



Deepening Memoire

Volume 2

Deepening Memoire

A Friend

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Everflow

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Gratitude

I write this note of gratitude in the midst of finishing up these pages. Christa and Tanner, I offer you both my deepest of thanks. Both of you have been among the few whom have most impacted my life in these recent months, which caused these pieces of writings to arise... and rise in a quickening way they have done. In quiet and in sound, you both have stirred me to deeper places within my ~~yes~~ to Jesus. I have been drawn into a new awareness of Holy Spirit as my dear friend, thank you for being instrumental in this. No matter where each of our lives take us on this Earth and in our Heavens, I know we will always be of One.

One joy, one truth, one way... we are One in our Beloved.

I love you both.

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Forward

These writings are a rare invitation into the intimate life of one wholly devoted to the pursuit of union with YHVH. Of one fully surrendered to the call of God; to know Him fully and all that He has made available to us. Of one who has truly said *yes*.

Full of wisdom and revelation, her words will draw you deeper into encounter and into the mysteries of the Spirit. Deeper into the realms of the Kingdom and into the reality of what a true *yes* to God entails. Into love, wonder and beauty. Into breaking and stripping away of self. Into surrender, union, Oneness.

I have never met another like Mandy, nor have I met another who has impacted my spiritual life so profoundly in but a single encounter. Truly a

pioneer, full of light, I hold her in the highest of honor. As she has blessed me, so shall you be blessed by the words within these pages.

With Love,

Zachary Menard, Friend and Brother in Spirit

Surrender

Fog lifting, love persevering. Trust rising. Emotion sitting.
Strength surfacing, through joy, through wonder.

Detestable is this way. To who? To anyone loyal to the struggle, loyal to the fight, to the fear.

But that First Love... as dear as a fragrant kiss and as deep as a drowning drink.

What will I do? What will I surrender for You? Will I not simply start at the source... me?

I surrender me, and all else must follow.

Perfection

When in an atmosphere of not being encouraged or celebrated but rather given attention for mistakes alone, we can discover how this atmosphere is one that will show us to be perfect.

Not because we fix ourselves according to another's disapproval, but because we delve deeper into the only approval ever truly desired. This being divinity and beauty and true perfection. Love.

When our mistakes are perceived by self as imperfection, freedom is forfeited, crown laid down.

Mistakes can become dance steps, spinning us deeper into joy and the dance of Life! This in my heart is perfection.

Gentle Hand

Stalks, feathered with softened brushes, sway and glide through the melodic wind.

The simplicity of their sound is missed by many ears. Dull to many eyes. Remaining true to their glory, they continue on.

A single seed carries within it the story of life. Of creation, of Creator.

Suddenly, a flicker of light glistening. Then dark. A stretching, ripping, expanding. Fading in, then out; glistening, then dark.

A small hand senses great emotion. A tender touch determined; a gentle grace gifted.

A little one shows me, a small one teaches me the way of wonder and play.
The way of innocence and violent passion; raging clarity in creativity; purity
in community.
Family.

Wish I may, Wish I might

Purples and pinks, posies and daisies
Pineapple goodness and fresh raspberries
Summer and spring, the coolest of breeze
Melodic honey bees sway in the trees

Warm apple pie on a chilled winter night
A hug and a kiss, wrapped in purest delight
A star shooting high, shooting far, shooting bright
A new found thought...

Wish I may
Wish I might

Gift

A real gift received is a gift received in love; through the hands of innocence,
free and free

The Curator and Creator boast in the extravagant honor gifted

The real gift is the light carried within the delicate frame of the carrier.

This Living Womb

This Child

Sweet Dreams

Though many voices quiet in the night, and many eyes flicker and lose sight,
there will always be One

When emotion rages and words hold no form, when confession swirls and
sounds storm, there will always be One

Though laughter fades and darkness falls, when mystery
consumes and Love tells all, there has always been One

The sweetest of Dreams come to the longing One; the child who will bare the
burden and laugh through the suffering. Where a smile brings great strength
in Spirit and meekness of Soul.

