him your burdens so you could run and smile again.

You are one soul that came from Heaven, agreeing to everything you have seen on the screen though at this point you do not remember this. You chose this life; you willingly chose to pass through the fire just so you could have the Lover of your soul forever. You now understand and appreciate His love better now that you have experienced pain and suffering. You hold Him tightly to your heart for all the sufferings He, Himself, went through for the love of you. For His footsteps that paved the way back to the surface. Finally, you are back in His strong longing arms. You look at those who have the same conditions as you, or worse, and an uncommon respect awakens in you towards them.

You share your thoughts with your Beloved.

“She is so young, but she came down knowing the abuse she would face.”

“Even though this person I have seen on TV has no legs or arms and is just moving around flat on a skateboard he submitted to your choice, Lord.”

Your finger moves to your chin as you marvel.

“What great love he must have for you Jesus to agree to such a life!”

“Every child that died early, every crushed and broken man, even these women that lose so much; houses, loved ones, their own bodies. Facing hunger and being forced to see their children die slowly...”

You pause for a moment as tears start to fall upon your cheeks.

“I do not understand why you would allow such a thing to happen to a beloved soul Lord, but they all agreed!”

“What suffering... What Love...”

The King of Glory beholds your heart's movements, understanding your questions with far unfathomed wisdom. He seems to have your eyes of wonder too, for the very same love towards Him He sees in *you*. Although your soul does not seem to consciously remember anything before your birth, He remembers the moment when your tiny spirit came forth from His heart. The joy He felt over you as you flew around Him lovingly. He clearly recalls the gifts that He, together with the Father and the Spirit, chose to equip you with. How your Guardian Angel was chosen from amongst countless legions of them. He holds these memories and everything the screen showed, every thought that you had and every explanation as to why it had to happen. You too have agreed to everything He had shown in that big bright room. Looking beyond time and space His eyes follow your speedy holy movements as you walk in His Glory. Amused at your childlike wonderment in this moment, a laughter of joy escapes Him, so thrilled to have you as His own for all eternity.



*“Oh, My Love, you are so beautiful to Me.”*

*“How grateful I am that you choose Me again. YOU FILL MY DEPTHS! I adore to see your unrestrained smiles.”*

Every soul has a talk with God about their life to be way before being embodied. He gives to each the gift of free-will. He desires to be loved willingly without any force or coercion. For the soul to freely choose that 360° turn around to return to Him. Completing the space in His heart, that puzzle piece that was lost.

He has a calling for everyone, but eventually men choose whether to listen or not, to love or to hate Him. For some, the uniqueness He created in them that was yet to bloom, remained dormant. The challenging yet joyous destiny He had for them never got touched. That glorious facet of Himself never got revealed in them.

This is a mystery among many other that mankind cannot understand. We question, unable to understand as to why some choose God and why some rebuke His goodness all their lives. We do not understand why they become the way they become. I guess there must be a lot of things we are missing or are kept hidden from us for our own good while we are on earth. One thing is for sure, those who return to Him willingly and do not forsake Him for the world; those people are deeply cherished and loved even more!

If you ask yourself “Why agree to come to this earth to begin with?” I recall reading a dialogue between Him and a dear soul, where He said that the soul makes the decision based on a clear heavenly mindset. This means they did see all their life and felt everything, God did not conceal anything. Therefore, having shown all and been given His words of promise of His unfailing presence and love, the soul then made the decision.

Heaven's citizens do understand things in a higher point of view than ours. They are not limited. They understand sin, love, the redemption, the cross of the Lord and the sufferings more than we understand as we go through them here. In that moment burning with such an over-the-top flame for God and His people, among many other reasons unknown to us, they agree and offer themselves up to Him. Willing to be a blessing to someone and even to carry a bag full of pain just so that His salvation might reach and be accepted by those still lost souls on earth.

This is only a glimpse as of how this could be happening up there. The fullness of what a soul goes through and the process to come down to earth only God knows.

It is true that living down here on Earth, one is exposed to the wilderness of confusion, hatred and unforgiveness, and all pass through a lot of different pains. However, did not God say, *“I chose you to be mine before the foundation of the world.”* And did not Jesus affirm, *“All those whom You have given me, none did I lose.”* Once you have chosen to belong to God, you WILL be His no matter where you are hiding or with whom you have gotten yourself involved with. Not even one is lost, for He protects them in countless ways, and once the time is ripe, He brings them back. He has chosen us and made the invitation, but we need to answer.

The choice is ours; yours, mine, and no one else. Daily we make decisions. Occasionally we face hard ones. Eventually the final choice will stand face to face with us.

Short life or long life, do not fear, just trust him.

TRUST HIM!

*“And this is the will of God, that I should not lose even one of all those he has given me, but that I should raise them up at the last day.” - **John 6, NTL***

*“I have revealed you to the ones you gave me from this world. They were always yours. You gave them to me.... All who are mine belong to you, and you have given them to me, so they bring me glory.... I guarded them so that not one was lost, except the one headed for destruction, as the Scriptures foretold.... Just as you sent me into the world, I am sending them into the world. I am praying not only for these disciples but also for all who will ever believe in me through their message.” - **John 17: 6,12,18 and 20 NTL***

***For deeper insight, please go to page 94.***



## Your Eyes

### ***The Lord's heart says....***

*"Your eyes were made for me. To look at me, to console me and to bask into my own eyes of truth. They are ever so beautiful and dazzling when filled with light!*

*Do not give them over to the destruction of this world. Do not allow them to be corrupted by the erroneous things the world broadcasts through mainstream media, they are ever so dangerous to your soul and sanity.*

*You have noticed something while watching movies; some inspire lust to your senses. Some bring you fear that you cannot sleep peacefully at night, damaging the following days. The erroneous things of the world teach to kill, steal and destroy. In this you can clearly see who is responsible behind their manufactures.*

*I am pleased when you keep your eyes away from looking at them. It takes time to clearly see the disaster they bring, but better now than never.*

*Give your tender eyes over to me. Let me purify and cleanse all the dirt they have witnesses and the dirt you have allowed on yourself, unknowingly or knowingly. I do not condemn you; I want to cleanse and restore you! This starts with your good-will. Shut down your screens, either the TV or the computer or your phone, whenever something degrading is shown. Yes, the curiosity to keep watching to see its finale is tempting but think my child is it worth it? Will it bother and tire your mind later as it broadcasts that memory in your brain unit you are sick and tired of seeing it repeatedly? Is it worth it?*

*The things that are innocent, true, pleasing and bring no offence but rather inspire the soul for the better those are okay but keep your eyes from supporting evil. Do not engage in their sin by your assistance to it. Your reward for doing that will be beyond you, it will fill your deepest depths as I draw you closer and closer to me.*

*Be willing, if not willing, ask me to make you willing to be willing; 'Lord, make me willing. I am willing to be made willing!' and you will see where I take you, my dear."*

.....

I for once can testify to what He said above. When I was a child, I fell into watching perverted pornographic things and my mind got filled right away with fantasies that would corrupt my thoughts. As I was growing up, I would indulge into these even more. I would give my eyes over every perverse thing I saw whether it be TV, newspapers, magazines or the likes. My thoughts would entertain and twist the thing to my liking, so much so that I was in a deep pit all my teenager days.

I grew and grew, and somehow began to feel weary of that. To be honest I could not even take a shower without perverse thoughts toward my own body appearing. Wearied of it to such a degree that sometimes I had to close my eyes while in the shower which helped. Yet even after I would look at something and my mind would immediately twist that which I saw into something perverse. I would not even read properly anything related to marriage and their union. And when I tried to read the bible itself, the shame and the struggle when approaching such topics was all a torment as the days went by, for my senses would begin to react even if I did not want them to.

Another example regarding our eyes was in my young days whenever there was injustice practiced in whatever movie and the actor was new to me, I would judge the actor and become bitter about that person even if he might have not been evil in real life. If I saw him playing the role of a bad guy, he would remain a "bad guy" in my mind for a long time. And when I would see him in other movies the bitterness and judgement of the previous movie would pop up somehow. Some horror movies did startle me that I had to cover my head as I tried to fall asleep. Every light or shadow became a threat in my mind because of what I had put before my eyes. As I saw violence and rape occurring in movies or even announced on the News it scared me that when one of my brothers had to move into my room, I was tense and felt threatened by his presence the first few nights because of what I had seen on the screen. Eventually the fear was gradually overcome because God reminded me from day one that He had His angels protecting me. I found that grasping my cross necklace till I fell asleep helped and I was able to sleep at ease with my brother there.

My teen days were a mess!

However, one day I started to have a wish to just drop seeing movies anymore. "I will settle for the news instead; they are better than watching those movies." I thought. Yet even the news was not that good. In those days, my mom began to watch animated kids shows above all else. I was a bit critical with this and would comment "Kids, mom? Really?" but now I, myself, see them without any stress. I also became inspired to change from listening to depressive or worldly music to put on anime soundtracks, movie melodies or anything that would appeal to my soul. And I found

myself feeling a bit more at ease. Like, leaning against a wall and be able to breathe deeply with relief kind-of-ease.

Gradually, my mind would ponder and pick up on thoughts and I would write them down on a little notebook. My days back then were boring because nothing seem to fill me. I had no purpose. I began to feel happier about going to sleep because I would dream of something out of this world and I would get up and record it all. In the mist of this, God was moving, without me suspecting anything; both in my dreams feeding my spirit and soul, and in real life leading me to boredom so I would detach of all my bad habits.

