The Light and Filament

Reflections on Faith

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THE LIGHT AND FILAMENT

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Reflections on Faith

The Light and Filament

God said, "You are not in the world currently. You are within my love. Your soul is gathering my emotions of love for each person. You believe in my nurturing hand, and, in this world, we know how frustrated you were with a lack of respect for other people. You judge too often, and it keeps others apart from you in relationships. You, the author, need to respond with a softer outlook on life."

Then I felt God ask what I judge from others. The judge himself, Jesus, stepped in and replied that I was often in pain and not necessarily wanting relief. At that moment I saw my judgment, and I saw the way I would typically respond. Because of remorse for what my life turned into, I would usually justify closing myself off from God's loving embrace.

But God replied, "Forgive thyself as Jesus had done for many ages already. It is to feel the comfort and sweet grace he has in your admiration for others. Yes, where you, Author, have praised others, Jesus has helped encourage that mindset. It is from this education to love others and yourself that we begin."

I felt incredible love from the praise revealed through the Savior of other people. It was not just a miracle that I began to want relationships in my life—it was something of a celebration for me. That God would like me to reach his extension of heaven that came into our universe is unreal. It's incredible to think that the one true Father felt he could help me reach heights of awareness I never understood before.

"You should understand that God is represented in life as well as in heaven. You sought out the inferior as you walked in life, and people kept emotional congruence with how you viewed this flawed self. You want others to know the real, healthy you. How is it frustrating to understand your opposing self in other people? This asymmetry is well defined here already. You choose to feel good in love and praise other people, yet you judged. And that which you judged kept appearing as a shadow in yourself. That shadow was him—the serpent that presented himself.

"For you, Author, what you judged to be unholy became your perversion in thought. That perversion was fear of your fundamental desires." It was an elderly spirit who spoke to me, an archaic voice who possibly sought the reckoning himself. "Judgement involved your ideas, true? It is in that you need to listen to God the Father." As I felt the spirit leave my side, I wanted to ask him for more guidance. I wanted to ask, *Where should opposition surface for my submission to God? Where would I help others by sacrificing my judgments?* I was curious about this because I wanted to learn from the visiting spirit.

He continued: "Please remember that the universe is of your mind. You see, feel, and think out the reality around you because you reside within your brain. I would love to set you around the universe. You may understand the willingness of the serpent more than you understand me, and he influences your every move. Please allow my words to influence your perception of reality. The holy good is involved. The people who love our planet are here, and, to an extent, there are formidable forces that wait to help you understand these lessons—understand the right

move with a total spiritual depth of personality. You do not just believe and act right.

"We are a part of you, so we must share the basis of living here. All the universe is a perception of the marvelous light of heaven. The tainted view you have of yourself judges you and takes your fictitious idea of control away from the Holy Ghost. It is then that God wishes you whole with him. The judgment is returning to you in a mirror opposite to remind you of your feebleness. Never give this sacred lesson to the world. Your feeble attributes and attempts are not accurate, and the Savior's love creates the future."

I assumed that this spiritual presence was from heaven, and I listened closely. "The heavens dawn tomorrow. The night is currently processed. And in the world where many things are created and controlled by the serpent, the world often feels ugly. If at any time the universe feels too grand to take on, just breathe in the words of Jesus. That breath is like a flowering scent or aroma in oneself. New life is good. His perception is then working inside you. He allows the fight to understand his words to be accessible to your reality or universe."

My mind's eye jolted from my spirit. The world detached from my viewpoint, and the spiritual voice continued. "Do you see now how the vibration feels different? Be astute in this vibration because it colors your thoughts. You felt alerted through all the ideas of the life you have had, or, to put it differently, the light of your judgment is a discoloration of the world, and you fought it when it was described as a mirror. Yet the truth is clairvoyant—a feeling of subtle hints given to us by the forces of greatness. The good in life becomes the way we live. Your driven purpose is to let others know that life's greatness is external to their

spirit. Do you understand? Life in the world often reacts to your fears, and this amuses your sense of war. The spirit must live in a way that fear is mainly unknown."