Dream the sweetest dreams, laugh the richest laughter, love in great abandon... remembering who You are. Where Your life came from. For there is, has and always will be, One.

Sit

Sit

Just sit

Be still

Breathe, in...out...in...out

Sit again

Be still

Wait...wait...focus on breath, in...out...in...out...in...out

Eyes closed

Sit

Still

Breathe

Peer in

Breathe, in.....wait.....out.....in.....wait.....out.....

Focus softly, look

A flicker, soft, there....sit, breathe, still....

single panned glass

with its quiet presence, a single-panned glass window drapes the front of a small house.

peering through this quaint window is a lamp glowing an embered orange.
her presence, warm, comforting... inviting. always inviting.

cold feet, stiff feet, hurried feet, big feet, scurry and scamper by, paying no mind to the lamp beckoning with each movement of light.

come to my light... come into my warmth...

till one evening, small curious feet came. and paused.
peered closer in. felt the warmth, heard the whisper... and in they went.

Behind the Door

Behind the Door...

If a word could speak, it may say, *peace... so much living peace...*

If a word could paint a picture, it may discover colors yet to be experienced, or pulsating lines always maneuvering, always forming, creating.

If a word could capture a moment, a transcendent picture-book of ancient and new would be the eternal melody, binding all.

If a word could breathe, the very atmosphere would be the permeation of inhale / exhale, as One.

And if a word could measure, it would know the inexhaustible, ever expanding breadth of freedom.

Mommy and Son

A small boy holds the soft finger of his gentle mommy. She grazes the top of his golden brown hair with her other hand.

A red historic barn presents itself as a backdrop as they collectively adventure upon one new trail, and then another.

After seeing giant boulders standing steadfast as guardians, the small boy leaps high, surrendering his mommy's finger to the wind!

Leaping from one guardian to the next, the small boy and mommy find companionship in their shared laughter.

As day gives way to night, a kiss from the crimson sun fills the horizon, and closer in does this mommy and small boy cuddle. Here they remain.

Hands of the Potter

The hands of the Potter are versatile

Eyes within every movement; feeling, stroking, shifting dimensions.

Grappling with the uneasiness of miss-informed, miss-shaped, and miss-understood clay.

Prevailing always is the destiny of these hands.

Patience, assembling, discovering through pure enjoyment and pleasure.

Crafting masterpiece; unique, distinct, secure.

Touching, enduring, captivated by, fore-seeing, fore-knowing.

And then, fire.

In the midst of forming, shaping, engraving, these hands transfigure... light,
fire.

Purifying, solidifying, free to be.

To be...

Unseen

What if no one else could see what you can see?
Would you choose to still see, or put on different eyes?

Snow

Storehouses in the sky.

Soft, angelic.

Falling, drifting, floating.

Shimmering a crystalized whitened light.

Dripping a dew of silkened oil.

Touching, resting upon.

Believing is sculpting.

Is dreaming.

Is designing.

A soft pink mist comes.

Winks, laughs.

Plays, then enthralls.

Like a tear or a an array of melodic particles of light, all
becomes Heavenly Snow.

Something is Missing

I awoke one morning and rolled myself out of bed.

I had an epiphany... something was missing!

I peered behind the curtains and under the bed, I saw nothing!

I skirted to the kitchen and flung wide the cabinet doors, nothing!

When entering my car, I sought sight beneath the seats and in every crack,
nothing!

I skimmed the newspaper, swiped through every blog, pondered many Ted
Talks, nothing!

I sat in all classrooms, flew to the furthest reaches, delved the deepest oceans
and still... nothing.

I viewed every countenance, listened to all sounds, embraced all aromas, and
still... nothing.

Finally, defeated in thought, energy, strategy and creativity, I stopped. I sat on a cliff, hung my feet off the edge. They swayed in a Wind.

Then I heard it. A whisper. I felt its warmth. A certainty, a breath. I knew not from where it came, but it was simply here.

Unblinking

The unblinking sight of One poised for intimacy is a crystal clear river bed, whimsically glistening in its returning gaze.

The unblinking sight of One poised for intimacy is a steadfast mountainous range, unrestrained in its glory.

