

Never Give In

Reflections on Faith

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Reflections on Faith

Never Give In

“Do you believe yet? Do you believe in the hellish world of your underdeveloped self? That you believe in it and ignore it is quite amusing, Author.” I heard these statements and wondered why they came to me from beyond that night by a demon. The demon continued, “Do not be cowardly. Fight in the story and give your unique impressions. That is the night of the world; in the silence comes pain. The pain that exists is not from yourself, either. It is the personal avarice of others to ignore themselves as you do. It is to be a builder of a world that does not include the depths we have inside us all. You, sir, have ignored these painful depths of what others think and act to paint a rosy world around you!”

I asked what others needed to hear so I could share the knowledge—the knowledge of what pains others. From the evils of silence, the voice from beyond responded, “The Author does not know the depths of remorse. In these emotions that he experiences, he finds others willing to deliver his pain to the world through him as a receiver. As a receiver, he is strong yet under constant pressure to resist himself and hear others’ thoughts. He is like a singularity in the night. The grief that he carries is not for others but for his mechanics. It is for the world to understand that nothing is real anymore, and everything plays to the drumbeat of his heart.”

I said, “My heart? I do not think I rule and judge.” But the demon interrupted my thought by saying, “But of course, the reflection of this rosy world is from your making, and it is for

everyone to understand how they receive pain back from their judgment. Honestly, you receive their emotions deeply and internalize them, feel them yourself, and then your heart makes it all real.”

I saw Jesus in my prayers, and Jesus said, “Do you not want to understand that there are feelings that are suppressed by yourself as well? You are not honest with yourself. The demon that surrounds you now and tells his side of the story is only one of many. It is like this for many thousands of millions of people. Throughout time, some people thought themselves devilish without ever doing any harm. Their strength was understanding others’ emotions. Yet there is something more. Do not get carried away with this, but understand that many others want what you have. You seem incredible to them, and their jealousy drives them to wish you the worst and for themselves to better to understand your power. Of course, the judgment and empathy you share are decisive because the people around you like you and listen to you, and they cycle between these two responses to you. Do nothing for now. Just understand that the underdeveloped self can make your life golden.”

The sinister shadow then said, “Author, you need to breathe. You need air, like a flame needs oxygen. You suffocate through others’ projections.” The devilish shadow then cast itself upon me. I was afraid and held onto the fear as he continued.

“We know of your curses, we understand the frustrations, and we imagined them to be honest, too. The superficial way you think of life in real-time is not the same as your emotional self. You serve the Lord, yes? But do others want you to be happy? Do people genuinely enjoy your company? Most are fighting to breathe within themselves, too. They immerse themselves

in the contradictions I've pointed out. They hate you as much as they hate their feelings of projections. Do you understand this?" The sinister shadow was watching for my emotions. It continued, "The world works against those who see the light for this reason—those who hold up the Lord in this world shine in a different way. The demons try to regulate fear of their own onto those who shine a light. The light is then drained from the world once more, if not conquered."

I began to see what this night was. It was a torment of souls playing out on the natural world theater. Yet it was not a theater but a mask for those who are wounded and unheard. I began to sense that my life was starting to unfold in the darkness.

Jesus said, "I have received nothing for myself and give what I have. It does not do you any good to serve yourself. Do you see the difference between you and me? The world and you look upon others' needs or wants and break free from frustrations to hurt the helpers. The sin in the world is not coming from the developed part of the mind; it comes from the hurt that people have. It is from the pain that they mistakenly heap upon others as if it was intentional."

The pain from the shadow spoke, "I have little to give to my world in this shadowland. The drugs are too dull for the senses, true enough. They are a vice that leads further into the shadows. It is not for fun but to dull oneself from the shadows. The frustrations appear more so, and you then hurt everyone you touch. Fear and hurt become a plague amongst the Lord's people." I wondered why drugs were mentioned on my behalf. The sinister shadow said, as if in response to my thoughts, "Everywhere, there are vices. The truly hideous vices that the night presents are all

torture for the person in the living world. You have vices, including alcohol, and it is the way we in the shadows operate.”

I responded to his accusations, “Yet I hope and feel not angry. I feel that I can overcome the pressures once I relax and have the Lord within my heart.”

The shadows laughed in a way that sounded like snarls. “The imagination that you possess can easily be turned into fear, and it is infuriating and frustrating to your senses. The world is not easily divided into two halves, but when it is, those halves turn on each other, such as wheels in a clock.”

The demon’s grin became wide, “You know little about the way the living live. Therefore, we will set you straight. We apologize in advance, though. Living beings can be selfless and giving, yet when they are they prize themselves for their outstanding accomplishments, wanting nothing but notoriety and fame. You seek to lead for a reason, and you want your life to be recognized for some attributes. The living have great reasoning for that. The living want to dream, play, and be merry. The living want to lead lives that others recognize and want to be part of. But the world dooms this to be fraudulent.”

“The purity of many is, in fact, right,” he continued. “They feel pressure to submit to each other for a reason, and it is the negativity that presents itself as decorated and honorable. To follow a leader in purity is great. The Lord has said and maintained what is holy. Yet, for the negative forces, they turn what is truly good into something weaker than themselves. They overcome the light and submit only to their greater perceptions of themselves, and they glorify their own.”

The demon sat into itself and asked, “Who does the religious leadership then help? The ones who are pure? Or do they suffer

for their guidance by those who make them weak? Here is a great analogy. The man who wants to be involved in his spirituality makes himself God. Thus, man leads himself to the fountain of God but cannot look at God for a reason. He prides himself for his accomplishments too often to realize that his downfall is being presented to him. This repeatedly occurs throughout the millennium for many if not every human. The conditions of light and laughter, then, are retained by the forces of mercy.”