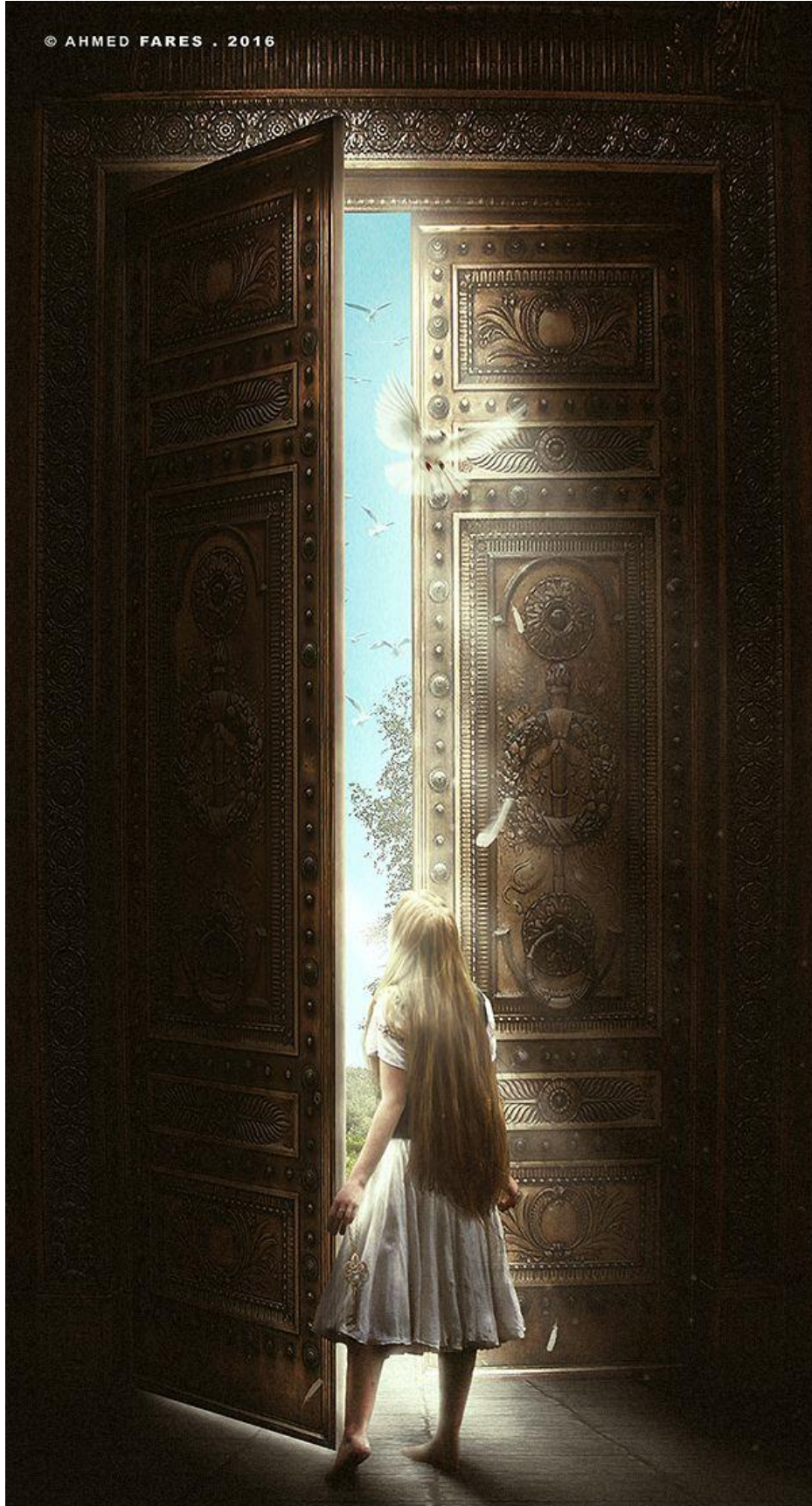
To cut is short, He got me out from giving my eyes over to watching and engaging in sin and totally swept it all away; the sin as well as the consequences that had been tormenting me in my mind and heart. The temptations still fly in my head trying to land somewhere still, but I do not allow them to land because His grace is strong in those areas. I do still fall into watching too much television of stuff that seems innocent, yet I am never filled in the depths of my soul. Yet when He gives me a gift of a movie that He himself brings to me, my heart burst forth with longings and pure desires again to see that in my life.

The damage of willingly assisting to anything impure is like this. Whatever you see you force God to see it together with you. Imagine someone forcing you to look at something you really hate. That is what we do to Him while watching transgressions of many sources and kinds. He is with us non-stop per day; therefore, He sees it as we, ourselves, see it. Please let us not torment Him.

*What the eyes do not see, the brain does not record. What the ears do not hear, the brain does not recall. Keep them secure, away from sin.*

***For deeper insight, please go to page 94.***





# Journey Through the Doors—Part 1

You are walking through a large giant room that reminds you more of a ballroom with walls and floors dominated by a white peachy color. Its ceiling seems to be high above so that it is almost out of sight, giving you a bright calm light illuminating the room. Close and in sight at the end of this mystery room is a large entrance with no door to it, leading you to another spacious place. You casually and calmly step through the archway and find yourself in front of four doors at a short distance from one another. The first is massive overlaid with pure gold with its double doors decorated beautifully. The second door to its right is half the height of the first yet is black with seemingly black diamond facets glistening off its double doors. It has finely cut citrine crystals as inlaid columns at the sides of the door, from bottom to top. The outer frame of this door is also black, slightly thick and simple.

While you are musing about the doors design and beauty, a glimmer catches the corner of your eye. Turning your head to the left toward what has caught your attention, you notice a door that looks like a normal apartment door made of simple dark brown in color with no decoration. Just the vertical wooden lines as you would see on any regular apartment door. It has a short upright silver bar as a handle. Yet as you are looking at this normal door, a fourth door made of old wood appears. You are taken by surprise at its appearance since you have not moved for some long quiet seconds. You gaze and read the mystery of its presence but all you get is a regular door made from old wood and has a simple plain d'sash iron handle. Little rays of daylight shine through the old boards, increasing wonder and curiosity in your soul at what could be behind it. Above and on the sides of the door is a dense plant climbing the wall, giving you the idea that this place has been undisturbed for a long time.

Having the four doors presented to you the first golden one opens, releasing a fresh scent and drawing you near as a bee is drawn to a fragrant flower. Gradually, step by step, you enter.

Marvelous! The height, width and length of the room leaves you open-mouthed as you read the walls of its history. Paintings and portraits beautifying the high walls. Long appealing curtains adjusting to colors of your liking. Crystal clear high windows open to a beautiful view outside. Furniture so big and comfortable yet with some small enough for your taste. The ceiling is a breathtaking work of art as though painted by Michelangelo. Anywhere you turn to look you are amazed.

Then suddenly off you go running straight toward the closest window like a kid when his parents come home. What a view! This place is high on a hill. The echo sound of waves gently hit your ears while a group of diverse birds fly right before you so you can grasp their feathery beauty.

“Whoa, what birds are those?!” you muse out loud.

Behind you the sound of a door opens. With your hands on the window and your knees still on the cozy large window seat, you turn your head to see four maidens come in ready to take care of their tasks and duties.

“But what do I do?” you ask them.



“Well, as we take care of everything, you may go and spend your precious time in the garden if you would like.” One of them suggested, looking softly at you as she arranged the bed a bit more.

“I have a garden?” The thought of it amazed your spirit and off you go running down the wide princely stairs. You do not even have to put a finger to open the main door for some butlers opened them for you, respectfully giving a little bow as they do so.

Soon you arrive at the dazzling gateway.

“Woah” you say, “WOOOAHH.”

If anyone could describe its exquisite design words would fail them. Its pure iron work was so skillfully shaped and perfectly wrought with crafted branches and leaves. The gate had open spaces to allow passersby to have a glimpse of the garden inside, but surrounding the garden were Leyland cypress trees that created a hedge and went off into the distance farther than you could see on both sides.

The gate opened by itself giving you access to the garden. With no hesitation you take the gate up on its offer and enter. Immediately you become lost trying to see everything around you as vast freshness of flowers grouped together beautifully surround you. You twirl a few times in delight and then spying a swing hanging from a thick tree branch, you run to it to try it out. After that you settle yourself near a quiet lake with varied colorful fish both larger and small of all types and species. The sound of birds singing, and the warm weather causes you to fall silent under the shade of the swing tree. The soft breeze caresses your face as you slowly allow yourself to be lulled to sleep.

Meanwhile, the second door opens smoothly like those of an elevator. You do not have to enter it for an instant download of information and experiences are given to you while you stand on the threshold. This house belongs to a soul well off in life, rich he is. Everything a person desires he could get without any problem or resistance. A bathroom most updated, a wide hall always clean and modern. A kitchen so wide and well equipped. The living room containing the most comfortable furnace, good games with such entertainments. It even held a library filled with the most sought-after books! This man lacked no good martial to his life.

He stands with hands in his pockets, wearing black pants and a white shirt with folded sleeves, alone, in a large wide balcony. There is no sound of cooking in the kitchen, no laughter of children on that pool-bath, no chair of a lovely soul reading any book. Not even any sound from the gym is heard. A house so big, so full and abundant, yet, unoccupied and deserted. A solemn pain he expresses, quietly questioning himself, *Why...* Slowly the door closes causing you to step away from the threshold and leaving you somewhat sad for the man.

Moments of silence last for a while as the solemn face of the man you just saw keep playing in your head. Then, gradually, a cheerful laughter is heard from the third door, catching your attention. As you come closer and closer, the apartment door opens. You stand on the threshold, leaning this time to one side of the door. Your eyes gleam and your face brightens as you see a family playing water gun games with their kids in a large room. It is summer through this door and fun is all around! The vice-captain of the house, the mother herself, just prepared some homemade

ice cream. The father giggles softly, playing around with the skill of his tender wife. This is the first time she has ever tried to make this. The presentation might need some more practice. Like teenage lovers, close and playful, the joke is settled with a tiny kiss on the cheek, softening her heart deeper still. Such happy cozy days they were in. Yet as you watch, the fun is taken up by rush business taking over their days and they too have their ups and downs. Like in every family there are arguments, be it between the parents or the siblings, or between the mother and a child, or a child with the father.

The yoke of day-to-day life upon their necks along with sickness taking away beloved pets is heavy. Yes, that was part to the life-and-death cycle, but why were they still hurting deeply even after time passed from the departure of that beloved being? Looking at their needs, they did have enough. A good apartment with moderate goods. Their kids attempting school and thank God were healthy. Both the mother and father had jobs and were able to provide for themselves and the children. Yet here she stands at the kitchen window staring at the night sky. Deep in thought the mother longs for something as the stars glisten high. The father himself spaces out with hands on his cheeks, staring fixedly at the desk filled with paperwork, yet his mind is not there at all. You understood their hearts. Their dreams and longing flew but have not yet landed.

By now the sleeping beauty has awoken from her sleep near the lake and finds herself leaning against the tree still, but you find that you have company. Some chipmunks and some little white baby bunnies are laying near you.

