

AND THE
DOOR
SHALL BE
OPENED

The Spiritual and Mystical Letters,
Writings and Visions of James

JAMES FRANCIS

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And the Door Shall be Opened
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Acknowledgments

Mother, your son holds you in eternal gratefulness
for the labors of your life gave me warmth and safety,
and the wellspring of your love has made my journey
and countless others a well-lighted and lifted one.

From my father, I gathered the pearl of nobility,
placing it in the crown of the precious and priceless.

So were you a lighthouse in my home, always.

My brothers and sisters are many indeed,
and there can be no finer anywhere.

Each one, an instrument of love,
compassion, thoughtfulness, and humor.

In the greatest of warmth and kindness
have you always carried your beacon
of care and lamp of loyalty
to the doorstep of my heart and soul.

Within the treasured fields of my many friends
have I walked gently and gratefully beside you,
all diamonds of beauty,

and I am cheered in but the moment of your recall
and always in your presence am I pleased to be.

All whom I have loved, I love still.

To Peggy,

my most beautiful hero, longest and
most tender friend. Your strength of faith,

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your love and wisdom, patience and loyalty,
compassion and generosity, and now uncontrolled sense of
humor, have been my soul's constant companion.

We have followed our hearts
and we do so again, here and now.

And of my beloved Kaye, though you are beyond the Veil,

what can I say

that you do not already know.

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fell but once from your lips, and herein have

I remembered and listened.

With all that I know of love,

James

Introduction

*Greetings,
and Welcome to the Journey of your Soul
which is Without Peril and has No enemy.
The Spirit of the Unencumbered One and Love without Measure
is your Creator,
and that Created found to be Without blemish.
So take heart upon thy travels for it is a Glorious Light
that gives your Path this Form,
and Divinely Placed and Without Shadow lies always a Key
that, when Purely turned Within Thyself, unlocks the door that
gratefully then, shall stand no more between thee.
~ The Author ~
James Francis*

Chapter One ~ Thru Infinity

Man reaches for a god within the confines of his beliefs,
but what if God is not confined within those beliefs?

Have we then missed the mark?

Are we doomed to never really know for sure until we die?

Do you think that we're not supposed to know?

Do you believe that God is invisible to our human eyes
for His divine purposes, and/or perhaps our own?

Is not knowing (seeing) a pathway to discover faith?

Sure, perhaps it's happening all the time.

"Blessed are those that believe and have not seen."

So who are those that believe and yet have not seen the Lord?
That should be a remarkably large showing of hands out there.

Beautiful, so many blessed souls.

But I am pondering upon this picture.

The invisible Creator creates man
so that he might attain faith and live righteously by it,
gain heaven and all that's promised or hoped for,
or fail miserably in his choices and suffer eternal damnation.

Hell,

that seems chancy, does it not?

Does that sound "right" to you?

In your heart of hearts, does it feel fair?

I mean, if anyone should be fair, would not God above all
get those honors, being heralded as the epitome of divine fairness

and love?

So let's start right there.

What is your understanding of the word divine?

I'll go first.

∞ **Divine** ∞

**For me, it's a silver-white-hot conscious filament of eternal
brilliance**

in everything.

You can't put your finger on it
even though you are in the palm of its hand.

Or can you?

We have given a word to something we think of as
perfection, greater than us, different from us,
better than us, beyond our grasp, invisible
and silently watching from above.

But not in the room, thank God,
except when we require divine assistance.

Then it can never be close enough.

Sadly, rarely do we feel that.

I wonder why?

Why can't God come closer when we really need something like
a miracle to fix everything?

A big unmistakable jolt of divine intervention,
a pat on the back, a dose of cosmic joy and wonderment
or the peace they speak of.

Something?

We really want to feel better now, or soon, very soon.

Please and thank you. Amen.

But soon, OK?

We know you must have heard us the first time.

You did, right?

You did notice that was us banging on your door,

imploring your gracious attention

to our desperate situation in which you see we

are deeply troubled over?

Um, OK, once again, amen.

Alright, we gave it our best shot. Yes, we did, we really did.

Now it's His turn. We served the ball, and now He's up to bat.

Faith? Well, yes, no, maybe, hope so, trying to!

What? O we of little faith?

Well then, walk a mile in our shoes, and just like we do.

But why does it always feel like the deck is stacked against us?

I mean, You're invisible while I'm a lowly human.

You wrote the rules,

and it's impossible for You to lose at your own game

because you're God.

And to be frank,

I am feeling wrought with disabilities in the Light of Your Stature.

And I am the one that needs to win in this arena of life,

and I would assume that You want me to.

If nothing else,

my failures might look more of a stain on Your records than mine.

Given our frail human tools and lifelong mazes before us,

just how many of Your created failures would it take to make

a perhaps perceivable blemish to Your universe?

But the case has been made that You, and you alone, are perfect.

This may, of course, be very true,

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but I guess we will never know unless we meet
and it all looks good.

But on the other hand, I can tell You
that if we never meet,

I guess I am occupied with experiencing radically new perspectives
from the hot seat of hellfire and eternal damnation,
and I fear I may have nothing good to say about You
and Your big ideas.

In fact, it would be reasonable to assume
I would be wishing You had never made me,
and therefore be glad if You had less tinder around
to make ever-glow coals out of us.

On second thought, maybe perfect is not what I want out of You.
Now that I think about it, I wish You were a little more human.

I would be grateful to know that You actually
understood our challenges.

I'd feel as though I had a better chance here,
believing I might merit some real mercy, in case I don't measure up
to Your expectations.

Expectations; root word: expect (according to James).

Awaiting a certain outcome, the mental awareness or
emotionally felt

anticipation of a desired, calculated, or projected event.

The reasonable position that something will occur
given the factors that are inherent to the facts of the matter.

To presume an occurrence.

**And who could possibly be a better calculator of events and
occurrences**

than the All-Knowing divine embodiment of perfect reason

**with a built-in supreme awareness of the facts of all matter
and matters?**

(Go ahead, take a Big bow.)

God.

Well, then, how could anyone fail His expectations?

Ah, the free will argument.

That we could willfully reject God with a distasteful expression of
free choice,

with just the glimmer of an ugly thought.

And making matters worse, we may have a devil to contend with
whose seething evil is hungry to consume us all.

And if you are anything like me,

I've heard talk of copious amounts of 24/7 efforts being made
to make my destiny a bitter scream of eternal discomfort!

Hey, I am not making this up.

We are the stewards of teaching this stuff

to our children, so that their life won't end in a fiery collision
with diabolical forces of great power and deadly ill intent being
focused on each and every one of our souls.

That's a rather consuming pill of anguish when swallowed whole!

A sharp (though mercifully well-meant) stick in the eye
that's intended to hurl us heart-first into the arms of divine peace?

Strapped to that rocket of terror?

And now the timer is set to "On," the hourglass turned.

You are the recipient of your prize-seeking soul.

A contestant for a heavenly reward to be now
cast forth into a pit of snakes.

And should you be bitten and like it
or emulate any form of delicious slithering ?

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You are doomed
to an eternally bad day in every sense of the word.
You had best get going now. The big hungry devil
is already licking the back of your neck with the look of victory
in his fiery eyes!
What I want to know is why God doesn't just wrap
His big arms around
that evil problem and love the meanness right out of him?
At the very least, that should level the playing field for the rest of us
and bring God a powerful new supporter.
Or could it possibly be that the unending grandeur of God's love
has no effect on this stray entity?
Might then the devil be simply mentally ill, disabled, as it were,
lacking the ability to relate to good and godly things?
Should not "Forgive them, they know not what they do"
get him off the hook, and his victims then as well?
Oh well, regardless whether or not the devil sees the Light,
we have hope, a way out of hell and a way into heaven.
Salvation
through accepting Jesus Christ as our Lord and Savior.
I believe He exists
and is a Pure and Open Expression of the Spirit and Presence of
God.
And we have faithfully pinned our hopes on Him,
His inspiring life as a role model,
and His teachings, parables, and many examples of love.
But it seems He too, long ago,
sadly joined the ranks of the invisible
though I do believe He had His reasons.

But so do we have our reasons
 and our seasons between pain and glory,
 fear and completeness,
 for some ∞ reason?
 Ah yes, to win the prize or lose in a big way.
 And I think it is safe to say, we want the prize.
 Hands down, the big win,
 the whole eternal bliss enchilada
 complete with a big smile on our shiny soul face
 there in a paradise of whatever glorious things
 You have in store for us,
 all grouped together shoulder to shoulder,
 swaying in angelic praise,
 clothed in our pure white linen robes and bare feet
 (I'm assuming, or sandals if we choose).
 So what do You have in store for us?
 Frankly speaking,
 I fear even You might get bored with the whole praising thing,
 watching us stare at Your face
 and singing hopefully only Your favorite tunes.
 I would never want to step on Your sensitive ears
 with anything less than the perfect note
 issuing forth from the center of my rapturously captivated spirit.
 Yes, I am just being silly here,
 for we can reasonably assume you have a more
 than qualified music director
 in charge of all such heavenly music matters.
 But my point still being,

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You do have something more stimulating in mind,
don't You?

I mean, I am having visions of me (forgive me)
getting bored and starting to look around,
taking my eyes off of You!

Are there girls here?

Do they still have breasts in heaven?