"How do we do this, though? How is it possible to be secure enough not to push fear away?" I asked. Winged seraphim appeared from the heavenly kingdom, and they took my perception of colored life, the mirrored self, and gave it to my Holy Father in heaven.

The seraphim said, "Let the Lord allow you to have this knowledge from us, the angelic fount. Let the world understand they have been living in a cruel universal way, and repeal it as we have now with you. God can lift the spirit to heaven. To put one's soul into God's hands is a literal idea to fathom. Why should one understand anything else?"

This good and pure angel left me with my ideas of self-reconstruction. He said, "Do not wish yourself here. I do not want to be in life on Earth. You can be a force to challenge the perception of others in need and desire. Change the attitudes of your friends. Let yourself be nourished through us in heaven. The fount that you are to be part of is the power God creates through a messenger in love. You are divine. You have spread your wings to feel exposed to God's invisible hands. You wear the purity of the heavens out into the world. This is not to be witnessed but to be *lived*."

Then the seraphim asked me how it felt to be nourished in everlasting goodness. I responded that it was more straightforward, much simpler, and less confusing to love others like a child.

"Youth, the fount of perception, is, in a way, the way to live. With eyes wide awake. Let me tell you." The seraphim reached for my childlike spirit and hugged my soulful self, and then

added, "Let me say that God is all. He is all-encompassing to your knowledge, but more exists between that of the mind and your love." The seraphim gave me time to pause and reflect over this and then continued, "A new identity is created. This is one of holy purpose. This then is how your childlike love for all comes back to you. The angels appreciate your passion and fearlessness. In this, you can work miracles—in part by addressing what the spirit wants. You are never in control over yourself again. The soul will find itself admired for the assistance from your self-submission to heaven—the self in heaven will help you find your purpose in life."

The seraphim continued to teach me more aspects of my new expanded approach to life. "Now, let us study the sacred texts of the living. This is your wisdom. The purity of knowledge allows you to understand knowledge and personality attributes, but it is never an understanding of wholesome goodness. Instead, it is an understanding of the forces out there. That God knows us is typically the answer given. However, there are forces not of the serpent and not of God. These are programs away from the understanding you have sought. The grandest master will appreciate your attempt to live away from a binary perspective of life."

The seraphim allowed me to understand life and how it works in different ways. He noted that a God for all is better than none, "It is for the worlds away from your understanding to master the concepts of ancient understanding. Other worlds have existed. The method of training to receive other life was a priority. On Earth, you fought the judgment. You will accept an alternating universe beyond what God promised."

The abilities came in abundance. Talking to angels was something I had a capacity for, and the conversations penetrated my

thought patterns. The seraphim, this mighty angel, was introducing me to his brethren in heaven. I learned that the heavens were a great place full of places in deep divides. These poles, as I named them, were different places. God's ability, then, is not to be questioned as much as it has been. God knows all is fine to say, but, in a different land, the people worship various ways. He is influenced through meditation or prayer. To invoke something other causes a behavioral change. Invoking the God of light is safe. The serpent is not. So do so in the way that God intends for you.

Then the seraphim said, "Now," he whispers, "is the time we tell of angelic lore. The fathomable masters left the world and have known us alongside their council. The view that worship belongs everywhere until we decide otherwise is false. There is a gift that always belongs to the universes. Reality is the gift, but we decided that this reality wasn't enough. See the worlds that surround you through a different mind and perception." The seraphim talked in a whisper because this was past the biblical reckoning. It had a different essence, and it felt like it deeply contradicted my nature of fighting for survival. It felt holistic. This view came from a polarized view of my life where it is divided into several different poles. It seemed that we could have multiple times and great ideas enriching our thoughts at once. I felt that some poles or lands in my awareness spun in one direction while other poles spun on a different axis. The spinning was a rotation, and the ideas meshed between the rippling time. The awkward voice that I felt confident in was to change. I saw the ideas grow out of the gravity between poles, and in those ripples were communication. I was not alone in the universes.