The unblinking sight of One poised for intimacy is a majestically winged creature, naked and free, soaring endlessly.

The unblinking sight of One poised for intimacy is a tottering toddler releasing giggles of innocence entranced by a wooing heart.

Every aroma, pure and alive, is found in this unblinking sight.
Every wonder and curiosity is found in this unblinking sight.
Every possibility is found in this unblinking sight.

Healing

There once was Woman, there once was Man.

There once was Girl, there once was Boy.

Both peered in to one another... looking around.

Searching for a sound.

Skimming the horizon for light, seeking for something of

Love to be found.

Eyes scoping the lands and vegetation within. Were there
trees of blossom or a flourishing that began?

Would either recognize seeds of color, or dew of delight,
bringing forth showers of celebration and purest of
sight?

There once was Man, there once was Woman.

There once was Boy, there once was Girl.

a desolation from within left each sight beckoning.
seeking always seeking.

There once was He, there once was She.

There once was She, there once was He.

Would each delve back in, trusting from whence they
first began?

Parable or Poetry

Is not a parable likened to poetry?

A picture displayed, a symbol richly inducing the deeper One delves

Mystery is a door, a Wind knocking from within

Who will come IN, who will See

Who will lay down loyalties embracing shadows,
for Eternity?

Rush not!

Ready....set.....stop!!!

What's the rush for?

Why zoom from one thing to the next thing as though there are countless ending points?

Do I really want to miss the cotton floating by, the wind beneath my hair, or the sparkle within the dew upon the up turned leaf on a crisp Spring morning?

What of the enjoyment of flavors in the meal placed before me? Shall I not lean in and appreciate the wonder of each taste, unique in its invitation to enjoy?

Or the permeating scents of each living being, unified but distinct? Aromas filling my senses, awakening memory of times to come and times employed?

How grand each color is, layer upon layer of vibrancies and breath. Shall I miss the living heart beat of each, and so miss a wink within creation?

What of the child longing for the gaze of an eye, wonderment and celebration exploding within? Do I look past the onlooking innocence and mistake this for interruption?

And then once settled into the embracing of all things natural, shall I not go further into what lies behind, within?

Steady myself to see living creatures holding all within my One Creator? Essence, dimension, freedom...

There shall never again be a rush. The hurry has ceased.
The Light of Life is here.

Starry Night

A Starry Night rests at the depth of the Sea
Pure Lights of revelation
Birthed through eternity

A Sweet Cottage

A kind new friend found me
Found tears falling down my face
Heard the whisper of my dearest embrace
A paradox of contentment, fulfillment and a goodbye wave.

Rainbow

An Arc remains... for eons upon eons

Through a Seat of Mercy, Regality and Rest
Into a place of time and space
A way of Access

A way into Freedom, Life and Peace
A way of tutorship, training and victory

Color is transcendent, held in finality
A reminder, a Presence, a precious reality

Breath...

Change

Oh what imagination we must see in order to change, create, letting what is,
be

We are pliable and flexible, changeable, redeemable

Dream worthy and light ready

Finalized and sight steadied

One

To feel as just One, may be the knowing of unity in All

Individuality flees this One

Seamless distinction in One, All in One, feeling as One

To Love All as One, is to Love All as Self

A Quaint Girl

She sat across from me. Feet crossed and hands tucked between her stretched out legs.

She gazed into me and knew my lingering fears. She felt the tightness within every breath, and how my chest longed to be free of this invisible weight.

Her piercing emerald eyes searched deep within my own and saw my journey. She knew of my every turn that would only take me deeper in; through every unknown and uncertainty, every moment of trust and cloud of confusion; every word of consolation and quieting of soul... she knew it all.

She knew all I had encountered within her and how every moment would drive me beyond my current state of uneasiness and into greater peace. And in these moments she saw my *yes* through my tears.

A *yes* that plowed through rain and sleet and snow.
Through wind and cloud, dirt and ash.

A *yes* that was taking me into deeper atmospheres of her, where all behind me fades away. She knew my grieving, and welcomed my anticipation.

So, as words began to form within sound, the warmth of Love was a welcoming blanket on such a cool morning here in these woods, in this cabin.