The demon snarled as he continued, “The man who wishes that he had not sinned is given grace from Jesus. It is in this grace that he must submit and serve the Lord. Only the Lord can lead to pure heavenliness, and the Lord must be king. Jesus is not just a leader. He is the Father’s Son, and in this we become ourselves, heavenly sent to show the way. He grows inside of us, but it is wrong to perceive that he grows on us, manifesting his wants in the world through us. This is the balance to the negative forces asking for the light to shine in the shadowlands.”

Jesus said, “That we follow and serve. In all cases, the cause of disruption to the Lord’s calling is in error, and he forgives and is merciful. Yet the demons in the shadows cannot tame his calling because they cannot investigate the light without seeing errors. They project themselves in humanity. The fallen ones are the night, and He is the day. The natural workings of hell and heaven are to be observed. The lesson is how humanity came into existence. Humans repeat their follies, live the pain and suffering as they work to satisfy their desires. They think themselves glorious and godly. They see it in the world when they portray themselves as humankind, and like that, the circle of redemption is completely erased.”

Jesus investigated the shadow that attached itself to me. “The devil is something to consider here. He is nothing and void. The pain that came from his downfall is something that rarely occurs to humans. His downfall from grace is absolute, and his punishment is living in the void of darkness for eternity. The willingness of heaven to resonate in that heart is less that it is for most.”

I began to wonder how Jesus, in His Father’s light, bathes us with greatness by submitting to his words.

“Come closer, child,” said Jesus. “I noticed that you have little light inside yet make a manifest impact on your children and brethren. The shadow stays away from hell in its preoccupation with humanity and the human form. Then the world flips over itself, and the subconscious or irrational becomes real in death. It is a different position to understand how the spiritual life and the real-life human flip and entangle with each other. You have the light of heaven—small and constrained bit of heaven—yet you can count on the spiritual life to be real for yourself in death. You get the most out of pressure and cannot let yourself glorify your accomplishments. Remember, grace for those who have fallen from pride.” Jesus let me absorb these truths in my heart and my mind.

The Lord continued, “The mind is not always accurate, and it is the irrational part that suppresses the void into the other-worldly forces. It breaks up the narrative of Lord and light into something we can perceive as human and natural. The mind is likely the obstacle that challenges you to stay focused inwardly, protecting you from the pressure of demon forces—negative people’s pressure and force make us wait to be pure and good in life. They lead us into a promise that God protects His children. Remember, we do not interfere with the irrational as much as we

conclude that the fears are mostly irrational and demonic. The person who understands how to relate to the demonic then causes more harm and negativity within. They project these ideas out onto the good and holy, and thus, evil goes against the good.” Jesus lamented, “Use the moment to exercise your willpower in this humanity. The shadow of your id, in psychology, is something you are willing to pride yourself on—it is not exactly an ego but something more accurate in the hellish world of an underdeveloped self.

Jesus looked upon the waters and waited to discuss anything further, and He knew He was waiting for me to boast of new material. The Lord recognizes that vice as a significant downfall. I asked if we were to discuss the heavens and the filament.

“Yes, it is such that these forces are within the word of God,” Jesus said. “The filament is something to be proud of understanding. The heavens are within something of chaos. Under a pool of waters, it is not within the heavens and reaches into our souls. The torments are sitting in this dry place of barren rock earth, an almost desert under the pool of water.” Jesus raised my soul to the filament so quickly, and the heavens then acknowledged this: That I sit upon the rocky soil, barren and void until Jesus and his ideas massively construct the world in his knowledge and light. The word lies between these ideas and light that are spoken to my soul for guidance.

“The filament is the middle?” I asked, puzzled. The Holy Father said, “The filament is the words that can be attached to the soul.” Internally, the heavens reached out and brought me toward the Father’s being.

Was it in the spiritual world that we imagine things? I wondered.

The Father said, “No. It is in our world that we ‘see’ you. We feel you and embrace the livelihood you have surrendered, and that is the light that we have replaced in your soul.” He continued, “Congratulations on making firm believers in the world. These leaders are gaining their sensibilities. We cannot let the hostile forces interweave into humanity’s most excellent hour. The literature available for this is more than a book of fears, and it is a perfect redemption. However, this is not occurring quite at the pace we intended, and the rate of light to conquer evil is not happening. The world must refocus its efforts to believe in submission to the heavens. Yet it is for you to determine nothing.”

I again asked about the filament and the waters and the rocky soil left for the world. Jesus answered, “It is for us to understand, not you.” Then the Father introduced his spirit upon the waters. The Holy Spirit noticed the demon inside me looking on and questioned the conversation I had with it. Jesus asked the Holy Ghost to imagine once more the idea of life in the world without fear of reprisal for doing good and what was right. The Holy Ghost knew where to begin with the ideology of fearless behavior.

In a fight with the devil, the serpent that loved itself needed to believe. The fierce battle over control of the subconscious was more accurate than people often think. The Holy Spirit surrendered to the serpent for a moment, and this acknowledgment of fear caused ripples across the water, and caused enough waves to show where the serpent’s ideas lay and for the Father and Jesus to acknowledge how to interpret those dreams of the serpent’s negative feedback. The Holy Spirit caused a war within the serpent each time, and some trapped inside the snake could breathe light again.

The Father said, "The world has many leaders who submit to the inner workings of their devilish selves. The leaders must acknowledge that their fears and the punishment for believing themselves godly are ignorant of God's laws." The laws were the next bit to recognize. The Father of all creation rested back into his seat.

I saw the way of the world now and acknowledged that many fail for a great reason; they do not understand the course of their hearts. The human heart is somewhat challenging to understand. The way God's heart works is totally and entirely understandable, and his love is one with Jesus and the Holy Spirit.

Yet I do not fully understand creation because I cannot extend and connect to its all. The universe is made up of connections. My heart was vastly different from the way the Father loved. Through imagined ideas and light, I had to recognize that even a semblance of love is united in heart and soul for myself.

I want people to understand that hostile forces as well as positive ones are within the world. The positive forces move around God, and he is love. Yet the idea that power drives people to influence the world according to greed, envy, and sinful attributes makes me wonder why.

