

444

GRAND STANDER



Introduction:

The Grand Stander has been suffering in hell unjustly for decades. His quest for freedom has caused such a clamor in the underworld that he has been awarded a trial. This trial has been organized and negotiated by Lucifer and the Archangel Gabriel. He has finally been granted an opportunity he has toiled and prayed for; to present his case in the hope to be admitted into Heaven. He is a sincere man and refuses to conceal his anger at what he feels is a travesty of justice. However, he is passionate about teaching spiritual principles and is exhilarated to showcase his love for God and his Guru. His trial will be held in a stadium in Babylon that serves as both a courtroom and public town square. His fate depends on how well he can present his case to the citizens of Babylon.

Vocabulary:

- Rome- symbolic for any capitol or empire
- Caesar- symbolic for any leader
- Pharisee- symbolic for any religious leader or group
- Temple- symbolic for any house of worship, or faith
- Babylon- symbolic for any city that is conflicted with dark and light
- Blue Book/ ACTION
- Scripture/ Bible
- Maya/that which is not-accepting the temporary as having lasting value
- Lila/divine play
- Iron age/The darkest age of the four yugas-world ages-stages
- Man/Women/ both genders
- Coward/faithless
- Primitive/ not yet taken the first and preliminary step to God/ spirituality
- Jezebel/male or female that uses lust to bring a downfall

- “It is written” is referencing quotes from the Bible and the Course in Miracles
- “Let it be written” are original statements from the primary character, the Grand stander
- G’s- Term referring to God's children or God’s Gods: Swag appreciated (style of any sort) - Crossed preferred (conquered one's personal inner darkness, trauma, challenges)
Courage/Faith- mandatory for membership in this group.
- Samskara- Mental impressions
- Lamp Of Christ-inner light, goodness, purity, absence of dark
- Harriet- Harriet Tubman -Rescued people from slavery
- Pain Body-Eckhart tolle term- the human tendency to perpetuate old emotion
- Swazy -slang for relaxed side to side stroll
- Dead homies- slang for a friend that passed
- Timms-Timberland brand boots
- Jeeezay- Jesus Christ

Chapters

1. Red sky pg. 7
2. Trial pg. 26
3. Penelope pg. 45
4. Twilight courtship pg. 72
5. Passion of the Cross pg. 75
6. Runaway Groom pg. 105
7. What is Love pg. 121
8. Dark presentation pg. 129
9. Cleansing pg. 165
10. Rebuttal pg. 171
11. Dog pg. 192
12. Cry Baby pg. 199
13. Excommunication pg. 221
14. Hooligan pg. 227
15. Gas-lighting pg. 239
16. Voices pg. 249

17. Battle lines pg.266
18. A Rose called Faith pg. 283
19. Power pg. 292
20. Closing argument pg.302
21. Walk in the Park pg 314
22. Hosanna pg.325
23. Capitol Reveries pg. 341
24. Though he Slay me pg. 369
25. Exodus pg. 387
26. Reunited pg. 394
27. Therapy pg. 403
28. Fun pg. 424
29. Farewell pg.433
30. Thank you pg. 438
31. Saint of Sentimentality pg. 442

Chapter One

Red Sky

Dark one (D.O) whispers in his cell:

Be afraid, all have been compromised, you are alone, seek my friendship and enjoy festive atmospheres.

(Brother/Grandstander/Captive knew the prince of evil entered his cave because his spirit was immediately repelled and he felt momentarily sick to his stomach. He stood up and did a quick prayer and got the sense he was fully armed)

Captive © responds:

Avatars, angels and saints sit with me at my table. At my table the party never dissolves or degenerates into vomit or exhaustion, rather sustained in absolute power. I serenely sit with the most honorable of comrades. Plus, truth's redemptive power will eventually neutralize the: slaver, deplorable, witch, warlock, satanist, Judas, extortionist and the slanderer.

D.O:

Without silver coins and employment, hang your head in shame! Apply with me and walk with elevated status amongst your brethren.

ℓ- captive:

The Good Lord provides what I need, simple manna from heaven has a comforting ingredient, extravagant meals and cloth do not. Spiritual employment provides infinite

benefits, let my peers admire and notice the silver and gold shine from my aura! and ignore the lint shuffling about in my pockets.

DD:

Take a knee before me and I will make you a ruler over your own Kingdom.

C:

King maker of egos! Emperor of rubble! governor of principalities. Means and the end are one. To rule my Kingdom under your constitution, your flag, your digits, your seal is like being arrayed in fine silk royal robes that only serve to conceal shackled feet and hands. I rather stay shackled, naked in plain sight, living in squalor yet dignified in the robes of authenticity and innocence! patiently waiting for the Messiah; then to lord over a

fiefdom of pigs and mud crawlers, under your authority,
thus a FRAUD!

D.O.:

Innocent, authentic? Hmm.. surely you jest, as if I
haven't read, and at times authored your story. Come now
off the mountain and sit with humility by my fireplace;
together let's read a couple of chapters from your book.
Here it is, a chapter I particularly like, titled unconscious
darkness. Wrathful, Self-righteous, **GRAND STANDER!**
How dare you. You have the gull to stand over me in
judgmental contempt! Insulting me as you pose as a giant
of morality and goodness, pure and clean and superior to
the crawlers and pigs. I'm the god that does not demand
transformation for failings and I provide opportunity for
pleasures! Grant me honor, at least an Odeum of respect,
for my authenticity. A renunciant monk and even a

recluse at best is a clever disguise to conceal vanity, but more often they rank as my greatest loyalist. Twenty-five years have passed in this cell, waiting for your messiah. All that has arrived is gray hair. Bow, accept my gifts as a seal and leave this dungeon behind you!

ℓ:

ℓucifer you surprise me, I thought of you as a Doctor of deception. I didn't take you as one that reads published books by maya as non-fiction. The Holy spirit's library shelves my book, I'm sure a grim read for you. Don't try to make a fraudulent case on mistakes I made as a youth. The heavenly armory doesn't issue the shield of wisdom to youth but does offer grace. Masterfully played dirty tricks that soiled me in my latter years grants the great purifier a purpose for existence. I place myself bare in front of my creator, trusting he will bath me clean of

karma. The miner that unearths the darkness in the deepest recesses of the heart is the job of the holy one, you have no grounds to cite me for a dereliction of duty; removal of malignancy such as this takes a mystical surgeon. As for the spiritual hypocrite, he too will find redemption, although his walk with the cross is often in reversal. Eventually, he will find the hill in which his cross will be planted. And the ever-faithful virgin will be in attendance to vouch for the existence of his father.

“Twenty-five years?” Time is but a borrowed phantom notion, lent out by infinity. “Bow?” desperate codependent! What need do you have of my subservience? you dishonor yourself. Shall the Son of God take a knee to a fallen angel? Shall the sun dim its light in subservience to a child-sized torch, an elephant bow to an ant? Then in absurdity the ant raves to the

citizens of the insect nation, “elephants need to be brought down for the crime of arrogance!” Kneel to what exactly? the material? the creator made me above all things, an order he set. Rebelling against the kingdom of God has set you on the most dreadful and absurd of careers.

D.O:

So then you place yourself above all things? Child of the almighty, then break your shackles, leave this dungeon in rubble, and send your captives to exile. Do mighty works as they occur to you, and take the throne of righteousness and rule this land with benevolence. Prove to me this power!

C:

It is written, “Thou shall not tempt the Lord.” In my current evolution, I'm too illiterate to read the galactical blueprint. The grand plan is beyond my grasp. Do you suggest I turn over Lila's game board on a whim, a fit of frustration, mis-use my power on a devil's dare, cause a cosmic delay in the salvation of the son of God! Thus betray the trust of the architect of the universe has placed upon me. If it be his will I suffer, I do so in gratitude! for it serves the greater good. I am a part of God, not God himself, a concept you find intolerable and incomprehensible. Although I bleed and suffer in these shackles, the divine mothers warmth found in the lily in my Guru's eye, the light found in the wisdom of the ancients keep me company and in comfort. I trust my creator even unto death. I know one day I will pass the red sky unto the brilliance of the true kingdom.

As for my wrath, I'm still a work in progress but I take solace knowing God uses all things for good, including theater, one of his greatest methods of teaching. One solitary isolated member of an oppressed tribe, standing against vast empires of darkness, is great theater. Do you remember the Shepherd boy who stood in front of your armies in the desert, and shamed the giant. A tale schoolboys will always marvel about. Let my outbursts and sword be testimony to the power of light over dark!

D.D:

(He laughs out loud in a mocking tone) Yes David!..... and his mistress, a union I was proud of arranging. But you have been deprived of the sweet nectar of a woman for years. Take a bite of the fruit from my faithful servant Jezebel and bask in ecstasy.

C:

Adam, Samson and Jacob have taught me well on these matters, would you have me surrender divine procreation in the garden, for Jezebel's passing satisfaction in exile? Would you rather I exchange constant soothing serenity, in order to focus on the mangoes' explosive sweetness? Infinite bliss for temporary ecstasy, soup in exchange for my birthright! Send Jezebel back to the primates who dwell in the bush and mud, who find impulsive, instinctual, base, satisfaction rewarding. I am a **MAN!** I walk upright in preparation to dwell in the Kingdom of heaven, with the other sons of God! Let me carry on in this cell, finding tranquility gazing into the eye of the purity found in the divine feminine; until my savior frees me.

DO:

Waiting for the Messiah, serving your God, you sound pitiful! where I stand as an independent god.

ℓ:

I am part of God, an extension, a son of God. Perhaps you should come up, and sit with me in a higher place, amongst the eagles, and clouds and together let's read a couple of chapters from *your* book. You broke away at a claim of sovereignty from the motherland. Can one find peace independent of all that's good? This separation forced you to declare war on the land of your origins. A war to cover for your guilt and shame at the tragic betrayal of a loving father. In your effort for independence you wanted individuality and difference so you created a kingdom in direct contrast. So the war of Good and Evil originated. Similar to a harlot's rebuke of a father, who is a lover of the purity of God. Or a son who is

a professional criminal, hateful feelings of a father, whose profession is an honest man of the law; guilt and shame are two of the foundational pillars of your kingdom; a shabby institution indeed. God's Kingdom is whole, and undivided. But you insisted on building your own kingdom, even if based on illusion, therefore its foundation is inherently corruptible and corrupted. How does a building stand if its core is being devoured by multiplying termites: fear breeding hate, shame breeding guilt, greed breeding lust. Then in an infestation of disillusionment: confusion, mortality, disease, hypocrisy, self deception, depression and so forth until ending with the apocalypse. What good is it to be a god if your forehead is branded with a date of self destruction. What good is your structure if the Horseman can so easily

trample it. The dream weaver web is complex, but the Messiah, is intelligence itself, can easily find your hand.

D.O:

For curiosity, just for my amusement, hypothetically, present a possible peace treaty, terms of a truce, a road map of the cessation of hostilities. If one of the terms is for me and my armies to grovel at his feet like you, or for us to be content at prancing like fairies in the mist, I will vomit right here, right now! Would you have us exchange our leathers, shiny things, silk robes and wands for leotards. Recluse! we would categorically reject and refuse the offer.

C:

Impossible task master! Even in your curiosity I find hardship. Was it the father that sought out the prodigal

son? Did the father take a seat at the house of wine, or lounge at the brothel to negotiate with the son for his return? Did the father review the son's terms for his return, as Jezebel sat on the boy's lap? NO! It was the son who grew tired of the hog pen and the snake pit, so with empty hands and a humble heart asked for forgiveness and admittance. In your glory and pride you lay down preconditions! Perhaps on sacred land you wish to take up your pitchfork and construct laboratories, that your brood of witches can continue their dark recipes, or your warlocks can construct slave quarters.

You are indeed talented, I pine for the good old days when our conversations centered around temptations. Let us walk down this mountain and return to our regular format, at least we had a fragile framework of logic.

DO:

(This time his laugh is absent of the mocking undertone)

Well schooled pious man, as you wish, let us return to our earlier line of debate. After all you are just an abandoned captive, not a 5 star general of heaven's army, commissioned to negotiate. How long can you walk in constant danger and distress? Find refuge under the dragon's wing and breathe without anxiety.

C:

Gargantuan Gangster! Extraordinary extortionist! On one wing you take or rather threaten my security, on the other offer shelter from your very threat. I warn you now dragon, the phoenix is rising and is a worthy combatant. Present and presence are the philosopher's stones that have paved the bright lit path, shining with sparkly star dust and illuminated with warm sunshine, leading to

heaven. A path guarded by Gabriel, the archangel himself!
 Do you suggest I abandon the path of salvation for the
 musty shade of your wing? My only companions the
 dried bones of desperate cowards of ages gone by.

DD:

Whg!!!. I have overrun the world!! my slaves have
 infiltrated every corner, every facet, you know that better
 than anyone. And those who are not slaves, quickly
 comply under threat, or deception; as you have
 continuously witnessed. You can't even step from your
 home without one of mine there to greet you. Even the
 places of worship I have ordered to restrict
 you...surrender your hope of good! and find peace in the
 prevalence of evil.

C:

Wicked psychologist, professor of black magic, engineer of mental mayhem! I know your art well, as a frequently forced guest at your dark gallery, but even in your boast I find deception. Even your omni presence at times fails, your rule is not absolute and complete, nor will it ever be. Were you the midwife in the manger? Were you the maiden that rescued the Buddha with a rice bowl? Were you the original author of the holy greetings, Om Shanti, Namaste, Salam Alaikum, Shalom, God bless you, One love? Where were your slaves when Yogananda embraced his incarnated master, I could not find you in the welcoming party that greeted Ram Dass when he dismounted the great bird that flew him from the east; to teach us wisdom from the ancients. You were not sitting with Eckhart on his park bench, that space was empty, spacious and alive.. Where you holding the recording

device that captured Ananda's loving request for her followers to meditate 5 min daily. Was it you that placed the boulder on the hill, for Ramana Maharshi to sit, by doing so consecrating the rock into time immemorial. No one other than the holy spirit co authored a return to Love, Christ channeled the blue book, Angels sprinkle stardust on the voice of good black Baptist preachers, Shiva lit the intellect of the ancients. Bystander! I scoff at your hollow proposal ; exchange good for evil? Satan get behind me!

D.O:

Very well, but first I have some information to share with you. Now and then a few of my high ranking commanders negotiate with Gabriel and his team: war business, prisoner swaps, reasonable concessions of territories, areas where de-escalation is possible. A yearly meeting in

which we sort out miscalculations from both sides; and a variety of miscellaneous loose ends. Your name came up, apparently they think some kind of mistake occurred and requested a trial. After speaking to you, I have decided to agree to this idea; something just isn't right. It will be held in the city of Babylon in the Empire of Rome. An agreed upon Chief Examiner will govern the trial, although the outcome will be decided by vote from the citizens. All the heads of various tribes, state officials will be in attendance. It will be held at the coliseum, therefore seating will be available for all who are interested. Opportunity will also be available for ordinary Babylonians to comment and question. You are permitted to invite council and supporters, up to the number of 25, one for every year of captivity.

ℓ:

Thank you, but for the sake of clarity, I know it was you that requested the hearing. I've been shaking your kingdom to its core! But we can keep that between us. lol

Chapter Two

Trial

The coliseum in which the trial was held was constructed like the flaring feathers of a peacock. The stage was like the hub of its feathers- roughly twenty-five by twenty-five square feet.

Chief examiner-C.E

Please take a seat.

B- brother or G.S -Grandstander

I prefer to stand, it's part of my defense or rather presentation to the townspeople. You will notice I put on the pose and airs of a founding patriarch of a nation! I stand as a statue of Ra! The Kemet Pharaoh. I drive my chariot like Noah did the Ark, Shiva the ox! In mundane activity, I'm as cavalier as Christ on the colt. I put on these airs not because of an illusionary fantasy of grandeur, therefore committing a sin to the one God by thinking myself the better. Rather I put on these airs as a point to my accusers and persecutors.

CE:

Go on, make the point to them directly, they are in the audience.

(He turns to face the dark side of the audience.)

B:

Although you have rallied all the agencies and tribes against me, here I remain standing as **Zeus!** Growing in stature with every attack! *(he turns back to the chief examiner)* It sends a shot of disillusionment and an effective weapon on morale amongst their ranks. But the greater purpose is that my posturing and in general my plight sparks a point of concentration, a matter for contemplation. Let my oppressors speak among themselves the following. “What God does he serve? So generous in blessings and protection, incredible odds this recluse has faced, to only walk like **Apollo!** Let us greet him and inquire.” Perhaps amongst my

persecutors, this heap of gravel, twigs and rock; a priceless bud of enlightenment emerges, and makes a grandstand. “Come brothers, let's enquire within, as the captive suggested, perhaps we can obtain some insight, a better understanding of the dimension we currently occupy, solve some of its mysteries, perhaps a measure of insurance can be purchased against the possibility of living a worthless life in vain.” In time the budd may sprout a petal or two and pronounce thus, “Let us lay down our two sided swords that serve the illusionary ego and its dictates. What good is a sword, if is but a murder and suicide weapon simultaneously, Such is the law of the One God! Rather let us stand as men for the mighty One God, our creator. To love takes much more courage than to hate. Even the lowest

scoundrel can hate, but to love- to give and receive that precious life-giving element in a dark world, full of betrayal; takes the most profound faith and courage.”

But alas, men for the most part are primitive cowards, not high minded philosophers, therefore for the most part, my posturing has served to unify and multiply them; not in contemplative meditations, rather in bewildered military camp.

CE:

And here in trial you still wish to make that point. It seems to me that theatrical points are unnecessary here, as we attempt to tackle substance head on.

B:

Even more so here, As a loyal citizen of Babylon and Rome I wish to serve it. My hope is that my case serve as an education on virtue: a study on courage, a testimony of the power of the One God, a prophecy on future events, a precedence for lawmakers, a topic for poets, a omen for the wicked, enlightenment for the good, game plan for my G's, hope for the persecuted, a collective autopsy of our society, a case study for our security agencies.

God speaks through his vessel, would you have me climb down from this mountain and take a stool? It would be at great risk to my message. I take the risk of appearing downcast, then I take a risk of the assault

pity may play on my teaching: my effort at enlightenment, my contribution to my nation. A kind nun in the back might comment, “Look there, poor man, a shame, he has been defeated, let us nurse him, and put his pieces back together, never mind his mission.” or another say “good! the smirk has been wiped off the supposed man of God,” another might say “the power and authority of man's court is truly mighty, sure to crush the spirit of even a saint.” Yet another might say “what good is virtue, righteousness and the pursuit of commonality if in the end it's a tale of loss, tragedy and hopelessness.” Then where will my service to my beloved nation be then? Where would my part in God's plan for salvation thrive then? I'm here to bring glory to God! his Son, and goodness. In so doing,

bring forth the blessing of God onto me and my country. So I do not stand arrogantly as a royal air of an earthly kingdom; but stand as an air of the Kingdom of heaven, a prince that's crowned with spiritual pearls. I do not stand as a conqueror of men, but as a proud conqueror of fear, and a lover of virtue. Not a Lord over lands, but a Lord over lustful base flames, and a pursuer of purity. A Pharaoh over paranoia, and a sitter of the throne of sweet inner harmony.

I wish to give good reason an opportunity to say, "Before us is a living example of the living God that dwells in all of us." If you feel a flame or even a spark of hatred for me, deriving from a first glance impression, if I appear to you as one prone to superior airs, please forgive me; truth rests on the contrary. Anything good,

powerful , noble and right in me, has been extended to me, by the father of goodness. He is the father of equality and fairness and distributes all gifts to his children accordingly. If a loving mother loves her children equally, how much better is our father in heaven? It is a sin, a mistake, an error against the one God to not think as he does. I think myself no better than my most aggressive prosecutor or even the illiterate beggar at the gate. This is not just pretty talk, rather a spiritual imperative; equality is the active ingredient, an essential characteristic of the soul in the child of God.

CE:

Does pity have any value? It has won many men mercy, or at least leniency.

B:

I stand here in the name of God, by God I present my case, and by God I stand free, although shackled by evil! Would you have me put on the robe of an actor, painting a false picture of false humility, false atonement for the purpose of leniency? To seek pity is a sleight of hand, to fool the jury out of justice, then in victory lift justice up in the public square and proclaim it a champion! When in reality it's been kidnapped, by a villain! I am not here to trick justice nor kidnap her, nor out maneuver her. I'm a Man! If I have wronged, sinned or have been mistaken, I wait eagerly upon my

father for his instructions on how to make amends. I am not a mouse scurrying around in the dark hiding from the light of justice. (He rolls his eyes at those seated in the dark section) The son of God has no cause for shame therefore no reason for cover, or fear. But he is often mistaken, as long as the son is honest he will always find grace and forgiveness in the arms of unconditional love itself. I'm here today to remove all blocks in order that lady justice can reign supreme. Justice is an angel from the One God; let her fly without any constraint, this is how God's will, will be done.

CE:

For the record please state your full name.

B:

Scribe your ink will dry here. I have been done a great injustice and asked a trick question! If I pronounce my name I run the risk of being imprisoned in the minds of the townspeople and examiners. They will connect me with a tribe, a religious order, a caste, then bars will surround me on whatever their perceptions, stereo types, prejudgements are of the mentioned. All men believe their tribe is superior and harbor dark thoughts and plans to kill the fighting men, take their daughters for slavery and loot the treasury of neighboring tribes. They perceive them as competitors; competitors are all who are different. Such is our life since our exile from the garden; constant war, with

moments in between that the sword remains in its holster, only for the purpose to reorganize, plan, strategize for the next attack.

CE:

Do you suggest we abandon our culture: ancestral customs, racial identity, tribal lands, and even our temples for the exchange of your God; be it One God.

B:

Maintain your tribal customs, style and cultural contributions, but let a common constitution bind us all, as an undeniable constant. Plant life is plant life first, then it is a tree or a blade of grass, first see the commonality then proceed from there.

CE:

We must call you something even if it's solely to get your attention.

B

What a wonderful world it would be if we all shared the same surname. Upon our greetings repeating the name we acknowledge our commonality, our unity, our common destiny. Call me Brother, and I will answer.

CE:

Brother, we informed you that you could bring up to 25 persons consisting of supporting persons and council, we reserved a section for your group. But it remains empty of persons, except for a tied Half Pint wolf that howls a greeting to all passersby. The prosecution and its supporters number well over 100,000; an unimaginable disparity, never documented in all our records. What shall we make of this?

B:

Close your eyes and open your heart. You will see that two distinguished gentlemen accompany me. On my left stands one from Athens, on my right from Nazarene. As for the empty reserved seatings that

the bound hound roots from, I can assure you she is in good company. There is an impressive collection of Avatars, saints, gurus, ancestors and angels keeping a watchful eye.

CE:

I understand, but what should we make of that no spirit that is encased in flesh! is here on your behalf... No witnesses to testify on your character, no employers to testify on your work ethics, no professors to present papers as evidence of intellectual honesty, no coaches on your

sportsmanship, not even one member of a faith as a witness to your devotion!

B:

The Nazarene on his hour, his cheering section also was unoccupied, but for a mule, according to your measure we can assume guilt. The Pharisees then should be heralded as the true heroes, and Christ the villain. A new commandment shall be written, "Only those loved by men are innocent, prophets must be popular to be genuine." Is it not the case that truth tellers bear a heavy cross?

Noble men and Queens of Babylon we live in an upside down dimension: left is right, up is down, good is evil, evil is good, chastity is slavery, a harlot

is independent, democracy is tyranny, tyranny is freedom, love is frightening, hate is courage, war is beauty, peace is pitiful, common good is airy, good governance is the oppression of a minority. No one is here to support me, yet I'm worthy of support. My persecutors have a world encouraging them in a lynch mentality, but found wanting by the all mighty, therefore are discouraged. There's none that encourages me, but my courage is of such merit the scribes of heaven have taken note. You say, where is the body or flesh to witness of my character? I say justice is a spirit, what need does spirit have for the imprisonment of flesh!....Spirit is present and will testify on my behalf. Every word my tongue utters will hold vibrations of truth and inspiration, thus

vindicating me.....Such is the power!.... in the voice!..... of the living God!..... With power such as this, the world is badly outmatched.

Furthermore, need I remind you, Yashua fed, healed, thousands, but when peril came for a visit the crowd ran and hid. Even his most hardest supporter, Peter the Rock! didn't know him at that hour. -O rooster, will you till time memorial crow thrice; a constant reminder of the cowardice of men?

Chapter Three

Penelope

(A beautiful green eyed princess, with a glimmer in her eyes that reminded brother of the shimmering light the sun rays makes on a lake, asked -)

Young Lady:

Sir, still, is there anyone in this whole world that loves you?

(The G.S froze, glancing at her he thought ,since when did butterflies sprout voices along with wings? he was moved by the courageous display of compassion. With his finger in the air he announced declaratively.)

B:

Chief examiner I object! I wasn't given prior notice to come prepared to defend from tears shed from angels! (He gave her an animated grin and winked, she giggled) Come now, dry your eyes and let's sit together in the square and I will tell you of my first and only love. Also please if the square keeper could

kindly bring some wicker chairs, accompanied by lilies, plants and multi colored roses, a small water fountain and a wind chime. Let it be written, all keepers and caretakers of venues and dwellings keep on the ready provisions for the feminine. The feminine must be considered and cherished at all times; **after all the stone that comprises masculinity, has not the ears, to hear, the cometh, of the Lord!**

(Quickly a set was staged, and they sat together, as if they were alone, yet the entire stadium could hear every word, such was the acoustics).

B

Nearly 33 harvests ago, I chose to take a pilgrimage to a holy temple. This temple was in another nation in the east. Midway a terrible storm took me off my path and I ran and hid in a cave waiting for the terror above to be ordered by the sun to clear. I spent one week shivering in shelter. The sun came to my rescue and rainbows created an arch on my doorway in a gesture of welcome. Sparrows, of strain I know not, were spectacular in color and darted about and led me. I beheld a great oak that was clothed in fluorescent green moss, this tree is an emerald queen! It was accompanied and encircled by a tribe of butterflies, In reverence I stared, and in reverence I walked away, without disturbance. Clear crystalized pools were the only evidence of the

storm, to my amazement goldfish and koi swam about in grace and ease, as to say what storm, we are at peace. Then in the thicket I mistakenly came across a gathering. I saw a teacher, a woman in a white gown, sitting like a Queen of what northern tribe I knew not, yet vaguely familiar. I moved closer and she was conducting a talk to mostly ladies, they looked upon her in adoration. She gave a slight smile to one of her admirers, then I thought she is a ray from heaven clothed for disguise. Then she gazed at me momentarily, I felt adorned, I'm mistaken she is the virgin, mother of Christ incarnate. She spoke matters pertaining to philosophy, virtue, forgiveness, love, the one God, returning to our beloved. Then I began to bestow upon her a

multitude of titles, “She is an oracle , a seer , a prophetess!” I can not give a detailed account of the words because the words were drowned out by the vibrations around the words. I thought, death and life are kin, because I was dying and coming to life simultaneously. In that clearing, in that mystical forest I fell in love and never loved another before, nor another hence. This love is of a spiritual quality, based on my heart choosing her as spiritual companion, goal, example, a springboard to love itself-God..

And so it was, going forth on my journey to God, if shipwrecked on a rock, stranded, with a failing heart, swollen eyes, blurred vision and on my knees; without shame nor hesitation I stretch my arm over

the seas and plead for my Guru's hand; Penelope indeed! What is distance to a true devotee who has fallen in love with his Guru? I pray to God thus, "Until I'm reunited with the light, I will unceasingly reach for the light I see in my forest goddess."

After the lecture I asked her if she knew the way to the city of Zion. She put me on course east, and I departed without disturbance.

I found the path easily because it was made of blue stone, laid down by a heavenly carpenter and stonemason; its final destination is a more complex matter. Let us stay on the matter I know you wish to hear about, that love in the forest. Ears of young girls

find stories of romantic love too sweet to be exchanged for salty philosophy. In addition I feel too indebted by your compassion to deny you.

Upon returning to my village, I constructed a shrine in her honor. In front of the shrine I placed one blue sapphire to symbolize her faith; a lily to symbolize the glance of purity and innocence, a pen and a scroll to symbolize her learning and wisdom, an opal for the oracle, shark tooth to symbolize her ferociousness and courage. I placed her portrait in a way that the first morning ray that shines through the window, brightens her smile; to symbolize the light of God. I pray thus, let the light of life, truth, grace, power, shine upon her now and always. If there is anything of virtue, strength and good in me

please place it at her feet to be of service to her as she wishes. Then as a matter of ritual at sunrise I will pronounce and declare my undying love .

Please do not condemn me as one who is straying from the worship of the one God in order to idol worship. Rather correctly comprehend my devotion and proclamation. It is not to the form, but the spirit, the light in her that my spirit awoke to that I built the shrine in honor of. The spirit or the light is where I found hope of salvation. It is honor to the one God I built the shrine for, by way of her. In so doing, I am pronouncing the good in myself and the love I have for God. I'm assured of my holy essence by reasoning

thus; love and beauty must be in me to recognize it in her.

Also my love for her serves as an incubator to breed and propagate the love in me. When I send love to her, it ricochets back to me, then I send it forth out again only for it to return stronger. This practice sustains me.

Also the quality of my love for her serves as a measure of my spiritual progress. If my love for her is unconditional and unattached its proof is of spirit and not ego. Therefore I'm freed to love her with wild unconstrained passion, but yet protected from toxic degenerate emotions such as obsessiveness, control and expectations.

Furthermore what greater testimony and witness could I present to my father about my commitment to salvation other than my love for my Guru.

I playfully imagine judgment day's proceedings transpiring thus. I'm sitting humbly on a small wooden chair suspended in majestic, infinite, holy outer space; colossal scales of heavenly justice and measure appear high above before me. I suddenly jumped up on top of the chair. In an exaggerated grandstand fashion, my finger in the air and boldly shout "I declare a mistrial! God, we are in love with the same girl!" Then do my best Zeus impression. His laugh would be so mighty and thunderous it would send joy throughout all 9 dimensions. And the good Lord would say the following, "Behold my son, obnoxious and immature, but buried deep in his heart I found a

microscopic mustard seed.” Then all of space brightens and the gate is opened, and I say, “Namaste, the God in me bows to the Omni God that is you.” Then I ascend.

So my dear I have no shame, nor feel hypocritical in expressing my love for my Guru in a romantic tone. Because my love for her is rooted in spiritual principles.

I return to that clearing, to that forest, to that love, yearly to attend the spring lecture. The years turned into decades, the love in my heart grew warmer, while her notice grew colder. The contrast in temperature would at times formulate a tear. But I always comforted myself by counseling, “She knows what is best.” Although one year, perhaps ten springs ago, she gave me a hug; I almost split in half in joy! But I dare not elaborate, it may split me here and now and end these deliberations.

Year after year I sit in the back as if I were simply a casual member of the congregation, and year after year she greets me with the slightest glance. Then carries on to light up for those in the front, whom she recognizes and loves. With a tinge of hurt I silently plead, "Please be fair, I have loved you for years." Therefore more often than not her shoulder receives my pleas, adoration and blessings, and not her heart. In time I learned to make friends with that shoulder, and I speak to her as we were old friends. "Pardon me dear shoulder, may I intrude with a request? I am but a peasant on pilgrimage, if you grant me favor, I will include you in my prayers and devotions. 'Certainly' the next time my goddess's ear rests upon you, when her silky locks veil you, like a canopy over the bed of Juliet, perhaps a time of pleasant reveries, would you whisper a warm greeting and my high regard. "Certainly, who shall I say the name the well wishes belong to?" I am not a suitable suitor, to offer my

name may be presumptuous, a proclamation of equality. You see I'm of no title, coin or consequence, indeed the depth of admiration for her holiness is the only thing of worth I have, worth mentioning. But mystery promises to robe me in a prince's cloak and my **HEART**-felt sentiments promise to glorify me."

After the yearly talks I walked away without disturbance; and began to mark the moons for my next pilgrimage. At home in slumber like a schoolgirl I sigh and whisper to myself, if she only knew.

I fantasize she hires my sword for security. I step in front of danger, die in the defense of all that is good and buried by a platoon of angels in military honor. At my funeral my beloved lady eulogizes me; "Here rests a good and brave man."

Or take a cue from Othello and win the Desdemona of her heart, with stories of valor, sieges, and heroism.