Girl...

Do you hear the rushing stream just outside?

This cabin sat in the midst of overlapping realms, so when I arrived there was no stream... but I heard it now.

Yes...yes I do.

A quaint accent fluttered from my lips.

Ooo...ooo, or the flying grackling and her mate??

Excitement filled her face and the echoing of many child like chatter exuded from her. She was the embodiment of joy, and so great wonderment.

For years now I have known her as deep and passionate, as light so pure my presence seizes up, and as a suffering found in uncontainable groan or sweet quiet... but this *child* that sits before me is whom I most love to be with. I often wonder if it is not this *child* sitting before me that encompasses all else I have known. And what a rewarder a child is!

I do... I do!

Laughter like an electric wave shot through my system.

She quieted again, so noble, so kind. Her emerald eyes glistened and drew me deeper in. No exhaustion in this, or a pulling from me, but a remaining presence always inviting me further.

*Steady yourself in these days to come. Let few in and be aware.
You are not an open book...*

She knew the thoughts of my soul. And within a flickering of a fresh moment, an almost whimsical, ominous sense shifted into innocent passion.

It is here I am, sweet one! Always here...

Then a softening.

Remain here with me, Girl.

Summer Fun!

Oh today was such a fun day!
I went outside with my friends to play
We blew bubbles with colors and with water we sprayed
Today was such a fun fun day!

Today was such a fun fun day!
We swam in a river and in the shade we all laid
We drank our town's best strawberry lemonade
Today was such a fun fun day!

Today was such a fun good day!
We ventured through woods and with angels we played
We swung on long branches while the sun-shine remained

Today was such a good fun day!

Today was such a fun fun day!

Our dads called us in, it was time to refrain

While tomorrow may shift, it will still be the same

For Today is such a fun fun day!

Generations

Many generations have come and remain
Not one is lost, neglected or lived in vain
Every story interwoven, every breath brought gain
For there is more than one generation who is to remain

One Body, one Soul, one Spirit in All
If eyes would only see their true Nature and Call
We would believe this tale, not one has to fall
This Divine intervention found in One, found in All

Devastation of Divinity

When Divinity moves, and reception follows, there is great devastation.
Arising out of the miry murky soul, in its beginning immature, is all manner
of dross.

Do not be afraid, this Lover says. *Do not let the shadows trace out this Light.*

There is an upheaval that must happen. There are tears that must be shed. A
conviction for purity that must be embraced.

Let shadows go, do not follow them.

This voice so near and so clear speaks.

Allow the dross to rise, for a sweeping must begin, while you lie there in the arms of Love. Of trust.

No working out Life with this dross ever brought Life.

No reasoning with this shadow ever produced Light.

No powerful Word ever resurrected what is Death.

A folding of the hands, a tender kiss in this Night, all for the sake of Freedom.

Rest. Lie down. Relax. You are safe.

Garbing of Beauty

“The important thing is not to think much, but to love much; do, then, whatever most arouses you to love.”

Saint Teresa of Avila

“As your meditation becomes deeper it will defend you from the perpetual assaults of the outer world. You will hear the busy hum of that world as a distant exterior melody, and know yourself to be in some sort withdrawn from it. You have set a ring of silence between you and it; and behold! within that silence you are free.”

Evelyn Underhill

“If you don’t feel a strong desire for the manifestation of the glory of God, it is not because you have drunk deeply and are satisfied.” *John Piper*

“It is either all of Christ or none of Christ! I believe we need to preach again a whole Christ to the world - a Christ who does not need our apologies, a Christ who will not be divided, a Christ who will either be Lord of all or will not be Lord at all!”

A.W. Tozer

“Great sea captains are made in rough waters and deep seas.”

Kathryn Kuhlman

Friendship

To receive a Friend, I must be a Friend

Life has never been about giving or having, but receiving and being

Remaining, even while dynamic may change

The great impact of Friendship is...

Celebration

Honor

Truth in Love, Love in Truth

Stillness

Wonder

Believing IN

A Friend has only been known though this First Friend

Song of “*What If?*”

A song of *What if?* can be found in words, in action, in thought... in believing.