The driving forces of the serpent at the bottom of the rocky soil spoke to me, "The Author does not understand luxury yet, but talks with God. That is a difference between the world you know and love and the world I know. The movement of people, places, and things are one with my intelligence as they are with God's love. Yet, you present a case that God is strength, wisdom, and ideology." The serpent continued, "The God that I see does harm, too. He is hypocritical. I feel pain whenever the pain is so real, and I share the blessings of myself to others too."

“The pain?” I asked.

The serpent explained that the pain was nothing new to him and that in this dark void of existence the problem was as natural as himself. He saw nothing more than a way out by dealing *with his* pain by meting it out to others. The demonic forces then are no nearer to God and Jesus and remain inside his mind. The mind of the serpent then is something to witness.

“I do not care to achieve material success, but to influence the world,” the serpent said. “Survival measures are to fight and win, and that success is identified in materialism. Yet it is not the material that matters to most, or defining success as winning. The idea is to cause others to feel valuable. This is a sacred feeling. Trouble is found in the mind’s ego, and the risk is where the pain begins to dispense to others. This is how to win. Do you dare achieve success at the hands and feet of other people? The truth is you cannot survive without me here.”

I wondered about that as well; how do the heavens survive? The serpent continued, “The world is survival. People or animals flee when they are fearful, and they fear the strength of some. In that power of strength people see their masculine feelings validated. The power needs to supervise the success of ourselves. When does it end?”

The serpent looked around and saw a crown. It glowed golden in the snake’s void of existence, and it sat on top of a stack made up of other gold pieces. He said this crown was for me to try to understand the luxury of the snake’s lifestyle. I accepted it only to understand and to be able to tell others through the writing of this book, and he placed the crown on my head. The serpent saw himself in me. The snake saw the pain in my eyes, and he congratulated me on surviving the dismal depression I

had known within my lifestyle—I could not maintain friendships that seemed peaceful, I did not like the work that I did in the past, I had many troubles with my family, and in some moments, I just hated that I lived. It is all awkward to fathom, but he let my pain escape. This was to build on the pain of others, and it was to allow the world to mirror the newly crowned prince. This was not new—the serpent teaches these lessons repeatedly. When the pattern sinks the snake in darkness and it is painful to think, it makes little sense to acknowledge God’s presence. The serpent had no remorse.

I realized that the pain that is felt through the world is probably a living entity. Pain itself is sacred. It is the foundation of psychological problems, and it is a living problem people dispense readily just to survive the next day.

The easiest way to teach is not through presentations but through an actual conversation with the teacher. “So please,” said the serpent, “go with my friend, this shadow demon. He does not understand the crown himself, and as yet he has only caused ripples of pain in the world.” The shadow demon seemed satisfied with himself. I had justifiably kicked myself earlier for not being good enough, and now I was amused by the idea that the opposing forces could help me understand survival.

“How does this world work?” I asked.

The shadow demon laughed at me in return. The shadow said, “We are stronger mentally. The good do not want to fight. You want to live in a world that sees life as purity. Yet the world is not pure, and it is darkened by the way we act. The actions are not transparent to you yet, but the world will one day make more sense—once you see that following our lead makes you feel invincible.”

The shadow demons lived day by day around this promise. The remorseful would crack, fail, and die. The death of the living is where they fall. "The evil negative forces are not so bad," the shadow demon claimed. "To live invincibly is good enough, and to be damned is to continue to feel suffering."

This is when the Holy Father, God, secretly pulled me toward his light within my heart. God said, "The feeling that suffering brings stems not from friendship but prayerful devotion to himself. It is all very much akin to opposing forces working together, though. We in life either choose to feel supportive of others or only show care for ourselves." God smiled through the light of reasoning.

I then caught a glimpse of the gnarly snarling beasts that were around me. They preyed on me like I was a light or beacon wavering in the stormy weather. Then the serpent came in and up through the darkest hour of my existence. He left the void and returned to my side. "Please, Author, come with me, have a drink, and suppress any feelings of right or wrong." The serpent then said he would help me by talking to me through my conversations. The light of man could help adjust the way we operate.

The serpent said, "Man and light are a fixation, and the men who work at their homes with love for their wives and children often hurt them more than help. Justifiably, the men who take the easier way to build a castle in their homes and frequently help themselves also help their families and are grand. The crown is to be feared." In the serpent's eyes, the crown of gold and wit, sex and lust, and other ideas where I was deficient were the keys to provide me his thoughts naturally. The way he lied was intense.

The serpent then said, "I believe this will work in this story of your life. That you provide little light to the world, and that

light can be foiled.” I was now the opposite of the love and the weaknesses I had felt. My strengths were from the serpent. The serpent promised the world and gave me the opportunities to fight for exactly what I wanted. The want and the reception of the gifts were good. The yearning was fascinating. Honoring myself and respecting the life around me enough to feel superior in my abilities coursed through my veins.

The crown that my head held did not weigh heavily. It was something that came, went, and was suppressed into a void. I included my thoughts and soulful attributes in that transfer to the vacuum of darkness. The darkness kept me out of my head. It could be my ego talking, but I felt awkwardly satisfactory. I felt empowered even. I felt the strength come and become a stronger part of my mind. The right side was weak, and it grew in strength. I was out of balance, I thought to myself. Seeing that I stood alone and watched others survive better than I ever could was my weakness. Now I watched and witnessed the power that the serpent has in all of humanity.

The serpent’s thoughts controlled me, and the snake influenced many. As the serpent knew, he had strength in that type of understanding or control. The serpent whispered he would help make me glorious.

“The crown I wear now is nothing compared with the Savior,” I said. I attempted to be transparent for this book’s written words. The Savior was someone who led and became like a prisoner of the people around him. All His followers wanted was for the Savior to save them. The trial to do that was difficult for Jesus since the purpose of the burden is to be shared by all and collected by Jesus.