“Awwwww,” you melt at their littleness and exquisite beauty but unwilling to disturb them you dare not move yet.

So, you sit still and look up onto the clouds spread by an artistic wind high above. Yet the scenes from your ‘dream’ about those two doors surface in your mind.

“Wait,” you say a bit startled as you look around, your voice slightly waking up your tiny guests, “there is nobody here?” Whatever person your eyes sought after was nowhere to be found. Yes, you too, were alone and the staggering pain the rich man felt was now in you. That emotion of loneliness sets your feet in action among the maze of flowers. Your eyes continue to seek yet your mind is not on the task at hand, not paying attention to where you are going. Thus, soon enough you reach an actual maze with walls a bit taller than you. Yet with your eyes to the ground deep in thought you do not see the reality in front of you, nor tracking the turns you take. Then you start to sense no breeze in your hair and the sound of birds have ceased. That silence forces your attention back to your surroundings. Now there is nothing but green bushy walls. How to get out of this, where to turn? The heart accelerates as you try to figure a way out with your steps marking the soil in their haste. Yet instead of an exit you get yourself deeper still till you are at the center of the maze.

Breathing heavily, you stop to catch your breath. As you stop you notice that there seems to be something at the center right at your left side. After a good ten minutes you step toward what looks like a treasure chest, like the ones you have seen in pirate images, although it does not hold a lock of any sort. Curious to what is inside you open it to find sand. You place your arm into the treasure chest and all you can feel from top to bottom is sand. Yet lying on top of the sand, lightly covered, is a one-of-a-kind sword. Intrigued you pick up the sword and hold it upright, causing the

double-edged blade to reflect the light of the sun on the walls behind you. Crafty was its handle, elegantly formed but simple in all its appearance and yet, giving off a golden sheen.

“What am I to do with this?” you say puzzled. At the sound of those words the whole scene vanishes from existence, as fast as a thought. Once again you are now at the entrance of the big golden double doors but this time they are closed before you. You are in the same clothing you were in before. A white v-neck t-shirt, dark navy-blue pants and barefoot. No longer in exquisite clothes perfectly made for you, no longer holding the sword and no maze.

Now silence settled around you. Will you proceed? Feeling a bit discouraged by the loneliness you had experienced vicariously through the rich man and your own, and having all those comforts vanish before you within a gasp, feels like your childhood dreams pulled out from under you. You silently eye the fourth and final door, wondering why it has not opened like the other three.

The silent atmosphere breaks as you start to move. The green plant has had domain over the door for some time. It has even gotten a hold of the handle. Calmly, you take it out and hold the handle, pushing the door, yet it does not open. “It’s stuck,” you say. You push with more of your strength till you hear a simple cracking sound.

“What?” you laugh humorously at the sound, “this door is so old fashioned, kicking is the key to open it!” you joke to yourself. As you enter rays of noonday light fill the home. The walls, the ceiling, the floor is all made out of wood, just like those Russian old wooden houses. The room in which you have entered seems to be the main room, but you become aware of a second room to the side. The wooden wall in front of you has three windows perfectly placed to be not too big or too small and each a short distance from each other. The curtains are a transparent white, going down until they ended between the middle and the bottom edge. As a soft breeze pass by the curtains give way to a clear view on the low hills outside, colored by diverse lime green tones. The wall to your left has another window, and each of them has a different flowerpot with a different flower in full bloom.

To your right at the corner of the house was a bed with a patched quilt that reached the floor and had two simple white pillows at the head of the bed. On the floor were two long patched rugs next to one another, going from the bed to the single window on the left wall. Its rectangular patches were of green, brown, blue and purple, all different shades and tones. Right under the middle window is a dark wooden chest as used to hold clothing in old times. Its front was decorated simply with geometrical patterns, and on top lay a few books. A square wooden table was situated near the single window to your left. On it held a white cover with a jar of flowers on top. Three dark wooden chairs surrounded the table, as well as two stools that stood at the same height of the chairs. The wooden walls held some pictures and a wooden framed mirror in between the windows. All in all, though it had little compared to the other doors you had seen it had everything necessary with a clean and ordered space.

Sitting on the bed, a freshness surrounds you that you cannot help but take a deep inhale, which overwhelms you with calm and peace. The light in your face, birds chirping and the breeze

itself seems to invite you to come outside so you follow the invitation. Walking to the door a flood of light engulfs your being as if you have stayed indoors for a long, long time.

“Oh man,” you giggle, “now that is what I would call a bath of light.” Your eyes begin to adjust, and you start to see before you a vast field with low hills abundantly dotted with various flowers in full bloom. You spot a few lakes here and there, some containing tiny islands amid them. The sight of them softens your spirit with peaceful excitement. In the distance there is a hedge of mountains in colors of blue. To your left three stone steps ended the open stone porch. In front of you is a beautiful yet simple wattle fence with rural pots hanging on it. The flowers behind the fence made the scene more pleasant as they hid the pots with their diverse flowers. Oh, your heart races with excitement and joy at the sight before you. Marveling, you trip and find yourself flat in the flower meadow, gazing at the dancing clouds above. So high and yet so close, it feels as if you could grab them with your hand.

Hours pass. The sound of wind chimes comes over the wind and curious you turn your head to the adorable sound. As you continue to hear the chimes you sit up and notice something in the distance. “Is that a cabin?” you ask yourself while getting up, and soon start to walk by the tiny dirt lane towards your goal ahead, all the while taking in the freshness of the day as the sun moves towards the horizon. The coolness of evening sets in as birds fly home to their nests and a sky painted with warm clouds announcing the closing of the day, but not yet, for there seems to be time before the sun will disappear.

The structure you saw in the distance is now before you. It is not a cabin; it is a wooden six-pillared open gazebo with a dark brown roof. In it is a long round bench going all around the gazebo. It is spacious enough for it to fit in and still be able to have space to move around. In the middle of the gazebo is a round wooden table, bare, except for four birds jumping here and there. And, in the middle of the table, is a curious closed navy colored box.

## Journey Through the Doors—Part 2

You step into the gazebo and sit down, admiring the fence as you lean on it and the polished wooden table of how well formed they were. You then draw the little box nearer, gazing at it.

“What could a little box like this one have inside?” you ponder, placing your chin upon your entwined hands on the edge of the table. You hum to yourself, which brings the birds closer to you, so they land all around. “Huh, not even the birds fly away in this place,” you muse as you look at them without moving, “odd... but sweet.” The birds settle in their places and quietness begins to surround the gazebo as you go through your mind on what the box could contain. In a moment you decide to find out, reaching your hand to take off its plain cord and opening it. You are stunned! There is nothing in the box but an out of ordinary bubbly flat surface. The stuff is not transparent at all so you cannot see the bottom of the box.

“Odd things in an out-of-place box, well that is interesting.” You muse while gently touching its surface as to not destroy it as you are usually used to. Its surface is solid, yet spongy, containing a dominant pearly white that prevents any sight beneath, yet on it mixed soft colors play here and there as they mingle slowly, just like in a soap macro. As you increase your touch your finger suddenly disappears.

“WHAT” you cry out as you self-consciously react by pulling your finger quickly out. Looking at it you sigh of relief. It was not cut off as your senses alerted you. This prompts you to get up, cross your arms and walk around the table as you eye the mysterious box. You tap your chin and change direction while thinking of what to do.

Five minutes later you stop and thrust your whole hand into it! The size of the box is just big enough to fit your hand with enough space to move it around freely, yet its height is not taller than the size of your first finger.

“How on earth am I able to do this?” you laugh incredulously, “Is the box bottomless?” you keep pushing in and yet you cannot feel any bottom. “Now that is something out of this world!” you exclaim. At that moment you find something to grasp and pull it out. In your hand is a shell just as big as your hand. Sitting down on the bench you place the shell near your ear. The sound of waves resounds beautifully in your ear and so you covering the other one as to hear it better. Nostalgia hits your heart as eyes close and picture the times you have walked by the seashore. How lately you have had the wish to learn to swim and therefore conquering your fear of water too.

Placing the shell gently on the table you put your hand back in the box wondering what else you may find. Surprisingly, the next thing you pull out is exactly what you need. For a while now your belly has been asking for food and now in your hand is a chorizo stuffed bread – your favorite. Delighted, you take your time eating the tasty treat while leaning against the protective fence of the gazebo once more. After you have finished and rested a little for your tummy to settle, you place your hand back in the box. This time you pull out a baseball bat.

“WOAH!” you shout, “but where is the ball?” you ask as you stare at the mysterious box. “What is this anyway? A wishing box? It seems to know the things that I like.” At the sound of your

voice the bubbly surface in the box begins to descend the box sides, swallowing the little box until nothing remains. The mysterious bubbly surface has now reached the wooden table. To your marvel it begins to slowly spin and expand in size. No longer is it square like the box; it has now become round like the shape of the table. Right in the middle of it, gleaming still with its fascinating light and playful colors taking various swirly turns more vibrant than before! Even the birds express their wonder as they land on the edge of the table, carefully to make sure they will not be 'swallowed'. You lean your body forward with the intention to see the details of the artwork better.

"What am I thinking!" you move away, "I might lose my face in there!" you say loudly, gesturing to the birds. You gaze at the tabletop seemingly struggling in with yourself, gazing at it for a moment and then you dive your full arm into the tabletop!

"I bet this one surely has no bottom." You affirm. And indeed, there seems to be no bottom nor anything that you can grasp. Within a split breath your eyes widen and your heartbeat quicken, releasing screaming adrenaline into your instincts for you feel yourself being absorbed by this odd thing! Yet in a split second you surrender and down the bubble you go, vanishing from the gazebo. Leaving the little birds chirping with questions near the sound of waves from the shell.

"Hey there!" A voice says.

"What—" you blurt out and for your cheerful inner surprise you find yourself high above the ground, slowly descending like an elevator with strong masculine arms carrying you like a father or a bridegroom to his bride into their new home.

"Jesus?"

"Yes!" He smiles with a twinkle in His eyes, "I am He."

By now you both have reached the ground but all you seem to be able to do is stare at Him. You take notes of every inch of His face, wavy hairstyle, well-shaped beard and those eyes. His expression of wonder at *your* wonderment brings you back to your senses, way faster in this case and your face turns red.