Or practice real hard until I attain enlightenment that I may walk into her lecture like Jesus walking down from Mount Tabor, shining! She is blown away, leaps past the other attendees and falls on my neck. Kisses me and demands that I immediately join her spiritual community! I turn my head and pretend to flick my hair and say “I will think about it.” Then give her a big hug and say “Of course!” (Brother laughs at himself at the audacity of that fantasy. The young lady and many in the crowd join him in his laugh. His Guru is always composed and the thought of her under any circumstance to behave that way, is as unlikely as him attaining that degree of enlightenment.)

Other times, I say I wish I was simply her dog, sleeping on a mat outside her room. In the morning I receive a pat and it sends me into a joy filled frenzy, ripping through the house in a dash. Other times I see myself as her personal poet,

whom she summons to read works of literature, such as
the-

Promise

Sister when father calls you home, midway in your celestial pilgrimage, a million will join in your journey by entering the field of stardust surrounding your spirit. Please, my beloved, make me a promise. While you bask in the love of the adoring crowd, entranced by the crowds ecstatic celebration, feeling the energy and joy of the million who are eager to make the final great journey, promise me; to take a moment and seek for the hand of the broken hearted man with the crooked wing. If he is absent, make an inquiry. Ask those eager and inspired souls to grant you just a moment, as you quickly patch a heart and mend a wing. And I make this promise to you. If I pass first, and called home, I'll ask the holy one that I be allowed to stay behind, that I may keep a loving and protective eye upon you. Sitting in the back of your lectures in transparent form, wide eyed and happy for the honor to be of service to the picture of integrity. Please, my dear, make me a promise, if we are held up by the keeper of the pearly gates and questioned about the patch and worn wing to prepare a presentation. Tell him about a world built on black blood, and crystal tears, open the law book of heaven and show how a statute would be violated if the beneficiaries of that blood were granted entrance to heaven and the victims of that siphoning, the oppressed and dismembered be barred for a technicality! Explain a misunderstood life, list in detail some of the unfortunate circumstances, tales of a hard arduous journey, paint a picture of a torn heart

capacity for unconditional love. Innumerate the years of my effort for spiritual enlightenment. Then empowered by the voices of the million that accompany you, and firm grip of my hand, demand that the gates be opened! And I promise you this, to write poetry and songs, from time to time, into eternity, and submit them to the holy one, requesting they be read to you.

Sister, it's a small thing, really, a promise is,..... to save a small space in your heart..... A memory in your mind..and I promise to search infinity for gifts of gratitude .

Other times I envision myself as her carriage driver, acting like an indifferent workman counting the hours till I'm relieved of my toil, while all along giddy with excitement for the opportunity to be with her moment by moment. What a delight to witness first hand her reactions and expressions in the management of the daily activities of : family, friends, lovers, work, stresses, reliefs, challenges and reprieves of life. Careful to conceal my glee at her times of joy and allow the passing wind to dry any droplets in my eye at her times of sorrow...

Other times I dream of being her groundskeeper, planting roses and an assortment of plants, holding my breath in the desperate hope she notices my efforts.

.. Pauses.... just for a moment... from her busy coming and going..... looks over the shoulder of tall knights..... that on occasion accompany her..... sees past her entourage.... and even a respite from her dearest and closest friends..... and recognizes my existence.... “Take a look at me, ragged, worn and torn, see me! I have loved you for years”.... If I could, I would tell her “The warmth and light that exudes from you is all I have, all that keeps me alive. Otherwise my life is too dark and cold to exist”.....

(In a flash he recalls the numerous times of losing his temper, screaming “Fuck the world!” or a variety of confrontational, explosive behavior only to drop to one knee before his Goddesses shrine. In his flashback he could see himself making offers called reasons of why she should

not stop returning the love he sends to her in his morning meditation routine. He would say things like “If you stop ricocheting the love back to me, I will refuse to be consoled by the angels. I will allow my tears and pleas to God flow unceasingly until he agrees to intercede on my behalf. I would ask him, to ask you, to be patient with me.” Then grief and tears of heartbreak would begin to swell up in him at the potential loss, then suddenly it occurred to him what he must do. He goes to his cave window and says “World! I bless you” Then returns to the shrine atoned, relaxed and says “You see, I blessed the world, You still Love me... right?” Then he would wipe away his tears feeling assured. This heartbreaking yet sweet sequence would repeat itself hundreds of times, in some form or another. He was tireless in his effort to be worthy of his Guru’s love. His determination would even leave heaven feeling moved. The above scene just flashed in an instant from his memory

therefore enabling him to return to his dialog without anyone even noticing that there was a pause.)

Would she believe me?... how is it possible to express such sentiments?..... After all words are just sounds, sure to fall short from reaching their intended destination, so why even utter them.

The young Lady asked in a tone of slight frustration and exasperation “Have you ever even *once* tried to tell her how you feel?”

(B) Somewhere it is written love brings up everything unlike itself. This is true, because the stress always makes me lose my cool. Words of love seem to get shredded by decades of rage, pain and suffering. Therefore after listening to my disjointed notes she would gaze upon me as an enigma and introduce me to shoulder. I return back to my chariot and bury my face in my hands. Hot tears of humiliation would lava down from between my fingers while I scold myself.

“Wretched man I am, so torn I cannot even deliver one pure song after a lifetime of rehearsal!” *(His eyes become glossy and sighs mournfully and with resignation. A few moments later he became agitated. He jumps off his chair and stands above her)* Anyhow, why should I tell her how I feel! Thus exposing my warm and fragile feelings to a harsh and cold world where such sentiments are uninhabitable! I have an ocean of tears as testimony of its heartlessness! (Brother feels a tinge, an indication something is wrong, so he takes an inner inventory and sees deceit. He chastises himself silently with the following, “ You are lying on the devil. He or his servants of the air are not to blame, but rather your manly-pride that bars you from any public display of vulnerability. You rather strut around the forest clearing, then take rest, sprawled in the back pew like a panther, lest you bare your soul; while simultaneously and secretly hoping she can see past the curtain to your desperation and pain.

Then shamelessly have the nerve to feel victimized and rejected, hypocrite!” Brother feeling stung from his own harsh self criticism, sinks back to his seat, looks at the young lady as if he seeks mercy)

B: Why do you hold me to the fire of reality? Please, let us return to the delightful world of daisies and fantasy, even for just a fraction of time. Reality is sobering, and patiently sits and awaits us like a cat awaits a mouse by a hole. Please my lady, do me this favor, take my hand and together like two butterflies let us make an escape out of the concrete inner room that is called “Facts” and fly back to the airy and feathery world of fairy tales. A place where all is kind, gentle and sweet. A place where people can see your heart, and never misunderstand you. Where people believe in you, a prerequisite for you to perform healings. A place where people say they love you, and mean it. In haste my lady let us

float away, while the window of opportunity remains slightly opened.

Rest assured, silence holds my words in gentility and safety, housed in a treasure box made of light, with padlocks made of mysticism and immortality. Please try to see, it's cruel to try to pry them loose, and gracious to allow them to remain undisturbed, in safety like the Covenant Ark in Aksum/Ethiopia.

(The young lady gives a slight nod, and a sympathetic smile thereby granting Brother the assurance he may proceed without interruption. But in her mind she thought 'Maybe you can put it in a letter or something.' Brother looks off in the distance and takes a deep breath, as he looks into his imagination.)

B: She arrives on the compound in her black pearl carriage, driven by a team of white stallions, and smiles, and calls me out from the thorny rose garden and grants me a word or two

of approval and acceptance of my work. I nod an acknowledgement that holds an air of dismissal, as if I were the master of the estate, as if I were interrupted from important matters of state, by a trifle! My dear you see, I must be vigilant, love is a bird that is not meant to be caged and thrashes about in the heart, uncontrollably! So quickly I return to tend to the gethsemane flowers; cautious of the thorns, dodge the garden snakes and carry on with my toil. But I turned too slowly and she heard the thrashing of that caged bird. She pauses in order to hear clearly, I freeze in fear, she smirks, I've been found out, she knows, I'm in love.

Ladies know these things, in mercy she floats into the villa entrance. As a matter of devotional practice I quickly proclaim my undying love to the space she just occupied and hurriedly title her as the most gorgeous of God's creatures. Then I dart to the shed and recount my great fortune to the shovels and rakes; over and over again, not missing even the

slightest detail. Jumping in excitement as I tell them how she stopped to admire the flowers blossom, impressed at the roses' brilliance and the fig tree's abundance. How beautiful she looked resting under the bodhi tree on a natural bench I built, how peaceful she appeared when she gazed into the miniature pond I constructed with delightful lotus flowers floating about. How in grace she ignored the blood on my arms, twigs in my hair, dirt under my nails, sweat on my face and the tears on my trousers and shirt.

My comrades, the greatest moment emerged at the time of parting; a smirk that was simply a transparent veil covering an enchanted blush!

I would pace the shed desperately searching my mind for the words that would best articulate my heartfelt sentiments.

“Comrades, have you seen those thin clouds passing by a setting sun? as if

they were airbrushed the most whimsical shades of red and pink by a heavenly painter. Well One of those astral, yet delicate clouds lost its way, and passed by my love, *mistakenly believing her the sky*, convinced beauty such as this can not possibly be of earth!”

A star twinkled in the corner of her right eye, God should outlaw that, it nearly floored me. Brightness like that should be kept safely billions of miles away, up above. A dash of sympathy, as one gives a puppy with oversized ears. Perhaps I'm imagining things, perhaps in my over excitement, I'm manufacturing things, but I swear it seemed like her right hand was struggling to be let free; in outright rebellion I say! To grasp, perhaps even squeeze my hand, in a thank you for a good job,

gesture. Into the night I repeat the story; fearfully I may have forgotten a detail. “You see comrades the thumb led the revolt, it quivered in my direction, her pupil also was part of the planned strike, I am sure it eyed my hand as the target.” The equipment, exhausted from the repetitiveness, threatened **me with open** rebellion, if I did not allow the still night to take its rightful place.

Therefore I make my last stand on top of a tool box, with a finger in the air, and announce to the tools, seeds, unplanted assortment of plants and flowers about the plans at sunrise. We will create a garden with the same zeal as the gardeners, of the grounds, of the Goddess Athena!

Then using a bag of black rich soil as a pillow I will baptize it with a single crystallized tear of relief. With eyes closed recalling every expression, smile, word and

reaction and freezing it in order to imprint it in my mind, store it away, as the most valuable keepsakes. And I will pick my hair of grass and thorns and tell one of the thorns in a whisper thus, “Although throughout the day you rip my flesh from head to toe, I will hold no contempt or grievance; for your fruit- that you guard- those brilliant pedals, helped me win the notice of my beloved. Every drop of blood will be a reminder of my gratitude. So tear and poke freely and see my regards grow to love for you.”

(The young lady embraced the captive in a heartfelt gratitude, and they wept. And he noticed tears were sprinkled sporadically amongst the ladies in the stadium and some men. The lady left the arena, the stage was cleared and the man filled with love stood up in his original stance. The examiner moved, with remarkable gentility called for an intermission)

Chapter Four

TWILIGHT COURTSHIP

Examiner: Were you ever married?

B: I have been in captivity for decades, dark forces stretch around the fire holes and molten pits of hades, eagerly awaiting their chance at the Son Of God. Year after year, trial after trial, tribulation after tribulation, I have known the bottomless pit of strife, grief and sorrow. I pray, please Lord touch the heart of man that he may know sensitivity, mercy and kindness.

I have dealt with hundreds of illusions, some deadly, but one comes to mind that fits our line of discussion and is worthy of scrutiny.

One illusionist in particular was quite clever. He or she searched my mind and made an ideal wife, a ghost, a

fraudulent trojan spirit, with the purpose of enslaving, trapping and rendering me insane! What he did was search one of the chambers of my mind, a chamber that held the criteria, a set of standards, qualities I desired in a wife . Then in a midnight hour, a seemingly twilight hour, in a feverish mood caused by prolonged isolation and suffering, a woman appeared in my cave. She seemed to be from the land where Krishna played his flute. Her eyes were so dark they shined, hair long, but modestly kept under a fine loosely fitting head scarf. She always wore conservative modest dresses. Her most notable feature, funny as it sounds, were her cheeks. They were supple, full, lively and youthful. They smiled before her lips did, and spoke a language that sent tongues into silent meditation. Softly stroking them sent waves of softness and gentility throughout my body. In a playful courtship I would request, “Would you mind if I rubbed the Genie lamp?” That made

her smile in a way that made her cheeks even fuller, she would stick them out and I would rub my cheeks against hers, and purr deep enough to vibrate the room.. In our first introduction I welcomed her.

This might seem bazaar to all of you, so please take my hand and hold on tight, try not to die, as I walk you down a pitch dark corner in hell: Career sabotaged, unemployed, debt piling up, nerves wrecked, desperately searching for copper for the tobacco leaf, three recent murder attempts on me, hands shaking as I chain smoke, unexplained blood, home vandalized, stalked by a revolving door of dark ones, broke, belly in knots, therefore haven't ate in days, literally under siege, men camped outside my home, and the hideous, insidious effects on the psyche of extreme prolonged anxiety. And all of this paled to when I fell asleep, nightly nightmares, fighting demons till dawn. One morning at my

breaking point I greeted the sun with blood shot eyes, shell shocked and on my knees, with a plea so sincere it rattled my body; “Dear God in Heaven, have mercy on me!”
.....I repeat over and over again, in tearful agony,
Mercy on me! Mercy on me! Banging my head on the floor, to counter the pain in my chest but also to induce breathing back into my lungs, only stopping my plea, because it seemed I was losing body parts.....Sprawled on the floor, shattered, suffocating and dying, the most God awful death, death by darkness. I crawled to the shrine, grasped the portrait of the Goddess mother, laid it down on the floor and gently placed my face against hers and began begging for help, “Please mother, I don't want to die, not like this, please help me, just one light of kindness, please!”
Voice cracking with bloody tears literally flowing from my eyes unto her portrait. I got a vision of her looking at me in slight disdain and saying, “No one is coming to your rescue,”

I exhale my final breath with one last sentence, “Why mother have you forsaken me?” I closed my eyes and died.
.....Breathe audience, steadily and deeply, now slowly turn your cheek away from the crucifixion and let's focus on the process that leads to the resurrection.

The above death happened months after my encounters with the ghost, yet it is an accurate pictorial of my general psychological state and wellbeing in the courtship.

Darkness, anguish, desperation and fog created the grim ambiance that prompted me to put aside my grandstanding and welcome the kind faced ghost with mysterious intentions.

I sensed the divine mother looking at me with skepticism, but I really needed just a little tenderness. I wanted the ghost to stay, even for just a moment, I was starved for just one soft act or word. Let it be written, man doesn't breathe oxygen alone, but by simple acts of genuine

kindness bestowed upon him. Please do not think less of me, rather place your feet in my shoes; an entire nation conspiring to starve you of light; with a complete demonic, obsessive, fiendish, mission to kill you with despair.

Therefore all here must see that the prospect of just a little air, even the faintest, although illusionary reflection of light, was irresistible. Therefore my first words were “Welcome!”

Chapter Five

THE PASSION OF THE CROSS

C.E: Brother, before you continue, please clarify; you described your death, yet here you stand before us.

G.S

Dear Cross, till the end of time men will ponder you, pause at the mere sight of you. Fear the mystery and mysticism that emanates from you. Most will plug their ears with constant useless noise, hoping your promise of salvation does not slip pass and settle upon their hearts. Others will look away and hope the image doesn't burn a permanent impression in the mind, still others shamelessly will shove another in their place, as a sacrifice; how foolish to think a fundamental law of the universe will fade or forget. Many will deceive themselves and dismiss you as another group's symbol. You are but two wooden

sticks on a hill, yet somewhere in the heart of men they know, one day they must.....

Obviously I physically did not die, but rather the densest aspect of my ego died on the cross. If I may, let me explain.

For comprehension reasons we can make an analogy to the cross with a wash basin. First you place the soiled garment (you) into the basin (cross). Then agitate (the nails) the garment until the soil is lifted from the garment. (The holy one lifts the pain from your body, soul and mind into his purifying hands) Repeat the cycle until both the water and garments are totally clean. Then repeat as garments again become soiled. (The cross is not a one time

occurrence but a lifetime work, a routine hygienic process) Then remove the garment to dry (this is forgiveness) Then it's ready to be worn to function properly on earth and life.(This is the resurrection)

Let us together, without blinking take a look at that old rugged cross; have a little faith in the Son of God and let us examine it in three- small, medium and large.

Small crosses can be in the form of being offended by an impolite person. Instead of responding to a minor infraction in turn, you take up your cross in three easy steps. First feel the agitation-this is the torture or nails of the cross- you do not blame, curse, deny or hide the emotion, you allow your self to feel

it. The second step is you place the emotion, not the circumstance into God's hands. This means presence, presence means stillness in thoughts, while simultaneously holding the agitation, thus allowing the holy one to remove it. Third step is forgiveness, genuine forgiveness is not possible if you harbor negative emotions, that is why the cross is necessary, *you must feel the pain for it to be released and removed from you.* The release of pain ushers in the possibility of true forgiveness. True forgiveness blesses you with peace of mind. Peace blesses you with the strength to rise from your resting place, continue on your journey as the resurrected son of God. You know if you were successful in the process,

by a measure of how you feel, an account of your general well-being.

A medium sized cross can come in the form of a lover that betrays or ends a relationship. Same process, first the cross, feel the nails of abandonment and rejection. Don't deny it or act like it's ok. If you bury and deny negative emotions it's similar to ingesting toxins and allowing it to settle into the system, it transmutes into something far worse: Cancer, heart disease, digestive malfunctions and a horrific array of mental and emotional ramifications.

Don't blame, accuse, curse, or hate the former lover. You think such a tactic is expelling the hurt, but woe to the one who reasons this way. It's a trick, a

trap the dark one employs to ensnare you in his web. You feel a momentary feeling of relief from a “justifiable” attack but the source of the pain/the pain itself, the feelings of rejection and abandonment remain. So those emotions will now carry over to every relationship you have, causing a wide variance of disagreements, misjudgments, poor choices. It is written (Æcim) we take vengeance on present relationships from the hurt of past ones. Tempting you to treat present lovers with contempt and hate, making the darkness contagious, a pandemic is released to the population. Creating karmic consequences of enforceable measures. Also this coping strategy opens the door to substance abuse or hyper sexuality as a method of countering

the inner pain that has settled and embedded itself in your temple. Then finally fear, anger and hate begins to manifest, fester, and formulate, metastasis, and attract dark forces and evil entities. .

All of this could have been avoided if at the moment of the betrayal or separation you immediately and voluntarily jumped on the cross. Feel it, fully! the betrayals, abandonments and rejection of your childhood, up to the present one: Weep, shout, beat an inanimate object. Feel every bit of it. More it hurts the better, feel the stakes in your chest, belly and the thornes piercing your head. Then hold all the pain you lifted from your cells and go into presence meditation. That means you observe the pain but not allow yourself to be overwhelmed by it.

You take one step away, a space, yet you hold it in your awareness. Then observe a real miracle happen.

The holy one will gently remove the stakes, relieve you of the suffering and you will breathe with ease.

Third step is prayer, sending blessings to the former lover and all else involved. You have been made clean, pure and holy. Your face shines bright, your aura is made clean, you are a living testimony of the living God. Say proudly in your behavior, I am the risen Son of God!

The cross I suffered can be measured as large, perhaps even colossal! Let us run down the dimensions of the stakes I suffered/suffer from.

- My future- idea of a career and family are over; not even a job and girlfriend is possible. My pursuers were and are of such secular power and dogged determination, such basic plans are reduced to a fantastic impossibility. Need I illustrate the suffering that is required to be persuaded in releasing basic notions such as career and family entails. Relief/extraction of the nails came in accepting God is my father and the human kind, my family. And my career is to serve the one God, exclusively. Babylon remember greater the acceptance, the greater the relief. (I am not fully there)
- My security- idea of personal safety, every moment my life is either threatened or plotted

on. Perhaps some are fortunate wherefore have no point of reference to comprehend the mental toll exacted from the loss of basic security.

Picture yourself existing, functioning, hourly, daily, monthly, yearly! in the middle of a rampaging herd of stampeding beasts. Or stuck in the middle of a million mile field infested with venomous vipers! Relief came from accepting deeply and emotionally; by the mercy of the lord I live and his grace I thrive. I trust God, unto death.

- My privacy-Through witchery, every thought, plan, desire was and is exposed and scrutinized to construct offensive plans by the dark ones. This is something I'm sure many here find

difficulty in accepting as factual. I can assure you it is true. I found it inherently unfair that those dark ones had capabilities such as this. I felt a tremendous amount of grief to lose what I thought was the quiet sanctuary of inner thoughts. I considered that chamber of musings a resting place, a destination for entertainment, a harmless way of passing time, in my cell. To have that violated just made life feel completely joyless, to have my only remaining meager morsel stolen from me was incomprehensible. Yet if I were honest, random musing and silent reveries often transformed into torturous regrets of the past and apprehensions of the

future. Relief came from accepting; who can one hold secrets from, when there is only one.

- My refuge- my Guru my Goddess was the only remaining earthly entity I could run to for solace and she even denied me; hence giving me no alternative but to allow that last attachment to die. ***The release of attachments creates an atmosphere for spirit to rise.*** In the theater we are accustomed to a hero coming to the rescue of the beaten and broken; who other than you can take up a cross specifically and uniquely manifested for your salvation, other than you. My divine mother did not forsake me, rather it was wise compassion. I needed to feel the full pain of a life filled with abandonment and

betrayal, in order to have it healed and removed from me.

Years of anguish and screams from the cross followed by years of intense presence practice, followed by years of forgiveness work, years of walking the course (Acim), produced numerous and exhausting cycles of crucifixions and resurrections. Although my crosses grew bigger, I defiantly stayed driven, encouraged by a sense I was on path. Moreover, decades of spiritual warfare made retreat unimaginable. I came too far to turn back; I stood with conviction with my anthem- **GIVE ME DIVINITY OR GIVE ME DEATH!**

This dynamic culminated to bring me to that cataclysmic night of bloody tears. When I lifted my head up initially, I didn't feel notably better, but this time my fellow Babylonians, in the coming weeks, that resurrection proved to be different, I felt better. A permanent improvement in my overall well-being. My steps were lighter, the weight was less on my shoulders, my smile was more frequent. On occasion I would even have restful sleep, appetite returned, my reliance on the tobacco leaf diminished, seemingly the aging process was in reversal. I reached my pain limit and surrendered my life to God, who dwells in the present. I released my identification with the body for one of spirit. I dislike

this word surrender, but it applies and is a necessary prerequisite to be lifted from colossal size crosses.

External conditions either have remained or worsened. All of the tactics of the Dark alliance I have depicted have not diminished. Perhaps half the time when my frustration and anger reaches an explosive point, I jump back on the cross. I find relief, utilizing the three step process. The other half, I'm a work still in progress, so I must confess, often I pace my cage like a fuming black panther, mulling over the injustice and illegality of my imprisonment; growling deeply with burning eyes darting about. Even under these moods, God's grace is such, I could swear I've seen Christ's sandals. Once in a

particularly fiery mood I felt the Hand of Christ on top of my head, therefore I imagined God speaking to me “Stop worrying, don't you know I'm here with you, your my Son and I'm proud of you.” Then my red eyes got blurry, clear tears poured out to purify me yet again. Then I said weeping “Father, I will try but sometimes I hurt on the inside and get scared” “Sweet child, take my hand, we will walk together, every step of the way. Do you think I will allow harm to fall upon my cherished son?” I wipe my face, looking lost and destitute but feeling found and encouraged.

Good citizens of Babylon pray and take pity on me. If I were to illustrate and explain the details of every scream of anguish; I'm sure many here wouldn't

survive the telling of the story. If there are any humanitarians, empaths, lovers of God, or just ordinary children of compassion please come see about me and judge if I'm worthy of aid. Please noble citizens, if at the temple, market, or lake/park a glimpse or thought of me crosses your mind or vision, pray for direction on how you can lend me a hand. If you see me strutting and glaring about as one more akin to a panther, than a man of God, perhaps approach cautiously and forgive me; for bracing under the constant barrage of attack surely is understandable. Otherwise you will see the light of God shine about me. I pray shine bright enough that it dispels all the slander and lies from your ears, thus making a clear pathway for your heart.

Aside from my transgressions rooted in frustration; death defying deliriums, shrieks of anguish are now needless. (All praise to God, only the mistakes are mine) it's just a simple moment or two of presence meditation, a kind thought extended, and easy breathing returns. I overcame the darkest and heaviest aspect of my cross. Occasionally I even salute myself. *(He smiles bashfully and slightly apologetically and slumps his shoulder, before returning back to arms folded and chin in the air.)*

You may ask, “Brother, why is it you had to bear such a heavy and large cross?” I suspect on some level I chose it. It can be said, we all on some level choose our cross. I think that level of agreement is

on an unconscious spiritual dimension. I think our soul has a conversation with God and comes to an agreement on how to best serve, on every cycle. But when I take a step back and look at my cross it seems to have dimensions that are more suited for a city, perhaps an empire, I dare say an entire generation! When I look at my cross it seems to have a tip scraping the sky, rivaling a peak of a mountain in the Himalayas! I often feel like an ant climbing a giant redwood tree awaiting crucifixion. My body is barely noticeable compared to the sheer magnitude of the odds I face. I find myself often mumbling despondently, "This just can't be, this can't be real." But I quickly steady myself with the following; Stand upright! With courage, need I remind you who you

are, The Son Of God! And you don't bow to size; yet at times I'm perplexed to say the least. On occasion I entertain the following thought.

My cross may be one that is a collective crucifixion, fear not good citizens of Babylon, I/we have overcome it! Be encouraged! If it's so, that my cross was a kind of collective crucifixion, then it's a collective resurrection we all can claim. But don't drift into complacency! You must continue to jump on the cross till **your** garments are totally clean.

Collective large crosses such as the one Jesus overcame are the business of the Holy one. He will administer its benefit on a metaphysical dimension to all of humanity. Matters such as this are beyond

your capacity to overstand, nor necessary for you to understand. Just take solace that it's been done and that ensures your success. **BUT THAT DOES NOT DISMISS, INDEED IT REQUIRES YOU TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE LARGER SALVATION BY TAKING UP WHATEVER CROSS FACES YOU!**

You want a meaning for existence, well this is it, Contribute to the salvation of the son of God by taking up your cross.

Anyhow even if I'm off the mark in my passing thought of the larger meaning of my cross, its basic premise stands accurate. We all are one, and until we all overcome our individual crosses, none of us completely overcome the one final collective cross.

The kingdom is undivided and we enter the gates holding hands.

Furthermore, one must be vigilant to never allow the ego to enter the spiritual dimension. To walk around as if I have a greater importance or purpose than anyone else is foolish. A Christ complex is incredibly dangerous to one's mental health. Most of us can't even handle a few items on a personal to-do list, much less be solely responsible for mankind (One of my most epic trials was a team of D.O's tempting me down that most treacherous line of thought.) Am I greater than the one God? Or even more asinine, am I God himself, separate from his creations? A teaspoon of ocean water has the same essential

components as a tsunami, we are all the Son of God. Each of us is a part, no individual is the whole, although any part has the elements of the whole. This is why I find the title son of God a safe and valid identification.

And so it is for you, wonderful citizens of Babylon, be of good courage and never hesitate when your pathway stands a cross. Have faith in the love of the One God, and climb upon it voluntarily, allow the nails to pierce you and feel every bit of it. Don't deny it, swallow it, pretend it doesn't hurt, therefore allowing the unresolved hurts to shape and characterize your life. What a tragedy to unnecessarily live as a passive aggressor, or an

abuser of power, a slaver, drunkard, drug abuser, sexual addict, angry, hateful, insane, depressed, sick, miserable, fearful, impoverished and alone. How daunting it is when the cross is forced upon you as an inmate of a prison or a patient at a hospital. In the isolation of your room, restricted from your usual distractions, thus forced to face yourself: undiluted hurts, regrets and wounds, accumulated from a lifetime of emotional mismanagement. Under these conditions the cross will appear monumental. Or worse, leaving this earth full of unresolved crosses. Carrying them over to your next life cycle and or passing them onto your children.

Please hear my words, I speak truly! Voluntarily jump on the cross in the now, while it's small, fresh,

clear and pops from the ground before you. Go through the three step process- feel it, allow for it to be released, forgive it and move on to the next cross. One day, before you, no more stairs, no more crosses, just prairies and horizons, rich in sunshine. Just heaven, just Christ, just loved ones, just peace everlasting. "Then I saw a new heaven and a new earth-God will wipe away all tears" Bible

(many in the crowd applaud, others are impressed some are in thought, many do not comprehend)

Chapter Six

THE RUNAWAY GROOM

C.E:

Brother please continue with the curious yet slightly sinister love affair with a ghost.

G.S:

I never said I was in love, I have only loved one, that is my Goddess in the forest!

C.E:

My pardon sir.

G.S

It's fine, for the record I wanted to be clear. But if God chooses a wife for me, then I know my goddess will gladly share my affections... (sighs) Very well let us soldier on.

My new friend often just sat , youthful in her presence, yet dignified, humble and I wishfully thought pure, I say wishfully because I saw a sinister glow at times emanate from her. I wishfully decided she seemed like a nun on pilgrimage. Over the next few days we read spiritual books, and I began to develop feelings for her. Certainly in the logical part of my mind I knew it was witchery, and she was a ghost that was made for evil, yet not evil in itself. So I carried on entertaining her; when she materialized. As a man of God it was purely for the honor, study and glory of the One God, therefore I never made any advancements in a carnal way. At least that is what I convinced myself to believe our interactions were

exclusively about. She was kind and playful and after my own heart.

She even placed a picture of her Guru next to my Guru. He was an elderly man, with deep penetrating eyes. I grew a little jealous, that it wasn't I that exclusively occupied her admiration, therefore I would tease her. "Look at that old man, a commoner, a villager; tell me, how is it that you can place him on the same mantle my Guru sits? As if they were equals. Behold my Goddess: modern, advanced, sophisticated, well learned and of the letter. Surely you agree she is the better, let us find a slightly lower station for your portrait." She would never retaliate in kind, she was too classy or tricky for that. She

would smile intensely and was amused at my childish humor.

She would look at me with what I wishfully hoped was sympathy and comfort. She gently would rub my forehead when I screamed, hell hurts and sometimes I scream. She was wise and intelligent beyond her years and only spoke when it was deep and profound. Most of the time she sat quietly in the corner of the cell under my Buddha painting looking upon me what appeared as patience and I wishfully hoped love. I willfully ignored her disjointed smile. It's a strange sensation to be in a cell engulfed in the heaviest of darkness; suffering rendering you in a dizzy, semi conscious state, to start falling for a ghost, sitting in the corner of a dimly lit room at the

bewitching hour. The kind of illusion that may appear when made ill by an extraordinary high fever. Nevertheless I began to delight in her visits. Finally I asked her hand in marriage, she just stood up, gently sat next to my bed and held my hand. I glanced over all my portraits: Avatars, Gurus, Buddha, Divine mother, Christ and hoped they would look after me. As if I had not had enough troubles, now I was a runaway groom; with fatigue and droopy eyes I gently giggled and mused. But I thought this girl would make a fine wife.

In three days I made us a home, an architectural wonder. It was made mostly of a lucent material, unbreakable and clear. This material, every sheet of it was angled in a way to make sun rays form in

wonderful patterns throughout the home, light beams would spotlight in planned out ways in the most inspiring way and places. Some of the specialized glass would be colored, creating rainbows on walls like paintings. Sharp tasteful pyramid angles throughout the villa, including the roof. The centerpiece of the estate was its basement. You see the house was a couple of hundred yards off the coast of Spain in the Mediterranean sea- actually in the sea! Supported by underwater pillars. To reach the floating abode one must row or sail. The basement was an incredible aquarium. Me and the wife would sit and meditate as the sea kingdom inhabitants leisurely swam by. In time, two became three, a delightful kind son, like his mother, we

named Jabbar. I watched the stars birth him; within a surreal experience that ranked exceptionally surreal.

