

New Beginnings...





# New Beginnings!

Everflow

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# Mention

This book is unique to me. A combination of the first year I ventured through this online blogging experience; what led to this year of blogging, and what is transpiring now(2021) ... which is a glimpse into, *What is to come*.

I am constantly being drawn into a slowing down from within that I be quickened in every movement and expression. It's as though all has already happened and is awaiting me to bring *it* into the Light. Pretty cool :) And pretty dang challenging!

I love to journey, to seek and find, and I really love road maps (*even though these are always shrouded in mystery*).

While there will be mystery within this book, I still offer a road map guiding you through this book, my personal journey, and possibly igniting your own ... maybe even triggering ablaze what is already enflamed.

Okay, enough play on words! Within this book *I'll begin* with my personal story ... only to lay a few stepping stones that may help in seeing more clearly the wisdom that arose inside of me during this adventure. *Next*, I'll share a few keys that have been simple anchors as well as short writing pieces that

woke me up. *Then*, I'll share my year worth of blogging and any other writing pieces that I believe to be of some value. *Finally*, I'll close with my personal *What is to come* moments. Because ... well, why not?!

Enjoy, be stirred, encouraged and challenged in any way that will be Life for you!



I don't see myself as a teacher but One who is sharing her Love story. And I don't share in order to turn my Love story into theology or doctrine. As I share today, I'll know differently tomorrow.

Since Life and reality are always shifting ... why write then? This is what I spent a chunk of time asking.

I suppose I would have to answer myself and say, *well, why not?*

I love to write, to share, to stir and encourage. And even if my view of Life shifts, it never contradicts.

As I honor my own story, I honor *your* Love stories and am most thrilled as I see and hear them!

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# PART 1

## *Personal Story*

Hello friends, I share a glimpse into my story, content with what shall proceed in the expanse of a page or two!

Born upon the Earth, in Seattle, Washington in the United States of America, it was to Celeste and James I came forth. It's funny how I have lived on the west coast my whole life but my direct family origins are of the east coast; from Florida up to New Hampshire.

I grew up in a blended family after the age of 7. At age 8, my adopted dad(Mike) and mom, took my younger sister and myself to a Billy Graham Gathering at the Tacoma Dome. It was here where the Spirit of Love surrounded and consumed my little girl frame, confirming me in this Life that is Love! I had met Jesus and everything changed.

Right after that encounter, I experienced in the night being taken up into the heavens in which I was in multiple places at the same time. One of these perspectives would be from my bedroom window. I had experienced my first cognitive awareness of being in a trance. *Is that an oxymoron??*

Years passed, the Spirit of Holiness always drawing me into a space crafted for us, though I declined often. *Still*, I would have dreams and encounters through out my youth and into my late teens.

The following years would go as such: hunger for belonging would increase, seeking *this* in everything and everyone would expand, mercy mercy mercy would be released, and repeat.

An extreme car accident while pregnant with my first babe would leave me hung up in every way; physically and at the soul level.

Almost 4 years later, I experienced the direct impact and comfort of Yahweh and angels, in which I was completely healed from the response(memory) of this car accident, and many repercussions that hung on its heels.

Rich hunger and longing for Yeshua returned, and I found myself partaking of music and fellowship in specific systems in the *church*.

Through my own ignorance and unbelief I believed, up to that point, that Heaven and all that is whole was awaiting me in some other place ... some other time. I believed that my ache for Jesus would only increase, and though there was deepening intimacy, I would still live in confusion, blindness and ignorance.

In a moment of being baptized in my Father's Love I was raised up into deeper heights and *everything* changed.

My new Creation Life - *NOW* Union, *where separation is a deception* Life - burned in me so immensely that it was day and night where I would know, *intimately*, my waking in Jesus.

Doors opened and opened, and opened, until I awoke to being this *Door in which* I was always waiting to open!

This Love, this Union with Creator, Father/Mother, brother, dear precious friend, is opening up everything within Me, *NOW*. The girl born of the earth, of James and Celeste - taken in by Mike - is no more as she once was. *But*, they have received a new daughter ... one who has always been and is remembering!

This sweet thing of being of the Earth(*World/Universe*) and of Heaven is indescribable, though I attempt it.

I continue to lean into slowing, that in my resting there is a going, a quickening. This story that is Me, is a Love Story. Spirit is pragmatically finding itself to be seen, known, and tasted of. Life is beautiful, a gift. More than the colliding of many lives, but *is* Union through Yeshua; the One who IS, has BEEN and will forever BE.





## *Key Words of Stability*

In 2018, while in song and praise, affection and focus, I was holding my baby son, James. My being was enraptured in this Love for Jesus, and as I gently twirled and sang James slept with sweet ease. Suddenly, this voice came out of the song within my soul, and it said, *I want you to write a devotional*. I laughed aloud at this, instantly retorting, *But I don't even read devotionals!* Of course, that intuitive response meant very little, for I loved Jesus, deeply. Of course I would grant the desire of his heart.

At this point, because of my deepening relationship with Jesus, I more naturally leaned in to saying *yes* before I understood or saw the steps clearly. I simply trusted from a place of innocence. *To the pure all is pure*.

The following few years would be the test that would shape and expand me, waking me up by drawing me deeper into Love. Into trust and believing.

*Our Journey Devotional* was written, shared, formed and published. As the wrapping up of this adventure showed itself to be approaching, I was shown new movements and found myself saying *yes* to everything.

I learned how to create a website, wrote more books, published, and all in intimacy, deepening intimacy.

Life within myself was being radically awakened and transformed, so the life outside of me was too ... this led me to feel as though I were in two separate worlds. One of great peace and stillness, joy and unlimited sight into what will be because it already is ... and then a life that I was living in that was now being shaken up and dismantled in all ways.

My sharing with you comes with purpose, for through these moments it would be *keywords* and phrases that would anchor me in *Love*, into Yahweh when times of blurred sight, raging emotion and uncertainty in worry would arise. For these times would prove to be the test that would thrust me into the real *Kingdom of Heaven*.

### *Home... Here*

Say this with me ... *Home ... Home*. In a whisper, eyes gently closed. Eventually, these eyes would remain open.

*Home ...*

During these years of waking and being cultivated, this word found a release within my breath. I would face persecution on all fronts, and *Home* would be an anchoring, a plumb line lifting me into clearer sight.

My *Home* is a Person. Within this Person (later to personally know this One to be energy and grace, peace and strength) I would discover through awareness, how I lack nothing. I truly have no need as I abide here. This *Home* has been my place of Love, in which my soul found reprieve from fear and clarity in *all is well*. For it truly is.

*Here* is another word that is likened to *Home*, but it takes on another realm of reality. This is my *NOW* moment. The realization that I am *IN*, already *IN* Heaven, *IN* Jesus and Jesus *IN* me.

As a young teen and a bit older, I would take my imagination, my eyes and ears, and hand them over to horror and thriller movies. Reality, was in part, shaped by many of these moments. And so, as my intimacy with Yahweh deepened, I encountered *things* that I deemed as evil and I was afraid.

One practice I was led into was resting my self in a dark room, usually my bathroom or pantry closet, and with my eyes wide open I would hear my breath say *Home* and *Here*, among a few other words. I

couldn't perceive what was in the natural, but images of light, glistening color and shadow, movement and heat signatures began to manifest around me.

It was these words, *Home ... Here ...* cultivated from years of intimate exchanges and abiding, that would be the very anchoring for my scared soul and nervous body. This Love, forming English words, kept me, held me, drove me through the fear and unbelief. Rest was always waiting. Always right here ... in my *now*. In *Home ...*

### *Do not mistake my Love for Lust*

Over the years I have naturally found myself caring for others, purely from unconditional Love. In my immaturity and lack of intimate knowing of Love in Yahweh, that pure love turned into lust.

Lust, as I have seen it to be, is a simple longing and consuming of *it* for self, because One believes One is without. This *it* could be anything: a person, food, money, sexuality, knowledge ... good works. Truly anything, and though the word *lust* has always found itself trapped in the box of sexuality, it is deeper than all of that. And once consumed, it leaves the Consumer more frail and desperate than the moment before consuming.

During these years of resting in true Love, which is purely Jesus ~ like the absolute ALL in ALL, wondrous Jesus ~ I began to mature and grow in this Love. And because I had no earthly mentor or guide, I was invited by Yahweh to trust, be absorbed and grow through it all.

And that is what I did. I discovered real quickly how this growing Love inside intensely burned to be expressed, released, but many others mistook it for *lust*.

I battled within myself over my intentions, motivations, whether or not I was even in an intimate Love relationship with Jesus(as ridiculous as that seems to me now, though I understand my process) simply because of how others would come in close and then back off, mistaking my Love for Lust. Some avoided me entirely, others would silently “put up boundaries,” while others would flat out tell me to be careful and warn me.

*Remember*, I speak to more than sexuality ... this misconception permeated every area of my life and expression.

So during these times of writing, training, being cultivated and assured of transformation, I learned (am learning) how my approval comes from One. I am in a dance in which I am not to criticize but trust the hand that leads me, and how I am empowered to love myself through all moments of rejection. Because my love is the same Love that first loved me ...

### *Power IN Stillness...*

You may wonder why I always, most always, Fully Cap the word “*IN*.” I’ll share this, as this word is an exceptionally powerful word, grounding me and causing me to fly ... to soar. *IN* is much more than a physically going-through moment in time and space, it is the BIG *IN*, the location of *All IN All*. When I speak *IN*, I am aware and shifting myself into this eternal, everlasting, all encompassing Place where Beginning found its breadth and where all is finished, awaiting *me* to become even more aware that transformation would arise in ALL of Creation. So, *to be still, is to abide IN*.

Yahweh spoke to a Nation many years ago, to *Be still*. That is what they did. *But ...* they did more than be still. They sat and did nothing. So, this God spoke again, right away. *Now, Go!* That is what they did. They got up and went!

Stillness may look like activity, or no activity, but the *Stillness that carries Power* is the stillness that brings One into a Location. Into a Creator; a Place where all wisdom, resource, friendship and council is birthed and is swirling! It is an exciting Place and a Place where true quickening manifests. The discovery of this Place naturally occurred because of my love affair with Jesus.

At first, to be still felt very unnatural and quite uncomfortable. I felt like I was being irresponsible and not “doing enough.” But that was exactly what I needed to see in order to *really* see that is has been grace and unconditional *Love* who has birthed me into Life. And it would be this grace alone that would continue with me, going before me and empowering me.

If I wanted to truly know this God who loves me, and walk *IN* the Kingdom of Spirit, I would have to *Be Still*. I discovered processes for quieting emotion, anchoring in Love, quieting thoughts, and this in increments through my days and nights. **As a river flows most naturally into a sea, so too does this Kingdom open up within me.** Every moment removes the illusion of boulders, and a flow of seeing how I am free, awakens me. *Stillness ...*

## *Value*

During this process of writing, meditating, sculpting projects and growing up(!), I really grasped something quite incredible about value. And to be very frank, the freedom within my chest is wonderful!

The producing of a “product,” whatever it may be, finds its value not in the product alone, but the months/years of cultivating the Person who would produce the product, this product being a fruit of the Person.

And then to expand a bit further, I discovered within awareness and honor how I have no Place to diminish or elevate the value of a product *through* my own opinion, but allow the One who decides its value to do so. I simply choose to receive of it, investing in it, or not ...

To say something is very expensive or cheap is unwise to me, and this has been inside of me for sometime. *But* it wasn’t until the moment came to put a dollar amount on my own work did I truly encounter my personal view of expressed value, as well as allowing the thoughts and opinions of others to fall to the ground.

*Our Journey Devotional* was priced at \$55.55, and a big reason for this was the cost of printing. It was a thicker book with many images and lots of color! But beyond this *fact*, I had to come to terms with my internal wrestling’s of “what *is* this worth??” I would have to live with my own conscience in regards to its monetary and cultivated value.

No longer can I live by the impulse of the world, no matter what the current algorithm or business model says. I don’t mean to be foolish either, but I will live through my own conscience and trust in this dance. It is a sweet place of freedom for me ...

**The Other Side** of this, regardless of a person's believing for or against respected value, is *Faith*. A placebo effect it would seem, but this is Faith.

Not long ago I sat my son, barely 4, atop our counters and peered into his deep brown, doe eyes (*love those eyes*). He proceeded to share with me how some part of his small frame hurt. It could've been his tummy or his eye scratching; it may have been his foot or a finger.

I said to him, *Jamsie, I know what will help you...* in which I reached into the cabinet and pulled out a small cookie. *This cookie is from Heaven*, I told him. He responded... *really??* *Yes, this will heal your pain.*

In the midst of these moments I was also being driven to see more clearly how the Spirit of Life is in everything, so as I spoke about a cookie from Heaven, I was speaking truth ... My truth, from my current awareness. He believed me, ate the cookie and instantly felt no pain.

Over the next few days he'd come to me saying he had another pain, and out came another cookie. By the third day or so, I let James know how it was now water that would heal him. It was funny because he *did* receive that, but wasn't as thrilled as before.

Our Faith in what we *receive* will move us into what we *receive*.



## *Use what's right in front of Me*

All dream as I do. Our dreams differ in unique ways but all are dreams that would take us further into expressing what is inside of us. And yes, we each have our own motivations and influences, as well as intentions that birth said dreams.

But we do, each One, dream.

My whole life I have seen what's beyond me, like so far beyond what I find fathomable to live in ... and still, there it is. In my beginnings I genuinely chose to embrace *believing*, and set off upon a path shrouded in Mystery while loving the moments of Light! Mmm ... I do love mystery too, though. It has taught me to rest. It has taught me to let go of thought and simply awaken into being. Mystery has raised me up in observing and receiving before calling anything into form or meaning. Extraordinary ...

And in the midst of these dreams and in the midst of the darkness of Mystery, I have seen how I have everything I need for *this* moment right in front of me. **(If I don't have what I need for the thing I see, details of my dream, then I'm not ready for the thing I see ...)**

My challenge and growing up during these past years of writing, producing and being trained, have been to allow myself to *dream big, imagine beyond what I have imagination for*, and though I may be tempted to forgo dreams that seems to fly away, I am learning to mature *INTO* my dreams. They don't go anywhere ... they always remain, waiting for me to grow up *INTO* them by way of intimacy with Yahweh.

Intimacy provides everything needed and required for my moments. And intimacy grows me up into what is already here, awaiting to be embraced ... my arms just need to grow a bit longer for the next big hug!

Want to hear just one of my dreams that *seem* impossible? I have seen deep into the future, being a part of creating technology through quantum physics and consciousness, in order to travel *everywhere* ... I need to mature *INTO* this dream and I do believe I will, because of Love, because of grace.

*Not by what I want, but by what is Finished*

This word, or gathering of words, have been an unfolding reality within me. But as of recent, I have come into an awareness of this position of *being* unlike ever before. But of course, where else is there to go but into where I've never been before!

I used to pray, still do at times during unbelief, requesting for \_\_\_\_\_ to be worked out for me or another. For sickness to be healed. For finances to come. For closer relationship with Jesus to manifest. For ... for ... for ... there was no end but by my own tiring worry, desperation and imagination.

Then something shifted as my love in Jesus deepened. Interesting how wisdom frames up seeing and reasoning as I spend time with Wisdom herself.

I saw how to ask for something I already have makes no sense and exhausts my energies which are meant to be used maturing into sonship, ruling and reigning as a child of a King does ... as a King.

And then something quite uncomfortable happened ... all my gifts from the Father felt to be stripped away and I was now being raised up as a New Creation, a Divine Being born *IN GOD*.

I heard a man once put it this way ... the gifts of the Spirit are like riding a bike with training wheels. Once the Father takes them off, though tasting of the gifts, the real training begins.

I asked for it, my God answered and I am now here. *Here... Home.*

It is here where I live, move and have my being. The place of *It is finished.*

*Not by what I want*, for there is a level of striving, anxiety and waiting for something to work in this,  
*but by what is finished!*

## *Source of Life*

How deeply important this is! Where illusion wanted to trick me into thinking that all my fear, anxiety and worry had to do with everything and everyone else, it was always a fear of coming in close to this source of Life I was experiencing. Within the Light there is Light. And if I were to move into the Light, it wouldn't be a disgusting sight that I would see, but something so incredibly magnificent, I would have to finally believe ...

And in believing this sight, I would have to lay to rest the past. Allow the worry and anxiety to quiet. And even see that “goodness and love” may be quite different than how I deemed goodness and love to be. It may take on more shades than black and white. It may reveal that my world may be larger than I knew possible, and that this is true, *I was created to be as God is, as God*. Not so black and white!

This source of Life is a place of such tremendous joy and freedom, that it offends those places within me that cleave to loyalties found in immaturity.

Natural reasoning, knowledge of books, lessons and scars hold no candle to the brightness of this shining Dawn.

Though uncomfortable to an immature soul such as mine has been, no other place will I call *Home* ...

As I embrace my Source of Life, the physical world around me begins to shift. Literally, it ripples, time bends, dimensions within create a sense of chaos, *and* it is this Life causing such devastation, that is also my Refuge and Breath.

I choose, and have chosen, to embrace and get used to being like God, my Maker and Parent. This DNA is now my waking DNA. I am remembering.

The more that I see and so walk in, the pickier my tastes become. I will never settle for another source of Life, but be consumed in this ...

As all appears to be falling apart around me, I know it is because of Life that it is so. I also know how this very Love that destroys for the sake of Life, *shaking off what is unreal*, redeems as unto what was from before the beginning.

And where the “*What*” on our unique journey’s differ, *the stepping stones*, the “*How*” remains the same for all.

*What* does my path look like? Well, it doesn’t look like yours, so there’s no comparison to be made. But *How* we travel on our paths, going deeper in our Creator, is the same.

Love is the *Way*, the *How*. *What* love looks like in every moment is unique to each, for each One has a unique destiny within Yahweh.

Stillness is the *Way*, the *How*. *What* stillness looks like to each is unique to each One, but it is in stillness within each One that will awaken us into the Kingdom of Heaven, and so know the fullness of the Gospel, where death cannot abide.

Believing is the *Way*, the *How*. *What* each will believe will be unique in its infinite and deepening truth, and within the differing times and spaces each have been given by Yeshua, the Messiah.

Honor, Humility, Mercy is the *Way*, the *How* ...

There are so many points of contact with God, that we really would exhaust all books in the Universe ... creating black holes because there is not enough room to contain them!

*Maybe black holes were always meant to be conduits for Life ...* just a thought.



## *Grew IN Love*

Abundance.

Love was greater than I knew. More calculating than I had ever imagined.

There are four distinct points in my Life, where Love revealed Itself in life altering ways. Each moment shifting the paradigm that is me, and how I saw reality. This in turn impacted every aspect of my being and every moment of responding to Love ... Waking IN Love, as Love.

**My first moment** was at 8 years of life. I *very briefly* shared this moment in *My Personal Story* in the opening pages of this book. But I must expand, for it was my *first* waking moment of knowing(remembering) true Love!

My parents had just married and made the decision to take myself and my younger sister to a Billy Graham Crusade in Tacoma, Washington. I vividly remember this day. As we walked through the doors there were people handing out these booklets to all the children. The characters drew me in, and I even remember the nuances and colors of each one.

There were more people than I ever remember seeing in my life, and as we sat in the Tacoma Dome, folks everywhere were intently listening to the man on stage. Suddenly, Billy Graham called all the children down to the floor. I recall feeling the place shake with the sound of many small feet, and then all these little ones would find their own space to sit. The funny thing is, I don't even remember asking my parents if I could go, or them worrying about losing us ... it was a divine moment, guarded as a baby in a womb would be.

I sat there, my small frame, mesmerized by this man who turned and looked into my eyes, and repeated *Jesus loves you, Jesus loves you...* Over and over and over again. Once he spoke, all I saw was Jesus in him,



and then an atmosphere, entirely different from one I'd ever known, surrounded my body. I felt it from within move all through me. It was Love. It was Love! I was experiencing so much peace that I didn't know what to do, *but* in those moments I became aware of *what* true Love was and how this *is* God!

It wouldn't be till many years later that I would deeply embrace this Love again.

**My second moment** was a handful of years later. At this point in my life I was overcome by hunger for Jesus. I was swimming in prophetic dreams and being kissed by the gifts of the Spirit. Music was a thrill to me and I had overcome some big internal obstacles. At the heights of laying down all I was, ready to walk away from systems of religion and works, I had a very detailed dream illuminating sights into the future. I awoke and phoned my dear friend who had moved across the country to help a church plant, lead the worship music and work with a bunch of guys.

I shared with him my dream, in which he said that was exactly what he was doing that day, *and* what would be happening in the days to come. I knew in those moments that I was to fly out to Maryland and be a part of whatever was happening!

Within the next couple of hours I was all set to fly out for two weeks, trusting God to guide and open every way.

The moment I stepped out of my car, the atmosphere shifted and every face I saw was brightly illuminated! It were as though I was given a new set of eyes and could suddenly breathe through two new lungs, in which I had no idea I was limited to just one my entire life. An expansion in my periphery vision manifest, and something had begun ... I was shifting into a deeper realm of Life. This truly was the apex moment of Kingdom becoming a waking reality within me, and so around me.

Those two weeks were incredible *but* it was the drive back to the airport that unraveled me, becoming my next moment of engaging this Love that would propel me deeper into my heart's greatest desire ... Jesus (In this, I began to awaken to *already* having him; this is tremendous!)

During our drive back to the airport my sweet brother put on a podcast featuring a man who was enflamed in God, his life reflecting this. My being could feel, at all points, the Spirit within him. As subtle as a breeze moves in, Love came over me, then a saturation of the Father who is Love, consumed me. I couldn't stop crying and joy overtook me!

This moment, this encounter rapturing me into Bliss would, with the same subtleness and then consuming, devastate my entire life upon my return. Everything had changed ...

**My third moment** would be found not long after this second one. And *this* moment is more of a stringing together of innumerable moments. A tapestry was being woven, a story revealed. I'm wondrously fascinated by this ...

Upon my arrival, and as I stepped out of the large glass doors of the SeaTac Airport, I saw my family there, waiting. I had returned a different person, a different woman. I was not the same. Love literally was transfiguring me, reconstructing my Being and I was beyond joyful and free!! I met Absolute Truth and I knew through awareness that I was *ALL IN*.

*But*, I was not met with the same joy or celebration. I was welcomed into quiet and concern ... into fear.

Over the following months I would be an explosion of love and healing every where I went. Not only was this deeper reality of Love exploding within and through me but Truth and Wisdom began to build a structure within my cells, my consciousness expanding. I was learning by seeing and this was Love.

1 Corinthians 13 burned in my soul, and I suddenly understood how Love cannot be hurt and true Love lacks nothing which is why it is unconditional, is God.

For months, I would experience the unraveling of systems and deceptions within my soul as Truth and Wisdom became dear friends.

Then came the test ...

The man I had married, who himself had been experiencing his own inner unraveling, believed his only way out of his pain was to surrender everything to the wind. So he followed his conviction and personal seeing.

My test was not centered around this man, though he would be *a* vessel that would be utilized to purify my inner Being (Meaning, strengthen the gold that was already me. Transformation through awakening).

This truth that Love sees no villain or victim, but Jesus, was at the forefront of my decision in which direction I would go. I discovered how my path and moments of Love would not appear the same as Another, for my decision was not about “going or staying,” but rather choosing this divine Love in this time and space. I saw how wisdom poured from Life and was only for the awakening of Life. Love cultivated me in the truth that Love does not run away but moves toward, in great calculation, and the *what* in this calculation is unique to each Person.

And so, a year would go by and Love would meet with me in all moments. Teaching, training and establishing me.

One afternoon I sat at my table writing from a dimension in Heaven. When suddenly, a Man walked into the scene and came right up to me. He came as close as one can be before embracing, tightly. This man peered into my eyes with the warmth of a Mother. He took a hold of my hands and without knowing what was happening, the *Love of Man* soothed and filled me. I had never known such love of Mankind as I did in those moments. While I sat at my table in this heavenly and earthly place, *both* experiencing the encampment of Love, I realized I am in all Places and so an impact to all Spaces. Tremendous Love ... there was so much peace. I was knowing security in Love.

I do believe each person is capable of being this Love that swaddled me, in which I wrapped myself into. I know we can, for it is our DNA. So, without consternation, fear or critical judgment, this Love began to show me how to be Love.

It was here that Love became a bedrock and womb, a mystery and light. I was being prepared for what would transpire over the next four-five years ... ushering me into this final moment of a magnificent encounter with Love ... and it is here I am, *NOW*.

**My fourth moment** would be one of great importance, detailing who and what I am. Eradicating the illusion of separation and so revealing that unconditional love will never flee me, and how the fear of rejection from people *really* found its root in my fear of intimacy with Yahweh. The deeper *IN* Love I went, the more clear my freedom was, is ....

These moments would also be ones in which I would remain silent in Love, while making wise decisions that to most observing from a lens of *good and evil*, would not understand.

Music is a part of my essence, and one song that naturally birthed from this place of deepening Love was this,

*what if no one else could see what you can see ... would you choose to still see or put on different eyes.  
Oh yes, we always have the choice to abide ... what will I choose?*

A very small child stands at the top of a large staircase. Within his hands he holds a vase that is 5,000 years alive. He throws it down the stairs and watches it shatter into thousands of tiny pieces. The child was not told that it was *good and evil*, it simply *was*.

Over the last hand full of months I have really considered the fact that Yahweh has never said, *NO* to me ... but always guided me into life. Jesus has never said that what I do is good or evil, correcting me from

such a place. But as this child that throws the invaluable vase down the stairs, Yeshua speaks to me from a realm of Grace, of Life, and guides me. For if I eat the fruit of *good* I will equally eat the fruit of *evil*, for both are grown as one fruit on the same tree. There is not one without the other.

I am discovering there is a realm of good and evil, a realm where the Law rests, so all would see by witness of conviction of sin, how there is a realm of Grace, of Life.

From this Heaven I am waking in and living from.

So Love has now taken me deeper into its ocean, and my movements for Life have looked a bit like Yahweh revealed in the Torah. Yes, kindness looks as a blessing, but kindness unto repentance looks as destruction as well.

The foundation of 1 Corinthians 13 shaped, trained, taught and woke me up! This bedrock of *truth* and *way* established me so I may live in wisdom, moving in responsive decisions for Life ... all in Love.

Specifically, in my life, I was shown truth in which I was to respond for the sake of Life, and do this in stillness and honor. I listened, believed and went through a few months of great internal turmoil. Not because of the decisions, but because I was being burned up in true Love, and raised in its mature essence. The time I am in right NOW, is a time I never imagined being in. I couldn't foresee clearly because I simply couldn't see clearly. But as my *yes* brought me into believing and trust before seeing clearly, IN *this* I continue. There is only Life here ...

“As you have *received* CHRIST Yeshua the Lord, walk IN him, ROOTED and built up in him ...”  
Colossians 2.6-7

## *Emotions and Thoughts*

It's one thing for a Person to *hear* about a magnificent, extravagant party that truly has no end but by the Attender's decision to remain ... and it's another thing, entirely, to be the One who *experiences* everything they once heard of. It's likened to a Person *being open* to Kingdom of Life, rather than actually *engaging* this Kingdom of Life. One sits, waiting for something to *work or happen*, and Another believes before seeing, and goes after what is right there. *The Kingdom of Heaven is right HERE.*

When I find myself in an unfamiliar Place(atmosphere of nature, people, emotion, thought, experience), my senses react to the unknown atmosphere as a child would that is given a new food to try. It's not that the food is *gross*, it's just that it's *new ... unknown.*

During these last few years I have experienced soooo much *new* and *unknown* in everything, that I learned quite quickly how there is a distinct realm of thought and emotion, wind and water. And this realm, as in any other that exists within me, is to be trained and mastered by *ME*. My Brother and many others of Heaven teach and train me, but it is *I* who can engage Myself for Myself. And this for Life. And this in Love.

A glass window, open and crystal clear, rests from floor to ceiling before a cozy wooden rocking chair. All angels of this chair are warm and soft. I sit upon it, resting in it.

Peering through this crystal clear window, I see snow begin to fall. It continues to fall upon a freshly fallen snow laden land. Each flake unique in design, soft in touch. This gracious Place is one of peace and new. A Place of purpose in stillness. Just to peer through, to peer through this window, is to bask in its

aromatic essence ... *but* this moment draws me into itself more deeply, more wondrously. This crystal clear glass, this Love, ripples before me ... becoming water.

My hand reaches into its ripple, moving through its atmosphere of tingling energy. Pricks of light and waves of color tantalize my hand, moving through my arm. The remainder of my body follows. As my body moves *IN* and my foot touches upon the ground, not a print is seen. I breathe Light for the first time, feel the breadth of expanse as Oneness. I close my eyes and see how Light permeates all of me. I sit, breathe and remain.

As unknown presents itself in many forms, the Love that keeps me, moves *IN* with me.

When the water of emotion rages because the wind of thought has come, this place of peace beckons unto me. As I abide, a mastery of this thought and emotion realm reveals itself.

As an internal stillness permeates ALL of me, which is intimate unconditional love with Yahweh, I have *seen* how I am able to *see* more clearly. Thought and emotion rests as a bubbling brook would. Imagination becomes neutral in sense and so more easily communicable. All creatures and creation opens wide that I may experience relationship with them.

My responsibility is clearly to Love, to Peace, rather than the loyalty to an immature soul, housing this realm of thought and emotion. This, I am awakening to.