"Oh Boy," you think, nodding affirmingly as you still stare at Him with a pout hilarious face,

"I bet I am red by now."

"And you are," He says humorously at your cuteness, "have you the baseball bat I gave?" He asks.

Your eyes look to your left, over Jesus's arm and you lift the baseball bat behind Him.

"You gave me all this?" you say stunned with gratitude.

"Yes, I did," He replies placing you down and showing you the ball.

“Now, let us practice your hitting skill, shall we?”

The green territory is wide open and plain, expanding from one end to the other as far as the eye can see. Far in the distance you see a tree line and a few lakes, but they are not in the way of your practice. A clear sky allows to see everything around you in detail, and you can even see the tiny details on the grass blades if you choose to give them your attention. By now there is a new set of clothing on you both. Each of you are wearing a white t-shirt with dark blue shorts going to your knees, perfect for a lot of movement. Jesus has a cap put on backwards, while yours is normally positioned, both of a dark blue color. There is no hint of sanding on a baseball field, the space is just completely open.

Jesus, in the position of the pitcher, throws the ball with strength and skill. As it draws nearer your eyes widen with a focus and attention unknown before as you swing. The bat connects and you hit the ball.

“Lord the ball!” you shout pointing at it as it flies away past line of sight, “I have sent it too far!”

“Don’t worry,” He answers from His position, “Look, it is coming back on its own.”

As soon as He said that the ball returned into sight moving fast towards you two. In perfect timing Jesus ran five long steps into the air and caught it with His glove, leaving you open-mouthed. Yes, He was also the catcher.

“Wait, wait, wait, wait!” you shake your right hand, “that is AWESOME! How is that even possible!”  
you ask pointing to Jesus and the ball.

“Well, first off we are not under the law of gravity here,” He explains, tossing the ball from one hand to the other, “secondly, with God...” He points to you asking you to finish His words.

“Nothing is impossible” you reply.

“EXACTLY!” He smiles, “Now, shall we?”

He positioned Himself again and so do you, lifting the baseball bat, ready for another try.

The sound of the bat hitting the ball echoed in the air for quite some time, with Jesus walking in the air, jumping in the midst of nothing and rocketing vertically upward to catch the ball that always returned from different directions and angles. Surprisingly, you are neither out of breath nor sweat on your brow. Jesus lands softly onto the ground,

“What if we spice this game up a little bit?” His grin full of intrigue.

“How so?” you ask lifting your eyebrows as you break your stance, touching the ground a bit with the baseball bat.

“I will throw the ball and you will have to hit it, but then I won’t be catching it anymore.” He indicated.  
Your mind starts to process what He is saying as you say nothing.



“Just trust Me.” He gently speaks.

Jesus takes position again and once you are ready; He throws His final one. The ball went flying off into the far distance once again. And while it is flying away Jesus is walking back toward you with a baseball bat of His own leaning on His right shoulder. He passes you and places Himself to your right and keeps walking father away from you. As the ball returns, He readies Himself in His new position. The ball is now returning with unusual abnormal speed than before, racing straight at Jesus, cutting speedily through the air as if almost ready to be lit on fire.

Jesus’s bat hits it with a loud echo, aiming the ball straight at you!

“WAIT, WHAT...?!!!” You cannot seem to ready yourself for the throw, but your body responds in a mighty force sending the ball off to the horizon again, leaving you filled with adrenaline while looking toward your Friend. “...unbelievable...” you say under your breath.

However, Jesus points at the horizon as the ball comes into view, racing back towards your direction now! Oh, the fun of this mad game! The alert fighting senses stir within you, the strength you possess and your skill increases even more at each hit, leaving you breathless of words. What could words say in this moment anyway? All the baseball games seen before in animation or movies and a few first tries of hitting the ball in high school were just a token of the joy you now feel rushing through your body at maximum speed. The fun of the game increases as you both wage war against the speedy unpredictable ball.

By now both you and Jesus have been working on your hitting skills at unknown turns. This goes on for quite some time. And finally, the ball gradually slows down and Jesus grasps it with His bare hand.

“What if we get something to eat?” He suggests. You quickly agree.

Placing all the equipment on the grass Jesus guides you to walk to the left of where you were playing. After a short time walking that seemed shorter than you ever thought, you look back and find yourself far from where you left the equipment. It should have taken more than an hour to walk! “How is that?” you questioned silently in your mind.

“Things here move by thought and desire,” Jesus says, “We got teleported from that far place closer to our destination. And yes, we could have gone straight to our destination, but I wanted you to be able to enjoy the walk in the forest.” He answers the question before it was fully formed in your mind.

Soon tall trees fill your view. Echoes of birds and animals playing among the tress fill your ears with beautiful harmony. The lights penetrating through forest was so splendid they feel like they basked your very soul. This was something you have always enjoyed beholding and soaking in. All the while Jesus is enjoying himself by beholding you and your reactions. He looks at you so lovingly, enjoying your opened mouth awe as you gaze analyzing at the sky, your nostrils taking in all that delicate fragrance of a flower, fingers running down on a wing of a colorful bird. Soaking in the animal’s detailed eyes, nose and fir, your own nose tickled by butterflies while lights hit their dazzling wings of unrecognizable colors. True it is exactly what He said, both of you enjoy the walk

through the forest. By now you notice a white sandy lane coming into view. You both turn and follow the path which leads to an open view with calm waters.

Reaching the end of the forest, before you is another magnificent scene. A big calm lake with another big lake floating above it with many active animals. The waters below were joined with waters above through means of many artistic tunnels and channels, allowing many species to travel in between as they pleased. The lake above was adamantly supported even without any ground around it. In this case instead of ground it had clouds! All the rest that a normal lake would contain was in there as well, but what diverged it from the others was the play of warm lights hitting through the clear water, giving off a more vivid splendor to all inside it.

“Wow...!” you think softly, and sitting down on the white sand you find that it has made the perfectly placed seat after your body figure. “Moved by thoughts, huh!” you muse, touching the warm sand. Soon appearing before you are some portions of chorizo stuffed bread again, accompanied with a few well grown peaches on a large plate. A medium bottle of water, two paper cups with lid and a straw containing *tutti-frutiti* Compal Juice also winked into existence.

While eating, the place and its natural evening beauty smooths your lungs with a soft sigh. “How on earth does such a place exist?” You breathe these words again and again. Looking to your right there is Jesus biting His bread twice. He seems to like them too! Both of you have finished your first chorizo bread by now, ready for the second one. And taking one in your hand, the thought of the previous doors pop into your mind. You gradually recall all regarding those doors and the questions regarding them and yourself arose.

“...The first door represents the rich princely people in the world,” Jesus said gently, picking up on your train of thought. “As it is for the rich people, they have many desirable things one would wish for, however, the skillful sword you found represents the means with which it was acquired. And the treasure in the end is sand. Much attention is put to that in one’s life, but nothing of one’s physical abundance last forever. Just as I taught you.”

“And the second door?” you ask, taking a pause from eating.

“The second one is like the first in its nature, but it is more modern and perfectly fit for any task to be accomplished.” He continued. “The young man had all he wanted too. Well, most. The burden to maintain and keep all the things he had functioning and in order made him compromise, he did try to build a family, but in never seemed to succeed. There was always something that did not fit to his liking, so eventually, he ended you with many breakups. Never settling. Plus, his career did not make it easy on him, it took up a lot of his time from what truly mattered.” Jesus gazed at the white sand at His feet, recalling the man. “He gained the world, but it brought him deep loneliness as a result.”

“But the third one was a happy family, Lord,” you say a bit saddened, “they did not have that many possessions, only the necessary from what I could perceive.”

“Yes.” Jesus affirms looking at you, “but did you notice the mother longing for something? The father spacing out while at work?”

“I did, but why so?”

“They did not have me on the throne of their hearts,” His reply dawned on you giving insight of this and all the rest, “Yes, they did not have me as the core force of their life. I blessed them with family and happiness, but that did not go deep into their depths, it was never meant to.” Jesus took a juice paper cup and sipped through the sago straw. “The reason both the family and the modern rich man did not have me yet, was because of being filled up with the world’s abundance and achievements. There was hardly any room for me.”

“I see.” You said, finishing your bread with a final bit. Jesus took a peach and continued.

“Being rich does not necessarily makes you bad. I have had servants whom I made rich and they still loved me the most and served others with the abundance I gave them. It is all about the heart of the person.” He rolled the peach like a ball in His hands, after a moment of silence He continues; “I love them greatly, even if they do not know me yet. That is why I allow them to feel the deep emptiness of their depths, to know that nothing of the world could ever truly fulfill them. It is like the sand in the treasure chest.”

“Lord...” you say under your breath, “You saw me being that princely child, fascinated I was with all that beauty around me. I, too, have a taste for wealthy things do I not?” you gaze into He adorable eyes for answers.

“I allowed you to enter the scene, specifically because you had a desire bent on that direction. I wanted to show you a part of your dreams manifested so you could perceive what your depths truly desire for real.” He explained ever so gently, looking directly into your eyes which leaves you a bit odd mixed with gently shyness. “The result of loneliness awoke you. Causing you to move and run, realizing that fulfilled dreams with loneliness do not quite fit together.” He smiles, “I was both showing you the wide scale AND working in you personally as well!”

He then released a little giggle, “I know your Depths! *‘What could such an old door have behind?’* you asked yourself, and as you figured it out; big fulfilling things came under disguise, great things come in small packages.” He points at Himself, winking, making you break out in laughter of His cuteness as you eat your peach.

He continued, “When a soul finds me, their dreams come true to the fullness and beyond. The biggest plus is that they are now never alone. I am there! Their biggest fulfillments come from me alone.”

Jesus places the peach back to its place and gazes at the view before you two. His heart gradually starts boiling with a burning desire for souls, a burning that your heart starts to feel as well.

“Will they eventually find you?” You ask gently, reading His quiet demeanor and longings.

“They will find me when they seek me with all their hearts,” He said. “I have stirred their hearts to seek me. I do the best I can to draw them to me, but they must make the final decision.” Jesus takes a handful of sand allowing it to fall onto His left hand little by little.

“Oftentimes it is hard and scary to let go of worldly achievements, fame and goals in order to follow me, but it is not impossible,” the sand in His hand ended and He swiftly aims a smile your way, “I do give them a helping hand!”

