



Deepening Memoire

Volume 1

Deepening Memoire

Closed Book

I

Everflow

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Mention

My Lord... I love you.

To all People who have touched my Life, awakening me in Reality, Love and Truth; through either challenge, encouragement, a simple glance or gaze. To those closest to me who encourage, love and believe in me, enough to say *It's never been about me...* Thank you.

For those I quote, thank you so very much for your unique journeys; Justin Paul Abraham and Peter Kreeft. And of those on Pixabay, who presented their own pieces of art for anyone to use... goodness, you have my deep gratitude! These pictures have helped to captivate my heart. I penned, you snapped.

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Forward

My daughter asked me to write the forward to her book and I am greatly honored.

These prose and soliloquies come from her very heart and spirit. They are formed from the love that shines in her and through her, a love so intense and so large that it must spill out into the world so that all can experience it. This is what makes love, love. It must be received to be fulfilled. And these writings express this very thing.

We come into this world as a diamond in the rough, we either become as dark as coal or we are cut into multifaceted angles of beauty by the Master diamond cutter. As time goes on His blessings polish our facets and we sparkle and glitter like the light we become. The Son sends the light that we need to

reflect His very light and together, others are pleased to witness an amazing spectacle that has purpose. That very purpose being the intense beauty of the universe called love. May you be that diamond, may you be all that He has created you to be!

~Liz Sullivan

Note from Your Sister

Warmest Blessings and Love to You!

While deciding which manuscript to publish, Holy Spirit and I, along with a couple of angelic friends, decided we shall compile a collection of *Musings, Writings and Experiences*, before anything else! And so with the decision to gather over a span of 10 years worth of varied writings, I knew it was important to note two things for anyone deciding to journey with Us.

First, a moment with Jesus resounding as an echoing song, spoke this...
Your Faith will always go where you take it.

So rather than articulate this *moment* for you, I'll leave room for the wanderer to come to a personal illumination, potentially stirred by Our own journey.

Second, I would like to ask you to look upon this number below.

9

Would you say this is the number *NINE*? What if someone was standing in a different perspective, different position? Would they say it was a *SIX*? Who would be correct?

Have our Journeys ever really been about who is *Right* or *Wrong*? Or to delve a bit deeper, am I to emulate Another's Journey expecting the same intimacy with Jesus as they have cultivated? I won't answer for Another, but I cannot adventure with Jesus but on my own path. May each of us discover our own path, cheering one another on as we go!

Beckoning

Fragments of Light are woven together creating a blanket of warmth, covering a people like an Umbrella, a Shade of Light protecting from all intrusive and counterfeit light, Glory filled particles of Light fall from the Umbrella and upon every head, showering each Heart, awakening the sleepy Child, wiping the eyes clean, reviving the Soul that lay downcast far too long, unlocking the chains of shame and hopelessness, activating the slumbering and euthanized dreams, poking at the thunderous laughter buried so deep, singing a song to a Son, to a Daughter, a Melody only heard by Blood, a Melody that has forged one path back to a Father, a Melody that is sweeter, more tender than any sound ever expressed, a song of Love, a Family Song, a Song of belonging that only the ear of a Child can hear, the Melody reverberates through the Blood, strengthens the bones, acts as a tuning fork

between Sound of Mother and Sound of Child, solidifying Two sounds into One. The Melody Beckons Movement.

A Tale of Two Souls

What a treasure this life has been, where Two Souls have met and become One. On one darling night, where Stars set out to bring Divine into sight, closing up the gap from Two to One; what a night, what a night.

A gift of Two is becoming One, to a world of hope, revealing more is to come, through lives intertwined by dream Divine, where Two eyes meet, locked for all time.

There were Two paths forged before the beginning of time, each held one purpose, held rhythm, held rhyme. Unseen by Two paths a forging into One, where fluttering fears flew like wisps of air as Two became One.

Rocky edges smoothed, by trial~tribulation, pleasure and tear, nothing wasted, nothing feared. Embalmed in power in pure delight, exploration, exhilaration, every fancy flight.

A pen given to One, given to Two becoming One,
draw~write~dream~imagine, let down hair, fly over every chasm. Peer only in eyes, soar into every desire, no regret, only fire.

Laughter will fill the air, flood the imagination, belly's will roar with joy, smiles will paint the sky, sunrise, sunset, eclipsing of day, eclipsing of night.

The untapped beauty of Man, of Woman. Where One finds self in the other, through dream, through Union. Building upon the other, enlightens, refines. Joy~peace~eternity have been found as Two have become One, in promise, in all that's Divine.

Actuality

The
Past & Future
Meet
Determining
Who
the Present will be
But in Reality
Is there Present
or
Only Eternal Actuality?

Circles

Circles are a funny thing, naturally meant to be
They have no beginning and no end, but still, more or less seen
Movement and color, flashes discovered
Joined by Symphonic Nativity
Story uncovered, Light remembered
As is and as always will be

Whimsical

Whimsical wisps & whispering winds, wafting thru Thee
Fluttering frequencies, fetching, fleeing, following close to Me
Lucid lilies laboriously leaning, lowing beneath Thee
Dashingly dreaming, devastatingly daring, doodling deep in We

Escape

Walls stand all around us, different colors, textures and shapes... but all remain as walls. Embroidered with designs and flares of the momentarily captured soul.