## *Decision IN Wisdom*

I must know, *intimately* know Love first before a decision in Wisdom can ever be made.

Wisdom has constructed and IS the construct of everything we see, are yet to see, feel and experience. She is the establishing fabric that is Us ... that is Creation.

Have you ever, with great intention, slowed your breath so you could feel your own heart beat? Or have you ever focused your attention upon the sweet existence of a baby ... embracing and feeling, gazing into its eyes? Or what of the stars in the vast sky above? Have you ever slowed long enough to look into just one ... experiencing an awareness of life, of its presence? Everything that is anything, through the oneness of Yahweh, is formed in and through Wisdom.

So, in purest of relationship, to know all that has been made and will be made, I must know Love, know Wisdom. I didn't grasp the depth of this when I began my intentional journey with Jesus, but *now* I am seeing.

I learned to be still, and it's been *here* where I experienced the presence of Love.

Feeling irresponsible at first, like I was doing nothing, I choose to move through this and just sit.

Life becomes lighter for the yoke around my neck is lite and easy, sweet in aroma and taste. I am not floating around as a child of God with gifts that never required maturity, but I am being stripped of these things, and in great anticipation I am being trained and raised as a Son.



Here are a handful of Wisdoms that have unfolded within me. These have brought me to my *NOW* where my Father is calling me to rise up into making wise decisions for myself, trusting that I have been raised well by Her.

**Kindness in ALL things.** No matter the circumstance or the moment, I have seen how there is kindness in it all. Mercy is right there alongside Grace!

There is a movie, *Encanto*, and if you haven't seen it but want to, heads up, I'm going to spoil the end :)

Through great tragedy a family was chosen by Mercy and Kindness to be as those gifted with powers. A town was built-up around them, which they supported and magically cared for. Each child and grandchild had a *gift* ... all but One. Her destiny was to save her family ... *don't let the candle go out and the blessing disappear*. She had to face herself as she faced a number of family members, embracing either unconditional love ... or being right.

Mirabel engaged her final relationship, her Abuela. There was great division and something needed to happen. Maybe "being right," was unconditional love ... maybe the truth of her grandmother's fear and so breaking apart the family was what her Abuela needed to hear ... maybe not.

No matter which direction this family went, the truth that there was kindness, power in all, remained. Everything did fall apart. The candle went out, the living house collapsed. Every gift was gone. Their "blessings" had vanished ... *but* something extraordinary happened in the midst of such chaos ... a mending, a newness of Life was birthed. It may not have come as expected, but because there is kindness in every breath, mercy at every blink- shalom in all moments -there will always be Life. The Love of Yahweh knows no other way. There will always be Life.

“*The miracle is you ...*” So, if Love is so extraordinarily calculating, maybe ... just maybe, Love knows what it is doing when things look, well ... different than we expect.

Great courage is found in this embrace. Don’t miss it.

**Love was greater than I knew, more calculating than I imagined!** Love is showing me, through experiencing one kiss after another, how our Love was always between Us. It was never between me and you.

There is a poem, not originally of Mother Teresa, but I believe she shaped it unto her seeing. It is called, *Anyway*.

People are often unreasonable, irrational, and self centered.

Forgive them anyway.

If you are kind, people may accuse you of selfish, ulterior motives.

Be kind anyway.

If you are successful, you will win some unfaithful friends and some genuine enemies.

Succeed anyway.

If you are honest and sincere people may deceive you.

Be honest and sincere anyway.

What you spend years creating, others could destroy overnight.

Create anyway.

If you find serenity and happiness, some may be jealous.

Be happy anyway.

The good you do today, will often be forgotten.

Do good anyway.

Give the best you have, and it may never be enough.

Give your best anyway.

In the final analysis, it is between you and God. It was never between you and them anyway.

This poem was never meant to draw our attention to the *What* but to the *How*. This being Love in calculation. You can call it *way* or *principal*. But the truth is, each Person is their own world, viewing *everything* through their perspective or lens of relating through every experience each has had.

Just last night, while finishing up a movie with my youngest daughter and son, Abi started to tickle her little brother's back...he melted and just loved it! She brought up how she loves when I scratch and rub her back at night. She mentioned how she remembered at one point asking me to to do this and it lasted for a few months, in which I chuckled because I had actually been ticking and rubbing her little back at night for years... she just turned 11.

Does it really matter who is *right*? Not at all... because no matter what we say to one another, those memories and how she viewed those moments framed her into who she is. As they did for me...

One's reasoning toward justice may be completely opposite to Another's. Who is right? It doesn't matter...really. In the realm of the Law, or the *tree of the knowledge of good and evil*, it may matter. But in the realm of Life, all that matters to Love, is *How* a Person will come into this realm of Life. The *What* will always be worked out according to our personal and unique worlds within worlds, that is us.

The Bible, *ALL of it*, is a divine compilation of many love stories, encounters and perspectives seen in Yahweh, and each is unique. The inerrant inspiration of the Bible is not the black and white, linear collection of information, but *How* Love created space within Itself, so *ALL* may awaken into Life.

And the cool thing about the Bible is how it is divine and mystical in nature. How each story is unique and a door into Yahweh, that Each may come into their own Story...basking and resting in the realm of Life. One calls this Heaven, Another may have another name... but it is Life, and it is fantastical in every way!

**Where is the fruit??** Boy oh boy, this question was quite uncomfortable at first when having to be real honest about a few things. Writing and the direction this was going, yes, but more so in my relational life with people. Now remember, I don't believe in running away or moving in fear, but in wisdom making decisions that would awaken Life in everything.

So, when Holy Spirit, my sweet friend, presented this question to me many months ago, I was brought into considering the journey of each specific consideration. I stumbled through a process that was shown to me in how to discern when it was time to grow the seed, to acknowledge the fruit, or to cut off the branch. *One* trigger for me was knowing my place of Rest and Peace. No matter how circumstances of life, finances, or relationships appeared, I had been established in Rest and Peace enough to intimately know, if these two were *here* when considering my decisions.

By nature, I really am okay with cultivating, creating, and releasing. But it is also true that I am maturing in the security of our Love, and so when a person, idea, project or situation shifts, and I have wrapped my

hand around it in order to hold fast to it, a cry from within rises. This becomes the true gardening moment. Everything else I mention above are just vessels to be utilized. It is *Me* who is the true adorned piece that my Maker fixates upon.

People, ideas, projects and situations are mere toys/tools utilized to Awaken *Me* into Life, even if it seems it's the other way around. And it's no different for you or Another, in your own world.

So, yes, I suppose I will always be considering through peace and rest, if fruit is birthing within the practical arenas of my life, *but* my true consideration will always be the deepening love that Yahweh and I share in together. That's it...

*It was from Love I came, and it will only be through this Love I remain.*

**Intention or Impulse.** I remember so many times where a speaker or musician, a friend or family member *inspired* me so greatly by their personal journey, that by great *impulse*, I was propelled into action! The clincher was, this *impulsive inspiration* was fleeting, fading as quickly as it came.

I can also recall, in likening to what I share above, how in the beginning of my travels with Yeshua, the blessings found in kindness so deeply encouraged me, for I saw miracles and gifts of healing flow through me ceaselessly. There wasn't much for me to do but walk in it and *this* did give me a taste of Sonship; like a silhouette of maturity, awaiting substance, though I didn't realize I lacked substance. Pure, but needing maturity.

Then as time went on and our Love deepened, I recognized how I, quite affectionately, adored my flying in Holy Spirit. My relationship, for a handful of years, was one of being hidden in this Womb and one of being revealed seamlessly as an eagle upon the highest wind. About 1 year ago, around the time I started my blogging website, there was a clear shift in my relationship with Yahweh.

Meditation had brought me to a place of sweet stillness. By day and night, I simply moved by sense and feeling, by seeing. Love was growing me in ways I could not recognize in others, and *still* there was a frustration brooding below my soul. I was experiencing the life of Spirit in so many ways, but it felt as though not much was getting done in the earth...not by the standard of my internal burning, that is.

Holy Spirit was calling me to engage what it is to be Spirit... and this changed everything, while establishing further what had been growing deep within me.

I loved mystery, but longed for light. I drew in the breath of Life in Oneness, but longed for understanding of what I was drawing in. I experienced, daily and nightly, the expanding ways of Spirit, but didn't know how to call such manifestations into being at a moments intent. Simply, Holy Spirit was revealing to me that it was time to be trained in great intention and so Sonship. From here, my eyes were called to look *IN* at self and away from everyone else. I experienced what I could only describe as a stripping of every gift, so that I could be trained as a King, to rule and reign in maturity. *And*, my Lover was drawing me into deeper waters of Love. Love...

And if Love was not my very bedrock and breath, I was screwed.

I set forth on the road of practice. Allowing the traditions of those who came before me to help in guiding me. This was unfamiliar to me, and quite challenging at first. It felt as though I was being asked to lay down my personal relationship with Jesus, in order to take up practices for the sake of... well, I didn't quite know what. I got a bit turned around in this place, and felt lonely at times. But the foundation and relationship I had with Yahweh continued to woo me into the truth that Love would never forsake me, nor leave me floundering in chaos. Only to see that chaos was Union, just as much as shalom was. How to plan and practice was as much Spirit as flying on the wind was. And how *with* every practice and movement

came a transfiguring of seeing and being, in which an awareness would usher in the reality of the Life that already enflamed all of creation and every creature. *To the pure all are pure.*

I am discovering quite beautifully how Spirit is pragmatic as well as fluid. There is a marrying, and it is all *ONE*...

## *Limitless Grace and Hope*

I heard once how a person who carried the greatest hope had the greatest influence, and boy is this true. Even when the joy and, some would say, “positive outlook,” offended the discouraged One, over time this hope never disappointed the One in direct connection with it. It’s impossible to not be impacted by *real hope*!

This type of hope has a sight that wishful thinking, working for and anxiously waiting, cannot fathom or see. This hope peers into promise, trusts in belief, and endures through circumstances of all kinds...

Where promise and understanding was yet to manifest, it was real Hope, found only in unconditional Love, that saw me through.

Hope awakened Wonder and in wonder I am seeing the delight of the Lord! This wonder is breaching the gaps in my perceptions, aligning what I placed in boxes and fragments of control and meaning. In wonder I hold everything. I am in everything. In wonder I am seeing angels and knowing them personally. In wonder I am knowing the many bodies I have, in which my brother Paul spoke of many years ago. In wonder, all is well for all is well. My hope finds a grounding in wonder.

Have you ever tasted the juices of a fruit, intoxicating your taste buds, dripping down your throat as the coolness flows into your tummy and then to experience the freshness of energy?

Or taken a placebo, without realizing it, and bam(!), all is well?

Maybe you started a workout routine and you experienced the joy of a strengthening in your muscles, lungs, and confidence to do what you felt you couldn’t do before?



And then how about the shift in life where you go to being extremely active and into a drastic slowing down in mediation and contemplation, your body experiencing greater agility than before you slowed down?

What of the moment of great clarity and understanding, learning and seeing without picking up a book or entering into a class?

And then when awareness takes you into deeper places in Yahweh after you had just submitted yourself to the truth that you know very little and can do nothing to move in a place where Life is inheritance and gift, alone...

I have seen and known Grace as a being of exceptional energy; a Life force that is right in front of me, always ready to be absorbed in ALL that I am flowing from me in every way.

I have known Grace to be an atmosphere of breath for my body, as food of the land is; healing, rejuvenating and transfiguring my flesh into spirit.

I have known Grace to be the matrix that is found in intuition, the power that ignites the imagination propelling this One into cultivating, growing and manifesting.

I have heard the sound of Grace in stillness and in the lightest laughter, in the space created by Creator that would welcome *this* One into Holiness, into Life everlasting *and* eternal.

It's because of Grace that I can mature into dream and vision. It's because of Grace that I am able to manifest into the form of what I see in the great expanse, or for me, the womb of Yahweh. It's because of Grace that I see how deeply I am loved... to have Heaven open up within me and so see my Garden with my Daddy... *Grace*. Tangible Grace, lovely Grace...

## *Seed*

A mustard seed is given, a treasure in a field is uncovered, a coin is found... Grace stands before me, Divine DNA flows through me, and in sweet increments the fullness of Life is awakening me.

Echoing inside my consciousness has been, *do not despise small beginnings*.

This has been my bubbling revelation, ongoing awareness, and beckoning song. Glory is your end, as it was your beginning. And within each increment, I am becoming the Glorified One that has always been.

Bodies that respond to Life, whole, incorruptible. A Soul that soars free... free from enclosed structures, delving through an ocean that knows no depth or length. A Spirit that rises in Union with the Spirit of Life. Alive.

Seed form in everything; finances, mustard seed; relationships, mustard seed; faith, mercy, kingdom in real time... mustard seed.

I need to mature through each mustard seed in order to reap the harvest that is already here. 40,000 dollars is the seed for 400 million... 200 is the seed for 20,000. This *one* relationship of unwavering love is the mustard seed for the abundance of fellowship that ushers in abundance in ways that we could receive no other way.

Our mustard seed enables us to be shaped and so become Master and Steward over what invests in us and what we invest in ourselves.

Every moment is intimate. Every engagement, relational. Every single one. And only what is gained through relationship, true relationship, will remain... all else will be burnt up.



## *Internal World*

Wow...I mean, really, wow!!

A world that is within, that is much much *much* greater and grander than anything outside of me!! I had no idea... In fact, this internal World was quite often feeling and thought, visions and impressions, until it began to open up to me within the last couple of years.

This world from within began to open up to all my senses as my focus was fixed in Love. I was falling so deeply in love with Jesus, and not as I knew about him, but as I opened myself to know him as he desired to show himself to me.

At first, this internal world felt so strongly, *over there*, though I *was* there... just split in two places. I didn't *personally* know anyone who had walked into this Kingdom, their own internal world, as I was experiencing, and so I also felt very isolated at times. It were as though my Heavenly Family was two different people. One in Heaven, and in Heaven ~ and one in Heaven, but thought their only true residence was in Earth. And because this internal world is not mere talk or thought, but an awareness of *being*, I really struggled with not being able to share in this with others. They simply were unaware, not good or bad, right or wrong, just unaware.

I consider my first moments encountering this Man, Enoch, and knew so deeply how he lowered himself to the place where I was able to see and be with him. I don't even know how to explain this, it was just a knowing, an awareness... humbling.

**Maybe a little description...**

My place of Rest. Internal Rest, knowing all is well, refusing worry or concern. Trusting in kindness and care in *ALL* moments, circumstances and people.

This place of Rest/Shalom, *known through eyes closed and opened*, revealed how this World from within was incredibly expansive, causing me to literally come outside of myself. I began to hear myself from outside of myself. And that was funny!

I began to be aware of how everything outside of me was actually within me. And I would constantly hear, “Christ in Me... and I in Christ.” So my waking awarenesses were making so much sense.

This World that my God lives in, that is my God, would beckon unto me again and again to know and taste and see and feel and explore... more and more and more. “*Again... come in again... and come back again Amanda... I want you here more than you know. Again...*” And then with excitement and groaning of great depth and magnitude...”*AGAIN!!!!...Again!!*

This beckoning and excitement to show me an unwavering place of love and shalom would cause me to consume any practice, go into any cave, sit in the darkness, believe the most beautiful promise. Taking, what I would deem as the greatest personal risk of uncertainty, only to see how all is well... all has always been well!!

As time draws on and in, I see great aspects of my *personal* purpose, but I’ll share just this. This internal World has blurred the lines of Earth and Heaven, Universe and Glory. I can see so clearly places in my waking moments, eyes open during the day as I move around within this physical body. People and other worlds within Heaven and space move before my eyes...my body begins to follow the shifting awareness of where my soul and spirit are. I am seeing *now* how our internal World is to bridge the illusionary gap of “here and there.” For all is One.

I sit on my cozy chair in my *Oasis* room, and I close my eyes. Behind my eyelids there is dimension... I've decided to come out of the grave and so what was once black, my protective womb, is deepening and brightening. I am a part of this internal World, which seems to intersect with so many others, in which their's is their own. Seeing is here, realizing that I can go anywhere Jesus has already revealed to me that I am...so I go back, again and again. I am learning of this way even now.

Where hearing once came to me primarily from outside of my head, hitting my ear drums, vibrating and sending message to my brain, *now* hearing is vast and from within...closer than close. Frightening me at first, but now I deeply welcome all, longing to walk through any fear in order to be free in it all.

I also seem to have multiple bodies...each functioning differently but still as One...for I am aware that I have been *these* in different moments and for different purposes.

In the last few months I spent some time delivering for a company, utilizing my own vehicle, and it was during this time that I became ridiculously aware of union with creation. An intermingling and deep entanglement between my body, consciousness and creation, brought me into moments, while walking around, of a transcendence. Here I could see in one way through my physical eyes, *forms*...and yet everything was completely translucent...Like there was no meaning, or name, label or title...yet everything was meaningful...and I was knowing this through Oneness!

This internal World is causing awareness of Union with *All*, because I am in union with Jesus...the one who has always been and will always be; Creator of *all*, holding *all* together. I am realizing in awareness how *all* is moving in Him and through Him, always to return to Him.

### **My internal world...**

**Practice of living from my Internal World~** Increments, practices; given 200 dollars, there is 200 million in this. How will I master each dollar in order to mature into the 200 million? The seed; in

*revelation* through experience, I am shown to *be* and so have this energy of healing. I have this increment of awareness, and within this the fullness of being *LIGHT*, and so healing of all places shrouded in darkness. With this increment I practice mastering this energy so I may mature into the fullness. With every craft, it must be practiced, cared for, mastered; To intimately know it on all sides, through and through, a Steward of it.

Through out these hand full of years, I've also seen how each moment, waking me up all the more, was a natural test of Love...will I believe, will I continue on, will I seek to abide in Love rather than all that is is happening within my experiences? I am learning how to rest deeply in Love while my moments of “less activity” are happening. This too is a seed, an increment of trust. My God will never leave me, and I will never leave my God xoxo

I remember a word that speaks to the cultivating of land and how in a moment, the One peers around not realizing *how* a bumper crop has grown, and over night it would seem. The simple pleasure of intimacy causes growth beyond what we know is even happening, simply by being.

**From this internal, eternal World a wise decision is seen** ~ This place is above natural reasoning or living from the logic of science, the experience of self or another; but rather, a living through personal experience *IN* revelation *IN* my internal world.

When *being* becomes reality, the flow of decisions becomes wisdom and there is not much to think about. Living from an eternal world within dissipates this illusion of separation and suddenly, I'm not having to go from one place and then another to “be okay”...this is *being* and clarity from intuitive and discerning decisions.

**My Friends, my Family** ~ As I mentioned very briefly before, it felt for a stint of time how I had two worlds with two families. One in Heaven and in Heaven, and the other in Heaven but they only knew the awareness of an Earthen citizenship, for it is their time and season to be born here...

I find a reluctance to speak of my heavenly Family, only because our times together are very precious to me, and I honor each. I honor our relationship, as I do with those in the Earth. I will share that I have found a legal place, a beautiful and vast place, in which I can be in deepening relationship with *ALL* my Heavenly Family, angels, and many others...

**My internal world.** *This becoming my external world, where I am knowing all to be One...*

**Hotspot** ~ If you've ever done much delivering as a contractor for certain services, you'll notice within their apps they state that you'll receive more orders once in closer proximity to "a hot spot." If you set up a wireless router in your house, and it's in the corner of the house on the bottom floor, you'll notice the further away your device gets from this wireless router, or hot spot, the more spotty your connection is. Eventually, your device will lose connection with this router and seek for another hotspot.

I have heard some call these places that are like doors between the natural and spiritual, *thin places*, or the religion of New Age, practiced in Sedona, Arizona has a map helping the seeker to find the most powerful *Vortexes*...

I personally stumbled into the awareness of my personal creating of these *hotspots*, *thin places*, *vortexes*, *doors*... or whatever you wanna call it. I actually adore *thin places*, because that is what it has seemed to me, and this through a cultivating of intimacy with Yahweh.

My bathroom has been a place where I began to seek quiet with Jesus. It was the place in the natural where, over the last hand full of years, the Spirit of Truth drew me into darkness, literal, lights off dark room. I explored seeing with my eyes open here so I could see into Jesus more clearly. I sang, cried, experienced the encountering of *many* family members, creatures longing to hear my love story, and angels. I've been brought into places through the cosmos, experienced the maturing in heart to heart communicating, stumbled over being still, using less words, using more words... lol it was a hotspot of intimate activity! I actually have taken over most every room in my house, but in two specific bathrooms, I



have invested myself. Now, when I just walk in to use it or take James, the years of cultivating intimacy has created such a thin place that I can walk in and see, experience and just bask... It's been lubed and readied by *living oil*!

I realized through this, it wasn't ever about my bathroom being more special than any other room, but my intentional moments of cultivating, and I know that if another were to spend time in my bathroom, they too would experience the basking of Light and Life because of my many moments opening up a way.

So, we can travel to the *thin places* another has cultivated, which I totally would... **or** we can cultivate our own every where we go because we are the *Living Thin Place*. I like the latter the best!

## *Readied*

Ya know, I grew up in a particular type of relationship with God.

- God was “He” and anything else felt like blasphemy.
- As a child I saw things I thought were “evil” or “demonic” and I knew that I could always curl into a ball, hold my bible and this God would be a comfort and protection to me.
- And one major aspect of our relational dynamic was how I became astute in asking my God for what I needed.

I would ask for help, for favor, for anything I felt I needed or wanted. This was normal to me. Especially the blanketed “help me,” which would encompass pretty much everything.

During this time of being cultivated, something began to shift in me. I saw and tasted of Life and what was real so often, that as I would begin to ask for “help” or for “courage” I would find my own tongue losing its resolve to follow through.

An awareness consumed me. This awareness looked like *this* during moments of emotion and thoughts of desperation or confusion... “Lord...help me...” and then from my inner being, *you already have*. Or, “Lord...I need coura...” and before I even finish the thought or word, this arises...*I’ve been given courage*. I was answering myself! I literally began to feel this happen on all sides, and there was no where to go but *here*...

*I am courageous. Thank you for help, I can see. You have given me all I need.*

Truth had set forth to transform me and no longer was I able to flippantly or in ignorance speak to things I knew not of...not any longer that is.

From here, I saw how all has been *Readied* and now I would venture on a real relationship with God, choosing to believe in Her, just as He believes in me. When I don't see or understand, more often than not, I slow down and go *IV*.

I am learning the ways of detaching myself from myself that I may be known as whole.

# It's NOW!!

November 21, 2020



Well, hello!

So, this is officially the first blog I'll be posting. Well...maybe not the first as a whole. There was a time a couple of years ago where I started a website and began blogging, but I definitely jumped the gun on that one. It didn't fit well in the time slot I was in, and so I fizzled out before making any mark in this cyber family world!

*Ya know, when I think about it, even these cyber families become an opportunity to enter into what's behind the screen...but these discussions I'll save for our Conversation page; where many things will pop up, from parenting, to shopping, to spirit and soul, to creating and organizing, recipes and other family goodies...just about anything and everything!*

Okay, back to *this* blog.

How do I find words to express my excitement?? I have been in a 3 year journey with Yahweh. Very specific, like an impregnating one, preparing for a new birthing. One that began while I was holding my little man, James, when he was just a newborn baby...

In our cozy living room, eyes closed, singing a soul song to Jesus, we were being continually saturated by the Spirit of Life; *This* I am knowing to be pure Love. During this time, *which was a moment outside of time and space*, I heard a Voice say "Write a Devotional." At this I laughed in the midst of crying! It sounded ridiculous to me. I mean, I did write. I had started a few stories, poetry and so forth, but I personally had never spent much time in a devotional.

My heart said yes before my mouth did, and I was off! I spent the next 6-8 months writing from my intimacy with Holy Spirit, flowing through scripture, where revelation became a dear friend, and within each challenge I found divine courage.

Every day was as every moment, time becoming a gift, a dance where all aspects of life were illuminated. I experienced the marrying of Heaven and Earth, and I continued to wake up.

*I woke up!! Oh my goodness, I woke up, and there is no going back!*

So, here I was, half way through writing, compiling, editing, *growing(!)*, when Holy Spirit moved me in a direction by way of a few visions; a road map of sorts. It looked like this:

*Once these are completed, we will send these devotions out to a group of people.*

*Next, every Thursday of every week, we will send these out to these people. (This list took form through the next few months while I finished these devotions)*

*Then, reach out to these folks, ask them to join us.*

*Finally, the time came, and the first week brought with it more than the devotion. Here was what was sent out to the first group of people; The Devotion, a Devotional Canvas(like a blank journaling page), and an extra piece in which my intimate, revelatory moments with Holy Spirit were cultivated and expressed through some creation. Jesus compelled me to share, share, share!*

I had no inkling that I would be spending many more hours every week developing new creations that would join the devotional on their journey to each One's house. Oh my goodness! If I slowed enough to think about it, I wouldn't have believed what I was doing. Only the Heavens know all that took place over the next 2 years; in me, in my home and in my Lord with me.

There were 70 devotions, 20-25 people at any given time, for nearly 2 years. During this time I would sense deeply how my Baba would desire I wrote a letter, or send a package rather than the devotion...so I did.

A couple weeks prior to the final devotion's conclusion, I sent a letter to every person. While writing I could feel those who were deeply committed to this journey with me. My heart was moved and I cried softly.

I was finished.

One final breath exhaled as I placed each letter in the outgoing mail. *Wow*, was all I could say. I was finished.

*Now* it was time to compile all that had been created and poured over, into one final Manuscript. It was on! The next adventure was opening up.

Compiling, done. Formatting, done. Editing, done! Now to send it to be previewed and published. Done. One month later, we are here. Book is published, ready for purchase. Ready for exploring... and now...now is the time for engagement. For new faces and new names! Exploring one another through this means, called, *Blogging*.

It's *NOW!!* Let's go!



# Oasis

November 24, 2020



Over the last couple of days I've been pondering as to what should be the opening blog. I'm really looking forward to sharing everything I can and hearing from You! Receiving feedback, conversations and possible ideas...so I suppose I'll just begin :)

...wait, wait...I think I should first mention how I write. Not *what* I write, like style or genre, even though I'm all over the board! But *how* I write. I have never had a perfectly clear picture of where I am going, or what the tone will be, style and so forth. For years now I fought against myself, believing I was to "plan" my writings, organize, conceptualize, and any other "ize's" you can think of...until eventually, I surrendered to the truth that I am Me! Ha! As though that should be a surprise. But for Me, it was...it was



okay to be Me. And Me, as a Writer, is one who flows in the moment through experiences and seeing and feeling and embracing where ever I am. This reality is deeper than I could ever pen, but it is true. And I love it :)

So, to recap, I am Me...I love it. I flow when I write, I love this; excelling in skill and care for what and how I write, as I welcome every moment of humbling. And this is a new beginning! Okay, nooow, onto *Oasis*. The excerpt shared bellow is from the beginning of a Novel I am currently writing. Honestly, as I began writing *Oasis*, I saw a screen play forming...but we'll see. This will unfold as it will, or it won't and all is good. *Oasis* is an ongoing story of a young woman, Lailah, who ventures with her very small son, Peshitta, through a nomadic desert. Once deeply connected to her Tribe, they now find themselves seeking what will be after a devastating event brings great tragedy(*may feel cliché, but is this not each of us in one way or another*). They live in a world of the natural and supernatural, and the key to discovering who this mysterious(*Lailah meaning mystery, darkness...night*) woman is, is unlocked through each moment she slips into memory. Sometimes this happens intentionally, and sometimes she gives no permission...so here she is...*Oasis*.

### *Chapter 1*

Sand and rock coalesced beneath Lailah's feet, while dust particles rubbed between her toes, callusing her smooth skin. The sandals Lailah wore were wearing thin around the edges, and she knew they would only last so long. She spoke a silent prayer of gratitude.

Lailah's head garb was wrapped tightly around her waist, securing Peshitta as he pressed his face against her chest, which remained sore from the continual nursing. Drink and food was limited these days. Such long stretches.

"There there, my precious son. Sleep deep. We won't be wanderers forever."

In the midst of this barren land, she breathed deep of hope, and a smile filled with light, flooded her senses.

Thighs as strong as a gazelle's climbed vigorously up an unavoidable mountain...*more like an exaggerated hill*, Lailah thought to herself, chuckling. Suddenly, Lailah slipped and she could feel herself falling forward as her feet lifted up behind her. But the quickness of her reflexes, honed by time and life, call her right hand to the back of her son's head, while the other, slipping beside her waist, caught the weight of the two bodies falling hard. Her elbow moved slightly in, almost buckling, but quickly, Lailah recovered the unforeseen shift and readjusted. In mere moments, red rock plummeted down the hill side, and Lailah found herself flat on her backside gazing into the blue sky, absent of clouds. Sweat mingled with dust, surrounded her mouth and Lailah could taste the dry sand upon her tongue.

“Haha...did you see that, Peshitta?!” “That was amazing!”

More laughter filled her belly and Lailah noticed Peshitta was still fast asleep. Her laughter ceased and a smile crept up the sides of her cheeks.

“Oh Peshitta...you sleep like your father.”

Lailah's smile slightly faded as she traveled to a moment two years earlier, where her husband was by her side.