Our songs are only hinged upon one Reality. The power found in One Love. This Love being the promise of absolute, without a question, goodness!

A song of *What if?* discovered in peace, or in the lingering feeling of anxiety. This song can be found in it all!

A song of *What if?* can be found in a smile, or a gaze, even in a giggle. During times of uneasiness, during times of great triumph. This song will never fade but only increase in sound.

Oh what a gift is this song of *What if?*!

Grasping of Heaven

Heaven is not something to be achieved, to wait for, or
fall from...not for Us.

It is as a Wind, carried within laughter, beaming of color
and purest of delights!

She is a Presence that must be known, must be
experienced, the purest of Love.

He is an actuality that is eternally shifting, dreaming,
creating, designing, responding.

Heaven is divinity, is Wholeness, is Place, is Person, is
Energy, is... IS.

It is Free, Peace, infinitely good... sweetest and most devastatingly good.

Child, Procurer, Consciousness, Breath...Touch.

A stream ever flowing, purest of light, can only ever be I AM.

In every cell, every formula, every system.
Relentless at every point of faith, Rest in all moments.
Every stair and every step, within every trace and all grounding.
Hands... Hands holding intricate jewels and crystals, pure light.

You say I am this... *I am as You? How can this be*, my
imagination peculiarly decrees.
I believe.

I am no mere thing to be grasped, but known,
experienced, received.

He was there

It is said how He knew intimately of our sufferings, knew our temptations.

I ask of him, *Were you kidnapped?? Were you raped? Did you grow ill, or
carry cancer?*

Were you neglected by a mother or father, left abandoned and alone?

He speaks for himself, this Jesus,

I was there!

*I was in every moment, in every cell! Within every scream and cry, I was
there!*

I was in every body, in every drop of blood, sound and silence.

I was there...

I ask of him, *Why did you not rescue me?!*

He speaks for himself, this Yeshua,

I did! I was there!

You knew not how to turn in. Nor how to see me, nor hear me.

But I was there...

This One in All and All in One... has always been here.

We knew not how to see, nor hear.

But he has always been here.

Normalsy

The normalsy of Divinity

To know it I must live it, and live it normally by knowing it

Freedom

Absolute was never hard-lined truth, just ALL in ALL

This is Normal!

To be in a state of dream with multi-faceted perceptions is normal

For tangible doors of Mercy follow me, opening within many places in Yeshua
is Normal!

To see Life Everlasting awaken bodies and souls, dismantling Creation from

Death

is Normal!

To know thoughts and intentions of another is normal

To live out of a future that is pure and limitless
is Normal!

Let us be normal, together!

A Reed Never Broken

A reed in a Garden

A mixing of many wild flowers, blossoms, bushes and trees
These reeds stand tall, bending tenderly by the sound of the Wind

Distractions come from within
but a persevering Reed remains
There is only One Hand that may hold this Reed
caring for it, steadying it as it grows and grows

A Reed ventures out through swamp and sea
Through valley and dessert serene

The tenderness and uniqueness of this Reed
ventures out into discovery
Still, only One Hand may hold this Reed
Though storm come and torrent thunder
This Reed remains

At times tattered, scattered
This Reed remains

In moments afraid, uncertain
Still this Reed remains
One Hand holds this Reed

This Body, this Reed, once a fragile system of dream and duty
Is now becoming a transfiguration of melody and song

This Reed, once feeling alone, independent

Is now experiencing its Place within the Garden
within all it's bedmates
within these One hands

Home

Home is where the Heart is, so I've heard
So I wonder... where has my heart been?
In confines of time, spaces, places?
Who's hands has it rested within?

A Heart beats

A quickening of Home known, ensues
I shall not force this quickening along
But rest within the unfolding of Home
Where my Heart abides
But then again.... why not?

A Heart beats

Eternity begins to overlap into All else

The panic of losing or not having becomes a faltering mechanism

The breath of Home syncs up with the Heart beat of One

A wondering Soul questions,

Have I always been Home?