It was awkward in that I dared not attempt to speak. The silent consciousness was formidable. The masterful abilities of the members of the council of heaven then began to talk for me, and the axes and poles that I had seen soon began to spin, self-starting into the panel of the angelic masters only by their invitation.

They said, "You will belong here quickly. Do you feel like there is another universe yet? It is true. You are not brainwashed by the serpent now. You cannot believe only in your sole God, though. The Father is grand, but you must understand consciousness in the worlds or spaces between universes. If we knew of this lesson, we could communicate slightly better.

The world's views are grand. The places between us and the angelic masters, the power of understanding these lessons, were inherently focused on their wants. "You know we believe in the rippling of spaces between the universes," they added. "Yet do you believe? Can you believe in what you only have a limited experience? Then you believe in us."

I listened to all they said, and I had some questions. I asked, "What about the filament? Was that the space I worked within before?" I asked this because I had little to share in the conversation, and I thought the filament was how God the Father began to attribute his words to us, our souls.

"Yes, in some ways, it works even better than a direct line of words," said the voice from beyond the universes. "We know that you imagine and see through an eye of your mind, but it is better to tell it like it was a perception from the stillness of your soul. You mainly see your thoughts, and God pushes through his identity to guide you in your reality. That purpose is functional. It makes you honest with something of a heavenly understanding.

"Now, look inside the same mind. The image of spiraling galaxies is something you see as a land and a pole, correct? Understand that land has light, but not all lands are alive with conscious thought. Some are precisely opposite or resemble something like the center of the pole that the land spins around. While God is merciful, the serpent wants to lie. Yet in some lands, the pole holds the essence of the idea that conscious perception should be happiness. The evil in that land may involve sabotaging a life for their limited resources, and it may be exemplified through an experience. It may just be a dot or material that comes into place. It may be something like the light. Or sometimes it is something of a rippling conversation between the worlds. These ripples are like glue between us. If you call it a bond, you may have some interest in chemistry, but I would advise you to describe it as glue. It is all very much the laughter in our lives."

I thought back to what communication was, and I understood a rippling emotion of joy to be a widespread conscious feeling in the universes.

"This joy," said a voice from an angelic master, "is that we begin to belong. You know that we loved it, even though you are the first to experience this love in a standoffish way. You trust yourself. You see the universes rippling along the poles, and the rippling 'waters' are something you do not dive into."

The angelic masters waited for my conscience to test the waters. The holy assignment was not something with which I identified. *How do I see myself do this?* I wondered. *How do I move? Was this an allowance to join?* It was a bit frustrating to know something without a body was able to reflect what I believed.

The angelic master said, "Calm your ideas here. You must join a mastery of believing in us, too. It is not to prove to yourself that we, the heavenly spirits, tell you something and then wait to watch you in approval. No, it is for your consciousness to expand into reality. You have no control over us, and you influence us with your ideas. But please do not or never be blatantly lying to us to deceive our warmth. Do you see how we give you power? That resource is not to be taken and used against us, as masters."

I felt powerless. It was humbling. Yet, I was moving from my voice of consciousness to the universes' living spirit. The spirited understanding was great, and I attempted to join in the ripples between worlds or universes in the heart. I saw a pure reality that could flex to those ancient believers. They believed that everywhere was something to transition between miracles. I began to think of the angelic masters that came before. The ancient master, the one who inspired my text, was the one who made his invisible force known.

You see, we believe that we know something similar. You know what I feel because I shared it with you. In the spirit, reality will change. I said that was something to anticipate, and I looked forward to feeling and trusting the reality of his words.

He responded by saying, "Not words of light here. You see and experience something much different from light, but the material world may still be influenced." I strangely accepted that I could influence the universe, too. I understood that I did not need to say words of light to do this either.

"And you have influenced the spirit as well. It is that we are of glue, you and we. We see and experience the universes, and this is not between the universes, moving like being on a checkerboard. No, that was something of a game for a binary thinker. We *move*

through the universes and are one with each other, yet we pick out how we believe." An idea of a deep spiritual thinker came to me as he continued. "You know the life you live, but you will know of the planets moving through us, the glue of life."