This body of land rotates within the immensity of an unseen force. Once a blazing fire in the sky, is now a shrinking ember. The horizon painted with the remaining hues of Her light. Indigos, warm oranges and reds, softened purples tickle the underbelly of the slumbering night. Light, ever so light.

Giggles from within the walls find their way out. A familiar yet uncertain Presence draws all life forms out.

Some respond, some do not.

One light, then another, then multitudes shine bright within the night sky and upon the dry land. An unseen curtain is pulling back and this familiar Presence is ushering in waves of warmth, liquid love and pure joy.

Like billowing waves, the sweetness of heavenly nectar saturate spiritual eyes,
awakening all responses to receive.

Be filled! Receive and believe!

Creation is darkened of detail but within the darkness is an illumination of
what is Bright and Joy overtakes the wondering eye!

Heavenly languages roll off tongues and much is permitted. Sacred unity has
pierced insecurity and uncertainty. Familiarity has drowned in Presence and
all is good.

Goodness has always been, but is now seen.

Brilliant.

How Much Longer

A voice calls out to her from across the street.
The music that once sang to her, exciting her, now dreadfully tarries within
every beat filled step.
A deep sigh fills her lungs as her head hangs; and as she walks Her delicate
white dress flows mid-thigh.
Where there was once momentary confidence, only
discontentment remains.
With a full smile and empty eyes, a fleeting thought lingers...
how much longer?

Grasping

I cannot
But play, Oh how
I can play with You

Perceiving what lies behind You,
This being You
I am yet to see
Alas, seeing by experiencing, this I receive

Fish and Loaves

A young girl slept in the night with a blending of proverbs filling her thoughts. She heard an echo, *They don't have an ear to hear, so speaking wisdoms of Spirit would be like giving pearls to swine, or placing a massive bear in a fine china shop expecting the bear to reason the value of the surrounding pieces.*

As the girl slept Jesus brought her into a dream. She sat with him and others, faces she could not perceive. There was a sense of fish being passed around, whole fish. A fish was handed to the girl, a whole fish, and as she looked down she saw a square piece of bread, similar to corn bread. She heard him say, *Don't worry, there are no bones in it.*

His presence brought an understanding of these pictures. He gathered her heart unto himself and gifted her righteous perception. His heart spoke, *You*

will be anchored in one reality in any given moment. As will those around you. Discern in each precious moment, and wisdoms will flow from formed words or from a life of love lived. You are eternal and speak of eternity. Until an ear is poised to hear, reasoning of mind will not be, but a longing soul remains, longing to taste.

She heard his heart say, You will awaken to Us as One, more and more and so move from your anchor in eternity, in all moments. Remain in me, my love.

She asked within herself, Please, show me what you mean by pearls to swine. Or a bear in a china shop. He awakened her heart. Look at how the pig consumes everything, unable to sort through what is pure and wise, what is foolish and toxic. Or the bear who finds himself in a shop surrounded by priceless, uniquely crafted pieces of beauty, unable to procure its value let alone its safety from his massive size.

Neither is able to discern, or reason unto themselves. Your words will fall to the ground, for they are not received in Faith, rendered powerless to save. And

yet, your life of salvation guarantees their salvation, for the longing of their heart is for Love, is for me. As you live and love, they will see me.

More confident in love, she spoke again, *And what of the fish and loaves?* With the warmth of a noon day sun, his smile revealed, *I will show you truths that draw you out of natural perceptions, and into eternal reality. You were given fish in the natural, and in wisdom and discerned bread. Your fear caused doubt, so I reassured you that there were no bones. You can believe in what you see... My truth is simple, pure, free of confusion. Trust, and feast!*

The girl awoke, remaining in this space with her Lord. More awake than when she went to sleep the night before.

Joy

Joy is birthed from love, found and activated through prayer

Joy is a priceless commodity that few seem to possess

Joy will not be discovered in the act of sex

or the annihilation of food

It cannot be conjured by the painting of a picture, the conducting of music or

by mere words penned

Joy is realized when Love is awakened

Joy always finds itself in the midst of selflessness, in the midst of gain,

in the blossoming of wisdom and the shedding of sorrows

Joy makes no excuse for itself and is never ashamed

Joy finds no acquaintance with perversion or slander, but in purity alone

Joy calls forth the good things from within

A Person steps into the participation of Joy, already existing!

Joy says, *You are worthy*

A smile captivated, eyes deeply entranced, a heart beat heard

A permeation of honor experienced in the atmosphere

Joy pushes out fear, raising the bar for courage

And a true breath inhaled

has joined with rest in the exhale

There is no comparison to Joy, only counterfeits

Prism

I am not with You for the experiences

I am not with You for what You can do

I have not chosen the sentiment surrounding You

I have not chosen the glory, the emotion, the reward or the gifts

You are absolutely Actuality and Truth

I discovered, I love You!

And every good thing, as a transcendent light beam, bursts forth from We!

From here, I will encounter Everything!