Better yet, can I touch them here (insert lightning)?
Oh, dear God, I can't believe I just had that thought,
right here, smack in front of Your face!

Tell me it's not exploding in Your Beautiful Mind
like a giant mud splash!

Whoa, Big guy, wait a sec'; is that ... smoke I smell?

So it suddenly occurs to me
that if You were to give us more specific details
of the reward in the hereafter,
then we might be able to focus with more clarity and resolution
upon the choices that face us daily
and rack up a better score along the way.

So I guess I am really asking that any information
You would like to impart to us, your human family,
that will serve in bolstering the weight of good
upon the scales of our souls at judgment time
is deeply appreciated.

And if you have already done so, and I have just not heard of it,
Then, dear Lord, please do enlighten me further,
amen.

For I have heard rumors of everything from strolling streets of gold
to having my own personal harem of virgins.

Those seem like two very distinctly different possibilities.

While I would not make fun of those who are delighted
in peace-filled meanderings along jeweled expressways of love,
you may not find me there.

Given other choices, I may be with the virgins.

By the way, does it say where these virgins come from?

Are they souls of women who died on earth while still a virgin?

(Hmm, I would like to see those numbers for myself.)

Or does God just whip us up a fresh batch of brand-new girl souls
just for the deserving?

Perhaps He has already made them, and they are plentifully found,
smiling meekly at each other

among the shimmering marble pools and elegant spas,

endlessly wiping the heavenly mist that forms

upon the jeweled mirrors

seen dangling from their lithe hands

while soaking in oils of enchanting aromas carefully designed

to send every good man soul into spiritually orgasmic waves

of eternal climax.

I like that thought, but I also fear it.

I mean, unless the climax stops,

there's no point of reference on how good that felt.

Ah,

then perhaps you may see me occasionally sprinting past you

on the golden yellow brick road

with a gleam in my eye, a sprink in my step,

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and taking a well-deserved break.

I have other questions.

What if it's not as good for my virgins as it is for me

(though that's clearly hard to imagine)?

Is that fair to them to eternally lie in wait for me to pick them?

Is that their idea of heaven?

Or since it is heaven, should I care?

And since everyone is wondering

what happens after we have relations with our virgins,

but no one has asked You ∞

Tell me,

will the virgins become virgins over and over again?

Like clicking on the miracle refresh/reload button

after every heavenly episode of pure and innocent lovemaking?

Or is it the same as on earth,

where she stares back at you with grim disappointment

and we go limp with fear and responsibility.

Nah, not in heaven; it has to be a better gig than the local drive-in
or why work so hard for those Super Bowl tickets to divine ecstasy?

So remember, guys,

the next time you tell the guy in the booth, "two tickets please,"

ask yourself, are you keeping your eye on the prize?

And is the popcorn worth it?

Side note: If any of you have been offended, sorry. I was being
humorously reasonable, so take a deep breath ∞

***You are actually the Divine Offspring of a Fatherly, Motherly
Creative Force
of Unlimited Spiritual Expression***

*and a Most Benevolent Presence, to be sure.
Your Eternal Destiny is assured, by Virtue of your Divine Heritage.
There are unimaginable Meadows of Glory
that are never beyond your reach,
but for the Veil of your own Chosen experience,
which can also be waived
in the presence of a Pure and Inquiring heart.*

If any of you are smiling, yeah, me too. OK, let's keep going.

Wait a minute—what if there's nothing?!

(Whoops, I just quit smiling.)

No God?

Dear God, what a horrible thought.

That would just make us

“planet fungus.”

Well, sure, maybe top-rung stuff on the evolutionary ladder,
but so what?

Then we're just a species of “smart monkeys”
with somewhat less tree agility and hair than our little brothers.

A walking, talking, eating, sleeping,
working, laughing, crying, feeling, thinking hunk
of “stardust protoplasm.”

Man, the Amazing Amoeba!

Good thing we created egos.

We need them to survive the accident of our own nature,
which keeps giving us all these great ideas
that we learn to paste, hammer, and brick together.

From our great cathedrals and temples
to the golden arches of McDonald land.

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From the refined eye of the Hubble,
to the courage of our Davids and Goliaths.

And all from what?

Apparently a lump of electrically charged gray matter
over which we seem to have not much control,
though we like to think so.

So putting all this in a godless perspective,
apparently we are a noble breed of fleshy dust
and we deserve respect.

So much so,

we are sometimes willing to beat it out of each other
at the drop of a word, a look,
or a rudely perceived difference of opinion.

A smarter monkey might choose to withdraw
from the threat of combat and/or annihilation,
having observed that the organism

has sensitive tissues and organs everywhere about itself.

Would not a pain-free existence be the naturally preferred choice
of the loud gray lump talking to itself between your shoulders?

But are we listening? And why should we?

After all, our egos are only the gymnastics of brain tissue,
nothing more than a roller coaster of electrical snaps
along a gelatinous freeway of nerve cells

that has somehow given us a name and box of Cracker Jacks.

That might not sound like much, but still,
this cranial creature has put on an incredible light show,
complete with moving parts
and intermittent shouts of pain and approval.

Hey, even if there is no life after death,
no score keeping, etc.,
we still get to make a lot of meaningless noise before we fizzle out.

So if we really do only get one Lay's potato chip
it's no wonder we envy the privileged.

They secrete more endorphins, plus they get to dip.
So the experience of atheism is still a worthy choice
when it comes inherently equipped with a devil-may-care attitude,
providing the traveler with a functioning buffer
to the many bumps and bruises along his or her chosen path.

Huh ∞

Sounds just like the true believers
who have their own uniquely formed set of armor
to save themselves from scorching oblivion ∞ or worse.

We truly are a Creative lot.

Does not the thought of God the Invisible
make you feel a little awkward?
Like you are boxing with shadows that you actually hope are real?

Consider this:

Perhaps God is not invisible,
but it is we who have chosen to join the ranks
of the Visible.

Yep.

Well,

all religions seem to agree on one thing.

There is a Creator and the created.

Then after that,

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we start splitting hairs in a million different directions,
as man has promoted a myriad of “right” and “wrong” ways
to engage worship and faith.

But what if every faith claims to be the right one?

Fine,

then none of them are wrong, and it's a perfect fit for everyone.

Unless, of course, you are not comfortable

in that pew, at that altar, on your knees,

in a lotus position, hands in the air,

folded in prayer,

prostrate, on a bed of nails, or plopped in a bean bag.

If you are spiritually disquieted,

good.

There are always enlightening journeys ahead.

It would make sense that we would be created

in His image and likeness.

And if God is some kind of intensely brilliant Presence of Divine

Conscious Energy Life force,

an All-There-Is, Limitless Creative Spirit,

then when it desired Companionship,

Bang, we appeared.

But as what?

Well, whatever God is made out of. What else is there?

Living Sparks, as it were, of this divine Essence.

And so we were off to a healthy start.

Pretty exciting stuff, and we all have the same birthday

(cool, I only have to remember One)

with no end in sight to the celebrations ahead.

A hearty “thank you, Father” is in order here
for having Thought of Us from the Heart of You.

**And the Shrine of You be then my Guide,
for the Grandeur of this Benevolent Spirit
eternally lives as the real Truth of our Existence,
that of Creative Co-companions to this Father of All Life.**

In the meantime, you might beg to differ on just how
good things are looking around here.

But never judge from appearances
as most things visible, by virtue of their finite nature,
seem misleadingly lacking
any visionary circumferences of other realities.
But, of course, that’s where most of the fun begins,
we so thought.

(We sow thought, so we thought, and stuff happened.)

∞ **the human experience** ∞

Now I don’t claim to know or consciously remember
what kind of shenanigans we were involved in during the billions of
years that things like planets, stars, and galaxies were evolving.

But it’s safe to say, at some point
we felt like straying from our Garden of Eden,
being the Perfect candidates for pursuing all things imaginable
and fortified with the awareness that it’s all good.

Surely we might as well explore everything
in Divine Proportion to our need or desire to do so.

And to some of us,
physical matter must have been looking quite interesting indeed.

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I am sure we have had to jump through
some mind-bending hoops to arrive here.
But miraculously, the way has been prepared,
and we have been darting in and out of these experiences
with the greatest of ease.
But while we are here, unknowingly to a great extent,
we're like fish out of water.
We do a fancy flop across these sands,
seemingly for better or worse,
until it's time to withdraw from the exceptional challenges
that are afforded us as physical flatlanders.
We then head back into the infinite sea of our spiritual abode
in favor of life without scales and fins,
although our souls retain their evolutionary perspective
of each of these Charley the Tuna lifetimes.

And it is said
"In my Father's house are many mansions,"
and this one here seems to have more walls than windows,
making it a fascinating gig indeed,
complete with a cosmically tuned wheel of opportunities
and close encounters of every kind.
But there are universal laws that seem to be constant
in every arena of experience offered to us,
like cause and effect,
which is probably mathematically precise
throughout our incarnations
both here and abroad.

It must be just part of the deal, the reaping and
sowing of our creation,
made possible by the natural occurrence of thought, desire,
choice, and free will.
So the good news is,
We're in charge!
And if there is any seemingly bad news,
it's, we're in charge!
But chin up,
we are all far more beautiful and capable than we're letting on.

We each brought ourselves here.

It's the only way we can be anywhere.

We choose our doors.

And isn't this truly a wondrous space of raw beauty?