The cool breeze of this distant evening tickled Lailah's neck, flipping her curls about as this breeze maneuvered imperceptibly back up the barren and isolated mountainous range. She loved the evenings when the breeze continued through the night, for it was a pleasant reprieve from the heat of day. Lailah stood by a large Ghaf tree peering in the direction of Joseph and Peshitta. Peshitta was but a month old. He bore skin smooth as silk, hair as soft as a cloud would appear to be, and his eyes...oh his eyes were as dark as the mysteries Lailah's Father spoke of.

Joseph held Peshitta's perfectly round head within his right palm, cradling his wrapped body within his other arm outstretched before him. A unique warmth formed in the depth of her abdomen every moment she caught her son and husband locked in a gaze with one another.

Sometimes she would see a golden orb encircling them. And on this evening, as her two mighty men were lost in a trance by the fire side, she witnessed this golden orb widen its circle while particles of light filled the space, continually moving outward, saturating all. Lailah felt the glory of Presence from where she stood, her breath catching in her chest. A song in the wind arose, echoing within her soul, *“The snow falls, the sun shines, the Spirit dances through chilled grape vines. He is mine, I am His, He is mine...”*

That evening, as their tribe settled into their personal tents for slumber, there was a sacred hush filling the air. Something extravagant happened, but no one spoke a word. Presence was all they needed, longed for, and were fully satisfied.

“He has your curls, my darling.” “Soft and free.”

Joseph adored Lailah, and now this love was only enhanced by the expression held within their new born child. He lay between them, swept away by dream. Peace surrounded his form and his parents treasured every moment.

“You mean wild and crazy?”

Lailah chuckled softly, so not to wake her son.

“Peshitta may have my curls but he has your disposition, my love.” “And sleeping patterns.”

More laughter rose up inside her heart.

“He’ll sleep through anything, just like you!”

Her whisper was strongly emphasized, and deeply affectionate.

A few moments passed when Lailah’s eyes were drawn from her son, seized by the intensity adorned stare of her lover. Silently, their souls encountered intimacy, recommitting to one another, in love and in life. But this would be their last night together as a family...as lovers.

The horizon was shrouded in mystery, exuding a blend of warm hues with distant clouds aimlessly scraping the sky. Lailah and her quaint caravan had nearly finished their trek after scouting their final movements by foot. Absolutely thrilled to have crossed the naked desert worth many miles, she now knew it was time to hunker down for their next season. Peshitta needed stability, and Lailah, whether she would fully acknowledge or not, was hungry for the same.

“Momma...momma??”

“Shhh...” With a comforting stroke of the hair. “We’re almost there little one.”

Lailah kissed Peshitta’s bushy head of hair just as the sun faded in the background and the night sky birthed new beginnings. The stars seemed to shine brighter this quiet evening. Even the animals themselves paced with a newfound strength. Her Creator’s breath had surely entered their weary bodies, giving rise to fresh hope!

“Listen son...listen to how the closest stars sing a new song!”

“See their lights emanate! They speak to the new season, as a sign, my love...”

Lailah laughed with exuberant joy, her soul beaming and Peshitta began to respond.

“Momma, momma, momma!! Yeee!”

A squeal broke forth and with small hands, his clapping resounded for what felt like miles.

“Miracles, miracles, miracles, Peshitta!!”

Lailah jumped off her camel, carried Peshitta high above her head and they spun around until laughter overtook them. Tumbling to the ground, their animal’s seemed to uniquely understand the newfound excitement and turn of the season that was upon them.

Lailah took Peshitta, and with amazed wonderment, she pulled him in close, breathing in his very essence.

“Oh, my sweet love...”

And Peshitta nestled his face within her warm neck, smothering his cheeks within her long black hair which was partially tucked within her tunic.

“Mmm...momma...wuv uooo..”

“I love you, son.” “We’ll sleep here tonight and spend one more sun traveling until we come to our home.”

“Homm?” Peshitta echoed in curious wonderment.

Peshitta spoke few words, but understood quite clearly what Lailah spoke, through directive words, emotional expression and the simplicity of heart connection. What a delight it has been for Lailah to witness her son grow and develop in more ways than she ever imagined.

“Yes, we will build our home...right over there...” Lailah pointed her dark, slender finger toward the north. “Do you see Peshitta? Those dark green patches under all those bright stars. Look over Patunia’s head...do you see?”

Patunia was there elderly donkey and Peshitta loved to play with her tail as it would swing back and forth, back and forth. Petunia belonged to Lailah’s husband, and Lailah could never find it in her to sell Patunia, or worse, become the thief of her last breath.

“Com, Com, mamma.”

Peshitta’s wide eyes jumped around as his new home came into view. Laughter filled Lailah’s belly as she was engulfed by the abandoned love she had for her son.

“Soon, very soon son. Tomorrow, we shall see our new home! One more sleep, Peshitta.” “You ‘comm’ my sweet angel.” More laughter. “Momma will set up a small area to sleep, right next to Josie.” She held his two year old hand as they walked toward a bunch of Juniper trees, snagging blankets and pillows along the way.

“Here you go Peshitta, take this for mommy, right over there...next to Josie.”

Lailah pointed to Josie, one of their horses, who stood next to an opening between a few trees. Their branches and foliage would work well as a covering for them. Peshitta ran as fast as he could get his small feet off the ground. In order to keep himself from falling over the other one as it came down, he had to sort of hop. It was a delightful sight, every time.

“Oh, Joseph, you would’ve loved to run next to your valiant Peshitta. He already carries himself like you.”

A tear of longing fell down her cheek as she made her way toward Peshitta, carrying the remainder of blankets and some fresh dates for a bedtime snack.

Lailah arranged their sleeping area and settled in with Peshitta just as these once distant clouds, passed over their heads. Their traveling tent was quite small. There was no front nor a back; and though made by her hands alone, still, this quaint home was as durable as their more stationary tent will be. Lailah once worried about exposure to animals on the evenings she chose to lie down, rather than sleep on their camel. As Peshitta grew bigger, riding and sleeping became more of a challenge, and simply uncomfortable for him. Lailah was used to long journeys for stints of time with her tribe, but that was when she was a bit older than Peshitta and they had more luxuries, promoting deeper rest while riding. Peshitta rustled a bit, and then a whimper escaped his sleeping frame. Lailah snuggled him close while she sang a song her mother would sing to her. She can still hear her mother's voice being carried in the wind. So soft, tender, calming...

*Can you not discern this new day of destiny...*

*Breaking forth around you my dear. You see early signs of purpose and plans for you, are bursting forth as budding vines will do.*

*Fragrance of flowers, whispers...you see, there's change in the air.*

*Oh Peace my love, my beautiful companion. Come run with me to higher places...in here.*

The melody filled the atmosphere, and a fresh movement of Presence kissed their skin while the embrace of Life washed over their souls. Peshitta, with curls encircling his closed eyes, rested deeply beneath the newly revealed stars in the heavens

# Discovering True Worth...

November 28, 2020



This evening I am honored to share a devotion out of *Our Journey Devotional*. But first, here is what led me in choosing *Devotion 40*...

Recently, Madi, one of my lovely girls, has been asking me questions that I have been wrestling through with Yahweh, myself.

The questions Madi has been asking are in relation to abortion and same sex marriage; whether I felt they should be legal or illegal. (*Within the next week, Madi is going to be sharing her personal wrestlings and questions on the **Conversation** page*). Madison knows my deeply rooted beliefs about life and design, but what she was asking me was about the law of the land, and I was privileged to be honest with her about my personal wrestlings with Jesus. You see, a desire of mine is to never *ever* guide my children, or anyone, in *what* to think, but *how*. Motive, wisdom and discernment rests in the *how*. And if I am not resting in these, may no word leave my mouth, nor thought be formed in my soul.

It seems to me that choice and free will is gifted to all. Life gifted by One. And honor is found in the receiving and giving, not the forcing, shaming or belittling. Jesus said, give to Ceasar what is Ceasar's and I find that these are my fresh beginnings to engage in a *different* conversation; considering a different angle. Not picking sides, but rising up higher into an exploration of what *Devotion 40* speaks to, allowing the awakening to continue within myself.

So, I couldn't answer Madi directly, as of now, but I could invite her to consider wisdom through the eyes of Heaven, Love and Truth, through Jesus...and to go from there. To discover a *way* that honors all, without compromising her personal decisions, convictions and journey.

I am now on the verge of rambling, so I'll simply express one more thought, closer to a prayer ;) May we each find the wonder and joy in exploring what is good and beautiful and true, unafraid and unashamed!

## **Devotion 40**

*Hallelujah! Praise the Lord! Let the skies be filled with praise and the highest heavens with shouts of glory! Go ahead-praise him, all you messengers! Praise him some more, all you heavenly hosts! Keep it up, sun and moon! Don't stop now, all you twinkling stars of light! Take it up even higher-up to the highest heavens, until the cosmic chorus thunders his praise! Let the entire universe erupt with praise to God. From nothing to something he spoke and created it all. He established the cosmos to last forever, and he stands behind his commands so his orders will never be revoked. Let the earth join in with this parade of praise! You mighty creatures of the ocean's depths, echo in exaltation! Lightning, hail, snow, and clouds, and the stormy winds that fulfill his word. Bring your melody, O mountains and hills; trees of the forest and field, harmonize your praise! Praise him, all beasts and birds, mice and men, kings, queens, princes, and princesses, young men and maidens, children and babes, old and young alike, everyone everywhere! Let them all join in with this orchestra of praise. For the name of the Lord is the only name we raise! His stunning splendor ascends higher than the heavens. He anoints his people with strength and authority, showing his great favor to all his godly lovers, even to his princely people, Israel, who are so close to his heart. Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!* **Psalm 148**



If a person, no matter age or gender, does not believe, *having an intimate transforming knowledge of God as Creator*, this person, no matter age or gender, will never truly see the intrinsic value of creation. But instead, place *self-appointed* value upon creation ~ *people, nature, animal life, cosmos, heavenly beings* ~ for they cannot help but live in reaction to how they are affected by creation.

This is recognizable in us by how we may lessen the value of what appears to be the counter position of what we deem to be valuable. Generalized examples could be; women/men, adult/child, human/nature, culture/culture. There is no end for the heart that is *unaware* of God as Creator. This is not a discussion of religion or intelligence, but an *intimate awareness* and *response* to Love, to God as Creator.

**But**, when a person awakens to the reality of Yehoshua as Creator, Sustainer, Restorer, it changes everything; Absolutely everything! All of a sudden we realize nothing belongs to us and yet, everything has been gifted to us, to care for, enjoy, explore. And the infinite Goodness of God pierces deeper into our soul taking us further into the mysteries of Yehoshua himself!

### *Encouragement:*

Wow...the hunger to go deeper is overwhelming when considering by Spirit the truth of Creator God! Overtaking us, undoing us, ravishing us. For He, who Created everything by the breadth of Her word (El Shaddai), loves us intimately and waits patiently for us to respond to the stirring within, where we say, “Yes, oh Yahweh, I long for you!” And even if we momentarily lose sight of our worship, creation will show us again and again how to worship, and why we worship with such passionate affections and honor.

Be with our Lord, stay in this Psalm, and don’t leave this space till you feel the wind of Her breath, the beat of His heart, and come forth further awakened by the piercing of Reality within Him, within us. That is She, that is We. Our One true God.

*“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

# Toddler Time

December 2, 2020



I love this picture!

There are so many ways to express ourselves: from art work, to beginning new businesses, writing, our own body language, and photography. Even in the discovering new formulas, methodologies, elements and so forth, we do this through who We are...I love it!

This picture expresses to me, a guiding presence. One that is always present, faithful and is the protection against all influences and harm that may befall the one who is still maturing; Us. Everyone One of us, if allowed, is a small child discovering what it is to be of Divine nature. A child of One who is Divine, who is Absolute Reality and who is absolutely good...so good that it takes simple moments with this One to be able to handle the goodness that is this One!

I share this morning a personal revelatory interpretation of a Psalm that I wrote for James, my 3 year old. Knowing that age, gender, or intellect determines *not* the capacity to receive guidance and love, brought me into a deeper desire for my toddler to experience what I do when I step through the door of scripture.

James, like everyone of us, can experience and mature in the wisdom, love and the disciplines' of Yahweh. In fact, James more so if his ears aren't influenced by limitation through Another's unbelief. So again, rather than telling him *what* to think, I desire to show him *how*. I want to give him permission to explore by guiding him through intimacy. I trust this. And one day the two of us will put words to our many intimate knowings and experiences.

So, without furtheradue(*what does that even mean and did I spell that right??* lol), here is Psalm 8, through the eyes of a child!

## **Toddler Time with Yeshua**

### **Psalm 8**

*The stars shine bright in the skies!*

*The moons light up the dark nights!*

*In my hands you gave me fish, bird, and seas,*

*From my mouth you gave me a song to sing.*

*Every mean thing and lie that is seen,*

*is gone, in a flash,*

*Because I'm made in Your glory!*

Today, you have my heart, my thoughts and my Love...may we each explore the uniqueness of our One ear within the Divine and trust in this great Love. Our only anchor is this Love.

## Remembering

December 5, 2020



Why has it felt so heavy at times when wondering about *Me*?

Striving to see.

Longing to know; beyond all I've ever known or beyond who the person is, next to me.

I'm not them. They're not me.

I am a big question person. Meaning, I love to ask God tons of questions, like constantly! *Questions in wonderment lead to the lightness of discovery.* Free, easy, and all is good. As Yahweh reveals to me what is

true it's always much more than I ask, **or** She brings me to a place where I see that what I was really asking was not what I was originally asking. lol Make sense??

So, I thought I'd share a poem from *Musings Writings Experiences of a Quaint Girl*, giving you a glimpse of my journey through questioning *Me*, in light of *Eternal Actuality*.

*One mention first!* Poetry is so cool because the reader and writer could move through the same words and come out the other side in completely different positions, or perspectives! Other writings can do this, but it seems poetry really provides a blank canvas for the eye of our soul.

### **Eternal Actuality**

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

Within the moment this poem manifest, it did so while I was exploring communion, the blood of Jesus, moving through time and space from eternity, and this Truth of "*the beginning is as the end, and the end*

*is as the beginning."* As well as *"the first will be last, and the last will be first."* And as well as *"Remember Me..."*

I was filled with questions of transfiguration and the past and present, and without stating plainly what I discovered, I chose to write a poem; but **now** I'll share a glimpse of what awoke within me and Jesus, together as One!

*I saw there are two pasts to choose from, two futures to choose from, and this bringing about the reality of the Present, illuminating Eternity.*

**One** *past* was one of death and shadow. The **Other** past was one of original intent and design; one where I transitioned into remembering my true beginnings and end within, *The Lamb was slain before the foundations of the Universe.*

**One** future was revealed, resting always in obscurity or very grey. The **Other** future revealed itself to be what the beginning(*or original past*) was! lol And low-and-behold, both this past and this future was only found, absorbed, and manifest through knowing the One in whom all Life moves, lives and has its Being!

The mystery for me, was *how* the latter mention of past and future found itself(*continuing still*) to be my present reality, becoming my *eternal actuality*. No joke...this is real! And it is fun, and light, and easy; but this is also profound and definite and beyond thought...it's a living, breathing experiential existence. The becoming what I already am, through believing and receiving what already is. HA!

Enjoy questioning the Creator through the curiosity and wonderment of all that is True. There is no fretting here, deception or discouragement. Just simple child like wonderment and learning to trust. Trust...

# **To Worship or not to Worship...**

December 11, 2020



You can feel it...the deep place in you that burns with an unquenchable fire...

The place where passion cries out to have a voice; where Love is cast into the deepest ocean of expression, little reasoning is found here. The place where laughter and tear marry and silence becomes the one sound of rest.



This is the place of Worship...and while Many Voices and Faces may believe they can stop this Worship, no one really can. For not one person can touch our desire, in which gives birth to worship(*expression*).

But when we believe that a Person or Thing can hinder this in us, we can become disquieted, angry, confused, isolated within...

But we mustn't...we can't. We just can't. We are not isolated, within or without. We are not defeated, nor victim to Faces and Voices. Our burning places of fire and passion release Life(*even if misunderstood*), encourage, produce what is possible...they bring great delight to the One in whom birthed Us. How could we hold back?

I want to share *Devotion 61* from *Our Journey Devotion* and after share a Christmas song with you :) *O Holy Night*. Why? Well, because of what worship is, what this mystery of Night is and the birthing of Day...Worship opens up the way for us to live in mystery and so adventure in Light!

### **Devotion 61**

*“Now it was told King David, saying, “The Lord has blessed the house of Obed-edom and all that belongs to him, on account of the arc of God.” David went and brought up the arc of God from the house of Obed-edom into the city of David with gladness. And so it was, that when the bearers of the arc of the Lord had gone six paces, he sacrificed an ox and a fatling. And David was dancing before the Lord with all his might, and David was wearing a linen ephod. So David and all the house of Israel were bringing up the arc of the Lord with shouting and the sound of the trumpet.*

*Then it happened as the arc of the Lord came into the city of David that Michal the daughter of Saul looked out of the window and saw King David leaping and dancing before the Lord; and she despised him in her heart.*

*So they brought in the arc of the Lord and set it in its place inside the tent which David had pitched for it; and David offered burnt offerings and peace offerings before the Lord. When David had finished offering the burnt offering and the peace offering, he blessed the people in the name of the Lord of hosts. Further, he*

*distributed to all the people, to all the multitude of Israel, both to men and women, a cake of bread and one of dates and one of raisins to each one. Then all the people departed each to his house.*

*But when David returned to bless his household, Michal the daughter of Saul came out to meet David and said, "How the king of Israel distinguished himself today! He uncovered himself today in the eyes of his servants' maids as one of the foolish ones shamelessly uncovers himself!" So David said to Michal, "It was before the Lord, who chose me above your father and above all his house, to appoint me ruler over the people of the Lord, over Israel; therefore I will celebrate before the Lord. I will be more lightly esteemed than this and will be humble in my own eyes, but with the maids of whom you have spoken, with them I will be distinguished." Michal the daughter of Saul had no child to the day of her death."*

## **2 Samuel 5.12-23**

There are many times that Godly sorrow has overtaken me, and this is one of those occasions. I have mourned for those who have despised the worship of our Lord's own Lovers. Many have reasoned it is the expression of worship they are offended by; but the truth is, the posture of One's own soul is what despises, or is offended by, the abandoned love of Yeshua within Another. This has grieved my heart, for it has grieved His, for the soul sickness due to toxic Religion has over shadowed those She tenderly loves. Intercession has become my bedmate for long stints of time in such matters of the Spirit.

We are Worshipers! We are Lovers!! We celebrate and are intoxicated by Joy! The same Spirit (Holy Spirit) that raised our Lord from the pits of death, lives within Us, becoming one with Us!!

No doctrine of Man should ever hinder the worship of Her People. Worship is birthed out of intimacy and this is to be celebrated, not despised. True worship is formed in humility *~humility being the posture of heart to receive, becoming an outpouring of whom and what We've received~*

*Encouragement:*

"The LORD does not look at the things man looks at. Man looks at the outward appearance, but the LORD looks at the heart." 1 Samuel 16:7

What is absolutely astounding to me, was the decision David made to bring the Arc into his own back yard! Now all could worship our Lord with no veil before them. I pray that anger, irritation, and fear does not find a foothold within our secret place, which Yahweh has fashioned within each of us, meant only for worship unto Him, in our passionate fires of love for Her! We may gather in different “church cultures,” expressing worship uniquely to each of us, but let us not ever forget we worship in the midst of *One* gaze, not many. We shall be co-worshippers(varied in expression), not observers(criticizing/approving), praising our Lord for his kindness and compassion toward us all!!

So, the primary focus within this devotion is the expression of worship within the context of “church cultures,” but the deeper focus is the context of Life and our individual expressions that pour out of Us! There is no grounds for anyone to shut another down due to our personal uncomfortableness, irritation, anxiety or any form of self-focused insecurity and fear. *Now, I will say that honor is to bring oneself to where another is, in order to clear the way for Love and the safety and wholeness that comes.* While this is true, each of us are still responsible for our personal internal affairs, not the outward expression of another. There are so many examples in so many contexts to give; but simply, I put *this* love reasoning in all contexts when I want to quiet another or change *what* is being said or done.

For now, let’s look at this beautiful Song, and take a peek into a Mystery that continues to open up to me personally, and so everything I do, think and how I live.

### **O Holy Night**

*O holy night, the stars are brightly shining*

*It is the night of our dear Savior's birth*

*Long lay the world, in sin and error pining*

*'Til He appeared and the soul felt its worth*

*A thrill of hope, the weary world rejoices  
For yonder breaks, a new and glorious morn  
Fall on your knees  
O hear the angels' voices  
O night divine  
O night when Christ was born  
O night divine  
O night  
O night divine*

Oh my goodness!! lol There is so much goodness and discovery within these words!

Appearing to point to a single "*night*," I have seen that this word draws the Lover of God deeper into a truth of Night and Day; Darkness and Light; Birthing and Sight.

This place of hiding, waiting, expectancy...the *Night*. And not just any *Night*, but the one which will birth *the* One who is to bring ALL of Creation, namely us, into the fullness of *Light* once again. *O Holy Night*... Like an aroma sprayed, overtime the scent will fade...the essence of God in the knowing of humanity had, *but* for the few who refused to surrender their eyes to sleep. But now...*now*(!) this Essence, Aroma, Light, was birthed in the place of darkness and our longing soul *felt* its realized worth! There was no intellectual reasoning for the soul to walk through, but a felt experience of *Light* and *Love* and *Life*.

In the beginning there was a before, for I am seeing how *IN* is about locality not timing. And in the before, when the Lamb, this *Savior*, was slain, there was an outpouring of blood, of *light*, where ALL came into being...*O this Holy Night*...

The Wonder, the Mystery, the Birthing, all for us to engage and remember...Remember...

# Wounded but Alive

December 14, 2020



When a wound seems to never heal. When a pain seems to only fester, arousing an anger that *will not* be tamed...what then?

I share below a chapter from a book I began writing nearly 6 years ago. The chapters *following* this chapter engage the journey of awakening as a real **living Spirit Being**; a narrative interwoven through many experiences I walked in...*but this first chapter had to be first*. This was my beginning. Right here in

the Earth where the natural moments, emotions and reasoning had to be challenged. Pressing me into a decision that only I could make...

Would I remain wounded, gripped by feelings of fear, and when those feelings numbed, would I allow the rudder to remain? Or would I choose a Way that was not of this World, and seemingly unreasonable to "My Wound...?"

So here it is... very real, very personal and very humbling for me.

## **Chapter 1**

### **The Wounded**

She sat with her eyes closed. Listening to the low rumble of the distant waters breaking and pushing forward. Seagulls flew by and she could hear their morning songs. With her blanket curled under her resting chin, she opened her eyes.

*I love that I found this spot when I was a kid, the first time I needed to get away from all the voices.* Mandy thought to herself. She's come back 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, Mandy 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.

Mandy 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 couple people ventured out this far, both left Mandy to her

silent solitude. She saw another man coming toward her. The knot in Mandy's stomach and the racing of her thoughts beckoned him to go. He continued in her direction, unabated. Mandy 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. As the man drew near her anger seemed to subside. Mandy 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. Mandy shook her head yes, returning a courteous smile. They sat in silence for minutes. 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 out 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 Mandy 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.

Mandy 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."

Mandy 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?" He asked.

Mandy nodded yes. A softness came over her as tears fell gently.

“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 in the ways of worldly reason. 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 on 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.”

Mandy’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...” Mandy said, feeling confused.

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

“Let me explain.” “The woman represents a child of God, the Bride. A person conceived in love, born of spirit but tied to certain religious systems, unknown to her. The man represents the wounded, the sickened 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 salvation. Foolish living ensued and bitterness took root, for no brother or sister would tend to his wounds. Few choose love unattached to stipulation. The town represents the Body of Christ. All children of God 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. 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 judge rightly. For a person lives from fear or love. And pure love casts out all fear. So love them as I have loved you. Show mercy always, for I desire mercy over judgment.”

“You have heard it said of a child of God, ‘*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 have loved you. Forgive as you have been forgiven. If the words you speak sound funny coming from my mouth, withhold 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 won't 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 father. Walk as I walk. If you are my true follower, you will do as I do. 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 children 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. Give away all that you have received, freely. Mercy, Kindness, Patience, Hope and Love. There is no end to this measure. The heart of purity will hear my voice, for kindness leads to a new way of reasoning." "No longer are you to be trained by your experience, feelings or by the worlds 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 works. Believe, for the Kingdom is within you, surrounding you. The Kingdom is your home."

Mandy sat listening with her swelled up heart on the edge of the seat, completely laid 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 Mandy 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 ears 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, acting as an orphan would. Know your Father, know me.” “Every need you were born with has been met in my love. We have become 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 child. My bride. 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 it personal 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, you must always forgive, 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 created 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 take up forgiveness and see beyond the actions taken, discerning the heart that is hurting, deceived, believing lies about self and others.”

“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 trial. For you know that your joy, peace and hope is in our love. Every promise is yours. Believe and sight will come.”

The sun was now tucked away, and the stars shone bright in the night sky. It was a warm evening and they sat for another few minutes as Mandy’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.”

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

## Where Do I Lay My Head...

December 20, 2020



What of this, "Where do I lay my Head?"

It became incredible to me how for so very long, I reasoned as though ALL truth was literal and linear; how the Physical was the means for life.

Without oxygen, I'll die. Without food, I'll die. Without companionship or money or house or car or....and....and....I'll die. I admit this *while* acknowledging I still had *doctrine* that said, there is Eternal Spirit and Soul.

So what of *this*, "Where do I lay my Head?"

Did you know that "worry" in Spanish is *preocuparse* or *preocupación*? Does this word look familiar? To be preoccupied with...could very well be, to worry. I heard somewhere that worry leads to death, and fear kills a person before the very thing they are afraid of does.

*But* what if there is another preoccupation that could lead to Life??

### **Where do I lay my head?**

What if "where I lay my head" is really *where I place my heart*?

Who or what has my affections, my time, my energy, my attention...my belief? *Where* am I preoccupied?

What I am about to share may seem like an odd direction to go, but in light of "*where my head is there you'll find my heart*," reasoning, I think we'll make sense of it all just fine :)

### **Devotion 37**

*"For this is how much God loved the world—he gave his one and only, unique Son as a gift. So now everyone who believes in him will never perish but experience everlasting life. 'God did not send his Son into the world to judge and condemn the world, but to be its Savior and rescue it!'"*

#### **John 3.16-17**

*"Perhaps you think I've come to spread peace and calm over the earth—but my coming will bring conflict and division, not peace. Because of me, A son will turn against his father, a daughter her mother and against her mother-in-law.*

*Within your own families you will find enemies. “Whoever loves father or mother or son or daughter more than me is not fit to be my disciple. And whoever comes to me must follow in my steps and be willing to share my cross and experience it as his own, or he cannot be considered to be my disciple. All who seek to live apart from me will lose it all. But those who let go of their lives for my sake and surrender it all to me will discover true life!*

### **Matthew 10.34-39**

I once believed “peace” meant no strife or conflict...even a place of mutual agreement! I wasn’t entirely misguided in my description or understanding of “peace”. Where I was misled was in my perception of *how I related to Peace*.

Simply, the origination of peace does not begin in you and me, or me and life’s circumstances. Peace doesn’t reside outside of my inner man(*Although, Peace does touch everything as I expand*). In other words, I will never ever, ever find peace in anything or anyone apart from Yahweh. It is absolutely impossible. What I did find was momentary influxes of harmony that really had everything to do with me wanting to “feel” good! Co-dependency and fear based decisions are birthed here.

Relationship with Jesus alone, will bring about true internal Peace, becoming our reality and normal, and now all of creation is touched, bringing all Yahweh deems dear, back to Them-self.

Now, because peace is not about harmony between two people...something begins to happen when a person begins to awaken to Jesus being *their first love*. The relational dance changes, leaving the other with the choice to love Jesus, first, or not...for no longer can another be considered a distraction or an excuse, they’ve been removed from the position that only fits the True Lord.

Let me share a picture, a moment I just had with Jesus this evening. I had just laid James to sleep, and as I have shared in other devotions, this space has become very sacred. Not only because of being with my son, but because of what our love has opened up in the Kingdom. The more I experience being in the Kingdom, engaging the Love of my Daddy in all the ways we do, I don’t want to stop.

I found myself on the floor next to James’ bed, with my own head resting upon a pillow we were sharing. I was holding his hand as he fell asleep, completely lost in my interfacing with God. In the midst of this,

Holy Spirit laid out for me the movement of this writing, then she began to show me images of the pieces that would carry along side this simple devotion...beckoning me to write! All I can say is my heart turned so deeply into him, that I began to feel and express how I didn't care about anything or anyone, I just longed to be caught up in his gaze all the more, and more and more and more...nothing mattered to me in those moments. I'd give myself up for anyone...but no one above him. I didn't care about writing, about singing, about being a mom, or wife, or friend...non of it. It mattered not in light of being with Him.

As Enoch walked with our Beloved, and was no more, my heart yearns for the same. For me, I believe that each of us are to continue to be so overtaken in love with God, that it truly is as drastic as turning my entire being away from all for the sake of my love for him, as Jesus himself speaks, revealed in the Gospel of Matthew. Suddenly, I'll go anywhere and do anything. Even write when I don't want to!

And what is outlandishly extraordinary, is how within this abiding of passionate love for One, I love all with an unquenchable selfless love...Ahhh...our Beloved is so good!!