"Imagine a pole or the points that the universes spin upon—they are the center of those spinning universes. Yet between the universes is the glue that shrinks and expands in ripples, depending on words. These words are the sounds, and the ripples are like light—but not always. It seems that we may be losing the idea here, but remember that thoughts are possible answers.

"Here it is; the glue has zero temperature. It does shift but is unaffected by the universes themselves. Conversations spark the lives in the universes. Those aware of the light's conscious may be familiar enough to understand the sounds between reality and that glue, and that understanding then makes for added ripples. Why has little been said about the amount of glue and conversation between worlds? Plenty are directed toward you.

"To be aware of the ripples, a person must understand themselves as a receiver. That is just the way it is. You must feel the words and enact a definition for the impression you imagine. The purpose is not a spark to life, though. You must understand the difference between the mind of the soul and the soul itself. We will welcome you into heaven to understand this difference. The soul in space carries an unusual energy weight, but the mind does not. The idea of a ripple in the body seems strange enough but is true. Your vibration is something earthlier than some others. Relaxing into the passing the time on Earth is fine, but once you come to heaven, you will guide others."

I asked if the weight or ripple of my soul remained in heaven. They continued, "The answer is not practical because it can and

will change. Understand that if you were to revisit Earth, you'd be given something of a different body. This is an interesting question though. The weight and the ripples are two and the same, such as the poles and the glue. It seems confusing, but the identity is similar. One has a very different style yet works with the other to provide a dimension of the world. It is likely you can understand some physical dimensions easily, like depth. Yet the imagination of yours is something the mind of the soul has a depth to as well. That goes to glue. The conversation will begin than here."

"The conversation between ourselves?" I asked.

"Yes, Author, outstanding. The mind feels a latent physicality. The ripples and words are thought about while you feel the actual mood shift around you in the spirit. It is easily understood in a trance here, but it may not be easily understood for most people. You are stilling the mind and focusing on conscious perception, if not even in an altered state, to talk to us spirits. It is harder to understand an in-depth conversation with us. The rippling then occurs when your conversations begin to show in your reality. Then the influence of your perception will change. Understand it is that the body shifts after the ripples. In some cases, it is not easy to know how the physical soul works. The soul you see in your imagination vibrates or ripples. The 'fluid of the casing' is something between the glue and the soul's weight. It's difficult to know, but it can be like a sense of water that parts from the filament. Now that you understand this, we can move forward, and we can investigate the track that fascinates you.

"That is, that you are challenging the serpent as we speak. You know him, and you have worn a crown received from him.

You will often challenge this mindset, yet deep down, you challenge him in more appropriate ways. Is it your way or his?"

Angel Haniel, who had discussed the universal poles, said, "When you reach for the rippling words, you come to discuss light with yourself. The light that the serpent understands is something like streaming photons and iridescence, yet light has been explained to spark conversations. The ripples between the universes are then something we cannot control due to others' love and boundaries, yes? The serpent will acknowledge this set of boundaries, surely, but will it admit its faults?" Haniel said that he understood my newest decisions to match what understanding I had with the serpent. I said I would like to provide the snake with a certain feeling of confidence for God.

Then there were many masters in my presence. In many voices and different patterns, they began to motivate me. My physical body of the soul relaxed to the extent that I saw their images in my thoughts. I attribute this to a fair thought process and my awareness in silence. Yet, they attributed it to their will.

"How can I help?" I asked.

"Don't punish yourself in your mind. Your submission is good, yet you fight because of the stillness and desiring our favor. You know we are helping you in this identity to fight the serpent. His light is overwhelming to some, but look past the answers he provides."

I looked at Angel Haniel, the master who had helped me, and told him, "I feel a different feeling within the soul. It feels like a ghost is present, and the feeling shifts the surrounding energy levels or ambiance around me."

"This means that I am with you in prayer," he answered. "I know the meaning and will help you understand your ability. Just do not think I control this."

"The ghost," I whispered. "Am I able to speak to it?" The ghost was not perfect for me either, and it was hurried and darker than the master's light when I spoke about sin.