And remember, it was You who spotted it.

Imagine, if you will, the Time before we settled here.

Sparkling pure waterfalls,
the gentle rattling of birch leaves,
meadows and forests of green and gold waves,
color, sound, rhythms,
light,
dark winds
and deep waters.

Wow!

"You can count me in!"

was more than an idle burp from the lips of my soul
and yours.

**The Pure Dance of Our Creator's Thought
in forms so Magnificently Manifested,**

that, to us,

it must have looked like the playground of the gods.

And since there was no one else around but us,
we knew we struck gold!

And we could not wait to feel what it would be like
to actually hold some of those nuggets
with some kind of hot little hands.

So there was a lot of energy and time
put into coaxing along the development of a fit body
**for the entrance of spirit into materiality,
here and elsewhere.**

And there were a lot of ways a body could fit
and many of us are all about trying them all.

We got hooked,
increasingly entrenched, enthralled and intrigued
with the senses of matter

and the ability to experience duality out of Oneness.

We could have an experience as real as it was illusionary.

And we can easily forget who we are for entire lifetimes,
which reliably accounts for our present conditions.

So I'm thinking ~

Who and what we are always matters.

***The forever substance of spiritual life forces,
brilliant running rivers of stars***

strewn across the divine bosom of eternal love, and it's caress.

And I'll bet that's just the tip of the niceberg.

Niceberg

I think we should now replace the word “iceberg”

(looks nicer, sounds friendlier).

So we’re checking in here for the “human experience.”

And this is just one of God knows how many

opportunities for experience and expression

that are actually out there

in physical and nonphysical form.

No doubt there are unlimited possibilities lying between

and outside the box of all our human concepts.

I’d say we are a lucky lot,

considering the alternative godless rendition

that blandly delivers us into existence as “space poop.”

By the way, you know,

Everyone’s an author.

We need to take the time to read each other more

and kindly respond.

Speaking, of which,

kindness,

the light of understanding.

The glow of our self that sees and feels connections to all life

and gives honor to its Source.

For from the Living Roots of our Consciousness

Streams the Heart of the True Father,

a divine core, inseparable, immeasurable and unblemished.

There need be no doubt that we are the best thought possible

in the Mind of God and that Everybody wins.

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We should be putting on a better Light show.
We have the highest credentials possible in the universe.
It's time we lay the tripping-in-quicksand approach to rest.
Everyman his brother and sister be.
This is not a novel concept at all.
People are beatin' that drum all the time, and for thousands of years.
It's just that there's a whole lot louder drumming going on
about that not being true.
And actually, if it were not true that we are gloriously united,
then it would be easy to dismiss inequality and
man's inhumanity to man
as mere swirls of dust upon the void of space.
So why care.
Obtain our chunk of gold by any means available and hold onto it
for dear life because it has happiness written all over it.
From birth, the world tells us what nuggets we require
in order to meet the needs of our ever-expanding appetite
for more fulfillment,
and staying hungry for it makes it all work
(well, makes us all work for it).
"Things," of themselves, contain no guarantee of happiness.
Actually, we decide what, when, and how happiness works,
not Budweiser
(although, gratefully, it often feels like it's nudging us in the right
direction).

∞ **Direction** ∞

Most of the time it's a series of lefts, rights, and wrongs,
with up, down, and around,
and over and under thrown in for good measure.

It's easy to get confused and lost when we are not even sure
where we are going.

And even when we think we know, we are assuming
that all our roads and landmarks are solid and constant.

This has often led to some unexpected detours
as well as some seemingly accidental collisions with other realities.

Point being, we move readily in every direction
except within,

which is the only place that is permanently seated
and offers more than peekaboo views.

It's not that flying blind is not exhilarating.

It is.

It's jammed with adventure and fraught with dastardly delights,
as well as a few minor to major hazards around some of the corners
that certainly keeps us on our toes.

Like war hazards.

Man's war begins and ends in himself. So consider this enemy.

Is he or she clever?

(You have to answer "yes" here, and we'll take your word for it.)

But fear not.

The good news is we don't have to win the war within us;
we need only end it,
and there should be enough grace and plunder in it for all of us.

So how do we do that?

"Seek the kingdom of God first and all things shall be added."

Sort of like,

***Come to know who and what we are and
everything starts adding up.***

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In contrast to
being overly force-fed about where our attention should be,
specifically on those mundane matters
that tend to divide and subtract from our sense of well-being.

Thoughts are things,
so daily take a little time to focus
on just one good thought long enough to feel it,
self-creating a healing balm and balance
within the aura of yourself.
By thought filled with feeling, everyone always
has something special to offer
to the cause and consciousness of peace
and harmonious coexistence
or you wouldn't be here or anywhere else, for that matter.

***You, the Sons and Daughters of Love Created,
greater are the galaxies Within you
than those around you.***

Many are the mansions in the kingdom of God
and consider yourself invited to every event of your choosing.
It's all good.

**You already had a date with divinity.
It wasn't a blind date, and there's no curfew.
You are the Beloved of a Holy Radiance.**

After that,
the original details of our beginning event may be cloudy,
but there is a residual inclination from that moment
that gives us an unwavering permanent propensity for love.

And it's a blessed thing that we can't help Who we are.

It has been said,

"All things I have done and greater still than these can you do."

Why would He say that, and what did He mean?

I don't think He was trying to get us excited
about wielding great powers of healing and resurrection

over the crippled and the dead in the
crowded parking lots of Wallymart

(as that would unfairly boost their profits

to even more remarkably unequal levels of wealth).

No, I think He was trying to point to the truth of our Godself.

"The Father in me does the works,"

that being the spiritual core of conscious life force

that gives rise and life

to all this manifestation and animation of consciousness.

"Do unto others as you would do unto thyself."

We always assumed He meant it as the morally correct choice.

But more so, I think He wanted everyone to understand

we're all splashing here in the same tub,

in case we care about the waves that are on their way back

to greet us!

Hence, "love ye one another,"

Meaning there's nothing better

than the warm waves of comfort lapping across our bows,

as opposed to the howling winds of abuse and neglect

pummeling our senses.

But we decide what floats our boats and fills our sails,

be it a raging storm or the breeze of a more peaceful journey.

✧ AND THE DOOR SHALL BE OPENED

And there are those peacemakers, our heroes,
who have come to every land and nation.
Their heroism stood out like bright stars among men
to whom we would point to,
and all the while they pointed back.

For you are the brightest of the stars of man.

There are none brighter, nor lesser.

Regardless the tint of your teeth, the wax in your ear,
or the itch you can't reach,

**You are as good as it gets,
and everything else after that is subject to interpretation.
Brilliance is not a measurement of the size of one's being,
but the purity of it.**

And it does not get any purer than the essence of your Soul.

Perhaps it's a good time to get in touch with that,
unless you always have something more important to do
with the divine life you have been given.

And you may, and we often do
have more on our plate than we can juggle.

We are also good at keeping it that way.

When one of the balls slips away
we often quickly find another to take its place.

At least the rat race is a familiar maze.

But like so many say, it's getting old.

It's supposed to.

It drives us to find new meadows when the old ones run dry.

But the journey within is always our first and last stop,
and the miles in between are the many road maps to our truth.

A direct straight shot is always available for the world weary
and those with a pure interest in flipping the channel
back to One.

Speaking of changing channels,
∞ Television ∞

What a godsend.

We could bring up anything we thought of and get a good look at it,
which could prove invaluable in the evolution of a species
focusing on putting life together for the betterment of all.

But ratings and monetary considerations
have unfortunate drawbacks and repercussions,
as designed to give us only what we pay for,
be it pricey entertainment or cheap entertainment at a price.

Wait, is there a difference?

(There is Oprah and Disney, thank God,
but it's slim pickings finding a "good news" channel.)

I loved *Star Trek*. It said we could go
where no man has gone before.

Secretly, I hoped there would be less formidable monsters
to engage along the way.

But in real life, it seems you win some, and you lose some.

Key words here are "it seems."

Seems like everything seems.

Is that possible?

It seems so.

∞ **Miracles** ∞

which now brings to mind that most flabbergasting
miracle of all to me.

The loaves and all those sardines.

I will revisit the biblical facts when I am done writing this part.

But as I see it,

Word was getting around about Jesus being a teacher from God.

***Many hoped that perhaps this was their new savior and king
come to free them from Roman rule.***

***There was word of divine miracles and healings,
creating great excitement,
and people now came from every direction.***

***While most had walked, some were carried upon carts,
those being the infirm and lame,
while some others had arrived in small boats.***

This became much like a music festival of love and inspiration.

***Those who practiced or excelled with
instruments and voice, did so.***

***Much welcomed was their healing balm
upon the ears and hearts of the growing numbers of these curious
and hopeful travelers, who had come to hear and see
what many called the young master or rabbi.***

***Larger groups who had walked safely together thru the night
had arrived in the earliest of the morning hours.***

***And in the diminishing fog and mist, they sought a place to rest
as near as they could find to this Jesus.***

***And many were the poor among these hills,
thus having little or no sustenance.***

***Long through the day and into the night
Jesus taught, walked, sat with, and ministered to many.***

In good cheer and brotherhood,

many shared their food with those who had little or none.

*Most people were reluctant to leave the wonderment
of what was happening to them or around them,
so very few left their encampments that night.*

*Again, they rose at early daybreak
and stayed once more long into the day
as the Light dwelled in their midst.*

But the food was near spent.