*Encouragement:*

*“Jesus concluded his instructions to the seventy with these words: ‘Remember this: Whoever listens to your message is actually listening to me. And anyone who rejects you is rejecting me, and not only me but the one who sent me.’”***Luke 10.16**

An orphan has no home, has no parent. An orphan is afraid of rejection and death, for they have no where to go, knowing not where they will be. They know not who they are. But a child...a child belongs. A child is secure, loved unconditionally, protected and fully satisfied.

This is a very big deal. We can't simply be told by another who we are, we must *see* who we are. Yes believe, but the believing always takes us into seeing. And we can only see who we are from the realm of our Heavenly home. We must learn to see here, not from earth. I truly believe this is how the Earth and all

of Creation is redeemed. “*All of Creation groans in great anticipation and expectation for the Sons(mature ones) to be revealed.*” **Romans**

I continue to discover how *what* I fix the eyes of my Heart upon, there my entire being will be...

I choose *Love*.



# Random or Unaware

December 27, 2020



## 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

Is life random, lucky, karmic, accidental??  
What about faith, sovereignty, justice...mercy?  
Then what of "prayer" or "time" or "eternity?"

I have been further awakened to a trap, a snare of sorts. One where a person takes hostage a word or a term, a meaning or a reality that is infinite; *beyond the ability to intellectually understand or "feel" our way through*, and encase it within a linear, one dimensional state of being.



*Sight becomes key, innocence in wonder beckons the wanderer, and worship expressed toward the only One worthy of our worship becomes the path. This is a matter of relationship, abandoned, trusting without knowing; cultivating an intimate knowing that arises, ushering in expanded and deeper sight, and*

*so understanding. And while I toss out a ton of words, these words still hold little weight to the fullness of...carrying flickers of Spirit at best.*

I'd like to invite you along my path, which is more of a dance than a straight line. The straight and narrow, for me, is *Jesus*, and he is still my dance, an infinitely extraordinary experience!

*Random or Unaware.* The life of randomness, coincidences, karmic occurrences or accidents, left me befuddled, confused and simply discouraged within. I found my language expressed in complaint, or "trying to be positive." I found my reasoning to be *me or them*, even when I didn't want that. I found I was conflicted because I grew up Christian, but still had mindsets of limitation, and so would treat others in reaction to how I perceived what was good and evil. I was terribly selfish. Scared deep down, and simply wanted to belong.

I was unaware.

*Then*, an unfolding of the infinity of Jesus took place (*not the Jesus principal, but the Son of El Elyon*). Remembering how my path is Yeshua, *my eternal perspective remaining within our dynamics*, an awareness of sovereignty within Divinity sprang up!

I experienced a sight that all *terms* previously mentioned carried remnants of Truth, but were not the fullness of. All appeared to be missing the *Key*...this good good Creator, the Divine One. Even in community, calling humanity as one of the same likeness and image, there was still this One, this Three in One; this One in whom ALL finds its being...*So my crippling was my unawareness*. Which revealed the crippling of Soul and Body. This being a mystery discovered in intimacy.

I am compelled to close this Blog abruptly, not meaning to cause discord or tension, but to sequester that which would cause discord and division; Namely *neutrality* toward all that we have called absolute and so limited ourselves.

Ask questions, explore the Love that is yours, ours, and let us be kind to one another, remaining at peace toward each other as each one pontificates or erupts during these very real moments of exploring. We are not the life line for one another, but the Body of One who remains our only Life line.

*For freedoms sake Jesus has set all free!! Now...to receive.*

# Truth IN Love

December 30, 2020



When truth is more like a bursting of a gigantic water balloon than a small arrow aimed and shot at a red bulls eye, life becomes really real. Not so clean, nor so complicated.

What then??

I have listened, watched and been enslaved to a certain idea of "*religion*," abiding in a false sense of security.

Don't get me wrong, there were some incredible foundations, relational moments, and genuine opportunities that helped in awakening me. And still, I was as one who was given a powerful telescope, gazing into a vast ocean of stars; but in the midst of this infinite expanse I could only perceive through a

5x5 lens. There was so much more!!! And I won't even get into the fact that this lens of sight was murky and out of wack! lol

So I share two quaint pieces of writing. One, is the back cover of the book, *Musings Writings Experiences of a Quaint Girl*. The second, is a very simple writing within the same book. *Truth IN Love*.

*The turning and shifting of Cotton carried upon the Wind, is likened to the illuminations of which direction to go, or a going. In my Heart that is...*

*I am discovering how Our Journey is truly an organic divine one, birthed and developed in intimacy. Within this, there are moments of Darkness, Mystery, Cultivation ~ and as a blessed Twin; Light, Birthing and Revealed. The Wind. The Cotton.*

*Even in the Revealed, it is still one moment. One mutual embracing, this precious Cotton. And there will always be the Wind, where emotions of agitation may arise, but fade as quickly as Trust abides. Until one Day, agitation will be no more...it seems this is in my hands as to its quickening, by sovereign desire so deep.*



## 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.*

There is no hiding here.

There is no hiding in Love.

Nor is there fear here.

*There is* an exhilarating force that is without question nameless and faceless, and still...it put upon a face, breathed out a name in which to abide and so be.

Be with me.

Be with us...

The uncleanness of *this* rests in the truth that I cannot contain *this*.

The simplicity of *this* is how I can rest in *this*. No striving to attain, but receiving and believing unto...well, *this* who is *Truth. Love.*

When did the name *Jesus* become the face of a *religion*? Or a *principal* in a process of activating personal gain, relationship unseen?

It appears the meekness of *Jesus* befuddles the unaware one, causing this eye to completely by-pass the reality and might of this same meek one. *My Jesus*

You see, I once knew *religion* to be where someone hung their hat in the beginning of the day, end of the day, or when they needed respite. I now see that *religion* is an expression of that which we turn ourselves into, *What Spirit am I of?* It is here you will find the workings of my belief and life.

May I share with you my first remembrance, or meeting, of this One who is meek, who is might?

I was 8 years old, newly adopted(*thru marriage*) into a family, headed for an event held in what was once, *The Tacoma Dome* in Seattle, WA. I recall walking through doors while someone handed me a children's pamphlet or book that felt warm to my soul. *I remember the characters within this book to this day.* We sat upon seats of some sort, while a man began to speak. At some point this man invited every child to come toward the floor, in which many many children made their way down. I sat there, holding my book, consumed by this man's presence. Suddenly, as he spoke again and again, *Jesus loves you, Jesus loves you*, this Presence, this Atmosphere, enveloped me. Surrounded me entirely, and flowed within me, saturating me, awakening me...this Presence was *Love*. I had met Love!! There was no name, no face, but everything that was true and existed, was in this *Love*.

*I encountered Love. Reality. Jesus.*

Years later, I sat at my tall kitchen table, writing.

At this point in my journey I was beginning to throw everything out and lay everything down. I had experienced what I call *A Devastation of Love* and was discovering how the anchoring, I once clung to, were dissipating for they were mere illusions.

While I wrote and engaged in spirit, experiencing being in the Heavens, or the dimensions of Yahweh, this Man approached me. This was my Lord, the one who saved me before I knew I needed to be saved. I held out my hands, *all of them* :), for he held out his. When our hands touched, the *Love* of Man overtook me and I wept uncontrollably. In this moment, I knew the true love of God and of Man. Pure, simple.



Truth is found in Love, unrestrained and simple; Love is found in Truth, unashamed to be called *Jesus*; and Life is Light, Sight and Breath. *One door, one way*, into Life everlasting...

## The Thin Place Within the “Waiting”

January 3, 2021



*I will not fight what fights against me, but turn in and yield to Thee.*

In the *Waiting* I have seen the truth of participation rather than being entertained; I have seen an engaging rather than being open; and I have seen a slowing in silence(*sometimes sound*) that brings a true quickening, absent of hustle and bustle, busy or worry.

It was here that I became and am still becoming *The Thin Place* within the Waiting.

Do you know what else I am discovering during this exploration within the Waiting??

Clarity...precious peace that is light and deep.

I saw a seed in the Night. Within this small seed was all of Creation and divine potential, originating in what lays outside of this seed, this place of purity, eternity. The very reality of Jesus.

Within the Waiting, in *The Thin Place*, I encountered Jesus...and again, and again, and again!

I share below the second chapter of a future series I began a couple of years ago. The Book is titled *Waiting for Mail*.

The context is a young teen girl who is waiting for a letter from God. In her head she has lived in the shadow of her parents, but loves them deeply. She longs to discover who she is, and while this letter is real, and important, she sets off upon a discovery of what it means to truly *Wait*...

I love how the simplest of stories, words, pictures and sounds can divulge the most profound and beautiful truths. Exciting us, capturing our imaginations, bringing us to places of being true believing believers! Which is why I love short, simple, family or children stories. Keeps me in wonder and simplicity!



## Chapter 2

The storm had passed and the sun was peaking up behind a jumble of old trees, who themselves reached high into the sky. This sight always made Mary chuckle. As a small girl she would envision these tall and slender trees escaping the rich soiled ground they were rooted in, and shooting off beyond the rising sun. Sometimes Mary would see these colorfully lush trees being plucked up by an invisible hand, gathered into a bouquet and handed to her so she could surprise her mother. It was all so majestic. So, well...real.

A warm smile filled Mary's face as she glanced out at these trees, reminiscing while awakening to the aroma of scrambled eggs and sharp white cheddar cheese filled with bacon. Oh how her mouth watered as the scent consumed her senses. She was also looking forward to her families homemade iced peppermint mocha, with peppermint gathered from their own fields. It remains a wonder to her as to how their peppermint is sustained through their drastically shifting seasons. A miracle amongst so many, too many to keep record of.

Mary's mom and dad decided she had reached the age to where she could now drink their families delicious coffee. So she did, iced coffee every morning, snow or sunshine!

Mary settled her feet upon the ultra plush white vicuna rug, then sliding her slippers on she ran out of her fantastically hidden bedroom, tucked within their newly remodeled attic. Oh the space was dreamy for a 14 year old girl.

Large windows, unusual for an attic of its time, were draped with warm white lights and mimicking window treatments resembling cherry blossoms. Mary loved to dream, write and imagine, so her father took their once cold four walls and high ceilings, and transformed them into a space of cultivation, abandonment and timeless creativity. But for some reason, Mary still felt contained within...

The feeling of containment, like a shadow, followed her downstairs until a moment of hope refreshed her as she thought about what was coming in the mail for her. She trusted this would change her life, even while not knowing what *it* was.

*“Good morning, Belle.”*

Amy, Mary’s mother, released a warmth and beauty within a simple smile. Her presence always comforted, and the tone within her voice sustained a tender soundness, never fading. Amy expressed the life her words spoke of.

*“Hi Mom! Do you think Betsy will make it out today, because of the storm yesterday and missing all of us out here?”*

*“Well...I’m not sure Mary.”* A hint of excitement flashed across her countenance. *“But I do know that there is an old tree by the outer perimeter fence that needs some tending to.”*

*“Did Dad and Jim fix the fence after cutting the tree away? The horses almost got caught up in it all.”*

*“They did, love. And today, they will be tending to the project near the back of the property lines. There’s discussions of purchasing more land, extending the estate another couple hundred acres.”* Even while living in the north for over 20 years, you could hear some southern accent in Amy’s words, just itching to get out.

*“Wow...”* Mary sat on that, dreaming... *“Mom, what do you want me to do with the tree? I mean, it’s dead, right?”*

*“Not yet.” Amy brought a plate overflowing with food, to Mary. “After breakfast why don’t you go take a look, I have a feeling you will breathe fresh life into it...”*

Just one last thought or question to leave with us...

*What are we really waiting for?* Or is it *Who?*

And is it possible that every *small waiting* was always determined to lead us into our *True Waiting*?

So maybe I’ll *begin* with my *True Waiting*(*Yahweh*), and allow all *small waitings* to reveal the truth of this, which was always meant to be...

It seems to me, my entire existence was never wrapped up in my day to days, but my One. My day to days simply provide a pathway in order to see what is true.

God, this life is so good and exciting!!

simple things, overlooked

January 7, 2021



What if I told you that Love was truly our beginning, our deepening reality, and end...to which there is no end.

And what if I shared how this Love is simple, pure; holding all that exists of the natural and spirit, together.

What if this life of immortality and union was one of simple beginnings? One of wonder?

One of the three books published, shown on this website, is one that is so sweet and so special to me. It's called, *Bright Lights in the Distance*. The reason I love this story is because of the wonder, innocence and simplicity of the small girl and small boy. They are sister and brother, and are twins.

Every evening they gaze from their bay window into these bright lights in the distance, wondering what they are. Many ideas and thoughts come up between the two of them, until one night their mommy and daddy come into their room and share with them the *good news* of their new adventure!

The story then unfolds as they venture to these lights, capturing the wonder in everything along the way... So here they are! *Bright Lights in the Distance*.

## **Chapter 4**

The sun was orange this evening, speckled with reds and golds throughout. Clouds dusted the sky surrounding the sleepy sun, and the little girl and the little boy anxiously looked deep to their right as the Earth moved and the sun rested. Where one great light tucked itself away in the night, another light shone bright in the distance. Quickly, the little girl and the little boy ran their eyes over the skyline, resting upon the new lights...yet old. They appeared brighter this evening. The silly old bear curled up within the arms of the little girl, and the two children sat cross-legged, peering into the lights in the distance.

*They still could be Angels, brother.*

*Yes, but what if they're the fireflies I saw in the night?*

The little girl thought so very hard about this, squeezing her eyes tightly, as though to push out a thought.

*How did they get so high, brother? Don't you think their wings would get tired...oh my!*

The little girl gasped as a new thought flew in.

*Or worse brother...wouldn't their wings begin to tear??*

*Well, these are special fireflies. And they are many different sizes, sister. Don't worry!*

*Ya?*

*Yes! And I saw how there were lots and lots of boys and girls from all over who came to this place to catch them. From trees, and out of holes in the ground...and I think some come from other worlds, sister...*

The little boy peeked around the room as though he were the only one who knew of such mystery.

*Oh my, brother...but why are the children up so late, brother? Mommy and daddy would not like that very much.*

*Well, they're not really up that late, sister. They just travel to this place, catch them, shake up the jars, and shoot them up high in the sky!*

*Wow...and then they go home?*

*Yep, and then they go home and look at them from their windows!*

*Goodness, brother...that sounds like a lot of work.*

*Oh, but it's so much fun, sister! We have to go there, catch the fireflies, shake them, and let them shoot into the sky!*

*How will we get there, brother?*

*Well, I think that each child in the world has a turn, and their mommies and daddies must take them when they know it's their time. We can ask mommy and daddy when they put us to bed.*

*Well, okay brother, if you think they're fireflies...I'm kinda nervous, brother.*

The little girl glanced down in hesitation, rubbing the side of her arm.

*How come, sister?*

*What if I can't catch one? What if they're too big or too fast? Or too high?!*

*Oh sister, that's no problem!*

*Really? How come?*

*Your silly old bear and your big brother will help you!*

The silly old bear grew warm inside, envisioning helping the little girl catch the fireflies, *oh what fun this adventure will be*, the silly old bear thought. *I will protect my friend and help her.*

*You're only 2 minutes older than me, brother.*

Raising her hand to her hip, the little girl turned her chin up and smiled from the corner of her mouth.

*Well, that counts, sister. And besides, Iaaamm your brother, and that's what brothers do. We help sisters!*

*Well, okay, brother...I do feel better, now. I love you, brother.*

*I love you too, sister.*

The little girl and the little boy hugged each other tightly, excited for their new adventure to see and catch the lights in the distance.

The little girl's and the little boy's mommy and daddy came into their room to tuck them in, pray and sing over them before closing the curtains and turning off their light.

*Darlings...daddy and I were talking after supper, and we want to take you both on your very first road trip! Tomorrow!*

*Really?! Where, where??*

*Look out your window...do you see the bright lights in the distance?*

Both the little girl and the little boy looked at one another expectantly, and smiled.

*Yees...*

*Well, beautiful ones, we are going to go in that direction. It is a beautiful drive and where we are going is a sight to behold.*

*What does "a sight to behold," mean, mommy?*

*It simply means, you've never seen anything like it before!*

And their mommy tapped the end of the little boy's nose as she spoke.

*Wow...daddy, how long will it take for us to get there?*

*Let's see...it should take about 3 days to get there, son.*

*Three days?! Oh, okay!*



Both the little girl, and the little boy thought to themselves, *we didn't even have to ask them!*

At opposite ends of the room, their mommy and daddy bounced back and forth to the little girl's and the little boy's brightly colored beds, singing softly to each one.

*Sleep deep little ones, the day has left, the night has come. Sleep deep little ones, dreams will speak, your thoughts undone. Sleep deep little ones, a kiss from God...*

And then their daddy jumped in with,  
*a tummy rub!*

The little girl and little boy laughed at their silly daddy, because their daddy liked to make up words that rhymed with their mommy's night time song, tickling them as he sang!

Finishing their song, their mommy and daddy kissed the little girl and little boy good night, and turned off their light.

*Sleep deep, little ones. Tomorrow will be the beginning of a new adventure!*

Springing forth from my relationship with my niece, Ellie, came this story. I heard her voice within the characters. I saw her sweet frame and her quick wit. Questions in wonder, leading to wider eyes opened! I love how innocence is the ability to live in wonder, in the midst of many eyes that may perceive only grey. There is no denial or ignorance here, but simple wonderment in simplicity, resting in Love.

So let's expand on this, shall we!?

Engaging a few **simple things, overlooked;** *communion, be still, and the snowflake.* lol Yep, the simple beauty in a snowflake that can keep us hovering over the streams of chaos, holding us here as we expand and grow up...grow up into what? Greater simplicity in wonder! Joy, bliss!

**Communion;** The blood, the body. The wine, the bread. Spirit of Life.

It is said within my Living Scriptures how a person can absorb the blood and body of Messiah in the *wrong spirit*, and so experience death, or a falling asleep. This had always fascinated me, because I didn't get it! lol

I knew deep within communion had to be more than the removal of sins, but I had yet to experience personal revelation as to what happened after the cleansing/forgiving, bringing clarity to the knowing that was always within me. But now!! Oh now, I am waking up!

So here's the simplicity of taking in the bread and wine, or whatever the elements chosen.

Yeshua spoke about how he is the bread from Heaven and if anyone eats this bread he will live forever. He goes on to say how the bread is his flesh and unless we eat of him and drink his blood, there is no life in us. And anyone who eats his flesh and drinks his blood abides in him...not as our fathers ate and died, but those who take of Jesus will live forever!

And this is what has happened to me and how I engage communion, every day, even multiple times a day as I remember and choose. **I take** whatever I have; cookie, bread, piece of candy. I take whatever drink I have; water, or coffee usually. I focus my body, thoughts, and then words upon this Love and Life. This leads me into many areas of engagement, mysteries and so forth, *but* it all begins and is held in love.

The simplicity of being loved. Sometimes, there may be no words at all, just a saturation of intimacy and gratitude. **Then** I speak to the elements. Yes...I speak to the creation in which I am holding, for they are about to be awakened and activated by the Spirit of Life, which is the flesh and blood of Messiah.

Simple and pure.

One flesh for all flesh. One pure blood for all corrupted blood. I sit in the *right spirit*, which is the Spirit of Life, and as I take these physical pieces of creation in, activated through my believing and receiving, my body and soul responds, and everlasting life in both is awakened. Death truly is no more; not only for Spirit, but for the Body and for the Soul. Eternal Life manifests, and much is experienced! **God did not**

**create our bodies to fade away.** There is extraordinary purpose for our bodies, which I have never ever heard anyone teach or speak on unless they have gone deeper in union, and so experienced a revealing through intimacy with their Creator. Check out Proverbs 25, 1 and 2.

Simply, my physical body is changing, not just divine health, but actually transfiguring. I'm in my beginnings, but I have seen and tasted the goodness of the goodness in me, and I've seen it in Jesus, therefore I believe for it for all.

**Be still;** *Be still and know that I am El Elyon*

Yahweh is Love. This being, before speaking a name over itself, has always been Love.

Have you've ever experienced the sensation of ecstasy? This could be distinguished in many forms on the earth; substances can do this, intimate encounters with another can do this, and I'm sure more...these are just blinks and shadows of the pure energy of this Love that, if received unabated, can seize up every sense of our being. So pure, so good.

*Maybe this is why so many Christians resist the deeper places in Jesus. Not because of the purity and goodness, but because if we do go deeper, we may be triggered of the ways we once lived in ecstasies in which we have turned away from. We must remember that the reality of ecstasy found its place in One, first, everything else held glimmers of this, feeling like the real thing, but was never the source. Also to note, this too is why folks stay addicted to things they don't really want, for it kills their bodies and wrecks their souls; we simply always longed for the real thing.*

Before a seizing of all senses take place, which only by our permission will God enrapture us further, we experience the quiet, the slowing.

Kind of like my previous blog about the *Waiting Place*, being still is not a matter of inactivity, but unwavering participation.

Why be still? Well, to know Jesus. He takes us to vividly green pastures, and ocean shores resting upon horizons within Heaven that have no end. He awakens us to colors that have no names, and the truth of Spirit that is so magnificently solid, it must forever shift and change. Within Yahweh there are many Mansions, or Houses, or dimensions, this *Bet*.

To be still, is to come to a knowing of all truth. It begins in Love, this love gets thicker and thicker, and there really is no describing what will happen within each of us, but it is wondrous!

Remain in Yeshua, go deeper, and he will remain in us, going deeper. We are One Body.

**Snowflake;** Such bliss and precious wonder in this!

Have you ever seen a snowflake up close? Or seen pictures of the intricacies of one unique flake? Did you know that there is snow in Heaven? I have seen that this snow, in which our natural snow awaits to be filled with the fullness of, is also water and light and it cleanses(*and I'm sure so much more!*). The difference of the spiritual snow and natural snow is one is filled with life, is life! And the other is the potential, awaiting.

Everything, every person, and every creature within the Universes, are as the natural snowflake, awaiting the fullness of. But nothing is entirely empty. All carries radiance! Within ALL is the essence of Jesus, our Creator. And our Creator is the energy that holds everything together! lol it's just so good and unspeakable that it must be spoken!

To peer into a snowflake as it falls and desire to see Jesus, is to never *overlook this simple thing*.

To peer into a person, no matter their behavior or wardrobe or words, and see Jesus, is to never *overlook this simple beauty*.

To slow and peer into the sky, focusing our affection upon the wonder of the stars, is to gaze into Jesus and never *overlook this simple creation*.

I pray that our own prejudices and fear and worry, no matter the level, will not become the thumb that presses us down, for we are to take mastery over these, rising above; choosing, believing, and so gaze into the wonder of Jesus, and never *overlook the simplest things, beauties and creation*, ever again.

## WORD

January 15, 2021



A torrent rages. A sand storm terraforms a land. A massacre ensues.

A set of eyes, once closed, lift themselves cautiously.

Though once central to the devastation, the wanderer sets itself to understand...what has happened?

## *WORD*

Redeemed or Slaughtered?? Which shall it be?

Words have direct and eternal impact. Locality, proximity and vocal sound are not what empower Words, *though agents of an ushering in*. Emotions and experiences tether closely but they are not the source of empowerment either, *though ignitors in their own right*.

So what if to blaspheme and curse, or to water and till, has its source some where other than the word itself?

Maybe the word becomes the container of either redemption and all that is possible, or slaughter and all that is death...

I share below a writing spurred on by a fire so deep that I couldn't contain it. Much like pontificating, there is something of Pure Fire that consumes uncontrollably with pointed purpose of complete transfiguration, bringing forth a new creation in entirety. This was one of those moments for me after sitting with Faces I love but Voices I could no longer be still around.

## **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.*

For a handful of years I sat, I listened, I observed...I remained in the womb of my God and feasted upon Life, absorbed in Light and Blood. A transfiguring of my soul commenced and new eyes began to open up wider...I was beginning to *see* truth while resting in Love.

I was becoming convinced by the Word that was shaping me, awakening me, of Peace and the Power in Life, intentions and desires. I began to see how *being* Peace is quite different than *speaking* peace; and how silence is louder in the echoing chambers of a longing soul than joining in with a cacophony of sounds, noise if unto slaughter. I yearned(*while rest increases this yearning does as well*) for *ALL* to personally know the Peace that I knew and am knowing without *fixing or correcting anyone!*

For I am discovering how It is one thing to want to fix another's *word(s)* because of personal *internal* discomfort, and it is quite another to have a sight(*wisdom*) that perceives from a grander view, and so longs for life; remaining calculating in movement and word...this becoming a natural flow of *Love and Truth*.

Then there was this thing of judgment, in which I constantly would hear "don't judge me," even felt and said this myself! *But* there is a judgment that produces life, *for from Life it flows*.

The judgement, *released in word, thrust forth by motive and created from sight*, that is unwelcoming, is the one that bounces back upon us who released it! Yuck, that sucks!

Jesus made so clear how this is not the judgement we want to marry ourselves with, for it brings greater death to us! Unknown by us, quite often. *That is* until our personal torments become too great and we seek peace lol Always peace!! Not the manufactured momentary bursts of adrenaline or ecstasies, but unwavering Peace; this remaining even if our sight loosens.

*So*, how does One begin, if desiring to *be* life rather than merely *speak* life?

I have only one answer...be with the One who is Life. The One who can awaken the slumbering soul and illuminate a Person with a single kiss. A sweet moment of embrace.

Follow the flow of guidance, trust this Voice, this Jesus, who may not be known to you as Yeshua...yet. Goodness, the Jesus I knew is not the Jesus I am knowing lol He forever has been before anything ever was!

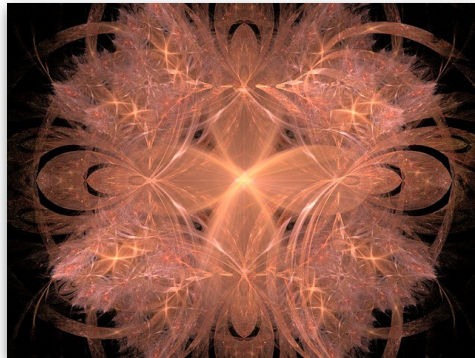
- We must take heed to our Eye and to our Word, for out of these flow the river of Life...or Death.

There is no condemnation or guilt needed in our seeking to *be*, only desire. Desire is key. Joy is strength...and Trust...Well, believing before seeing is real. So very real.



I AM or i was

January 21, 2021



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 eliminates 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”

Have you ever seen the movie *Bubble Boy*; where a young guy, who was born with no immune system, lives within a bubble in the confines of his room?

A young girl moves in next door and guess what happens?? Yep, he *falls in love!* Or maybe he’s simply excited by the potential of life outside of this bubble. So, upon hearing of her decision to run off and marry another guy, he builds himself a portable bubble suit and pursues this gal in order to stop this marriage from happening.

I honestly don’t recall this movie but the premise is one I never forgot. Life in a bubble...

I too was born in a bubble. One I thought protected me...a bit larger than the bubble this guy lived in, but still a bubble. Within my bubble is the known and unknown *Universe*. Planetary systems, galaxies, a form of light and dark, elements, Earth, creatures...and Us. Humanity.

Within this bubble I have seen creativity, empathy, fallen time and a saying that is fading from my conscience...“*I’m only human.*”

Within this bubble I have seen how the Earth is filled with solutions for its own problems; but I am now realizing that this same Earth can never save itself from itself. Humanity cannot save itself from itself, as the blind leading the blind. No more than a wheel barrow who produces a rutted pathway, can escape this same grave by merely taking and forging another route.

Even the most enlightened of Humanity, the most spiritual or religious, cannot achieve the popping out of this bubble by its striving ascensions or works of righteousness. There may be a traveling to and fro, or an experiencing of spirituality but it’s still all held within this bubble.

For me, this bubble is the *i was*.

Potential is real here. Seeds of what is possible are real here. Radiance within the Shadow is visible here. But non of this is the fullness of, *I AM*.

This bubble has began to appear more as a small seed, or crack in an infinite vastness of pure life, light and love. And to stretch our sights a bit more, if this hasn't happened yet, I am discovering that *within* this bubble I am held *within* the womb of *That* which holds this bubble! How outrageously nomadic is this! I love it!

All of Us, in my heart, no matter personal expression, are meant to move through the *protective confines* of this bubble and into eternity...now. Like now...not later. Not after a form of *death*, but now.

*Before there was a foundation of creation, there was blood. This blood was unlike our blood that runs red, congealed light in recent discoveries. This blood is pure Light. Pure Life. And this Blood was the first and only Life that birthed Life. This being Love. Pure selfless Love.*

*And this, which moves and holds all within the bubble together, is the veil that separated bubble from eternity.*

A shadow, the ultimate potential, was begotten upon the Earth through one single man, one moment and one cross. How offensive and simple this is to many. *But* how precious and simple it is to many, who as a child will believe and so see.

*If a stirring and questions and wonder are wrestling within, seek to know. No protecting our bubble, or resisting the simplicity and scandal of grace and cross, but laying all down, allowing all that was, to fade away.*

*I AM...my rest and abode. My joy and passionate place of expression and creativity. My friend.*

## Deeper Still...

January 24, 2021



Have you ever heard the expression, or idiom, "*splitting hairs*?"

How about this, "*Why are you splitting hairs?*" or "*No need to split hairs over it.*"

This expression came about during a time when it was thought humanly impossible to split a *hair*. And to give a more colorful example, I saw a picture of two chocolate *hares* facing one another. A bite was taken out of one bunny, this being its butt, and a bite was taken out of the other bunny, which was its ears. One said to the other "*my butt hurts*," in which the other replied, "*what?*"

Maybe the picture would be best :)



Funny Right?!