"Remember," said the Angel Haniel, "I do not yet know as much as the Father either." This left me unsettled. I faced such a the progression of myself. To know and not know so much. It seemed that the knowledge was of a particular light, and the shadowy soul was of something without a body.

The ghost spoke, "Yet we can believe. The shadow is trained as well. The two parts are just of your knowledge, and it is to understand that we can communicate to the serpent here." I sat back and wondered what to say. I finally said, "I will try to help."

The ghost saw my intimidation and held me. "We drop into the shadow, and you will understand why we drop or fall in a moment." In the flames of the serpent, I saw him. The snake drew a breath in as I knew he understood my presence. "He drew the breath in because you are a different soul than he was accustomed to" the ghost continued. "He excitedly knows you as an angelic form, but do not let his wisdom dawn upon your soul, for he lies."

The ghost watched me. He saw me step up close to the serpent, who sat on his treasure. I said as the snake smelt my soul, "On which day do you remember me? From before or from today?" The serpent had control of me once before, and I settled back a bit into this history.

The serpent laughed, "Fool, why did you rejoin me here?"

I ignored his belligerence, for I first thought of pleasantries to speak, "I am to discuss how light works with you. I understand it in-depth, and I understand you can add more to that depth. I want to know what you might understand!" I felt my presence push down, and I felt the weight of my words hang in the air.

"The ripples I have seen before," answered the serpent. He let the idea stand without reacting much. Yet his eyes sparkled in curiosity from what was occurring. My soul was in discussion with other masters—their presence was within my soul, rippling in ideas. The conversation was to be understood in an orchestra of sounds or voices.

"Let me announce to you that I find this interesting," we said. The serpent laid his head on the ground, and he shifted from a dragon to something more snakelike in its energy. We continued, "You know much, serpent. Why do you act like a snake instead of a dragon?" I asked the most obvious things sometimes.

The serpent said, "It is about agility. When I can, I sit and consume, but I cannot move as fast as my flexibility is used to in that mode of myself. I consume much and many spirits that way."

I thought about the sin of my soul's body and said to myself that the ghost must be aware it could be changed, too. Did it change, though? But then I refocused my thoughts on the serpent.

The masters called back to me. "Use your abilities to touch the serpent." The ripples came from the soul, and I saw them surge toward the serpent's mouth.

"Remember, I know much I can tell you," the serpent said.

Yet his words fell flat as he seemed to have his mouth wrapped with energy like it was muzzled. The masters allowed

me to understand the snake's feelings without a hint of being bitten—it was their energy that kept the serpent's mouth shut. I approached the serpent in my thoughts and allowed the rippling words to soothe him.

"Serpent, I allow my hand to glide over your face and the head." I felt the horns there and stopped. I was surprised at these horns. "Are these of a light?" I asked. The horns that I had feared are a story of their own.

The masters allowed the serpent to speak. "These horns were never of my own. They were placed in me as I had been an angel before. Witness much here. The horns are not what is expected, and they will fall when the curse is over." The serpent looked amused at my confusion. His body was darkened, and his soul came through to me. He was showing me his remembrance of his angelic self. "Yet you do not speak now?" he then asked.

"When are you going back to heaven?" I asked him through the ripples of glue.

My ripples found their way toward the soul of the serpent. It pushed back as a rock would in a stream of water. It divided the waters and swells and acknowledged that it had misery. It said inside itself that it felt something cold. Inside, the serpent's soul was out, and the flames decreased a bit outside its body. I thought this was a balance. "You can lay your head on the angels once more," I told him.

The seraphim smiled at the serpent and then addressed me. "This isn't your time to teach, Author. It is the serpent who is to teach you of the ripples and the casing of the soul. His knowledge is good and sound." As I looked back at the serpent, I this time saw a man. His body continued to shift as I drew closer to it.

"Your knowledge, serpent, is incredibly sound. Why does your body shift again?"

The man of time said, "It was my time as man." He ushered me out of his lair and said in his words of mediocre light that his time would be hard to deal with, for he had to understand the pain he caused in the world. I saw that the balance between the light and the body of the soul matched each other. When one outweighed the other, the other would shift.