*Many of those gathered came far from their homes and markets
and now lacked ample sustenance for the return effort.
It appeared now to becoming an immediate problem
due to the presence of so large a number of people.*

*The disciples were talking among themselves
about how little they had left even among them.
Jesus, knowing their thoughts, called out to them,
asking them to voice their concern.*

*As His disciples did so, a young boy who heard their reply
called out to Jesus, "Rabbi, I have but these few loaves and fish
to give to so many that need, but do take them in haste
that the hungry and weak may have nourishment."*

And the Lord called for the boy to be brought to Him.

*And He said unto as many as could hear His voice,
"Behold, Our Father speaks from the lips
of the pure love and faith of this child
in whose heart resides His Spirit."*

And Who has said,

*"He gives you all He has freely to each of you
who hunger to know in fullness the Truth*

of the Bread and Breath of Life within you.”
Jesus then told His disciples to gather baskets and sacks
and bring them to Him, and in as many
did He then place a fish or a piece of the bread that
the young boy had given Him.
He then told His followers to raise their arms with their baskets
and sacks above their heads.
As Jesus prayed there was discerned a brightness
that surrounded those gathered.
Suddenly,
the disciples exclaimed their baskets weighed heavily
upon their arms and that their sacks felt full.
Indeed, when they lowered them, they were found to be so.
A cry of praise and thanks went up from the multitudes
as the disciples began passing the food among the many.
The baskets and sacks remained always full enough
for the needs of all the people,
and the disciples, along with many,
wept in joy and were astonished.

Yea, I bet!

Kind of now ya see it, now ya don't, in reverse!

From the invisible to the visible.

So what happened and why?

This seems to demonstrate some interesting play on reality.

Obviously, there must be more to reality than meets the eye.

There not only seems to be a lot of fish in the sea,
but apparently everywhere else as well,

and under the right circumstances, can be wherever
and whenever you need them.

Surely this miracle demonstrated
not only the Love and Presence of The Benevolent Spirit
in which we live, move, and have our being,
but also there must be something to all this quantum physics
mumbo jumbo that speaks to the nature of reality.

Bears looking into,
and perhaps worthy of some contemplation and internal meditation.

∞ **Meditation** ∞

Meditative enlightenment,
the conscious awareness of the true nature of our spirituality,
is not so much “attainment”
as it is an individual process of un-retainment.
The temporary relinquishing and un-focusing
of our conscious awareness of things created
until we need them back.

Thank God we do not need climb the mountain we have created.

Try closing your eyes, remembering that in Truth
you actually started (and remain always) at the pinnacle,
and you have just been adding on and filling in ever since your
conception,
spiritually, mentally, and physically.

It has been said that prayer is talking to God
and meditation is listening to God.

The following may be useful to you.

It is a road map of sorts.

*If you would know thy Maker,
provide then for yourself a place of least distractions.*

*Beyond that,
you need only your purist yearning,
for the journey to your Father is a path already laid
and merely forgotten.*

*Father,
I seek again thy face,
but they say “no man has seen the Father.”
I would say perhaps I am No Man, for am I
not begotten of Thy Spirit?
Within Thy Divine Vision am I not the son of Your Thought?
And my Soul, the Light from your Heart?
Therefore, my Father,
I travel within the planes of Earth and I see and hear You not.
For I have accepted the Veil of matter,
and I know
all such doors and blocks within me,
that hide me from Your face and voice,
are of my own making and of my choosing.
But now, so does my heart long for the Garden of Our Spirit,
and as Your son (or daughter),
I ask Thee to remove the doors of my own making
that lie between us.
You know what they are.
Though I cannot see, I know Your eye is clear and now upon me.
Take then my illusions, for I seek the Garden of Thy Spirit*

*from which issues forth my Soul as
the Blossoming Light of Thy Presence.
So do I surrender my darkness into Thy Light,
my blindness into Thy Sight.
And here from the deepest longing in my heart
comes the knowing of my truth.
Thou art the Light and Life of my Soul
and surely it is true,
I am no man ~
for "I and my Father are One."*

Making that last statement of Truth was met
with anger and resentment
by the religious hierarchy of that era.
They felt that it was they who occupied and had earned the pinnacle
of spiritual enlightenment and holiness,
and said it was blasphemy for Jesus to make Himself out as
equal to God or sitting in His lap
(or in their minds, more equal than they were).
They were outraged (fearfully defensive).
After all, was it not they who wore the priestly robe?
And if God had anything to say, certainly it would come
rolling off their lips
and not from some wannabe son of a carpenter
who said,
"Know the Truth and it shall make you free."
No, that would not sit well with those who
thought they knew it already.
Many were all about preserving the honors, wealth,

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and stature it brought them.

For if every man were divinely Priceless,
why would anybody pay them union dues?

Very humanly they feared bankruptcy and mirrors.

It happens.

Seems we've all been there on some level, somewhere in time.

But the young Nazarene's words fell as fertile seeds
upon the hearts and minds of the poor and weary
who had nothing to fear losing.

"Store your treasures in heaven, for where your treasure is,
there your heart will be also."

That did not mean you drew an unlucky card,
so grin and bear it and be good so there will be better days
after you die.

So what treasure was it that was stored in divinely laid meadows?

To be found where?

**In the heart of ourselves, where lies the core truth
of our nature and being.**

The accessibility thereof, being a path or
choice of personal preference.

But the doors between us and the treasure house of our spiritual

Source

are of our own design and can swing open
when the heart comes purely knocking.

And it takes a heartfelt deep desire to cut through the trimmings
of the material manifestation of the physically perceived universe,
to be able to set aside the mental body's relationships
to all it has created,

in quiet favor of the communion you may seek.

It may help you to understand that

***We have traveled in consciousness only
from the Garden of our Eden and Birth.***

But no matter the doorways we choose to pass through,
we remain the Divinely Implanted Seed of this Spirit of love
and creative force.

Hence, "He is closer than thy right hand"

was not meant to trick you into looking
at your right shoulder or ear for a better close-up.

He must have meant look in the Looker, not the looked at.

For within the valleys of your soul you may know this voice.

***Though the voice of the world is loud about you,
hear it not as truth but as the bending of this Light
into myriad forms of motion, sound, and color.***

***This, the divine playground of the Spirit being
without end or limits.***

***But the truth of the Fire, Light, and Guiding Sustaining Force
behind all forms of fancy and figure***

***is the blessed Father Mother Creator and companion to us all,
whose purposes with you are without
measure in supreme goodness and destiny.***

***Though such words, being earthly in origin,
fail to encompass our Creator's meadows of Love
and the perfect Grace that Eternally befalls us.***

***Our spiritual Inheritance is ever present
and forever bestowed***

as our most Holiest of Birthright.

✧ AND THE DOOR SHALL BE OPENED

*But the truth of our Oneness with each other
and to that our companion Creator,
needs to become clear to man
so that his experience may reflect the beauty
and divine truth to His nature,
that being the manifestation of the attributes of compassion,
mercy, understanding, and caring service to one another.*

*Does not the heart of every man and woman yearn deep within
to be freed of all shadows, chains, and discordance?
Pray then for the manifestation of those purposes that align
with thy grandest self,
bringing the experience of healing to that of individuals and
nations alike.*

*For the in-harmonies of man's thoughts,
those bringing separation and blind and cruel judgment,
the resentment of others,
and the accompanying illusions of self-importance, greed,
selfishness, and irreverence to the Gift of Life,
these must be brought to light within thyself.
Let there be the purging of our mind of all self-embitterment,
such as long held beliefs of unworthiness, self-doubts,
denials, or being unclean.*

*These are all effective tools of discouragement
and despair in our experience.
Let there come now the newborn Light of Understanding
that accompanies the soul who seeks the Face and Heart
of the true Author of his Self.*

*Shall then every Seed of our Creator find itself
within new pastures of enlightenment and healing
and the activities of man's relationships that are unworthy
of our Divine Heritage shall be dissolved,
being found without merit upon Our Journey.
This brotherhood of man lies here before us
as our journey into truth and understanding.
So look within thy opportune moments of life,
so as to bring peace or comfort even to but one other.
For so are all worlds filled with our Father's Spirit and Substance
that we may know of Him and of ourselves
as this same Living truth,
and bring forth then the Living Vision
of the Divinely Unencumbered One.*
(Just one way of looking at it.)

∞ **Raising Lazarus** ∞

Now that one surely gave me the willies.
Even the dead don't stay dead in the presence of the Light of Life
(the first recorded quite a ways beyond any near-death experience).
Lazarus had cleared that tunnel into the Light four days earlier!
His body wrapped, sacked, and shrouded
and found to be quite dead on arrival.
Jesus had not rushed to save him from his illness,
which was unthinkable to His relatives who believed
He could have cured him.
Jesus wept.
Then yawned peacefully because it was a setup,

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meant to blow their minds and resurrect their hearts and souls.

“Lazarus, come forth!”

I, for one, would have jumped out of my skin
at the first hint of something moving in there.

The real miracle is that he was able to roll himself off the slab
all tied up in burial cloth,

then casually shuffle himself toward the opening
upon legs that had not seen blood pass through them
in ninety-six hours or so,

sporting a brain that had been deprived of oxygen
for the same length of time!