Maybe, a voice returns with a smile

A Heart beats

The tethering to fleeting thought and lingering emotion, dissipates

A mist of expectancy and excitement flood fresh sight

A Heart beats

Sometimes I burn so intensely to come in deeper

To know more clearer this Home of mine
Quickly this burning moves into Rest
Rest within every relationship opening up in Home
Being my Home
For I am Home

Stay IN

STAY *IN*...
NO MATTER WHAT IS HAPPENING AROUND YOU

STAY *IN*...
REST *IN*...
IN UNION
IN MESSIAH
IN

STAY *IN*...
I AM DISCOVERING HOW TO STAY *IN*
REASON *IN*
PERCEIVE *IN*

REST IS *IN*
IN UNION
IN MESSIAH

STAY *IN*...
AS WE REMAIN *IN*
EXPANSION HAPPENS
STAY *IN*

Wounded

Luna sat with her eyes closed, listening to the low rumble of distant waters breaking and pushing forward. Seagulls flew by and she could hear their morning song.

With her blanket curled under her resting chin, she opened her eyes.

I love that I found this spot as a kid... the first time I ever needed to get away from all the voices. Luna thought to herself. She's come back ever since.

The sun was now peaking over the horizon. The spreading of its orange and yellow hues reminded her of a candle flame. Visibly warm yet unobtrusive. With every wave moving in, Luna thought of billowing clouds extending for miles. One layer after another. Consistent. Immovable... until drawing deeper into shore. It was then that the home to the seagulls, a ginormous bluff, stood steadfast dismantling the unassuming wave. *Seems like beautiful*

chaos to me, interruptions that must be, yet wished against. She took in a deep breath and slowly sighed. Her heart was heavy, mind too busy. She couldn't reconcile all that occurred and what was being asked of her. So she sat. Stayed, listened. Luna breathed.

Hours seemed to have left her, and that once small flame was now a fire in the sky. Instead of curling up with her blanket, it now laid beneath her. A few folks ventured out this far and all left Luna to her quiet solitude.

She saw another man coming toward her. The knot in Luna's stomach and the racing of her thoughts beckoned him to go. He continued in her direction, unabated. Luna turned her eyes toward the billowing waves in the distance, captivated by their conception. Always on cue. For a moment she was held by peace, and as the man drew near, her anger seemed to subside. Luna could see she was his point of aim. *Maybe I am ready for company.*

Hello.

He said, finishing his approach.

With a big smile he gestured for permission to sit on the sand next to her. Luna shook her head yes, returning a courteous smile. They sat in silence for long moments. He seemed to be in no rush. After a few more minutes of quiet her curiosity got the best of her, so she broke the silence.

Do you come here often? I don't know if I've ever seen you before.

He offered back with a kind smile.

I do.

They peered toward the chasing waters. The breeze picked up and the waters responded in a frenzy.

Why do you sit here alone?

He asked with sincerity and Luna felt her heart longing to gush. She refrained... for a moment.

I come here to clear my mind.

Her eyes fell to her lap.

...too many voices.

Mmm.

He quietly listened.

Luna couldn't stop from continuing on. She told this strange and kind man all that had happened. Sharing how her heart ached because of the cruelty of the situation. How she had watched endless tears flow, as well as cry many herself.

The wounds are deep. And now, I am being asked to forget it all. To simply move on. How can a reasonable person just let it go? This makes no sense to me.

Luna looked toward the fire in the sky and realized she had talked for at least an hour, if not more. A part of her didn't care. She'd never met anyone as attentive and compassionate as this man has been. He simply sat with her, not awkwardly, but with an understanding.

May I tell you a story?

Luna nodded, *yes*. A softness came over her as tears gently fell.

There was a woman who lived in a small town of about 1200 people. She was a person who had grown in character, integrity and knowledge into the ways of human wisdom. Her husband was the town's Chief of Police and they had children who were involved within the community. They cared deeply for their town and those who lived in it. Their values were simply this: honor always, foster peace, and have fun.

He smiled when he shared those values. This brought a slight smile to her wearied face.