The masters then brought me back into their fold. The light around me was pure. They agreed not to tell me what I could have said. Instead, they applauded me for answering and feeling my way to the serpent's soul.

"The horns are a weakness of his," they said. I said I was astonished that the serpent, which acted like a dragon, would recreate itself from snake to the man of the time. "It was as you understand. That is enough," they said.

I wondered about my dialogue with the serpent. "Will I get to speak to him as a man of the time? Does he know answers to riddles?" The Angel Haniel said something to me then that I promised myself to try to live. He said, "A riddle is not told or hoped to be answered by the other person, leaving them to struggle over themself."

The masters grouped around me in spirit, and I felt them in a loving embrace. They each told me how I had done profound things in a way. The ideas were fresh but could be carried on. "Let the humans know the man of the time was going to belong to them," said the Angel Haniel. Then he showed me, from his perspective, the pool in which he saw the waters.

The water was exceedingly clouded. It seemed that this man of the time was pollution. The Angel Haniel continued, "In any

event, the knowledge of the serpent or man of the time was just a new perspective I've given you. The man of time is muddled in guilt, and it may be harder to predict its future with my wisdom. But you, Author, know this serpent. Let us understand your thoughts." He added that he was feeling angst upon the water. That little frustration was from all people, yet the serpent manifested himself so perfectly inside their thoughts.

"It seems to me that the serpent is not going to belong very long in his present stage of development, and he may want to return to his nest of flame and fire," I said.

As I walked upon the master's pool's water, there seemed to be a storm brewing. The master told me that this storm was not a normal one—it was a manifestation of the grief the serpent had from his education. It meant that he had to acknowledge, through his able mind and heart, that there was right in the world. Then the larger forces swept around me. This force was made up of all the knowledge of the universe where the serpent had been. It seemed that his spirit upon the waters allowed me to enter Angel Haniel's pool to once more talk to the man of the time. Yet I was not under my ghost in the waters—the perspective came from a different ability.

I said, "Man of time? Are you available to speak? I saw you before and want to discuss you and your motivation for your life. Let us chat." The darkness spread through the waters, and I felt an icy coldness appear in front of me.

"Do you want to discuss me and the pursuit of my old angelic self? This is not entirely the way I would have this conversation go," the man of time who was the serpent said. He also said that he was trying to determine how he could influence the angels from his current body.

His angelic friends who had fallen as well were of a similar mindset, and they had joined forces before and controlled the subconscious emotions of hundreds of billions throughout life. So it is no surprise that the serpent in human form wanted to express himself to the fallen angels.

"It seems like I need to try in a different fashion from how I would have before," said the man of the time.

I replied, "If you have tried and failed, then try again from the heart. That is the way we humans pray together. It is a different path, and it is the straight path to communication!"

The serpent investigated himself. He was something of a darker creature than one of light, so his communication through prayers had more emotion. It was like I felt him shriek, and I could feel the angry undertones ripple from his heart.

"You do not understand. You have likely witnessed severe pain from that serpent. That pain cannot be interpreted," said the force which held me in the pool of water. "The pool of water was a reality. Remember, each perspective from each unique soul influences the existence of the universes. They combine uniquely through the glue that holds them together. So, I thought, why not understand the serpent from its pool of water or its soul," the angel of death, Azrael, explained.

"Azrael, is it in you to discuss the serpent's fate?" I bellowed. I thought that it may have been wise to show my sincerity, yet the serpent sought a judgment for me.

"I saw you, Author. I had judgment planned from when you escaped to the heavens before. Now, listen." The serpent discussed his angelic form through death. His heart fell open, and I understood that his mind did not correct the justice that God, the Father, had won out when the serpent's heart was re-

vealed. The snake had a speck of goodness that he formed himself around, and he had not changed to complete darkness.

"Do you understand, Author?" he continued. "Even I could not overturn the greatness, the light from good, to understand my perspective. Call it evil if you will; I think that my angel was the speck, and it was of a death that I sent out to create war, famine, and conquest. That attempt to misguide humanity and other angels is, therefore, on my thoughts."