The serpent wanted to break my connection to Jesus, and I felt it deep in my soul. I looked within my soul to the light of heaven so far away, and I closed my eyes for a bit and swallowed the pain. It felt like the burden was heavier in heaven than within me. The church's community seemed distant, and I knew that I had much more influence in my life now than the churchgoers did for themselves.

The churchgoers seemed hypocritical—they seemed determined to be stronger than what they were to each other. Why couldn't they lose their essential disguises and just live humanely, talking with everyone? They seemed superficial. I had questions, and I knew that they had lies in response. But it made some sense to me as well and made me think that I held many attributes of the serpent at a distance.

Yet I did see how many, a very many, looked at the world. Without that sparkle to shine themselves in the world, the many fought to hold onto their sanity. They felt invincible for a moment and in pain the next through the serpent's manipulation, but it was an easy burden because their minds were stronger. I even developed into something of a monster myself. I used the horns I had acquired, the snout, and the gnarled teeth, and said the same things the other many grunted. That I groaned was something of favor I did for myself.

The day that the serpent held my crown on my head he carried me through the waters up to God and said, "I broke this man so easily."

God said, "This child can be of sin much more for other men to understand his ideas."

The serpent shook in this heartfelt answer to allow the pain to continue so others could benefit from him. The serpent then

said, "I do not need to belong to the story of this man! I do belong to my fear and pain. Let me give him more knowledge to satisfy myself."

The serpent then said to me, "Where did you go that last moment? I smelled your thoughts leave and travel toward reassurance from fear. Do not give yourself over to the idea that love exists. From that construction, the world is tolerant of you. Let the new man through—one who doesn't want to be nurtured as often or to be given love."

My soul was entirely in the void and was struggling to rest or relax. The other demons tormented me from the gnashing teeth and cries, and my soul fixated on never having peace around myself. I lost myself to the empty feeling of pain. I would never guess that it wasn't my pain, but the serpent's pain was influencing me. He fed my soul the difference between love and restlessness. The thought came into my mind not to run toward the positive! I did not run at all. The idea was to fight amongst the demons to provide pleasurable outcomes.

"Don't try to understand. By taking peoples' souls, you'll be rewarded by me," said the serpent. Taking their souls must have been like being numbed from the attacks from other demons, yet in my life on Earth, I felt happy and prideful. "The happiness is to come soon," promised the serpent. "The knowledge to speak of a tongue that was enjoyable for all." I then settled back in a conversational tone with the serpent.

I asked myself, *What did I feel would be most enjoyable?* and the answer came quickly, *Not to hurt but to feel good.* The physicality between a woman and my lust became an identity. A younger self might have been scared by the ideas I held—that the woman would adore my negativity or masculinity. It wasn't just

the idea that I wanted one woman either. I felt like I was to be desired and loved by many women. The lust grew in my heart from that idea. I saw myself walking through life, and every person wanted their time to be with me.

I valued myself as grand, but others would overestimate me to be legendary. I thought of the serpent's success at sacrificing my soul to be in a superior position, to deliver my choices to the world, and to benefit from them by the respect they demanded or their power.

The thing I misunderstood was that to gain such influence, I must hurt others. To be in the dominant position and to be further ahead, others would be required to be lost sheep. I could influence these sheep quickly enough with the voice of the serpent. Yet, I was still afraid to take their souls away from God. I would be a wolf in sheep's clothing, and I would give them back to the hostile forces.

The serpent said, "Don't try to understand that you must hurt other people. It is all very natural to respect life, but the way those of positive action were compelled them to band together, like sheep. The wolves notice how the sheep quiver. The sheep run or empty their emotions much too often in prayer. The wolves just let them run and then guide them away from the rest of the group quickly. It first comes from confidence. The wolves just have faith and lead the others toward the fire. The fire animates life, low or high, depending on the imbalance one has. Soon, very soon, you'll understand. In the life of passion, the wolf will meet his psyche and ego. The movement between the two will display you as masculine. This is more in balance with me, the serpent."

From that, I carried the fire of passion inside. I was to conquer the sheep in the world. I was going to be a legend. Inside, I enjoyed these ideas of facing the world so bravely. I wanted to conquer as many people as I could. The women would love me for my attitude, and the men would love the logic from which I worked out solutions to problems. It was from this that I grew taller in posture. I wanted to flex my abilities. Overall, I just wanted.

The ability to satisfy me then wasn't to love others—quite the opposite. The pain I was to inflict on the women and men of this world was with a sense of pride. I commanded the women and other men to be like me through tact to let the world see my crown. With that, women attractively feared me. It was how they wanted to forget their problems and allow me to take control of their selfless beings.

“Let him control us,” one woman moaned. For myself, I was increasingly captivated by that idea. I became quite a gentleman, and I could be sincere to a point. Other men would awkwardly go around my new self and envy my ability with women, awe-struck. The men themselves would want to understand this magic. Magic was the dark resurrecting pulse from which they had no answers, but my knowledge came in abundance. How could I commend the women and men into a passion? How was it that women offered their lives to me, and the men fell to their knees in honor?

The world began to be more logical to me. How power drives was not reliant upon their position in the organization where they worked. The title of their position meant as little as pocket change. The power was in trust. Before I became confident that I fulfilled a specific domain with my stunning reputation for

knowledge, I felt fear from the chaos in the world. But that fear was no more. It was fun to investigate the needs of others with the mountain of knowledge I had. I imagined seeing the emotions on the people's faces that they held in their bodies, and I felt like abusing their trust. I couldn't discuss what narrative would occur because it was now easier to make sense of the drama of life unfolding. The theater, or the game of life, was me waiting for a younger woman to declare that she felt sensual about me, and then I could use this knowledge to begin my evil intent of leading her toward that passionate fire.

I understood that the serpent in all his glory needed someone to tell him he is grand. He did not care even one iota for me, and the snake wanted me to know that he provided me with these ideas. The wealth then is that the serpent gave me a driving purpose to become rich in the temptations I needed. The choice was to either suffer without the snake or to glorify him and understand him as a ruler.