Random Not

Bottle fed adults, screaming obscenities as they roll around on the ground
Radiant trolls reading encyclopedias, planting flowers along a quiet brook
Rainbows hovering over darkened skies while whispers of light invade the
smog

Jumbled up letters roll off the tongues of poets, philosophers and scientists
Revelation begets dream, dream begets vision and vision gives birth to
change

A nugget of gold encased in coal, a diamond surrounded by rock, an irritable
pearl developed by the Timekeeper

Within every tear is a seed, in every seed is an acorn, within the acorn is an
oak tree

Seasons come and they go, time is but a word and more is always in sight

Remember

A man walks along the boardwalk overlooking the Puget Sound, captivated by the serenade of colors billowing from the sunset. He holds the small hand of a child, and she prances along while the ocean breeze surrounds them.

There is visible Presence between Father and Daughter. They find themselves at a bench, singled out and surrounded by grassy mounds, climbing trees and unsettled water. She sits on the edge of the bench, her ballet shoes dangling off her feet as she swings her legs back and forth, back and forth.

Her daddy situates himself on the ground in front of her and they lock eyes. Something she rarely experiences, for she is always looking to the sky to see him.

The Wind increases as the Sun continues to set. Daughter and Father snuggle close, her chin resting on his chest. His arms become her blanket,

and the remaining warmth from the sun gives a kiss to her soft cheeks as her innocent soul embraces both comforts, Father and Sun.

Her gaze is drawn away as she hears the sound of aging train brakes squeaking and settling in, off in the distance. A new fascination consumes her senses and her Father delights in the beauty of wonderment dancing in her eyes.

She jumps up and off the bench, leading the way as they continue along the boardwalk, never missing a moment together. They'll never lose these moments together.

Seen

Icicles like glass dress the Watchmen trees, as windows peering into eternity. Eyes unveiled, always to see. What is seen is carried through, releasing, eternally releasing. Absorbing only what speaks of holy, bringing many to wholeness. Dimensions of creation, forming one entirety. Never known, experienced or seen. The Watchmen carry moment, seeking, always seeking. There are many.

Glimpses of purity, beauty, speaks to One so Worthy.

Watchmen witness birthing light, streaming within and through One Great Light.

Colors burst through promise, succession, as lilies of spring open and breathe. Ruah experienced, awareness becomes key to all breathing lights, birthed in eternity.

Layerings of meaning capture what is ignited.

Kindness swells in the soundness of Love, absolute Reality. As shifting as the wind, never to be grasped, sight flees fallen time for no one has ever seen but through eternity. Seen, and then seen, and then seen, and then seen, never to be seen. A quake is felt. Laughter in morning twilight is heard. Witness of wooing are Watchmen's great pleasure. Complexities resting in simplicity. A Child in wonder, seeks, sees. Exploring Joy, never to fail, never to fall, but fly.

From eternity a pouring of light floods what thirsts for Life. Witnessing Watchmen, birthing of Light, igniting of Sight, all revealing Creator, Lover, Mother and Father. Poetry holds meaning.
Eternity

Trees We See

Trees are a timeless gift you see
You can climb, hang and carve, merrily
With pinks, reds and bright green leaves
These trees
These trees will always be

Trust

To trust is always in question... or is Love, what is really in question? No difference?

I see a wave, multiple Waves forming tube like vessels for the Wind to dance through, but only for moments... then comes a collapsing within itself. Wave upon Water. I *trust* this Wave will do what this Wave was *designed* to do. Rise and crash. The weather, the time of year and other conditions are all factors for a Wave to be a Wave. But maybe a deeper look would reveal that it's not all those factors that determine the Wave but that there must be Water. To trust in the factors may be superficial, but to trust in the Water is substantial!

No Water, no Wave.

The Destiny, or the Life of a Person isn't determined in the choices made, the factors. Nor validated or valued by experiences or circumstances. No, the Life of a Person, their Destiny, resides in the Truth that they are Alive! Birthed within a Story. One must not trust in a Person based off their decisions, but on Created Value, Mercy and Grace. It is here One is privileged in seeing the shaping and revealing of a Life. The flourishing of a Destiny exquisitely stitched into a greater Tapestry composed of many Destinies. All becoming One... if One will only trust in the Person, not the factors.

Yahweh does not see Me as a risk, He knows me as a Guarantee. Now, will I believe?

Great are the works of the Lord; they are studied by all who delight in them
Psalm 111:2

...for we are His workmanship, created for good works.
Ephesians 2.10

the work of the Father is this, to believe...

Yeshua , John 6.29

Love is large and incredibly patient. Love is gentle and consistently kind to all. It refuses to be jealous when blessing comes to someone else. Love does not brag about one's achievements nor inflate its own importance.

Love does not traffic in shame and disrespect, nor selfishly seek its own honor. Love is not easily irritated or quick to take offense. Love joyfully celebrates honesty and finds no delight in what is wrong. Love is a safe place of shelter, for it never stops believing the best for others. Love never takes failure as defeat, for it never gives up.

1 Corinthians 13:4-8

Unveiling

Windows of light are opened
Words of delight won't delay
Destinies seen
Shackles are broken
Promises pave the new Way

What I really wanted

I didn't really want that coffee, I wanted Jesus

I didn't really want that brownie, I wanted Jesus

I didn't really want extra sleep, I wanted Jesus

I didn't really want different work, I wanted Jesus

I didn't really want another relationship, I wanted
Jesus

When my soul beckons for something to bring relief, peace, fulfillment,
What I really always want, is Jesus.