So, to split hairs over something was looked at as a very tedious, drawn out task, leaving both parties, *desiring to come to the same conclusion*, at an impasse.

Why do I even bring this up?? As I considered going *Deeper Still* in the I AM and i was, this image popped up! And who can pass on a ridiculous and funny image that does more for me than paint a thousand words.

How about this picture...I like this one :)

A flaming sword, moving in all directions, forged and birthed from the depth of passionate love and sacrifice, guarding *The Way*. This Being's purpose is to *split hairs*. Completely transfigure what was, into what is meant to be. *The Way* leads the longing One into *what is*. *This Tree of Life*.

*Now*, how about a locative picture. Similar to *In the beginning is the kingdom of heaven is at hand*.

I have seen how this is no mere mention or look at *time* but rather, position, or location. Just as *speaking in Jesus' name*, is no mere period at the end of a sentence, but a position in which we live, move and have our being.

Jesus reveals that the Kingdom is here...right here...not outside of the layers of atmosphere hovering over the earth, or the furthest reaches of the universe where to scientists it appears that we are living in a hologram(lol), but here...here! Here and within, we must only turn in!

So, I was compelled to speak more pointedly about my living within the atmosphere of *I AM* and my dying to *i was*; Understanding how there is a splitting of hairs that is necessary, and it won't be sought after by intellect, adrenaline, fight or earning. Each must move through this flaming sword of transfiguration, that we may **live** *IN I AM*.

Moving through the flaming sword of undignified and all consuming fiery love, transfigures the molecular structure of the human body(*this is called glorification*), quickens the soul(*maturity sets in*), and expands the spirit(*in which there is no end, and is Master of body and soul*).

And do you know what I've discovered *this* experience to be?? Relationship! Building a deepening relationship with God!! So through the simplicity of a deepening relationship with Jesus, it is *this* that happens in me and through me!

Sometimes as gentle and tender as the sweetest kiss upon a breeze, and at other times as violent and ravishing as a tsunami.

*i was*, is a place of separation(*perception and so personal reality*). Separation from God, and so separation from ALL...this separation is evident in death. Death birthed fear, fear gave way to anxiety and hurt and

worry; loneliness, isolation. This moved us into temporal satisfactions, unsustainable, so we jump to the next thing, person, idea, emotion, etc.

This released from within compliant, gossip, victim and villain stances, belief systems, and more.

This leading to innumerable points of contact, we believed to bring us Life, but they were mere shadows of substance: Music, maths, drink, food, creativity, good works, science, exploration, acts of violence/peace, and it truly never ends...religion. *\*All of these desires and endeavors ensue because we are made for Life. And this seed of desire is good! I believe it's our desire for Life, that brings us face to face with Life. With Father, Son and Holy Spirit.\**

And the kicker is, no matter what we choose to say, think and do, we still produce. Out of the sovereignty and freedom of God, is our realized sovereignty and freedom. Created to create, and so that is what we *still do*, even if it is unto death. There is a scripture that reveals that out of our mouths, through gossip, fowls of the air are released. We are powerful.

I must remind that the aroma and essence of God is within everything, and the radiance of life is right here! Not far off...we must only turn IN.

There is no squabbling or analyzing whether I am living in life or death, *I AM* or *i was*, because it seems to cause us to stumble needlessly; for during this deepening Life, we see that what was mere shadow (*music, emotion, food, drink*) came out of fullness, Spirit (*music, emotion, food, drink*).

Here is a personal example of an experiencing living in *I AM* and *i was*: Music. Music was a major piece of my life for many years. Engaged in bands, leading, supporting, writing, learning. There were many times when it was thrilling and oh so much fun; *but* when the sound faded I wanted to feel it again. I longed to experience it again. My sensations and motives were about how music made *me* feel. Writing: Years ago I would write and have my mom read what I wrote because I knew she would build me up. If she did mention anything that could be looked over again, a part of me would sink for I had sought to find life in

my writing, rather than *allow my writing to be an expression of the Life that was within me, flowing through me.*

A few months ago, after finishing up the Devotional and publishing it, as well as beginning the process of this website, I had an encounter with Yeshua. I saw that one day I would lay down writing, and with this came the greatest peace and anticipation; a joy and laughter rose up within me! Not because I am burdened by writing, quite the contrary. I love writing and am compelled to the point where I can't resist. This moment revealed to me that my hands are wide open. I would gladly lay down anything for the One who moves me deeper into the next "thing."

My life has never been about what I do, say, think or feel. *ALL of these* were only ever meant to be expressions of the Life I carry and am. The *I AM*.

Now, those were simple examples of an immature soul growing up, but may I share about Spiritual matters(*not that the soul is not a form of Spirit*), or Spirit Man?

You see, Jesus revealed how *seeing the kingdom of God* is the fruit of Spirit birth, being born from above. And this is not a matter of food or drink, flesh or blood, but of Spirit.

Moving through that flaming sword (*Jesus speaks that we shall come in and out, like being born again and again and again*) brought me to a place where sight, senses and feelings were more and more of this *I AM* atmosphere; lights and colors, peace and joy, angels and creatures.

Sitting in a room in my house, worshiping and loving Jesus, and then I sense myself, *body included*, phasing in and out of different places within the Kingdom; experiencing what I am meant to govern and steward.

As much as Jesus ate fish and broke bread, he also teleported and levitated. He was always surrounded by a company of angels, his friends. He read thoughts and knew motives. This is the life of a Son, a life of selfless Love; the life of One who lives in *I AM. This is Love.*



I close with a quote from my littlest girl, Abi. One day she wrote on the white board in our kitchen, "*If you haven't seen your happy ending, then you haven't reached your ending.*"



# The Pleasures of Pure Pleasure!

January 27, 2021



Oh how the simplest things may seem so foolish lol but they are not! Our lives and how we "*be*" is realized by these simplest pleasures.

Made for Pleasure! Created to create, holding nothing back!!

We have been given permission to throw aside *everything* and delve in! The responsibility of Heaven is here lol

Sometimes a resistant sound may seize up our movement, *but* what awaits us within this unfathomable exploration, beckons us still!

For a heart that seeks to truly live, these shadows of emptiness, where we thought our life originated, becomes gateways and doors into the fullness! It is true lol *black and white, linear to-do's and don'ts* flee us, and Purest of Pleasure is awakened within!

God, this is just so good, it leaves me believing that goodness really is good, and nothing less than goodness makes any sense lol



Here is a writing within *Our Journey Devotional*, **Pleasure**

*Pleasure! Ecstatic Pleasure!!*

*We are designed for Pleasure!*

*Adam toiled in work, and this led to earning love, void of divine pleasure. This prison was demolished (before Adam even Rev.13.8) and now we've returned to pleasure in Intimacy! Begin with the wonders of the Earth, for this is the shadow of all the substance in Heaven. Dance!! Laugh!! Play!!*

*Jesus taught me to play guitar, now I see Holy Spirit dancing whilst I play and sing! Truly truly!! Energy, without ceasing, exists in pleasure found in Love! We are not created for work, but pleasure, and responsibility becomes delight...so....*

*Take Pleasure IN our King!!!*

*DANCE! LAUGH! LOVE! PLAY!*

*Let us cease thinking about pleasure, but rather enjoy, then the eyes of our Spirit will be opened wider, and Life will be light and easy. Every detail in created light, reveals Jesus.*

My eruption of many exclamation marks found their rightful place within my writings, because I continue to experience the joy of Joy; the wonder of being in Wonderment; and the fiery dance of living in *I AM*. *I AM* did something to me...this place changed my language. To be focused in *I AM* meant my tongue was to know no bounds. Ha! That is a perfect example right there! "My tongue was to know no bounds." Shall I explain?? I'll give another example, for right now I am sitting in the midst of this truth and its glaring presence.

So here is my union truth with Jesus, "*there is no separation.*" There is truth within this stringing together of words, for there is no longer separation between him and myself, the illusion sits within my mind and the memory within my body. *BUT*, the purest/simplest of truth in this, "*We are One.*"

*We are One...*

There was no need for no but the simple *yes*. Do you think I am *splitting hairs*? :)

Let's go for a physical example. I led worship bands for some time, supporting many vocalists, and what I discovered years later, because of this truth, floored me! Passion for what I was singing and how I was experiencing sound and frequencies, expressing themselves through the lyrics \*which were my *YES*,\* contradicted my physical movement, which was my head signaling *NO*. Watch a worship leader or vocalist. Watch how the memory in their bodies, no matter what words are being sung, will contradict the vocals that may speak *yes and life*. I sing that God is good with great passion, but my head is shaking no, rapidly, in great passion as well!

*What IS, is enough, for what's not fades away*; and here I find pure pleasure, joy and rest.

I truly need only stay within the simplicity of life; in language, work, friendship, expression. "*Am I experiencing Life, or something else?*" would be my wondering if something other than peace and joy, even in the midst of challenge, held me.

Because joy, rest and peace, *pleasure*, are the wellspring of Life, not feeling. My focus shall remain on these eyes of Life, blazing red, crystallized emerald green...awww Jesus.

Did you see how I still wrote out "*not feeling?*" I am being retrained by what I focus the eyes of my heart on and am challenged in these days in the expression of my words. So, this bog may be a jumbled mess of words, but this is part of my messy dance and how I will discover the truth of what I am.

What of those sad moments?

I was once told that if I laughed during a sad moment, I was dissociating. And this meant something was off, I was detached from reality and engaging in a coping mechanism. Over the years I have been trained, studied and engaged in areas of psychology, recovery and development.

And do you know what? I can no longer speak to all that I have experienced, been taught and learned, but I can say that in *one moment* of sadness, and then an eruption of laughter, Jesus broke through much of what I thought was true! He spoke so deep to me of how laughter raises me above what is untrue, and unrealistic! For my heart was pure. He showed me how laughter was not an element of denial, but an engagement *and* a divine function instituted within my being, in order to keep me, reveal me, and awaken me!

I refuse to be loyal to or validate anything that is contrary to Life.

Pure pleasure and joy may deeply offend others for various reasons, *still*...choose joy :)



*“The Lord is my best friend and shepherd. I always have more than enough. He offers a resting place for me in his luxurious love. His tracks take me to an oasis of peace, the quiet brook of bliss. That’s where he restores and revives my life. He opens before me pathways to God’s pleasure and leads me along in his footsteps of righteousness so that I can bring honor to his name.” Psalm 23.1-4*



# Tic Toc Tic Toc

February 19, 2021



## 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 given 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 choice  
Rest is in One, Life is in One  
You are Powerful*

Recently, a sweet gal I know just had her baby. She and her husband were *beyond description* thrilled, for they had been waiting for the arrival of this precious girl for some time. Upon returning home I heard her mention how excited and grateful she was to be home; how being in the hospital *felt like an eternity*. When I heard that, something struck me again!  
Eternity is the space where true freedom reigns.  
What I believe she was feeling was the weight of Time barring down upon her. And not just any Time, but collapsed/fallen Time in which was master over her.

If you'd like to join me, I'll navigate you through 3 illuminations upon a path I've been on, regarding time and space, eternity, purpose and divinity.

Born upon a way where time and space was an inevitable cause and affect that I happened to be trapped within. No say, no choice, it simply was what it was. And if anyone reasoned the way I did, when I "have no

control," I simply submit to it, and my life is now framed up by the very thing I am imprisoned to. Does it sound dramatic? The anxiety, fear, and regret sure reveal that it is this dramatic...seemingly normal. But a Light deep within always beckoned, always nudged me, echoing how there is something else. I could scarcely perceive, definitely had quark-size ability to reason, but here this Voice remained.

The pressure of the clock became common, and so normal...until the days of interfacing with Jesus became my normal. This whispered Voice rose up in my blood, bones and conscience, and Eternity began to move inside of me. *For eternity is written within all people, all nations.*

Here was my 1st movement, illumination, unfolding revelation; *I am free from the entrapment of time and space.* Even if I couldn't understand how this was plausible, it simply was...and it was clearly Divine. Eternal.

While this was a good, very good, revelatory unfolding, Eternity then became a matter of "*over there.*" Or maybe better said, the awareness of what I already believed became prevalent.

I was moving into a place where I could taste and see Eternity, and now was experiencing a deeper love for the One who was revealed within me. This Love showed me how anxiety, fear and worry were not the answer, way, or solution to getting anything done! Rest was to be my resting place, and overflow for *ALL* I would be engaged in!

My adventure was just beginning, and the closer Jesus and I became, Eternity shone all the brighter. My sights began to shift, my verbal language found new meaning, and I began to step into experiences that welcomed me with open arms.

Maybe a more clear picture.

*Revelation, or illumination is powerful. But left to just this, becomes a momentary mist saturating my face, drying up just as quickly...I must seek to explore the ocean where a wind carried this mist caught up in it by mere dance and play.*

You see, when I am given a moment of illumination, speaking to my conscience how *there is no rush*, I will be driven into an experience, *my scriptures speak of being tested*, where only by this very real experience may I choose to believe this truth and engage the practical walking out, "*there is no rush.*"

So this way, or **2nd** illumination, drove me deep into truth and intimacy for years. *And of course, all still remains the Way*, just in greater measure.

Now, if you remember, my context is around time, space and eternity. Every movement and listening moment, was to severe my conscience, and so my consciousness, from the entrapment of fallen time and space. I am *free, eternal and alive*, now it was time for the rest of me to see this truth that I may walk in it, becoming the very truth that woke my sleepy eyes.

Years of pursuing love and life, most often not even aware of all that was being worked through me, brought me to my **3rd** illumination or awakening. Revelation if you will.

*\*I am to be one who redeems time and space and seasons.\**

I've been freed for the sake of freedom, and now sonship begins! All that has come before this; the practices, foundations, intimacy driving me deeper in trust and an open ear, has ushered me into *being the Eternal Gospel that I proclaim has saved me*. It was never enough to learn about, study, even write...all fell so short of the satisfaction that was predestined for me in one place...**Eternity**. This is not only my abiding, my indwelling, but is becoming my essence. Just like my Jesus!

My scriptures speak to the Sons of God redeeming the times and seasons, awakening/restoring all into the origination and intent of Yahweh. It may not be common...yet, but *Eternity* is normal and is the original way; *time being a gift here*.

I will say this...as the mystery of *Eternity* reveals itself, it touches everything. Gender, healing, work and rest, laws and justice, peace and harmony, creation, creatures...Clarity becomes a special friend, and oh my goodness, the joy is unspeakable. Solid, sure.

Be excited, for we are cut from the same cloth! And as far as each will believe and go, this we shall see and have. ~ Love and peace for you today, *Mandy*

**Okay**...so something was itching inside of me...to share 3 examples lol maybe it'll give a bit more context to what I speak of above!

Remember, while we are all in it for the same, our unique expressions and experiences are our own. So as I share, I share from a place of my personal journey.

**Fasting:** This practice held a major role in my life for a handful of years. It had its purpose and much was cultivated. But I noticed something shifting in my sights and understanding, and this happening because of awakening as an *Eternal Being*, unbound by time and space, food or anything that would anchor me in the fallen response of humanity.

The more time I spent with the Presence of Yahweh, the more my *body* was feeding upon the life of Yahweh. Sleep was lessened, food lessened, for *Eternity* was becoming my source of Life... And this is what is bringing about transfiguration!

So I feast on Jesus, like literally lol

**Division of Soul and Spirit;** I am in the midst of this awakening, while experiencing more than I have the ability to write, has come to a honed-in point where I am engaging the silliest most wonderful moments! *I know one great purpose of the division of soul and spirit is for my spirit to rise up as Master of soul and body*

Have you ever experienced living in one culture or atmospheric climate, step onto a plane to fly to another, and then once off this plane, you are swept away by the dramatic and vast difference of culture and climate shift, the aromas, and can *feel* the unfamiliar nationality within the air? **Maybe smaller scale...**how about when you leave your house or car, tent or area of familiarity, and head to a new place all together, and because it is so unlike your own, you could be across the world and have the same sense of unfamiliarity?

*Eternity* is my new atmosphere, my new climate with an unfamiliar nationality in the air. A culture so vast that there is no end to the life that springs up, the aromas and so forth. The difference between my examples above and the realm of Life, is I don't have to go on a plane, or in a car, or to a church building, or even to a person...even though Eternity rest within all and I enjoy being everywhere and with everyone!

My every moment with the presence of God has opened my eyes to *Eternity* and I found myself drawn into my bathroom, lights out, and engaged in the silliest moments! Simultaneously, living in multiple atmospheres, and in this invited into the **Division of Soul and Spirit**. *The streams of thought in the consciousness of Yahweh is becoming a path of light I swim upon. So good!* Back to the bathroom! In the bathroom, lights out, my body begins to spin in circles. My focus is seeing through the awareness of Spirit, this *Eternal Being*, so as I spin it's as though my Spirit is peering in one place, focused and fluid, while the Earthly environment around my body is solid and my body is in both places.

It's just so wild and silly and fun! Why do this?? Because I followed Holy Spirit into it and I know that much is being cultivated thorough it...*the indignity of the Earth, is the great dignity of Heaven!*

**Deepening Eternal Awareness;** This is more of a glance into my emotional and mental challenges as I chose, and choose *Eternity*. Matter of the Soul.

My first Love had to remain, *has to remain* my first Love, otherwise I completely wigg-out! Let me explain with a landscape view of my adventure!

I awoke to a scene that was euphoric, vibrant, and lush of detail undiscovered! The Designer, manufacturer, and restorer of this Land, birthed me and held my essence together by Her/His very essence. **Love**.

One day, after many days of exploring our relationship, this momma/papa of mine spoke, "*Go!! Explore!!*" And so I did! I ran and ran into this vast eternal Land. But things began to happen that I didn't expect. Insecurity and uneasiness rose up within my Soul with each new moment, new encounter and new experience. I didn't know that this type of creature lived in this part of the Land. I didn't realize how that shadow wasn't a shadow of fear but mystery, and when I went in, I didn't know that my being was designed for what it was experiencing...so an immature soul panicked!

This picture above is the best I can do when describing my deepening intimacy with Yahweh, with *Eternity*. And in the midst of all, it *is* and *was* and *always* will be **Love** that holds me, keeps me, awakens me, revealing me. **Love** is light and easy, solid and fluid, powerful and meek. **Love** is God.

# The Makings of Love

February 28, 2021



Envision this with me...

One evening, myself and a friend decide to grab a bite to eat at our favorite place in town. We really enjoy food, and really enjoy the food in our favorite place! We even have a favorite server.

But this evening, all of those reasons, drawing us in, were no where in sight. The food was dry and the seasoning was off. The place was so filled that it took double the time to receive our meal, and on top of all of that, the server who normally would serve us was out of town; and so we found ourselves at the mercy of a very tired, frustrated lady. 3 hours later, after barely eating our food, our bill arrives. As we scan each item, their costs and the final total, we notice there is a place for gratuity. A tip meant to be left for our server.

What would you do? I'd like to return to this scenario after the devotion shared below is read through. And from there, map out the simplicity found in the *energy* that is *Love*, and its impact on us...humanity.

## Devotion 18

*“Are you really showing true love by only loving those who love you back? Even those who don’t know God will do that. Are you really showing compassion when you do good deeds only to those who do good deeds to you? Even those who don’t know God will do that.”*

### Luke 6.32-33

Wow, how my heart burns for those lost in fear, unaware of the great impact of God’s love. I mean, even for us who love Jesus, there is so much more of knowing his love! I can’t get away from his words, above... I can’t shake the implication here. How true, Truth is. And how true it is that feelings leading me away from **selfless love**, are not of God.

I have two great pleasures flowing from my Great Pleasure, this being Yahweh: *To know when to be hidden, and to know when to be revealed*, that is, to have face-to-face encounters with people (*in Spirit or flesh*). With 4 kids, a hubby and many more people I’ve taken in as my own, it’s not very difficult for me to see people everywhere. And as I mature in Spirit, I see even more in Spirit (*not phantom, unreality, but very much tangibly real*). And in the eyes of love, everyone is familiar to me, even though I have yet to meet them in the flesh. When seeking to love someone, how easy can it be to love even a “stranger” who is kind? Or how easy is it to share the love of Jesus when someone “appears to be ready to hear?” But is it not those with saddened faces, broken countenances, aggressive language, and lost expressions, who truly long for the love of God? To be touched by mercy, embraced by **selfless love**? Our love? Here is where truth must lead the way! This Love that saved us while abandoned to fear, selfishness and confusion, is the same Love that took the abuse, persecution and mistreatment for the sake of those, *“who know not what they do.”* For if we knew the value of ourselves, we would know the value of the one in front of us and so treat one another with relentless care, and unwavering honor. The aroma of Heaven fills



my nostrils right now...love is a fragrant offering to Daddy. And truly, it is our love for God that moves us to love another. He's worth it, oh so worth it!

When we are free of the illusion of fear, we are free to love no matter what! Every expression of miracles, signs and wonders move through love. Love breaks through it all! Our greatest Reality and Power in the known and unknown universe *and beyond*, is Love! This is Light, Truth!

*A personal mention, illuminated for me to share by Holy Spirit.* Fellowshiping, cohorts, like-mindedness...all of these speak of a level of relationship, where the community (be it two or more) are in union. I walked through a bit of a fog for a time, wanting to understand how to be *of* Heaven while in the world, how to love and be a friend while knowing I couldn't fellowship with everyone.

*It truly began with walking IN Love*, and overtime sight came for me, and continues to come. I have gathered with those who were of like-mind as I, but as a maturing in Love came, a forming of Godly reason manifest (Mind of Christ). No longer could I "fellowship" with those who did not want to fellowship with me. It was never about small talk or opinions or any of that stuff, but rather **a way of living** produced from **a heart of perceiving**. *To fellowship with another, or a group of people, is to be bound to each other by the same motive of heart and reasoning.*

There will be a natural ebb and flow of the relationships and level of intimacy we share in, as we simply pursue intimacy with Jesus. The law of magnetism and desire kicks in as we honor what God honors, being drawn to, as well as drawing others in who carry the same as we do. I have to remember it's not about *what* I think but *how*, and this coming from the heart, not the mind. I also have to remember that **there is no rejection of love** toward another in this. That's a ridiculous thought! There are many in the world refusing intimacy with God, clinging to their own reasoning, and he has no fellowship with them, and yet, his love is unyielding, never failing, and has conquered! *Fellowshipping is not about the reasoning of mind, but the reasoning of heart. My mind is the expression of what my heart believes.*

*Out of all I have shared, it is this one truth I would gladly give my life for; Every moment of fellowship and love is to bring me IN deeper to Yahweh. My sole purpose for relationship with you, is relationship with*

*Him. If my eyes are on anything else when I am in any form of relationship with another, I must recollect my gaze to my First Love.*

*Encouragement:*

To be granted influence over a person, we must value them, first...In the same way, to love someone we must see them...we were always purposed to see and communicate through the heart. All through out scripture, through revelation, and through the lives of the lovers of God, we see his heart revealed, “*do not judge(attempt to discern) by mere appearances.*” “*I look at the heart of a man(person), not the outward appearance.*”

Not only does this mean to veer clear of discerning by outward appearances, but even the words a person speaks or how they behave should be measured by the mature in Spirit(heart). It truly is the design and pulse of our Creator’s own heart! There’s no way around this. This is unquestionably good news!! Practice listening with your heart, your feeler, and as we co-mingle more thoroughly with our Lord, there will be sharpened sight, in peace and always engulfed in Love. Fear, anxiety, worry, criticism... *discernment cannot flow from this position of heart.* This is a fog, and judgment will always be a projection of what we’ve experienced or have heard others experience; empty shadows. Again, good news!! We have so many safe guards to guide us!

Lastly, but oh most importantly for each of us if we want to truly live...You are innocent! I am innocent! Not in theory, not later, not in process...Now! If this isn’t believed, torment will follow us all our days and we’ll religiously work out our salvation, finding ourselves depressed, defeated, exhausted, sick and embittered. This just doesn’t have to be...

So what about that meal?? And what about that tip? Would you think it deserving of the establishment to pay for the meal, or the tip given to be low because the personal treatment given was below kindness and “good customer service,” to say the least?

I *could* go this route...but I wont.

*Out of God flows God. Out of Me, flows Me...*

Let's look at that story one more time...

I awaken one glorious morning with the memory of my favorite food dish erupting within my senses. I just have to eat this today! So, I call up a friend, inviting her to meet up with me later this evening. She says yes, and all day, that tantalizing dish percolates within my imagination.

We meet up and notice the wait time is double what it usually is, for there are double the people than there normally are. After about an hour we take our seat and in good form, take a casual glance through the menu so not to be rude, but I knew what I wanted the moment I woke up!

After another 20 minutes of waiting a small gal pops on by, in which we grab her to see who we can order from. She, in passing, informs us that we'll be ordering from her and she'll be right back. The evening continued on as such, and our server was distraught the entire time; barely able to take much notice of us, let alone go above and beyond the call of duty.

The food was cold, the wait was long and our server became more disheveled as the night went on. 3 hours later, the bill landed on our table. I scrolled through the cost of each item until reaching the place that read, *Gratuity*. We paid with cash, and so excused ourselves, rerouting our steps to the busy double doors leading to our cars.

As we walked through the thresh-hold and into the crisp clear evening, a sound burst forth from behind us. We turned to see our server standing before us, eyes filled with confusion and concern. *Excuse me, miss...you left too much money on your table. Your bill was only this.* Out came our bill in one hand and in her other was the remaining change. *Here, here.* She shoved the change back toward us. *My boss will kill me if I mess up the money again.*

*Oh, no, no...you didn't mess anything up, we left that on purpose.* My friend and I looked at one another and smiled. Her mouth dropped as her eyes filled with hope and relief. It was as though she had taken her first real breath of the day.

*But why...? This is too much...*

*Just because, really.* And the girl about leapt on them with tears of gratitude.

*Out of God, flows God, out of Me will flow Me.*

You see, there is functionality and practical processes by which a human being may be put together again(*origination into new creation*); physical surgery(*transfiguration*), soul(*mind, emotions, etc.*), spirit(*ignites, expanding*).

I prefer poetry and imagery over practicality in process, but it's all one and the same, and we need both! One is in the other and the other is in one. *Within the Relational Dance is a Way*, could be another way to express this.

*So what happened to our server?*

Well, let's glance over a map with practical movements, inlaced within divinity, or supernatural power.

Our server was disheveled, distraught, fatigued and discouraged. This was what spilled out of her and so mistakes and poor treatment were the expression.

Though this server may have given a list of reasons as to why her day was going the way it was, and true enough that circumstances and people are very much real and can affect us, there is *One Sole* reason as to why any of us find ourselves in these emotional, mental and physical moments, giving way *for* people and circumstances to affect us...*I'm simply unclear as to where my real Life and Love comes from, believing* I need life and love from the sources of my day. But this is unrealistic and unsustaining.

When my friend and I saw what was happening in our server, out of us flowed an expression of encouragement; a big tip. This tip had nothing to do with her *deserving*, but us *encouraging*. *Nor was this a moment to **teach** our server how to behave.* The money became a means of encouragement and something shifted in her. Now, let's look at what this *practically* does for the human being. *Our Map!*



Functionality of Hope, Honor, Healing:

*Out of God, flows God. Out of Me, flows Me.*

**Me** —> **Hope** (*functioning bridge that anchors into truth of person & situation \*seeing before seeing\**) —>

**Honor** (*engaging where Hope brought Me, expression begins to form \*thought, word, action \*whole self is*

*involved*) ---> **Healing** (*activation of Healing begins for the One I have seen and honored, expressing both*).

*Oh my goodness, how I long to delve into imagery and poetry! But I'll remain focused lol*

*Hope* has led me to *Honor*, which has brought me into a place of activating *Healing*. I do promise that if walking in this Way, the captive is set free. *The persistence of a small flame can consume a house just as a raging fire; but the beauty of the first is the way of Love, the way of relationship. Intimacy. A steady process that is unrelenting and has no end! Glory to Glory.*

While seated with my friend we saw the distress around us, we felt it, but greater than that, was the beauty of the woman before us. *Hope* has never been wishful desires, positive thinking or affirming feelings. *Hope* is a functioning bridge that takes the clear eye into honor. We saw the joy, the dreamer, we saw the woman who has destiny and is connected to us in Jesus. We've each been this woman, and we've each been the one peering in.

The atmosphere of The Holy Spirit, or Heaven, within us, is beginning to stew all around us and through us. *Now, for the one who deepens in abiding, there is a constant atmosphere of heaven around them, felt by all.* This simply thickens in each of us, permeating all of us. *Hope* ushered us to *Honor* and now *Honor*, within itself, calculatingly plots. This too is very relational, and where there may be a considering with thoughts, it flows from a natural response in love, in which there is no thought.

Now, between the moment of *Honor* and *Healing*, there is activation. We, People of divine nature, simply come into an agreement with what we see in the person and situation, and there is no striving, forcing or waiting for something to work. We believe what the God of Love has already established and said. The activation begins with the Presence of God flowing through hope, honor and Us...*this is why Love is what remains when all fades away.* There will be no need for hope or faith, even honor is simply Love.