Understand this lesson is about wealth. The wealthy do nothing to change the ability of the snake to rule and dominate overall. Minions do not fight the serpent, and they act as one with the serpent who supplies them in this arrangement. The arrangement is something of a gift. The temptation is this: The serpent would not help himself be better than he is currently. There is no improvement for the snake—the opposite is more accurate. He would rather be lazier than better at teaching the world how to solve their problems.

The serpent says, "The world should listen." That is the way he is dominant in the void. He is a liar because of his laziness. He is superior at challenging others to provide feedback in order to master those with gifts. Fools rush to gain his acceptance, and

they will lose their possibilities of purpose on their merit. Desiring gifts and succumbing to temptations arise from doubt. This is the doubt that the snake wanted them to lose. The war itself is over the soul, yet the battles fought are fights against other people. This is not the same as a goal to wake themselves to the light of God. No, those demons love to present God as the truth to rule over humankind, and to awaken others to this fact with terror.

The men and women who fight others to validate that the opposing forces will obey them are idiotic. The serpent's negative influence is entirely on its own. He lies to gain trust.

The reality of God and heaven are a diversion to healthy living. The most beneficial for the serpent would be the warrior spirit in terror. The warrior spirit is one with their promise of a different heaven. The warrior spirit works to escape the knowledge that the world is full of individuals punished by those who spread terror. They want to punish others for proving their worth is tied up in the way they believe in heaven. Their heaven is something their God only has for them, and that is their deal.

After I learned this, the love of Christ returned to me. I noticed a severe shift from the feeling of the warrior spirit to a discussion that resolved itself naturally. Jesus said, "It is for all to answer before me. In an excellent way that the Author felt, now he feels uneasy." Jesus was the truth and warm love that the Father promised. I answered him that I loved him and not the serpent. Jesus implied that I would need to understand the serpent's power. The serpent loved to show the power it held over people, and I knew right away that the snake's power also could shine in the void.

Jesus continued, "His power was not infuriating to me, and I am not an angry God. The world is just an illusion of the truth that one holds in their mind. Physical reality is just a way the world is. Once that reality is over, life is eternal for those who knew Jesus's love and spread it through the world. There is often a misunderstanding between too positive, balanced, and then too negative. His answer was of love, and the balanced heart would be judged accordingly—the judgment that was coming offers the world from the heart."

Could someone offer their heart and love to the world? Is heaven, as well as the reality of the mind, right here? It had begun to escape me that I had communicated well with the Lord and the angels for some time. The realization dawns on the judged who gnash their teeth that their war inside was, in fact, war on God. The war on God was then the superstitious wanting to believe themselves correct. Their knowledge balanced all things in logical awareness.

How does this play out in the wars of humankind? Terror and fear were like the fluid that stoked the fire in the world. The battle was of man's disappearance to the world. That we come through to the world, and the serpent says, "Humankind will destroy itself sooner or later. That certainty will come to the reasoning of the elite. Those who drive decisions will understand helpless attitudes. Too often they will fixate on their families' needs and themselves first, returning to me with their lack of love. It is a fixed proposition to judge others, for they do not need to be redeemed."

The serpent continued, "They fear their forces and it becomes an ideology to them. They bring force and weapons upon weapons to the war to keep themselves behind a veil of inno-

cence, but they will be much afraid because of the devastation in the world. What they feel inspires hurt and pain. Innocent of the pain they impart, they must have their way forward to understand their righteousness. This condemnation of the truth is unusually amusing to the serpent. What plays out in humankind comes from my words. The way you, the Author, fights back is exceptionally calm and collected. You present honest feelings not common to an unusually wealthy person or the warrior spirit who decides others' fates. The Author decidedly accepts defeat in the war and then says, 'To whom can I ask forgiveness for my actions?' It is a losing proposition to accept defeat and, worse, blame yourself for others who hurt you. You victimize your position in the world as a lost sheep!"

The serpent lost his way with this notion and added, "You should move forward in the repair of your soul. In that, you can achieve a position to level the playing field. Your knowledge should help me, the serpent, come into the world."

That is what the serpent wanted. The snake wanted to be introduced and feared as the mighty God that existed before all creation took place. He had many attributes, and many of the men and women would live after his reincarnation.

"I would lie to the world through pestilence, war, death, and conquest," he continued. "The mighty would save the world as my spirit rings in my war cry. The two halves of the split world would fear each other and want to conquer itself as humanity. The religious would stand back and say to themselves, 'Where do our minds take us?' Humanity will extreme doubt that I can save it, and it will rattle their faith."

The shadow demon said, "We need you to sit back and clear your mind. The night is silent, and silence is golden. We require

some sense of urgency. The way you, Author, wondered how everything works is abstractly divine, yet the way the night or void thinks is something else. The darkness is all purposeful—it drives men to do what we need from them. This is something that a man sometimes tries to suppress because of the emotions it requires. The night needs evil, as evil is harder to process. It is something evil because we need you to do purposefully what we require. The serpent will dawn again. His light of darkness is something truly unique. It is a type of flame.”

I sat in that light of darkness and felt a burning sensation. It did not torture me even though it was flame or fire. It was even inspiring to an extent—the same feeling of mind that might be felt in a minute of inspired wickedness. It made sense to do what felt logically emotionally neutral. It was like a shadow that comes to light and forces itself into the man or woman who trespasses for its very own reason. It was frightful. Emotions seemed innocent enough, yet the shadows could manipulate them.

“Detachment is something we should work with,” said the shadow demon. “You should not suppress these emotions of fear, anger, and wickedness. They should be accepted as emotional outlets, and they should be required in order to practice holding in the fire of darkness and gleam into the dark light of humankind. This is where a proper understanding of night comes. The fire within is something not to always act on, even though inspired ideas come from it. It is a living evil to ponder and not always to speak of or act out, like an emotion passing through the air. The way the truth is, the way the serpent is, is not lying then. He is justifiably intense with this dark fire that burns deep into the soul and is never still, that morphs and is controlled.”