Sure, I would have been applauding and high fivin’ this event,
until I heard Laz trying to mumble something about

“back in hell,” ~ “still married?”

“Got scissors?”

Praise God! Walkin,’ talkin’, and balkin’ at going
back to work on Monday

without a good excuse for his absence.

Sure, he had the dead excuse in his back pocket should he need it,
but that coupon was only good for “one live show.”

God or no God, I would have felt unsettled and nervous about
having tea with ol’ Laz once they got him unbundled.

Not sure how to initiate that conversation.

“So, Cousin Laz, what’s shaken? (beside me) You look good
for only four days dead.

Sorry about the premature send-off, buddy, but, hey,
we can always save these now custom fit wraps for another day.
Say, here comes your brother. He says you get your wife back.”

“Lazarus,
you’re looking pale.”

Anyway, I worried when I first heard this story.

People might never look at Lazarus the same way.

Perhaps scorn him, thinking he may still be deathly contagious.

Or, like a freak, would he never be given a moment’s peace?

Not to mention, the poor guy is going to have to die all over again.

I would have requested a lifetime guarantee
that my newly restored body and its now looming again

final disembodiment

be gentle and merciful

since I was brought back to be on tour and

display as one of God’s trophies.

And you can imagine how the news spread:

Laz is back in town!

(looking for a job as an expert consultant in skin rejuvenation)

Seriously, though, as heartwarming and

as astonishing as that miracle was,

it was the last straw in the minds of those clinging to

their safety nets of religious dogma.

Jesus had already rebuffed and clarified the

relevance and interpretation

of the written Word of the scriptures

in favor of unveiling the spiritual understanding behind such words.

And depending on where you sat,

you were either amazed at the doors it opened or

dismayed by this threat.

Jesus was politely knocking on the door of their ignorance.

✧ AND THE DOOR SHALL BE OPENED

Some chose the blindness of “not seeing” as a better option than risking the loss of any of the fringe benefits they had acquired during their climb to holiness in the eyes of men.

And nobody wants a cut in pay regardless of whether you’re doing a good job or not.

*Small or large,
the number of your flock gives no heavenly prominence
nor does any doctrine give you authority.*

*Yet every man is a Temple of Spirit,
every Soul*

a Companion and Portal of Divinity.

*Your scriptures and your holy books are but a page in eternity;
glean from them only that which carries you forth
in the spirit of brotherhood.*

*What truth sown of divine intent and origin
is too often obscured in a perpetuation of confusion,
misinterpretation,*

and misunderstanding? So, what is one to believe?

You will make that choice; you always do.

But then upon what shall you base that choice?

*Let every man that seeks to know his relationship to
the Author of his life,*

to the gift of his soul, and of his kinship to

Everyman then do so seek

in the quiet truth lying within your own heart.

There are many who should consider the following question.

Is your all-loving, all-powerful God so weak that

He needed to create a hell

*just to balance things to His own liking?
Would your God fear He and creation might get out of control?
Truly there was no such place of creation reserved
for the everlasting punishment of God's potential one-strike-you're
out failures and embarrassments.*

*There was no such disbursement from the Father of Life,
Love, and Spirit.*

*How could you fully love what you fear even remotely?
And what true Father would have His own fear any part
of His nature and being?*

*Such doctrines become closed doors within the
minds and hearts of man
to the Divine Source and Deliverer of Life,
whose Voice will be heard again.*

*For the destiny of man is to know of his own Truth.
So does the One return whose voice carried the True song
of the loving Father Mother Creator who walks within,
and whose kingdom and ours is eternal.
And blessed beyond measure is the soul
whose eye is upon the coming of the Sun of God,
for your spirit rises and the rushing waters of remembrance
shall flood open your doors wide.*

*Humbled are those then in the presence of this Lord of Love
whose Light dispels all darkness and untruth,
who will lead again His brethren beyond the dark wells
of earth's illusions,
into the lighted halls of our Highest Truth.*

Welcome then is He, the bearer of the Living Water of Life.

And in that time

*His words and love will ring within your True Temple,
where we find we are more than man, yet greater than none.*

*And the pathway to peace shall open wide,
for the Day of the Lord's reign of love
shall prosper long upon the earth.*

So bringing Lazarus back on the block
created a lot of excitement and not always in the best of places.

But, of course, Jesus always went right on
as if everything was going according to plan.

(That kind of behavior would have made me nervous to be around.)

Jesus appeared to be knowingly reckless.

Against all the rules He even healed people on the Sabbath.

Apparently God did not need any such day off,
regardless of what was written in the scriptural laws of man
that were believed to be entirely God's laws.

And speaking of man's laws, we still have some doozies,
like capital punishment, stoning, whips and lashes, hanging, etc.

Adultery?

Make no mistake, your Creator
does not advocate brutality in any form.

***In any land, of any nation,
whatsoever of man's laws
that foster the practice of harshness, brutality, and even death,
and some even enacted, supposedly as a means
to give honor to the Fathering Spirit of all Life
or are being applied in the lives of man as if of divine origin—***

*those laws are void of justice and mercy and are barren tombs
of decay and darkness.*

*Such law is but delivered by man's blindness,
and certainly issues not from the domain of his Holy nature.*

*Too often the hand of justice becomes naught
but a spear of vengeance.*

*Be wary of such passions, for they bring not
fulfillment in their wake,*

but are hollow and demeaning to the soul.

If a man should kill another, true,

he knows not the value of life,

*and when you sentence him to death
you but confirm this very darkness for him.*

And whose sin is greater?

*She who seeks only some comfort in a world
that says at her best, she is worth little?*

Or he, whose hidden lusts lie coiled and venomous?

Cruelty and darkness do not your robes or garments conceal.

Like the clanging of dead stones,

your words are full of empty fervor,

lacking wisdom and mercy.

You speak not for God but of your own greed and lusts.

For in the raising of your stones, whips, and lashes,

you have abandoned your Holy Temple.

*Then indeed you become as a scourge upon the backs of men
as you parade your form of holiness and justice*

before your children,

and to their undoing,

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*for you shout godly praise with your tongue
while your hands unleash terror upon the weak and innocent.*

*Take heed, for this face you give your God,
you pass unto your children, just as those before you.*

*For the blind have laid their traps before you,
as they themselves stumbled in their own darkness.*

*Violence and the eradication of one another
has become an acceptable behavior among our species,
and is now even marketed to our children and adults*

*as entertainment and for profit,
as slaughter becomes a game of skilled focus.*

*If the warring among ourselves, our people,
neighbors, and our nations
was the true stairway to peace,
then why did we not find our Garden of Eden long, long ago?*

*There is no foundation for peace
without mercy, compassion, and understanding
as its cornerstone.*

*Each man is his own door to the beauty of His Spirit.
Tend to your own garden, pull the weeds of your own making.*

*As your heart gives way to the true Light of Life
you will find a kinder self
in a much gentler world.*

In the meantime,
God help the children that come into this world
from all the things we show them.

Man's inhumanities.

The unacceptable becomes acceptable by repetition alone,

while stunningly remaining unacceptable all the while.

It seems like it won't leave our screen.

It's like a bad dream that won't end till we wake up, look around,
and choose a better dream for our kind.

And that will happen.

The unenlightened behaviors of man will be
weeded from his experience,
but not his remembrances of them.

It's inevitable because we really are children of divine issue.

The universe about you really is the physical
manifestation of thought,
formed by a spiritual creative force with a
big heart and grandiose ideas.

We will not be outdone or outmaneuvered by our lesser selves
(well, hopefully no more than necessary,
as we will always need to
party and with good cause,
being the Fireworks of God that we are).

~ **Ye are gods** ~

Is a tidbit of truth that the Sun of God
dropped quietly among those who were beginning to see the light,
and where and how it resides.

We are in the infancy of understanding our
true and purely fired selves
and what on earth we are actually up to.

But just ask Lazarus; things do change in a heartbeat!

So we're gods.

✧ AND THE DOOR SHALL BE OPENED

Which makes me wonder, so what if I were God?

Well,

if I were God, I would make it all good, all the time.

I would find the perfect way

to make sure that my life was brilliance in eternal motion.

The scope and force of my love would be unfathomable.

I would birth from within myself,

Suns born of my image, sparks of my heart.

And together, we would marvel the birth of Love,

within all a divine cord, binding the One in boundless light.

And my blessedness would extend to every cell of my being.

Every thread of life would bear my spirit,

and I would not hide from myself nor my suns,

for I would have no walls around me.

My Presence, being the only One there is,

would be Eternally accessible

within all, always

(or something light-years better than that would also get my vote).

∞ **The Crucifixion** ∞

I have nothing funny to say about that.

I cling to human outrage at the barbaric ways

we have conducted our affairs in the past and present.

Anyway, it was a dark day for humanity, or so it appeared,
as our divinely immersed Brother had one more trick up His sleeve.

And as far as I am concerned, He saved the best for last.

∞ **The Resurrection** ∞

So I'm thinkin', now they're gonna pay.

At the very least, even if Jesus doesn't smite them into toads,
their nerves will be painfully stretched while they peek
around dark corners,
glancing at the darting shadows behind them, and wondering
just how big of a grudge might He have.

Many began to sense the errors of their ways.
Some more intensely than others, I like to think.
(I ask forgiveness for that thought, and have begun
a litany of penance, but heck, my heart's not in it.
Oh well, maybe later.)