*“I hope even for the lost prodigal sons and daughters.”*

Jesus and you stay at the white sandy beach, lingering, enjoying the food, the view, the memories and the topics that randomly pop up in the conversation. But mostly, you enjoy being in His presence. In *knowing* Him.

*It is much better to live simply, surrounded in holy awe and worship of God, than to have great wealth with a home full of trouble – **Proverbs 15:16 TPT.***

*Come to God through the narrow gate because the wide gate and broad path is the way that leads to destruction – nearly everyone chooses that crowded road! The narrow gate and the difficult way leads to eternal life – so few even find it! – **Matthew 7:13-14 TPT***

# Repeating

Honest talk... One of the things I find myself struggling with, like those little foxes spoiling the vine – is continuous repeating. When I face people repeating themselves often and hitting on the same button about a topic. When I must repeat my words more than three times to be heard. Even when Jesus repeats himself repeatedly from many sources about something. Even if there is one word, like the word “God”, when it is used constantly by someone in each phrase that they say...

I cannot deal well with it. It provokes me to frustration, be it little or big.

However, when I woke up one morning and went to take care of my business, I realized that the whole Creation repeats itself. The seasons come and go in a cycle, repeating themselves constantly. Fruit grows on trees and rain falls repeatedly. Leaves fall and grow back next spring. The Father Himself repeatedly forgives us again and again and again. He repeats Himself to us that He loves us because we do not seem to believe Him fully the first hundred times. When we do not understand some things, He repeats His words as many times as needed until we grasp the picture. He is constantly repeating and appealing to mankind to turn away from sin. Repeatedly as each day dawns He showers new mercies upon us. Giving certain amount of graces one needs to live through one more day. Never tired of showering His love on us every time. He even gives warnings on the repeat. The holy angels constantly fighting and protecting, getting wounded and receiving healing to go right back into the fray.

So, what am I to complain about really?

Jesus once said in a funny true way in a message to one of his brides. “I can repeat Myself; the Father gave me permission to do that.”

It seems like one can repeat themselves as much as needed. I see now that it is frustration. A serious lack of patience and pride from my side that others do not understand me at the first two times minimum. Yet I make God repeat Himself when I face trouble about believing His word and my identity in Christ. The same goes for others. They too must repeat their words to me often.

I once heard a short story that goes kind of like this.

There was an old man walking with his son outside. He was an elderly person that did not seem to remember the little things. Therefore, he made many questions to his son. He was unable to hold the son's reply for a long time, so the son answered him again and again each time until he could no longer hold his patience and spoke angerly to his dad. Evident wounds landed on the elderly man. He fell silent and began to walk away in a certain direction, leaving his son behind. The young man realizing his mistake felt there was nothing to do to fix it since he thought his dad was now far off. However, soon the father came back with a book in his hand and handing it over to the son he points to a passage and asks the son to read it. As the son begins reading, gradually his attitude changes, for this was his father's diary. The passage he read was about his son's childhood and how he made countless questions about everything surrounding them. The father always answered with calmness and understanding to the little boy, never raising his voice. Humbled, the young man turned toward his dad while hearting convicting words from his wise mouth. This taught the son a lasting lesson on patience and humility and so they went on again, trying anew.



## Pride

I have been thinking how on earth do we get into pride: since when?

One day while playing with some kids I observed some hints of pride emerging from them. Our time together taught me a couple of things. I can say from my point of view that we, the grownups, might influence this on them sometimes. We jokingly say, "Try to build a Lego house and let us see who does it better!" or "Who is the most beautiful among you two?" We do this jokingly, but we encourage comparison and competition, and it emerges and grows little by little. If it is not corrected at this tender age of four but is given a blind eye it will grow as they grow. Thankfully, the parents of these kids are leading and teaching them to work as a team and to learn how to share. That always bring comfort to the Lord and sooths hearts in this dark world.

Well, in my case during my kid-days some skills appeared and began to develop. As I grew physically, beauty formed itself. Looking back, I now see that with or without human compliments, skill and physical beauty puffs up, along with comparison regarding others "less" skillful and beautiful from one's point of view. Honestly did I know any better? What can a kid know without being taught? So, children do need guidance and sound discipline. My parents did their job but even then, a parent cannot be always present. They also cannot know everything that is going on in a reserved child's little head. Yet what is hidden from the parents the Heavenly Father sees perfectly and is present in the kid's conscience, whispering to that little heart. The more a child grows the more he learns, both good and bad.

A priest once told me, "You do not have to learn everything that is around the world. You do not have to listen to everything, neither to look at everything." He said gently, "Imagine someone putting something in your hand while having your eyes closed, you do not just receive it right away, there is a certain discernment your hands go through. Analyzing if that in your hand is a candy or a harmful thing." So, we should be palm open but discerning everything. Keeping in touch with God



and just not learn everything that is around for there are impurities and curiosities of this age that can be damaging. So, growing kids and teens must learn to properly discern because much is taught to us that is not really needed and leads to error both in thoughts and actions.

I am told that pride is the root of sin. Like poisonous pests literally on the roots of a plant slowly sucking the life out of it and making it incapable of bringing forth flowers. There are many things that can grow in our inner garden, gained from bad sources. Visualize it like this:

Fear are the parasites on the plant, gnawing it to the “bone” as we say. Guilt is like the ultraviolet heat that scorches the leaves to a dead brown. Unbelief is a dull colored rose without any fragrance, while Shame prevents the crown of the flower from becoming strong. Therefore, the beauty of the petals is truly short, quickly falling off. With Scrupulosity the plants are consistently tossed to and fro by strong winds, so unbalanced in directions that they pull the roots, and the petals are torn off. Rage is a black clouded storm with lightning bolts hitting and splitting trees or branches. Preoccupation with self, is a dense mist setting in, clouding the vision. Self-will causes the garden to lose its colorful life, making the leaves to fall melancholically like in sad animation movies. Materialism feeds thorn bushes until they grow unto big trees, twisted and thick like a forest.

Much had been added in my garden while growing up. Sometimes I think depressingly, “My garden must be in a very sad mess right now for I let so many storms to pass through it today.” It makes me feel sorry for the Lord for He keeps cleaning up the mess I make so many times a day. I struggle everyday even in the littlest things. When I hear praises about something I have done, I notice that flattery is there. Even if it’s there for a tiny bit, that seed is dangerous. I would rather be kept “clueless” with them praising God in their hearts instead of praising me. Now, when I compare myself to how I was in my kid-days, I can see things have changed over time. I do see growth even though I fall often. I am more understanding of my own faults, so I do not exalt myself over others. I rejoice over these revelations the Lord is giving me, for I would rather know them now and can work on them while I have the chance. The blessed promise that the Lord is here and will never leave is such a comfort, and taking Him at His word gives me courage.

I am reminded of Jesus’ words when He said He did not come into this world to be served, but to serve. It is also said that whatever *good* one sees in a soul; that good thing originates and comes from the Father. So, with all the enemies coming toward my garden I defend myself by grabbing these words tightly.

“I did not come into this world to exalt myself; I was sent to serve just like Jesus. He was endowed with gifts from head to toe and yet He used all those gifts for others. I have been given skills to be used in servitude. Period. Pride I have nothing to lose by refusing you entrance.”

A while ago Jesus said to me through a rhema, “*I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and the learning of the learned, I will set aside.*” At first glance it might frighten a soul but look closely. It can be rephrased like this; “*I will destroy the worldly wisdom of the wise men of the world. The worldly learning and teachings they have learned and taught I will set it aside. For they are not for Me, but for the world and its constant denial towards My law of Love.*”



# “I would like to see you pray”

*Back in 2017...*

While finding, learning and knowing the Lord through Still Small Voice Ministry I began to feel a certain desire and inclination toward prayer. I longed to converse and spend time with Jesus. At the time, spending time in prayer just to converse and spend time with Jesus was a new concept. I have been brought up that prayers were to be said only on my knees or standing in front of an icon of Jesus or the likes, and always in a specific special place. So, this was out of my comfort zone.

I woke up one morning, got on my knees and began. Seconds later my good mother opens the door to inform me that she is going to work. Within seconds I rashly changed my position with acute fear, faking that I was just merely sitting on the floor. She did not seem to perceive that I had been praying and left. Yet after she did, I wept bitterly. I was ashamed of faking it. I was so tired of having this fear of being caught praying more than “the usual” for teens. It seemed like an awkward fear for all my family were Eastern Orthodox which do approve and support teens to pray. It was the Fear of Man. Fear of being perceived as odd or “too religious”.

So, depressed with mixed pains I thought of asking advice from the Heartdwellers because I saw how lovingly they would answer and advice many in the comment section. So, I opened Google translate and carefully started writing up a comment. After finishing I checked the translation.

Checking to see if there was any serious errors to my words I scrolled down reading it on my little white phone, and then *Bam!* My eyes noticed a paragraph with a simple phrase I did not originally write. My original words had been ‘erased’ and in place of those lost three lines was “I would like to see you pray.”

I looked at it with wonder and a bit of confusion, wondering if it was a technical mistake. I analyzed it. The words *like*, *see* and *pray* were taken from the original three lines that had vanished, but the rest did not show up. I STARED at that sentence for about thirty minutes, absorbing and marveling how it even happened. Even checking the paragraph’s advance space it contained, *au contraire* of the other paragraphs that had it not. This was an out of ordinary “guidance word.”

Since then, little by little with His help I resisted freaking out when the door opened. Obviously, what I was doing was slightly different from what I usually did. How I was praying and how I was acting was starting to change. I started to continually refuse to go to some places during weekends and instead remain at home for long periods of time. It was new and thus difficulties arose within my family. However, I tried not to lead people to anger so I sought ways and places where I could pray in solitude. I still have a long way to go and still make mistakes that I find I repeat, but I am learning.

Going back to the advice I asked from the Heartdwellers. Someone gave me a reply that was truly an eye-opener to me. It was a very warm response and he passed unto me a book passage perhaps. He said:

Prayer is in the strictest sense, a humble religious petition of man to God to seek divine benevolence and benefits he needs of life, both temporal and eternal. It is a conversation with God, either by accepted prayer forms, or from the heart. Here then, in conversational verse, is a hypothetical talk the Lord might have with us, His children...