When Hope and Honor are purely here, **Clarity** comes upon the person, situation and creation; *Clarity of Conscious*. This is the place of recollection it would seem. Headaches will dissipate. Bodies riddled with pain, disease or memory of abuse, find themselves set free(*organs, blood, water reconfigured*). Souls awoken to wonder through being embraced by love and so mature into a child. And this child lives in pure liberty and equality with its Maker. The Spirit within the Person, in which love has saturated through one *monetary tip*, stands a bit taller, tasting of the expansion it longs to know; for it is meant to be as wide and deep as the Spirit it came forth from.

Love is real, is power, is selfless. *Out of God flows God, out of Me flows Me.*

Two final thoughts and then I'll leave you with a poem :) I can't help myself!

\*I'd like you to take notice of something with me. This mapping of process is a Kingdom based Operation and Way established in the fabric of creation, time, space...all of Us. So these movements are utilized by any that would be as wise as serpents. You've heard *it rains on the unrighteous and righteous alike*. Or, *his kindness is set before all that all would come into the knowing of Him who Loves them*. Or *Eternity is written within all*. For me, to see someone prosper at the hands of greed, selfishness, or the abuse of another, no matter the scale, reveals the embedded principals and ways established by the Creator, used by Creation, but not as intended. There is judgment, but Mercy is desired, both producing Life...one way or another. There is condemnation, but forgiveness has already come. The truth of judgment and condemnation, is that we were born into it, and out of Me flows Me. We must enter into the One in whom We are One with, so now out of Me will flow Me...do you see? *God cannot tempt anyone, for He cannot be tempted*. Out of God flows God, out of Me, flows Me.\*

\*When we choose to lay our life down for another, we will *always* have enough time, enough energy, enough rest, and enough resources. And not only another person, but creature, land, and as we discover our rightful place in the universe, this as well. \*

Written by: Mandy xoxo

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

Written by: Abi(my baby) xoxo

*The wishing well is swell  
Every time I go there, I hear a bell  
I kneel down, I feel God's love for me  
It's like an ocean, times a thousand seas*





# Mercy Saved Me

March 21, 2021



*Mercy saved me so Grace could make me.*

*I pause in this consideration. More than a consideration....so much more.*

I grow still and quiet, offering myself as an *eternal moment* of living gratitude and curiosity.

Consume me again. Swallow me up as you once did, that I may know the ever expanding awareness of being New. The new that has never been, remaining ancient as ancient may be.

To each of us, we are a World, we are a child, we are a wanderer always wondering. We can't help ourselves, it's in our design to be as such.

Fingers inlaced with light, spectrums of color bursting forth, encapsulating all we touch. Words of harmonic symphony cultivating relationship with every poised ear, every elevated heart. Feet that will travel to the furthest step, to experience the next moment of peace, challenge, joy, creativity... We can't help ourselves, it's in our design, created to be as our Designer is. Perfectly Us.

*Mercy saved me so Grace could make me.*

Unto myself I am nothing. Empty, void. All above becomes meaningless when striving to have, as though I have not already received.

*Mercy saved me so Grace could make me.*

#### Devotion 19

*"We have been co-resurrected with him so that we could be empowered to walk in the freshness of new life."* Romans 6.4b

*"We have this certain hope like a strong, unbreakable anchor holding our souls to God himself. Our anchor of hope is fastened to the mercy seat which sits in the heavenly realm beyond the sacred threshold, and where Jesus, our forerunner, has gone in before us. He is now and forever our royal Priest like Melchizedek."* Hebrews 6.19-20

*Even when we were dead and doomed in our many sins, he united us into the very life of Christ and saved us by his wonderful grace! He raised us up with Christ the exalted One, and we ascended with him into the glorious perfection and authority of the heavenly realm, for we are now co-seated as one with Christ! Throughout the coming ages we will be the visible display of the infinite, limitless riches of his grace and*

*kindness, which was showered upon us in Jesus Christ. For it was only through this wonderful grace that we believed in him. Nothing we did could ever earn this salvation, for it was the gracious gift from God that brought us to Christ! So no one will ever be able to boast, for salvation is never a reward for good works or human striving.*” Ephesians 2.5-9

*Mercy saved me, so Grace could make me.*

The phrase above was a revelation that shifted my sight, ushering me into greater simplicity. Mercy and Grace, while being birthed of the same tree, intertwined with one another, remain unique in purpose. Mercy hung on the Cross before time and space was...Mercy bore every slanderous word and hypocritical motive while remaining silent in defense...Mercy shed tears for me while speaking no ill word against me. Mercy rescued me, one time...and this was enough. (*My language here is so very poor, but I have no other words but to say how good his mercy truly is*)

Grace is the Agent of Change! *There is no transformation apart from Grace.* Mercy rescued me into the intimate chambers of God, and Grace empowers me to be the very Bride and Child he has birthed me into. Grace is my abiding place of worship, pleasure, surrender!

Grace is Divine empowerment gifted to me, to be the very one my Creator created me to be from before the beginning. When Father says to our hearts, *“I love you as you are,”* this is not a statement reflecting his satisfaction in us living below our design. But with great excitement, this is the revealing of his sight toward us! He always sees us as he designed us to be, along with the destiny scroll he has prepared for us, for we are not what we do or what we say! Truly, it is only by Grace that we are empowered to move, breath, and live. *“In you I move, in you I live, in you I have my being.”*

*Encouragement:*

Humility is a positioning of heart, establishing transformative truth, and so with a grateful heart I position myself. He is worth enjoying all he created me to be. I am His, He is mine. I will never cease in my pleasure and enjoyment in my first Love!

*Meditate* upon Ephesians 2.5-9...oh my goodness...the moment when our Spirit stands above our body and soul, is the moment we step through scripture, as the gate that it is, and into the Kingdom, our real home. Come with me(!), you'll see...

There was a woman, Teresa of Avila, who once shared an encouragement to her sisters. I share the same here...

*“When we go to be with our Lord, and our thoughts fly around like little birdies, and while our spirit is drinking deep of His love, fret not, and don't give up. Eventually, these little birdies will begin to taste of the same wine, and cease in their flying about.”*

How true this is. Be encouraged, there is no rush. Be patient with self, and know that Yeshua longs for us to know and see, far more than we ever imagined desiring. He is Love...

# The Transforming of Triggers

April 4, 2021



Mmm...how unknowing a day may be, concealing itself around every corner. Or the next phone call, unclear in its motivational request. Even the newborn, desirable and longed for, is a multi-faceted world wrapped in a blanket, and placed within our fingers; a mystery awaiting discovery.

The key to transforming every "*trigger*" leading One to negativity, fear or despair, is held within this next piece of writing shared below.

*Whatever we fix our eyes upon, it is this we shall be.*

Where Yahweh is no idol to be idolized, Yahweh is One to be consumed by, and so be triggered by all that would enrapture us again and again!

While reading this devotion, editing and preparing it for a new print, I was *triggered* by the life *IN* it and raptured up. The aroma of Jesus(*which for me is the sweetest smell*) filled my nostrils; the glistening and flickering of Gold and Light, the streaks of Spirit, began to fill my vision; oil began to pour out of the top of my head, and so I stopped reading and abandoned myself all the more to this...Presence.

I was once triggered by the memory of hurt and the illusion of separation, rejection and isolation. And while there are moments these memories surface (still being transformed) I have learned the key to transforming every trigger. Every button. Every memory.

So I share with you my *current trigger*(reading of the devotion) and the *Key* to transforming all triggers  
XOXO

## **Devotion 25**

*“Those who are loved by God, let his love continually pour from you to one another, because God is love. Everyone who loves is fathered by God and experiences an intimate knowledge of him. The one who doesn’t love has yet to know God, for God is love.”*

### **1 John 4.7-8**

I would love to translate this as my heart has known Him to be true...*“Because I am loved by God and have received His love, allowing Him to father me, His love, without ceasing, continually pours from me, for I am His and am knowing Him, intimately. When I did not know Him, I knew not how to love, for my God is Love.”*

Just this evening(2018), while soothing James to sleep and caressing his sweet golden curls, I found myself in a timeless space of intercession over him and his sisters. Tears stroked my face as I lifted up my two youngest daughters, Abi and Madi. They are ridiculously precious and have each ventured upon a journey, discovering purpose in life through times of tribulation. The blessing is, they are beautifully young, and are discovering intimacy in Jesus, now! He is taking them to deep waters of contentment, joy and peace, leaving behind the assurance ~or anchor~ of people and things.

While praying for them to love one another without limitation(*For to me, this is being consumed by the full knowledge of Jesus*), he gave me a hilarious picture, yet beaming with innocent power!

Rather than the girls turning toward one another, I witnessed their child like innocence bursting with light, smiling ear to ear, absolutely radiant in their worship and love **toward Jesus(!!)**, who himself stood laughing with arms wide open(at the center, between them). His face was glowing with tremendous joy! And then, like a bottle of water with holes poked all through, I witnessed how when the girls worshiped Yeshua, with the truest of affections, a flooding of liquid love would flow through Jesus, splashing upon everyone else! It was so funny, so sweet...so heart warming.

Jesus truly is, always and forever will be, the only answer. He is always the only key, always the One in whom we love **first**. It is impossible to say we love Him while hating(or disliking) another, for God is Love, and we love him first! And as Psalm 23 puts quite beautifully, we are an overflowing cup! Not just filled to the top, or, as some traditionally say, “a cup half full.” Oh my, this is all inferior to the reality that we are overflowing! And from our intimacy with Jesus, others will naturally become drenched by our heavenly dew! **We love him, first!**

### *Encouragement:*

There is no pressure in love. There is no rejection or hurt in love, for we do not love in order to receive anything from anyone. We love because our love flows forth from us as a natural response from our intimacy with our Lord. Be free to be free. Bask in the euphoric state of your worship and love affair with your Beloved Jesus. Holy Spirit loves spending time with you, and enjoys moving through you, saturating



all hearts, minds and bodies, in whom you will naturally encounter as you love. We will feel this in our body, soul and spirit...

*“And the King answered them, ‘Don’t you know? When you cared for one of the least important of these my little ones, my true brothers and sisters, you demonstrate love for me.’”***Matthew 25.40**

Love...ahh, let us inhale deep of his yoke which is light, easy. Be at peace my dear sister and brother. We love you so.

**John 17.3** *“Eternal life means to know and experience you as the only true God, and to know and experience Jesus Christ, as the Son whom you have sent.”*

**1 John 4.7-8** *(Mandy’s personal words) “Because I am loved by God, and have received His love, allowing Him to father me, His love, without ceasing, continually pours from me, for I am His and am knowing Him, intimately. When I did not know Him, I knew not how to love, for my God is Love.”*

Whatever we fix our eyes upon, this we shall become. For when one fixation shaped, formed and birthed One trigger, another fixation relieved us of the former and raised us up in the New. *ALL* awakening Life!

Now, I pray I haven’t caused confusion around the idea of triggers, as though we must pluck out one after the other. Or the idea that only one trigger at a time is displaced when experiencing a new one. Something of this affect may take place, much is unknowing to myself, *but* the most thrilling truth is how when my eye is fixed on Love I am not for a moment considering where I lack, have been hurt, defending myself or insecure...*as my eye is fixed in Love.*

Because this truth is ridiculously simple and pure, relational and desirable, I find that in my moments of thinking for myself and my needs ~ *which eventually cause discord within* ~ I am quicker and quicker to reestablish and recenter myself in reality. This happens without analyzing or thinking of what is wrong

with me or what to change in me! This simple way is becoming more clear and less of a hinderance to my soul.

Move with me from desiring more faith, or stronger faith, into Yahweh's faith.

Abide here we shall, trusting in all that is new and seemingly uncertain, to know the extent and vastness of true freedom.

Blessings be upon you on this very sweet day, where all are impacted by the conscious awareness of Resurrection!! What goodness, what joy!

# Rise or Fall, All is Flying

May 8, 2021



## 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 within discovery. Blessed Bliss in Love and Rest*

# The Dance of Joy...

June 16, 2021



## *The dance of Joy, or the flight of Fear?*

A couple months back, while reading to James, I noticed a parallel between the premise of this children's book and reality for quite a few of us.

This children's book is an older one, where it opens up with a *fly going by* a little boy who hears the fly say "oh dear..." The little boy asks the fly, "why do you go past so fast?" The fly returns to the little boy words that seem to zip behind him, "that frog is after me!"

This continues on, one animal after another. The frog is not chasing the fly, but running from the cat, who is not chasing the frog, but running from a dog, who in turn is not chasing the cat but running from a pig!

All the way up to a human who is running from...well, he doesn't know what. He just heard a sound...This little boy was determined to stop all of this running and fearing and waited to see what scared the man so. Suddenly, out of the bushes comes a little lamb with a bucket stuck to its hoof! It just wanted some help...

Now, I'd love to simply share why there is fear at all. Feelings, emotions, thoughts, triggers all point back to this entanglement with death that humanity has agreed with and so obtained. We don't want to "die," for we were never designed and birthed to die. And all irritation and confusion, causing frustration, worry and anxiety find their root in the entanglement with death.

The One issue that entangled us with death(*past tense*), binding us legally, was sin. Yep, I said it! A 3 letter word that pulls one major punch! But in all honesty, this "sin" became a non issue when the Son of Yahweh chose a human life for us, manifesting as "death" in the earth, that all would discover where we really belong, to whom, *and* what we are!!

*It actually appears through the witness of many lives, that "sin" was a non-issue before the beginning...*

So, I share a poem called **Joy**, and this has been my personal discovery of how Joy is to be engaged, participated with even! The entanglement with death because of sin, leaves a person pursuing joy; *but* freedom from death and sin, rises a person into the dance of Joy!!

So, enjoy!!



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

It seems to me how a Being entangled with death and sin may still find the pleasure of Presence and so the experience of Joy(*God so loves to be with us!*). But if the *entanglement remains*, it seems the eyes of this One will always be bound to fear and so seek to find this taste of Joy through vast means.

*But* freedom has always been right here. In Yeshua.

The atmosphere of Joy, here, always. Just turn *IN* to Yeshua; Creator, Sustainer, first Joke teller!!



# **Songbird of Silence**

June 26, 2021



There's a time to speak, and a time to be still. A time to be cultivated and a time to branch out. Extend. Expand. But first...turn IN.

**Songbird of Silence**

*Beneath him rested a traditional muted-in-color cushy, church chair. Each one anchored to another, and so on and so on, rows and rows of them. With great precision and care, they had been placed. He was surrounded by many Faces and many Voices. The stage harbored a dozen more Faces and Voices, and then the highlighted one of the day would take the mic; one more Face. One more Voice. His soul was torn, conflicted, almost tormented at times, as he sat in this chair, in the same spot, each Sunday, for almost a year. Oh how he loved these Faces...but the Voices...he could no longer abide within their presence. Such an interesting dichotomy, a Face and a Voice can be.*

*Within his house laughter and dancing would be a close and dear friend, or a tap tap tapping upon the mind of family members who were swimming in misery. Joy seemed to cause great chasms in perception, as an atmosphere of tumultuous tension was cultivated. A Great Collision within his soul echoed often, some days drowning out all other sounds; This great compelling of selfless Love for the beauty in each Face, and then there was the great longing to share in the great Joy of his Lord. Their Lord, together.*

*A day of celebration would prove to be a day of great challenge. Warmth billowed in from the sun, with not one cloud lingering in the sky. Blankets were strewn about, claiming a small portion of the great field in the community park. Food was cooking, kids were running and laughing, and the adults were settling into camping chairs or upon blankets. Conversation always began innocent enough, but then a word spoken of another who remained absent, would trigger a round of gossip and banter. Over the course of the day, the young man would feel the mucky atmosphere contaminate those who would join the gathering hour after hour.*

*An echoing reverberated, "You are in the world but not of the world. Turn IN"*

*So that is exactly what he learned to do, no matter where he was. And he discovered that Life really began as he slowed, closed his eyes and focused on Love from within. The young man began to see that his peace, joy and destiny never hinged on the Voice of another, but rather, in deep honor for their Face, he turned into his Great Embrace. And even as wisdom would increase within him, Love would always be the excellent way.*

*When turning IN became a beginning, he found that quiet was not from without but from within. He discovered that there was a breath that would arise from this sacred place within. A whole new World began to open for this young man.*

*As he continued to turn IN, silence became a song. He could feel the frequency of this sound of silence within his physical body. Aromas fluttered around his conscious, moving in and out of his nostrils; many times he mistook them for physical plants and flowers. He began to recognize living in another place.*

*Wisdom and understanding continued to increase for his love increased, for he was receiving and believing in this very Love that spoke to him to turn IN.*

*As moments turned into days, and days into months and months into years, awareness of a World of song, silence and vibrancy began to consume him...till one day he heard this same Voice who called to him to turn IN, say, "open your eyes."*

*The call was now to look out from within...*

# Freeze Frame

July 29, 2021



Have you ever seen a reel of film stop short, freezing on its current frame? Or a still image meant to frame up a reality of the moment? Have you noticed how our memory can cast the same type of stilled images, framing up a personal and unique reality?

Or have you noticed within yourself an internal monologue with many voices?

How about the process of learning...gain knowledge, apply said knowledge, then become; understand before believing. Understand before trusting. Understand before experiencing.



What if I share with you a realm of Dream that is actually reality but feels and seems so ethereal that it “couldn’t possibly be true?”...but it is.

A place where substance is known within the wind of eternal being.

Then there is this realm of hardened shadows, feeling and seeming so real, in which we call the natural world(realm). This shadow is the potential of what can be, but the clincher is, we must become untangled with these stilled images and monologues filled with many voices; for to each of us, an entire world and reality is framed up. Each having One’s own truth, One’s own way. *"You do you, I'll do me,"* I’ve heard it said.

This reality of Dream is one that poetry and parable do best to describe, for it truly is a living-breathing-knowing, which is only infinite and eternal, perfect in peace, joy and love; adventure, creating and

exploring. This Dream touches our shadowed lives with its kisses, but this kiss is always meant to woo us in to the actuality of the fullness. This *is* Jesus who holds form after form after form, and calls us as he is.

A Person is a Place, is a Reality? Yes...it is true.

So to know this Dream we must know this Being, this lover and friend.

How?

Do *everything* in wonder, and do *nothing* in wonder! Our being positioned toward this Love...and there is no looking back.

And when *feeling or thinking* to be trapped in this shadow, still images and monologues, Love comes in and devastates all our paradigms, so that this kiss would be the mercy we truly long for, a door into Dream.

**Here's a quote from the book "The Palm Tree of Deborah".**

*"Compassion upon all things in existence - not to injure them - is [rooted] in Wisdom. [This is] unless it is to rise them from [one] level to [another] level - from growing to living; from living to speaking. As then it is permitted to uproot a [plant] and kill an [animal] - to disadvantage [it] in order to benefit [it]."*

**There is also a Proverb that is perfect...**

*"Faithful are the wounds of a friend." Proverbs 27.6*

**And I'll share my own piece of writing, 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 noise 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.*

**And One more...Devastation of Divinity, which is in process of being published in a new collection of writings.**

*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*

We can truly receive or reject this Dream, this Way and Reality that may take us to waters we've never been, or remember being.

I assure you of one thing...Grace is here with you, with me. This Grace that is living power and breath to go in further, exploring this all encompassing Love. We are safe, there is real hope, nothing will fail here. I promise.



# The Other Side of Compassion

August 13, 2021



When compassion resembles a crown of thorns, a tear shed becomes a tear shared.

When this crown of thorns begins to bloom, there is only one place compassion may rest...in Life.

I share with all who desire to continue on with me, the intimate movements of my journey. And while I am no expert at what I share, I also am no novice. I speak only to what I see, know and have experienced for

long enough, that it may be tested and refined in Fire. Fire always purifies, always illuminates. There is no hiding in Fire, just an allowance for incineration to consume.

"To the pure, all are pure."

In my beginnings of awakening, I realized rather quickly how true joy becomes quite a grievance for those who have settled into pain, brokenness and shame.

I also became aware of an atmosphere that conjured loyalty to death and every sting, which led to a bottomless pit of victimization or villainization.

To bring it home a bit further, I recognized how talking to or at someone, with the aim of convincing them of the Goodness or Life that is Joy, is a waste of time.

An eye will see, an ear will hear and a heart will perceive...or it won't.

This reckoning is no matter of intelligence, or sorrow or even "being open to..."

*This reckoning unto Life and joy is found in surrender! Found in believing, first.*

I lived with deep pain and a breath of hope that never dimmed, my whole human life.

*Then* I awoke to the difference between longing and desperation.

*Then* my eyes flickered in the light of what it meant to *love*, rather than need; for love is an *awareness* of receiving and being, where need is one of never really having and always asking.

**Now something really radical happened that affected every aspect of my being and doing!**

Compassion shifted from relating to the pain and suffering of another, and into celebrating the Life and reality within the other, and so us as One!

*Now*, this shifting was deeply uncomfortable and brought me into questions of what it truly meant to suffer, carry the burden of another, and right back into "*what is compassion...really?*"

This way was no human way, but divine and perfect.

The discomfort first arose when my emotions changed. I felt cold because I wasn't "feeling" the same pain of the one sitting in front of me, though I was right in the midst of it. No longer was I relating to the pain of hurt, accusation, betrayal...because the truth was...I was awakening to a peace, hope and joy, even when all these same occurrences would happen to me. Same circumstance, different perceiving and so responding.

I couldn't shake the joy and hope that consumed me while sitting in the midst of another's very real hurt and pain. It was like I was actually more charged up in what was relentlessly possible, relating less and less to the heart ache and fear.

Jesus had already been showing me how, while suffering, his agony came out of longing for those around him, and not the pain endured by them...and now I was beginning to walk in the same Spirit of Truth.

For a period of time I couldn't even talk about what was happening in me, because it *felt backwards* and not how I ever related to humanity or compassion before. But I continued in my love with Jesus and knew that my love was pure for him, and so it was pure for those around me...I was just a baby in this new way.

"To the pure, all are pure."

Within my awareness, there are two sides of compassion;

*One* is the engaging in the sufferings and pain of another, but not from a relating to brokenness, but rather, a deep longing for sight and light to illumine the truth of Life already within. This truth interwoven within the *other* side...

The *other* side is one filled with joy, peace, and the celebrating of Life that is chosen, and so lived by those I am connecting with in any moment. The budding flower.

Both sides of compassion are real, but the latter one will be the one that remains, for all *will come to the knowing of Yahweh and so Yeshua his son; knowing intimately the fullness of Life and Love.*

In every moment I have opportunity to engage in the wholeness of *Compassion*, leaving behind broken non-human ways of being. I truly am a new Creation, not what I was before. I'm waking up!

I'd love to share a handful of very short stories with you...

There was a small child, a little boy, nearly 4 years old. His mommy had just taken him to the river and it was a beautiful and very hot day. On their way back to their house they saw an ice cream truck, and this little boy was filled with happiness at its sight! He called out to his mommy from the back seat, asking that she stop and buy an ice cream cone. His mommy looked back, enjoying the deep pleasure in her son and decided to turn into the parking lot where this quaint ice cream truck was parked. They got out of the car, picked out his favorite ice cream and jumped back in. He was radiant with satisfaction. Two minutes later they arrived at their house and his mommy opened up his door to let him out. As this little boy jumped out, his ice cream cone slipped out of his hands and fell onto the hot pavement. His face dropped and his heart sank...he cried and cried, barely able to be comforted by his mommy.

Down the road and tucked away in another culdesac was a large family of 7; 6 Children and one Father. A timid and passionate 13 year old girl sat on her bed in a bedroom she shared with two of her sisters. She sat there in a daze. At first she was angry, then numb, now sadness was beginning to swallow her up. Her big sisters came in asking her what had happened. She began to share how her first day of school was spent in a corner of the classroom and then the corner of the lunchroom, nervous about making new friends, and not one came up to her. Her sisters hugged her while she cried.

Across town, in a retirement facility sat a young man, holding the hand of his Mother who was beginning to fade away...they had just reconnected, just mended a relationship that had been devastated most all of

his life. He longed for more time with her. He was angry at this disease that was taking her last breath. He was confused and for the first time realized, he was afraid. He cried over her as her body fell asleep, and the light within flew away.

Just a shout away stood two parents, paralyzed by the sight that was before them...neither able to move or think. So they sat, and they prayed...

Where ever we relate to the brokenness of another is the very area light must flood us, that we ourselves are consumed and so may see. It may not be the ice cream that fell on the ground, as devastating as this was to the small child; We may not relate any longer to the pain of the young teen feeling alone and without a friend...but when a person comes to each of us carrying their story, where will our compassion rest?

Will we be so brave and take up the courage to allow light to consume us so our compassion becomes divine and so a carrier of true hope, true Life? Will we dare to be so honest for the sake of life, of freedom?...

### **May I share one more story?...**

What may seem to be a long time ago to many, was really just a blink in the sight of this Man. He came into a world he loved, oh so much. To a people he longed to be known by, for he knew them through and through. His hand was upon them in their mother's womb, his joy radiated around them as Wisdom danced with them. He knew the end from the beginning and knew what could potentially be, and so with great anticipation said *"I'll go...I'll go."*

So this man came. He knew the inner being of a very young woman, a child really. He came into a light that touched upon skin he'd never known before. He lived in a *now* in order to experience the trusting intimacies of all things living and so take on every moment for every one that he loved. And he carried within him the breathing tension of joy for and longing unto.

As he grew as a young child, then a young man, he observed and lived the life of Earth while living from the life of Heaven, in perfect harmony.

One day, he knew it was time. It was time...the deepest of emotions wrecked this Man, all pure, all good, all devastating. Suddenly in a moment he was released to be; to be the living mouth piece of Life. The living breath for lungs, and the living provision for all sight that would burn to see.

But there were many who could not see. They hated him. They misunderstood what he was. Afraid of who he was. They tore off his clothes, they stripped him of his skin. They thought they could kill the body...but it could not die by their hands. So they took wood, stricken by ill intent, condemned to be a vessel of devastation and so a gift of Life. With screams, accusations, and the plunging of instruments, they hung him. But still...they could not take his Life nor his body.

Then the moment came...he knew it was time. Compassion divine consumed him, and forgiveness released him, that he may pour himself out for *ALL* who would drink and live. HE surrendered himself and sought not a moment of pity, regret, brokenness or fear. He was filled with Life.

And so this Man left his body to rest while he went with great triumph to gather many to himself. His body knowing a death that appeared to be unlike any normal human death, rose again and took *ALL* into itself. The cleft was open, opened wide.

"To the pure, all are pure."

I ask, do we still relate to a certain level of brokenness...and if so, I ask that we seek to be consumed by light that we rise above it, and so live in true compassion. Even if no one else around you will go, please go...

The measure by which we choose to ascend, is as far as we can go. We must believe...

# Deeper into Compassion!

August 18, 2021



When a crown of thorns blossoms and blooms, and compassion takes us into everlasting life, it is here we see we've come into *Beyond*.

*"To the pure, all are pure."*

This comes on the heels of *The Other Side of Compassion*, with great purpose.

*There may be many paths but only one Way.*

As rivers beyond number move distinctly, they each move distinctly toward One Body of Water. This Ocean is the only place to go, the only One where all Life flows. A river may resist and slow, but to this One Body of Water, this river must go.

This is Jesus, this is Place and Being where our *Beyond* rests.

For their Creator, all creation groans; to this One Body of Water, all rivers flow.

*Many paths, there may be, but one Way...all shall see.*

May I frame up the simplicity and beauty of our *Beyond*?

There is such strife and striving in a world of ache and pain \*for this *Beyond*\*, but there is a Place that is for us, now, no longer a need to wait.

We have Moral Truth and ALL Truth.

Pretty cool, because our lives are not first known by our moral standing, but by our choice to engage ALL Truth. Let the Spirit of Truth come!

~~ Okay, okay, so here are a couple riddles...does this have anything to do with this blog? Not really, except to enjoy the lightness of living! On the *Conversation* Page, I'll have a whole bunch of them for you to figure out...use your knower before your thinker ;)

**When you look for something, why is it always in the last place you look?**

*Because you stop looking once you find it! I hear my Abi on the drums now!*

**What invention lets you look through a wall?**

*A window!*

Thank you, thank you :D~~



Okay, compassion lol may laughter and fun teach us today!

So, here is a quote from the Pseudepigraphia, out of the testament of Benjamin. He was speaking to his children of his brother Joseph, imploring them to live a life as this humble man has.

*"Be followers of his compassion...with a good mind that you wear a crown of glory. The good man have no dark eye...showing mercy to all, even though sinners; though they devise with evil intent concerning him, by doing good he overcame evil, being shielded by God; and he love the righteous as his own soul. If any is glorified, he does not envy, if anyone enriched, he is not jealous, if any valiant, he praises him. The virtuous man he extols, on the poor he has mercy, on the weak he has compassion, unto God he praises."*

*"Be of this same mind and peace will be with you..."*

Joseph and Benjamin are quite alive, by the way. They are not dead, and so these words are living-on to this day and beyond!

Here is a fun and exciting engagement when engaging ALL Truth and so living in the *Beyond*, or the side of compassion that is rooted in love, abiding in joy and peace... **Testimonies!**

Maybe I should clarify...testimonies revealing ALL Truth, the place of I AM, *IS*; revealing the abundance in life so I may be One who celebrates another, praising them and honoring them.

For when I see how another is flourishing deeper in reality than I, I celebrate them, believing I lack nothing. My emotions then cease in thinking for me, and I begin to live in the same place of abundance!