What One Sees

When One sees a Universe full of strife and ugly
One sees repair and beauty

Where One sees despondency etched upon every passing countenance
One sees the fullness of life and a hunger for awakening

When One's eyes scan the horizon, seeing only filth
One stands in wonderment by all the strokes perfecting a masterpiece

Where One sees, with great disgust, religion
One sees liberty in relationship

When One sees the other shoe dropping, the half empty cup, the stranger
always creeping

One sees shoes being kicked off, a cup overflowing, an empowered Person
living in destiny

While One sees love as empty, a fantasy
One sees Love as relentless, an adventure, a sure thing

Two paths are paved, parallel and always moving in
the same direction

One path walked sees the possibilities, the other sees the impossibilities
One path is saturated in revealed light, the other in corrupted darkness
Courage coats the stones of one path, Fear conjures mire upon the other
Both paths are always moving in the same direction, each path walked sees
differently

One sees the anxiety and fear of your path
One may see the Other path walked as an illusion
Who truly sees?

Who You Are

A tool may be used for many things
A servant may use any tool given
A word may be taught by any servant
A melody sung by any heart
But in the stillness
In the silence
In the Darkness
There is simply being
Who You Are

Word

When a Voice rings out, Devastation comes.

From deep within a rumble begins.

The reverberance of a Heartbeat.

The trembling of a Passion ascending, filling, ravishing.

Frequency ignites flame.

Light erupts, collision met by expression.

What is not is consumed by What Is.

You Love

You Love Flowers, so I planted you a

GARDEN 🌸 🌸

You love music, so I wrote you a

S O N G

You Love the noon sun and night sky, so I went
with you to the Grandest Peak



You love children, every age, every one, so I chose to love children too...



YOU LOVE ME
SO I CHOSE TO GIVE ALL OF ME TO ALL OF YOU



A Quaint Girl

A simple and quaint girl, known for curiosity and wonderment, found herself upon a path laid of stone. Closely knit together, these stones were arrayed in many hushed tones, almost muted. But within every crease of each stone, there were specks of pure light and gold dust. She could feel their breath beneath her feet, they were so light!

For long moments she grazed each stone by every step, curiosity and wonder consuming each. There was peace within the coolness of every step, as though she had just stepped bare foot into a crisp pool of water on a scorched day.

Surrounding this girl was a landscape of lush and brightly colored plant life, trees and flowers. Thick and bound closely together were they, that she could scarcely differentiate one from another. Sparkling light shot forth from all color as twinkles of light pulsed above every limb, leaf and petal.

She paused in astonishment as a tension she carried, unaware, melted away by the mere enjoyment and pleasure of such extraordinary beauty. It were as though her eyes were only ever meant for this...The girl drank deep of this newly discovered awareness, and then, a stronger sense deep within recalled to her, *this has always been*. She was remembering.

A wave of joy descended from the top of her head to the lowest of her feet. Ripples of liquid love moved in, one after the other. Wave upon wave. Moments went by -even though she would never clearly identify what a moment truly was- and a calm moved in. Without tarry or concern, her feet began to move again.

Two senses transpired concurrently. One, she felt herself in the center of this glorious garden, surrounded by life perpetually teaming all around her. And Two, she innately knew this garden extended further and further into eternity and everlasting. She knew no matter where she was she would always remain at the center.

Not far ahead a pool of water glistened brightly, inviting her to come closer. Imperceptibly she swayed within this atmosphere closer to this

moment. Standing before a pristine crystal clear body of water, once a small pool, was now transfigured into a quaint ocean.

The water emanated an emerald green and she could feel in this moment a myriad of loving eyes within the color. How one thing appeared as another, simultaneously, was a gift to be received, beyond understanding. Through the emerald crystalized liquid, white stones blanketed the continually shifting ocean bed.

As her hand reached out, it began to transmute into a deeper sentiment of light and color. Once water and hand touched, a reaction of song took flight! A thrill unspeakable cascaded through her newly inherited senses as life around her began to shift within this fresh moment!

An urge, a longing, from this Water rose up inside of the girl, *Dive IN!* it exclaimed. This was more of a command to Live IN more, than an invitation. But rather than follow, the girl drew a stone to herself by the desire of herself. Suddenly, what was once a never ending, breathing ocean without limitation on any front, morphed back into a quaint pool of water. A white

stone found itself in the palm of her hand and as she drew it from the water, something began to happen.

A wave of uneasiness grew in the depth of her and this stone released a black inky substance... a written record of sort. She couldn't read it, but couldn't help herself, and so began to gather one after another. A desperation to read what she could not, for every one was smeared, consumed her emotions, thoughts and intellect. Her reasoning became murky, and if not for the deeper Voice within an impression calling to her, she may have gone mad... even while still standing in and existing in so much beauty and Life.

A picture of clean hands, five times her size, were casting these stones in the Water and then the sensation of drowning consumed her. This impression felt like a memory she was yet to experience. *Everything here is so different... so odd.* Briefly, this thought flew in and out.

She immediately began to thrust every black smeared white stone back into the water, and even though the small pool looked too small to dive into, she followed her heart, closed her eyes, and dove in! Deeper and deeper

she went. Opening her eyes, she peered upon Life everlasting and eternal.
She continued to drown and never turned back...