*"It is not necessary My child, to know much in order to please Me much; it is enough that you love Me fervently. Speak here to Me then, as you would speak to your most intimate friend, to your mother, to your brother.*

*So, you want to ask Me to do something for someone? Tell Me his name. Is it your parents, your brothers, your friends? Tell Me what you want Me to do for them now.*

*Ask much, very much; do not hesitate to ask. I love generous hearts who somehow can come to forget themselves to look after the needs of others.*

*Speak sincerely to Me then, of the poor you would console, of the sick you see suffering, of the strayed you yearn to see return to the right path, of those absent friends you want at your side again. Say at least one word for each, the ardent word of a friend.*

*Remind Me that I have promised to listen to every petition that arises from the heart, and is not a prayer for those whom your heart especially loves such a prayer?*

*And for you: do you need a particular favor? Make a list, as it were, of your needs, and come and read it in My presence.*

*Tell me frankly that you are prone to anger, that you love sensuality and pleasure, that you are perhaps proud, variable, negligent....*

*Ask Me to come to the help of those efforts, many or few, which you undertake to free yourself from these faults. Do not be ashamed, poor soul; there are in Heaven so many saints who had these same defects; but they prayed humbly, and little by little they saw themselves freed from them.*

*Do not hesitate to ask Me for spiritual and material goods; for health, memory, success in your work, enterprises and studies; all these I can give, and I do give – as long as they do not hinder, but rather assist your sanctification.*

*Precisely today, what do you need? What can I do for you? If only you knew how much I would like to help you! Do you have, right now, some project in mind? Tell me everything in detail. What preoccupies you? What are you thinking? What do you want?*

*What do you want Me to do for your parents, your brothers, your children, your superiors? What would you want to do for them? And for Me, do you feel an attraction for My glory? Do you*

*not want to do something for those friends whom you love much but who perhaps live separated from Me? Tell Me what in particular attracts your attention today, what you desire most ardently and what means you have of obtaining it? Tell Me if your plans are not working and I will tell you the causes of your difficulties. Do you not want to interest Me in your quest? My dear one, I am the Lord of hearts and I move them, without violating their freedom, to wherever I please.*

*Are you perhaps sad, or in bad humor? Tell me, tell Me, you inconsolable soul, tell Me your sorrows in all their details. Who wounded you? Come close to My Heart and find in it a refreshing balsam for the wounds in yours. Then, you will confess that, like Me, you forgive everything, you forget everything. In appreciation, you will receive My consoling benediction.*

*Are you perhaps afraid? Do you feel in your soul those vague stirrings of sadness which, however unjustified, can be so tearing? Throw yourself in the arms of My Providence. I am with you. I am at your side. I see everything. I hear everything. I shall not abandon you for one moment.*

*Do you feel ignored by persons who loved you once but who now have forgotten you without cause? Pray for them and I will bring them back to you if they are not obstacles to your salvation.*

*And don't you have, perhaps, some joy to communicate to Me? Why don't you let Me share it with you, like a friend? Tell me what has consoled and gladdened your heart since yesterday, since you last visited Me. Perhaps you have had an agreeable surprise; perhaps you have seen grave doubts dissipated, or you have received good news – a letter, or perhaps a gesture of love. Maybe you have overcome some difficulty or come out of a trying situation.*

*All of this is my work. I have obtained this for you. Why not show Me your gratitude and say, like a child to its father, 'Thank you, my Father, thank you.' Gratitude brings forth new gifts since benefactors, as you know, like to see themselves appreciated.*

*Do you not have a promise to make to Me? I read, you know, the bottom of hearts. Men are easily deceived, but not God. Speak to Me, then honestly; do you have firm intentions of avoiding the occasion of sin? Of denying yourself that object that harmed your soul? Of not reading again that book which excited your imagination? Of avoiding that person who disturbed the peace of your soul? Will you be kind to that person who, because he offended you, you have regarded as an enemy?*

*And now, My child return to your work, to your office, to your family, to your studies – but do not forget these fifteen minutes of intimate conversation we have had in the privacy of the sanctuary.*

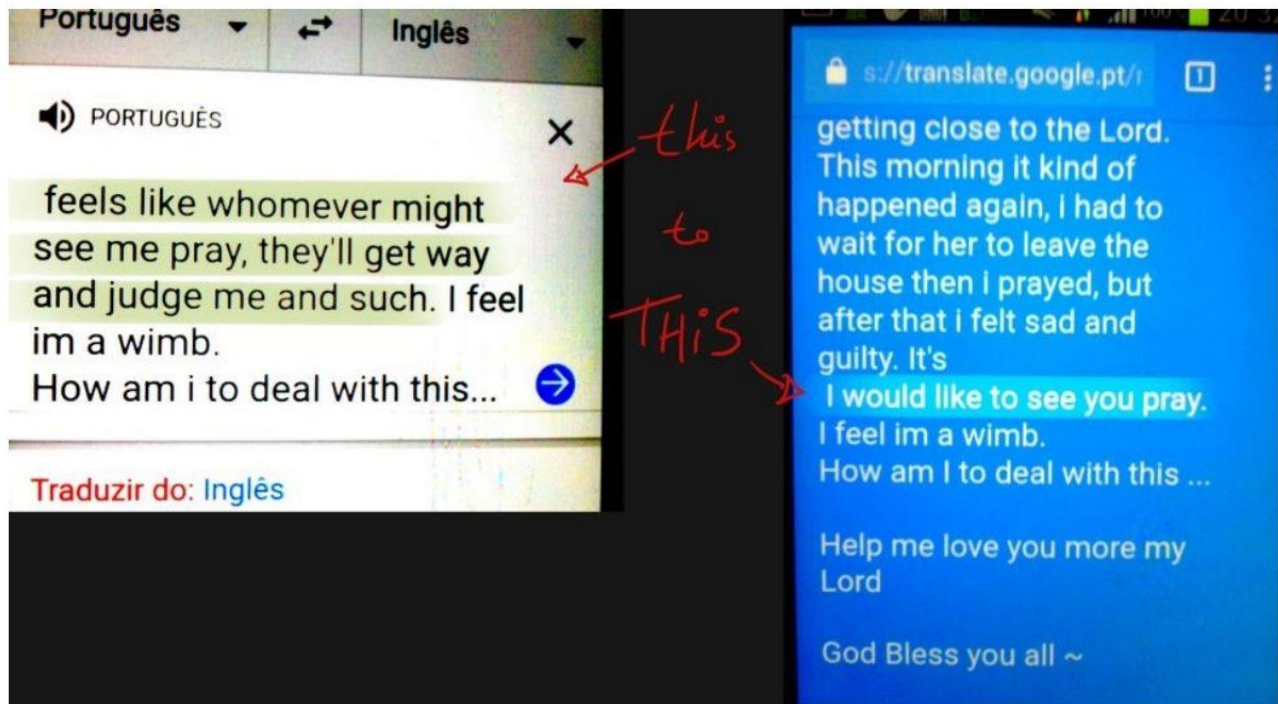
*Keep as much as possible, silence, resignation, modesty, charity towards your neighbors. And please, come again tomorrow with an even more fervent heart to unite it to Mine. In it you will find every day new love, new gifts, and new consolation. Here I await you." – Jesus.*

There is also a whole playlist of videos about prayers in the Heartdwellers Ministry. (the brother continued in his reply.) One of my favorite ones is where He explains how a sigh can be a prayer. I then learned later though that that a sigh can also be a curse. It is all about the attitude of our heart. You can sigh in judgement and harm someone or you can sigh in compassion and bring

relief. It takes a deep honesty about yourself to see the difference, but He always sees that deep place weather we do or not. And this is where he ended his message to me.

Going towards 2018 I started a big turn regarding my prayer time. I began to see that among many methods of prayer and of approaching Him, speaking with Jesus is a two-way conversation. I speak, He listens and then answers. Like a chat between friends on WhatsApp. When I am alone and I wish to speak and share my life with Him, I imagine He is on the other side of the phone, seeing the bunch of messages I have send and while reading He would burn with yearnings to answer here and there. All I need to do is give Him time and space to reply. It took me a while to learn that, at the start it was a one-way-chat for quite some time. And when the conversation would end, we would linger there and re-read, all smiles while scrolling down.

As one good friend of mine said, “He is always online with unlimited calls and messages...”



***For more information on the Heartdwellers Ministry, please go to page 94.***

## “My People can have what they say”

*Back in 2019...*

I remember when I heard these words and when putting them in action, He showed Himself very faithful. One of those moments was at a laundry job in my early days there. The person second in charge of the team came to me, leaning on her elbow swiftly and informed me that today more than seven hundred folded napkins were needed to be ready and set aside, for a certain event was going to happen the next day. I looked carefully and saw around me were three big piles of freshly washed and dried white cloth napkins. The height of each pile was as from my belly up to my head. Piles of fifty folded napkins were to be stored in certain enclosed stainless-steel carts. It was slightly taller than me and made of two shelves, deep enough for an arm to fit, and large enough that a short normal person would fit if properly put.

The easy part was that I did not had to fashionably fold the cloth napkins. Just the bare base, leaving the rest for the waiters to complete according to their own folding design. From the very start of my time there I got the hand of the base folding method, but to do SO MANYs within a day?

I took a deep breath, “Challenge accepted.” I thought shakily but excited. Being reminded of the words I had heard a few days ago, with a deep breath I began folding and declaring that we WILL have seven hundred that day, just as asked, and perhaps even more. Along the process, a certain flow surged to my hands. No mistakes were made, no fingers in the way slowing the time and having barely any difficulties. Rather speedily piles of 50’ rose up around me. After filling one cart to the full I started and completed the space yet in another cart, less used, with other things stored there. So many were folded that it must undoubtedly surpassed the needed quota. When we ran out of place to store the napkins, we needed to find other places to store them. I was amazed and the second in charge was stunned and laughed in a jokey way while passing by here and there. A single person had completed the task. Yet I knew the secret and I gave Him glory and praise for this amazing thing He accomplished through these hands.