Of course, He carried no such grudge and never missed a beat.

***He was our most Dedicated Brother
to the Mission of bringing the Truth of our Nature
to these Material shores, and to be with His Own kind,
bearing True Witness and Companionship to the
Spirit Creator of Life.***

And we are as shiny as He is! And He loves to remind us of that.

And you can't keep a good man down,
especially a good God Man with the highest connections possible,
whose intent was now purely focused on the task at hand,
to restore and renew, transmute and transfigure the molecular
structure of the thought form
and plug Himself back in.

"Why seek the living amongst the dead?"

I hope that greeting was accompanied by a gentle gloat of a smile
and a prankish wink
(as if things needed to be any more surreal).

He was seriously back, and better than ever. What a relief!

✧ AND THE DOOR SHALL BE OPENED

And I am damn glad that no one could hurt Him anymore.

Divine plan or not

(forgive my human reactions here),

talk about every good deed goes punished.

He was treated unmercifully.

**This true Lamb from the Heart of His Father and Ours
who quite profoundly and literally is your Brother and mine.**

And a kinder soul there could not be, and He is one of us.

He came, experienced, and mastered the whole earth thing,

inside and out,

and showed us who we are.

Ultimately, our truth wins out as Spirit trumps (triumphs) matter.

Then knowing us, we move onto other realms and worlds

of interesting delights.

So He was just showing us. Look, brothers and sisters,

we have chosen this place to do our thing

so let us have some respect, folks.

**The grounds upon which we stand and journey
are still and always the breath of the Spirit of Our Father.**

Give honor to who you are by loving who we are and one another.

And it will work best for you

if you keep in mind that every man and woman and child

carries a living Divine Spark

of the heart and Spirit of God.

So be nice, for Christ's sake.

He tried to keep it simple.

Do unto others, because if nothing else, it's smart karma.

He tried to coax us away from beating on each other.

He was divine e-mail without option to delete,
though for all appearances He was trashed,
then suddenly goes viral,
most hopefully on the screens of our heart
where we could listen up and follow the lead.

∞ **The Second Coming** ∞

It will be wonderful to have Him here again.
I don't know that I will be here to see that day,
but some of you, yes, I believe so.

∞ An image ∞

The Star of Love

***I see Him. His steps are as light and song upon the meadow.
Call then, the children First.
Bring them forth to meet their Morning Star
and hold them not back.
Let them hasten to each their Golden moment,
these children of the Sun
who gather now in greater numbers
and bring flowers to His hands.
Each one He touches and gathers close to Himself,
and upon the grass they sit.
Behold the Light that surrounds them in divine Mist,
for the Presence of the Father is among His Children,
and the Star of Love
seeds then,
the Garden of their Soul.***

✧ AND THE DOOR SHALL BE OPENED

∞ and as I hear it within me ∞

***Beyond the Darkening skies that shield not the Truth
comes the dawning of the Sun of Man.***

***True, there is to come Again, the True Sun within all man.
Clothed shall He be as in all manner of light and blessedness.
Fragrant shall be the air about Him, so Pure this countenance
who brings the true Light of man unto every nation.
Between every valley and mountain, from every sea to every shore,
the Sun shall walk with thee.***

***Even as one who might go with you unto thy home
and share thy bread among thy family and neighbor.
And this Sun shall resurrect the soul of man into an awakening,
for they shall see the true Light of Themselves
walking among them.***

***And all of earth shall be stirred with awe
for the truth of man's being will be undeniable
and to many, touchable.***

***There will be heard in many a town and marketplace,
alley, and street corner, and within marble halls,
the sound of joyous weeping,
for the Sun of God will appear often and
stay long upon the earth with thee.***

***For He is thy Brother Sun and will be as One
come back to His Own, and for them,
That all man may see the glory of God
as Their very self.***

***Love then one another
and hastened be the day of His Star.***

“∞ *Beyond the Darkening skies* ∞”

I believe that we will soon see a most difficult time of passage
prior to His return.

And today, it seems we are at a juncture,
between a world in preparation of greater changes in consciousness
and the crossroads to be encountered in doing so.

We can't go on pretending to be just plain Joe's
or flesh-eating planet fungus,
so apparently something's got to give.

And our Achilles' heel may prove to be our current “priorities,”
being that which we focus upon versus what's not on the roster.

On any given day,
money, job, car, house, food, fun, phones,
sex (or lack thereof), fat or a pimple
may overtake the scope of our radar.

An occasional “fat pimple” takes the cake of our attentions
when found to be strikingly mounted upon our nose, chin, or cheek
(which I find hard to place into the “all good” scheme of things,
unless interpreted as a visual reminder
of what may be festering inside).

It is not that these priorities are good or bad things;
they are just “things.”

Seek the kingdom of *things* first,
and all kind of things will be added,
is always a working formula here in the ether of materiality.

Generally, we spend most of our time and energy
seeking to provide for our arsenal of

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survival and entertainment needs,
so much so, it can define who we are for entire lifetimes.

Thank God we get to leave here “thing-less.”

Can you imagine if we had to pack up all our stuff
and take it all with us each lifetime,
dragging it from dimension to dimension?

Imagine the back problems.

(Never mind, I take that back, as that kind of imagining
could be unhealthy.)

All we may have to do
is carry the thoughts and feelings we had about all those things,
although that also may seem to be a bit of weighty baggage
until we get it all in perspective.

“Consider the lilies of the field;

they neither toil nor spin, yet Solomon in all his glory
was not arrayed like one of these ∞”

Meaning, you can heap on all the glitter and gold you want,
but there is nothing more beautiful and valuable
than your Godself,

which is eternally well and fully equipped for this journey,
or any other we can dream up.

Hard to believe at times and probably why
He felt we needed reminding.

“∞ a thousand years of peace ∞”

That’s the figure that’s been bandied about.

I am not sure that’s a long enough spread of blissful cohabitation
for my comfort level,

but I'm going to jump on it just the same
if I'm holding tickets when the peace train pulls in.
Or you may find me cheering you on from heavenly grandstands
while I consult my itinerary for other possible scheduled flights
into the thick of things, or something beyond.
Do you realize how much of the world's structure
would have to change
to suddenly and successfully begin a thousand years of peace?
So there's something coming
that I believe will ultimately serve as a catalyst in the
evolution of our species
into that of a more peaceful people,
while increasing the awareness of our Spiritual Heritage
and our relationship to the forces of Divine potential
and their application in the lives of man.
And we would have to learn to get along with each other
pretty much 100 percent of the time
before there could be peace on this planet.
On a scale from one to ten, what would you rate peace on earth at?
I would give it a 0-2.
(I have no expertise in such matters, and I am open to you inserting
your own number, larger or smaller, but my point being, it seems
generally to be a very un-peaceful world,
and in some corners, horrifyingly so.)
So we have to go from where we are at to a "ten"?
∞ our near future as I see and hear it, within myself ∞
Therefore, it is truth to me alone, and offered as such.
Behold, there Shall come New Meadows,

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*and the flowering of seeds of Love divine
shall be nurtured into fruition.*

Upon the horizon comes first "the humbling."

*I am the spirit of Everyman,
and I shall not sleep in that hour
when the bow breaks from the ship
and thy world is plunged into darkness.*

*And there shall be heard a terrible noise upon the earth,
and in the darkness still shall the earth let forth her shield.*

*And in the shifting of her body to face the new sun
comes the gathering of new waters about her curves,
and in her settling shall man seek new ground
and the climb shall be great.*

*And in his struggle the weight shall be heavy,
so shall he let go of hate for it has no truth within it
and is but a prison of shadow and fear,
and in its stead thy Brotherhood is born anew.*

*Behold, the pruning of the trees of Greed and Power,
thy bark has been stripped from thee and thy trunk lies empty.*

*Your limbs twisted around the necks of man,
binding him with chains,
but no more; you are cut down and without roots and wither
as your time is done.*

*And the fruits thereof are without merit and serve you no more,
except as now,
be it that of a stepping-stone to a fairer vision of thy Oneness.*

*In the dawning of the new earth,
when the storms have ceased and the ash and winds have settled,
shall you then, Children of the Arc,
builders and carpenters of the Bridge,
come forth from among the shadows for yours is the new dawn.
And glorious is this Good News. Let surely angels sound the Word,
for behold the heavens shall be parted
and in the lifting of the Veil,
all who will may see
the Truth of all Life
whose Breath is upon the rising of thy Morning Star.
And in the vision unfolds the sun,
but look ye again and let thy joy be great
for There! Upon the horizon,
divinely Streams the Sun
of the Holy One.*

*Stand then Pillars of the Temple,
prepare then the Way for His return.
Gather in new circles of Brotherhood.
You are the seeds of Rebirth,
the harbingers of New Wisdom.
Lend to each other thy hand
in comfort, helpfulness, and in peace.
For from the ashes the Star within man rises,
and New Laws shall be written upon the scrolls of man's journey,
those Tendered from the Heart,
Tempered in the Spirit of Mercy,*

*and fostered in the Light of Divine love.
For He shall come,
and many more shall He call to go forth with Him,
for, indeed, shall all man hear His calling.
For the Father of Life is endless love and spirit,
and We are the Seeds thereof.
And the Presence of Our Father
shall be clothed in the Divine Sun of our Brother,
and the True Sun of God will lead us
into an awakening.*

In English,
so there is no mistaking what I think “the humbling”
will manifest as,
I believe we will see great solar flares, large mantle shifts, volcanic
ash, oceans moving, coastlines covered, places erased,
new ones created.