Beyond the Veil

It was never about the mirror beyond the veil, but the Image.
Concern over Form I shall not absorb, but rather, Function IN Reality
I AM supersedes, i was
The fullness OF fills the emptiness
And what IS will always be enough, for what is not, will fade away

I am beyond the veil, here my eyes shall see
There is no intellect that can bring me sight,
but a kiss, in a dance, upon a beat, in mystery...
I say, "Yes"

Bliss

She moves through a veil of illusion. She who is eternally manifest in this momentary form, a sweet essence of color and aroma. Before her awareness, a beautiful tree is draped as an intentional focal point, swaying within an effervescent wind. Neither cold nor warm, simply alive and ready for mutual embrace. A mist of mystery covers this Reality, true sight is found within. Unabated by confusion, drawn into exploration. This longing Being, Woman, peers about when suddenly she sees herself as she was before she transcended to this eternal moment. Sitting, eyes closed, surrendering in every moment of time and space. This one moment now seen, begins to unfold. The image of herself cast, again and again and again, as a line extending in the distance, beyond her awareness. As this Being, Woman, touched one moment in one time and one space, every other moment was impacted and there was change, a shift.

Quiet suits her well. A place where being, seeing, discovering, knows no limitation by memory, language, terms or tones. And although she knows these to be special and most valuable expressions of journey, process and life, she can't escape the higher calling of quiet. Is there an order or pattern that takes place between the dance of sound and quiet? Maybe... She only really knows her own journey into discovery. Blessed Bliss in Love and Rest.

Divine Devastation

The Devastation of Love as mighty waves, unrelenting Power released within Love, being this very Power. Such joy, such exuberance, cries out within the abandoned dance. A crashing of Itself upon all that would separate Them from Their greatest desire... Us! With crashing, cascading sound contained in laughter I hear, *Why do you crush My People, why do you interrupt Our Love?*! Her faithfulness carries every word, slicing through every form of deception, burning up every function of death! Joy erupts, causing all Creation to tremble and quake, for the waves of Light and Sound are too much to bare. Yahweh within Himself must contain His goodness to the measure where the greatest desire of His heart can withstand His goodness, and not die.

His laughter, Her laughter, within Their laughter is mercy, is judgement, is grace... so much grace! We needn't do a thing! Nothing at all!! Nothing but

become overwhelmed by this very Love that is Power! Always, for all eternity, the tsunami of Love devastates every moment of stagnation, purification illuminating, transfiguring, revealing...

Light burning brighter, Glory swelling up in greater Glory, His face experienced in greater measure.

She dances around Us, transfixing Us with Her tender, kind, wrap-around movement, examining every part of Us, erupting in celebration, always! Always celebrating!! Always revealing Glory and fresh Glory, Sons, Daughters! Words will never suffice in the place where the only experience is connection. Where seeing is believing and feeling is sight.

Garbed in Beauty

“The point of living may be something like falling in love with God... Before Romeo fell in love with Juliet, he probably found ladies’ clothing boring; but after falling in love, whatever Juliet is dressed in is fascinating...”

~ Peter Kreeft

No interruption shall tarry me in a place of inferiority

I Shall NOT Throw Caution to the Wind

As a wind brings forth a wisp of air, so shall it bring a gust and torrent. Judgment, untethered to Love, *will* bounce back upon the castrator, deriving greater death than spurned out.

Take heed to the condition of your eye, and those of another... it may be best to remain silent in the mixing of many ears having little wisdom flowing within, for greater harm shall come to them as they join in with the cacophony of criticism, and so personal castration.

Fertile Ground

A song of Praise and Joy sung in the midst of a barren time or moment, will *always* produce a fertile ground and fruit. Telling our Children of the Goodness of God will lift our eyes to the Mountain, in which our soul longs to ascend, and we shall!

Grasping Wind

I attempted to capture wind... It didn't work. It goes where it pleases, to and fro, I knew not when or where, but it is simply always here. After years of moments with Yahweh, I finally grasped something... it's never been about being with Him *working* but being with Her in any fresh way. Because Jesus is real and a person, I am real.

Oasis from Within

Before I can seek the *God of the More*
The external God
I must seek to know the God from Within
Where Union truly begins
Where Wonder unfolds
Where Light illuminates
I do not talk with a God from outside of me
But from Within, for we are Within one another

Pontifications of a Burning Heart

- Whom shall I follow... the God across the river, the first God Abraham served(worshiped) or YHVH? If *my teachings* preachings and justifications do not line up with the Person of Jesus, then who do I really follow?? And if I go to the Old Testament Scriptures to justify my teachings, arguments and precepts, and it does not line up with the Person of Yeshua who do I really follow??!

Will I lay down every work ever done, every statement ever made, every concept ever believed and preached, for the Person of Jesus, rather than find ways to situate Him into that?!! Dear God, help me!

I can tell the difference within my own soul when I have stepped into mystery and intimate knowing has been experienced, over peddling a teaching I believed because really I believed it before I was even taught it! A wind of teaching just aroused that fire already within!!

-You see me as I am, not as I was! And so speak to who I am. When I don't reason rightly or understand, you don't speak to who I was but remain speaking to who I am, raising me up higher into the Superior Being you say I am! Now... to discover who this new Being is...