The serpent said, "The way we see it is not as fire and flame in as much as it is chaos to be ordered by me. The way I see myself in the flame is something that you should help me with. The man who knows my head is of fire or fury. I never suppress or act on this purpose, and it is for others to carry out the mission."

I sat back and realized the pain. The fury and torment were for others to angrily accept. I often saw myself as meek, yet I was becoming conditioned in rage. I was to accept defeat—a defeat that was in my soul. I said to the serpent, "Why not fight to allow yourself to survive the torment?"

The serpent spat out hate from the fire, but his thoughtful condition was cold. "It was not," the serpent said, "to eliminate fear from the wars of humankind—that driving policy to eliminate fear was to erupt in chaos again."

"How so?" I asked.

"The man," said the serpent, "was infuriated with himself, and to take fear from itself would erupt in a self-depriving outlook. Each would cling to the need for sole survivorship, and communities would fail. The world of spiritual battle would reform itself as groping in the dark for someone to lead, and the chaos of the organization he set up would present itself in the world. Some would do horrendous things. Without me to sit back and realize what is burning in the human heart, you would learn nothing of inspiration or fury of mind. It seems that you would want us suppressed and gone? Then the world would see nothing of the dark energy of emotions either, and they would never have received the counterbalance to God."

I waited to understand the light of the darkness. The flame caught my imagination, and it proved to be something to think about. The world itself was good, and evil is suppressed until

emotions cannot keep logic in balance, and then evil wins out. People fear and work to make their shadows happy and to create the world's evil actions.

How do good people work in such hideous fathoms of the soul? How does evil manage to persevere when someone thought they could resist falling into it? How do reasonable people lose their minds and go out of control in an emotional second? There seemed to be sanity in letting the serpent work itself into the fire and collapse. The moment of truth, looking into the hellfire and seeing himself in what he understood was a blaze of his glory, was fascinating. It caught my attention and imagination and was something almost profound. I needed to stop suppressing my hatred. But instead of acting on it, I needed to detach from it and let it pass from myself out to the world. At that moment, I could have had pain and pleasure if I kept myself tucked tight around the ideas of fear and understanding how other people's emotions let them do whatever they felt. I was reborn in flame—a baptism of sorts and a new thought for the modern day. I saw myself as in truth, or was it a lie?

I questioned the flame that seemed profound. God's light dawned upon my soul, giving me a moment of peace. God said, "His workings control the chaos that the serpent creates. How does the organism then adapt and develop? It is, in a way, patterns or script that the serpent contributes to the world. He tells people how to think and develop in a way that dictates their wants. Just as it is, the patterns of code are mere illusions. Your thoughts of fear are in death. It is not the same as death that the serpent would tell you off, though—his death is the fallen ones' nightmare, those never to return to me and heaven."

I thought that the counterbalance of chaos to order was that the serpent's organized patterns were never adapted or adjusted to the confusion. God said, "The serpent saw me coming and closed his eyes in deep concern for what was to be said, tormented and in fear of my judgment."

I said, "I saw how fear ruled the serpent's values—that the snake valued the fear mongers who controlled people, those people who released the pain. He enjoyed understanding that torment was order, and yet he did not judge humankind. He developed the way to understand fear." With that, God disappeared from my soul.

The balance and counterbalance were phenomenal. The Earth would shake, fear would take over, yet nothing the serpent could do to the people could lead them away from God. It was in their willpower to devote themselves to the understanding that the heavens would wait for them to understand. Yet deathly patterns of code and gnashed teeth of demons would win for a moment.

I sat in quiet contemplation. I starved myself from the evil one for a time to reduce my fears of how wrong permeated my life. I saw something of a demon escape into a shadow. This monster said from the shadow of my mind, "We ask you to come into the shadow, but realize that it is only for a moment. The shadow itself is colder than the tormented fires of the serpent." I wondered why I would go along inside the shadow but curiously accepted to write the book.

"We know you, Author," said the demon. "We know where you have been and where you head. The crown keeps you ahead of humanity in some ways, and you feel invincible now." The demon began to weep.

The devil gnashed his teeth and picked up a rock to throw. "This was for your benefit to look out for these troubles." He threw the rock toward me and continued "You will learn from me." I doubted that I could and grew upset after ducking the rock.

"See?" said the demon. "Your emotions came out so quickly. You don't have a single fear except where the pain would put you. Learn from this." The demon threw a second rock.

I caught the rock and said, "The rock was not enough to stop me."

The demon replied, "It is that you fought back this time, and you will transfer the fear or pain back upon me. It makes sense, yes?"

I must fight back at a person's bullying, or the torture resumes for the good-natured. With that lesson, the serpent brought me into a light. It wasn't God's light; it was something brighter that I had experienced in God's light—it was the snake's spotlight.

"This," said the demon, "was the perspective of the opposing view of the light and word of God. It will be brighter for you because you are invited to see its glory." I wondered where the rock was going to come from next.

Although I was in quiet acceptance, this was not to continue. The deep magic that mirrored the world was here. The crown of light was all-inclusive. Deep in the mysterious light was the serpent breathing in its way of the world's answers. The snake saw itself in a reflection of me. I fiercely drove my conscious attitude, and I offered the purpose and life for myself to what I wanted. The Morningstar was there then as the fallen angels kept with such decree.

The Morningstar or serpent said, “We are the drive in you, and our fierce attributes guide the plans with that crown. Deep mysteries are forgotten as we, the fallen angels, develop the plans of the world within. The mechanism that is then provided is how the fallen angels address these plans. The plans that we need to share are restricted to those who understand us best.”

The Morningstar as a fallen angel was beautiful, and he sat at the edge of a royal throne. His permutations revealed that there was light inside the void and that this was something much more profound than what I understood. The Morningstar then raised his staff and suggested that I begin to witness treasure.