Generations grew in this town and peace rested here. One afternoon, during the summer, this woman's sister came rushing

into her home terrified and in hysterics. She grabbed her sister and sobbed, barely able to speak clearly that her husband had just been beaten, robbed of all his treasures, all his money and stripped of clothes. Now this woman, who was kind and respected, began to grow numb of heart and loosened her hold on her younger sister who collapsed onto the floor. She curled into a ball and sobbed. The woman, apathetically, walked to her door, stepped out and saw the man lying on the dirt road that connected their homes to town. A gentlemen rushed by, barely taking notice of the beaten man on the road. Once he saw his face he snickered and said, ‘I know who you are and what you’ve done.’ And left him. She felt a ping of pain when hearing this passerby’s remark.

The woman’s heart softened as she stepped back inside. Returning to the man she carried her husband’s robe in hand. Covering his naked body she began to help him up. His mangled arm wrapped around her shoulders as he yelped in pain. One foot was badly

broken, so he leaned against her while hopping on the other. Slowly and painfully they made their way into the house. He fell upon the couch and she could hear him softly cry.

The woman's oldest child walked in and stopped. Looking in disbelief at his mother's white dress stained by blood and dirt, he said of his uncle, 'Why is he here? What happened?! You told us to never go around him until he changed.'

'Son, please. Grab the first-aid kit in my bedroom closet. The one your Father compiled.' Together, mother and son, began to clean the man's wounds. The son set his broken foot, and bandaged his mangled shoulder and arm. The woman gently and with sweet patience took healing ointment to the gashes in his chest and on his face. She paused as their eyes met and for the first time, she saw the man. Blood, pain, the past, everything faded. She saw her brother and her heart swelled.

Luna's own heart was caught up in a story she didn't understand. She was stirred and didn't know why.

I-I don't understand...

Luna said, feeling confused.

He began to speak and time seemed to slow. His words held authority and soundness.

Let me explain. The woman represents a child of I AM. A person conceived in love, born of spirit but tied to certain religious systems, unknown to her. The man represents the wounded, the immature soul'd child of God. Born of spirit yet never moved beyond his *need* for a Savior into resurrection life, and so bowed down to the political system of the day, becoming unsure of his own Life. Foolish living ensued and bitterness took root, for no brother or sister would tend

to his wounds. Few choose true love unattached to stipulation. The town represents the whole of humanity *IN* Christ. All children of I AM dwell here, together.

He continued.

You've been trained by a world that reasons a certain way due to blindness, ignorance and unbelief. Born into self-centeredness and self-preservation, ruled by broken emotions and compartmentalization. As a person grows, they may be confident in controlling their emotions but once they hit their ceiling (you've heard it said, *enough is enough*) they lose sight of the wisdom they profess. You've heard it said, *protect your heart so it cannot be hurt again. Put up boundaries*. I tell you, protect your heart from growing hard, for love seeks not its own interest, nor keeps record of suffered wrongs, but perseveres always. Do not judge by mere appearances

but see clearly. For a person lives from fear or love. And pure love casts out all fear. So love them as I love you. Show mercy always, for I desire mercy over judgment.

You have heard it said of a child of I AM, *this person is really messed up. They're damaged.* Hear me closely for I say, all things have passed away, and newness of life has come. You are new creations, with new hearts and minds. No longer do you live or reason as you once did. No longer are you wounded by anyone, nor do you carry the baggage of wounds. Believe and be transformed in your reasoning so you may have ears to hear and eyes to see.

Love them as I love you. Forgive as you abide in forgiveness. If the words you speak sound funny coming from my mouth, quiet them. Bring life through words of life. Do not heap up demands upon a person who is unable to see clearly. It will bring more destruction upon them and they will not know who I am. You have heard it said, *I require this of you before I can step into relationship again.* I say this,

I never required anything of you. Do not go beyond what I have done or said. A servant is not greater than his master, nor a child over a mother. Walk as I walk. If you are my true friend, you will live as I live.