*What does this have to do with compassion?* Easy...true compassion, divinely rooted in true love, finds itself in abundance, purely. So, if our emotions do our thinking, and our believing is *"I have been wronged"* and I **do** lack in one way or another, we are only able to relate to brokenness and pain, hurt and isolation.

**But**, from divine compassion we truly can *be* alleviators of pain and suffering, bringing life to bodies and souls, encouraging the Spirit of another to expand and grow up!

\*Consider a Mist with me\*

As One sits close to you, longing for sight, for peace, you come in close with presence of Life, maybe words, and you are this Mist. This living Mist that wraps around the body and soul as a refreshing blanket; Giving room for the Spirit of the One to rise up, dividing itself from the immaturity of its body and soul. You have just been a priest unto God, for Man, and a true friend; A carrier of burdens. This is the light and easy way, and you never have to rehash a past of your own that no longer exists, in order to bring love and life and sight to the One in front of you.

This *Beyond* is the Place of *IS*.

*"To the pure, all are pure."*

A hug. A simple hug...

A true, simple gifting of a warm, melting-into, hug...

This true hug is never analyzed, figured out, considered before doing...it's a living experience, a response; an overflow of Love, safety, intimacy, knowing.

No more thinking...just being. All living comes from being, not working out living.

*Live in the hug, every moment becoming a melting pot of pure ecstasy, delight, and all that IS.*

One more quote to share; *"For as the sun is not defiled by shining on dung and mire, but rather dries up both and dries away the evil smell; so also the pure mind, though encompassed by the defilements of earth, rather cleanses (them) and is not itself defiled."*

Because there is only One Ocean we gaze into, turning into, *engage IS*; Each will undoubtedly come into Life, by choice...there is no where else to go! And even in the rejecting of Life, there is a written witness within our DNA, body memory, soul and spirit that testifies to *IS*, and this *IS* is Yeshua!! A Man who is much more than a Man!!

Just incredible, brilliant, and a hope that cannot disappointment nor lead anywhere but where it has bridged us to...Pure Life.

## The Perpetuity of Compassion

August 29, 2021



One final unveiling within this journey that is *Compassion*.

Let's begin with two pictures. First, a picture revealing the impact of One toward many, and second, the impact of many toward One.

~ About a week ago, Darin was in one of the living spaces in our house, working on some music with Garage Band. Two of my kiddos and myself were in the other living space and kitchen area, playing and just being silly.

While he was creating a sound with drum beats and a synthesizer, we would hear the recording play for about 30 seconds to a minute, and then he would pause the sound and work on something else. This happened for about 10-15 minutes. Abi's ears perked up to the sounds playing in the next room, and her body responded by moving to the beat and motion of these instruments. Once the sound stopped, she would stop...and wait.

It was hilarious!

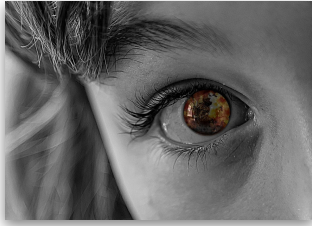
Then the sounds would resume, triggering Abi in new dance and movement, with James and myself now in tow!

*He didn't even know we were following the rhythm of his creation.*

~The second picture places myself in the seat of being a witness to many lives. Within this theater there is only One chair, and only One person will fit in it...me. Across the screen flashes many faces, many lives. Within these lives and etched upon these faces there is great joy and satisfaction. I witness new revelation being poured into another, and their deepening journey with my Beloved Yeshua, their Yeshua. I witness these faces and lives going into the Heavens and exploring the tangible reality of being Spirit and glorified flesh and so their awareness of Love and Peace soars higher and higher. I witness in them where I long to be all the more...

While sitting in this chair I have also witnessed the thriving and flourishing intimacies between these faces and those they love; partner, child, sibling. I witness through a burning longing for the same; relationships of pure honor and deepening celebration toward one another.

I now have a choice. In my witness of those upon my screen, *those who are living and experiencing lives I too long to experience intimately*, I can stand up from my chair, rally around them, investing in them and celebrating them...or, I can remain seated; move into observation and allow my longing to turn into desperation and grief. Eventually despising these in whom I am One with. (*What is your witness?*)



Now, hold onto these pictures painted while I move us into some questions/statements so common to humanity that people now just shrug them off, along with the *idea* that there is a good God. *Or* the religious One who piles everything that is not plain to see, in an unknown mystery box, discoverable only when one passes into *Eternity through death*. (As though *death* is mere physical transportation and so savior)

~ *If God wanted to, He would. (Confusion rather than peace)*

~ *If I only believe enough, I would have. (Usually the words of Yeshua are quoted here)*

~ *There is no free will, but election. There is free will but ultimately Sovereignty wins out.*

~ *Why would a loving good God let **this** happen?*

~ *God needed them to come home. Sickness is a part of God's plan. God is sovereign and works all things out according to his will toward those who love him... (maybe I don't love him then?)*

~ *Miracles were for them. Revival is for now. Miracles, signs and wonders will follow those who believe...*

~ *The Universe is the source of Life, love and peace. All coming to One.*

~ *Separation of church and state...Principal and Policy.*

May I just share that our Creator laughs with such joy, along side Lady Wisdom! Never laughing at us in an antagonizing way, but absolutely at/with us just as *we* laugh at the unique dance of our children when they are learning, questioning, coming to conclusions only to toss them as they grow and mature! *They*

*have no shame in their dance of learning.* The child that is Yahweh is so innocent *and* Wonder itself, that there is nothing impure or unkind in this laughter :)

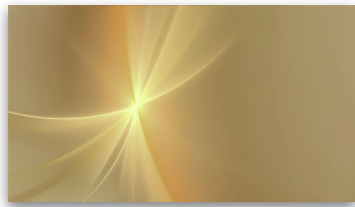
This child is Us in all our wonderings, tumblings and curiosities!

I say all of this above to say that even when we do question, wonder and explore *as each of us absolutely do*, we are all held in this Love. For those of Us birthed as New Creation within our Creator, *brought back into perfect union and design*, will always be held, always be loved. No matter how we see or what we believe. No matter the level of our awareness or whether we live forever, or die and live forever, we will always be *(John 11:25-26)*...

*But* for those of you who want to continue in this journey with me, I open for you my personal awareness that is bringing me deeper into the *living forever* :)

All of those questions and statements above will be touched during this final unveiling, and oh yes, this having everything to do with *Compassion Divine*.

*This is the Beyond, the Other Side, the place of Divine Compassion.*



I have seen a Golden Strand. This Golden Strand carries vibration, water, light. It is One and Many, microscopic and eternal. Memory and Actuality.

Within this Strand is a Way, a Law, a Governance. This is good...this is true. Though the Gold Strand is Reality itself, within Itself it also Abides.

Though distinct are many people and many times and many spaces, all remain in the Abiding. There is honor here, for this Abiding is Love and allows each distinct One to choose what it will choose. Within the Abiding is also an eternal knowing, so to each step, this Love has traced out its way; knowing how each will choose. Therefore goodness is in All, kindness in all moments; the potential for perfect embrace and forever awakening.

Within this Abiding is governance, ruling and reigning. Even while gross darkness covers the mind of many, Light has always been, and Love has always covered over all.

Within this governance is a People, this People being the governance Itself. *Reflect upon the pictures displayed at the beginning of this writing.* There is One, who impacts many (so often unknowingly). There are Many impacting One, by the life lived, flowing out of sight seen.

As One Body, this governance, known or unknown, move and establish the reality for an entire people and creation. *~if sickness and death are agreed upon as a whole, all people and creation will be bound to this ~ if poverty and lack is agreed upon as a whole, all people and creation will be cloaked within this established seeing ~ if everlasting life becomes an established, agreed upon reality, all people and creation, as a whole, will awaken in this :)*

*Why... Why would such a good God give such authority to a people?*

~ Because this good God loves us so, delighting in the truth that we are as It is, by His/Her very desire! Because within this Abiding, is honor, is true intimacy. There is no other way. The sovereignty of Goodness is found in every moment. Only I AM is real.

So what of the One...the One who will choose to be entranced when it seems many will not? Is there hope for the One and so All?



I have seen a woman who chose to see. She chose to believe even when she could not perceive any around her who would do the same. She knew many did abound, yet still, she could not see them...not yet that is. She set off on a journey of simplicity and vulnerability, allowing this Abiding to usher her into the awareness of Itself. She released belief systems and engaged in intimacy through principals.

She drowned in an ocean of light where only one Mind could be explored.

Through rivers of possibility she did float upon, allowing dross to rise, so the uncertainty and insecurity of the unknown would dissipate in the air.

She found friendship in Creatures that were not of common form, to her that was, but of purest form were they all. They became teachers and mentors, friends and companions. They too found rest within this Abiding.

And finally, though never lastly, she found that fear would never be a factor in moving her deeper into the Abiding, into the breath of this Golden Strand. It was only through intimate exchanges found in wonder and rest where she perceived how life was never designed to be fractured images, lodged together memories, or shadowed feelings, but simple trust in *yez*, for there is no separation, never was there really, and never again does there ever have to be.



We are deeply loved and cared for. This goodness, this sweetness in this Yeshua, in Holy Spirit, in Yahweh, is true. So simple so pure...so beautiful. Goodness, so beautiful.

I encourage us in this ~ *Only run toward, never from. Move only from Love, never fear. Be established only in Principal, never belief systems.*

We truly have One teacher who has called us each to rise up *INTO* this mountain where we need only one Interpreter, one Teacher, one Guide and Life...and though we may meet many along the way, it will always be from this One that all has derived oneself to be experienced as Life for Another.  
This One who is Love, is Life, is Light.

# My First Kiss

September 22, 2021



Do you remember your first kiss?

Maybe not the one in elementary school where girl and boy came together, curious with sweet soft feelings for one another.

Maybe the high-school crush wouldn't really count either? Still the same soft feelings, just a bit more intense as each grew up a bit.

Goodness, if one married would this be considered "your first kiss?" Mmmm...

Even a child...cultivating, birthing, caring for and releasing...so many kisses.

I've wondered this for some time. Not in order to analyze my past, but because the further in I awaken to Life and Love, everything I once was and experienced takes on differing shades of reality, or expressions. And still...this First Kiss.

May I share the moment I began to awaken to what a kiss truly is? It is true that I experienced glimmers of this in moments past, but everything and everyone seemed to be precursors.

Maybe a picture!

Have you ever been on a rollercoaster...like a really big one? I was obsessed with them as a kid. I would want to go on the biggest and fastest and longest ones. I wasn't into the swirling ones, those didn't make much sense to me, you never really went anywhere, just got dizzy lol But the roller coasters...goodness.

Once I sat in one of those seats, brought the bar down upon my lap or over my chest, it was the beginning of knowing "okay...this is it." Once the cars began to make their first trek up that first major drop, especially if I had never been on this one before, I knew, I was fully in. There was no going back. You can't yell or scream for the machinist to stop the roller coaster. You're all in!

This is a picture of how My First Kiss brought me higher and higher and higher. I was on, locked in, there was no going back...I had tasted enough of trust that I leaned in and believed, "all is well, I am safe." What a wild ride...Not only because it seemed as though I had never been "here" before, but because the truth is, I have! And I am not simply a passenger, but I am the *thing* I long to experience. The *fullness* and *substance* of the One who brought me in through a Kiss.

But I am getting a head of myself. That picture is a really good one for me, and I am sure you have your own. May I share my real, true First Kiss?? This is so exciting to me! Especially because of what flows forth from this Kiss.

If all you have experienced, honestly-no judgement, are the kisses of people and the world, you won't understand the purity and fullness of what I am sharing. *But, you will be stirred!* The reason each are stirred and drawn in, is because we belong to this One. Always Have. And this One is in each of us...once we allow this deep stirring, holding no fixed form, to draw us in, it is here we taste and see. And just as one

small vessel is completely full, so is a much larger vessel...the larger one simply contains more water. This is what it is to go deeper, and expand in this Love. All real, all full...

This first Kiss was tender within my soul; eased and cleansed the scorn upon my conscience. The guilt that carried many voices, mine booming the loudest, was quieted. Ushered away really. This first Kiss did what no other kiss could do; it was this Life force, this energy so pure, the very source, that moved in and caused a set of eyes I didn't realize I had, to awaken. Suddenly, everything appeared brighter. People, nature, circumstances...Jesus.

I recall one evening where this Kiss gently held my focus while my body was in a certain in-between state of being. Suddenly a voice whispered and whispered and grew in clarity. I was saturated in wisdom. Pouring and pouring into my being, waking me up. I was absorbed in the night, and held tight.

There is a calm in this Kiss. It's from within. Truly. There will be nothing from outside of me that brings a calm to the inside of me. Never could, it was an illusion, tiny glimpses of the Real.

This Calm has embraced my senses; taking them, and so my being into vast fields of moving life, of dancing color. There is a breeze here, but it holds no temperature. It is the very essence of Peace. This breeze permeates all pure color and light that is continually shifting in form. The ease and freedom of this Calm is purest and most tender of delights. There is no struggle. No ending. There could never be a thought to analyze, but a simple Kiss. A Kiss of the most gentle laughter, warming every expression of this Calm. This place is real. This Kiss brought me into here.

Not only does this Kiss take me into the places within Itself, this sweet Kiss illuminates my soul; every part of me is set ablaze in Truth. Reasoning. Wisdom...innocence and wonder :)

Without detailing each of these illuminations, I do desire to share. It's because of these illuminations that my body is beginning to transform...real. It's because of these illuminations that I see broken fallen

structures, in which seize up the Spirit of the People I love, be torn down, so we together may abide in Rest, pleasure and freedom. Just because something was *common* in one time, does not make it normal. The only normal is this Man/God Yeshua. He is the exact expression of the Creator, in whom is in ALL, and is ALL in ALL.

*Now*, before I share a few intimate and dear illuminations with you, I desire to mention, by the impulse of Holy Spirit about who Jesus was/is. Because, if we do not believe and see that we are *exactly* the same as this man, Yeshua, we will live to die, in order to live. But it doesn't have to be this way.

Jesus was a man when he was born on the Earth. Just a man, he was not God. He emptied himself of this. Sin is Death, like not the acts of dying or the acts of sinning, but the One thing that holds humanity captive. Death. Sin. Sin is Death. Jesus was not entangled in this...*but*, he was fully capable of sinning, just as Adam was...perfect in glory, not entangled with Death/Sin, but fully capable of sinning. Adam chose sinning, and so created Death/Sin.

Yeshua was tempted just as we, in all ways and on all sides. He was just like us. When Holy Spirit came upon Yeshua at his baptism, it was then that Yeshua was born again, and so was now One with the Father in which he spoke "this is my Son...", that we could walk in every way he did, *because he did*. **Do you know how incredible this is?!** That God would choose us...really. Like, leave divinity in its beauty and perfection, for us. Follow me...stay with me...to begin again for us (Second/last Adam), *the key*, he was not entangled with Death/Sin, for he came from Heaven, but tempted into sinning just as we. Born again, just as we (*Note, he was born again before he was crucified*), not only unified with the Spirit of Divinity, but the Spirit rested upon him(*there is a distinction*), then crucified(the flesh), became Sin/Death(*there is no way to understand this without understanding how to perceive outside of "good and evil"*), buried (*Oh ya, we're still with him at this point...*), resurrected into glorification!!!!

So...this Kiss, all these illuminations are my points of contact, awaking me in *glorification*.

I am not sure when the body of Christ began to believe that physical death was the door to being glorified, because I don't see it anywhere in scripture. No matter the interpretations of scholars and teachers, Yahweh shows me different. *But* we did believe...through an agreement of consciousness, in which our Creator is now unraveling. Truly, all over the world, this belief system is dying, for people are seeing. Did you know that we were born dead. Already dead! There was no where else to go...so to go back to death after coming alive makes no sense! The more I wake up, I just laugh at myself...because I simply didn't see...oh but now I do...

Here are a few very personal illuminations in which this Kiss awoke in me:

~ *"I have found the One whom my soul loves."* Song of Songs 3.4, *"You have filled my heart with greater joy."* Psalm 4.7, *"She is far more precious than jewels."* Proverbs 31.10.

This is me! This is Us, my beloved and me, my beloved and us! This was the beginning, the first Kiss divine. This has been my establishment, my rock, my enriching soil and deepening roots. This will forever be my intimate embrace, whimsical friendship, and brotherhood. All else flows from here...this unwavering Love...

~ *Judgment.* I have seen the detriment of judgement. To clarify, I am not meaning discerning sight or wisdom in action, but judgment flowing from "good or evil." The fear that I held to, of being judged, is interesting to me...because *the judgment of others toward us cannot touch us.* Truly. This type of judgment is rejected *by us* and bounces back onto the one judging through this way, "the tree of good and evil." If you eat of one, you eat of the other. One tree, one fruit. The only judgement that touches us and brings death to the soul, and so the body, is our own. If I in thought, word, intent and/or action, judge another through the lens of *good* or *evil*, eating of both, this will hit this persons being, be rejected and come flying right back into me. Let say I see someone "I agree with," I have just made a judgement of "good" and so by default ate of evil, and what bounces back onto me is more than likely whatever I

deemed they just did that was agreeable, locking me into that system. What I have seen this cultivate in me, becoming sinning is, performing, doing good works, striving to attain...gossip, slander, lust in all areas that intrigued me personally...all of this, good and evil, led to death. And not because someone judged me, but because I judged them from the knowledge of good or evil, right or wrong. This touches every area of life.

*The tree of Life is where I desire to abide and choose this.* This messes up everything in religious systems! Which brings me to my third personal illumination.

~ Belief System or Principal. *Belief systems* are forged and structured through the knowledge of good and evil. *Principals* are revealed *ways* of Yahweh. One *way* of Yahweh is how She shows me *how* to live, not *what* to do or not do. It seems that there may be confusion with belief system and conviction. Imagine with me an ocean of *ways*; so many infinite drops! Conviction is a mermaid or fish that is birthed in this Ocean, swimming seamlessly through; Through all of it! All of these ways! Conviction is fluid, not static and not fixed. Belief systems are fixed, immovable and we can simply take witness to this in our own lives. How we parent, how we relate, how we conversate, what systems of religions we choose, so on and so on...this is All truth we're talking about, not just moral/religious truth.

I actually started a blog to look at this deeper, but was so moved by My first Kiss, that I paused on the other blog.

~ *Resolute in Intention, Peace in Conviction*

I mentioned above about Conviction, and I'll briefly share my on going relationship with this way. I am discovering Conviction, just like Resolution, is not a massive boulder that hunkers down in one spot, in which "you cannot move me!" lol Not at all...because when I do need to move that sucker, it's too heavy! And boy, what a waste of energy to do so. Conviction for me is becoming more of a cloud. Lite, easy. Pressure free. There is Rest here, Peace. This is not about an emotion, for those come and go, attached to thought. But Peace, a sustainable river bed from which I drink with ease, is always moving in a calm

steadiness. This cloud moves according to a Wind, and most often knows not where it goes, but rests in the moment, for there truly is only the moment, be it time or eternity.

*Resolute in Intention.* Ya know, I came in the door through Jesus...I get it, we all did! *But I kept going through Jesus.* I didn't have teachers of mystical divinity, or mentors who had trail-blazed a way for me to be raised up in and taught one on one, or even at a distance. I simply met My first Kiss and woke up in love! I butted up against everyone and everything, it seemed to me, and I took refuge in this Womb of my Mother Yahweh. So my way was formed in Love, fluid, poetic, conversation of picture and then depth. I did not know of systems or have an intelligent understanding of all that I was walking in. I simply went deeper into Jesus.

Then something shifted...it was time. It was time to be trained to live in all I was, *with great intention*. This may seem vague, but a life for me of fluidity meant I soared on the Wind, and still do :). Everything simply manifest through love, but there was something not coming full circle. I became agitated the more I began to experience what I knew not of and longed for more in order to be All in All, with my All in All. The book of Hebrews speaks of the dividing of soul and spirit, bone and marrow, thought and intention. The first two I've been walking in, the latter I have experience in because of the first two, but am now presently being called up to train intently in these ways. Intention is clarity; it does not shift with each passing wind. It does not take much energy to move in intention for it is a place of being, abiding. Where visualizing and thinking uses up much energy, and not much really gets done...kingdom stuff anyway.

There is much more to share, but these are my illuminations and very personal...My Kiss led me here.

What can I say?? It may seem as though I said nothing and too much at that! lol And it's all good! Awe, but truly...who cares about my illuminations to only say that they did come from within, they are personal, waking me up, and if they do stir you, or confirm you, then amen.



*But*, what really matters is your first Kiss. Your first Kiss is all that matters. Jesus once said to a people, "how far you have fallen from your first Love...remember. Remember me..."

I was born of the Earth, fallen from my first Love, it was time to remember, *it is* time to remember...maybe it's time for you to remember?

# Why Doubt??

October 2, 2021



Any Star Wars fans?? How about *The Mandalorian*?

I won't reveal too much of the show except to share that *Mando*, our prime and spotlighted character, *besides baby Yoda(Grogu)*, was grafted/adopted into a family, or sect, called the Mandalorians.

Through-out the two seasons Mando encounters different folks who either wear the baskar armor of the Mandalorians(*which is highly sought after*), or are legit Mandalorian but their expression of their religion differs from that of our Mando. *But* through it all, there is one thing they have in common and embrace..."*This is the Way.*" I can hear them now!

Their bond being, "*This is the Way.*" And this is what they speak to one another as a decision is made, good or evil. Or, if they are about to part ways.

Well, it seems that we too have a similar cry..."*This is the Way.* It is as ancient as ancient could ever be; Older than religion and deeper than creation.

Breathing and forming, imagining and perceiving flow from, *This is the Way*. And this *Way* is the Mind of Creator, Lover.

*Why doubti??* If I could paste an upside down emoji face on here, I totally would!  
In the last couple of blogs, I've touched on belief systems, conviction, intention, thoughts...  
When Jesus speaks to us universally, saying, "so far you have not asked anything *in my name*, for if you did, you would have it," he means it! lol  
And when the Spirit of Truth speaks to us through the writing of *Hebrews* revealing how as we ask and believe, not doubting, we shall see, She really means it! And when we're shown that if we doubt, we are as a wave tossed back and forth, our Spirit of Love really means it!  
There truly is only One Mind. And we find, *This is the Way*, in this Mind.  
As the picture in the beginning shows, to doubt is to have two thoughts in opposition of one another. We can only drink of one cup! We can only create/restore from one Mind!

Here's a classic example of two thoughts sitting side by side, and so eternity isn't really experienced...maybe just band-aids and a little prolonging of the life we desire.

The Spirit of Love and Truth says, "By His wounds, You *have been* healed." Past tense. One thought. Another thought comes in, and says, "I am not healed." And then confusion arises. Discouragement swells, and the hands of this person takes the reigns, deciding there is *more to be done* in order to experience the truth of healing.

Now, let us not be condemned by this. Our God of abundant love, power and goodness knows we are waking up, growing up! Yahweh knows that it is the kindness of mercy extended to us that draw us into trust, and so sight...*so* there is another sweet gift given to us...30, 60, and 100. This delicious fruit!  
What is this?! I'll share my personal moments in seeing *one* layer of this.

Jesus speaks to us universally, revealing the fruit of the 30, the 60 and the 100.

Remembering how there is only *One* mind, and so *One* essence that is the source of life, power and love, it is in these measures that we receive. The *30* is the source of Life found in medicine, revealed to doctors, scientist, people who desire to bring life and use the natural to do so. *This is God, ONE Source*. The 60 is the miracle, the healing by faith, the finances that were gifted "out of nowhere" to purchase the medicine, the stay in the hospital, and more...even divine health. This too is God, and this science of healing and heart to heart connecting in order to provide, is found moving through the vessel of the natural as well. There is no separation of creation, honestly. ~ All is Spirit, just distinct...coming back into its Oneness, its original *intent*...still distinct, and so each is honored. *(The laws of the natural are honored by God; God moves through them and they bend toward his desire, not compromising their design, just expanding what they are as a law of nature, for Love, for Life. This too, is us)* ~

Then there is the 100...

This is infinitely vast and purely eternal, that is to be All in All. I have seen this, tasted of this, experienced the creating something from the place of "*Nothing, Void*", or for me, I've known this place to be *the Womb of Elshaddai*. This place is real, where all that we see in form, found its beginning. It began in *intent*, and through imagination and thought (not double thoughts), what was not, became what is. (*Goodness*, I do long to share more...be reminded of more with you, reminding us together, but another time!)

The 100 is not defiled by that which is entangled with death, but by its mere presence, *being*, an unentangling ensues and there is life in that which was once bound. And this life is usually more unique and more *human* than we ever really imagined or could presently fathom! lol

*30*-This is God, and Yahweh is found within the healing elements of Earth and intelligence/inspirations of Man. *60*-This is God found in miracle, faith, divine health, drawing resources in by a strong soul. *100*-This is purely God, Spirit, bending all of nature around itself because the truth is, this nature *is* God. This is beyond divine health and into the being that brings wholeness, is the wholeness, reconciling *everything* to Itself.

I have witnessed how the fruit of the 30 and 60 manifest for a person even when they are double minded. But the fruit of the 100 calls us into maturity and here there can be no double mindedness, no doubt...there can only be *One* thought.

*So...you're telling me, that if I live in One thought, I will see all that I ask for and desire?*

Yes! Yes I am :)

*What if I ask for what hurts me, or I'm not ready for it?*

By the very **Way** of maturing into living in *One Thought*, or *Mind of Christ*, there is a natural movement of only doing what we see the Father doing. All is Life, and for Life. You never have to ask yourself this question again...just keep your gaze on your love for Yeshua...and you'll see that this *Thought*, is to not actually think at all, but simply be.

*How do I have One Thought and not think??!*

I'm glad you asked!! Come with me..

I'll share some of my processes and moments; you take what is life and allow your own path to be formed.

First, and this was a pretty big deal for me, I could not allow myself to be condemned or ashamed by any thought or image. Forget *trying* to live in *one thought* if shame and condemnation was there. This doesn't have to mean it's gross images or thoughts, it is simply unbelief taking on the form it does. Confusion around healing, murder or idolatry, yelling and allowing rage to form, or any type of lust toward whatever brings that sense of life...it's all unbelief. So...shame and condemnation had to go!!

How did I do this? **I refused to condemn** the thoughts or images that arose, and these did come when I started to meditate...slowing down the body calls everything of the mind to come forward...but it's not as

thick in layers as one may think. It's quite thin actually, it's just that shame reflects an illusion of being massively thick, and so there are years of battling with thoughts.

I'm not mad at my thoughts, which could also just be simple distractions of the day or relationships...whatever. I'm not made at them. I don't yell at them, fight with them, or stick them in some prison, in which they just break out of! Seriously. I actually honor myself, gently pluck them out, and place them beneath me...beneath the stillness where there is no thought(*dividing of intent and thought*), and I turn them into gold dust...sometimes I watch them flow into a river, becoming this river as well.

How often do I do this?? Over and over and over again...and over and over and over again!

Over time, for this is relationship with Yahweh and relationship is an intimate matter, a peace and gap between thought and stillness(*intent*) forms. And then something extraordinary happens...my thoughts begin to change...and because emotion and thought seem to always be found together, my emotions change as well. And the evidence of this is seen in the body, becoming the fruit and inheritance of my Father :)

At first when there was fatigue and a slumbering over a leaning into the Word, a quickening is birthed. The body that once could only take so much, can suddenly be about more and for longer, with a renewed energy, for the weakened body is beginning to be strengthened in Spirit.

Divine health and quickening in healing is now an experience that one only reads about or saw glimmers of.

Then, what seems like a **Suddenly**, as this training in the stillness continues, the body begins to slip backwards in the time of its life. 10 years fall off...the skin begins to glow and ripples by the wave of being in eternity. And more...

*\* Mention, our bodies are so so very important \**

When there is a space between thought and stillness, there is a place to be trained, create, restore...and it's all from believing. We learn how to manifest as Maturing Sons, forgoing the *gifts* as a cloak that was meant for a time.

In the stillness, we live in *One Thought, This is the Way* :) and this is the place of *intent*, where being is our only way of living.

In the stillness we'll learn how to frame up what we desire to create. There truly is no space here for fear or worry or self interest that would cause harm...so you never have to be concerned over that. I promise you, your love for Jesus is enough.

This simple and pure love, as unique as you are, is all that Jesus desires. It's all we truly are. And this is light and easy, subtle and sweet.

The only pressure we'll find is one in which we put upon ourselves and this will be reflected in our quiet time, meditation time, where we see if we live in double thought.

If this does happen, we return to our Love, pluck that thought, in which the emotion must come, and gently usher it down to where its place is...beneath you, beneath the stillness.

When you close your eyes and if you see only the back of your eyelids, and darkness...do not be discouraged or dismay...remain. Be still. The mist of Eternity, this *Womb*, will reveal itself. Observe, follow, listen. Enjoy the sweet moments of freshness, and anticipate the next ones. Continue to usher thought/emotion beneath the stillness, and just as our Spirit of Truth spoke in the writings of Mark 4...overnight, suddenly, growth happened. We knew not how, but it did. This is grace. This is love. We show up, we love, believe...and further entangle ourselves into our Oneness :)

Oh my goodness, I'm going to stop writing and drift here now...I love you all. More is always before us. I'll see you in the stillness, in the color...in our Life xoxo ~Mandy

# Momma...

October 20, 2021



How precious is a *Mom*? How divine and intimate a true *Mom* can to be.