(Sorry if that came across too abruptly.)

I believe, in many ways, we’re starting over.

*Mercy be unto the woman whose breast runs full with milk
and the child to its mother cries for comfort and finds none.
Into their homes they huddle in corners and hold one to another
as the moan of the earth tears beneath the walls of their towers
and their huts.*

*Fallen and desolate are the cities of cruel oppression,
their foundations torn asunder, their bricks strewn about the land.
Gather not your comforts for the hour is too late upon you,
for the waves gather high above you and cover you fast in darkness.*

*Mercy be unto the man who seeks his beloved
among churning fires and smoke.*

*His eyes stung with blindness, his pleas unanswered,
Neither young nor old are found in this place, for it is no more.*

*Mercy be unto he that carries his pride in silk and satin garments,
lined in gold with diamond crowns upon their heads.*

Wandering is he now amid dark and empty halls.

He calls unto his servants, but they answer not.

*Behold, he falls limp within the shadow and dust of his passions
for his riches are without worth and his garments
lie cold and broken.*

*Mercy be then unto those leaders of nations great and small
who have plundered the earth of its gifts.*

*For yourself, you have fattened your purse
and ignored the plight of your people*

*whose arms being outstretched but for the crumbs upon your plate,
and thou hast turned thy blind eye upon them,
seeking only the company of the favored.*

*Having robbed then from the weak and downtrodden,
your prize now snatched from your hands,*

you are brought down among the lowly and weak.

*And barren are your coffers so that they hold no coins
and your mirrors have no light within them.*

Great is the fury of the Earth, for she is without mercy and solace.

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*In her discomfort she turns in bitter pain,
for her limbs are wrought with the plagues of man's cruelty.
And she can bear no more these burdens
heaped upon her breast, and she drowns her pain into the oceans,
and the seas take leave of their beds,
and from the howling winds of her lungs she lays waste to the land
as the boils upon her skin erupt with their poisons.
Her skies are choked with venom,
and all creatures hide from her face.
As a robe of darkness covers her body,
she withdraws from the sun
and languishes in rumbling discomfort and sorrow.
And the peoples of her bosom shall lament in their misfortunes,
for like a thief in the night they are robbed of their treasures
and without sustenance.
But in the darkest of nights there lies a fire still.
For man holds his beloved close;
friend carries friend to warm hearths, and
a stranger brings a soothing hand.
There are lamps set upon hills
and the oil of their flame is Love and their Light is Hope.
Man shall not stay in darkness, nor shall his heart be stayed.
For the glorious spirit of his true nature,
now loosed from the chains of his own making,
he climbs from the ashes of empty illusions
to manifest now his dearest visions of peace.
Such that finally, and in great measure,
goodwill shall be shared among all men.*

*And upon that very cornerstone
shall he rebuild and sustain himself again.
No longer shall the bread of life be outside his reach.
That which belongs to not one, but all man,
that lies not in coffers of coins and carats
but there in his heart, and in that of his friend and neighbor,
brother and sister, there shall be found his daily bread
of love, inspiration, and true freedom.
And from the wealth of his new found Oneness
shall he harvest then, in equal measure,
the greatness of his Nature and Spiritual destiny.*

During the darkest times
people definitely will not be interested
in war, politics and government, money, punching a clock,
having a mortgage, or paying rent.
They will be busy looking for loaves and fish of any kind
for themselves and their loved ones Unless they Have Prepared.
The challenges I expect may be severe for most,
insurmountable to many, and for some, over in an instant.
But the skies will clear, and the world will still be here,
and we will go on.
I am not here to tell you what new world we or they will build.
But help will come to ensure the foundation
is laid upon new meadows
of peace and understanding.
***There comes the hour
when man is busy doing his chores***

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*of toiling in the fields, lakes, streams, and seas for his sustenance,
when upon the face of a rising Sun forms a gathering mist
of Divine Construction.*

*And fathers will call unto their sons and
mothers for their daughters
and neighbors to their friends, Come see!*

*And upon the earth it is exclaimed,
Behold the Light that breaks forth upon the horizon.*

They that have eyes to see let them see!

For the Veil parts as the shadow of earthly ether is now Lifted.

*Blessed are you, children of this Sun,
for behold this Light from the Throne and Heart
of Divine Love made manifest
touches your eyes.*

*For to see thy Truth and know the way,
so has this Light come upon you,
this Pure and Gentle Star of Love.*

*And upon the earth His footsteps are many
and His manner so Light.*

There is no need to wait for future events.

Today is always a good day.

It's the only one we ever have.

So

*Children of the Arc,
begin then anew.*

Upon rising, come, each one step into the morning light.

Lift thy face to greet and behold your Sun,

this being a holy reflection of that which is within you.

Bow thy head

*in remembrance that thy glorious body
is born of spirit and now clothed in the ether of earth
and dances to the music of your soul.*

Then lift thy eyes,

*for here also are thy brothers and sisters,
and rejoice in your heart for love surrounds you.*

Finally, breathe deeply,

saluting the Father,

*The divine Sun, the Holy Breath of Life,
knowing the ground upon which you stand
is the fertile gift of Spirit.*

*Let this day's seeds be planted with love and care
that your harvest may be full and great with joy.*

In the same measure, grow ye strong and tall.

*Like towering oaks, may your branches spread forth
and the wind thru your leaves
be the song of peace.*

I have been spewing a lot of stuff here,
and it feels like we are nearing the end.

I hope the journey was well tolerated.

If this strikes any chords, I pray they be
harmonious ones as intended.

However, if you are rattled, I understand.

I suggest you read just the nice parts over and over again

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until you feel and find that quiet sense of your
true and beautiful self.

It is as close as your next kind thought.

To those that may be screaming in defense of your beliefs,
there is no one attacking you.

(Why seek evil where there is none?)

All beliefs lie as but baskets of thought,
and we are all free to explore them

and express ourselves within the rise and fall of their wake.

Of themselves they are neither good nor bad, right nor wrong.

We adopt beliefs about everything in life around us.

The best you can hope for is to follow a set of beliefs

and have them work wonderfully for you,

then allow everyone else the same freedom

while bringing harm to no man.

But we are often blinded by egos

that are predisposed to jumping to conclusions (judging).

(Welcome to the struggle, bro. Have some fries;

I like mine with lots of salt.)

In parting, I would like to tell you a story.

A True Story.

I was twenty-two years old, and it was the early nineteen seventies.

A book landed in my lap about the soul, reincarnation,
our Companion/Creator, and gratefully, the pieces fell together
as was planned, I'm sure.

Suddenly, there was nothing more important to me
than restoring the missing link with my Father/Creator.

So one day, armed with some suggested head, neck, and breathing exercises that would only require a few minutes of concentration, I embarked upon my first effort at meditation. I would talk to my Creator in prayer, and then listen for Him.

I was simply happy to finally have a direction in life,
which was now and for the first time,
to say hello to my Creator and thank Him
for choosing me to be a part of this whole Eternal plan and clan,
and to see if there was anything I could do for Him.
I sat in my best comfortable attempt at a lotus cross-legged position.

Now, I cannot hand you my experience,
that being the pure and sincere intimacy through which my mind
and heart traveled for thirty or forty minutes or so, but trust me,
my Entire heart was in it.

So if He had Anything to say,
there was nothing more important to me
from the tips of my toes, to the torch in my heart,
than to tune in.

And I waited ~

and heard nothing; nothing at all.

Eventually I prayerfully said my good-byes to a voice I never heard
and opened my eyes. I felt inwardly good, unfolded my limbs,
stretched out on the bed, and was smiling now with eyes closed,
basking in the comforting thought that I had the rest of my life to
learn how to hear God through meditation. I was proud of my first
effort and enjoyed an afterglow
of inner satisfaction ~

When suddenly

there was a “pop” sound/sensation in my head
(and the following is as best as I can describe the event).

I am instantly taken on an ever-tightening Spiral of Flashing Light,

moving at a tremendous speed,
seemingly upward, yet inward

and **I am inside** what I can only describe
as **a tiny diamond Fire Spark of Divinity**

(and God knows I was not in control of the steering).

Now, folks, when the **I** within the **spiral** comes to a stop,
how do I say this, except to say that,

“O Lord, I am not worthy”

was the only all-consuming feeling and thought I could muster

**from within my very nicely crumbling,
overwhelmed, and grateful being,**

**for I was held in the Infinite Presence of the Face of God,
beyond the scope of anything we have ever dreamed of,**

**and there are no words to capture the indescribable
divine wonderment of the creative source of all life.**

**It’s all way too big for any of the boxes
we have sought to put our Creator in,**

so I can only humbly,

and do so now in the name of peace, assure you,

We are in Unfathomably Good Hands.

I don’t know how long I was “there.”

I was looking into forever and stripped of my Timex.

When my eyes opened, I had returned as me,

in this body, in this world,

and I also understood clearly,

I was not of it.

**None of us are native earthlings; but rejoice,
we get the best of all worlds.**

(Afterward, I did recall that while I was in that Presence, it felt as though I was in some sort of an invisible, spherical, almost egg-shaped protective energy bubble that seemed to have provided me safe passage and kept me intact, as it were, though nothing could ever be the same.