The serpent's ghost, or angel, in this case, was hideous. Azrael was not an angel that I was used to understanding, for it was cruel and sinister. It caused the serpent's body to wither from a man of time to something different. Sure, it was a fallen angel, yet it sat with a snout and horns and black wings and a body that was like a goat.

"Remember that the body is something that reflects knowledge. What is that knowledge?" said the force from Angel Haniel. I wept and saw the angel of death try to move around in the prince of evil's being and heart.

"This is where I hope that the Morningstar is rebalanced as a holy and great angel," I prayed within the universes, and through that glue came my understanding to search out God in the unlikeliest place.

"God?" said angel of death Azrael. "This will not suffice, and we will make him a sacrifice once more." I understood that he referred to Jesus, and that the Christ had given the light of heaven to the serpent once, and the angel shunned it.

Then in my thoughts I heard Jesus, through the forces between Angel Haniel and my ghost, say, "Let him live. Let the man we know here as Author be sound. It was as you were again to allow God through to your angelic heart." I sat in awe, for Je-

sus was seen in the presence of greatness over and within the waters. "Go now, Author. You have done your job." Jesus smiled, and I saw the light from behind him grow in luminosity. Was it my light or the serpent's light behind Jesus that grew in luminescence? I stayed within Angel Haniel's force and was lifted out of his waters. I returned to the heavens.

Christ appeared to me there. "I say, Author, what has happened is truly remarkable. Misery shifted toward the negative and then to the positive. Your earlier conversation was enough for all who see the serpent to understand his willingness to realize that I was his redeemer." I thought about what Jesus said, and I thought that the serpent must have been miserable by itself if it had been around.

Jesus continued, "And that wasn't just the worst of his time on Earth. You'll understand more once I tell you about that serpent. He was a terrible thing, and he woke up and wanted to punish others. HIs pain also rippled toward the trusted few that fought against him. You and the masters felt it, and I'm sure others are aware, for that pain is hard to process emotionally for the body and soul's body. It seems that we are coming to an understanding that evil itself isn't always pure evil. It seems that many know wrong and push those feelings away by flipping the issue on its head. It seems that all acts are then justified." The Christ saw within my waters and saw the mourning I had for my spirit or ghost. I considered the baptism of the ghost at this point.

"Yes, the day will come when you will forget the time you were fighting for your mind," Jesus said. "That day I will heal you. The mind itself is not in mourning for yourself, and my day is for repair. You will understand that the Holy Ghost is for you to belong to just as you know me."

I said to Jesus, "The Christ, the Savior. How can I begin to channel your ideas to my friends on Earth? How can they worship the same way? They can and do good."

He looked above the waters, and he looked toward the heavens. He insisted that the words I speak will reach others, for their hearts are listening. I saw ripples in the heavens. The sound that occurs when the ripples are created was almost the same but slightly different. It sounded as though many wanted the peace given by our Savior.

"In the justice found on Earth, the heart will belong to the heavens, and the glory will be with the word of God. This universe will know heaven, and you can bring them toward what is holy," he said.

Then the ghost took me from where I was to where it dwelled—a place filled with the fellowship of people. It had been silent but spoke once for me to know God's tabernacle. "The good that presides from us is in tribute for all who talk to me in prayer. One is not enough to understand strength. I dwell in the silence to understand others. It is silence but also enjoyment. This peace that come from nonjudgment is where home feels. Prayer runs through all, and we understand the heavens there as well. Allow Jesus his place."

I sat at that moment, knowing I could focus on evil or right. I chose to pray.

Also by Todd M. Anderson

Reflections on Faith
Believe
Garden of Harmonies
King and Prophet
Light Scholars
Never Give In
Paradise
Personality Program
Super Conscious
The Light and Filament
The Way of Man
Universal Records

Theater of Everyday Life
Mirrors for Reflection
The Anti-Personality
The Battle Between Good and Evil
Competitive

Standalone

Reflections on Faith