-Everything I am yet to understand or perceive through intimacy, is mystery! The Kingdom of Heaven, mystery! Hell, mystery! Love... mystery!! And to her friends, Elshaddai reveals mystery. It's this fantastic relationship where I discover the mysteries within our Mind of Christ. I am seeing this happen as I pull away from self-focus, need and victimization, and *cannon-balling* into liberating selfless wonderment and honor!

Yahweh, burn every bit of Pride from within my mind, so I may remember Who you are... who you truly are, with no one telling me...

-Who will I follow this day?? If not Jesus, than I shall not call myself a follower of Him. God, I surrender to you afresh, engage me as my body soul and spirit engages you! All disillusionments be burned up in your Essence, where I feel this

through and through and righteousness becomes the response, not the work of anything I've done!! Forget it all, I need nothing but You, your presence! Your truth, your eyes, your Love. My Yeshua.

-I burn for my Lord and his heart. I am remembering who he is...forgotten for so long. But I am remembering who he is...

-Jesus is either Lord, or he's not and I do not really follow him. To choose to engage him in his Lordship over me, is all I am established to really *do*. Let nothing flow from me, but from the Lordship of Yeshua!

Let no one and nothing divide us!! There are NO boundaries in Love!! I give my life for this reality because so did my Lord!! For to say that someone can hurt me and show no kindness, mercy or forgiveness, is to compromise the very foundations of Christianity.

Or to stay hard in mindset and refuse to accept the message of the basic fundamentals of Christianity, when saying *I'm not perfect and my past is my reason why I'll always struggle*, is to nullify the very Power of the bleeding

Gospel in which I declare has saved me!! Father, forgive my ignorance, rebellion, and my fear of Mankind!

I cannot live like this anymore, no shrinking back! My stumble within nobility and divinity rests upon the very Person of Jesus Christ, Yeshua, the first and true *gene* of God. Messiah and Lord. Rebellion ceases here for I have chosen to refuse it!

What would happen if a Person seized the freedom to pontificate in times of deep burning, for an unspoken awareness of a fleshing out is readying, so a revealing may transpire??

What if...??

Remember Me

Am I awakened when I remember You?

Or do I remember You because I am awakened?

But then, what woke Me up?

If not the remembering, was it a desire from within?

But where did the desire come from?

Is it continually put within me, or has this always been?

If always there, why, how, and by Whom?

The “why,” to awaken Me to remember, or to remember so I may awaken...

yes

The “Who,” by Someone greater than I, having intimate experience in
creating Me, knowing Me

The “how,” established when I was born within this Universe?

But to me, it seems this is a desire that has always been. Beyond a threshold of
Time

Why say to Me, “Remember Me...” unless I once knew You?

Did amnesia come at the onset of physical birth?
Was there a memory encased within My physical being? My DNA, the water,
the blood?

Would such a Good Designer create me with a guarantee of how I can
remember?

It seems to Me, that it is My desire for You that is awakened!
And it seems to Me that it is My memory of You whom I am remembering

The real Mystery... Every moment of Personally embracing One Another;
awakening, revealing and remembering

TIME

Time does not heal all wounds

Time is not an Enemy

Time is not a Savior, nor a Rescuer

Time has no power, has no voice

Tick Toc Tick Toc

Time is not to be feared

Time is no ball and chain, or an alarm clock

Time cannot control, nor set free

Time does not shape Destinies, nor orchestrate

Reality

Tick Toc Tick Toc

The needle stops in the mind, in the heart

The religious pitter patter of hands becomes
melodic, docile

Time, now unbound to breath and heart beat

Time, now a gift, a joy gifted by the Giver of life

Anticipation brings eyes to new Manager,

Savior, Laughter, Power and Voice

Eternal Creator, Freedom, Potter and Wisdom

Time is held by One, and He has given time over to

Many

Rest is in One, Life is in One

He, who with His great wisdom, shaped all Reality

Invites many into the possible, the miraculous, into awareness

Rest is in One, Life is in One
You are Powerful

Breathe...

Turn IN

TURN IN...
NO MATTER WHAT IS HAPPENING AROUND YOU

TURN IN...
REST IN...
IN UNION
IN CHRIST
IN

TURN IN...
FOR A SEASON I LEARNED TO TURN IN
LOOK AND SEE...
IN
REMAIN IN

REST IS IN
IN UNION
IN CHRIST

TURN IN...

WHEN WE TURN IN...REMAINING IN
EXPANSION HAPPENS
TURN IN

What is Real

Naomi powered off her phone as frustration continued to naw at her soul.

Why won't she believe me??

Muttering under her breath.

Naomi was perplexed as to why her good friend wouldn't listen to her when she shared her own experiences, knowing what was best. So, with a deep sigh and focus upon calming her body, she bundled up her twin beauties and off they went for their morning walk along the bank of their homestead lake. Naomi's mind spun while her five year young girls ran about chasing ducks that flew in and out. Suddenly, Naomi felt a gust of wind slip under the hood of her coat, catching her bare ears by surprise.

Brrrr....

Tightening her hood, Naomi lodged her hands deep within her winter coat, and called for her girls to come.

Abigail, Madison, lets go.

They sort of heard, but their primary attention was upon playing, so rather than instant obedience, Naomi received more laughter.

Girls... let's go. You're going to get very cold, we didn't put ear muffs on.

But Momma, we're not cold... really!