My kind wife always nurtured and encouraged the relationship with my son. Such a confident, secure woman, not even a trace of insecurity or need of control. Well actually we were a family of four. We had a pet elephant. Not your ordinary elephant, he was the size of a prehistoric mammoth! As big as a house, an impressive African Bull with 30 foot long tusks! I rescued him from an abusive circus. When I first saw him he was chained and was being whipped, resulting in him bucking the constraints like a wild horse. I stood before him with a pointing finger like one would a mountain and pronounced "I am the

Son of God!” he calmed. I scaled his side and sat like Aladdin on his tremendous back, instructed my staff to pay whatever the circus owner asked and rode the elephant like King Musa to our beach front property.

Me and the boy bonded watching the magnificent creature peacefully graze in our inland, fenced, lush, 100 acreage, wildlife habitat. Sitting on a hill that provided a wonderful view; me and Jabbar would use the opportunity to talk: Faith in the one God is a synonym for living a life of courage, never abuse power, for there is no greater sign of weakness and unworthiness. Lose the fear of death, after all we are all just passing through. Forgiveness is freedom, holding on to negative emotions traps you in

negativity, letting go frees you to move on. Be present, death is in time, life is in the present. When storms rage in your soul, regardless of the form, conscience breathing is no less than a miracle. I once heard a wise man who stood on a rock declare that a still mind and loving heart is the true spirit rock to scale. Never allow thoughts to lead you, you lead your thoughts, you are the stillness in which thoughts emerge. Otherwise anyone or thing can put a thought in your head, if you believe and follow it then someone else controls your actions and feelings. Understand this son, slaves are not permitted into heaven. Love your parents- that sets the pattern for every relationship you ever will have. Take up the cross daily as a routine hygienic practice.

Pity those that insult and hurt you; don't internalize it! Their attacks are merely projections about what they feel of themselves. Integrity and character are the elements a man is built, at times doing the right thing may seem to hold you back, but in the long run you will pass all those cockroaches. Transcend body impulses, hormones and lustful thoughts and feelings are natural, but if you feed and fan those flames they will burn your life into a crisp. Take at least a minute a day to listen to silence. Mental silence is sanity, over worry and overthinking without a moment of peace is the road to insanity. Develop, follow or choose a daily exercise plan for body and spirit. There is a pearl in every mound of mud you come across in life. Finding it will bring you

hope, strength and peace. Love is the only true reality. Become an expert on your feelings, doing so develops your intuition and helps you decipher from false and genuine messages/emotions. Pleasure is not happiness, lust is not love, addiction is not fun, the voice of God does not lead astray.

I sensed he was an inquisitive, patient, kind boy with an inner strength.

At the dinner table I always stood and took a stand against my own male ego tendencies for tyranny and pronounced “God is the head of this house, all of us simply are his children!” I was growing and learning in my role as a family man. I relied on my reservoirs of wisdom to counter destructive behavior, for example. I resisted the temptation to manufacture

drama with the wife- for the tranquility of peace is better than the aphrodisiac of conflict. Ignored any insecurities- with God what is there to be insecure about, without him, what is there to be secure about. Surrendered control- Only a foolish man thinks he can control anything, the infinite amount of possible variables is sure to cause anxiety. Put all in the hands of God and just relax, I counseled myself, whatever will be, will be.

My fondest memory was an afternoon we all went sailing. A powerful yet gentle wind was moving our boat along steadily and quickly, the wife's hair was blowing behind her, like a flag, the silky black hair waved in the wind. I was at the front holding the sail post and guiding the boat. The waves, the birds,

the sparkle of the sun on the water, the perfect weather, the peace and harmony of the family. For the first time, I was truly happy. I felt as if I caught my breath, then I knew it was time to say goodbye. Although she was a fine wife, my true love is G. O. D.

My eyes will never waver from my journey to my God, even in what may appear as a diversion, is only yet another example how I cleverly outmaneuver the pitifully outmatched enemy to further develop my power. Every move he makes against me is another year his calendar shortens and another step towards liberation for me.

That day I walked away from all three of them and returned to my cave. I never looked back, till now.

What the dark ones try to do is suck you into insanity, imbalance and insecurity any way possible, even using the tenderness of family life. Their goal is to shake your grip of reality, take control of you, steer your boat off a cliff, or soul into bondage. Not me though, I am the son of God, I am reality! My father does not exist in fantasy land, wives don't just appear in your room. God is rational, God is clear, God is certainty!

God is not weird or disorienting. God is clarity within like how one feels after a deep and peaceful sleep. He is refreshing like the effect of sipping a nutritious juice. He is exhilarating like how an athlete feels on a vigorous run.

Fantastic false illusions are disguised in a fuzz, a blur, similar to the blur of an overdose of opioids and wine; have fun if you must, but know that isn't God.

Although true angels of God, spirits of good can and do visit the land of flesh and bones to help, but marriage and kids and all that? Common sense should tell you, NO! Let it be written: common sense, practical reasoning and just obvious no-brainers are a powerful sword against the deception of the evil one. Thinking can be manipulated very easily, they can drop a thought in your mind as easily as one writes a sentence on paper. Feelings, visions as well, although slightly a more complex art are routinely used to lead sheep astray into the mouth of the wolf. These tactics can be easily overcome by just

breathing; conscious breathing is the quickest and most effective method in being present. The ability to identify with the peace and stillness that all images, feelings, sounds emerge from is how one is protected from being *swept* up by manufactured feelings, thoughts and false images. God is mental health and wellbeing. If anyone or thing, thought, feeling is leading you away from that, you must pause, evaluate and discard. If you are truly honest with yourself you know what's right and what isn't,

(Then the grandstander had a mile long stare as his mind returned to the home, the elephant, lights, kid and wife, and he was still for a few minutes. Then whispered to himself.. Really nice kid, fine wife, I

pray one day God sees fit to grant me a happy home....)

Chapter Seven

WHAT IS LOVE

C.E:

People have written out a couple questions, I will choose a few at random from the bunch. This one asks, “What is love?”

Brother :

Love is a gardener

There once lived a beloved gardener who loved his little leafy children and shined his love upon them

through vibrations and emotion; miracles great and small manifested in his oases. Once he was asked “Is your love only reserved for your garden or do you hold such sentiments for all plant life?” He responded, “All plant life has the same general aptitude for love, therefore I do not consider my garden any more worthy. I hold love for all, although my part in God's plan for salvation is to tend to the garden I have been assigned, yet behind what appears as special attention to my beloved plants is a sentiment of love for the entire vegetation, plant kingdom. If it bears leaf, crop, pedals, fruit or just thorns and twigs, if it breathes in the sea or stands guard on mountain peaks, if it is among vast acres of its own species or huddles isolated in deep

uninhabitable valleys, my love has no bounds, restrictions or preconditions, we are one family.” Such is the nature of agape love . Let it be written, draw not upon a specialized well of love for a specialized garden, rather draw upon God's well, a universal love, for your specialized garden, and an angel will till your land in gratitude for your service to the true God. Parents , tribal leaders, statesmen, take heed of the tale of God's beloved gardener.

Love is God

If God were the sun , love is the light and warmth it emanates. If God were water, love is the refreshment, purification, quenching quality of it. If God were a tree in the desert, love is the coolness of the shade. If

God were food, love is nutrition. If God were lips, love is the smile, if God were an eye, Love is the gleam of happiness, if God were arms, love is a hug. If God were a flower, love is the shine and color. If God were a child, love is his innocence, If God were a family, love is dinner and story time, If God were a puppy, love is the cuteness.

Love returns to itself

Love the money in your bag but bless every woman's purse and be astonished at the universe's generosity. Love your wife, but love the sweetness in every marriage. And witness the river of honey that floats through your home and the clouds of cotton candy above. Love your children but pray for the well being of all children, and watch your children spring up in

health and productivity. Love your tribe but pray for peace and prosperity for all tribes, and watch your nation shine on a hill. Let us always strive to be like the One God in all things, he loves all of us as one with no favorites, and so “as above it shall be here on earth.”

Love is a well

True love is a safety net. If one experiences loss or betrayal; grief will naturally sit at your table. But the wise know it is temporary. If you love reading, but lose a favorite book, being upset is momentary because the love of the letter is a well that can't be lost. Love all pets, to lose your pet will bring grief but soon you take a knee to receive the embrace of your

neighbor's labradoodle. For the well of love for all animals remains. Universal love is a protection from falling into the bottomless well of despair and sorrow, upon loss of an object or person. The one God will never abandon you, in this dimension it appears he changes form, but remains the same in substance, in love. Be at peace, rest assured and love with wild abandonment and recklessness as long as you're drawing water from the well of the One God.

Love is a kind of sentiment

That feeling a mother has for her baby, a big brother has for his sister, the bond that connects a group in brotherhood or sisterhood. If you closely examine life you will find that this emotional element is what

makes life worth living. Now multiply that feeling exponentially and you will have a clue on what it is to fall in love with God. God is the source of all goodness and love; imagine the return for every feeling of love you extend to him.

Love heals and employs

Hate love, then hate life, then love death, then do not question despair. Loss will eventually happen to all, thus time carries a knife, it slashes hearts, leaving the wounded bleeding, some stitch their wounds with the dragon's knot, vowing to never allow the evil called love in. You will say love is a devil in an angel's cloak, sent to kill, destroy, wreck havoc. In a blink of an eye, in a split decision, man runs to the arms of

darkness for protection. Thus hating love and loving hate. Therefore God sends catchers in the rye, children of light, fisher of men, shepherds, he sends you, to bless and heal. Christ's spirit, but your hands. The mandate, find and heal those wounds, with the stitch of heavens yarn. A kind word is an angel's kiss, a warm embrace is a heavenly potion, a listening ear is a surgeon's blade that releases puss and infection from the heart. Loving presence is oxygen, for the suffocated soul. Citizens of Babylon, noble is he whose work is to love, even if employed as a servant.

Chapter Eight

Dark presentation

Chief examiner:

I would like to recognize one of the heads of the tribes for questions.

(Tension sweeps through the stadium, this is what everyone came to hear and see. A commander of one of the dark tribes stands and speaks)

D.C - Dark commander-

You speak of a heaven above, we speak of a heaven here on earth, you speak of the One God above, we speak of our many gods here on land, who work hard to help and please us, we are content and satisfied with things as they are. Why do you think it's a virtue to stand above us in the guise of virtue and claim

superiority over us, and all we hold. (A thunderous applause from half of the stadium where the dark ones sit.) And lastly what is this obsession with God anyway? Man has common sense, why is it you insist God is necessary and spirituality mandatory.

Brother:

Babylon there were several questions bunched together, let me answer them as they occur to me.

WHY GOD?

I will try to answer that question by making three parallels; by making a case on why an earthly father is necessary.

First- The feeling of security and protection from having an earthly Poppa is irreplaceable, it gives a sense of security resulting in a degree of confidence.

On earth a child can point and warn a potential predator , that's my Dad! As for our heavenly father the correlation can be found in scripture- If God is for us, who is against us. A child with a father in the home feels a sense of security and protection; that sense boosts confidence. A confident child is less likely to suffer from insecurity, manipulation or self-esteem problems; just as a spirit that recognizes an

Omnipotent heavenly father as its source is less likely to be frightened and enslaved by any spiritual or psychological predator.

Second answer for why a father is necessary for a mentally healthy life is the concept of lineage and family dignity. If a good earthly father lifts his little daughter on his shoulder and calls her a princess, it's a sort of request asking her to sustain the honor and dignity of the family. If a child loves her earthly father, she would feel a sense of obligation to uphold the family's honor by behaving with decency and living with discipline. Something about male energy fosters these sorts of sentiments. (God is a male/active energy principle, humans are a feminine/attractive energy principle) The heavenly

parallel is if in prayer, meditation or experience one feels the love, protection of Our Heavenly Father, then gratitude makes one happy to repay God by conducting oneself with holiness. **A sense of gratitude and lineage obligation are strong motivational incentives to walk the path of righteousness; for both the daughter of man and the daughter of God.**

Lastly, having a Loving earthly father to receive counsel from, a heavenly father to meditate upon grants a daughter innumerable gifts of power. She can proudly take a GrandStand and announce to the predators of any sort- I am Loved, I am protected, I am rooted, I have family, I am my fathers daughter!

unbreakable and immortal. And please don't make me call upon either one of my Fathers.

Why Spirituality?

That is similar to a purple antelope asking a fawn one that is blended in with the tall shrubbery in a lion infested safari “why be tan?” Or a hog in a flooded area asking a fish “why gills?” a stray, starving kitty asking a cheetah “why such long legs?” It is exactly identical to an individual or a vast portion of society that is imploding, sinking in self destruction asking a calm, loving, meditative man why spirituality?

The answer is if we are to survive as individuals or as a species, evolution is necessary. Spirituality is

emotional and psychological evolution. This inner evolution ensures our survival from the threat of inner and outer darkness; darkness is despair, destruction, depression, disillusionment and death. If you have a problem with the word spirituality, swap it for inner growth. Examples I can present could be a Doctor telling a diabetic to grow/improve your diet or else. A career criminal barely escaping conviction and placed in probation warned by a judge to change professions or else. A government infested with plots and corruption to reform or else, a polluted planet warning man by rising seas, clean up or else. Our reality in this plane is we have two gravitational forces tugging on us. One is downward: separation from oneness, childhood traumas,

unrestricted impulses, unresolved hurts, fear, selfishness, greed, sins, poor decisions. The other is upward: forgiveness, connectivity, love, growth, unity, and peace. How to tell the difference? One brings depression and fear, the other happiness and joy. One brings death, the other life. In conclusion, to survive means to walk the spiritual path.

As for those that walk in the name of darkness who seemingly experience pleasure and reward; deep inside they know their clock is ticking. Don't be fooled, in the pit of their belly is despair and dread.

Free will?

God commanded- Man shall have free will! One of the pillars of creation, a foundation of the universe.

I respond to God thus, “O heavenly foundation builder and grantor of the marvelous; gracious gift giver, please include understanding of free will. Let it not be said the Lord has given free will to all, but only wisdom to King Solomon!”

God's essential characteristic is love, therefore bowing to him is not similar to bowing to an earthly god, King or tyrant. When bowing to God you are bowing to the good in yourself and your creator. Love and tyranny cannot coexist, therefore only in love can you possibly bow to God/love. Love being the greatest of the virtues cannot be forced upon you, rather chosen. Free will is the freedom to make choices, choosing love means to choose God, bow not in subservience but in gratitude, to the One God.

Under the law of free will it's true you are able to worship as you wish but are restricted from interfering with the free will of others.

Dark commander these vague and general Q and A topics just won't due at his hour. Using my powers I heard a speech you gave on the buck blue moon to your tribe. For the sake of full disclosure, with all the citizens' ears and eyes on this square, I will repeat every word.

Brother repeating the Dark commander speech:

On this night, with the buck moon in the sky, our figures, status, symbols, truly look menacingly

marvelous. It's a great honor to be asked to make an address to our greatest institution of higher... or lower learning..(Laughter) ..I send a fiery greeting to all of the citizens of our dark kingdom. The professors, alumni, generals, government officials, parents, groups, circles, orders, and specially to our graduates and future leaders in the audience. Please give me your best screech! (night filled with a hellish ruckus)

Tonight my address will be focused on how to bring the son of God to heal. Remember my children of the shadow, what we succeed doing to one, we can do to a city, country and indeed the world. If we stay focused, determined, vigilant, we are sure to rule the earth in a few more years. Tonight I want to shed

some darkness on the fundamentals of our work.. It is not intelligent to get so preoccupied on fine points and intricacies that we lose a firm understanding of fundamentals. Let's keep an eye on transforming earth to a sister planet, or even better a slave colony. Everyone please stand with hands on heart and pledge allegiance to our death star. (they sing an anthem)

Let's concentrate on the process of bringing just one man of God into submission or to the very least the grave. A micro study, if well orchestrated, will establish the basis for a macro study on how to bring the entire humanity under our roof or boot. (Col)

There are basically 3 Steps to bring the downfall of one of God's precious children.

- Step 1-isolate
- Step 2; break
- Step 3 evaluate, for placement.

Step 1- Isolate. Let us study how a pack of hyenas takes down a large Antelope. Their first objective is to isolate the prey. The hyenas separate it from its tribe, companions, family, familiar territory, and so on. Then nip and slash strategically, striking when the deer seeks nourishment from the grass and water. The idea is to keep the buck anxious and moving. Then patiently wait for isolation, fatigue, dehydration, starvation, anxiety and depression to take its toll. The prey will eventually reach its

inevitable breaking point and fold, collapse, engulfed in darkness, suffering with misery and anguish. In time all of its strength, courage, will shatter; begging for the hyenas to end the nightmare with death. This is the model we aim to simulate on our hunt for man.

Man is similar to sheep or deer. Man if isolated then intelligently pursued he too will develop a death wish and fall at our feet to be devoured. Keep an eye and focus on his inner world, when death happens there, then we can own his body and action and not need to surrender him to the grave. This is the bricks in which our kingdom is built on. My evil nation, I have good or rather delightful bad news. (lol) For the majority of the children of God we needn't bother

protruding our fangs, waste energy with constant nipping and slashing and risk a hoof to the face. All that is necessary is strategic nipping; our prey has a hyena or serpent in his own head that will do the remaining work for us. Men have inherently a seed of self destruction and self torture within. Examples of these seeds are guilts, regret, disappointments, fears, frustrations and inadequacies. If we partially isolate them and manufacture circumstances their own minds will turn on them, and rip them apart. What a wonderful equation, time, isolation and the overthinking lower mind makes. Our cemeteries and slave quarters remain fully stocked on this mathematical equation and marketing strategy. Relax and watch the self implosion, self-

destruction, effortlessly and naturally take place. The mind will be our greatest ally, our Trojan horse to destroy the soul of man. He will author his own destruction, and we will suffer minimal repercussions from God's laws of Karma.

If questioned by the God of heaven, answer thus, "It was man's free will to choose downfall. All we did was present options to him." This loophole in the cosmic structure is the platform which our entire kingdom is built on. Please never stray from this loophole or you will bring the wrath of the mighty Lord heavy upon us, and all we have worked for will be destroyed.

Therefore with just a couple of precise poison darts, you can relax in dark delight, and enjoy the tragic

comedy playing out before us. Man in the form of both genders is pitiful. He is in constant need of reassurance, petting, embraces, words of kindness, acceptance, respect, tenderness, congratulations, company, recognition, rewards and most of all, love. Isolation, even partly, will shock his system and send him down a cycle of self- destruction. Desperately looking for diversion he will self medicate, on any or everything, gluttony, debauchery, addiction to the toxic leaves of the coca, opioid, grape, or sex. He will sabotage, implode, shrivel, wither, wilt, fold and die. Don't fear the son of God, he is like a plant that requires numerous hours of direct sunlight, placing him in the shade and delight in his decay. His sun rays come from: tribesmen, peers, taverners,

sportsmen, blood ties, co workers, local merchants, neighbors, lovers, keepers of structures, parks and venues, vendors, kitchen laborers, educators, government field offices, office workers of all and any kind. It is not necessary or advisable that we cut the rays from all these sources, rather just a few. Man is so weak he will run to our circle and gladly place his will or even his life on our stake, without any effort on our part. Just withhold 50 or even 25% of sunrays and watch the pitiful pulverize into a messy puddle. How I enjoy nights when the blood of the son of God fills our wine glasses.

(Thunderous stumping and shrilly screeches filled their campus ceremony grounds.)

Now let me give you the details on how to isolate our target. Send slaves or ranking members to slander, bribe, intimidate and even reason with the herd to distance and expel your chosen prey. This should be done carefully, well calculated, steadily and with determination. First seek out a leader, a chief of any ranking or sort amongst the tribe. And council thus, “Is it not better to surrender one sheep to the hyenas and save the pack? (Brother interrupts his replaying of the speech by reminding the listeners of the council scripture offers- *inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least.....ye have done unto me -*

Once the leadership is secured, even partially move on to find the Judases, not all, just a few will suffice.

These are the traitors and or money mongers in the tribe. Offer some small favor or coin and he will readily accept. Judas judges the situation thus, “A good profit for following simple instruction, I would be a fool to pass the opportunity.”

Scripture counsels thus, “For how is a man benefited if he should gain the whole world and he should lose his soul?”

As for the general population, orchestrate an intelligent strategy of slander. At this stage it's not necessary for some exaggerated outrages, rather just an exaggerated half-truth. The goal is to have the herd start eyeing him with a degree of suspicion and slight caution. Slanderers you have a salivating sinful

occupation and post in our kingdom. (Crowd flashes malignant smiles.) Man loves filth, the worse and germy the better. Slanders are loved and cherished amongst men. To look at the guilt or sin in other men, brings relief from the self hate they have from their own sins. Pitiful projectors! without the courage to own their evil. Rather spend their life claiming purity, but actually live in denial, projecting, accusing, self-righteous hypocrites!! the whole lot of them! **We will hunt each one down in due time!!**

(All of them including the speaker grow in flames as if fuel were poured on a bonfire. Screams towards the moon last for several minutes.)

I'm sorry to digress. My hate for them gets the best of me. Let us continue with the instructions at hand. With his reputation damaged the population will choose on their own, to create some distance from him, even by a measured degree will be enough. In a short time the son of God will be isolated, and the cowardly herd will move on from the abandoned, with a tinge of guilt, we will use for our advantage in due time. (crowd laughs)

Step 2- The breaking process

My brothers in evil, step two the breaking process is part of step 1, as i clearly established, for the vast majority isolation is the breaking process. But for exceptionally hard cases, I will give instructions

momentarily because most of you will not need specific instruction on those rare cases, in your career you may never encounter a case that can endure step one. So while I have your attention, I would like to move on to step 3. What to do with the conquered man; evaluate how best he may serve our kingdom. There are only 2 choices, hired as a commander or to be a slave. Ninety five percent of the time everyone starts off as a slave. With every precious child of God he or she shackles they get a promotion. A kind of pyramid scheme/ business model that we use to build our kingdom. Never forget our ultimate goal is to subjugate the entire human species. Do not send shattered men as possible applicants for commander positions. Only those who are sound mentally

emotionally and have completely surrendered their conscience, qualify for a review. Our leadership council will handle reviews and rankings from your submitted recommendations. As for the second option, slavery, everyone alive, conquered, qualifies for this position. Our goal is to create a vast network that we can call upon for service, in preparation for the day we all pray for, the complete and open conquest of God's precious, sniveling, worthless, child; in this conquest we conquer God himself.

Now let us consider the stubborn cases. Step 1 was primarily using slander, our direct engagement was minimal. It was based on allowing man to author his own downfall, prompted by our gentle persuasion. (giggles through the crowd)

For the hard cases our efforts, direct action will be primary. And man's propensity for self-destruction is secondary. Our primary efforts will have a 3 prong or pitchfork approach. (Laughter from the audience.)

Intensification of the isolation process, no longer partial, but all and complete, without exception; unless a limit is ordered from a higher chain of command.

Step 2: Breaking

The breaking process is as numerous as your imagination is expansive, but let us focus on two powerful strategies that have been proven effective on the downfall of man: greed and lust.

So my deadly serpent comrades let two of your venomous slimy fangs salivate as I give instruction

on how to plunge them deep in the soul of man. Let us start first with greed.

In the hearts of most men gold is his god, but in the temples when people are watching, good will, charity, righteousness is his God. He kneels in humility and sincerity for the congregation, but his mind is on the collection plates and the widow's money bag. In public he speaks on the importance of uplifting the oppressed minorities from systematic institutionalized oppression. But in his heart he is constructing plans so he too can reap some profit on the vulnerable and down casted. In the public squares he speaks of world peace, but feels secure and pleased that injustice insures his place on top. So let us start by focusing on his gold, his money, his

job, his contracts, his profession, his field, his streams of income. Closely examine it, look for anything we can expose, exploit, ruin, discontinue and end. Find ways we can fine, penalize, tax and over charge. Men will jump out of a building for the heartbreak of the loss of their true love, money and all that's connected to it. Let him know we hold the leash to his gold, he will likely be willing to be led by the leash, for gold is what controls him.

The second great weakness is lust. The flames of lust burn intensely in the hearts of men. If they are not thinking of how to rob their brother, they are thinking of carnal pleasures. And to think we were asked to bow to these simple hypocrites! But let me allow my contempt and hate to stew without vent

and keep on track. Those that are perfecting the art of searching hidden chambers inside of man, what an essential service you play in the kingdom. Three bloody mary cheer to these dark jewels, some are here in attendance. (Crowd cheers 3 times, wicked cackles of approval follow the cheers.) That chamber, where man holds his perversions, kinks, thrills, fantasies, favorite past experiences, and dark forbidden desires is perhaps the most valuable chamber, for our benefit. Man is basically ashamed of sexual impulses, even if they are ordinary, but if they are out of the ordinary it's a treasure trove for us. We must turn his sexual chamber into a torture chamber. The process is similar to how you handle his finances. Closely examine this chamber for what

we can expose: humiliate. nurture to grow, exploit, frame, haunt. The most powerful tactic is to put visions and ideas into his consciousness, one of the best methods is by using black arts to place these darts while he sleeps. This area produces a bounty of maggot infested fruit and poisonous grapes. The careers, families, friendships, marriages, temples, lives we have destroyed with our arrow tips dipped in the pool of lust, are too numerous and glorious to quantify.

In conclusion my honest evil tribe, this is the process to dethrone the son of God and open our bat cave to the world that we may rule openly, freely without any restraints. Thank you. Let's hope for evil

speed for the day we all worked so hard for...

(Standing ovation)

For those who wish to spread out your bat wings and air your claws feel free to do so. I will now go on an informal rant in the corner. For those who wish to join me, for this portion of my presentation frenzies, interruptions, screams and random outburst are welcomed. Again thank you so much.

(Standing ovation, he moves to a smoky corner of the auditorium; some youth follow others stand in groups through the auditorium mingling and sharing horror stories in hilarious laughter. He takes a large drink of blood wine and with a sinister grin he fumes.)

The breaking process depends on the captive's ability to with- stand the torture. The greater his resistance to be a part of our kingdom, the greater and more sophisticated and wicked the breaking strategy.

First the child of God wavers back and forth from bewilderment to denial, as life begins to collapse around him, ensuring his inner world follows suit.

But if he dies early, it's ok, there are plenty of sheep in the country to choose from. The trick is to keep him alive as long as possible to fully enjoy the torture for an extended amount of time. Just before he dies back off, let him get some air then carry on, what a thrill it is to be us. (C.O.I) Intense supervision and intelligence gathering is absolutely pivotal. Monitor everything, including his dreams and thoughts.

Everything is great fodder for our use. Place something in his consciousness and it becomes fodder for our use. For example, have a slave saw wood in his hearing range, then place a vision in his dreams being sawed to death. Play with his mind; this is as varied and numerous as your imagination permits: have a slave greet him warmly and next time coldly, steal something from him and have it reappear in place he knows he didn't lose it, crowd him at every opportunity possible, let him have a day of relief only to be followed with a hard day of oppression, anything he finds pleasure in find a way to induce disillusionment. Achievement is measured how well you can make him feel bitter, fearful and suicidal. Success is if you can reduce him to a

panicked animal scurrying through the woods
escaping hounds.

With our vast amount of resources and slaves we can
implant what we wish, grow it, then use it for his
downfall. Focus on any very close relationship, like a
lover or best friend. Cause a rift using a variety of
underhanded tactics. Dark seeds are planted in dark
soil, find that soil.

Now the prey is no longer in denial, he's in fear,
unemployed and alone. The fear becomes paranoia.
A constant state of anxiety is wreaking havoc on his
psyche: deep, dark, depression, mixed in acidic
anxiety, nurtured in isolation and abandonment.
Now the prey doesn't leave the home much nor eats.
Don't forget to party and have fun with every

significant breakdown or collapse he goes through; have fun, this is our life. With an all out blitz, your hand is a little exposed, therefore it's more urgent than ever that your fish doesn't get away. But always remember there are certain metaphysical and physical lines that must not be crossed! Our domain is psychological and emotional or simply put temptation and manipulation. Or even more plainly stated, play and punk them. If you stray away from these parameters, the ramifications **WILL BE UNMEASURABLE** for our entire dark planet.

As for the man, he begins to die of darkness and fear. How sweet this kind of death is for us. The walls are closing in, he struggles to get out of bed, counting change to purchase potatoes and beans. He can't

afford wheat for his mule so he must walk. Strange faces watching him, he begins to choke but can't breathe, the darkness all around, feet shuffling as if walking to the hang man's noose. Slaves doing strange tactics all about trying to instill even deeper fear, hounds of hell have been released (the youth break out in rabid ecstasy hearing this dramatized account) but he holds on. If he has not submitted and is still alive, then it's time for real attempts on his life. Begin powerful black magic works. Voices, night mares, bullets, car assaults, voodoo dolls, his food and water tampered and stalked by dozens around the clock. He will begin to doubt rational, common sense, and abandon his internal guide, his inner navigation system for the upgrade of one of our

commanders! He ceases wishing, praying on a heavenly star and is forced to bow to the morning star as he quickly sinks in our quick sand. No longer motivated by inspiration, rather his action is remotely controlled robotically. A metal clamp around his head on a leash held by one of our demons! Bullied into slavery, fear resulting from the loss in faith; that eventually good will win over evil, so he surrendered the gift God gave his son, free will, for our will. Down casted hiding in dark corners like a germ, awaiting orders, hell bound, so he is too scared to die, heart shattered, lips around a glass pipe or a glass bottle hoping for even temporary relief from despair and anxiety, only for his master to use it to multiply and tighten his shackles, ultimately death is

too merciful, so we begin to use his temple body to house our legions , cutting himself with broken glass to ease the inner pain, living in a cardboard box or bush. Too defeated to scream or even beg, yet hundreds of voices rage 24 hours without rest in his head . Too broken to cry. He will find a comfort moving along on all four like an animal, that pleases us like nothing else. That my dear future commanders is how victory looks, our victory over God!

(The dark side of the stadium was shocked and went into immediate discussion in small huddled meetings throughout their side of the coliseum. The other side was bewildered and confused and looked to the captive for answers. The G.S was visibly exhausted from the recount and appeared to be trying to gather

himself. Babylonians were forced to acknowledge what they knew; an evil was growing in their midst; family, city, empire.)

Chapter Nine

CLEANSING

B: Chief examiner, as part of my defense or rather contribution to my country, I would like to offer a response to the account I shared.

C.E: Yes, of course!

B: Beautiful extensions of the almighty lord, please allow me to show how I purify myself. After recalling the presentation or rather filth, of the commander and troll, I am in need of a cleansing. Please if moved, try it yourself. My teachings are not expected for you to take on faith alone, but by experience. If you genuinely try it, you will see.

(In a deep booming voice that startled the already shaken stadium the G.S asked for the following)

G.S: Square keep! please, again come to my aid, and my God will bless every step you take.

(The square keep bows slightly and smiles)

B: If you would please bring me the following:

Four large pitchers: one from Jacobs well, one from the well of Zamzam, one from Deer park and lastly an empty one. The empty one should be made from blue jasmine with a black pearl base and a gold rim. In addition, please bring me a basin made from amazon crystal: cut of cotton cloth from a robe of any carpenter in Jerusalem, a bounty of flowers picked from the top of mount Kailash, a bucket of the richest darkest dirt from the Congo jungle, a jar of blessed salt from a mine from Ethiopia, all set on a table from this beloved city Babylon.

(Moments later the stage is set. He removes his sandals , sprinkles the dirt and salt on the stage and rests his feet. With gentle

precision he poured a 3rd of each kind of well water into the empty one. Then gently grasps the mixed pitcher with both hands and bows his head and prays.)

B:

Father, bless this water from wells on the territories of the tribes of the great faiths on the earth. Let this pitcher be a symbol to all men of the one God. At the core, in the essence of all true paths, traditions and religions a similarity, a commonality can be found. The various tribes of men have numerous titles for the One God: Nirvana, Jesus, Allah, Jehova, Great Spirit, Energy, Love, Brahma, Mighty Lord, One Love and God. Only the foolish and the deceiver look for differences, thus calling for contention. The wise and virtuous look for commonality, thus calling for unity and togetherness. Father shine your holy light and grace upon this water, that it may purify the host of your son, regardless of tribe and faith.