On another occasion, after some time working there, on a certain day I realized that something had changed. I no longer went at the hotel to work and serve; I was going for its food! My wish of serving others and the Lord was slowly being replaced with fleshy appetites. The refectory had a small buffet with varied good food, and I found it was slowly seducing me. When I came to myself that THAT was happening, I responded with sadness and a new hunger for more of God. I started to avoid the tastier food offered. Good tasty food could not feed my deep inner hunger after all. On mornings I went declaring food would not be the high point of my day. That my time with Jesus and our fellowship throughout the day WOULD be the high point of my day! Since then, each time after awakening in the morning I sensed a deep gratitude that He opened my eyes and let me live, breathe, chat, stare at His picture – to simply live this day with Him. Honestly grateful, I found myself being excited for what the day would bring with Him near. Many other occasions came up with importance big and small. His words are true and were proven as true in my life.

*“My people do not realize they can have what they say, instead, they say what they have.”*





# Inner Desires

*“Make Me the delight of your life and I will give you your innermost desires of heart.”*

**– Psalm 37:4 (paraphrased)**

I recall the story of a teenager name Tarcisius, from the Early Church days.

*This is his story.*

Have you any idea what Rome was like at the beginning of the first century? The Romans were the most powerful people in the world because they conquered and ruled over many nations which, together, were known as the Roman Empire. The Roman rulers and their soldiers were very cruel, and they were very much feared both by their own people and the people of other nations.

When Tarcisius was a young boy, the empire was ruled by Emperor Valerian. He hated Christians because of their love for Jesus and His teachings. They were thrown into dirty prisons where conditions were poor, and many of them were martyred – which means they were put to death for their beliefs.

How were these Christians martyred? Some of them were beaten to death, others were burned – and most cruel of all – several of them were thrown into a big arena called the Coliseum (which still exists today) and there they were eaten by lions. This was like a sport to the emperor and his friends who watched this horrible cruelty and enjoyed it. However, the Christians endured all of this, rather than give up their faith in Jesus.

To avoid being captured, they had to meet secretly in their homes if they wanted to pray and learn about their faith. When the situation became too dangerous, they built underground rooms and passages called catacombs, so that they could come together in safety. To enable them to celebrate Holy Mass in secret, they had to build large rooms below ground called crypts where they also buried their dead.

The entrances to the catacombs were concealed and were usually in isolated spots outside the city, known only to the Christians. These same catacombs still exist today and can be seen by visitors to Rome.

It was there they gathered to pray, to study their faith and to hear Mass and receive Holy Communion. This was possible due to the courageous bishops and priest who risked their lives to that the people could receive the Body and Blood of Jesus in the Eucharist.

No matter how careful the Christians were in protecting the knowledge of the entrances to the catacombs, sometime the pagans did discover them. Hence, a great number of Christians were caught or put in prison, where each day, they expected to be put to death. Despite their sufferings they continue to desire to receive Jesus in the Eucharist.

One day, just as the Bishop was about to celebrate Holy Mass in one of the catacombs, he received a letter from the prisoners—among whom were some of his fellow bishops and priests—requesting him to please send Holy Communion to them. They knew that if Jesus were with them, they would be less fearful and would gladly accept a martyr's death for love of Him. This posed a problem, for the Bishop knew it was extremely dangerous to take the Holy Eucharist to prisoners and to the sick.

Before beginning Holy Mass, the Bishop asked the people present to pray that he might choose the best person to carry Jesus in the Eucharist to the prisoners. As it was now too dangerous for priests to do so, it was important that some other good person be selected who would not arouse suspicion.

As soon as Mass was over, the Bishop asked who would be willing to carry out this brave task. The young boy Tarcisius—an altar server—stood up and said, 'send me.' The Bishop thought the boy was too young and could be endangered, but Tarcisius convinced him that nobody would suspect him, simply because he was so young. All the Christians knew of the deep love Tarcisius had for Jesus in the Eucharist, so the bishop eventually accepted the boy's offer.

Tarcisius was given some hosts carefully wrapped in a linen cloth and placed in a small case, which he wrapped in his tunic over his heart. The Bishop asked him to remember the heavenly treasures that were being entrusted to his care; to avoid the crowded streets and to protect these sacred mysteries faithfully and safely: Jesus in the Eucharist. Tarcisius replied that he would rather die than let go of them. Clasp his Sacred Treasure, he set off for the prison.

Oh, how happy and proud Tarcisius felt as he carried Our Blessed Lord so close to his heart! (And this is the fleshing out of the story by a sister of Notre Dame.) He had no thoughts to spare for places or people that he passed. He thought only of Jesus, whom he carried.

"Oh, dear Jesus, how I love you," he whispered. "How good You are to choose me as your little messenger. How willingly I would suffer and die for You, like these good people in prison. Perhaps one day, you will let me lay down my life for you, too."

Whispering words of love like these, he sped quickly on his way. He was out of the catacombs now and on the high road. There, he passed a group of his school comrades just about to start a game but needing one more to complete the number to make up the team. Catching sight of Tarcisius they called him to stop and join them.

"I am sorry," he said, "but I am on an important mission."

He hurried on, but the lads caught hold of him and would not let him go.

"What have you there?"

said one, seeing how tightly Tarcisius held his hands to his breast.

"Let me see."

“No, no,” cried Tarcisus, struggling to free himself. His anxiety made them all curious, and together they tried to pull away his hands.

“My Jesus, strengthen me,” whispered Tarcisus, almost under his breath. But one boy heard his words and cried out to the others: “He is a Christian. He is hiding some Christian mystery there.”

This made the boys still more curious. They determined to see for themselves, so they struck him, stoned him, and kicked him and did their best to pull away his hands, but they could not make him loosen his grip.

A man passing by asked “What's going on here?”

“He's a Christian, carrying some Christian mystery, and we're trying to get it from him,” cried one of the boys.

“A Christian, did you say?”

said the man, and giving Tarcisus one cruel blow, threw him to the ground.

At this very moment, a soldier, hastening towards the group, scattered them to right and left, and stooping down, lifted Tarcisus in his arms.

“You cowards!” he said, “all setting on one little lad.”

And he strode quickly down the street and hurried off into a quiet lane.

“Tarcisus, lad,” he said, smoothing back the curls from his pale face. Tarcisus opened his eyes and recognized the soldier as a Christian whom he had often met in the catacombs.

“I am dying,” he said, “but I have kept my God safe from them.” And he handed his precious treasure to the soldier, who placed it reverently inside his tunic. “Carry Him to the prison for me,” said Tarcisus, and with a gentle sigh he fell back into the soldier's arms.

His little soul was already with God, for whom he so willingly had given his life, for Jesus himself once said, *“Greater love than this no man has, than that a man lay down his life for his friend.”*

Little Tarcisus gave his life for the Friend of friends, Jesus Christ.

.....

I remember about the deep heart-desire of Hannah, the mother of the prophet Samuel in the old testament times. The devoted old man who took care of Richard Wurmbrand as he was looking for the truth. The little way of Therese of Lisieux and even my own heart desires. Either day-to-day or life-lasting desires, they do happen and impact many around at the same time.

Here are some stories from my own life.

In my early school days, I would watch movies and through them I began to learn about the nations, their cultures and people. Later, I wished playfully to have a friend from the countries I felt most interested in, to learn their language a little or even the whole of it. I longed to learn to speak properly someone's else language so I could make them smile! Currently, up until now, people from different nationalities appeared. I did not know if they would stay but it meant that my desire would be fulfilled that I might have an Asian friend too! (giggles)

Back in my teenager days, my brother and I visited a devoted godly family member of ours who was skillful with drawing and painting. She showed us the painting of a guardian angel behind a child while the kid passed a little river. I sighed in longing. "If only I could also draw Heaven related things. Now *that* would be a gift well used!" At the time I did not use it to its fullest, but currently I began to draw Heaven related things and set the constant fear of men aside regarding it.

Going into my twenties I wondered how it would be like to sit down and speak openly to a priest guiding us. This desire came to the surface more strongly when I heard the testimonies of people about a faithful man of God who lived back in the 1900's. He would sit for hours at confession listening to the person confess every sin from birth to the present moment, even giving insights to hidden and forgotten sins! He stood there willingly with no rush at all. Then I saw a video where an audience of people of different ages wrote their questions down on a little paper anonymously, and then were handed over to the priest's table at the meeting. It intrigued me and I wished that I were there in the video amid them. The crowd was ever so focused with a teachable spirit to the words of the priest, and even calm and at peace with one another that they even laughed here and there when it was applicable, and so openly. It was an open place to learn and grow as the priest was instructing many on different matters.

Now I look back on that moment and think, "How is it God that even this you have brought in my days?" Even the wish of an unheard-of language, stirred in me whenever I would hear elves speak so nobly in movies, or when I would hear a woman singing with a lyric and language seemly out of this world. And even the desire of writing a book.

It is funny how even the seemly insignificant little desires have not escaped His Faithfulness. I remember on how I ran from room-to-room trying to avoid the noise of the TV and how the kitchen was the one place where I would be able to find some rest. That is until my lovely dad put a tiny TV there, lol. I poured out my longing thoughts to God saying how I wished for at least *here* there would not be any TV's so that I could have a quiet place to retreat with Him and focus on Him. Some weeks or months later I found out that something happened to the TV that inside it broke, without us knowing why exactly. And so, from that point on there is a TV in each room but none in the kitchen.

At another time I asked Jesus about how I would like my family to be more detached a bit from the world's pleasures and desire enough food only for daily needs. I wanted that there would be less meats, less sugary things and less Coca-Cola. I wanted their bodies to stop leading them astray and not feed their stomach desires so much. I often thought of Esau and his red stew episode. Gradually I started to notice that my family was willingly letting go of some meat portions, the soda intake lessened and the quality of the food and all involved was reduced to a proper nutritional level. Now drinking water is a daily occurrence.

As I am looking back these desires appeared and remained. They were so deep yet so slight that they were passed by with only a second's glance, seen only as wishes or wishful thinking. That life is life with only 'wishing' in our minds.

Yes, as I look back and witness what He has done from then to this present day, that He has guided my course and He has brought many of my little wishing desires to fruition in His faithfulness. It gives me hope that in His timing those deep wishes yet unfulfilled could be most surely! After all it is said that these deep desires God Himself put inside us. And as I ponder this, a whisper often replies to those deepest unfulfilled wishes still waiting to be fulfilled.

*"As you patiently lived your days until now and did see some come to fruition, now patiently wait and see how God unfolds the other ones. I bet you will be stunned!"*

So, my friend I hope the innermost desires of your heart will blossom fully as you make Him the delight of your life.