He meant for me to see how he turned nothing into beautiful ideas. The irresistible idea he sold me was not material gold, and he knew that irrelevant aspect was justifiably for weak-minded people. No, my soul came into a pleasant idea of worth; the more worthy I felt, the greater the element of his knowledge. My angelic self felt crimson. The legion of angels that had fallen had similar beliefs—they felt incredible in the knowledge of self-satisfaction. That wisdom moved the universes for them.

I sat in emotions I rarely felt, such as swelling ability and deep interest in my attributes. The wisdom of how to create treasure almost reached back to an age when magic was popular. These times were all-inclusive to the angelic worlds. Humans who were magicians understood that balance made self-worth, and their fallen were given merit. The plague of reassurance came through the Dark Ages, where the individuals too often gave in to the ability to conquer through war. The conquests were the treasure, and a neighbor’s death brought them quickly to create wealth.

The idea of the past brought about something cynical. Hell gave past attributes of the world a type of home. Hell hardened emotions with heat. My miseducation was now given answers in abundance. What had felt wrong before—indulging in the history of gold or nuggets of facts about the world—reversed the way I thought. Upside went down, and down became upright. I was to be a scholar and a traitor to God. I was inspired by where those feelings or ideas of pride would take me—to that swelling idea of fortune. I was ahead of others in the world for various reasons, then set that hardened heart with an extraordinary thought. The world with the angelic prophecies would manage my instincts, showing that my crown's wealth was light. The Morningstar revealed much more, though. He said I would pay dearly for my attempts to abuse his powers with my wisdom and fearlessness.

The dark magic of the fallen angels was right in that it was organized. The strength of the dark one's ability was not in each angel. Rather, it was in their combined usurpation of facts. Each fallen angel knew the others and held fierce to the facts that each provided. Theirs was an absoluteness and a necessary degree of faith that led them each as one unit. The fallen angels were then removed from the light, and they provided the next rock.

I sat in my thought too often. I would frequently release any pain to keep the superb idea of love in my heart. The events were overturning the passion that ran wild from the joyous God. I sat in the awareness that my rock-hardened heart could witness the pain and keep my perspective of fact in mind.

The wishy-washy attribute that I saw as suppression of emotions was gone. It seemed that I was to carry a burden, though. The rock that was coming was to move others around, like one

would change seats in a theater, to reorganize them willfully. The serpent provided me a certain way through my attributes, and I held gold in my knowledge of others' motivations.

The pawns were most comfortable to manipulate, and they often were moved first and often as pawns on a battlefield. Their feelings were not so intense to understand death. Their pain was natural, and they gave way to the opportunity for my facts to be authentic. The manipulation was actual.

The more challenging people to manipulate had more significant egos. The egotistical wanted and needed faith in themselves. Yet they were wild and unkempt from discipline; these were the castles that moved in the game of life. The men who abused power were bishops, and the knights were a favorite of the serpents. Those included the mercenaries willing to be disciplined soldiers without much idea why they were being moved around in such patterns. The love of wealth moved many, but the knights were resilient at backing up threats.

The snake played out the game with the power hidden within these theatrical characters, and he orchestrated this life puzzle by seeing the opponents' movements as pure thought. The women held in check were not all-powerful, but they gave men fits because the men burdened themselves with providing for the family. The responsibility to encourage women in power was to release the most remarkable ability on the board. Those wives that were part of the master's plans were to become one with the game of life. Love had to be erased, and the women must trump the world to win.

These women, or queens, defied the understanding of thought with their emotional attributes. They could strike back emotionally without contempt. The women who displayed pow-

er might even give the game players a chance to live with a sense of patriarchal purpose. The queen was allowed to make moves, and the men who lived alongside the kings and queens were even more loyal to them. The kings were indeed students of life's games in that rigid facts defined any aspect of manipulating the game. They did not move far from where they stood on their ideas, and the main points kept them disciplined and with the understanding that others moved and protected them. They were motivated because they felt power in placing others. Do you understand the games they played?

The world in the universe is complicated for one reason—revenge. Playing the Morningstar's game is so tempting because of the knowledge one gains over others. The fun of manipulating and sacrificing other men and women played out in games of war, plague, conquest, and the sacrificial soul's death. His game was created to survive the punishment and to punish others for the pain inflicted on him. The pain? The vengeance? The stubborn light of brilliant reasoning? These enabled him to withstand God for so long. He saw a treacherous God who held the swift demise of the serpent. *Why do we care about judgment?* I asked myself, thinking as a logician and magician in the chess game of live theater.

The snake held a real sense of historical patterns. He must win over the angels. Humankind's ability to beat the positive angels was the key to the most original game in the serpent's mind. The serpent was winning over humankind in a decisive game of vengeance for a purpose; to overthrow more angels. His power was so intimidating.

The serpent was adept in his abilities. He collected the game soldiers, and he kept them as he was to win their belief. The sol-

diers and fallen angels grew over the universal time frame, and the players of humanity were victorious from where they belonged. Each time they defied God was revenge for the serpent, and undermining God's heaven was his plan to top God. The opposite of life was to become the surface and face of the snake. He planned with enough soldiers, ready to turn the game on its head. He arranged for war using what movements he learned. His strategy was on par with God's love for humanity.

The awful truth that the Morningstar of underneath was a truth-teller was awkward. He was not the living truth. He manipulated men and women and prophesied in the movement of humanity, and almost no one went against him. The sweetest vengeance of taking men and women from God the Father was that he kept them once he had them. In any result, the serpent said, his memory was a fact. His patterns or games in life were fearful. The way he kept people was through humanity's fear and fight mechanism.

The power of man to be resurrected from the serpent's body of fallen angels was in devotion toward God, where fear escaped the will. But it was something that did not often occur. The resurrection to heaven was an offering to most everyone, dead or alive. The souls in the shadows had to face the light of judgment and loving mercy. They hid from God because they did not want to challenge the serpent often. They claimed that the devil made them do something as a common excuse. Those condemned souls had no remorse for their actions.