God let my feet be as the roots of a great tree, connected, grounded with mother earth in strength and harmony; as my soul is with you- (Then he poured some water in the basin and dipped his

hands) Father purifies my hands, that they do only the works that are done with you, for you, by you. For spiritualized hands perform works of an infinite quality, unlike earthly hands that can only do what in time crumbles and dies. Father give my hands the power of miracle and healing. May they always bless and comfort and alleviate suffering from the weary son of God- (Then he rinsed his mouth and said) father purify my tongue so that it does not cast words to curse, harm or for self gain, self defense. Rather used for the glory of God and the salvation of the son- (Then he gently poured the water on his head with these words) O merciful father, heal my mind, from the addiction of thinking, obsessing over the past and future; you live in the now and only with an empty rice bowl am I able to receive my inheritance- (Then he deeply breathed in the flowers then smiled. He tilted his head back so the sun rays could shine upon him and declared thus) O great sun how loving you are, you have opened this world up- (He began to soak in in the sun rays, with deep slow breaths, as if he was breathing in the sun. This lasted for a few minutes. He gently looked upon the thousands in the stadium as if they were old friends and lovingly with a soft

tone, almost in song) Remember God is present in all things, for you to benefit from his presence, all you need to do is be present with all things. All you need is to just touch the hem of his garment to be healed- (Then he lifted the cloth in the air, like a flag bearer would on a hill) His gourmet is in the now! If you wish, try, do not think about anything other than the experience of eating, walking, drinking in our intermission. If you are successful, even partially in touching the hem of the savior, you will return to your seat reinvigorated, inspired, enlightened and you too will stand with grandeur and proclaim the power of the living God-(The captive just walked out of the square and sat still under a fig tree, outside the stadium and all the guards, persons and examiners just stared at him in bewilderment and awe.

Upon his return, the stage was cleared and he resumed his Zeus-like stance. He scanned the thousands in the stadium and noticed sprinkled about were eyes that had a shine that wasn't there prior to the inter-mission.)

Chapter Ten

REBUTTAL

Let me respond, not for the inhabitants of the dark star benefit, but for my citizens. I surely do not need to defend my God's honor; truth doesn't need anything to be, it just is. Does a white lotus flower need to respond if the pond frog calls it purple? Does the highest peak in the Himalaya need to respond if a pebble labels her a pygmy? So it is with the son of God, he need not respond if called pitiful by a snake! The son of God lords over all, and all things, in glory, outshining the stars above. To dignify commentary by an earth crawler by a response would put me on the same filthy plaine; in reality I soar in glory in transcendent space. Yet as a loyal loving citizen, I wish

to contribute to the conversation on matters of good and evil for the sake of public discourse and contemplation.

Let us review and analyze the assessments and presentation of the dark commander. The term and characterization of pitiful, I would like to consider.

Mothers do really love their kids, Fathers do really wish to provide for their families, soldiers really are willing to die for country, men of the law, really do wish to keep the peace, health care workers really do wish health on patients, people really do like to love, laugh, thrive and live. But you dumpster divers are obsessed in sniffing out any rot, decay, inconsistency and dismiss all that is good, with a pointing finger and condemnation. Then have the gall to call me, us pitiful. How pitiful is it that your tribe's life mission is searching out guilt in men? Then lifting it in the air as proof he is no better than you. Then when he is

broken in shame, beat into submission, you gloat with a feeling of accomplishment. After living a life of accumulating the darkest of karma, die in terror hearing the screams of your victims; how pitiful is that!

You peek into the secret chambers of man to find cause for his downfall and exposure. You degenerate peeping toms! using the power of God on himself, there is a special place in hades waiting for you. Do you think the lord of betrayal has more sense of integrity, fair-play and honor than you? Are you so naive to think he will honor any commitments he has made for your service? Do you think yourself safe from the laws of God? Why do rumors and lies find such easy refuge in your ears; hate and contempt find comfort in your heart? Reject your appetite for filth and eat from the tree of life.

What do you imagine your eventual fate to be for organizing, plotting on the psychological and emotional death of the son of GOD! How pitiful: following, stalking, one, alone, meditative man like a swarm of mosquitoes and flies on the rear end of a buffalo. **Do you have any sense of honor or dignity! your petty smallness and shamelessness convicts you in itself. The greater and more expansive your persecution, the more severe your shrinkage is in the eyes of the ALL MIGHTY!!**

You are so downgraded that even your reflection in the pond looks upon you in disgust. What do you imagine the crown of victory to look like? It's as if a lion without claws, teeth or a mane is imagining dethroning the King of the Jungle/the Son Of God. What a fruitless desire wanting a crown without honor, virtue and courage. You do not possess the basic prerequisites to sit on a throne.

Be Men! Grow some legs and stand upright. And claim your place in the kingdom of the One God.

Let me ask all the citizens of the dark alliance, God haters, deplorables, rebels of heaven. Is it possible for a sunbeam or a wave to declare war on the sun or ocean? So it is with you; You are from him, therefore are like him, and can only dream, hallucinate of rebellion. Another name for God is life. The life that pulsates through you, the energy that gives you awareness, the force that transforms your body from an infant to an adult, is God! How can you hate life when you are alive? God is in you, around you, like it or not. How can you declare war on God without declaring war on yourself? How pitifully ignorant are those that attempt.

You are obsessed with control, an obsession rooted in your helplessness. I ask, can you control time, can you control decay, old age, death, can you stop the world from spinning, or the sun from rising? Can you even control your bodily functions? Can you breathe without the trees, eat without the harvest, or the meat that eats the wheat? Quench your thirst without the well, walk without the ground, can you separate yourself from earth, what so ever? But you imagine you can separate yourself from God! Then to add insult to utter absurdity, call us pitiful.

You identify yourself with darkness and all that is evil, yet you love being a part of your dark group. You love the acceptance and kindness and support of your group. Those are values of the God above. You value any relationship you have, even if it's rats, snakes, crows,

black cats, tarantulas, vampires, witches or goblins. You still like them and care for them; values of God. How can you authentically despise any one who is trying to achieve those values of togetherness and friendships? although they are using different names and symbols than you. They share the same hope for relationship and outcome. Yet you call us hypocrites.

One of the reasons your tribe has placed isolation as the weapon of choice is because the darkness in you, oozes like infectious pus from your pores, and most people see it, feel it, and discern to distance themselves from you. Unlike your construct to isolate the son of God, your isolation is from the natural law of cause and effect; the following is the mark of the beast. Ninety percent of the time one of the following is true: Your skin has a dead flat

leathery look, your hair is stringy, dead and flat, your eyes have a malignant gleam, your aura either has a dingy, deplorable radiance, or a zombie quality, your affect is off. Your brethren get a sense you are not one of them. Rejection has made you angry and you seek vengeance.

Before you I'm illuminated! Tried, tested, impressive, shining and triumphant! I've been validated by the legions of hell bound weirdos, cowards, who spare no expense or effort for my oppression; have only succeeded to authenticate me. (Brother pauses and smiles peacefully as he reflects on many of his outings)

An angel assigned to anoint me is so generous with his sprinkles of joy on my outings I often beam with delight. I drive leaning so hard in my chariot you have to strain to see if it even has a driver. I even sometimes bring a

drummer in tow, so that a thunderous base can announce my coming and going. When I arrive at my destination, I jump out of my chariot like I'm about to draw down! I take ten steps and bust out a dance move, but somehow I don't lose rhythm or pace of my walk. I'm so nice, sometimes I make my entrance to wherever I'm going twice. I love combing my waves in traffic. Babylon, I'm just way too cool-all things are relative of course.

When I'm on, I'm something to behold. My presence will make you pause and contemplate in an effort to measure the degree of glory I'm blessed with. "Is it his silver chain glistening in the sun, or the silver shine from his smile? Is it the gold jewelry shimmering from his fingers or the gold blinging from his aura?" Please don't try to deny it, it's plain to see, God's Son is a G!

(A wicked one with the appearance almost like a caricature of herself, large hook nose, malignant gleam and a wart stood up and yelled “Grow up! You behave like an adolescent.”)

(B) Do you dismiss me as an immature narcissistic?

Please for a moment step out of your dank, smokey, dreary laboratory and stand on the peak of bright Mount Cavalry, just for a moment, so you can see. Multiple tribes with vast amounts of people and resources have for years concentrated their efforts on one effort; cause the Grandstander to be so paranoid, petrified and so panic stricken he scurries up through the woods like a small hunted animal or a frightened, naked, runaway, slave. But to their bewilderment all they found was their prey out in plane sight admiring his reflection, style and beauty. The weapon that was formed to level me only

served to glorify me. At the core my theatrics are not narcissistic, rather intended to give testimony and bring glory to God. secondly a living example to God's children to take heart in their own spiritual battle. Also my theatrics hold a message from God to the wicked. "Dark Ones you are nothing, other than a foot stool for his empowerment; your power is useless. I'm everything! my power is undeniable and everywhere, including in the theatrics of my son." My personal contribution, my sign, the middle finger is uncalled for and not condoned. But I pray to God to allow me this one allowance; and I promise I will soon behave with the dignity expected by a genuine Son Of God.

Or is it just envy that causes you to ask your question with such contempt? Do you begrudge me for being blessed

with God's favor? Do you think his gifts are only for me? Or is it more likely he has a storage bin in heaven filled with custom made gifts for all? Have you been denied these gifts because I copy-righted meditation and prayer, or is it more likely they are methods available to all? Did Christ, Buddha, Shiva, Muhammed, Moses come to earth with one objective, my salvation, and no one else's? Or is it more likely their coming was for salvation for all? Even the greatest egotist would not dare make such claims on the spiritual realm. Therefore I ask, should a dingy shirt begrudge a clean one? All that differentiates them is time in the wash basin; in their essence they are the same. God is the universal cleansing basin; just be willing to step in the basin and he will purify you. Dark lady come out in the sun, and allow your inner cutie to shine; It is just waiting to come out. I know

church isn't your thing, but please let me give you a couple of reasons to allow me to escort you, one early Sunday morning. For one I am a true gentleman and I am always looking for doors to open and puddles to lay my coat on. Secondly it might be funny to you on how absolutely hysterical I react everytime the preacher says things like: "No weapon formed against you shall prosper. The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord. When I cry unto thee, then shall mine enemies turn back. If God is with you, who can be against you. God has promised everything works for the good of his people." So electrified, I've been known to just start jogging around the church. Trust me, you will have a good time laughing at the clown who has fallen irrevocably, irreversibly in love with God.

(Grandstander pauses for a few minutes)

B: Town scribe, where was I before I gave a detailed account on my swag. (Many giggled. Then the scribe said “You were speaking on how dingy the dark ones look.” Many more giggled. After Brother stopped laughing he scanned the dark side of the stadium. They all had scowls on their face and he nearly told them he could give a shit, if they were pissed. But decided it was not the time for taunting, rather substantive examination)

B: So you want to break the Son Of God, in effect God himself. Like a trainer does a wild horse, force it to surrender its independence, to the plow. You fancy yourself to stand over God, like a champion pugilist in Olympia! In reality a slight fever can send you to bed without supper! An awkwardly positioned pebble can send your chariot down a hill: a peel can slip you, a cold

breeze can impregnate your lungs with death, a hot day can drop you! a microorganism/particle can send your entire species into eradication. Yet you imagine yourself more powerful than the creator of all. How truly, tragically, pitiful you are.

Perhaps you pursue me because you fancy yourself as a distributor of justice, a balancer of karma. You must have been the carpenter with a hammer and stake that pinned our solar system down from time and space. It must have been your fraternity, your order who furnished the balancing rod, the measuring tape and the geometric instruments that laid out the dimensions of the cosmos. Or perhaps it was your barn that stored the first bag of seeds that gave forth the first bounty of berries, vegetation and fruits. It must have been your god of

pettiness and vindictiveness that passed you the torch that lit our sun and all the stars above. Or perhaps it was the sweat from your brow that formulated our oceans, and laid the elements down for life. You must have been the dean, in the galactical science university, that created: physics, gravity, ecosystems of earth and space, quantum, components of metal carbon, gasses, air, fire, water.

It was a wave of your hand that was the genesis of consciousness, awareness and impregnated space and emptiness. Or maybe it was from your pot that joy, harmony, peace and happiness were brewed, stirred and manifested. All this must be true for you now to think it is your duty to delegate reward and punishment to man. It is your responsibility with your infinite wisdom, knowledge and power to correctly balance the laws of

karma and justice. After all, God is too impotent without your mighty hand. After all, your hand can reach fourth a few feet- how pitiful.

Chief Commander, scouter for a dark army, lend me your ear, and I will gift it wisdom! What honor can be obtained commanding an army that marches to its own death. Organizer of Lemmings racing to a cliff, a commander leading pharaoh's army into the red sea! Who will crown your head for the works of distributing pain and misery. How deep of a satisfaction would you feel if your nightmare vision for humanity came to full fruition? A keeper of a sanitation dump of broken bodies, dreams, minds, hopes, families and nations. Do you really believe you would stand for long in proud observance of disease and death? Or would you turn on yourself, and rip

yourself apart, and join the mountain of decay and despair?

How curious it is, all the various factions of the dark star, all its legions and orders, societies, brigades, units, powers combined would not be able to defeat a babe with a little holy light in her soul, a holy twinkle in her eye. In fact that little light would magnify in beauty contrasted by the dark. Men will marvel at the light, in a sea of darkness and find inspiration. Singers will find their vocal cords in and with that light, poets will find the language of God- hieroglyphics transcribed on temple walls so easily translated and spoken, by way of that light. Authors will find their ink pen; all of humanity will straddle their ink unicorn and gallop on Saturn's rings, marvel in Mars caves, have tea with the vixen of Venus,

play fetch with the howling wolf on the moon, have a tall glass of refreshment in Zeus's ice castle, and get a blessing from the old man in a thorny head bracelet who naps in the sun; all by way of that little light! And your army of darkness can only be a witness of the power and Glory of the almighty Lord!

To all the citizens of the death star, overlords, commanders, think tanks, circles, Klans, tribes, field commanders, grunts, slaves, allies consider this; Is choosing life over death a bad bargain? I wish I could guarantee you an easy transition and an infinite amount of pie and honey by solely one choice. Truth is, life is a minute by minute decision. Truth is, if you choose life it's a process of undoing. Truth is, healing disease is done one infected cell, germ at a time. Truth is, God is not looking for groveling beneficiaries, rather participants in the

healing process. Truth is, to gain entrance to love/
 heaven you must be found sound in courage and virtue.
 Truth is, life is the truth and death a lie.

Surrender dread in the depth of your being, for the
 certainty of God. Disease for divinity, hell for holiness,
 blood for spirit, separation for unity. By fire do diamonds
 derive their glory, and so it is for men. But I can
 guarantee you with every step towards the One God, he
 will take a step with and towards you.

Chapter Eleven

DOG

CE:

It is clear that you love your God of oneness, so what would you have us make with these reports of boorish behavior and language? For instance your accusers have claimed you frequently refer to them as female dogs.

B:

First and foremost that kind of behavior, language, attitude, and feeling is not representative of my God. My God advises me thus in scripture, “Justice is mine, pray for those that harm, curse you, turn the other cheek, the fight is mine.”

I must confess I have not yet earned both my wings. I have not absorbed all spiritual principles

from the theoretical to the practical: from the intellect to the physical, from the spiritual to earthly situations, my higher mind has yet to fully claim the territory of my lower mind. I need help with this matter; how not to be so reactive. I often lash out when pressed. I am not looking to excuse my behavior, but I would be remiss if I didn't take this opportunity to substantively take on the reports. Let it be written; never fear to shine a light on your errors. When one has the courage to look at one's errors it's an invitation to God for healing.

Female dog is not used by me as a sexist term or even a term to describe a mean or vindictive person.

Rather it's a term to describe any person who abuses

power. For example, a large man that beats his wife, then beats his chest in victory, is a bitch to me. A large man battles another large man in a mutual willingness to engage, and both are equals in their support network, one can characterize them as brutes, uncouth, need Jesus, but not female dogs. Reason being there is not an abuse of power, therefore a small element of honor and dignity can be claimed. Juxtaposed that to an abuser of children, elderly or the disabled, and you have my definition of a bitch! The above equation can be applied to large groups of people targeting considerably smaller, vulnerable groups or individuals.

In my case, I'm alone, yet thousands of well funded and organized people come for me in every

way imaginable. I can't resist calling them female dogs to their faces because they are without honor. A person, group, in particular a nation with even the slightest sense of dignity, integrity would be thrown into severe inner turmoil if ordered to harm, harass one individual. A man who possesses an idiom of character would be thrown into a whirlwind of inner revolt upon facing me. His inner voice of self-respect and dignity would counsel thus; "How can I disturb this man who is sitting in meditation all alone, day in day out, facing unfathomable odds, incomprehensible hostilities, by himself. Then to boot he is eagerly looking to love, teach, make friends and make amends." If a man or tribe contemplating harm on a considerably smaller,

vulnerable, individual or group and found wanting of that voice of integrity and consciousness are **BITCHES!** Consequently they have given me cause to walk as a giant, in comparison to a whole world filled to capacity with cockroaches.

Even now, standing before all the townspeople of Babylon and all the tribes and examiners, if provoked I will call any of you a bitch. And it will be said without stutter nor in a whisper. I'm not proud of it, I pray that I will be raised to a higher ground, but I'm not completely enlightened. I have yet to transcend this area. I have utter disdain and contempt for bullies, particularly seeing how quickly if you get one of these devils away from the pack, separate them from their support network and if they too were

utterly alone; I know how quickly they will turn to curs, and lay in a puddle of their own urine in fear! Such is their nature, and the nature of all bullies.

Then without even the shame of a cur, they come and try me, who has the power to disappear this earth, if not for the lily in the eye of the mother and my gratitude to the father.

So chief examiner, write down what you must, search the book of men and find me guilty of this infraction if you must. But I do submit three points in my defense. One, I am in prayer and meditation on my outbursts, for those I experience inwardly and outwardly.

Secondly, the word serves as a counter psychological tactic. The word Devil implies a large,

wicked, spiritual entity more powerful than you. If I define him as a bitch, I reduce him to an insignificant, petty entity. That same dynamic applies to all those labels: beast, warlock, evil, dragon, witch etc... These labels empower them, and they wear them as a badge of honor. Therefore when I come across them, I either tell them to their faces or telepathically; you bitches can't phase me! and enjoy watching them shrink.

Chapter Twelve

Cry Baby

Lastly, I ask all my examiners to keep in mind what I have suffered through the years. For many here evenings are spent eating dinner with loved ones; then retiring to bed cuddling with a person or a teddy bear. You squishy, soft Grapes! Witness how wine is pressed from the grape of a fearless black course student. On many nights you will find my muscular sleek body on my bed stretched out shivering, shaking and sweating with hordes of witches poking needles into dolls. On rare occasions they hammer what feels like stakes, so violent my whole body rattles. Slightly emotionally rattled, I glance at my portrait of Jesus for support, his eyes seem to say “Are you o.k? Trust me little brother, hang in there.” In which I respond, “With you near, I will not fear”

Straining to lift my head from my pillow that I may stay focused on my three Marys'-portraits of three loving, female Gurus at the foot of the bed. This practice assures me in this world there exists a thing called kindness, this assurance prevents the rigor mortis of hopelessness from settling in. On dark nights such as these I humbly ask the Marys' to keep watch as I drift asleep on a bed and an atmosphere full of needles to only fall into even a darker nightmare. I refuse to defile my tongue and recall the horrors I have endured and seen in that place. In the heart of darkness there are no shrines, pets or even the reprieve of tears. Just God's shield on my arm, back against the wall, heart pumping with faith, trying to survive, going for mine. (Grand stander told

his tale with steely defiance; being a lover of theater, poetry and beauty concluded his description with his best Pose; fists on his hips, eyes closed, lips in a slight upward pout and chin in the air. A stance one might imagine a statue of a champion to be designed after. He then peered about the audience as if he expected flowers to be thrown at his feet. But what he saw was terrified faces, one young lady shaken with tears and another overcome with pity. So he quickly examined the harshness of the story, forcing his mind to grapple with the magnitude of his trial, therefore it capsized with a tidal wave of anguish. His chin dropped upon his chest and he began to sob uncontrollably, then in a small voice from with-in begged, "Please no more questions about the past." These tears weren't the

kind he usually sheds; his usual cries are from a deeply broken heart that extracts singular crystal tears as if they were valuable jewels. But this time his tears were the kind a baby in a crib sheds or a kid would after banging his knee at the playground. This went on for several minutes and eased after the wave of anguish returned back safely to his inner settled sea of despair. The reason for this occurrence was he never shed or used the pressure valve on that particular reservoir of tears because he felt it was unbecoming of a warrior to cry tears of pure self pity. The unexpected compassion of some of the audience burst the reservoir. When he got hold of himself he whispered silently “Witches have their laboratories, warlocks have their slave barracks, sadists have their

robes and symbols, pigs have their filth, hypocrites have their judgmental fingers, Ammonites and Amalekites have their flags, but the son of God has not even a sangha to rest his head.” A dark one sensing Brother was trapped in the grip of self pity smelled blood and shouted the following. “Woe to you, cursed man, better you were never born!”

Brother jumped into the air ignited, chest puffed and eyes completely ablaze, and growled the following)

B:

Hardly, there is a star in my chest that burns brighter with every escalation of darkness! Therefore I rise from every experience of suffrage with a multiplication of glory and power!

(Brother's entire body felt ablaze with fury as he stared at the questioner, his rage was so palpable the entire city jumped 12 degrees in temperature. As if right on cue one of the daughters of God with haste climbed onto the stage and stood in front of him and demanded he say- "Om-shanti, I'm a peaceful soul." He looked at her in ferocious contempt as if to say how dare you approach me when my passions are fully a blaze! Undeterred, she put her hand on his chest and began the chant, "Om shanti, I'm a peaceful soul." Brother above all else is a lover of God, beauty and courage and this daughter possessing an ample amount of all three was certainly a G, he complied. The chant instantaneously cooled him. Although the volcano was neutralized, it still was smoldering,

therefore he gave a side eye glance at the questioner and sent a message telepathically “If not but for the grace of the Lord” The nun returned to her seat, the temperature dropped both figuratively and literally. Many of the metaphysical entities in attendance were contemplative and felt the need to comment on Brother's stormy nature. An angel in his immediate support network wondered “How is it one can be so utterly human yet so utterly spiritual? Members of a garrison of angels watching from a distance commented “God's son is a soul-der” Brothers proud male ancestors with folded arms commented “They got the right one.” His forest Guru receiving a vision on what is going on in Babylon shook her head and thought, “What is *wrong* with him?” but still rooted

for him. The beleaguered in the audience were feeling empowered by the minute and felt a pull coming from the empty reserved seating. An Avatar commented; “To the eye of the laymen, men such as this appear ferrell. But in the eyes of the Lord they are highly favored. For they have refused the garments of pretense and guile, thus the light of the Lord shines upon them unobstructed.” A wicked one asked heaven, “What is it that you see in him?” He was answered “heart.”

The C.E was exhausted, and ordered a five minute recess. But Brother, still stirred, wasn't satisfied with letting the matter rest. Therefore ignoring the call for recess climbed back on his soap box)

B:

You say woe to me? I say woe to you, you perverse generation! Woe to you Pharisee- hypocrites- you have allowed our fathers house to be overrun. Thus the mocking of God is a constant undercurrent flowing through all your sermons! You wait and see, there will be a clearing.

Woe to you citizenry- hypocrites- Is there a bottom to your cowardice? You behave as if physical life is infinite. When the truth dawns on you, you will experience true fear.

Woe to you village medicine men, destroying the already damaged to serve your god of greed. Your road to hell will be lined with needles filled with your magical potions.

Woe to you tribal Chiefs, governance that is beholden to merchants is equivalent to a prostitution ring. Tell me how can harlots run a country? The poor suffer while you shine in your silks and satins. Mirrors will line your road, so you can admire yourself on the way to hell.

Woe to you instructors of the young, after a babe enters his eighth harvest the wheat he finds is useless. Wicked instructors! you are funneling entire generations to a life of suffering. Empty books will line the road on your way to hell.

Woe to you overseers. You fill your belly with the blood of the poor and powerless. Bars and screams will line your road to hell.

Woe to you, obvert dark ones. Time is up! I can't even imagine the cross that awaits you. Trust me, in time you will learn to call upon the name of the God of mercy. And when he does appear in the clouds; in full sincerity and gratitude you will shout. "Blessed is it he who comes in the name of the Lord, Hosanna to the highest!"

Let me ask, was it worth it? Destroying, enslaving and hurting people, now that time is up, do their screams mean anything at all? Hell is a temporary

place to purify people, for you I'm not sure what awaits.

Woe to me? I have an angel anointing me through the day with Joy, I have a saint sanctifying me, I have a hedge that moves right along with me, I have the holy spirit filling me with light, I have Christ looking upon me with commonality and love. In his infinite patience and with a snap of his finger he transforms my sea of despair to a lake of joy. I have a ray of light illuminating me and everywhere I go. (Brother pauses for a few minutes)

If John was the voice calling from the wilderness, I'm the howl from it! To my G's hear me, atone your

ear that you may hear my howl. These lames have violated the rules of lela's game, when the clock ticks midnight, and if you are not amongst the elected, die like a man! I know the queen of the south, Harriote feels me. Don't die in a panic, that is dangerous. Rather die silently, in this way, watch your breathing, that settles the mind and on the exhale commend your soul to God. If I am among the elected I will ask if I may gather you...Watch for the signs.... It's real Now.

(The Chief examiner demanded a recess. After the break, attempting to steer the grandstander away from a sermon on the rapture, asked Brother a general question. Brother was actually okay with the

change of subject because he really wasn't sure if the final moment was at hand, but his spirit knew something big was brewing)

C.E

Can you please tell us something about your tribe?

B:

First of all I'm part of a tribe that a principality governed by King Herod put a spell so strong that many of the boys ran to their burial in a bazar display of genocide. My pursuers or so obsessed with my persecution I'm beginning to suspect, they are angry because I was the baby they were searching for and missed. (His voice begins to shake under the weight of the memory of the dead) Now I hear the voices of

the “Dead homies” asking me to do something righteous. I responded with " Where did you go? I'm all alone, the devil is obsessed with sifting me, his obsession has turned into panic, as if his life depends on him finding filth and fear; a frantic and vain search that has turned up nothing, but has managed to light my soul on fire, because my heart feels like it is burnt to a crisp and my eyes are always red and teary.

(Brother closes his eyes and tries to settle the storm in his sea that again begins to crash about) I'm alone because the whole world is filled with Judases and descendants of Cain; the only worthy one I found, who is accessible to me is my Guru; and she says I'm a contradiction, therefore I'm not welcomed. (He stops breathing and begins to shake uncontrollably

and realizes he has awakened a dangerous degree of suffering. A strained whisper says “Please, I wanna die.” Brother got the sense of a tsunami of despair of such enormity was headed his way that all but assured his destruction. As he tried to prepare for a death, by way of despair or suffocation from suffering; he reached around to find something to help him brace for the impact, at that exact moment an angel grabbed his reaching hand and began to minister to him.

(A) You are such a romantic you probably want the scrolls of heaven to read “Brother died of a broken heart reaching for his Pinolope’s hand.” *(With that one sentence a slight smile broke through his despair.*

Brother got the sense of an immediate shift, a miracle. He felt that he wasn't going to be swept away after all.) (A) You know your Guru loves you, why don't you tell me how beautiful and smart and angelic she is, that always makes you feel better. (B) Well she is! (He blurted out in a teary childlike way; these tears had an element of relief that his life was being spared.)

(A) What do you like so much about her? (B)

Probably when she makes a mistake, how I can tell she is sorry for it and corrects herself; I just want to run on stage with a hug to assure her on how perfect she is. (A) Are you feeling better? (B) Yes! (He said in the way a child might when a “oweey” was kissed by his mother) (A) If you just knew, (The angel looks slowly all around in amazement) you would never cry

again. Now watch your breathing, settle your mind and carry on. You are doing fine. We are all here with you, you are O.K. (*Christ adjusted time for this counseling session so Brother continued on where he left off without anyone's notice. Brother inhales deeply and with a slow exhale, closed eyes says the following*)

(B) But I just can't let these bitches win. (One of the dead homies turns his head and unsuccessfully struggles to smother a giggle) (B) So I stay alive, bleeding and singing love songs to the lily in my Guru's eye, hoping she forgives broken notes, because sometimes love songs sung from a cross turn into howls to the moon. The headwinds I face to

fulfill their hope is concentrated gas lighting, demons in dreams- manufactured by those that have me under siege, explosives in front of home, break ins, attempts on my life, poisoned, drugged, racial epithet hurled through my window at night, sabotaged, entrapped, obsessively stalked, tempted, witchery to its umph degree, hallucinations, profiled, excommunicated, employment sabotaged and even my hound has been assailed and set upon.

When I holler out of frustration by using the “B” or “F” word the world points and says “Look, just as I thought, he is a villain, a common thug.” As if I’m the hypocrite.

I practice abstinence, this practice has given me many gifts, one being a great appreciation of the

divine feminine; pure, because it's without lust. Similar to how one would appreciate the beauty of mother nature. Therefore I look and speak to women mesmerized by their magic. The world points and says "He is a hoer monger." As if I'm the unclean one.

I have the power of God all around me, consequently my pursuers, aggressors and assailants stumble and fall while on their mission to devour me. On the ground they look up, point and say "He is a sorcerer!" as if I'm the one with a devil.

I call blacks that hurt the children of the sun devils to their face, now I'm a Tom, as if I'm the bitch. (He telepathically sends a message to all his

be-trayers, ***Trade me? Trick, please, I'm God's G, you will be left in 30 pieces under a tree.***)

I spend the majority of my time focusing on the next stage of human evolution, enlightenment. That focus flies in the face of stereotypes, so deplorables leave banana peels by my chariot, as if I'm the primate.

I took on a portion of the sea of suffering of the world upon my shoulders. These waters often breach my inner levees, filling to capacity the wells in my eye. Men look at my glistening eyes and wavy eyebrows and comment "He is a whiner." Spoken by the very ones I'm bearing the burden for. As if I'm the weak-link. (Brother pauses and scans the

stadium, after a few minutes says).....Projecting is so unfair.

(He pauses and watches his breath and feels even the smolder has dissipated)

Babylon I know I'm here to be judged, but I ask all of you to take into account the road I traveled. I humbly request that you be measured in your judgment. If I didn't have some scars from my stay in Hades it would either be a deception, or I have reached full realization. Neither is the case, therefore in honesty I must not present myself as a realized saint, but rather, **as I am**. I hope my full disclosure is rewarded by a favorable assessment of my character, thus countering my failings.

(C.E orders closes the Trial, till dawn the next morning)

Chapter Thirteen

Excommunication

C.E:

Please give us the details of the excommunication.

B:

Examiner! You ask for my blood with the ease as one asks for an item at the market! The heart knows

nothing of time and space; to recount a scene is like reliving the experience.

But the higher mind, the mind of God, counsels thus; if any experience still holds grief, pain, hate let the tongue deliver those feelings to the air and sun. The air will blow them to God for purification; the sun will dry out all their toxicity. Hidden wounds putrefy into severe infection. This infection will poison the entire host, temple of God. Such a temple is not worthy for the son of God to attend. So with sincerity I implore all the citizens of Babylon to be of good courage and rip the scabs off your wounds, cry and bleed and purify your temple, daily!

(In typical fashion the G.S points his finger in the air, and warns)

If anyone here thinks the brothel or the tavern is the only domain for the dark ones, leave this stadium at once! while your innocence is still alive. (Many in the audience smile in agreement)

With every one of my trips to the temple the dark congregation grew, hellhounds, in hot pursuit filled the pews to full capacity! Shamelessness being a key character trait of theirs, they used the time of meditation and prayer as an opportunity for using witchery /creating visions, visions that would have me submit to the Pharisee or crumble from plain vulgarity. But as you all know by now, I am the Son of God, therefore I don't scare or bow! However a

perfect storm was gathering and gaining in intensity. The growing dark congregation was on a collision course with the Son of God.

My chariot was being blocked from exit, temple leadership was pacing and growing in stress, my usual place I sat was being occupied, my fuse was shrinking, the wicked was multiplying, the temple was infested as if they were roaches! But my power was growing to match their collective powers, to such a degree that even the flick of my wrist was shaking the temple frame. Therefore I concluded, better to worship in an overgrown, abandoned field on the temple ground, at an hour of no attendance.