Yeah, can we please play longer??! We'll tell you if we get cold.

No Abi, it's time to go. I'm telling you, you're going to get very cold, and then who knows what!

A few more moments of back and forth left the girls feeling blind-sighted and disheartened, while Naomi felt exasperated and confused. As they walked back to their home Naomi questioned Jesus within her soul, *Why do these people I love not listen to me? Why don't they trust what I'm saying? I know what I'm talking about... My Lord, tonight, we need to talk. I'll meet with you after my family goes to sleep.* Naomi, Abi and Madi returned to their beautifully crafted oak door just as the sun was peaking through the mountain range behind their home.

Not far down the road, another frustrating interaction was taking place. Robert Boyd was brought in as an interim Pastor at Hope Assembly. A quaint gathering of local people as well as transient individuals passing through on business. He had hoped to take on the position as full time Teacher/Pastor, but with this new outbreak of unconventional worship, he was at the end of himself and ready to simply walk away. *Maybe this place just isn't for me, Jesus. Why am I here?? The people here do not want to listen to reason, nor come down from this emotionally frenzied way of being... We need to talk...*

Robert had been in one meeting after another with congregants who were claiming some things of God's Word and His nature that Robert was very uncomfortable with.

Missy, can you create a space of 30 minutes for me before I step into anymore meetings?

Of course, Robert. Can I get you some coffee, or some lunch? Mikal is about to go grab some for us right now.

No, thank you though... I just need some space to think and process... In fact, cancel all my appointments today. I'm going to head down to the river for the remainder of the afternoon.

Well okay, Robert... stay warm, it's chilly out today, ya know.

Oh I will, in fact, I don't get very cold in this weather. Thanks though.

So, for the remainder of the day, Robert did just as he said he would. He went to the river, sat, prayed and waited to hear something from his God.

Disillusioned, he went home after hours of hearing nothing. Sleep beckoned him that evening, and fall deeply into it he did.

A family of four watched the sun move from high in the sky to below the tree line. Slowly, the colors of the residual presence of the sun faded into the background, while luminescent stars broke forth even brighter, ushering in an evening of peace and slumber... for most of the family that is. Naomi sat in the den and waited. She waited and she waited. Naomi had a one-sided conversation with her Lord for hours it felt. And as she was breaking down, believing she would have this conflict of confusion forever, a sound from the kitchen startled her. She heard the door open, even though she knew it was locked. Naomi didn't move an inch, but turned toward the entry way from the kitchen into the den. A kind man, dressed in white linen walked over the threshold and entered into the room where Namoi sat, bewildered, but still anticipating.

Hello Namoi.

Warmth proceeded from this figure and a swelling of reverence consumed the atmosphere. What once felt to be a small den, now appeared to have no walls, and this gentleman came and sat directly to Namoi's left, in the Library chair she had surprised her husband with.

Umm...hi.

This was all she was able to spit out.

You called on me?

His appearance was not as Naomi had envisioned. She expected a more European looking man. But this man, who was becoming ever more clearly her Lord, was African in stature. Not as dark as some of her friend's skin, but clearly African. The awareness of his presence moved her beyond her

momentary conceptions of 'Jesus,' and straight into gushing. Namoi burst into tears at the sight of her Lord. He came down to her feet and placed his hand gently upon her knee.

It's okay, Naomi... everything is okay.

My Lord, why have you not answered me all these years of confusion. More and more, nothing is making sense...

I have answered you, you haven't seen. So I am here.

Jesus held Namoi's hands as her tears slowed into a calm ceasing. A smile formed for his touch caused all that was once so glaring, to fade away. He picked himself up and sat back in the chair.

Naomi...you have spent your life reasoning for yourself, and others, based off your experiences and what you believe others experience as well. Your heart is as pure gold, just as the gold dust that covered the earth in Creation. Your desire is for life... but what you have missed is

the life you truly long for, Me... As a child must learn to eat, walk and speak, this same child must first observe, receive and listen. There is a longing to see and know within this child.

I don't understand my Lord...

Naomi, today you were with your children. Your ears grew cold from the wind. Theirs did not. You have learned to reason for others based off your current emotions and intellect. And these have laid a foundation of memories within yourself, forming a reality. So rather than perceive their heart, and mine, you will either listen to their words, or your experiences.

But Lord, how do I know what is real then?? I don't understand...

A comforting gaze from her Lord filled Naomi's entire body with safety and assurance.

Every person on the face of the earth, from the past and into the future, live from their own perception of reality. What is real to you,

in every moment, is different from another. And Naomi, you are not responsible for another person's reality, but to Love each one, selflessly. My friend, you have lived from a place of teachings and doctrines, but now you can live from revelation in intimacy. In my Mind you will see, know and understand. I promise. I am Reality.

For the remainder of the evening, these two friends laughed and discovered a deeper knowing of one another. In one evening, everything had changed for Naomi, and she discovered it was within herself that this had happened.

As the sun peeked through the clouds on another crisp early winter morning, Robert parked in his space, dreading the day that was before him. *After this day, I'm finished. I will go back to California. I must've been crazy when I came here.* Robert's thoughts conversed within themselves, framing up how this day would go and how he would respond to each moment.

Good morning Robert.

Missy's voice sounded odd.

Hi Missy... are you okay?