Put off all anger, envy, hate and suspicions. Do not pick them up again. Reconciliation with one another begins between *you and me*. Then you can see clearly to love as I love. You have seen and heard my friends pray in many ways. Do not pray to be heard, and do not pray from fear. When you ask, you will receive. Believe and do not doubt. Let love be your motivation always, and allow your faith to see as I see. Flow from all that you have become, freely: mercy, kindness, patience, hope and Love. There is no end to this measure. The heart of purity will see my voice, for kindness leads to a new way of reasoning. No longer are you to be trained by your feelings or by humanity's reasoning, but by my Words alone. For only by my Words is there true life.

People will say, *This is too easy. This is high thinking, come down to earth.* I say, stay seated with me in heavenly places, rooted and established in Love. My Kingdom is not of this world, and will not bend to this worlds reasoning. No longer does woman, man or child have the *need* to operate in striving. Believe, for the Kingdom is within you, surrounding you. The Kingdom is your home.

Luna sat listening with her swelled up heart on the edge of the seat, laid entirely bare.

The sun was now setting behind an ocean line marking the horizon with its calm slumber.

She asked him, nearly struggling to get the words out.

How is this way of love possible? How?? This doesn't seem possible or real!

Even in all her questioning and frustrations, deep within, Luna knew this to be true. He wasn't shaken by her uncertainty but smiled, welcoming her into his peace.

To become love, you must know love. Know me. There are many voices that desire your ear and will shape the way you think, telling you who you are. Until a child knows she's a child, she remains an orphan in her thinking, living as an orphan would. Know your Father, know me. Every need you felt to be born with has been met in my love. We are one and nothing can separate us. I have restored your lost identity. You are as I have always known you to be. You are my friend. My sister. Believe.

Your joy, your peace, your hope is all found in our love, the love that we share in together! No person can meet a need that I've already met. You must believe and be transformed in your reasoning. If you choose not to believe, you will find all forms of torment when

someone does not meet a perceived need. Or when a person mistreats you, you will take up an offense and allow hurt to be formed in you, for you have misplaced your value. When a person does mistreat you, no matter the scale of cruelty in your sights, you must remain in forgiveness, for they know not what they do because they know not who they are. You must show them who they are. Honor them and see them as they were born to be, without stumbling over who they're not. In this you heap burning coals on the accuser, the liar.

Do not worry about being right or wrong, do not be concerned with fairness or blame. If you do, you will empower a villainizing stance or a victimizing person. This is a trap that many fall into. One must remain in forgiveness and see beyond the actions taken, discerning the heart that is hurting, deceived, believing lies about self and I AM. There will be many trials, but in this suffering you will not be moved. For your life was given to you so you could reign over every moment.

Know how your joy, peace and hope is in our love. Every promise is yours. Believe and sight will come.

The sun was now tucked away as the stars shone bright in the night sky. It was a warm evening and they sat for another few minutes as Luna's heart churned with joy and expectancy. But fear slowly crept in and feelings of sadness began to rise in her throat.
He spoke.

Meet with me every day and the shadows of yesterday will fade away.

He said one last thing as he stood to leave, dusting the sand off his jeans.

Be afraid of nothing. I will never leave you.

Luna knew right then, that she had just stepped into a new beginning. A new Life.

Peer IN

To see thru the trees, is to peer into the soul.
But where knowledge began, wisdom must
end.

Pioneering

You know you are not the first... but it seems deep within you are a trailblazer
A Pioneer

You've spent years seeking, longing for companionship in matters of
creating, designing and implementing... celebrating

To an eye untrained you may appear to be a rogue nomad, but to the One
swimming in Wisdom, she sees what is real

The Pioneer will travel and discover and blaze a trail that is ancient yet new.
Manifesting for a time and season unique to each in this time and season,
impacted by all times and seasons and so an impact to all

Where there is One who seems to go alone, this One goes with many... even
when many eyes cannot perceive

Go

Do not stop

You will see every energy, resource, joy and comfort is Yours

Enjoy!

A dear mystery of I AM

It is true, that in I AM, is only ever I AM.

A mention, knowing or thought that is less than I AM is only found in i was, weightless.

Seek this mystery within I AM... all will drastically and imperceptibly shift.

IN Him we remain. You hold my fondest love,

Mandy

Devotional Canvas

























[illegible]









