Sitting in the hardened dead soil and beholding the top of the temple building through the tall weeds, as

an outcast; the temple appeared to me like a dream, a fading illusion, as if I was in the middle of a storm and wind and rain was making it barely distinguishable. I felt the temptation to rip off my shirt like Job and cover my body with ash in despair. I felt like a great injustice has barred me from the temple, thus heaven itself. How can I describe these tears? (He pauses and ponders) These tears were of an unusual nature. They were like the water that burst from the rib cage of Christ, after being pierced by a spear. I felt a depth of anguish and tribulation that's hard to describe. It was as if ordinary tears just couldn't meet up to the pain, almost as if even the attempt was a pitiful insult. I collapsed in the dirt and felt even death couldn't satisfy or appease this

degree of gloom; and just like that, I felt all of heaven was crying for and with me. As if my God held my hand and we cried together. (*He stilled himself in wonderment as he recalled that moment*)

It was as if God's tears sent an unexpected drizzle throughout infinity, causing all the inhabitants of all the dimensions to pause and ponder on what could be the meaning. I hadn't the capacity to suffer those nails alone, so he shared the despair with me. Thus is the love God has for his son. Babylon, the Lord is worthy of praise.

I lifted myself up with relief, but still a little *hazy*
 dusted off my sandals, and I was *swazy*!
 Picked the stems from my *hair*,

Found a *dazy* to share,
with my dear mother *divine*,
leaned, breathed and galloped away feeling *fine*.

Chapter Fourteen

HOOIGAN

(A rough street hooligan growing agitated with descriptions of vulnerability and sorrow stood up and in mocking tone asked the following)

H:

Do you do anything else other than cry and pray?

(His friends began giggling)

B: You think I'm a joke? You think you're tougher than me? Late in my teens, some thought I had no heart, they didn't know they were too small for me. Now I found one more on my level, more fitting for my consideration, now my roar is shaking the *world* in their boots! You think I'm lying? Your bad! Come walk down to this square and look into my eyes, I bet you your soul shrinks into a shell deep within itself; Before it closes its hatch it will leave you with a message "For the sake of the world, please leave this man alone!" So raw with it, I've exhausted the creator of nightmares, so many of his soldiers I've left broken and laid out flat; that in the morning I look about for medals! You despise me because my tears won't stop? All my life I've walked upon earth as if the whole world were a cemetery, in utter despair, talking to the dirt, mountains

and oceans, watering its soil with tears, until mother earth's heart broke in pity for me. She issued a stern warning to all the inhabitants of her land - Just one scratch on my son. She is so overprotective of me, at times I fall face down into her bosom, begging her to overlook minor infractions for the sake of the children. You think I'm pathetic and weak because I pray? I pray from power to omni power. The sun above gets warmed from my power and now he's riding shotgun, blazing upon me, anytime I need. A life lived without genuine kindness is harder than one lived without food, closer to one lived without air. A life lived gasping, turned me tough on the inside. Let's ask father time who is tougher, he decided he didn't need my kind of trouble so he skips my street altogether, now I'm getting younger. I'm convinced I'm the only man that breathes, that has such a

high degree of the combination of moral and physical courage; although some have a greater of one or the other; slim to none with the degree of both, as I. So I look at other men as boys, a thought that puts ice in my strut, so cold it makes women squirm, men tuck their tails and fish jump onto hooks!

You think you cooler than me? I wear my hat, *low*.

Stride, *slow*. Fuse, short. Silver *link*, Glows.

I *predicted it'*. Baptized by hell's flames, now I'm the Christ *resurrected*.

I got a *calling*, insight so brilliant and amazing, Like I'm *crystal balling'*. I *speak'* as if I am standing on a mountain *peak'*.

It's a *trip*.

I write as if I know Hebrew and *Sanskrit*.

Chosen, blessed, anointed, crossed and *crowned'*.

**But approach with caution, because I ain't been called
to lay my *life down!***

You think you are badder than me? Trapped and encircled
in a crowd of Dark ones, did you expect to find me
shivering in the corner, eyes closed with a crucifixion in
my hand, whimpering and begging for safety and mercy?
Nope, I got both middle fingers in the *air*, picture a swami
with an east side swag, with the coldest ass *stare*, calling
the Devil a bitch without the slightest *care*. Upon
watching him in retreat, I walked away with my durag
swinging, as if I had dreads *hanging* to my *pinky ring!*
You think you harder than me? Tell me your fantasy—a
voluptuous sex goddess? You're sweet. Mine is facing a
firing squad, with my chest puffed and boots on, blue
book in my left hand and right middle finger in the air.

Babylon beware! Return what's mine, replace and restore all that you owe! In your wildest imaginations you never came across one like me. A beloved son of God cultivated in the womb of hell!

You think you are slicker, smoother and smarter than me? Thousands in think tanks strategizing on my downfall, while I remain solo, calm like a G, having my own inner debate. Bother tell me, which attribute is greater amongst them, their stupidity, cowardice or evil? Resting the debate on the conclusion all three are the same. My attributes? Christ's robe, the apocalyptic poet's pen, Shiva's hands, if I smile from a genuine place it has the light to replace doubt with certainty into Thomas, he will proclaim proudly on the temple's steps, "Surely there must be a God!" At times Buddha's radiance, a mind so bright it can pave a pathway for the world! So tough, the

holy one chose a cross so enormous he knew only one composed of my kind of material could bear. Now wicked men hang their heads low in disillusionment and confusion, as I grit my teeth and drag it past them with a smile, only pausing to harmlessly flirt and lie to Jezebel. While you “goggagad” in the crib, I growled. Born in a war torn land, war torn men raised me up out the crib unto their shoulders, crowned me as special, before I could even walk! Their admiration attracted evil because within me rested a kind and compassionate heart, guarded by a fighting spirit. A Contrast considered a grave sin, therefore the devil set me on a life long trail of tears and humiliation. (He pauses for a minute as his countenance of brashness was replaced with sadness)

Spirit rescued me from the evil eye by taking me by the hand to a white Guru's doorstep, only to be greeted by an

indifferent eye. An indifferent eye that grew colder as my heart grew warmer. Nevertheless the last remaining piece of my shredded heart fell so deeply in love, and convinced kindness and wisdom lives there, chained me to a corner of her porch; where I remain as a prisoner of love in an unnoticed ball. (Brother looked about the stage as if he was searching for a stool)

In the darkest night fixated on her window hoping for the slightest glimmer of light. On stormy nights of deep despair my hallowed *blue* tears drop on the *blue* book making a *bluesy* hollow echoing sound, only to be dismissed by my love as the sound of rain falling on her roof. My howls of anguish of “It's me” dismissed as the haunting sounds of gusts of wind from the night sky.

Knocking on her door and praying for decades, with a bloody begging bowl filled with tears! for just a moment. “Please kind lady, why is it I can't stop crying? Why do I suffer? Why do I feel so deeply? Why is it that no one loves me?”

My questioning mind snuffed into silence with the fearful thought that I may have been forgotten in the wilderness. Like an illegitimate baby set out in the woods to be devoured by the beast. (Then this seemingly indestructible man of steel collapses into a ball, with his hands clutched around the back of his head, whispered to himself)

“Lord if no one knows, you know, I've suffered through the years. You have heard my voice trapped in the clutches of long suffering. God please open your door! it's cruel and cold and i'm hurt”

(Brother then moaned a sound of such inconsolable grief that it shot a tremble up the spine of nearly the entire stadium. Miraculously at the exact moment, drizzle of rain, almost a mist, blanketed the city. Ironically as he predicted a nun/daughter of God was compelled to run on stage to comfort him, but hesitates, she reasoned the scene just was too poetic, as sparrows began to whip around Brother. Noticing the birds encouraged him to try to stand. He stumbles in the effort, every square inch of him was shattered in emotional pain, sapping him of strength. Therefore his two invisible companions under each shoulder hoisted him up. With his feet dangling, and arms stretched from each side resulting from his inability to support his weight independently; as little white butterflies fluttered past him, encouraging him to smile. The faint man mustered a smile to the people, a glimmer

sparkled from his lips and eye. This little light, in the misty, hazy, drizzle appeared to be similar to a small flickering candle in an abandoned open field on a stormy night, stubbornly refusing to be snuffed out. This picture of courage brought tears to many in the stadium, including some of the hooligans. The stadium felt a level of indescribable depth of despair, yet sensed a beauty in the suffering. This beauty held an answer to a great mystery that faces humanity. The Brahma nun prayed for peace for his sensitive heart, and felt grateful to be a witness to a moving display of an indomitable spirit struggling to get home. After a few minutes and the strength to support his own weight returned, he faces the young men and concludes with the following)

B:

Young man tears are not a sign of weakness, just as a shower isn't. It's just a cleansing and releasing, don't be fooled by a deceitful world, tricking you out of a shower. Cry everyday, young men of the street as yourself are not evil or bad, just broken hearted. Cry, meditate and pray everyday, these are the roads that lead to the inner, and the inner is where the repair work is needed. No other than yourself/God/Christ/the Holy one can heal things that lay on a metaphysical plane, such as broken hearts.

Chapter Fifteen

GAS LIGHTING

(A noble, dignified silver haired lady rose and asked)

Q-

Brother, what does a final outcome look like, it seems you are headed somewhere with your discourse, simply in one sentence, if you would, define a final desired outcome?

Brother:

I want to be free! free to worship, free to be with family, free to earn an income, free to roam earth without observation and persecution, free to find true love in a wife, free to find my place amongst the human family.

An outcome I desire for the larger community would be a decree or a strong suggestion from Rome that every elementary school in the empire teach and practice 5 min breathing/ stillness meditation.

But noble lady I now would like to expand on my desired outcome, and give a detailed wish list. A department, an agency in Rome, whose mission is to protect citizens from dark forces. This agency should not be given any policing or enforcement powers. Nor should this agency represent any particular theocracy or order.

I'm a case in study of how witch hunting is darker than the supposed "false" accusation. In a just land, physical crime with physical evidence, thorough investigation and concrete proof sometimes end up

falsely condemning an innocent person. Imagine just picking something out of the metaphysical air, how likely a grievous error is likely to occur. How tragic if light workers, naturalists, herbalists, miracle workers, naturally powerful spiritual beings with God given talents, and foreigners' spiritual practices were swept up for persecution. Furthermore and terrifyingly so, imagine that kind of office governed by a principality or other dark forces; consider the effects this kind of office would have on the people of Rome. Babylon would fall into paranoid darkness. Metaphysical crime should always remain under the jurisdiction of God! How foolish for a society to allow egos to police spiritual matters; similar to a fox guarding hens. Except some of these hens are not to

be devoured, thus setting a stage for a clash of two different orders of reality; resulting in unforeseen consequences and the possibility of catastrophe.

The department I'm proposing primary focus should be on defense not offense. Educating the public on recognizing and protecting themselves from dark attacks should be the primary focus of this department. The military is fully stocked and armed for the protection of the citizenry from physical attack, but nothing to protect the people from mental, spiritual, emotional, attack. This education should come in the classroom, theater, workshops and books. The foundation of this education should be based on making the public

aware of gaslighting. This is the primary weapon of the Dark ones, it comes in thousands of forms, with one aim: mental, emotional, spiritual, enslavement and ultimately destruction. If you see a blow coming it is substantially less harmful, if not altogether disabled. If people can see another trying to gaslight, it is rendered ineffective immediately.

Having an understanding of the nature of the power the dark ones have at their disposal, then how to defend oneself from it, are both essential elements of the education of the citizenry. For instance people should be suspicious of any thought, voice, impulse, emotion, idea or dream that doesn't feel right, emerging out of "left field." Be assured it's not your own and is probably a construct of a dark worker. In

Scripture Christ told Peter “Satan get behind me”

After Peter said something that Christ identified coming from somewhere else. This is scriptural evidence, backing my point that at any time evil can make its impact felt or heard. It's nothing to fear but it's important to identify, so you can dismiss it, with these words, “That ain't mine” then move on. Do not linger or think about it, swipe it away as you would some dust of your clothing.

You must participate in your destruction, you must grant a kind of approval to the evil doers, that is what protects them from momentary Karma. **Never underestimate the pettiness and littleness of the dark ones. Nor underestimate their vast network of slaves. Nor underestimate the variance and**

capabilities of their powers; but don't fear it, it's gimmicky, serves God's purpose and rendered ineffective if you carry the lamp of Christ. Like termites, cock roaches or mice they spend every available hour scavenging in the dark; trying to bring the fall of whom they perceive as enemies. This mission is tragic on so many levels because ultimately the enemy is everyone, including themselves.

For instance, they will set up circumstances to make you believe it is the universe trying to tell you something, stars coming in alignment on your behalf, synchronicity; God giving a helping hand. But it's nothing but a group of primates with nothing better to do, other than setting you up for suffering.

Voice of God is still and loving, common sense is obvious and involves no thinking, the rest is probably a construct of the dark ones and or destructive ego impulses. A genuine miracle is like the warmth of the rising sun or a vast field of wildflowers in spring, springing up on a prairie. The dark ones stuff is more like a sleight of hand a card hustler or a magician practices. If what you experience is not awesome, deep and profound, dismiss it with a maybe, and move on. Their mission is to entice, insnare and intangible you in a web of deceit, confusion and insecurity. I can not emphasize this point enough, the **true God is a God of well being**, alertness, freshness, lightness , clarity and peace; if you are being led away from the above

feelings, stop and evaluate; You are likely being gaslighted.

Ultimately just doing the right thing is your greatest protection. Filth is their game; filth they use to extort, humiliate, degrade and threaten; with one aim, to internally weaken you so they can enslave and control you. They also have the power to gauge your level of strength, therefore organize their attacks on you accordingly, with the aim of dissolving all your defenses and take control of your mind. This can be likened by a tactic sports men label as “trash talking.” The purpose of “trash talking” is to psychologically defeat you, therefore defeating you physically is simplified. But if your strength derives from God, you can dismiss their tactics with

steely resolve. God is purity hence the God of purity is your best counter strategy. The Buddhist Noble eightfold path are: Right view (I'm attempting to teach in my take on how to defend from dark attacks) right resolve (will power) right speech, right conduct, right livelihood, right effort, right mindfulness, right samahdi. This means absorbing/ uniting into oneness; I personally define oneness as the One God.) I could spend hours breaking down my take on Buddha's path to liberation, and you will probably forget it all as soon as I teach it. But please remember and feel encouraged by this, your core is spirit, spirit is the Son of God and cannot be enslaved, threatened, intimidated or affected in any way. But your lower mind is a different matter, and

needs your attention and commitment to defend. You are born knowing right from wrong. Use your will power to block the wrong and do only what is right. Do not trust any thought or impulse, only trust that inner right conscience guidance.

Chapter Sixteen

VOICES

n:

Thank you, I often “beat myself up” For any mistakes, sometimes out of nowhere, could you please shed some light on this.

B:

Fine question Noble lady. Please allow me to bow twice in your honor; first for the fine profession as an educator and secondly in your question; you have already revealed a vital advancement in understanding the mind/voice. You have separated the I, from the myself. Evidenced in the sentence “I beat myself up” The I is doing something to the-myself. In your sentence the “myself” can be defined as the Son Of God. And the I in your sentence can be identified as the ego. In reality the ego can do

nothing to spirit and the I is not the ego, but for comprehension let's just take your sentence for face value. What is essential is that you have separated yourself from the harmful voice. That is a fundamental understanding and an essential first step to the promised land of peace.

What a tragedy to identify, believe and follow every thought as if it was written in holy scripture and not deriving from nothingness itself. What is this voice that is so relentlessly loud and obnoxious? It's like a fly crept into the ear of the son of God; a loud buzz, disturbing the peace of the inner sanctuary of God's temple with an unceasing buzz of abuse and insult. "You are so stupid, you are so weak, you are ugly, you are good for nothing" On and on. Who has

given the authority to this inconsequential insect to affront the son of God. If it's not abusing us it's driving us mad with worry about the future. "What are you going to do with your life, what if I get sick, what if they don't like me, what will I do if I fail?" If it's not worrying about the future, it's buzzing about the past. "Look what you've done to that person, family, friend or job. You really are a bad person. You have really messed up your life, just give up. There is nothing you can do to fix this." On and on nursing every hurt or disappointment from childhood on.

Is there one here who knows not of what I speak? What else can the promised land be other than to be free of this fly.

A:

So what is the solution?

B:

Mental strength, focus, concentration are all children of the main goal, best described by two fundamental words, presence and present.

Would you mind if I offer a couple of hypothetical examples to illustrate my answer?

A:

Please do.

B:

My lady, if you were at the theater with your husband, fully absorbed in Shakespeare, glowing with entertainment, insights, emotions,

experiencing the full range of the human experience; this joy is experienced by simply being present.

Hypothetically, let's contrast your experience with your husband's experience. A fly is asking him "Did I secure the home up properly, I'm hungry, I should have eaten a snack before coming here, in the morning I have so much to do," on and on. His attention is on the fly and not the play, hence missing a valuable and joyful experience.

Another example, you and your husband decide to spend a summer Sunday afternoon at the beach. You lay back on your beach blanket absorbing the sun and listening to the ocean's orchestra; the waves and rocks blending in perfect harmony, while you breathe in contentment and bliss. "How wonderful it is to be

alive” you whisper in a smile, falling in love with life, hence God. In contrast your husband is sitting in the shade with the pre- Monday morning blues. “ I have to finish a couple of reports before I go into the office, I hope my supervisor is late, I really don't feel like going in tomorrow, it's summer I hate being locked in all day” on and on.

Babylon mental strength is similar to physical strength. If not exercised, it will deteriorate. The purest method of developing the mental strength to maintain focus and concentration is meditation.

Hypothetical speaking, if your husband asked me what kind of meditation I would recommend for him. My prescription would be thus; visualize sitting on a hill watching your worry thoughts pass by you, if it

helps imagine the thoughts as clouds, carriages, birds, flies or whatever. What is important is they just come and go, nice and easy, while you sit as a calm observer.

Do not deny or stifle your thoughts, that will create a volcano of thoughts that will erupt. Do not panic if there is an avalanche of thoughts emerging in this practice. Eventually the swarm of flies that **feed on your attention** will lose strength and tire. This may take a month or a year, but if you are consistent in your practice they will diminish in intensity and frequency. I'm not sure if it's necessary or even possible to extinguish the voice completely. But it is very possible to confine the fly to a corner, sitting

peacefully only to fly when you call it forth for your benefit.

N:

Yes, it does have some benefits, when I'm at work it can help me organize my thoughts, talking to myself, can get me to concentrate on a particular focus of study, brainstorming and so on. Is this what you mean as a benefit?

B:

Yes, it's true, intelligent use of your voice can be beneficial. Organizing, stimulating and even jumpstarting your mind. But one must be careful to not allow the voice to become addictive or to be

overly reliant on it. Ultimately when you are free from the voice and in a zone, or a flow is how real talent or creativity comes about. For instance, can you imagine how painful it would be to watch a dancer thinking about moves rather than allowing spirit, body and harmony to blend together in creativity. An Olympian runner focus on the mechanics, a fighter thinking of the fundamentals, a speaker concentrating on grammar.

All greatness comes from the intelligence beyond the small mind, the fly. True intelligence is what organizes all the functions of the body in perfect harmony; draws breath, beats the drums the heart dances to, calls upon nutrition from food, and rejuvenates cells. The upper mind is at your disposal

and can be accessed with meditation. Thinking or the voice should never be credited for what is of God's.

∩:

So how does one summon and direct the fly to serve in the useful aspects, but put away, to allow true intelligence to lead.

∩

Many names for this: being centered, emptiness, neutral, mindfulness. You can send the fly back to the corner with a couple of conscious breaths, entering the state of being; that hopefully you have been practicing in meditation. This state of being creates an ecosystem that the fly cannot thrive in.

A:

Earlier you mentioned how the dark ones use voices to gas light, could you expand on this.

B:

First of all they can never equal the devastation you are capable of doing to yourself. You have a built in documentation taker that is keeping careful note on how and when to torture you best. As for the Dark ones, one must keep in mind what their objective is- enslavement. Let me lay out three basic points you should understand. A major goal is your indebtedness. Panic is a major weapon they use if you refuse their help. Their long term plan to keep you in a state of suffering is basically the same plan your ego voice uses on you.

1. **Indebtedness-** First make you dependent, by offering and delivering help on your goals. Of course this comes with debt.
2. **Panic-** If they can at will put you into a state of panic, they have achieved a powerful instrument for punishment thus control. In this state you can be persuaded to hurt yourself or others. A panicked person perhaps is worse than a violent person, all rational is gone. It has been documented, full grown adults have drowned in three feet of water, such is the power of panic. Counter this tactic with the scripture in **1 Tim;** God is love not fear.
3. **Ego play book-** They just basically do what your own ego voice has done to you since childhood,

but now it's a primate guessing and studying what to say to you to cause suffering and gain control.

4. Impressions- They also have the power to see your mental impressions. Impressions are something that caught your notice recently. They try to use these impressions to control you, or tempt you into destructive behavior or emotions. For example they always try to blow tobacco leaf smoke in my dreams to get me back into that habit.

∩:

How do they use voice to achieve the above points?

B:

As far as the indebtedness this is pretty simple. They just direct you on any significant step you desire, upon success you are now in debt. These desires can be employment, a lover, or even vengeance. They are able to successfully direct you through a vast network of slaves and slavers. They use the tower of Babel to communicate and cooperate, this tower is found on the land of the internet tribe. They also use spiritual power in you and others for any overall dark plans, but that is going too far into the weeds. They want you in debt, debt is a form of slavery. It's a very simple equation; I did for you, now you need to do for me.

To evoke you into panic is the darker portion of the strategy. They can read your thoughts and know your fears. They will play on your fears by presenting variables in order to induce panic, doubt, confusion. . This is great comedy for these primates, laughing at the son of God by having him run around like a chicken with his head cut off. In the paper you can on occasion read a strange story of a celebrity or an ordinary citizen finding their end in a grave or a hospital room from an unexplainable panic or unexplainable despair. This game will test your courage; I recommend the following to counter this attack. Say to yourself - *Let God's will be done, not mine. Whatever happens just has to happen. I put my fate in his hands, life is not worth it if it means living*

in fear as a slave. The above is a statement of faith, I assure you this kind of conviction, even partly will be rewarded immeasurably.

N:

What other strategies can one protect themselves from this most terrifying dark power?

B:

First is to not fear it. Imagine the voice as if it were deriving from a stranger or a harmless mentally ill person. “Whatever, let God’s will be done” and move on, should be the attitude. Just like we spoke on how to handle your own ego voice, all the same techniques apply to the voice of a dark one. Allow it

to come and go without emotion, don't feed it with attention and certainly don't muscularize it with obedience. Laughter is also a good counterbalance, physical strength from exercise, strong chemistry from a nutritious diet, are all practical steps for maintaining a great defense from unwanted voices.

Courage comes from faith in the One God. God I have faith in you, till death; should be your commitment and resting place. A genuine belief in this statement makes you invincible to all attacks.

If all this is beyond you right now, here is one counter tactic you cant forget; if threated or if your mind is spinning in worry and paranoia, say fuck it! Im going to soon grow old and die anyway, so fuck it, and do something light hearted and fun.

Chapter Seventeen

Battle Line

N:

Moses gave the world ten commandments, can you offer us a few easy to remember pointers or directives.

G.S

I am not Moses' equivalent, yet it would be false humility to not own my spiritual victories. I am a well decorated 'behind enemy lines' spiritual warrior. However, that has not granted me authority to lay down commandments, as the Israeli patriarch had.

Nevertheless, I have developed ten battlefield strategies. I will share three with you, to those in the audience that believe in me, engrave these directives in the stone tablet that sits in your mind.

NUMBER ONE-ARM YOURSELF

It is small to think the tongue is only an instrument to taste food or utter manipulations to obtain sex and money. It is a mighty sword, or if you prefer a wand. Simple words or sentences can cut down any density of darkness, adversity, enemy or challenge. The easiest word to remember and perhaps most effective is **GOD**. Repeat that word a

thousand times for a couple days and see what happens.

There are millions of words and combinations of words: The Lord's prayer in the Bible, OM from eastern tradition, Allah Akabar from the Islamic tradition are all examples of powerful swings from your sword. In addition to these well known words, search for one, two or combination of words that are specifically for you, in other words that would be most effective in your own personal spiritual warfare. Ask spirit to guide you on your search for your Excalibur.

NUMBER TWO-KILL FEAR

How? I presume this would be your next question. First surrender the lie that fear is a sign of humility, modesty and innocence. Truth is, cowards burn in hell!

Only the brave occupy the cathedrals of Heaven.

Secondly, surrender the idea that fear is beyond your capacity to eradicate or at the very least control. Perceive fear as a dragon with-in that must be slayed. How? That sword I titled Power meditation. Or as I earlier used the common term -presence meditation. I also went into depth with 'taking up the cross' explanation. Let it be written -To be free from fear is to be emancipated from slavery. I can also quote the prince of Camelot- "what is there to fear, but fear itself."

I do not want to muddle this imperative battlefield objective with an over explanation, but please keep in

mind everything I say in one way or another is offering strategies in killing the root of all evil, fear: fear of poverty, powerlessness, fear of the other, and the fear of God. Contrastly faith, sense of oneness with all, Love of God are all examples of the light that dispels fear. Let it be written - Exposing your fear to the light is the ultimate act of courage.

NUMBER THREE-COME IN AGREEMENT WITH GOD FOR YOUR SALVATION.

Say to yourself “Only in my agreement and participation can my downfall or ascension occur”
 For example, you allowing a dangerous item to remain where you didn't intend, is a sort of permission you are granting those D.O's. (Brother pauses) Actually let me not go down that road, we

might get lost in the weeds, at this hour it is probably best we take a birds eye view.

Let us take some time understanding the common word, temptation. Perhaps that could help in understanding what I mean by agreement.

Temptation does not mean force, it means choice. If you were physically forced to sin what righteous

Judge can condemn you. If you were intimidated to sin, that is another matter. The counter for

intimidation is faith. For example someone threatens you with physical harm if you do not commit a sin.

Your response should be "Do what you must, as for me I walk with the Lord, I walk in good conscience and righteousness, unto death. Then sit back and

watch that bitch fold. Babylon do you understand the

game being played here, it is not a physical one it's a psychological one. It's a game between faith or fear. (Bible ephesians-For our fight is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers , against the rulers of the darkness of the world and against spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly places.) The temptations to side with evil or fear vary, as the variance of human frailties, shortcomings and weaknesses vary. Therefore the dark ones' battle orders are to place tailored designed temptations before you with the intention of ensnaring you in a complex web of shame, guilt and fear. God allows them to conduct this most despicable of hunting expeditions because it also has the potential to bring to your awareness your inner darkness or places that need to be healed. This awareness can fuel the motivation for agreement; to allow the light to dispel areas of darkness. You must

be in agreement with God to heal just as you must be in agreement with the devil to be sick. So God wants you to raise your darkness so that his light might shine it away, the devil wants to raise it to humiliate, discourage, and de-spirit you. The soul contains an infinite field of peace, love, joy, happiness and bliss. In the state of being, the Kingdom of God is at hand. The Dark ones want to keep you in a state of depression, fear, shame and guilt. In this weakened state you are easily controlled and their despicable, deformed, abomination kingdom is at hand. **These countering positions on outcome are the battlelines, with your soul as the prize, as it were.** Please keep in mind those degenerate primates can't really win your soul, but they can obscure it from

your awareness, hence blocking the incredible benefits it contains to your overall well being. This battle for your heart, mind and soul is not a war of choice, it's one we inherited at birth and a war you must fight, sooner or later.

Forgive me for digressing but I'm reminded of Cain. When asked by the Lord the whereabouts of brother Able, he answered with a deflection. If he stripped himself naked from the clothes of shame, guilt and fear and said I sinned, help me Lord. Cain would have been saved from a life of despair.

Babylon, take courage with this understanding; who other than the sinner is God here for?

As for me, a Grand Stander, I found the highest mountain, pulled out my sword and declared I am your son! Whatever it takes to purge every bit of darkness from within, I am here!

So my brothers and sisters, I call you to arms, join me on this hill. If my story can encourage you, I submit it in a spirit of glad giving. Just look, one isolated, solitary, man confronted the foundation of the whole world, and the world blinked, such is the power of the mighty Lord, our creator. With power like this our victory is guaranteed, Christ story assures it. Stand mighty and strong and be of good courage and resist the temptation of fear. Know at your essence you are a child of God and all that is

necessary is to endure the purging. With conviction connect your will with God and pronounce the following. God, the sky above can fall and the ground below crumble, but my flag of faith will never be lowered. Father I will not falter, I will not flee, I will not fear, I will not shame, for I know you walk with me.

(A poet stands to ask a question)

P- Brother I noticed you periodically write and read from a small notebook; would you mind reading some others?

(Brother's good judgment advised against it because random readings could derail or disturb the flow of the discourse, thus his defense. But the grandstander in him could not refuse the request.)

G.S- I am not a poet, I just write at times if I feel the need to put words, musings, moods and meditations onto paper. I guess I could read one or two, but under the condition the scribe and examiners put down any writing instrument and allow these readings to just be.

(C.E nods his head in approval and all the examiners and scribe lean back in relaxation)

G.S- Here is one written after hearing a person tell another “That’s him.” You see, that is the grumbling amongst the multitude whenever I enter any clearing or room. So I wrote this one while sitting agitated, feeling brash and defensive, amongst the wide variety of rubber neckers.

That's him

Baggy khakis and *Tim*s, Tight white *T*, muscular built, not *slim*. His ride got chrome *rims*.

That's him.

Silver waves not *curls*, watch your *girl*, all of them *imagine*, with that level of *passion*, although *seduction* is a *sin*, but it might be like heaven, to be with *him*.

A yogi with an east side *glide*, a caravan of stalkers, but never loses his *stride*. Ask him, he will tell you in a *shine*, the world is *mine!* He teaches with parables and *rhymes*. *It* wouldn't *surprise*, if his genealogical *line*, *derives from David's bloodline*.

That's the one, its him

A digestive disorder, what the *heck*? A wicked *hex*, God allowed, for an ego *check*. -Always a *winner*, heavens plan that he doesn't grow to be a *sinner*.

He will tell you his *story*. Always giving God the *glory*, In a way he's humble, kind, gentle and sweet, but that's the way it is with *him*.

Abstinent, clean, devout and *sincere*, but let's be *clear*, he's an insatiable flirt, likely to order Jezebel, "come *here!*"

That's the swinging silver chain, The tilted hat, the street attitude. If *pricked*, and if it *fits*, without *regret*, quick to call you a coward, slave or a *bitch*.

You think you're bold? I'm telling you he's a *stone..cold... sold'ier!* ..yet a Golden heart *holder*. *Tearful* but never *fearful*. a One God Believer.

I'm telling you that's *him!*

God's light is so strong in him , he's like the *sun*. Direct eye contact will leave your demons *stunned*. See how he sits, like he *rules*, he thinks he's *soo cool*.

Yea.... that's *him*,

He walks without a *care*. Please wear shades, be polite and avoid a *stare*. Or else your evil, unclean spirit will *scare*

Here he comes, don't *look!* Trust me, *rook!* Don't be *mistook*.

Try him? you a *lie!* He's earth, wind and *fire!* Upset him and watch a climatic occurrence *transpire*.

You don't *understand*. Shiva is in his *hands*, Christ is in his *stance*. With a *glance* be witness to the world's most Powerful *man!*

my GOD! That really is *him!*

B- Here is one that I could have probably written on any given day.

The man that tears.

Christ, On that *hour* when you descend in *power* on a *cloud*, may I touch your *shroud*. I've tried my *best*, please touch my *chest*, inside there is a slash, a gash, a *hurt*. I've felt for *years*. Like the woman that bleeds, would you please help the man that *tears*.

(B) Here's a G's prayer I titled "Lord help me wit' it"

Lord help me **wit' it**, some of the sheep of Zion are lost, enslaved scattered, and *more*, their *torn*, *tortured* in *jericho*. Help me **wit' it**, *Please....* give me the power of Samson to break the walls and set them *free*. Lord help me **wit' it**, anoint my tongue that I can teach the gospel, increase the *faith*, help the multitude grow a *pair*, build a church for a congregation too tired to *scare*. Lord help me

wit' it, help me get'it I want to stand ten feet *tall*, amongst the slaves or in the middle of any temple or *hall*. Glorify your name in *power*, show the world that with you, man has the ability to withstand a nuclear *shower*. Lord help me **wit'it**, light and insight that makes the blind see, and the witch believe! authority to bring the wicked to their knees, encourage the lame to achieve, the phene clean, to convince the dark one to switch sides so they can go from mean to gleam and beam! Lord help me **wit' it**, raise the dead homies, a unit in your name in the armageddon, help me with breaking the slaves cage, the enemy's stronghold, establish your kingdom and usher in the golden age! Lord help me **wit' it!**

B- Here is another one I wrote in the same brash spirit. Although I have grown since writing it, therefore it's not an accurate depiction of who I am today. I have since learned more indepthly the fight is not my own, rather God's.