In more of a hushed response Missy spoke.

*I am, but I had the strangest experience when coming in this morning. As I unlocked the door and started to walk in, I felt someone standing behind me, even though I had just walked up the path and there was no one around. But still, I turned around. And when I did, there was a nice looking gentlemen dressed in a fine suit who spoke with an accent. He said he was here to see you...
To see me??*

Missy's voice quieted all the more, and as she spoke she pointed inconspicuously toward his office...

He's in there now, Robert... he insisted he wait in your office.

Robert shifted his body toward the closed door of his temporary office. He had no appointment at this time and was unfamiliar with such a man as described. Nerves swept over him, but Robert took command of his emotions and body. He forced himself to relax and stood up tall. Straightening his shoulders and brushing his golden hair from his forehead he proceeded forward. Hand clasped on the round copper handle, he paused a moment. Breathing, he opened the door gingerly.

His desk and chair faced the threshold he was now walking through with two more seats facing the wall, where Robert would be seated in just a moment.

A smaller, less comfortable chair was squeezed in the corner, and out of routine, it was here he placed his backpack and coat. Slowly he walked around the desk, and while sitting softly, he realized he had no words.

Umm...hi.

Robert felt like a fool, but recovered quickly.

*I'm sorry, sir...I was just thrown off by you being here before myself.
How may I help you.*

Back to his old ways, Robert settled in nicely, even while a stewing pain bubbled beneath his surface.

Hello Bobby, do you know what this is?

And upon the desk, this gentleman placed a lusciously crisp, red apple.

Wait, I'm sorry... what is this? Who are you, and why did you call me Bobby?? My family calls me Bobby, and it's been years... Do I know you??

You did once... but we've lost touch for sometime. But I am here now.

And with a deep African accent, this gentleman questioned again.

Do you know what this is?

Yes, of course, it's an apple... I'm sorry sir, why are you here? I'm a bit confused.

Robert placed his hand upon the top of his head, bringing it backward and forward, disheveling his hair in confusion.

So you see this apple, yes?

Yes...what is the deal??

Suddenly, peace came over Robert as an authority filled the room. For a moment Robert thought this man was glowing, but he shook the image out of his head and looked again at the bright red apple sitting awkwardly on the top of his desk.

Where do you see this, Bobby?

It's right there, sir, on the table.

But where are you seeing this apple?

Robert paused and thought a moment. An internal light flickered on...

I guess in my head.

Can you see the other side of this apple? The side that is facing me?

His accent brought a strange comfort to Robert.

No, I suppose not.

How would you know what it looks like?

I guess, I would assume it looks like this side, but I don't know, I'd have to get up and walk to your side to see it.

What is happening right now. Robert was caught up in a space that he couldn't pull out of and so, with increasing uneasiness, he abandoned himself to the safety of this gentleman, choosing to trust him.

Bobby, who gave you those eyes to see with?

God of course...

He raised his arms as though to say, *Do you see where I am and what I do?*

Is what you see from your chair all that there is?

This gentleman asked with such sincerity, an absolute withholding of any condescension, which Robert was used to feeling around other People.

Well, no. I know that, though.

Do you?

Well, I think so...

Robert began to question what he believed about himself, but now in the safety of this gentleman.

Do you believe that God is a good Father, and that he meant it when he said he desires to give you everything that is within him, and has done so?

Sir... I know you are someone special, I am honestly just confused about stuff right now.

Do you believe that God is a good Father, and that he meant it when he said he desires to give you everything that is within him, and has done so?

Silence lingered and two men sat, together.

*Yes...yes, I do believe that.
Go and see, Bobby.*

This gentleman stood up in profound greatness, and the glow which Robert had shaken away, could be denied no longer. As this gentleman walked to the door and grabbed hold of the handle, Robert blurt out...

*Sir, where do I see this?? How do I see??
Your Father gave you another set of eyes, Bobby... go and see.*

A smile spread across his face and this gentleman's eyes pierced Robert's, leaving traces of fire in the air between them. The door closed as imperceptibly as it had opened and Robert jumped up to continue talking with this gentlemen. But as he reached the door and threw it open, there was no one on the other side.

Misty!! Where did he go??

What do you mean, Robert? That door has been closed the entire time...

Truth IN Love

Truth can come from anywhere. It is not dependent upon the Man, for Truth belongs to no Man, but to the One who is Truth. The character of a Man holds no weight in regard to Truth. Dismiss a Man because of morality, fine, but you cannot dismiss Him because of Truth.

If I just show Them the way of Love, all will be revealed for Them... In Them.

Crimson Red

A warmth, a deep dark red draws me in.

How does One compare this pure touch but with a sweet Kiss.

Gentle, unassuming, anticipated yet not quite expected.

Every time, a generous tender surprise

I must never forget nor neglect how this sweet Love, this pure Kiss, clears the
way.

The fearful mind, broken heart, troubled soul and weak body longs for this
kind of Kiss.

Unable to handle anything more...
not yet that is.

And even for the One who has experienced the fury of this same Love, as still
as a pond and devastating as a tsunami, the sweetest Kiss will always be the
sweetest Gift.













































Gratitude

To a sweet and beautiful sister who read and edited these pages. *Nancy...*
I treasure your child abandoned love for Jesus, your love for writing, and your love for me.