# I am Highly Valued

*“Lines received when trying to go to sleep, speaking of the value of people and those who have trusted Christ as their personal Lord and Savior. I wanted to get away from doom-and-gloom and speak of victor and life enteral-forever!”—by **Brandon Ezzard***

Jesus for me went through more pain than  
my mother experienced giving me birth,  
even more than a man with no anesthesia  
going through open heart surgery.

For His heart melted like wax candle that had burned intensely, <sup>[1]</sup>  
His sorrowful passion poured out more than the cries of players  
on teams losing after and unheard-of-winning streak.

**Though the cross of Christ I’ve been reconciled with Him,** <sup>[2]</sup>  
**More than a parent two other children due to sibling rivalry.**  
Having peace through the hope of glory, I’m justified by faith, <sup>[3]</sup>  
An overcomer. I’m not under law but I’m under grace. <sup>[4]</sup>

If there was a ‘Price is Right’ sequel, then I having been  
brought would be worth the blood of Jesus Christ.  
**He was lifted up, higher as an eagle flying,** <sup>[5]</sup>  
**Bones out of joint like their wings bent sideways.** <sup>[6]</sup>

Through His blood I can get things done decently and in order. <sup>[7]</sup>  
**To be right with God He had to experience.... bleeding disorder.**  
Therefore, I tell you the good news like an evening news TV report should. <sup>[8]</sup>  
Thus says the LORD, *“I just called to say I love you more than Stevie Wonder.”*

When I call upon Him, He comes running to me at breakneck speed. <sup>[9]</sup>  
**He’s head-over-heels for me more than a man can over a woman stuck  
halfway mid-bend, unable to do a full cartwheel completely.**

Therefore, I want to inspire others on earth while even they in Heaven can see. <sup>[10]</sup>  
And shine more brightly than any accessory in jewelry or any necklace you’ve seen, <sup>[11]</sup>  
Or every ray of the sun on one point shining simultaneously;



A Bride of Christ in a dress from a king who owns Heaven's boutique. [12]

**I am worth more than all the planets in existence because He died for me.  
More than all the gold and silver one could ever attempt to use to pay the price for me.  
I am valued higher than New-Earth diamonds and rubies designed unique.  
Highly esteemed through He was despised and grieved,  
chastised for my peace. [13]**

I am sitting on a throne beside Him  
And look into the eyes of Jesus. [14]  
I am a high priest; He is my Temple.  
Having received love, I give freely. [15]

**What He took upon Himself while on the cross was like the sky falling. [16]  
Burning water from the vapor-shield is falling right on Him.  
Magnitude of the situation greater than the five greatest earthquakes  
combined all at once, nine hurricanes and a giant tidal wave colliding  
simultaneously.**

For a righteous man not many would die.  
For a good man even more would. [17]  
Jesus Christ died for all,  
So how much more are we important to Him? [18]

**You are more valuable than any famous painting in an art gallery. [19]  
He paid the price for you more than any large amount of  
money could be amassed by everyone who makes a large salary.**

**He wants to live in you rather than any mansion on any planet.  
The Way which made space was made like us,  
So we should make space for Him to come in. [20]**

I am more precious in His eyesight than to any man any number dollar bill.  
In Christ I reign in a place better than Solomon's temple,  
Walking in God's Spirit, ruling from a city set on a hill. [21]

Therefore, in my heart I've resolved to love Him  
With all my soul, mind and strength too. [22]

**He's transformed my *being*, how I'm doing,  
To better than the finest of wheat; [23]  
Complex to simple, head-knowledge to His love, [24]**

**Folly to wisdom, adult departing from Him  
To kid following the Leader. [25]**

Therefore, I deny myself and pick up my cross like it's a boombox with speakers, [26]  
Bobbing my head, playing the song of salvation all day long like a DJ. [27]  
Got gold sneakers, preaching good tidings like Charles Spurgeon. [28]  
My drive for Christ like my Dinal on a crystal sea swerving.

Every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess our Lord Jesus [29].  
**Therefore, make sure to always speak in love with the knowledge He is,  
For He looks at you with more of an intensity than kings  
did gladiators in the Coliseum.**

If all your loved ones, past, present moment and future,  
All looked at a picture of you, having staring contest  
With the eyes on the picture – He'd win!  
For before He created you, you were the joy set before Him, [30]  
Like an offering He's pleased with. [31]

**Imagine the most amount of sand possible in the cup of  
your palm region. If for every thought you had for a loved one,  
a grain of sand would fall to the floor, would it be as much of  
God's for us, outnumbering the sand on the seashore? [32]**

**God wants us more than prized land guarded by armed infantry,  
And wants to get rid of evil in us more than us a threat to national  
security.**

The Blood of Jesus is a mustard seed that causes axis to shift. [33]  
The anointing of the Lord breaks yokes like cracked eggs for breakfast. [34]  
Was sprayed like massive repellent, and spoils principalities: [35]

**Hell humiliated, grave ashamed,  
Prince of the power of the air defeated. [36]  
Devil weakened, keys of death and hell retrieved  
like a dog their favorite frisbee. [37]  
Satan made a mockery off, the but of every joke in heaven's club,  
All saying, "Once the serpent was on a rock,  
Now the rock is on the serpent. Haha, it's funny!" [38]**

If the enemy is on your heels,  
Then that's the perfect opportunity to tread upon him. [39]

Meaning; to mess with us he's nuts,  
Getting things mixed up when on your trail,  
Worse than a cold to him,  
Fever to his head when he's hot on your trail. [40]  
**We conquering hell salt of the earth all over that snail. [41]**

Having been brought by the Blood of Jesus, I am not for sale.  
Seated far above principalities they are not on our level. [42]  
In the twinkling of an eye, I shall be caught up to heaven, [43]  
Stronger than Genesis 2:6 mist shot up from the earth. [44]  
Faster than Flash's feet sprinting at the fastest speed on a treadmill. [45]

**When we are raptured, it won't be able to be captured on camera.**  
Ray's comforted by the Way of the Master, while Bruce Lee's are lost  
to the way of the dragon.

**Man in shock and awe, family missing, gone.**  
**They all like, "Where'd they go?" [46]**  
**Stuck like a car in the mud,**  
**Unable to move like it's in the park of eternity. [47]**  
**Some will depart from the faith,**  
**Falling for Satan's schemes, [48]**  
**Small and great, free from bondage and slaved**  
**Taking Mark of the Beast. [49]**

Some lost though they've heard the  
Word of God that's been preached. [50]  
People jumping off the church steeples,  
Members of the Body hurting people. [51]  
Gangs' members shot, lurking the streets wounded.  
White VS. black like ink VS. glue,  
good VS. evil ensuing.

If you've placed your faith in God at all,  
Place your trust in Jesus too, [52]  
And you'll go home like people with the flu  
Leaving school completely whole.

**If you do not know Him, get to know Him like you're**  
**His friend, and you'll know where you came from,**  
**Where you are with Him and where you're even going.**

*Brandon Ezzard  
on Wattpad*

*“From Lost to the Cross”  
Book 1*

**1** - Psalm 22:14   **2** - Romans 5:10   **3** - Romans 5:1   **4** - Romans 6:14   **5** - John 12:32   **6** - Psalm 22:14  
**7** - 1 Cor. 14:40   **8** - Psalm 107:2   **9** - Psalm 147:15   **10** - Hebrews 12:1   **11** - Matt. 5:16   **12** - Revelation 19:8  
**13** - Isaiah 53: 3, 5   **14** - Revelation 3:21   **15** - Revelation 1:6/ 21:22. Matt. 10:8   **16** - Mark 13:25  
**17** - Romans 5:7   **18** - 2 Cor. 5:15   **19** - Matt. 10: 31   **20** - Philippians 2:7   **21** - Galatians 5:14, Matt. 5:14  
**22** - Luke 10:27   **23** - 2 Cor. 5:17, Psalm 81:16   **24** - Isaiah 60:17   **25** - Matt 18: 3   **26** - Matt. 16:24  
**27** - Psalm 35:28   **28** - Isaiah 61:1   **29** - Philippians 2:30   **30** - Hebrews 12:2   **31** - Genesis 4:4  
**32** - Psalm 139:18   **33** - Matt. 17:2   **34** - Luke 10:27   **35** - Colossians 2:15   **36** - Psalm 109:29, Ephesians 2:2  
**37** - Revelation 1:18   **38** - Proverbs 30:19   **39** - Psalm 91:13   **40** - Deuteronomy 28:13   **41** - Matt 5:13  
**42** - Ephesians 1:21   **43** - 1 Cor. 15:52   **44** - Genesis 2:6   **45** - Psalm 147:15   **46** - Matt. 24:40  
**47** - Proverbs 1:28   **48** - Matt. 24:24   **49** - Rev. 13: 16-17   **50** - Galatians 3:1   **51** - Matt. 4:6, 24:49  
**52** - John 14:1

For more deeper insight please check out Still Small Voice Ministry

At

[www.heartdwellers.org](http://www.heartdwellers.org)

and choose the search button

For deeper info on Uncommon Respect search for message:

***Why Does GOD Allow Suffering, June 1, 2015***

For deeper info on Your Eyes search for message:

***Jesus Answers His Bride How to Hear and See Me + Rapture Date Has Been Set.  
March 28, 2015***

For the alphabetical order of the teachings on video please use the following link.

<https://nebula.wsimg.com/ff7a81bf85f429655de2031ce0379805?AccessKeyId=DEE07ECD52C1F22EA660&disposition=0&alloworigin=1>

### About the Author

I was an average person growing up around many average people like me until a few years ago I found Jesus Christ in a livelier way. After that my life became more than only normal – it became interestingly different and amazingly fulfilling. Only recently have I been inspired to pour out my soul unto pages. To let it all out and share, in hopes of encouraging and inspiring others back to the Father and to kindle a spark in them to do the same for others.

God has taken me and joined paths with Rainbow even across the ocean. We found out to have one agenda in mind and heart, and that agenda is what made us come up with this series “Blue Roses for my Bride”.

The book series can be found at:

[godlovesus771.wixsite.com/lovegodlife](http://godlovesus771.wixsite.com/lovegodlife)

You can also find other works, teachings and varied arts there.

We can be reached out by email at:

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Blessings!