It's titled -How did it come to this.

How did it come to *this*? The homie *Rich* said- “ If you scared go to church” so please explain this, why is it I'm in my *timms*, in the *dirt*, at *church* putting in *work*.

On the under the enemy throws the devil horns *up*, in plain sight I throw the middle finger *up*.

Now i'm in the parking *lot*, like a *rock*, hands in there air like, was *up*!

Praying Shiva, *fee'l mea*, God *heeea'l mea*, my Gurus unconditional love, *incluuu'de mea*. The holy spirit *remaaa'in in me*. *Belieee'ven*, Gods is glorified, by me, Gang baaaang' *en*.

Too many years in the wilderness drove the Son Of God craeeee'zay, so it's hard to escape it like Jeee'zay.

Chariot up on the church curb, I'm slumped, half *drunk*, on swurve.

In the back *pew*, with a whole row of angels in my *crew*.

One inspired sentence from the *pasterr*,

got me in the middle of the isle like a crip *dancerr*.

Church elders like “thats *sad*”

One of Jesus disciple’s gone *bad*.

Slide into the back of the church like a *G*, ladies asking

who is *he*? Unclean spirits break out in fever over me,

some hypervelate resulting from the light in me.

Please someone explain *this*,

how is it that a brother got spiritual and it kicked off the

apocalypse!

(B) Here is one I titled strange being me.

It's strange being *me*, it's like being a tiny creature at the

bottom of the *sea*. All the water is black as *ink*, yet there is

a brightly lit electric eel like a white *mink*, patiently sitting

next to me. I smile and breathe with ease, yet it's so
 strange being *me*, a tiny creature meant for land, sitting
 under a rock, at the bottom of the *sea*.

B-This is one I wrote after an experience I had at the park

I cried for a week and I don't know why
 I found a cross, i jumped on, to give it a try
 It was literal, i have a torn heart, so i planned to try to die
 I got thirst and wished I had a brew
 A dozens demons showed- God forgive them for they not know what they
 do
 They dissipated, proved my spiritual metal, i was cool
 Until what arrived was whole new crew
 I jumped off the cross like a boss
 I felt an old familiar hurt on the inside
 I wish the pain in my heart would die
 I cried for a week until i collapsed in a *toomb*
 So I imagined being comforted by the three Mary's in my *room*

God please forgive me, I tried to do the best I know how *tooo*

Forgive the beasts, escape the wilderness, die on the cross

And find peace. Resting in God's arms sounds so *divine*

Next time I will give it a better try.

(A christian stood up and asked "What do you mean you were literally on a cross?")

B: I was sitting on a bench and it so happened to be directly in front of a large metal beam and two smaller beams on the left and right side of it. I got the sense I was supposed to place my hands on the two smaller beams, this produced the effect of my arms stretched behind me on both sides and my chin resting on my chest. I remained like that for several hours into the night. I am the Son Of God and I know I can call upon my father anytime, and he would remove me. But I felt it was a cup he passed to me, and how else should a cup be handled by a child that his father passed to him? Other than drink it. I withstood wave after wave of emotional, psychological, attacks from the dark ones by using what Christ used "Forgive them father for they know not what they do " and it worked! But alas I'm not the man Jesus is, so late into the night a new and uglier crew arrived and it got so

cold and dark that I grew angry, therefore I was removed from the cross, my hands just popped up. Our father is gentle and decided I had enough. But I kinda felt I failed him, but yet kinda proud for the several hours that I endured. The tears from this experience were unique, they just flowed from my eyes for a week. I was hurt, but not from an extraordinary degree of despair or anguish, I just simply cried for days. Similar to a gentle stream in a forest or enchanted woods. God works in mysterious ways.

Little Red Rose

Chapter Eighteen

Chief Examiner: Here is a question from a board member of our most prominent temple, a temple that is perhaps the most prominent of all organizations in the entire city.

- What is the name of your temple and the number of members?

B:

I regret to report that no temple guards welcomed me into my fathers home. As soon as I sensed the same toxic dynamics I detailed earlier I would depart without disturbance. But I am happy to report that the sharp thorns of forced unemployment and a homeless worship held a petal of a blessing; it fueled the impetus to construct my own temple.

My temple has three branches. First branch is our location- Brilliant light no more pain, located on YouTube Ave here in Babylon. You will not find an actual building there, it's just a small patch of earth with a wild rose bush near a pond.

The second branch comes in the form of services held at random temple stairs or corridors throughout the territory. I'll bring a small vase with a flower, or I'll just

bring one of the miniature, picked roses stuffed in my pocket. It's sweet because when I pull the rose out, the petals have fallen off the stem; little red petals rest on my palm, reminding me of Jesus. I smile and feel he is with me. Particularly the rare times I'm wet, cold and hungry, the little loose petals feel so warm and assuring. I sit on the stairs at dawn or dusk when the grounds are quiet, guards are gone and the temple is empty. I'll bound the hound and give a sermon to the temple walls, steps and windows. I'll begin the sermon by blessing the building, and all that attend and work to make it functional. By then slaves or dark ones will appear but stairs and walls hold their ground, they have not the ears for slander therefore they do not abandon the service or retract their accommodations. I sit alone giving a whispery sermon to a single flower or petal under a star, moon or a rising

sun. These sermons are mostly about the grace of God and the value of faith.

The third branch comes in the form of services conducted at park benches. After a few minutes my stalkers will surround me and I greet them with joy. I am grateful to have humans and not just the four legged creature and inanimate objects to preach too. I know God can not bless a temple that doesn't love from the altar, so I open the sermon with statements of-I love you, you are protected, you are safe, you are blessed. Most of the time I say these things silently but on occasion openly and declaratively. They stand before me in search of my psyche for a crack, in hopes to offer a useful report to their master. Only thing they can honestly report is- this man is a living testimony of the power of God.

Brilliant light ministries, to a powerful and important person such as you, may be nothing more than the tiniest, most persecuted, dismal temple on earth. But it offers me a safe place of worship and built on a merited freedom. It may not sound like anything at all to you, but if you compare and consider what I survived, this tiny obscure temple is built on rock. From a red sea of tears to a tiny red rose altar may not mean anything to you, but for me it signifies a distance traveled. A space I occupy that my father promised, a place for me to praise, and him to bless, for me to rest, a space in which a rose can be sown is both a testimony of his Grace and a foundational cornerstone of the ministry; it means something to me.

To you, other than sadness my temple may not hold any meaning, but it's a form of love and a place of expression to me. If you were to pass me in a caravan of glory to your

glorious temple you may point and remark, “What dismal and gloomy a sight I behold, in the cold, a man hunched over a small candle talking to a small flower in a vase!” If you were to lift up the priest's hood you would not see *gloom*, rather a face in *bloom*, brightly lit and filled with *gratitude*, in loving *servitude*, for God's *grace*, preaching to a rose he calls *faith*.

It's all I have, I know it doesn't seem much to you, but I feel safe, and that means a lot to me, and I'm very grateful to God for that. (Brother's eyes became glossy, and voice became choked, when he expressed his gratitude to God. He takes a deep shaky breath to calm himself, and made a gentle request to his inner world, “Please don't cry”) So I sit there and tell him how I feel, and ask how I may be of service. To you it may seem insignificant, but it's important to me.

We have no walls, pews or permanent devoted members and at times I preach with an empty belly. I cannot accept food offerings because my congregation does not wish me well, yet at times they cannot help themselves but smile. The temple coffers collect these small, unconscious, accidental sentimental offerings as a testimony about an irrefutable and loving God. To you a treasury without gold may not be worth anything, but it's worth a lot to me.

Brilliant light ministries is an accepting, gentle and nice place for worship. Sometimes for fun I imagine Christ sitting on the steps with me; commenting "This is a good church" And I look at him amazed and elated with "Do you really think so!"

If it's God's will to water this tiny rose, I envision it growing to be a place that is open to all, and supportive of any kind of faith. Kindness and gentility will be our commandments and love our religion. One of the plaques on our walls will quote Rumi “ Out beyond ideas of wrongdoing and rightdoing, there is a field. I'll meet you there. When the soul lies down in that grass, the world is too full to talk about. Ideas, language, even the phrase 'each other' doesn't make any sense.”

The structure will be on a hill. (The C.E. calls for an hour break)

Chapter Nineteen

POWER

General Pilot:

Earlier you spoke of being capable of knocking down the Temple, or its frame? What exactly are your powers?

B:

I have no powers, I am power! Possession implies control, control implies manipulation for egotistical ends. Does air have air? or is it air, does the ocean have water? or is water. So it is with me, power is me and runs through me and has an intelligence beyond my little separated self. Men are obsessed with power, either in the sword found in the holster, or the sword found in the trousers. Always devising plans to kill off the fighting men of neighboring tribes and loot their women and treasure. General Pilot,

Universal power, the power of the One God is not where your inquiry hungers for. You want to know what my powers are exactly, in this dimension.

Simply put, what is it that I can do? As I did for the lady on the topic of romantic love I will respond to your question on power directly. I recognize you as a brother, perhaps even a seeker of truth, a man whose passion is national security and defense and not subjection and looting. Therefore for a moment I will resist the pull to purely address your question in terms of a heavenly perspective. For the good of dialogue, the dynamics of conversation, for the sake of spiritual education, I will indulge you, astonish the audience and irritate myself.

You name it, I have done it. Fly, mild healing, clairvoyance, a knowing, helped stuck spirits into heaven, repel, attract, E.S.P, mind read, telecommunicate with humans and animals, scan, call upon heavenly rays for assistance; and more, are relatively simple occurrences and have occurred naturally for me. Unlike the dark ones who damn their souls to hell in order to gain insignificant minuscule powers, the Son Of God needs to do nothing! I have never read anything on such matters, never practiced these things, nor has it ever occurred to me to develop any of these powers. Until this moment, I never even bothered categorizing them. My powers are similar to the moves performed by a natural free spirited dancer, moves just happen,

from the soul, and not choreographed, practiced and stressed about in a lab or studio. General my powers are limitless in potency and creativity. I'm the Son of God! I don't need not any symbols, sacrifices, rituals, black magic books and recipes. I have no need to plot and strategize endlessly with other sick, damaged, lost souls. I just simply walk about smiling and living and what I need to do just happens. *-I'm reminded of a dog asking for my help. I asked the lady some general questions to probe, several dogs have died in her custody and she had a sick look to her skin. Anyone here that is assigned to care for the animal kingdom be aware.*

Let it be written- innocence coupled with courage is a power that can't be opposed.

I am proud to state, it never even occurred to me to use my powers for treasure or for enslavement, unlike those **BITCHES!!!**

(The GS was pointing his finger at the half of the stadium consisting of the dark ones. Commotion and disturbance grumbling, anger, laughter, outrage, swept throughout the stadium. Objects were hurled in the air, it seemed the entire stadium was potentially going to explode. The chief examiner began pounding his javelin demanding order. Even some of the genuine lovers of the God of love looked disapproving at the grandstander.

Brother imagined his Guru glaring at him in stern rebuke yet unable to conceal a distant smile.

Dozens of broken people who were crouched in their seats, trying to hide, trying to go unnoticed because they were shattered and suffering from witchery at their jobs, schools and home; at that moment inwardly and externally jumped in approval. They felt a jolt of encouragement at the display of bravado. They quietly felt hope birthed from the sea of desperation in their souls. They thought, perhaps I too can overcome and find freedom, Perhaps I too can take a stand. They admired the man as a kind of champion.

A complete silence and stillness ascended on the stadium, only noticed by the spiritual and sensitive as a delicate and heavenly exchange occurred.

Momentarily time ceased to exist. His heartfelt

encouragement for their tender appreciation and gratitude. The GS sent each one a blessing, a sentimental offer of compassion, they felt it, lit up as a consequence. They sent him a wave of love and appreciation. The G.S glowed with a huge toothy smile as a miraculous interchange transpired. It was so sweet and delicate that G.S's entire group of Avatars and spiritual friends were captivated by the beauty of the moment. Undeterred, even oblivious of the pandemonia in the stadium, Brother pulled out a small note pad and jotted down a few lines to memorialize this moment.

A MOMENT RECLAIMED FROM TIME:

A moment reclaimed from time, a moment every- thing disappeared in stillness, as time disappeared into infinity, so that God's purpose could be done. A moment when heaven comforts earth, the point where the vertical and horizontal sticks on a hill meet. The moment Buddha had his last meditation, with the first sangha, bidding them a final farewell, before ascending. A moment in a manger, illuminated by a star, upon a bed made of hay, an amazed Mary nestles her newborn, smiles and falls in love, a holy moment so deep and silent it was reclaimed from time. -

Hour later the stadium finally settled down and Pilot stood up for another question)

General Pilot:

Sir at this hour, when all the city is here to examine and evaluate your case, even Rome has an interest,

could you not do us a small favor, spare us just one miracle? There are many that need to see to believe.

GS: Put a man in a hole in the ground with a hangman's noose sitting idle, then torture him with a variety of psychological tactics like: flashing lights, strange and or booming sounds to alarm and wake him, deprive him of sleep, employ illusionist and have him ingest hallucinogens to force him to release his grip from reality and induce paranoia, recruit merciless guards that threaten, poke, cut him all through the day and night. Fifty percent of men would be found hanging by morning. 25% would not last the month. The rest would not last the year. I stand before you like a **God** after **TWENTY-FIVE**

Years!! Before you is your miracle! To display anything other than that is an insult to my long suffrage. Tell Caesar, Son Of God is not a circus act!

(The entire stadium gasped in disbelief at the G.S's dismissive tone. They muttered, "What manner of man is this to give commands to even Caesar!" It took the C.E yet another 5 minutes to still the audience.)

Chapter Twenty

Closing Argument

GS:

General please accept my apologies, I'm theatrical and stump my foot when making a point, but my intention is not to offend you or Caesar. (Pilot nods his head in a show of accepting the apology. The G.S Turned to address the entire stadium, Pilot took his seat.)

G.S:

For 25 years a rogue element, a dark alliance of desplicables', deplorables, cultists, dark art practitioners, slaves, Judasis' and Beelzebub worshippers have falsely imprisoned me. Amongst the deceivers they have one that managed to deceive *them*. Utilizing: innuendos, conspiracy theories, paranoia, projection, tribalism, circumstantial

evidence, a fire storm of ever expanding gossip the master deceiver cleverly bamboozled the entire dark kingdom to target me. I do plead guilty for hurting their egos, a consequence from my natural yogic powers. I do confess to being blessed with a light that shines upon me and shines away darkness. I am loved, anointed and protected. Even they, with their limited cognitive reasoning, must acknowledge God's protection is beyond the separated man's capacity for judgment.

Although I do admit of being imperfect, arrogant, combative, reactive and at times immature. Hardly sins, rather challenges on my path to enlightenment. He bursts out in rhyme and song.

Their persecution, God's protection,

has set up such a *collision*, and stirred such a *sensation*, that it has swept up the *attention* of a *nation*! And birthed a leader that emerges only once a *generation*.

You say show you a miracle, well look! God turned an unemployed, unpaid dog walker into a power of Biblical, global proportions! So do you see why I'm stirred into anger when asked to perform a circus trick? Where before you stands a miracle.

You might ask, surely your prosecutors must be able to claim some victory? I do admit I spend many nights between battles in a fetal position before my Guru's portrait crying. If the dark ones count my tear drops as a sports team counts points on a

scoreboard; I would suggest they consider this before a final tally. Tears of agony differ from tears of defeat. Tears from a love starved God trying to win over the affection and approval of a Goddess is a means, not an end. Tears shed to release pain differ from those of self pity. Ultimately my tears spring forth from a heart torn in sorrow for having a first hand account of the depravity and cowardice of his fellow man, these tears differ from the vain tears shed from a slave. Therefore If they derive satisfaction from that, I can't hardly begin to qualify that degree of pitifulness. Other than that, their greatest achievement ironically is their own captivity. The inhabitants of the dark kingdom have been driven into such a rabid frenzy and panic that it has

served to expose their hand, thus the cave walls are now closing in on them. Incapable of resisting guilt's demands; that they pay reparations and make amends for the grave injustices perpetrated onto the Son of God; they unconsciously make the kind of choices as moths do to a flame, the pull that draws the guilty to the guillotine, the neurotic to the noose. What other than death can be the seal of darkness.

God is God, therefore his will sits in its rightful place at the head of the table. And my place beside him is reserved in loving grace. I have long put to rest desperate efforts for my release and a cessation of torture for the exchange of dry eyes, mending of a torn heart and life. Self pity is a quick path to the

hangman's noose, and another trap the dark ones set, a death wish upon me. Yet I would be remiss if I didn't warn Rome and in general all the citizens of the Empire and Indeed the world. God is mighty and he loves me, and careth for me, weeps for me, sits with me, pours healing oils over my seen and unseen wounds, covers me from the hordes of dark primates peering down into my hole. He is proud of my refusal to bend to the darkness, but sighs when I forget to bend towards the light.

The phoenix circles around the earth growing in flames, Avatars are in meeting, angels are filling my cell to capacity, how long till God says enough is enough! Do you think the rooster's crow will be the only consequence of your enactment? I plead to you,

stand for the Son of God. Cowardice is proof you are an accomplice of the crime of false imprisonment!

Men hide behind a cloak of niceness, polite, considerate, mannerable for the purpose to hide their true egotistical fearful reliance on the gifts of the dark one. In the heart of man he reasons thus, *“do what you may to him/them, but spare me. Dark ones go forward to maim, murder, robb, enslave, falsely imprison, crucify, beat, cast spells, impoverish and rape the vulnerable, meek and down trodden sheep of the earth. Yet I will remain polite, receive a few gifts, stay willfully ignorant of the stains of blood on the packages, thus be spared from both the wrath of God and the Devil.”*

IS GOD A FOOL! To be deceived by lying tongues and weak hearts? The day will come when God will rip off the regalia of false good and force men into decision! Do you remember the story of Joseph in scripture? Joseph as a Lord ripped the garments off his brothers and forced them into decision for the sake of Benjamin. As it is for all the children of earth. In small ways, personalized ways or apocalyptic global ways, men will have their garments ripped off! and their heart tested; Good or Evil, Love or Fear, Life or Death, Faith in God or Personal Security, you will have to choose.

So here I am, a man of God asking for help. Not a fallen sheep already half devoured, bidding his final farewells to a red sky, but a mighty bull moose!

Grunting, snorting, stampeding and standing on his back legs stretching 20 feet tall, forcing the planet and entire kingdom of hyenas and termites into prayer; “MY GOD! Is this thug angel a sign of the approaching of our appointed end time?”

Here I stand before you proud, sane, at times too fiery for even hell, yet a living testimony of the power, grace of the living God. Yet the herd remains paralyzed with fear. **Breathe in the mighty flames of courage available by request, you are THE SONS OF GOD, and come to my rescue!!** Not for my sake, I am a resurrected son, but for your own salvation. Rescue me as a right of passage, evidence of your worthiness and readiness for the pearly gates. When God asks about me, lift your sword in the

air and take a grandstand with the following declaration. “They will have to kill me first! before they take my brother.” And watch legions of angels swoop to your side. Come stand up for me, not for my sake, but your own. I'm asking for the herd to refuse the sacrifice of justice to jackals, for the sake of the obsession for self preservation. Examine this compromise closely, to live in shame with a condemned soul in exchange for a few more years to pay the tax collector is a shabby bargain. In steely resolve choose death, rather than to turn away from honor, philosophy, goodness, justice, the One God; and watch life choose you! I'm asking the herd to turn around, grit your teeth, lower your head, and allow your antlers to lead the charge and chase the

hyenas away from your brethren. If you fall and get devoured, together let us take a final stand with this proclamation- Let the earth have what's hers, and God have what is his! Rest in Power with the knowledge we will find peace in our Fathers home. But If earthly victory is in God's will, you will prance away, with your brother, like stallions from Gabriel's stable, with your head held high, antlers pointing to the sun, dignity in your step, fire in your belly, honor to your name, blessing in your soul, fortune for your family, tribe and nation!

(many in the stadium were roused into applause and felt invigorated)

C.E

Thank you brother, That will be all. I have a request here from Caesar asking you to come to the capitol for a meeting. We will meet back here in a month so that you will not be rushed to return. Upon your return we will have all the votes registered and the ruling read.

(Then many in the stadium stood up to applaud, some smiled in agreement, others were either angry or bewildered. The dark side was stunned. Particularly when a dozen of them slipped out of the dark robes and walked to the light side of the stadium. The G.S bowed and waved a good bye.)

Chapter Twenty-One

A Walk In The Park

(At dusk the next day, the captive in an afterglow from the climatic experience of the hearing, reverberating with heavenly illuminations and vibrations, decided to walk to the park. It was one of those calm, peaceful, warm, summer late afternoons that make indoors intolerable. He spotted a large Oak tree that looked comfortable and inviting for a sunset meditation. Before reaching the oak, a patch of grass, rich and full, offered itself as an irresistible cushion temptation. He was on the most natural high twirling the grass in his fingers and just happy. Some distance away he saw a circle of young people swaying to soft music as dancers whirled like dervishes in the middle of them. The dancers were beautiful ladies that moved and clothed like butterflies. He leaned back into the grass and soaked in the atmosphere and breathed deep, slowly and steadily. A while later he heard some gentle rustling, in complete ease and bliss he raised up on one elbow. The circle of people and

the wonderful dancers were now sitting with him, at a comfortable distance.)

G.S: Good morning, namaste.

Group:

Namaste, please forgive us for the intrusion, but if you don't mind we have a question for you. Were you the man last night in the square?

G.S: I AM

Group: What an inspiration you were to us.

(The G.S and the group looked at each other in love and communion. The G.S nodded in humility and smiled with gratitude to the whole assembly. But he missed one, behind one of the dancers sat a tiny figure, nearly hiding behind a bush, a young lady, perhaps a teen. Her face already traced with worry lines and arms with cut wounds. She was one of those unfortunate challenged souls in the stadium that was inspired

by his bravado. She observed the G.S in reverence and wished she could tell him directly what that hearing, that moment meant to her. How his presence, and presentation made her believe in the possibility of liberation. She wanted to run and embrace him, and announce her love at first sight! Not necessarily to his form, but the promise his existence spoke of. But she mournfully concluded.... "Words.....how can they express such sentiments...silence seems better....." So she sat there, without disturbance.

G.S : Your group's warmth rivals the sun above. gleefully the G.S conveyed)

Group:

Brother, your shine is what we noticed even from a distance, then we recognized you as the man in the square. You shine as if you saw Christ.....Have you seen Christ? (B) Yes (Amazed and delighted they bubbled with enthusiasm)
Please tell us what he looked like.

B:

His form appears in a way that the perceiver would most identify with, be most familiar, comfortable with. Christ is the light, Jesus the man..... I see your group loves music, would you like to hear about the song of Christ, that too I heard.

Group: Yes!

B:

Close your eyes, imagine you are in space, nothing around for billions of light years.... Now listen with every fiber of your being.

(3 minutes passes) That is the song of Christ.....

depending how intense you listened.

Group- Have you seen Buddha?

B:

I think I did, Or better put I can describe how I experienced him. I was at a local Buddhist temple meditating alone. I asked God to bless all the monks of the temple, and that blessing triggered the appearance of a giant illuminated monk in the center of the hall.

Illuminated is an understatement; he actually was like the sun in the shape of a monk sitting lotus style, so bright that his features could not be distinguished. The waves of light he was emitting were sending me into a daze. This experience had me shining for days.

(An ebony woman rose with depth and richness of color as if it was inconceivable to stop at the skin, head wrap done in a way that is stood like a crown, colorful fitting dress over a sculpted frame appearing as if she were a marathon runner or a gymnast in olympia! G.S thought,

pedigree of Queen Sheba of Ethiopia. She seemed to have walked out of the sky herself.)

E.W-ebony woman- Have you seen God?

B: (G.S pauses and looks at her admirably, gets a sense of her presence) Yes! And she looks just like YOU! She beamed, the two giggled. The group was slightly shaken. They were not sure how to follow up the answer. Brother seen there predicament and continued)

B:

I hope you did not expect me to describe a heavy set man with a white beard? (the group looked embarrassed because that is exactly what they pictured)

First let me put forth a disclaimer, I can describe how I experienced God, how he was revealed to me, but it's foolish to proclaim I saw God, in his entirety. If one gets a momentary glimpse of a portion of a vast mountain range, can he in honesty claim to know the mountain range?

Each of us are like puzzle pieces, when connected becomes part of the masterpiece; each of us completes the perfection of the infinite field of Electric Energy, that I refer to as the One God.

(With that he stood and politely bowed to the eager and questioning youthful faces, smiled at the colorful array of flowing summer dresses and scanned the group to admire the splendor of God's creations. He

felt fortunate to see in this assembly, every tribe of man was representative, such a rich variance of color and culture. Then meditatively turned and began to walk directly toward the enlarged setting sun; miraculously the sun appeared to be land level. Before the sun enveloped him he turned around, in the distance they could see his brightly lit silhouette with his finger in the air, and he was speaking, in his typical grandstanding fashion. The sun was a perfectly shaped sphere, serving as a glittery backdrop, but his words, they could not decipher. The group strained to hear, but the distance was too great, the tiny girl in the back considered making a mad dash to catch up with him. But it was all just so poetic and wondrous; she, like the others, were mesmerized by the scenery.

The group remained still in a harmonious bliss. They simply sat quietly watching his silhouette transform into a white strip, then evaporate into the golden sun. They watched the sun depart, as if it was his personal carriage into another existence. She thought it's better this way, to settle with the beauty and mystery of it all.)

Chapter Twenty-Two

Hosanna

(A couple of days later the G.s began his journey towards the capitol. A couple days into his journey he

stopped at a well for water and rest. Near the well he found a team of young sports men taking a break, telling jokes and asking riddles. Their team uniform identified them as the Samaria football club. One youth asked the G.S, “Give us a riddle and I will pay you by drawing water for both you and the horse.” It so happened that nearby was a lush and rich wheat field. And behind them lay a dry, barren, rocky, weed infested plot of earth that once served as a wheat field. The G.S stood and thought of a riddle as he surveyed the area, then spoke the following.

B:

If a man's mind is a wheat field: What or whom is the seed, wheat, weeds, parasites, sifter, fire, scale for measurement and payment?

(After some time of incorrect or partially correct guesses Brother said.)

The field is the mind:

Seeds are thoughts:

Thoughts are planted in the field. Healthy wheat seeds (healthy thoughts) are what in time will yield productive beneficial results in your life. (Healthy harvest) For example, thoughts on forming habits such as: set time for prayer and meditation, reading, regular exercise, healthy diet of blissful music, inspiring theater, nutritious words of wisdom from elders. Lifelong interest in learning and school, skill development, quality time with family, acts of

kindness, shows of chivalry, stern effort to be honest, willingness to forgive, determination to be disciplined and following your conscience on righteous behavior....

The weeds are destructive thoughts:

These weeds can be identified as what in time will yield no profit. Such as avalanche of fearful thoughts, and worry, bad habits of relying on sex, food or other toxins for relief, nurturing of hurts, holding grievances, fanning hate, succumbing to the temptation of greed, consuming dark or base music, theater, receiving council or keeping the company of dark people and so on.

The parasites are the overtly dark ones:

Parasites are outside agencies that come to your field to destroy it.

The sifter is your effort:

Sifter is your effort to sift/ separate the healthy wheat from the weeds, your effort to uproot the parasite infected wheat, the overall effort to have a healthy productive vibrant wheat field. Gurus, therapists, loving friends and family, good books are all incredibly beneficial in the sifting process. But always remember within is “the small still voice for God” that is the best aid in the sifting process.

The fire is the process to burn/permanently rid the field of the weeds/ harmful and uprooted elements.

That fire primarily is presence meditation on and with harmful thoughts and feelings you have uprooted in the sifting process.

The scale is what measures the value of the harvest:

This measure of your harvest comes in the form of a measure of your general, emotional baseline; simply put a measure of your well-being. How do you feel

when not being stimulated or distracted? The answer to that question is the measure of the value of your harvest.

It is written, *seek the kingdom of heaven and all else will be added.* Plainly, if you are feeling good, secure, peaceful and happy your decision making process will also be good. Good decisions mean good things; health, money, love and so on.

(Upon surveying the group to see if his riddle was understood, his attention settled on a couple of the down casted boys. In their eyes he read their life story and said the following.)

B:

Similar to the dry and barren earth behind us some have inherited an impoverished field; coming in the

form of negligent or abusive parents, oppressed, or impoverished family or tribe, destructive tendencies, inherited genetically or from past life times, complicated samskaras. If you are a beneficiary of this sort of field, don't be discouraged, simply take one step at a time. The sun above (Christ) will give the light that makes every step in farming clear. Stay present and attentive, pull one weed at a time, plant one seed at a time and watch your harvest improve year by year. Do not succumb to fatigue in your labor, take courage in the fact you are in service of the Lord. Try to understand we are one, therefore your labor is one for the sake of all humanity.

(The boys this was intended for smiled and he nodded slightly to them. The boys that he directed the last

portion to went home and told their household they met a man who knew their whole life.

When Brother came near the capitol he decided to climb a hill that overlooked the city. With his hands on his hips like a King that is surveying his territory, he realized it was days since he sent love to his Guru. He imagined she emerged from the wooded area behind me to engage in conversation. This was not a telepathic conversation or a channeled one; this was simply one he made up to organize his thoughts and for entertainment.)

G- I see you, overlooking the mountains, rivers and the capitol as a Game Cock overseeing his hens. B- How else shall a Son of God look upon the earth? G- But before the next full moon you will cry me a river. (*Brother bursts out in laughter and sat humbly near her by the*

tree) B- Just a river? My love, to be near you, I will cry an ocean. G- Do you wish to purchase my trust with tears and my space for the fluff of flattery; a fruitless, futile effort in futility. B- I would rather speak truth to earn your trust and express myself with sincerity in the hope it grants me a space next to you. G- A space next to me? What is it you actually want? Please spare me from your parables and speak plainly. (Brother looked a little disappointed, he wanted to recite a poem for just such an occasion)

(B) To be your disciple and to walk with you, on your mission. G- You already are. B- I want to dwell in inner rooms with you, that I may assist, adorn and learn from you directly. G-I often hear your love songs, will you ever stop? B- Not until you play one in return, not until I sit in our fathers home, not until I reach

enlightenment. I find joy in serenading God's daughter and constantly asking for her hand. G- I have a man. B- Woman, it is your spiritual hand that I reach for. G- What use do I, or my Sangha have for the wounded warrior? B- Is your mercy only bestowed to the wounded weak?. G- You are split. B- Split, or two slides of the same coin. G- Dark and Light? B- Or rather two sides of the same God. Even in combat the Lord stands with me. Isn't it written that the lamb and lion exist in peace. G- Your perspective of scripture and poetic word play, possesses no power of persuasion on my person. B- Love may yet win the day. G- You are too quick to rouse to anger for me to include you in my flock. B- Slap me in the face and I will kiss your cheek in gratitude. I will reason, 'my Guru gave me a dramatic

and important lesson, let me meditate on the meaning.’
 Such is the nature of my faith in you and God. G- You are too needy of attention. B- I will take a vow of silence from expressing all opinions and thoughts, unless it's dealing with practical matters pertaining to duties and responsibilities. G- You are too proud. B- (In typical Grand stander posture he stands up with his finger in the air) I hereby announce after my usual routine, that includes a morning count of all the ways I love you; for penance of pride, before the rising sun I will now include the polishing of all your shoes! G- (God help us all if you are serious, then she bursts in laughter) G- You have replaced my strong suspicion that ‘there *may* be something wrong with you’ with an absolute certainty! - You are too street, in dress, act, talk. B- It's a suit of

armor that can be removed as easily as put on. Accept my proposal and every day I will dress as if I'm headed to a wedding! G- You are too egotistical. B- I derive my sense of worth from being the Son of God, I make this oath to you, I will always make it about you and your ministry. G- You are too wounded B- In the upper room I give details on every tear to heaven, heaven listens and at times angels minister to me. Its therapy, a hygienic practice, it's done in a controlled planned way. I promise you my tears will not be a winter mist on your church's window; quite the contrary, I have an anointing of joy, light pours in from windows. G- You have too many issues. (Brother pauses and looks at her with gentility) B-Supernova, do you see faults in my star? Anguish and despair perhaps cracked my star but from within my

fault lines, several treasure troves can be found. For example a Rose garden sprung up that spirit informed me was called faith. Let us walk past the other treasures in my fault crevice to a spot where I looked up and saw the perfect twinkling of your star; and a wish was born in me; that one day I could be in the same star cluster in a galactic halo, orbiting around with you and the other true teachers of God. (They were both looking up and picturing his words when Brother reached for her hand, she quickly moved her hand away and frowned) G- I can't stand you! (Translation- I like talking to you) G- Are we going to pretend that half your star isn't a raging inferno! B-Is passion a sin? G Haa! Even Pollyanna would consider that one a stretch. (*Brother smiles at her in the most charming way and unconsciously bats his eyes, she responds by rolling her eyes and whispering*

please) G- You are too much work and too risky. B- Burden is not all I bring, I also bring bounty. G- What need do I have for your bounty? My father has insured my cup runneth over. B- Yet you would deny me a drop. *(she smirks and quickly turns her head from him so that he would not notice the impression his wit had on her. He quickly turned his head hoping his witts would not be overwhelmed by her charm. They both sat in silence for several minutes. The two could be likened to two little birds of the same feather on a perch pretending to ignore each other.)* B- The power of God flows through me. G -lol. Man of power spare me by sparing yourself and leave me to go my own way. I'm not sure what's greater, your pride or your wounds. B- Or my blessing. Goddess the irony of it all baffles me as well, hence I unceasingly cry after you. G- Too many enemies. B-

They were defeated when I resurrected. If they are smart, I suspect they will come to you soon to negotiate a peace settlement. Plus an unbreakable and conquering man who has a great light empowering him, and at his disposal, with an undying loyalty to you, seems to me a great asset. G- I'm glad you think so.