Implications that I would like to point out:

I would say that I went from the consciousness of material solidity (the physical body, the earth, and the awareness of myself as the human I am) **and spiraled into the realm and throne of our Divine Source,**
in maybe five seconds!

(And God knows that traveling at the speed of Light eliminated any chance of me screaming for help.)

To me, that's an intriguing thought that begs contemplation in terms of the supposed reality we find ourselves in. **It seems as though time and space are conceptualized tools of measurement at our disposal. They allow us the opportunity to experience and express our divine self through the vehicle of the evolution of an individual soul destined to be co-creative companions to the Creator.**

Wonder how we're all doing?

I would say divinely well, regardless of appearances.

I saw God,
though Not as a man,
as this experience is apparently only made possible by accessing the spiritual dashboard of Our Piece of the Spark and Spirit of Life.
And trust me, it's the best piece you'll ever have.

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Also, in an effort to further convey the experience to the reader, I feel that the phrase “I saw God” should be worded differently.

“The Presence gave me sight of the Truth of Itself,”

and the little eyeball orbs we are used to using here had no meaning there, and were knocked out of commission in favor of absorbing the Light of the Divine Force of Life and Love.

And I was totally humbled,

but not because God wanted me to feel humble

(nope, that was all my idea),

but because I found it impossible to not melt

before such as is our Father and Creator.

(I doubt you will do much better, but you won't care anyway.)

By the way, you will find there are no “questions”

floating around your mind at that moment

(in case you are saving up a good one for when you see Him next).

All there is really is one Way Big Answer.

It has never happened since (never needed it to), and I have always been amused at the fact that it occurred only on my first attempt at meditation, and only when I had finished that effort.

My word for that is ∞ cute

(and I know where my sense of humor came from).

Another implication I draw from the experience is that our religious dogmas and doctrines most often do not support the possibility of any direct approach for us to experience our divine self, plus we have generally accepted that our invisible God is also unknowable and consciously perceived as a separate entity from us. And **“as you believe, so shall it be done” is again applicable to what we do or don't experience. We have many self-imposed boundaries that we might do well to drop from our minds and hearts, but that is**

forever up to each one of us and the paths we choose.

I just wanted people to know, you always have options
that you may have not even known existed.

So thirty-seven or so years have passed without ever hearing any
information about anyone seeing God lately. Then just recently, I
stumbled upon a Hebrew word, the **Merkabah**, via the Internet and
YouTube. You may search “*merkabah*” for yourself to retrieve the
relevance I found to the above “true story.” But suffice it to say, I was
pleased to have found such information.

We know not of what brilliance we proceed from
unless we care to seek and know of such stuff.
And what Father would hide from His children?

“Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.”

**Pretty simple and direct,
with no qualifying time frame given for such endeavors.**

**It’s always totally up to us
to seek whatever we will, whenever we will.**

Also for the record, I am not suggesting in any way
that the purpose of anyone’s life
should be to have a face-to-face meeting with God.

**The experiences we seek are those that the soul outlines
before arrival and extension into this place.**

**They may have the appearance of something far removed from
spiritual endeavors, and yet be the perfect path for the soul.**

**But I am sure it will Never hinder the progress of any soul
to wear the face of God that we have been given
in a manner that promotes compassion, mercy, forgiveness,
and goodwill toward all man.**

And I was going to stop right there,

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but I find I must share one more wonderfully true story.

Let this be for

~ **those who have seen their beloved pass from their view** ~

~ **those who lie ill and are without hope** ~

~ **those who are afraid of their human mortality** ~

~ **and for those who long for peace with life** ~

The following is my best description of
a very personal and a most remarkably true event.

Several months had passed since I took that
spiral staircase journey to God.

I am asleep in my bedroom (3–4 am).

I wake up facing the wall to my left, and I raise my head.

Compelled for some reason to turn my head, I look then to the right,
and there, a few feet from my bed, is a Light.

Not a light bulb, nor light coming thru the window.

It was a Light from a different dimension

(Light, that of itself, was alive!)

that just opened up in the middle of my small bedroom.

And I was just about to release an audible “huh?”

When the Light Speaks,

“Be Not afraid; it is I, Peter.”

I barely had time to blink or feel the fear that
was just readying to rise

when the voice slowly spoke again,

“Be not afraid; it is I, Peter.”

But this second time the voice and words seem to come from
literally everywhere inside me and around me.

I was immersed in their energy and sound,
and I subsequently found myself to have departed

from this earth entirely.

I was a Light just like Peter.

I was following behind him, not on legs, however, as I had no
human body.

I was more like a

Living Light-filled Expanding Orb of Consciousness,

for lack of better words,

and all of me was totally sobbing with joy!

And I mean, soul-deep sobbing over and over again exclaiming,

“It’s so Good to be Home again!” and nothing had ever felt better,

truer, and more Real.

Freed from the earth, and finally, Home Again!

YES!!!

We were moving in what felt like a diagonal slant upward direction.

I saw nothing and no one else.

And the further we proceeded, the larger I kept expanding,

all the while filling up even further with

a joy that was truly indescribable

and so intense!

Incredibly, in just seconds, it felt as though I had swelled to

hundreds of miles in every direction!

(Could there be too much of a “good thing”

because I was losing control?)

I was trying to now “hold on” to my (already way

the heck out there) boundaries.

I was like a gigantic balloon and my fingertips (that did not exist,
though I was trying to use some form of that thought) were stretched

to the max and now failing in their effort to contain

the now-impending explosion of nuclear joy!

Yikes!?

And as strange or humorously stupid as this may sound,

I was suddenly afraid of “blowing up”!

OK, sure, with Joy Beyond Comprehension, but still,

I’m feeling like this balloon is going to burst and

Pop! goes the ME-zel.

I stop.

(Apparently fear acts like a brake, even there.)

Peter now stops and turns to me and says gently and with assurance,

“Come, it’s just a little further;

you’re almost there,”

but I reply, “I don’t know how!”

Now is that hysterical or what?

But I really was occupied with the whole “holding on” to some kind of boundary idea, and I feel apologetic (as your brother) that I

wimped out at the last moment, a hair’s breath from certain changes to my ego that I sensed might render me void of any chance of retaining a relevant first and last name, leaving me likely speechless and more likely, me-less.

But Peter knew where I was at before I did, and then warmly confided to me **“Just wanted to show you, so you know.”** And just as suddenly I was returned to this world; me, my body, the room, my bed, and I was delightfully intact with a whole new understanding of the truth of our soul and of our home not being of this earth, but in that of the infinite ether of spirit.

I slid out of my bed and knelt in profound gratitude and thanked my Father and my brother for this most blessed moment of my life. I knew that all of us—, you, me, your family, friends, neighbors, every one of us—are actually together forever. That was a very reassuring

thing to know with absolute certainty at the
young age of twenty-two.

This was not a near-death experience; I was simply taken and
returned. It was the coolest trip of my life, and the awe and
preciousness of it remains with me always. To say I am grateful is
an understatement. For those that may wonder if this
divine soul-snatcher is the same entity as Peter the disciple of Christ,
the topic never came up He never said he was, so I cannot tell you
he was, and nothing like that mattered at the time anyway, though
“within me,” I do know him to be that brother and your brother.

But I would have been equally glad for the lift,
no matter the name he gave.

I believe I have finished.

There’s a lot here to chew on, if you’re a chewer.
May I now thank you for your time, and it is my deepest desire that
this discourse, in part or in whole, may be of useful service to you
in ways that may bring peace, hope, and love to the
forefront of your life.

And some day ∞ someplace ∞
whether Here or Beyond the Sun,
you will see, know
∞ and love it all.

Not a bad deal, eh?

It is very good to be here with you.

Namaste,

james

About the Author

I wish to remain anonymous
and allow any message contained herein to be assimilated
without the irrelevant distractions of my mug and personal life.

I don't walk on water.

(Hell, I stumble frequently on the flat paths of my home.)

I also require my fair share of toilet paper,
and I recall historically how human nature responds to anything
that is perceived as a threat to their religious beliefs.

I was not poking fun at some certain faith; I enjoy them all.
This discourse contains what some may question to be prophecy.
I give it no such name, though I do believe those passages to be
true, and some, sadly so.

If possible, it may be prudent to withdraw from living on or near
coastlines, volcanoes, and large populations,
and I recommend keeping extra amounts
of food and supplies on hand.

Be it truth or fiction remains to be seen
and is just a story until it becomes news.

For those that found something to smile about,
I was born with a sense of humor that has been a blessing to my life
in that I have laughed long, hard, and often
(and I find my humor appropriately inappropriate
whenever the moment calls for it).

My credentials?

Are identical to yours, thanks be to God.

∞ a tidbit and a truffle ∞

***Words are the sound of thought in flight,
but in prayer
let thy thought become quietly still,
that prayer may be felt as the music of your heart,
for only from your heart
can you find and wisely choose
your true desire.***



***If you would love, be as stars that turn slowly,
letting the fires of your heart
burn hard in quiet stillness.
Hold laughter above your many gifts.
Hold friendship as your cornerstone to peace.
You give light to the touch of your hand
when Love breathes thru your body.
Give thought to that which brightens your eyes
and give this day the whole of thy heart
into at least one moment.
Therein shall we all meet
in the fullness of our Spirit.***



Be Well and Be Kind.

The End

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