The resurrection was a false promise of war for the serpent. The serpent believed his fight would win and that humankind would repeal what God provided. That safety was in obedience. The men were also to be equipped with the knowledge of pain.

The problem was a genuine part of life for a good reason. The only man, Jesus, who could forgive sin, had passed. The only person in this world who accepted this would experience and live in their pain. Therefore, the problem of mistakes was within the knowledge of how to think about pain.

The glorious Morningstar said, "There was a belief that only one side was correct in life. Humankind should understand several views of religion since it gave more choice. To believe in the resurrection was from many thoughts, yet the idea is false. Going to heaven wasn't all an empty life on Earth could hope for. Having experience in the present was much more knowledgeable to the men or women, and their pain and joy was real. But where is the pain going?

The Morningstar said, "The labyrinth of the mind is something to consider, and the maze of thought is something archaic. The labyrinth was of another religion and is more accurate than how we presented the games life played in theater and chess. That strategy game was for some to understand, but you must witness and decide for yourself on the labyrinth.

"In the brain are actual pathways. This is not what a maze often looks like, and it comes from the way the patterns affect each other. We are stuck in our minds so that we can discuss where tolerance of pain should be. The patience of pain means how much pain one can think about before either suppressing it or giving it back. The brain then registers all these ideas of truth and facts from its memories. The prisoner in the maze is often a hurt person wanting life to be pleasant, and that misunderstanding keeps the person in limbo. To decide how to reduce pain is a start to walking in the maze of thought."

The Morningstar continued, “How do we characterize pain with thought? The movement is an angry one to move somewhere more pleasant, usually at someone else’s expense. That we have sovereignty over another person is a new level in the same maze. We concede our peaceful attributes and hurt others, belonging to a more brilliant predatory perspective. Acknowledge the pain committed. The brain must ease into a mirror-like maze for a reason. We must find out that we know ourselves as unfavorable. We must understand that we are negative, but the brain is also something like a judge.

“We build castles to wall off others. That we decide where or how to build our castles is one reason for the hurt. These walls are a different part of the brain, and they are the boundaries that protect us. We live in a maze and feel at home in a castle. The burden of living behind walls is usually felt in the sense of strength. The brain is offered to us as a source of feeling insecure. The new identity was a willingness to provide for people to live by codes or patterns. This is something hard to imagine, but people under pressure will lose their positivity to survive. This pressure to stay is an action plan for making codes in a higher authority.

“How do the castle walls offer protection from the people who handle your codes or commands? How does a sovereign king give rights to those for added security? The answer is more to do with leisure. Humans want treasures, and they need to keep order. These paths in the maze with secret knowledge are meant to lure humans in. The ones who hold sway are best to unearth and put in power positions. These people are the grateful and loyal ones to know their abilities are for the king.”

The Morningstar continued, “Sacrificing these humans is stupid—they should be given keys to the castle and city for their

order. The next idea of power and control is to understand that people who pressure others will make deals with them. Hell should execute any treason, and the man willing to hurt his master will die painfully. The bellies that starve for power and are willing to move for themselves only are easily arrested and put in jail. The pawns are left to roam as sheep.”

This, the Morningstar said, was life for many generations. Humanity currently does what the serpent wanted most. That was not only acting in defiance to the heavenly kingdom, but also that humankind wanted to be in a powerless position.

After hearing this, the serpent said, “More sheep is better than less sheep.” In this, he could gain strength much easier. He then went back into the darkness, returning to sit on his pile of gold and wanting to hear from God the Father. He lifted me into the heavenly regions and asked God what He thought of my education. The serpent asked Him to prove that his mastery was final.

I wanted to be free from this, and I would rather die and live invincible than take my judgment. I pleaded once more with the heavens to carry my soul back to the right light. I felt horrified that I might have to deliver the message of wickedness on the serpent’s behalf.

The Lord Jesus Christ came in, judging the serpent and myself. The Lord was aware that the snake was the founder of hell and was in a particular form for my judgment. The serpent placed all the souls I had taken onto the chessboard, and the Lord wept to know that the snake was using these souls against the heavens to overturn him. Greed and envy were transparent to God as well.

The Holy Spirit asked, “Author, have you measured the evil that you incurred?”

“I don’t think of it,” I said, yet at that moment, I realized that I did not own up to my actions. Internally, I was still blaming the devil for my wicked attributes and deeds in usurpation, and I knew this would not suffice in my final judgment. I decided the serpent had spoken for me long enough.

I wept and told God that I had done terrible things. I felt the warmth of God’s light come into my soul from the heavenly regions. It felt like God had been lost many years ago, though I was only a short time in hell. I realized another identity of hurt was being used against the Lord. I was the example that was to learn from the armies of the fallen angels. I knew all too much about how to conduct myself in the live game of taking souls.

With that, Jesus turned to the serpent and asked him how he felt. And although the serpent turned and flew away, his trickery was that he was still in my head—that my thoughts still echoed his thoughts.

God said, “Let it be known that the crown the Author wears is a jester’s hat. He was no more a king than a fool since he played the game at his own expense and often at the expense of others as well. Typically, you, Author, would have to pass through the hell you put others through before accepting yourself as wholly good. Upon this judgment, you would face the serpent to test the strength of your resolve to the heavens. It is good to understand where hurt exists and why it has come into so many lives so often, but do not play games with the soul. If you do, you will learn that it is harder to escape damnation than by just flipping me on my head!”

God then smiled and asked, "Do you accept me into my heart?"

I replied that I did with all my being, and my heart softened in the love that God had for me. The judgment was more comfortable this time because I had spent little time with the serpent. I understood that the more I was controlled in my thoughts by the snake, the harder it would have been to say I made mistakes and face the pain I inflicted.

To those who do not believe that such thought control is absolute, I assure you that God provides opportunities to allow his grace. Turn then from the serpent's games and adjust your way forward. Let the serpent's crown fall and shatter into worms.

Also by Todd M. Anderson

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