B- You who are kin to the mother of Christ, may I ask, have you recently put me up for prayer? G- No, have you? B- I only wish to do what is in God's will now, if it be big or small, my face is set, my boots planted. Serving his Kingdom is all I want for my life. I believe asking you is serving a spiritual process for me, outcome is not my concern. (She looks into his eyes and gets a sense of an incredible degree of depth and mystery; then says out loud what she was thinking to herself. G- Who are

you? Honestly tell me, who do you think you are? B- A sensitive, loving man, working his way home. Also I suspect I just might be a King. G- Please, don't make me laugh. B-Let me give you one example, once I rode into an open market riding on my bike with Half pint, my dog/colt; just as we entered the winds picked up and blew, as if they sang "Hosanna! blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord." Clothes and branches blew about. G- Do you think you are Jesus? B- Of course not, would Jesus constantly cry after you, or would it be you crying after him? What I'm saying is if you bring me in, with a high risk, also promises a high reward. Isn't that a fundamental Law of Maya, albeit in reverse order? If I've been ordained by God, and if assigned to you, well, do the math. Imagine together what we can accomplish

in the kingdom come. I say if, because I belong to God and have no desire to exalt myself apart from his blessings. G- I can't pay you. B- (He stands to his feet, finger in the air in comical indignation) Am I not worth more than the birds of the air that I would concern myself with money! Fill my money bag up with sermons, sayings, signs and the occasional sprinkle of kindness and King Sololomon will be but a surf in my sight!(She giggles, then catches herself - "Mental note, do not fall for God's bad boy") G - What can you do? G- Security and personnel assistance; I am exceptionally attentive and extraordinarily brave and powerful. Just imagine my lady how restful your sleep and sermons will be, that a man such as this is a stone's throw away. G- You truly are insufferable. I will pray about you and

for you, because you need it. B-(Brother thinks to himself, on that point we are in full agreement)

Chapter Twenty-Three

Capitol Reveries

Upon reaching Caesar's castle, a member of Caesar's royal guard led the G.S to the royal court yard, a great hall full of statues of Roman Gods, conquering generals' and the largest one of Caesar himself.

When the two met the G.S did not bend as what protocol called for, rather he intentionally dropped some prayer beads at Caesar's feet. Then he looked at

Caesar waiting for him to bend to pick up the beads and return them, which he did. Puzzled, still trying to comprehend this strange greeting Caesar found himself sitting where the G.S gestured for him to sit, as if Caesar were the guest at the G.S's home. A servant came with a pitcher of water and a large plate of sliced fruit, the G.S moved the pitcher and the plate out of reach of Caesar. These actions left the servant, Caesar and the guard in paralysis. After a few minutes, the shock dissipated, Caesar dismissed the servant and ordered the guard outside the door.)

C:

Noble man, my intelligence officers submitted a report on your character; it read you were a polite

man, unless provoked. I have paid you a great honor, treated you as a dignitary, yet in five minutes you have repaid my hospitality with the bitter fruit of slights. What say ye?

B: Caesar in the hearts of men sleeps a monster. This beast grows when fed the bacteria found in the sweet food of flattery, power, subservience, groveling, overly zealot servants, fear and yes men. This beast is shrunk by digesting, accepting the thorns made of slights, apparent humiliations, rejections, indignities. The mouth bleeds when chewing thorns such as these. The throat scratches upon swallowing it, the intestines burn in agony as it passes through, but atlas the aftertaste will be proof

that those thorns came directly from heaven's kitchen. Flavors such as : macadamia for maturity, rhubarb for rational judgment, a measure of sauce for sanity, a teaspoon of tangerine for temperance, a pinch of pepper for patience, a piece of taffy for tolerance, a cup of apple cider for acceptance. I fed you a banquet of thorns that I may be a witness to your digestive process. If you vomited into a rage, a childish tantrum, then I would have concluded, it is but a child in Caesar's robe; and dealt with you accordingly. I would conclude, before me sits a man driven mad by power, a weak mind susceptible to extreme paranoia, positioned to enslave all the citizens of Rome. Perhaps men of the senate may eventually dismiss you as ambitious! But if you

showed calmness as you chewed the needle pointed thorns I served, then it would be evidence of maturity. I would conclude, I sit not only with Caesar of Rome, but a Caesar over toxic egotism!

Let it be written; all men of power make it a point to seek out a thorn daily for a meal; a key nutrient for rational leadership. What good is it to have built a vast empire, but personally crumble into a fit by a trifle. What joy can be found sitting on a throne when the ego directs tyranny as a reasonable form of governance; tyranny than caging you on a throne with bars made of fear of retaliation. Woe to the nation led by a man controlled by an unrestricted, uncontained, overfed ego. He is sure to send his

nation into peril, for example a war to repair a slight wound: a perceived injustice committed by a neighboring state, execution of senior and skilled officials for the crime of competence; competence is a threat to an egotistical leader and must be annihilated. If Caesar is ambitious then in the same breath it can be said Rome is under a cloud of despair, decline and doom. (Caesar spent a few minutes in contemplation and recognised the wisdom of the G.S words.)

Ⓒ:

I know you are a religious man. I just completed a cathedral; a great hall honoring every God in the empire. I thought it to be an act of enlightened inclusivity: Gods of war, fertility, fortune, harvest, beauty and so on. What ye say of this.

B:

Give me victory in war, give me beauty, give me children, give me prosperity, give me, give me, give me, grant me, bless me, help me, protect me, me, me, me! Caesar I ask you, where would Rome be if it was only composed of men who thought exclusively of what they can get and nothing of what they can give. The strength of the republic and all its institutions

rest on the shoulders of men of integrity, character and principle. Men of this caliber find reward in serving the country above self. They know their contribution to the whole by a part is an integral part of the stability and strength of the whole. That same principle applies to a family, city, empire, world and indeed the universe. A vast principle ever expanding till it rests in the infinite arms of the one God. If a government official worships the God of prosperity in context of the one God, he will then perceive the prosperity of Rome and all its citizens including the peasantry as validation of the prowess of his God. If an official worships the God of prosperity in the context of selfish interest or gain then corruption, bribery, extortion, false accounting and plain

thievery has a welcoming putrid swamp to thrive in; it's a fine but fundamental point, on the matter of worship. The health and prosperity of Rome depends on serving the One God, in this worship sits the guarantee of its coffers..

C:

So you do or don't believe in separation of church and State?

B:

The worship of the One God is true religion and impossible to kill or die for, therefore safe in the hands of the state. Men are apt to break things down and claim a particular translation or perception of scripture for personal/tribal empowerment. This is

when it get dangerous, but in the hands of political power, calamity is inevitable. Amongst these statues in your “inclusive” hall of gods, many do not even pretend to have any concern for the philosophy of good will, soul development as it were, commonality, kindness and other noble values. Those followers of those smaller gods aim for power, not enlightenment, therefore they practice dark arts. If you mix these religions and gods with state power you truly have a volatile mix. If for political gain dark art practitioners are pitted against political rivals, who normally wouldn't be in their purview, you are setting up a series of unnatural occurrences. Like a group of hyenas raiding a wheat field. Or antelope hunting seals. Now imagine if dark powers were

systematically used for political and tribal purposes. These are the dynamics that can and will usher in Armageddon.

C:

I have read the transcript from the town square hearing, and it is clear you wish to not be asked to perform miracles, but would you do me the honor to give some meanings to the current strange occurrences in the Empire. (The G.S nodded yes) We are losing villages constructed on beach sides, rising sea levels, fires burning entire forests and villages alike, unusual migration patterns of wildlife, harvest times delayed. Strange and incredibly powerful

storms of all kinds. Have we angered the one God, is this a sign of the end of earth?

B:

Earth is a living breathing organism, and it has developed a fever. Like the organism called man, it has a healing process when sickness has developed in the body. This purification process involves expelling the impurity from the body. The world has developed a fever, like man it just requires a few degree rise in its normal levels to set off a series of reactions to indicate ill health. It's unclear if mother earth has come to a definitive decision on man's fate. It's either she is still exploring the cause of the fever

and the recent environmental happenings are just the result of cause and effect. Or she has concluded man is solely responsible and must be evicted as an intrusive harmful parasite. If this is the case you will continue to see an ever worsening series of pandemics, droughts, famines, fertility malfunctions and catastrophic storms; not pausing till man or the fever ceases to exist, whatever comes first. Until now it has not occurred to me to use my powers to enquire the answer to that question. If I get a response I will send you a message.

C:

What can man do to appease mother earth and insure man's residencies.

B:

All changes begin in the consciousness of man. Man must perceive the earth as a living breathing mother, worthy of love, care and a valuable part of the one God. If man remains obsessed at his reflection in the river, but not the river itself, in awe of his stone abodes but blind to the magnificence of mountains, adore his children and family but unable to be still enough to sense his oneness with the little green children that grow about, he will never find the impotence to transform his behavior; his economy, his civilization to unite with mother earth in mutual

good health. Let it be written that any act of unity on the basis of universal health is worshiping the one God.

C:

Nobleman would you consider taking a post here at the capitol. I will give you as much staff and resources you need to help with the appeasement of mother earth. It would be a great act of love to your country and our One God.

(B) What about my case?

C:

Take no concern of that, I will send a letter tonight to the court in Babylon, informing them of my decision and your employment.

B:

The monster we spoke of that threatens the minds of men can also infect Governmental institutions. If I were to agree on the ruling of Caesar it would mean that power would be removed from the collective process of the townspeople of Babylon, a proud democratic institution crippled by a singular decision of Caesar. If I stand for the collective as an act of worship to my One God, I would be in direct opposition by conveniently siding with your office for my freedom. What will the man in the mirror say of me; “you have no honor, you stood silent as Caesar's

gavel crushed the democratic institution of the public square of Babylon. Now you hypocritical coward go and pose as a great statesman of Rome, heading your own department, while standing on the blood of Babylon.” Your ruling would be a condemnation; while posing as a great statesman of Rome, freedom fighter of tyranny and a devout worshiper of the One God, but in reality my freedom was bought at the price of all I hold dear. My soul is not for sale, but rests safely in my fathers home. I implore you Caesar do not do me such backhanded favor, let my fate be decided by vote by the citizens of Babylon. If the ruling is in my favor, I will return to the capitol as if I were a champion. Not necessary in the perspective of the people, but in myself, the inner

place where honor and self respect sits. Within myself I will enter Rome as a General might; in a chariot decorated in dignity and honor. Entering the gates of the capitol in a grand fashion, as a general that suppressed barbarians on Rome's frontier; accomplished without selling out his principles for those practiced by barbarians. Let it be written, sincere men do not need the skills of Shakespearean thespians for successful political lives of service. But if possible displays that showcase their integrity and sincerity give testimony.

Ⓒ:

Please clarify to me what exactly you are saying, Are you in opposition of my authority over my Empire.

B:

Caesar rebellion is often an act of the ego, enlarging itself by the act of defiance. You are just as much as my brother as the devout worshipers of the one God. If you were to interview me on what form of governance is closest to reflect the nature of my God I would say democracy. Through a complex web of checks and balances, term limits, votes and inclusion of the common man, exclusion of the serpents of organized religion and money. Often men of religion are insane, dark, perverts that use religion as a cloak to commit atrocities. Furthermore as for money interests, is there a greater serpent than greed of money?

Proper education of the populace on the virtue of love of country, over love of tribe. Love of mother earth over the love of greed. Love of the universe over the love of individual identity, love of the one God over the love of dominance. This is how a government or empire can be established to last.

C:

What would come of Caesar.

B:

You have already seen 55 springs, after 25 more you probably will see fall. Those remaining springs, if you choose to use them to empower and develop democratic institutions, political parties, public

education, all with using the One God as your north star, your reign will live forever in song, letter and hearts of men, forever more. Caesar now and Caesar forever! the masses will sing. Your name will be a synonym for freedom, peace and harmony for all tribes of men until the One God calls his One son home. Caesar, if you begin the work in developing a government that would make the ego unable to thrive in the halls of the capitol, you will have done more to alleviate the suffering of future generations than any human ever has.

☪:

You have replaced my mother for earth, children with grass, my gods and their temples and halls for the

formless one God, and my office for a revolving door of snakes, bureaucrats and actors. Unless there is more you wish to tear down, can I interest you in some wine?

(Both men laughed like old friends and sat talking about less intense matters. The guard came in and announced that General Pilot was at the door and wished to greet the Noble citizen of Babylon. G.S out of turn said of course and the guard escorted Pilot to the table. Brother and Pilot greeted each other like men, arms stretched out with one hand on each other's shoulder. Brother admired leaders of fighting men. They all sat and poured out some of the finest wine from Caesar's own vineyard. The men chatted

until the conversation became a bit too racy for the Man of God, so he changed the subject.

B:

Caesar, General please permit me to put a bee in your bonnet, an underdeveloped idea for you to consider and possibly water to something valid. (Please go ahead the two men said) What a challenge good leadership must be, to both satisfy the citizenry with a ripened harvest but put most energy into seeding the ground for future generations to reap. So allow me to just vaguely describe a seed I thought of last night, while the seed of the vine flows through my veins. (the men chuckled and looked at the G.S) Please consider developing a city, away from the

capitol in a remote location. What would distinguish this city from Rome and the normal government offices of Rome is the citizenry are not permitted to intermingle socially with any other governmental personnel. Their mission is to serve as an independent and incredibly empowered watch group of Rome and its governmental agencies and entities through the empire. A city composed of training academies for police, military, intelligence, and security organizations. And its graduates are of such caliber it purifies the agencies in which they seek employment. The men and women of this city can't apply for citizenship, rather they are chosen. The scouts for this city would produce an incredibly essential service by providing its foundation. They

would search everywhere in every walk of life and territory on the lookout for character and true patriotism.. Men and women that the mere thought of a multicultural, democratic, prosperous, peaceful Rome brings tears to their eyes. Integrity and character as spotless as possible. The powers of this city's intelligence service would include a seal of certification. This seal would be necessary for anyone to be elected or hired at any significant governmental office or institution. They also would be the ones election results would need to be certified from. They also would be the ones that provide the personal security for Rome and Caesar. The soldiers, officers, investigators, instructors would be the most highly skilled professionals in all of Rome. Only used to

defend the country, not ever dishonored by expansion agendas. The men and women of this city would possess a core not based on land, race or any institution but on an idea, a culture and a constitution. This Utopia of a city would need the protection and resources from Caesar's office to exist. The character of this city is such that money is not used, everything is free, doors are all unlocked, resources and supplies are driven in from Rome and just shelved. A place of such culture and character that conspiracies, coups could not even attempt to show its ugly face. Rather a place that counters dark forces of Rome. As I said it can start with just one office at an outpost on a mountain or rich grove. Pilot can be its first mayor, and a couple of hand picked

families its first citizens. And if God is willing and I receive a certification I wouldn't mind offering a couple of sermons there.

(Caesar promised to give it some thought. The men talked through the night, the G.S had the time of his life. A welcome respite from the heavy matters of good and evil that consumed him back in Babylon. He spent a week in the Capitol, dropping in to enjoy the various branches of Government and halls of power. Hoping it is in Gods will he may one day dwell amongst them. Amused at the earnest faces busying themselves with stacks of papers. Feeling sympathetic for the plight of men, after all people do try

their best. He left the Capitol feeling refreshed and ready to face the Stadium back in Babylon)

Chapter Twenty-Four

Though He Slay Me

C.E:

Brother, I am now going to read the verdict.

The accusation of mass catastrophe, you have been found **innocent**.

The accusation of extreme and destructive black magic, you have been found **innocent!**

The accusation of disturbing the well being of the citizenry, you have been found **guilty!**

The accusation of disturbing the order of our institutions and culture. You have been found **Guilty!**

The penalty is **Death!**

(Huge explosive sounds of approval erupted from the dark side of the stadium, silenced by the Brother's open palm directed at them. Not only were their mouths sealed close, but they also were pinned to the seats. In addition, some ominous clouds began to gather in the distance and a slight uptick of the winds.)

C.E

If you wish, you may respond. (C.E said In a trembling voice, Brother was both angry and hurt.)

B:

Babylon, what did you think I would say at this moment? Did you think after a life using tombstones for pillows, pillows painted with tears, tears springing forth from a split heart that holds a well filled with endless flood of grief, clutching my Gurus lily as one does timber to prevent sinking; refusing the mercy of death, that I would now plead to you for mercy for life?

A Wolf dog that won't stop howling, an extension of a shattered heart that joins the chorus of howls from the earth's broken hearted, starting from a dying and righteous Abel; that I would now request sympathy?

A life lived searching for a grain of kindness, only to find a barn full of cruelty, isolation, abandonment, persecution, betrayal and disillusionment; that now on Babylon's scale of justice that I would lament, that the platform used to measure fairness has no gravity in your ruling?

Warlocks, witches and blood thirsty vultures as the only members of my street corner church, thus the only witnesses to my growth and true devotion to

the One God; tell me Babylon, what did you think?

With your supposed announcement of my fate, I
would forgo my faith, and fall into pieces?

(He pauses and looks about the audience in disgust
and rage and growls out the following)

B- Tell me, did you imagine I would abandon my
God to beg you cowards for what you can't really
take!

(He looks off into the distance into the clouds, for a
few minutes, then continues)

I'm reminded of the Nazarene's verdict, they
condemned him for saying he was going to tear down
the temple and rebuild it in three days. They knew it

was a philosophical point, but the Pharisee grew desperate in their deliberations. Their quandary was how to find guilt in innocence, for innocence itself was tagged guilty in their dark hearts. His true crime, bringing religion to the temple; a building occupied by perverts and thieves who used the cloak of religion to fulfill their dark ends. I am also reminded of the Athenian accused of corrupting the youth. His true crime, expanding the consciousness of a city; that felt unexplainable aversions to this expansion. And although I am the lesser of the two, in some respects, still for a moment let us consider; I am found guilty of disturbance; but please consider who is guilty of the greater disturbance, I or them. (pointing at the dark side of the stadium) In their

growing desperation to break the unbreakable, the spirit of the Son of God, they pressured oblivious Babylonians into satanic actions to bring maximum amount of grief upon me. And unto how many and to what degree of wreckage, must they have caused to unsuspecting Babylonians, whom they extorted to compromise themselves. The inner crisis, tear and turmoil they must have suffered, I shudder to imagine; as the fear of losing safety and stability tore them away from righteousness, good will and God as it were. This kind of laceration can't be stitched as done in the physical realm, rather runs the potential to infect the psyche, a kind of cancer rotting a man in a pit of guilt and shame. So if your verdict claims I am guilty because I refused to

compromise, setting off a chain reaction, thus causing a disturbance amongst the population, I plead guilty, yet remain innocent in the eyes of God.

My true crime is not that fabricated accusation of disturbance, deriving from a convenient form of justice; rather my true offense is standing firm to dark forces. Forces they have unleashed; actions, alliances and plans of subjection of the entire populace. My true crime is having the audacity (*being what they consider a member of the slave class*) to stand boldly and unneutered. And to add insult to injury, I having the temerity to claim territory at the very plantation in which I broke my shackles. Fearlessness in the face of apparent

insurmountable odds; if these are crimes, I plead guilty. My true crime, an effort to love, under circumstances where love is treason of the highest order. My true crime, crushing a fundamental pillar in which the dark ones hold- power of the earthly quality trumps power of a metaphysical one. My true crime is to love Christ as both a twin and big brother. My true crime is my earned anointment and having a brigade of angels that keep me encouraged and cause for smile, although engulfed in secular flames. My True crime is being blessed with powerful rays of light that send dark energy into complete disarray or worse. My true crime, to see my worth equal to any, or any. My true crime, being a powerful liberal thorn in the side of fascists, at a time when the

grossest form of tribalism is making a bid for the throne.

Every morning I identify myself to the rising sun- I Am The Son Of God!

Therefore I plead guilty to the underpinning laws of earth but remain innocent in the judgment of heaven.

(Brother is still for a few moment and scans the stadium, then with an expression that is part bewilderment and part disgust says-)

B:

Babylon look and enquire within, do you really think you can kill the Son Of God? (Thunder in the distance

exploded, the stadium walls began to quiver, crack and crumble, people began to realize their ruling had boomeranged to themselves as the first stage of panic began to take hold.)

I know many of you voted for guilt because of fear, resulting from threat, a choice made over honor.

Some succumbed from the dark ones threat to their lives, but most of the votes came from the threats against family or loved ones.

(Brother looked yonder and saw the phoenix coming at a high speed, a great tempest forming on the other end of the sky and thought this may be his last Grand Stand. He looked at all the faces and felt great pity, he

once fell face into the dirt begging for their lives. “This time let God’s will be done, not my own” he thought.)

G.S:

If you would bear with me, as I recall some relevant threats made to me, for the good of our discourse.

(Although speech making began to feel futile, for knowing furious retribution foreshadowed the proceedings going forth but the G.S could not allow such a theatrical opportunity to pass, particularly in the face of peril.)

The service I render to my charge, the wolf dog has been no ordinary service. For many, a walk with a pet is one of leisure, self reflection, and a good motivation for exercise. My outings with the hound

serve as an opportunity for the dark ones to put into action diabolical plots. But the dishonor that would result from denying the exuberant, half wolf, ball of fur, the joy deriving from its rightful time to roam upon mother's earth, because of my own fear of death, is unacceptable.

These grim yet exhilarating tours felt like reconnaissance missions a ranger might perform; went on for years, but as is the way with all trials, a blessing can be found for the faithful; my faith increased with every day of survival. Our prayer before every walk was, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." - Bible

As any team athlete or soldier can testify, a powerful bond is formed between brothers in arms. When enduring great tribulations with a comrade, a kind of kinship, an indestructible linkage, a deep love is created between the prospective parties. And so it was with myself and Half pint. Me and the hound outings consisted of ducking and dodging deadly darts, hurdling over traps, smoothly sidestepping snares and set ups, boldly and together facing down large monstrous dogs set against her, and large monstrous men set against me. Never fleeing for fear, death before dishonor was our dictate. Although conscious enough to know true honor derives from the strength to transcend the battleground, not engage with it. I truly felt

empowered when I remembered to put into action spiritual principles. Internally stung when I degenerated into using the middle finger directed at failed plotters we left in our dust, sometimes in wreckage. Babylon as you can imagine, an interdependence and devotion grew mighty for the happy little road warrior companion.

It was a normal morning, except that the hound couldn't by its own strength come to give me a morning greeting. I drug her from her abode, but she layed stiff like a carcass, in the middle of the yard. Her eyes wide and alive but physically appeared to be dying. I thought she may have been poisoned by a dark one.

My God! Please pass this bitter cup from me! I collapsed with agony, feeling the further shredding of an already shredded heart. I rolled around the yard in such pain, begging for the relief of tears, when they came, it went on for hours. Then I lifted myself up in a chair and looked into the sky and began begging the Lord to spare her life. Please God spare this little innocent creature! Perhaps the most earnest of pleas amongst a lifetime filled with pleas! At the exact moment my plea reached full expression a voice responded "Would you die for her?" Stunned, my tears stopped, and I paused, then answered yes! As I began to consider what method of suicide I would be using, I reasoned if the Lord needed my blood to pay for the life of Half Pint, I was

willing to spill it. Then it occurred to me, how can my God ask, condone or support such a thing. Then I reasoned it was a witch with evil intention, bamboozling me into suicide, not a messenger from God with an offer for fulfilling cosmic justice. I went on to say to myself, I trust my God, not only unto my death, but with the life of my little road warrior's as well. After a few days she recovered, I think it was some kind of sleeping potion to bring me grief.

When I recalled this trial, I saw my marathon tear session was not only from the possibility of losing the fur ball companion, but I was crying from the pain of detaching myself from the two legged creatures as well. Not in a cold way, but in a spiritual

way, I released Half pint and all others from my care, to the care of God. And so it should be, with all our loved ones. Resisting the dark ones psychological based assaults requires one to find peace with death, not just for yourself, but all whom you love.

If a simple threat is all it takes to obediently and voluntarily place the shackles of slavery on, can one be of real service to God, can one really serve a greater purpose, a great principle? It is written, though he slays me, yet will I trust in him.

Chapter Twenty-Five

EXODUS:

(A strong gust ripped a portion of the stadium down with a crash. Nervousness made way to panic as people thrashed about as if they were mad. The G.S a thespian to the end had a passing notion to preach in the middle of what he knew was the genesis of armageddon. He thought doomsday would serve as a definitive backdrop to deliver a defining sermon on deliverance. Incredibly, he paused to entertain the idea, even to the exasperation of heaven. But he had an overwhelming compulsion and a powerful magnetic pull directing him; “Go quickly now, east!” He recalled the story of Sodom and Gomorrah and reasoned this was no time for grand standing. He unbound the hound and walked swiftly with certainty

out of the stadium, Babylon and Rome. With powerful wide steps he headed east, staying focused and present as catastrophe and carnage was all about. He thought to himself, "I must not look back nor side to side, I mustn't think about what's behind or what's ahead, stay present and in his presence." The sky turned orange, under the phoenix wing, every type of storm from the sea, sky and land all erupted at once.

Brother and Half pint just walked, walked through raging firestorms as if they were gentle midday breezes, jumped over twenty foot fault lines as if they were pavement cracks, walked through furious tornadoes as one would walk under a tree during fall, with leaves gliding about. Climbed aboard rafts that

just would automatically and swiftly move across small and great bodies of turbulent waters.

Every evening, miraculously a soft bed made of grass, a bowl of food and water for both him and the hound was placed at whatever location his guardian angel designated for rest. This gift he found every time he and the hound grew tired of walking, boating, climbing, scaling and took rest for the night. He knew it was dangerous to even attempt to digest thoughts pertaining to the end of the world, so he stayed present and in God's presence. This practice was increasing the voltage of light in and around him with every step. After months of walking this voltage grew to such startling power, Half pint would gaze at him in bafflement. Unbeknownst to him at times he was

simply a ray of light gliding up a hillside or across a prairie. He would feel powerful vibrations moving within him; so he came to realize why God didn't just simply transport him to whatever destination he was magnetically being pulled to. The journey itself was a purifying exercise, upon this realization he felt humbled at the wisdom of the Lord.

Once a week the great comforter would call upon a hot spring to burst forth in the campsite. This was the indication it was a day of rest. Brother would soak in the cleansing, salty, hot bubbly and meditate. When emerging from the spring he would find a robe so arrayed as if it came from the ascended master Afra's wardrobe, diamond lace necklace as if it came from Saint Jermaine jewelry box, neatly awaiting him.

Feeling fresh and laced he would speak to Half pint while admiring his reflection in the spring, “God is good” and he would imagine her responding with “All the time.” Sometimes his guardian angel would leave a bottle of wine to drink after dinner. The fruit of the vine would entice him to chatter playfully with God. “God if I am the last man alive, then would that not make me a kind of Adam? If so, may I humbly enquire? not insist or even request, just humbly enquire, about an Eve? (This would bring him a roar of laughter as he quickly reflected on how that worked out last time.) If so, please permit me to make some suggestions. As you know I have a unruly and stormy heart, therefore give her hand peaceful soul power, as if she were a daughter of Shiva, touch her skin of sun,

as if she was a daughter of Queen Sheba, full lips and cheeks a plus, but Lord, most importantly a good and kind heart, as if she were the daughter of Mary.

He would also tell jokes and ask riddles to half pint. Half pint, three men walked in a bar, one had a humiliating unbalanced gut, the other a weeping heart, the other an anointing, what was the name of the drink they ordered? **A GRAND STANDER!**

After nearly a year of journey, magnetically propelled like a migratory bird, he stood in front of the great Himalayan mountains! A vision of an ancient temple came to him at the peak, so he began hiking up .

Same blessings of rations continued, reassuring him he was on path. After exactly one year- he knew that for sure because he was a practicing course student- he stood at the gate of a magnificent ancient temple. He knew somehow he reached his destination. This temple resembled a castle more than anything else. He walked up a series of stairs till he reached a kind of ancient sunroom at the very top story. Instead of a couple of bowls of food as was usually the case; laid an entire array of tasty vegetarian dishes. Even a big meaty steak for Half pint. This was confirmation, he knew this was home.

After eating, camped up hundreds of miles on a Himalayan mountain peak, gazing upon a burned out

field that probably once was a mystical forest, he gently fell asleep. Some hours later he peacefully was awakened with what seemed like voices in the adjoining room. Knowing the Good lord walked with him, therefore without fear, the man remained at ease. Without concern he remained resting peacefully, but eyes slightly opened towards the voices.

Chapter Twenty-Six

Reunited

Then what appeared nearly caused him to hyperventilate with excitement and wonderment.

His Guru! his Goddess, his beloved, stood before him, two feet off the ground, luminous and shimmering with light. She gently floated down and sat in a lotus position on the foot of his grass bed, with a spotless feather pillow on her lap. She patted the pillow to indicate for him to rest his head upon. The man quickly nestled his head on the pillow and grasped her arm and squeezed it tight like a child does a teddy bear. Always shameless when it comes to his Sage therefore in typical fashion he bawled; pint up tears from a full year of bravely enduring calamity, concluding with an embrace of his first and only love; a thought he used to reassure himself as a justification of his tears. In typical fashion he also began to voice his declarations of Love and devotion.

The divine mother began hushing, a sound so sweet and soothing it immediately settled down the man's tongue, slowed his beating heart and frantic breathing. As she gently patted his eyes dry she thought "My poor, troubled little brother." She momentarily considered asking him to loosen his ever tightening grip of her lean elegant arm, but lost all heart when he looked up at her from the pillow with such complete surrender and tenderness emanating from sparkly eyes, long curved eye lashes and a face clothed in deep, rich skin. The reunification was so sweet even the man's crew of transparent Guardians sighed -a moment like this.

For Brothers' part he was looking for the lily he lives for, but dared not look too long; just in case it was a dream, a vision that might dissolve with the intensity of an energetic stare. And as for the Guru, with a mother's tenderness, she stroked the man's forehead with an emphasis in the area between the eyes and sang softly until a rest, serenity and a deep heavenly peace settled into his soul. She thought about how Mary must have felt stroking her newborn son in the manger; this is how they passed the night. As the sun began to rise behind a cloud she told him an incredible story..

G:

Listen little brother, I am part of a troop, a band of
 Enlightened, Celestial Beings, Gurus, Yogis, Sages,
 Avatars and such. On earth remains about 25
 thousand surviving humans. They are in small
 hermitages, hideaways, small groups, tucked in
 remote corners, all over earth. We visit these groups,
 bringing them provisions, comfort, support,
 guidance on how to start all over again; *properly this
 time*. I have been giving approval from my group to
 take you on as a disciple .. Would you like that? (Like
 a frightened wide eyed child that was lost in the
 woods, found by his mother, promising to never again
 stray too far, he nodded.)

And so it was, the troop would go to one micro
 village after another, bringing relief. Brother for the

first century mostly did construction for the encampments, and a personal assistant for his beloved. He was in bliss helping the villagers with establishing wells, gardens, barns, schools and clinics. His favorite construction projects were temples; these houses of worship were constructed with an incredible array of granites, marbles, crystals, stones of all sorts. The interior was equally extraordinary. Easy delightfull work because a majestic array of the most marvelous material and precise tools for the projects would just miraculously appear in a field or nearby grove. One of the enlightened teachers was an Ancient from Egypt. With a variety of sounds he transformed a ton into a pound. Also another teacher through meditation

channeled the assistance of great builders and architects of past ages. Astounding opportunities for creative construction possibilities kept Brother entertained and inspired.

He made many friends with the villagers who accompanied him on the projects. Brother and the villagers built historically magnificent architecture while joking and teasing each other. While Half pint was in sheer delight foraging and playing with the village children in the background.

Brother also made sure to be available and to be of service to any of the celestial saints.

If Brother wasn't working he was sitting in on lectures the troop Gurus routinely conducted. His appetite for spiritual knowledge had no limit. He felt

like a spiritual PhD student, increasing in depth with every hour of study and lecture. On occasion the romantic felt a tint of sorrow for falling in love with some of the other teachers. He lamented over the deletion from heaven's scroll the statement;

“Grandstander loved no other than his beloved Guru.”

Each master had a specialty: The cosmos, stillness, God- from a dualistic perspective; this teacher ironically was one of his favorite speakers, an improved incarnation of Christ's disciple Peter, some called Pope others Bishop. Some of the other Guru specialities were plant-life, animals, planets, space, energy, movement, sound, light, yin and yang, healing etc..

Brother's Guru specialty was prayer. Her prayers were so profound the troop requested she exclusively preach the channeled words before they partook in enjoying the weekly banquet style dinner- parties. During the prayer he puffed his chest out like a proud father showing off his marvelous daughter. He would scan the dining hall as if to say, you all must admit, my Guru is the greatest!

THErapy

Chapter Twenty Seven

Twice a week Brother attended counseling sessions conducted by his Guru. The night before their first therapy session Brother paced in anxious anticipation for this opportunity he for so long pined for.

Together in the morning they created a tranquil garden that would serve as an ideal setting for the therapy sessions. This garden was an oasis filled with rose bushes, plush tall grass and willow trees. The centerpiece was a brook flowing with clear pure water. This stream created a magnificent meditative aura throughout the garden. It passed by smiling, shining and trickling a melody of hellos and songs of liberation that soothed brother. Brother would shake hands with the brook to prepare before and refresh after therapy.

On their first session the teacher looked at her patient slightly bewildered. Brother was overly eager, excessively happy and sitting up straight as an arrow. He was similar to how a teacher's pet might behave in the front row of an elementary school. Brother had to resist the urge of jumping up and down in glee when the thought of how his love's attention would be exclusively on him. Somehow Brother forgot the therapy aspect of the sessions and only focused on the bonding opportunity. He imagined experiencing a series of wondrous spiritual adventures with his love. For example before their first session when he was instructed to do a basic meditation to open the session he chose to do a visualization. In this practice he envisioned himself and his Goddess holding hands

flying and exploring the cosmos while whispering God's name.

In contrast the Guru did a practical and silent prayer.

(G) God before I begin the journey into brothers soul- as it were - grant me access to heaven's emporium. I am in need of a few items: A magical magnifying glass, made from the holy spirit's left over material from his extraterrestrial telescope; that I may have success in locating the misaligned parts in his backfiring combustible engine. Needle nose pliers made from a floating diamond asteroid, that I may repair brothers burned and crossed wires in his sizzling circuit board. A golden lariat to tug his chariot wheel out of any ditch, a pocket of sparkly stardust, from the divine gardeners seed bag wherefore I can sprinkle about for his happiness, the needle and yarn that the Mary's used to stitch up Christs tunic, that I may use to stitch up his torn heart. And a wand made from

the horizontal wood that Christ taught from, so I can expose and expel any darkness.

Within the first 15 minutes of the first session the probing and professionalism of the Guru transformed the happy, eager, attentive student into an anxious, irritable, disgruntled client. Often he had an expression on his face, that if words were put to it would say “What the fuck!”

Brother's reactions in the first part of the year were tumultuous. Either he was igniting, anxious, remorseful, sullen or resting his forehead on his palm as if he had a headache. He could have easily swallowed his emotions and sat there smiling and nodding at his Guru. After all, as far as spiritual principles he was in complete agreement with her, his

spiritual library was not what needed to be put in order, it was his heart that needed therapy. So he knew for the therapy to be effective he needed to express what he felt, not what he thought. He knew instinctively being emotionally genuine was critical for therapeutic success. In her presence he knew this presented the optimal opportunity for healing. Therefore he was committed to hiding nothing.

The Guru was fearless and relentless in her- explore, locate and repair mission of his psyche. Her focused and determined intrusion into his inner world was so effective and precise it often left brother feeling so agitated, he felt no option other than to complain to her supervisor, God.

(B)

God, what is the use of long hair and soft voice if she is at times as stern as a captain in Caesar's army! God I am grateful, but these sessions feel like visits to a dull needle acupuncturist”

(Her first objective was to dismantle his self perception of himself. Although he conceded he was in need of urgent assistance, in fact a great deal of his life he spent seeking her help; yet there still remained a portion of his mind that tenaciously felt he was similar to Gabriel, a ten foot angel on the right hand side of the Almighty! So the Guru went straight for that identification in the first month of therapy.)

(G) You call yourself a stand up man. Take a stand against anger and vengeance.” (Popping the high of blue pill poppers was a cherished delight in the context of his grim existence and protested at the thought of surrendering his sword and atoning for what he thought as justifiable and reasonable response to active attackers.)

(G) Vengeful world has been made that way from your own vengeful thoughts. (B) They started it!

(G) The darkness in you is what is manifesting outside of you. (Comments like this would detonate him. He always prided himself as a good and sincere man, the notion he could have been responsible for them and the persecution he

suffered was enough for him to explode in a self-righteous tirade. Roaring, snarling, fuming and pacing up and down the garden while declaring, (B) “My wrath is innocent! even a virtue! Because it was a byproduct of righteous indignation! (His outburst sent Half pint fleeing, as his fury began to mount, chest began heaving and words came out in a growl. A few months into therapy she was able to provoke him into a particularly angry and combative mood. As he was pacing up and down venting she blocked his path and spit on his shoes. He looked up from his shoes and everything became quiet; similar as earth before a storm, she then slapped him. It seemed to him the world stopped, and now he felt nothing at all. One of his guardian angels

whispered in his ear “This is therapy, let it all arise.” A rumble so deep erupted from his belly it shook his whole midsection, it even alarmed Brother. His entire body ignited in such an incredible explosion of adrenaline that he felt he had the power to lift a mountain. Then flames of toxicity burst forth from every cell in his body, metallic taste in his tongue, eyes burned red, an ache so deep in his heart he screamed out at the top of lungs, just to make the pain inside stop. Heaving and snarling he glared at his Guru, she looked directly into his fiery red eyes and saw the entirety of his pain body. The enormity of it made her temporarily pause, but in steely resolve she remained focused. She peered into his eyes and saw Christ on the opposite shore of a lake made of

exploding wild waves of fire. She saw him bidding her to walk to her. With intense presence and unshakable faith she walked on the lake of fire and reached the shore where he held his hand stretched. At the exact moment she touched Christ's hand, an abrupt shift happened in which Brother felt relieved from the inner explosions and felt a cool inner breeze. She thought to herself in relief "It has been done." As one can imagine, the relief was felt far beyond that little garden oasis.

Together for 33 minutes they just sat and breathed in relief and peace. The garden was extraordinary still, they both knew something big was accomplished and relished in the moment. Then she peacefully asked him "Are you done?" He answered, "I am."

He never even remotely had an outburst of emotions that intense again. But he did continue to have small, frequent, grumblings and agitations, followed by remorse, for behaving unpleasantly to and around the one whom he loved.

She would use the moment of remorse to great advantage; knowing his inner world was stilled by his self-chastisement. These were the times she would skillfully connect the wires, ask pointed questions and match the answers with what she saw through her magnifying glass. Poke, prod and pull with her lasso when he stubbornly clinged to a mistake, expose some hard truths or hidden hurts and with her wand thus expelling any darkness to the light of the Holy one. For instance: his incorrect reasoning, false

perceptions, ego based bravado, unhealed traumas, how attack thoughts specifically manifested into his real life situations, exposed his self hate, the dynamics of projection and how it was particularly working in his life, his victim mentality and uncovered how the ego's power hijacked his intellect and careful examination of samskaras. The mis-perception you are separate from God is at the core of all your problems. At times she would conclude by asking him to accept the particularly difficult assertion that the dark ones were his brothers and just as loved by God as he was. A notion he was informed was essential if he was to disconnect from dark frequencies. If he looked reluctant, conclude with "Or is it that you no longer believe in the One God."

Some of the challenges that confronted Brother in counseling arose from her opening prayers. These prayers would always make Brother nervously clutch the arm of his chair. These prayers were so impactful and full of spiritual energy it would occasionally fling Brother to the ground. The first time he assumed the mother would help him back to his seat and console and comfort him; instead she just walked away. He struggled to recover from this unexplainable phenomenon that would glue the side of face firmly to the grass in a state of paralysis. All that he was capable of doing was to watch her fashionable sandals steadily and gracefully disappear out of the garden.

Incredulous he would shake his head and gossip to God about her. “Am I a man, or just a log in the garden? That woman is badder than me God! God you out did yourself when you made her, God how did you pack so much power in such a tiny frame?” Later she explained she was leaving him alone with the Holy One, so that he may perform mystical surgery undisturbed. Therefore from that point on he started lifting himself up to the chair, yet kept the holy one's divine scalpel in his awareness. He knew only what you offer the holy one for healing can be healed; and some stuff you need the assistance of an expert to find and un-earth the dis-ease to even offer up to holiness, hence the necessity of the therapy sessions and a Guru. However there was one particular holy

“knock down” that was different. As usual she left him alone with the divine physician, and casually proceeded to her celestial seamstress table to plan an outfit for that night's soiree. Her designing plans were dramatically interpreted when within her she heard her little brother's voice “Wake me, I'm dreaming” She quickly returned to the garden to find Brother had fallen asleep in the garden. Upon closer inspection she saw tear tracks and a profound sad expression, she woke him.

WAKE ME I'M DREAMING

He woke up distressed, she said “It's ok you fell asleep in the garden” (B) I was crying (G) You were dreaming.. (B) I Was bleeding... (G) You were dreaming.. (B) I

was lonely.. (G) You were dreaming.. (B) I was looking for a seed in pitch darkness (G) You were dreaming (B) There were millions pursuing me.. (G) The Son of God dreams powerfully.. (B) Who are you?.. (G) I'm you.. (B) I feel a peaceful oneness and the atmosphere is holy.. (G) YOU ARE AWAKE.. (B) I was dreaming?... (G) It doesn't matter.

At the conclusion of a session if Brother's face remained contorted, she would take him by the hand and lead him back to the troop's hermitage outside of any given village. Brother would be slightly embarrassed by the expression of the villagers as they mused at the spectacle of the tiny fairy Guru

leading a sullen grown man. However by the time they reached their destination his contorted face and embarrassment would be overwhelmed by an incredible glee and elation at her delicate kindness and soft reserved love. He knew that he could hold her hand for a hundred years, and indeed he did. He would take a grand stand in prayer, with his finger in the air and claim a kind of supremacy; God, there is no one who loves her more than me! She could hear his thoughts and shake her head. (G) Little Brother always has to be the most, the best, the baddest, the greatest. He still has a long road ahead, yet he has come a long way.

Sometimes at the end of a tough session if he felt overly discombobulated and disoriented he would ask the Guru to excuse him for a couple of days. He would stumble into the forest and wander for days through the woods, beaches and hills mumbling to mother earth about the points made in therapy. On his hiatus away from the troop he also would thank the earth, mountains, ocean and sun for all the love, protection and patience they showed him through his trials. On the rare occasion when a tear needed to be shed he would catch it before it was planted in the soil. The captured droplets he offered to the Sun to evaporate from his open palm. He would tell mother earth “No more tears upon you, just smiles and tenderness from now on.”

He would spend his afternoons on these trips meditating deeply amongst the giant trees, purifying in crystal clean waterfalls, playing like an otter on sand dunes. His favorite camp site was on a magnificent magical mountain he titled mount Zion. Miraculously anywhere in the world his troop went within a 25 mile radius he could find Mount Zion; his dreams there were astonishing.

His favorite was when he sat with his Guru on a marble bench suspended in outer space overlooking great rays of light beaming unto earth. He placed his hand on hers unconsciously, resulting from the miraculous spectacle before them. After some time she would notice his hand covering her's, then look at his star dazzled eyes and say "You do know we will always be *just* friends?" The Grand

Stander would gasp and brace his chest as if he was securing a pearl necklace, realizing too late he was being overly dramatic thus discrediting his response. “Of course! You are my Goddess, how could you infer otherwise?” Expressed with such a contrived, disingenuous, puzzled expression that he rolled his eyes at himself and thought, “You should be ashamed of yourself, lying as you sit amongst the stars.” She responded with a “mmhmm.” After a few tense and awkward minutes he asked, “Dear teacher, would you please define always?” His Goddess’s laugh was so spectacular the stars began shooting, It appeared like space itself was shedding tears of joy. The moon amplified its radiance as if it was her face in planetary form. Brother looked upon the galactical celebration and pondered on the profundity of love, the all inclusive kind.

The kind that brought joy and celebration to the entire universe. “Even rejection has not revealed a bottom to the well of love that is God.”

When the two earth gazers and the universe settled down she gave him a light kiss on the cheek and repeated the sentence with one emission, “We will *always* be friends.” And Brother thought, “That is o.k. actually that's more than ok, it's perfect!”

It took a full year of intense therapy for him to completely understand and surrender his sword of over defensiveness, and quell the raging storm of combativeness. To transcend and un-attach from the battlefield, to change the frequency thus rendering unworthy signals ineffective. As far as patching up the last piece in his heart quilt, the Holy one informed her it was best to be done at another time.

He thanked God for the tough love and patience of his guiding light that led him to success. On graduation day of the year-long intensive she wrote up a conclusive final analysis on the finest and thickest rolled scroll paper and handed it to Brother. He snatched the paper from her hand and ran off to Mt. Zion. He knew the depth of her intellect and her mastery of the letter so he fully expected an in depth fascinating thesis. He settled down on the peak of the mountain under a Bodi tree and unrolled the scroll as if it was Holy scripture that was being read for the first time. It contained one sentence- *“You are just a big baby crying out for some love.”* He went from feeling embarrassed to thirty minutes of laughter.

FUN

CHAPTER

Twenty Eight

Interactions with his beloved were not always so serious. Telepathically on occasion she would invite him for a hot cup of coffee, herbal tea or a glass of wine.

This was a time of lightning up, just casual, random topics intertwined with humor and witty sarcasm. It tickled him to no end to comment on her wardrobe or hairstyle.

Unlike the other goddesses, she liked fashion, and took pride on hairstyle. So she would manifest a wide assortment of elegant shawls, flowing gowns, tasteful

jewelry and stunning shoes. All outfits were original designs from her line, Brother called heavens collection. They both admired each other's humanness and realness. In celebration of this admiration he made it a duty of his to give his unsolicited critique on her chosen outfits, patterns and colors of the day. It was a great effort for him to remain silent if her choices were perfect. But relished the opportunity to make an hour long assessment if he thought her choice of style that day was less than perfect.

B:

My lady, if I may offer a suggestion that you reconsider the shawl you have chosen. It seems to be out of season, as you well know it is winter, that shawl seems to be one more appropriate for the spring. Patterns of little green birds chirping while we are surrounded by snowy peaks has an effect of putting me out of sort. (Other times he might say) Excuse me my lady, as you well know it is Ramadan. As usual all the devine mothers of the troop are wearing head coverings, an expression of purity and virtue. In stark contrast I have noticed your mane blowing in the wind, as if you were a mustang in full sprint in the northern plains! In respect for ancient customs, tradition and in remembrance of the mothers of all the great prophets, would you consider an elegant head wrap? After all, isn't modesty a virtue? (Her responses would vary, if she agreed, she could manifest anything she wanted. But if she didn't, is when the playful banter commissioned.)

G:

A shame little chirping birds put you out of sorts, you should seek help with that. Or hmm, rich coming from one who wears hoodies and T's everyday, it isn't your choice though, is it? Modesty? Born charmer you are, (pinched his cheek) although not as much as when you wear your robes and dinosaur diamond necklaces! My hair is the covering the Lord chose for me, its arrogance to override his style choices, therefore customs just have to deal with it! Then in a playful manner shake her hair like a diva. (Brother always stayed on guard and prepared to look away immediately on any indication of outbreak of laughter. Because that was sure to crash the playful banter to a screeching halt. For its common knowledge that a girl's laugh is like kryptonite to an enamored man..

Her quick whips and fisty wit brought such festivity and delight to the disciple it triggered powerful emanations of light from him. This would impress her but she resisted

the impulse to react in any way. She was frugal in shows of affection or too many words of approval for Brother. She knew it was good for his kind to be kept striving. She counseled herself "Spirits such as his have to be kept fighting, otherwise they may fall asleep in the quest for enlightenment.

Sometimes during tea time he would ask his Guru if he could practice a sermon before her. He would preach in a theatrical fashion; starting slow and reserved but once he reached the central point he would jump, dance, holler in joy. Points such as: When I think how good God has been to me! Walking with the lord! Holding the hand of Christ! If not for the Lord I would have been crushed into billions of pieces! Brother would catch momentary glances of love from her when he

hit upon the climatic point, she would notice him looking, therefore she would quickly switch her reaction to a generic smile. He would think to himself, "Girl, you need to stop playing."

Other than these familiar and informal tea time interactions, Brother always maintained reverence and a high degree of respect for his beloved master. Careful not to walk in front, tower above or disobey her, but couldn't resist staring at her.

His responsibilities for his Guru included arranging, and preparing for her lectures. She spoke on the virtues of Love, forgiveness, getting over yourself and being of service. Her most powerful sermons were when her voice would shake and in a whisper say ; *We really have to get it right this time, ok?*

As for brother, although a century nearly had passed he had not yet been given the clearance to sermon to the villagers. The head of the troop was an Avatar of an eastern tradition the G.S referred to as O.G. Although it was he who made the final decisions on all matters, the troop was democratic and all opinions mattered. O.G not only was the head of their troop but would travel to different worlds and dimensions. His light and power was so great the G.S struggled to maintain eye contact for too long.

Therefore without O.G's and the troops' authorization to lecture, the G.S would seek a hilltop when the impulse to preach overtook him. His preference was dawn, he loved preaching to the rising sun. He enjoyed this because earth was rising, rains were growing vegetation, new generations were emerging, who knew nothing of the iron age. People

who were educated in the curriculum the troop setup, proved themselves as conscious wonderful present beings.

Often with his finger in the air in grand standing fashion, Half Pint jumping in joy, the sun serving as magnificent yet sole member of his congregation he would preach on the One God, the cross, significance of sentiments such as faith, mercy, justice, sensitivity, endurance, integrity, honor, loyalty, character, monogamy, chastity, purity, dignity, compassion, strength, courage, gratitude, discipline, beauty, gentility and love.

Brother and Half pint's silhouette could be seen by his Guru down below at whatever village they were assisting. Gazing upward at her disciple, she would recall scripture; "On the horizon I seen a new earth." Other times she would muse "He is like a son to me, he is healing."

Chapter Twenty-Nine

Farewell

On one of the G.S's practice sermons he noticed Half Pint was not howling or jumping and running with the same exuberance as normal, then he reflected that he couldn't recall the last time she had. A century had passed, that would make Half Pint nearly a thousand years old in dog years, but she was as healthy as she was when she was a pup. He walked her down the hill to visit Francis, the saint of land animals, to make an inquiry.

Half Pint had grown to be a beloved member of the entire troop and loved dearly. The time that had passed and the company she kept grew her consciousness way beyond any animal. She could comprehend entire sentences, and would even attend Saint Francis's lectures and comprehend great portions. This coupled with her strong instincts always

astounded, impressed and entertained all who came into contact with her. She became a star and valued member of their troop, indeed the world.

B:

(After some initial pleasantries)

(B) Francis, half pint has not been herself lately. She has been lackadaisical and lethargic. Could you examine her to find the cause?

F:

Please have a seat, Half pint is ready to move on to a higher carnation. She has been ready for a while, but she was worried it would cause great suffering in you. (Brother's eyes immediately blurred as shock waves rattled his very essence....)

After three days of mourning, he walked with Half pint up a hill that overlooked a great body of water.

W;

Half pint you can go, I am now surrounded by kind people, I'm not hurting anymore. Thank you for choosing me as the recipient of your kindness and for your companionship through the valley. I could not have made it without you. Truly, you have been a blessing and gift from a most merciful and graceful God.

(He recalled scene after scene in which Half pint maintained a joyful state through the most harrowing and frightening circumstances. He thought he was done with the tears, but when she looked up at him with gratitude, ears laid back, and big smile it was beyond the capacity of the sentimental man to bear. Aware of this, and refusing to allow anything to steal away her last day on earth as a wolf dog; Half pint fetched a stick and dropped it at his feet. This was done with that same

energetic, infectious celebration of life that was her constant and baseline state of being. They ran, swam, surfed, ducked, dodged, sprinted, chased, climbed and jumped till the night sky brought the curtain down. He had the sense that God himself adored the two, he felt it in his soul, just the way a light at times shined upon them. Like God himself left infinity to gaze upon the two little faithful spirits, despite it all, staying focused on the love and joy of life.

At the midnight hour Francis solemnly entered Brother's hut with Half pint and laid out a rug with a Buddha image stitching upon the floor. Francis sat in the lotus position with half pint resting her head on his lap. Brother laid in a fetal position, on his grass bed and watched them, as a silent but powerful stream of tears flowed from his eyes. His Guru, feeling the depth of anguish awoke in a startle and rushed quickly to the room, as all mothers are prone to do when their children

are in distress. She sat in a lotus position at the head of the bed, with a pillow on her lap, as she did a century before. Patted it for him to rest his head, as she hushed his spirit into peace and dabbed his eyes dry. They all watched in holy silence as Half Pint's spirit transcended the body and departed into the great unknown. Brother whispered in a quivery heartfelt way, "Farewell little buddy."

Chapter Thirty

Thank You

Members of the troop entered the room as Francis lifted up and removed Half Pint's limp body. They all sat

around the small grass bed; each one placed a hand on brother and prayed for him. He felt his heart repairing, not just for the hurt from the loss of his little road warrior but for many carnations, filled with loss, disappointments and suffering. The mother smiled, seeing the last stitch of his heart was finally sewn. After the blessing they gracefully left the room, leaving Brother alone with his Guru.)

G: Sweetie listen, the troop made a decision that you are now ready to take on full membership in the troop. Now you can speak, engineer programs, submit proposals and perform a variety of other metaphysical activities we can discuss in detail later. The world population has grown to a million and there are now about a dozen troops to choose from. You can even choose to join another troop altogether. Would you like that?

He looked up at her as he had a hundred years ago and nodded yes, in the same exact wide eyed, childish way. With a sweet sensitive gentility he reached for her hand and kissed her open palm and placed it under his cheek, similar to how a child might tuck the corner of a warm soft blanket.

So they spent the next hour in sweet holy silence. After the hour passed the Guru felt a smooth stone manifest in her free hand. She raised it up for inspection. It was a large red emerald in the shape of a rose petal that had the inscription 'Saint of Sentimentality.' She looked down at Brother nestled into her palm like a sweet child then back at the Emerald and knew it was for him. She grasped it and put it near her heart, closed her eyes and absorbed the magic and beauty of the moment. The Guru's embrace

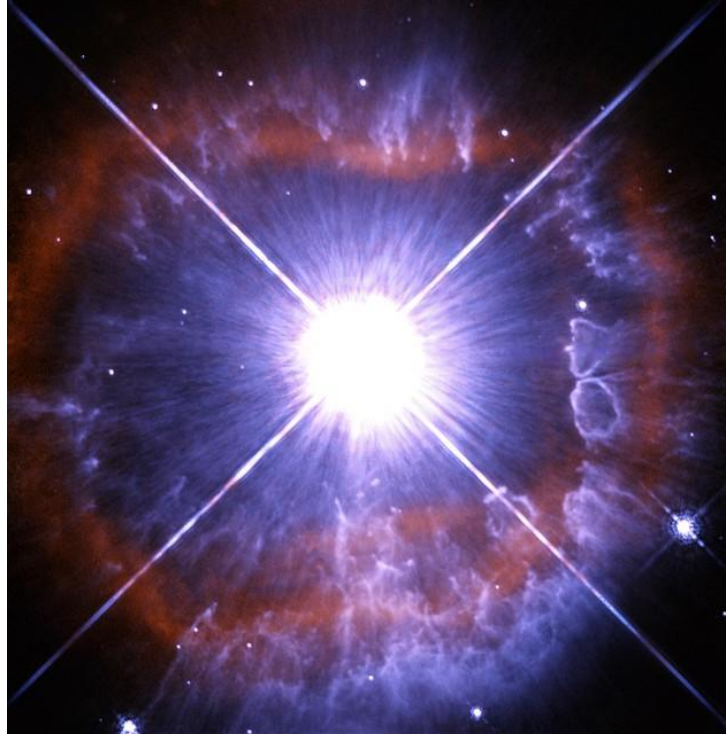
of the object triggered an activation of the emerald and it began glowing and emanating love. This activation intensified the love pouring out from the Guru. Therefore transforming the room into an intense electric space. It was so electric with spiritual energy even the angels in heaven looked down in wonderment. The Guru spanned the room mesmerized at the beauty and sweetness of the sacred occurrence. Several minutes passed until she whispered to Brother “ I have something for you.” But he wasn’t about to lift his head from her palm, and allow for an escape, he thought to himself, “What could you possibly have that I want, when I’m already in complete bliss.” Therefore he pretended not to hear her. That’s when a star beam lit up a space on the pillow where he was at rest. She placed the emerald there within the range of his vision. His eyes shot wide open and

he froze, after a few minutes he started breathing very softly, but he didn't say anything. For the next hour he contemplated the meaning of the emerald and the inscription; as holiness and love permeated the room. The silence was gently broken when one crystalized tear from Brother landed on the emerald, on top of the inscription. Instantly the tear transformed into a miniature, miraculous, permanent, shiny mini star, that sparkled the insignia forever more. Both of them stared at the gentle miracle in wonderment and marveled at the depth of sensitivity of the moment. The stillness of the night was broken every so often with a melody

from Brother. Hymns about laying in the arms of God, and angels. He started dozing in and out on a heavenly seesaw almost as if he was flying between dimensions. Somewhere in the background he heard a soft song from his Love. He remembered some of the lines, a song about a black bird singing in the dead of night. “Take these sunken eyes and learn to see, all your life, you were waiting for this moment to arise.”

So they spent the night, both brightly shining in light, basking in divine ecstasy and in a state of holy bliss. They decided not to leave the room until the sun was fully risen. Before they departed the sacred and consecrated site Brother

closed his eyes, gathered every gem of gratitude from the memories of all the years of favor she bestowed upon him, and with a depth of tenderness only a soul is capable of whispered, “Thank you, for everything.” She tenderly and soothingly stroked his head and sent a reassuring message of acknowledgement and acceptance with a warm soft - “You are welcome.”



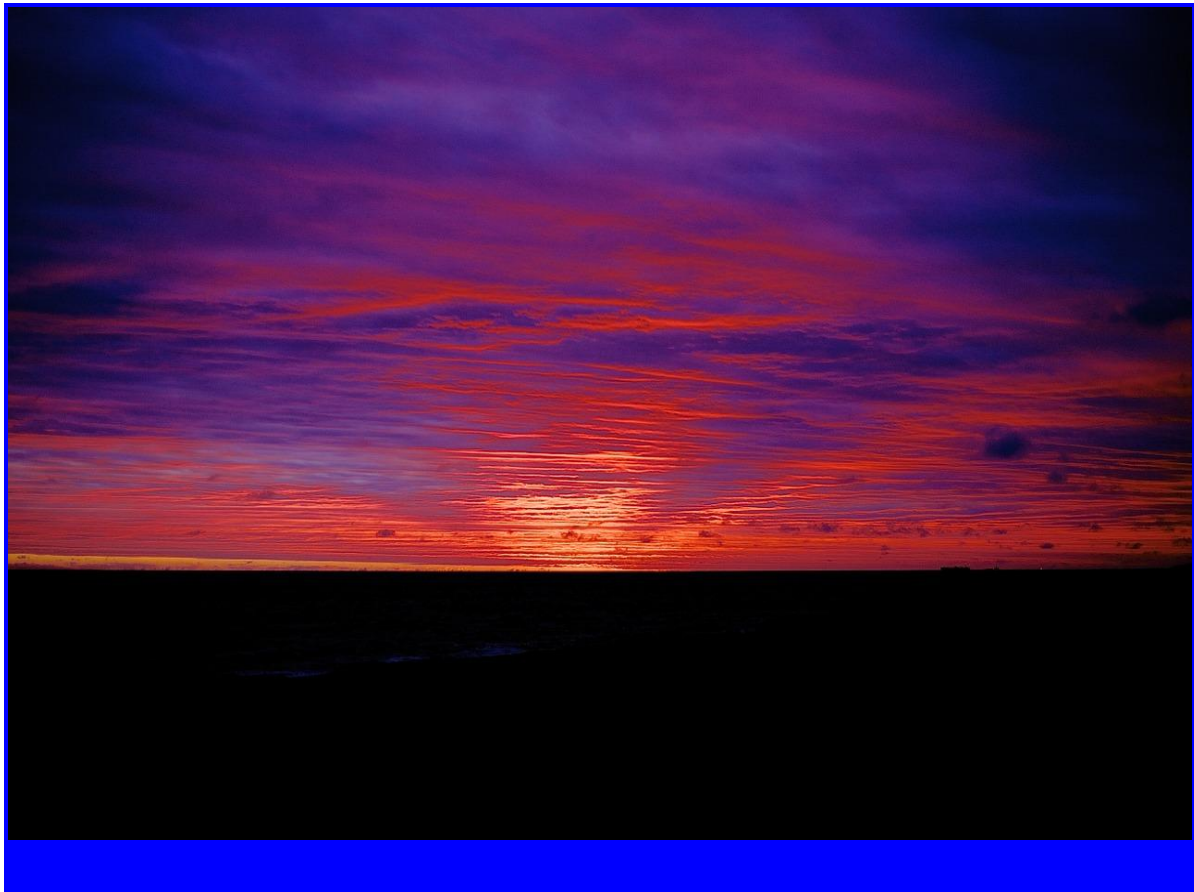
Chapter Thirty-One

Saint of Sentimentality

And so it was, he did join another troop, but being the *Saint of Sentimentality* he kept his promise by always attending his beloved Guru's annual spring time lecture. After the lecture he *would*

cause a disturbance. In front of the villagers he would cover the stage with lilies, picked from Christ's garden, serenade her with love letters, songs and poems co-authored by the holy one. He would deliver these messages with an angel harpist strumming the rhythm, all in her honor. She would shake her head in astonishment, implore him to stop, all to the delight of the people enjoying the spectacle and show. But he wouldn't rest till he saw the-

*A lost sunset cloud
painted by a heavenly artist, the most
whimsical of colors, pass her, mistaking
her for the sky, after all
who could blame the cloud for believing
she the sky, for how can beauty such as
this be of earth.*



The End