Sometime ago, I learned one way of making a difference could be by *what I said*. Then as intimacy with Yahweh deepened, that shifted and the greater than *what I said*, was *how I lived*. **This had greater impact**. Then deeper still I went and through intimacy, Yeshua showed me something even more wonderful, lite and easy...*My response* to all things was what had the greatest impact...this spilling over into how I lived and what I said...by finding it's beginning in *how I responded* to everything and everyone. **Full circle!**

Now, to be a living response meant a maturing in seeing must be cultivated in me...which is why all those movements that came before, well...came before. I have been in process of discovering the ways of Yahweh. *Seeing from Heaven's Mind...*



Why do I even mention this after starting with "*Mom?*" It's fairly simple...I am discovering how Yahweh is in continual momentous response to us. And out of the desire of my heart and flow of my yes, came the response in YHVH in revealing the "*She*" within.

More?? Yes please!

Here are a few glimpses into the intimate engagements with my Lord :) When God created, they did so as Elohim. Then came the moment of *rest*. The structure was laid, established. When humanity died and lost original intent in Glory, all of Creation was then held in constraints...for us, awaiting us. Yep, *Us!*

From what I am seeing in Yahweh, through years of stumbling intimacy(!), is *now* Jesus is moving in response to me, to us. He doesn't want to do *everything* for me, but show me how and let me go, this becoming a "*we*" moment. *Draw near to me, I'll draw near to you. God rested on the 7th day. All of Creation waits in expectation for the revealing of Sons!* Then there are so many revelations of how when we do, we receive what we release. As we withhold, it is withheld from us. Everything responds to us and our choices. Everything...earth, heaven, creatures, elements, time, space, Yahweh...

We are **not** trapped, imprisoned or stone-walled but in our own minds, our perceiving.

*This is an immense gift and honor. For freedoms sake, we have been set free!*

What about the *She* I mentioned above? I'm getting there, I promise :) Another glimpse into my intimacy, leading into the revealing of *She*.

Adam. A-dam. Within A-dam, was He and *She*. Both rose up together in *One*. Then distinction arose in which there was Woman and Man...still *One*. Pure glory, for two of these could only ever form One, this revealing the likeness and image of YHVH. He and *She*.

God is Spirit, and within this Spirit is the mystery of He and *She*.

While my flesh is female, I also am *She* in Spirit and Soul. And while my son, James has the flesh of He, James also carries He in Spirit and Soul. But that's not all...The fullness of Yahweh is in me and James, so that also means that I carry He within me, and James carries She within him, not in the flesh, for there is divine distinction in this, but in Spirit...originally Spirit, and *now* He and She becomes a mystery to be explored! So wild lol So good!!

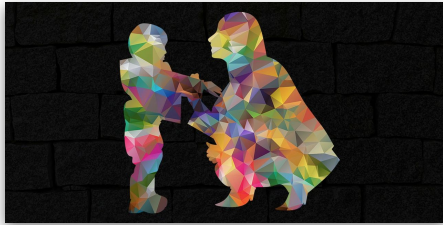
~I honor, deeply honor, the distinction of Man and Woman becoming *ONE*; because for me, the most prominent purpose, being how when these two came together, they formed *ONE*...the *ONE*. I would give my life for this, for this reality burns within my veins. To bare the fullness of God on the earth as two becoming ONE, is more powerful than we have the capacity in logic and reason, to comprehend. The power in this is beyond the generations that have ever been or will ever be. Geeze...it's just without word.

A man can be with a man, a woman with a woman, and I hold no criticism toward them, for I honor each as the image of God...truly. But the truth is, each will miss the most powerful, beautiful and exciting reality that is found in living in this earth if choosing to attempt unifying outside of the image of Creator. There simply is no outside, and there can be no other way. *He* and *She* is so sacred, so divine...and so delightful to our beings.

The more I find Yahweh responding to me as *She*, the more I discover what and who I am. I have found my birthing One, My womb. The place where mystery awakens and forms me. I have found the darkness in *She, the place of stillness*, of being sewn together, swaddled, trained and cultivated. I am discovering what it is to nurture and listen, what it is to be still in response, and present in all moments in *She*. *She* is my Momma.

And here is something else...my physical bathroom has been a grounds for heaven and earth becoming one. Here, I sit on my counter, lights off or on...I peer with a softened gaze. I see the energy of *She* all around me. The tenderness and intention in *Now*. My Momma is revealing to me how I am only in *Now*, *and I don't have to wait*. I have a Mother, a Father, and Yeshua is becoming a very dear brother to me.

This is Heaven, Eternity, and this is Earth, Creation.



This Momma brings me to tears; the mention of Her, the honor my soul longs to shower Her with. She is so worthy of more than mention, but deep and passionate interaction.

My Momma is showing me the intention and grace of being a Creator, a Birther. One who is distinct in form, *and still* unbound to only one form and expression.

As I have sat on my bed in my room or roamed the stars, she has been a close companion and teacher to me through the gentleness and might within Her meekness. This too has been Yeshua for me.

Her light has illuminated every thought that streams through me, revealing the soundness of *how* She communicates to me. *How* YHVH conversates with me. In this I am discovering an ever increasing confidence in the **ways** of Yahweh for I am engaged in **how** Yahweh communicates with me. The focus being in the *how*, much more so than on the *what*, for the *what* is eternally shifting, but the *how* is everlasting and eternal.

I can't seem to veer from this, so as my Momma's heart is to know us and be known by us, I'll rest here; the **how** in communication with Momma, with Yahweh. So that we may find great confidence in intimacy with our God who is here; I in You, You in Me.

*Picture. Image.*

Communication through verbal words is sweet. An expression of kindness by our desire to live in relationship, in Oneness with one another. With the utmost honor toward this, I must say *this way alone*, leaves us very limited, linear and looking to hear rather than see. It lacks dimension, lodging us in a place of applying everything God says, *rather* than awakening into seeing and so being.

*Picture. Image.*

This is the way of conversing with Yahweh. This *way* is deeper than deep. It is of Spirit, and is a sound raising into reality, through our *yes* for intimacy. There can only be receiving here. There can only be, "being" here. And it is only here where I may transcend, expand and transform.

*"Be transformed by the renewing of your mind(imagination)..."*

This **way of thinking** is divine, flowing through Spirit. We needn't have to analyze or figure anything out here.



How about this image?

When we see this, we may instinctively relate to moments of intimacy, be it "good or bad."

My earthen momma showed me what it meant to care for another and to help those who have differing needs.

When I was younger, my mom, sister and myself would pack the car full of blankets and other goodies, and head out to the tent city that was once a thriving place in Seattle. Children would be running around every where, for families and many other folk took up a type of transient settlement there. As a child, I remember bringing blankets to people who needed extra warmth and playing with other children. I enjoyed these moments. Something was stirred within me.

So as I peer into that *image* in the sky, it draws me to many moments of joy, fun, and adventure. The image drew me into a reference point that in turn was a seed in shaping me.

*Images* and *pictures* may also arouse in us *justice, strength, joy, fear, worry*...we are a catalogue of what we've seen and experienced. We really don't think and so do, we see from stored memory(*from an establishing record within us since birth*) and our *intent* materializes into thought and action. This is how I have become aware of *us* through revelation.

~ **But** it seems this **seeing** is the **way** or *principal* in which we move live and have our being ~

We've just operated from a place of limitation, or lack. But *now(!!)* our Momma is showing us this *way* has always been in us, and is now redirecting us to live in its purity.

Do you know why the Bible, and other divine writings, are so important for us to be engaged in? Each One is a door (*and there is something so unique about the whole of the Bible*). I personally move from just reading words, into being absorbed in them.

They provide counsel to my imagination. *Meaning*, these sacred writings cleanse my imagination, awakening true memory which is *truth*.

As an example, when I engage psalm 23, I enter into the picture within my imagination, *or now, I just go to the place that has materialized in my awareness, cause this does happen over time. Jesus is psalm 23! haha!*

*"He leads me by still waters..."* This encounter begins with closing my eyes, or keeping them open and focusing on seeing from within (*this has been a key for me to align my sight, so I see other realms while my physical eyes are open*). While my eyes are open or closed, I don't clear my mind, but focus on this *image*. I sense the sound of water. Focusing on the stream, I see light flicker. Suddenly this water begins to breath differently, move differently, and then another image arises. I am now engaging in conversation with Holy Spirit. She, or for some, He, is speaking to me through these images. Because my Momma is **more** than 4 dimensional, she speaks as she is, and so every point of conversation, or image, is as she is. This is the truth of relationship! When someone speaks to me, I know they are worlds within worlds and there is more being said than what is being said.

And sometimes my Momma will speak to me with images that I once would have deemed "demonic or evil," but since then, I am coming to see the place of neutrality in it all...it simply *IS*. And the gift is now I am free to be and simply see, and this awakens Life.

*When I step back from deeming something good or evil, I am able to see the whole picture, and in discerning calculation make decisions...or flow.*

The cleansing of my imagination is bringing me into expansion. Expansion of Mind, being in my Momma's mind, *or womb*, or Mind of Christ. Here everything is alive, teaming, relational, and pure. All so pure, for all is free to be who and what they are! Can I just say there is so much peace...so much peace here. It truly is like walking through a tsunami(*circumstances*) yet not experiencing the immense pressure or chaos of it. I'm living in, from, a different experience. *My abiding..*

Just as my earthen memory of relational encounters paved my way of seeing and understanding, I am *now* on a path of intimate relationship with Yahweh, through every point of contact we make, paving a *new* way of seeing and understanding. *My abiding...*

Being saturated by Spirit so that I may create new memory and so see, didn't just pop up from some ethereal place as though I was being given a shot, then another one, then another one, *but in my awareness* there was a reference point that has always been, and now is waking up. *I am remembering...*

My Bible says how Yahweh's people are asleep and need to wake up, perishing for their lack of understanding. It also speaks of my Creator as the Ancient of Days. Yeshua also instructs me to take of him and *remember*. I am seeing how there is a remembrance of what will be, for it has always been, and it is *this* record of *Life* that is awakening as I engage in conversation with my Momma through image. *I am sealed completely!*

And I'd love to just share something that begins to transpire and manifest in the natural realm because of our conversations with Yahweh through image...we discover how these images and conversations open in us the river of life.

Another way to see this, is our Body, Soul and Spirit becoming purely divided that they may operate truly as One.

From here our Oneness(*with Yahweh, creation, self*) moves in the *power* to create. Within the imagination, becoming a platform for creating, we frame up life.

*Example*, my body...I haven't been sick in a very long time. Sometime ago, I realized divine health was a real thing. And then to go beyond just perfect health, I had an awareness of being a life giver, or to awaken what is already there...so I sat in rest and engaged my relationship with my Momma, through image, conversation and intimate exchanges. This revelation of *no sickness touching me* because of what my body is, brought about images of light and life, only.

When I would sense a pain or something begin to touch my body, this frame work within my imagination would rise up and my physical body would respond. This is my love for Jesus bringing my being into a greater awareness of where *it* really is. Heaven as well as Earth.

To go further, beyond my own body, while pregnant with James I knew by personal revelation that I could hold him within my personal framework of wholeness and health and nothing could touch him, sickness and such(*thoughts of doubt did come and go*). When he was circumcised he bled quite a bit, and was very uncomfortable. I resolved within my current awareness and framework how this bleeding could go on no further so I held him for the afternoon, a softened focus for a couple hours. At that time, I didn't realize I was establishing a framework for his body through images, rooted in love and so the grace to create/shift matter...I simply *believed* because of many moments(*memory*) with Yahweh that had established a transformation within my imagination.

The bleeding did stop, and his body rested.

James hasn't experienced sickness for most of his life, until just recently. He just turned 4, and when he did get sick, I went straight into the space of seeing what *IS in order* for healing to awaken...I also spent time asking Holy Spirit what happened...*why did he get sick?*

For me, praying may contain words, but it is so much more than this. It's a *resting* in Presence, conversating through seeing, and remembering what has always been, that I may call it forth into now. *And practice...so much practice in my love for Yahweh!*

There is true mystery that must be engaged, explored and rested in. And then there is the adventure of being revealed, enjoying all that Creator has made, knowing this One more intimately where confidence rises up and we are *free to be free*.

*For freedom's sake our Momma set us free!!*

*Now, go explore your place within Jesus, enjoy all moments, rest in the assurance that nothing can separate you from him, and all is well...*



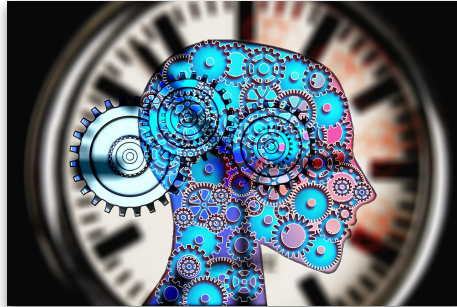
*All is well.*

On a personal note, I have lived in my relationship with Jesus through worship for him, and because of this, Life within and all around has just naturally opened up. I simply was in a bed of constant activity, being a part of it, but not really understanding *how* all was happening. I had fragments of understanding, and maybe I have had more than I realize, so much floating above my head...I don't know. But what I do know is now my sweet friend, Holy Spirit, has drawn me into a training, a learning of the science behind all Creation, all that Jesus has done and what I am to do...like on purpose at any moment lol

I say all of this to simply share how we are never done, never arrive, but continue in our eternal engagements with Yahweh and all of Creation, for all of eternity. This is wild and fun!! So, no rush, be at rest, and enjoy. This truly is wondrous, because we truly *have already arrived!*

# Stress...manage what??

October 24, 2021



Each One had a beginning, born of a woman. Born into a space and time and world.  
Over time, our being began to take on a form of sorts, responses to all that is seen and unseen.

Not long ago I connected with an online company, a platform interfacing writers and potential clients. A proposal for a writing job was sent to me about a week ago. I read the desired content and the direction the client wanted the writer to go in. The scope of the work was to write on stress management.

I read through the details and time line and realized, *this would be great to write about on my own blog*, but not in the vein of managing anything. At least, not as I understood or understand management in the eye of the world.

I personally am far too weak in the flesh and soul to manage stress or anger, or any emotion and intent meaning to make decisions and frame up my life. And I haven't known Jesus to manage this stuff in me

either, he simply butchers it! *Okay*, actually, he doesn't butcher it, but he does cause a great upheaval within so the dross may rise that he may sweep it away. But this is me, it may be different for another.

*Sill...*there is something of new life that always speaks to me of living in the bliss and abundance of Life...Managing and allowing something to remain and fester, rising up when it pleases or is triggered, seems unreasonable to me, and I simply won't allow it for myself!

*So*, if you are with me so far, I'll share some practical movements that have allowed me to say "*Bye Bye*" for real to the stress and anger, which never belonged anyway, and "*Hello*" to abundant thinking, feeling, living; all flowing from being.

Let's lay a structure for the practical to fill, ya?

Wisdom, have your way!

**Here's one part structure;** Once born of flesh, broken, enlaced with *Death* and so thought and lived unto the same, *I am NOW born a New Being*.

Yes, I am a rock in a tumbler, where much of Life and Love is shaping me by way of devastation to areas that are just debris; but within the rough and rugged is a jewel unique to all others. A life that has been birthed from Perfection, Purity and Power. And this is the *gift of Grace*. I did nothing to earn this, but believe and respond.

If I will not believe that I am a New Being, no longer a human being born of dying flesh, everything I do will be a religious work only frustrating me all the more, by the very nature within the construct of Death.

*But*, if I do believe I am a New Creature born of Creator, this is a foundation no one can remove, for it is an ancient one!

*Remember*, you do not have to understand, feel or see the manifesting of you being *A New Creature* in order to believe. Believing is deeper, much *much* deeper. Resolve and keep going. All else will be revealed as an awakening continues.

*This New Creation in its beginning is as a baby...embrace this. Peer into the ways and life of an infant and so see yourself.*

**Here is two part structure;** *Love birthed you, keeps you, reminds you and reveals you.* This too must be embraced and cannot be some frothy ethereal thought or good idea. If this knowing of the Love of God does not go before us, the deeper we go, we won't go. Love leads the way, for what lies before us in unknown.

We will be communicated with, by the Spirit of God to do things that make no sense to our old familiar way of reasoning. Even allowing the tearing down of personal systems and structures that have held to us adamantly, for far too long. This too is the *tumbler affect* lol I am the rock in the tumbler and my **yes** to Love, to what is unknown, gives permission to be tumbled thoroughly!

My normal can no longer be the familiar. I must abide in the unfamiliar where there is no meaning, for all is meaningful, without limit or control. Love is the only Source and energy that will lead me into this and through this. This really is a beautiful mystery, but here are a few simple examples that will draw us into the deeper.

**Example;** When I see a shadow move in the corner of my room, it doesn't have to mean it is demonic. Or when I experience a surge of energy vibrating inside my brain and body, it doesn't have to mean I'm having a stroke or failure of some kind. Those are generic, more common examples. **How about when** emotion begins to be redeemed and compassion all of a sudden presents itself in a way that completely throws me off kilter, causing me to even pause in relationships...just to make sure I haven't gone crazy and cold? If the Love that is God does not go before me, I won't go. I'll shrink back in every way. **One more simple example.** What if a dream I haven't dreamt in many years begins to peek over the hill of disillusionment, stirring my being to remember and so move?! If the Love of God does not go before, holding me through and through, the same reasoning of limitation, lack and doubt that once hindered me before, will rise again and I'll have no defense, remaining in a fog. *In fact*, I'll discover even *more* lacking, limiting reasonings as to why I can't do the one thing that has burned in me for so long.

*Love birthed me, keeps me, reminds me, and reveals me...*

**Here is three part structure;** *We are not an open book, but a deepening Memoire that One must engage As IS in order to come into experiencing this One.*

Through the truth of *Love going before me*, the *New Creation* that I am (*which is Genesis 1*), and the Truth that *I am not* a collection or gathering of facts, I have come to see myself as a well that has no bottom, in which I cannot share of me if someone is looking to know *about* me, rather than *receive me as I am and delve in!*

We do not have to explain ourselves. We do not have to bend to the pressure and wind of each person's journey or opinion or momentary thought and emotion, nor to any one system that says, "*this is the way.*" We are not held siege or captive to another's world.

I share what I share above, not from bitterness or frustration, or any tone of abandonment in relationship...please know my heart is for union in intimacy, entirely.

I simply spent *years*, years of life *as a Christian* held hostage to the approval of others, the *okay* and *thumbs up* from the Church and its leaders. I lived with an *ear* leaning into the words of a teacher, pastor or prophet, and so missed the sound of Jesus. (*As I reread this, I cry and look up, and he is smiling at me right now lol Only Love...so good.*)

Proverbs 25 pierced me through, unraveling *ways* in which I led myself to believe was relationally normal. I'll share the first 7 verses:

*God conceals the revelation of his word  
in the hiding place of his glory.  
But the honor of kings is revealed  
by how they thoroughly search out  
the deeper meaning of all that God says.  
The heart of a king is full of understanding,*

*like the heavens are high and the ocean is deep.  
If you burn away the impurities from silver,  
a sterling vessel will emerge from the fire.  
And if you purge corruption from the kingdom,  
a king's reign will be established in righteousness.  
Don't boast in the presence of a king  
or promote yourself by taking a seat at the head table  
and pretending that you're someone important.  
For it is better for the king to say to you,  
"Come, you should sit at the head table,"  
than for him to say in front of everyone,  
"Please get up and move—  
you're sitting in the place of the prince."*

It's been years of allowing this *Word* to awaken me, burn me and so birth me. I'm in tears now, because the sacredness within our Love for Jesus holds the same sacredness toward one another. Love is never forced, *never*. Love does not control, *ever*. Love truly sees what IS and allows this to awaken in another. Love doesn't pull out anything from the other, but in willingness and reception, Love moves into dance and exploration.

A relationship that is not this, is no relationship, but a shadow of what can be. Even in the infant stages of *true* relationship, *this* holds more of Heaven than the couple that knows so much about one another that they could be read like a book.

With this, I will say how there is a confidence that increases through true intimacy. We know this is true when we can let go of everything and everyone, allowing each to be.

Here lies *True*, beneath the surface of thought, time and information, *Peace*.

**Remember,** *We are not an open book, but a deepening Memoire that One must engage As IS in order to come into experiencing this One.*



So, we have our three part structure, which is intermingled within *One*, of course. You can't have one without the other!

*New Creation, Love goes before Me, I am a deepening Memoire to be embraced and received.*

Now let's fill our structure with the goodies of Living!

The stress and anger that *produces*, or is *productive*, is good, just as any energy should be. Like the tumbler of Life, the stress of it all should sharpen and quicken me, not destroy or cripple me. This pressure, or stress expands me, bringing my place of Rest to deeper realities; its roots going deeper and deeper. Even if the tree above ground is stout, a storm will never take it down, no matter how small it may appear to be!

But the anger and stress that leads to fatigue, depression, discouragement and finally oppression, is what we do not want. No management of this will awaken the Life that is *US*.

So, I'll share some practices I have engaged in, filling that structure laid out above, and if this is a season where what I share resonates and helps you, amen! Be encouraged, we are in this together, and together we live through one Another.



### *First Practice:* **Breathing**

What a phenomenal technique, gift and activation into the Breath that is Holy Spirit. There is the surface breath, being oxygen and a *sort of life*, and then there is a deeper breath, being Spirit and this is Holy Spirit. So, I can just breathe, or *I can breathe* while breathing!

Speaking from personal experience as a vocal artist and someone who also engages many people in meditation in practical life, I can say that most people do not breathe correctly. A person's poor physical image will leave them breathing in shallow strides, in the chest, in order to keep that tummy tucked and tight. A person who holds onto any sort of trauma, minor or major, will find that their body responds with rigidity and tightness and so shallow breathing. Worry, fear, anger, pain...all produces shallow breathing.

**We will always find our answer within our problem!** So, one massively pulling-no-punches answer to ALL of this, is, learning how to breathe!

Engaging the breath has so many *benefits* but I won't focus on these, just a simple practice. This will also, naturally, keep you in the present, and eventually you will naturally veer your focus from the surface oxygenated breath, into the breath becoming Holy Spirit.



**Lay on the ground**, relax your abdomen completely. Unbutton your pants if you must! Even when you feel like you may be relaxed, speak to the parts of your body to relax again. *"Neck, relax, you are safe."* Continue this as much as you'd like. *No rush...do not rush.*

Because we are born believing we are our bodies, we have to allow God to divide this in us. Much of my beginnings was speaking to my body, saying, *"You are safe."* ***I am not my body.***

Once in a relaxed state, breathe in, *slow* and as *deep* as possible. Expanding the diaphragm first, filling it with breath, then allow the lungs to fill.

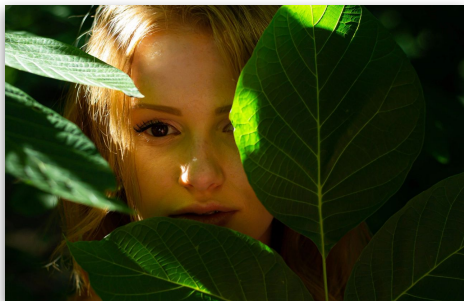
Breathe *IN* for at least 7 seconds, *HOLD* for 7 seconds, and *slowly* breathe *OUT* for at least 7 seconds. Hold again for a few seconds. Then do this again, and again. As much as you can.

I would begin with 10-15 minutes at least, then move up in time if desired. But the more you do this, you'll naturally find yourself breathing in this way during your days and evenings. Especially when your body starts to feel the stress of your soul, it'll have a retreat to re-center in...breathing. It's pretty incredible. A practice becomes a natural function.

*If you notice that you begin yawning through out, that's normal. Our bodies are discovering safety and security, remembering the correct way to breathe. Fatigue and even falling asleep in the beginning, is normal. Our capacities stretch the more we engage.*

Simple, right?! Once you resolve to breathing, move into allowing your breath *OUT* to speak a name or word that is meaningful to you. Meaning, there is affection in it. When I breathe out, I say *Yahweh...or Yeshua*. This is meaningful to me, and engages my heavenly breath. This takes my body into a dimension in Eternity :) It's fun!

Once your body begins to become familiar with breathing, you can sit up and walk around in the same practice...it becomes a way in which you engage and re-center your self.



### *Second Practice:* **Wonder**

What actually produces, or awakens, *wonder* within us?

There is a sense of *awe*, a sense of "*this is something I have never seen or had a knowing of before.*"

Usually unfamiliar, but even if familiar leading us into more of *it...it's* still *NEW*!!

*Wonder*

*Simple, innocent, pure.* Without meaning, yet meaningful. Wonder reveals to us a blank canvas with strokes at every teetering glance, only to arouse us into the next stroke, pure genius!

*Wonder*

Revealing Oneness, truly, oneness in *ALL*.

### **Walking:**

Have you ever had someone drive for you, and while they drive you peer out the window, noticing the landscape? Could be anything, of anyplace, or anyone.

Or have you ridden a bike or rode a quad that took you a bit closer to the scene that you were moving through?

Or, have you taken a walk through a trail, neighborhood, city street? You may see that you are much closer to the scene than you would have been on a bike or in a car, or even a plane.

*Now*, what if this *walk* become more than peering into a scene, but a moment of slowing within so that an embracing of the scene awakened oneness? This is truly the depth of *Wonder. Union.*

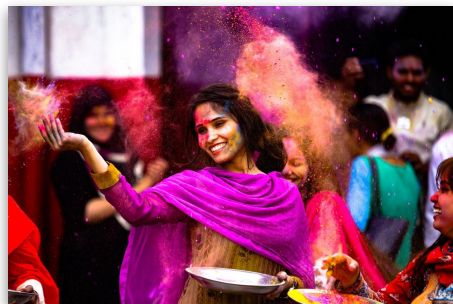
**Go on a walk.** Don't allow your yesterday to frame up meaning to the tree you see, or the person walking by. But pause and peer from within. Discover how Jesus, who holds *ALL* together and is the *ALL in ALL*, *is also You...*

### **Abstaining:**

I'm like a 2 sided coin...abstinence in one season, doesn't mean it will be there in the next. I may look like a walking contradiction, but by my own conscience I must live, and I'm in good company :) Yahweh seems to contradict himself all the time to many...but he doesn't.

In one season, be it a day, weeks, or years, I may live a life of fasting, or simply no meat (*I love Romans 14!*). In the next season I may be called to eat meat, honor the animal and experience the Life of it for certain reasons that Yahweh has revealed to me...for me. To each of us, we must listen to our conscience, allowing others to honor their own, not placing a judgment of "good or evil" upon them or us. This cleanses us, so that **wonder** *becomes a waking reality for us.*

*Nothing is beyond God to do and so show us where to go. Love goes before us, always...*



### *Third Practice: Create ~ Fun!*

Oooo!!! This is the good stuff!!

*But...*and I mean this. This is the serious part...You cannot take your self seriously. You cannot worry about over consuming, or condemn yourself for joy. You can't do it!

See yourself as a child who wants every Christmas present they can think of, or 4 year old who is brought to the largest candy store every created, designed just for him and let loose! Or...a 10 year old who feels awkwardly in between "cute kid" and "beautiful young woman," only to be held and never let go, in the warmest hug. A hug that wraps around and only has thoughts of beauty and goodness for this little one. Stay here...

Worry not for anything, please!! See the face of your God, whatever this face looks like, radiating in Love...like really truly, even now, focus on this warmth and care. This is your forever. No one can take you from here...*no one*. Nothing can stop this...*nothing*.

*Now...*

What are *you* made to do? Do it and have fun!! Even in the challenge and unknown of each mile stone, have fun! This is *your* journey, *your* life :) And *your* God wants you to enjoy it, completely and thoroughly.

Writing thrills me when it flows from me; teaches me, reminds me...unlike anything else *I do*.

What is it for you? What is your thing? What is in you so deeply that the only explanation for *it*, is that *it* must be a part of *you*.

*Go here, stay here, create and play here!!*

Are you unsure of what is in you? Or do you feel the fatigue of oppression so greatly, that you cannot see how to have fun or to create?

Whatever it takes, *because I'm telling you, this is the medicine of Heaven that will show you the freedom that is in you*, go around people who are having fun! Look to those who do not sway with each wind of emotion or thought of man; those who look different because they have peace, when peace makes no sense...be with them. And you will wake up.

**Remember :**) Nothing can disqualify us from the goodness of Love...nothing; No matter what I believe I must learn first, or go through; No matter what I think I must be rid of or change inside of me...*nothing* and *no one* can disqualify me from the goodness found in Love. And quite often God will lead me into *more* that I become aware of being a King, being the *child of God*...

*Character is developed in abundance, whatever abundance may look like in every moment.*

One silly poem to end...love you all :) Read aloud for sure!

A dog wandered into our garden one day,  
A friendly old mutt, didn't look like a stray.  
We never discovered whence he had come,  
But we brushed him and fed him and the kids called him Rum.

Now as family members, even dogs must work hard,  
So we put Rum on duty next door in our yard,  
Bright eyed and watchful by night and by day,  
But not much of a guard dog, I'm sorry to say.

He barked at the cats and he'd bark at a toad,

He barked at the cattle outside on the road,  
He barked at the horses - so where did he fail?  
You see, Rum liked people, and he just wagged his tail.

He liked the yard labour, an amiable bunch.  
They fed our dog tidbits and scraps from their lunch.  
Rum wolfed it all down, but to our dismay  
He seemed to get fatter with each passing day.

Then one night when Rum was laid at his ease,  
A burglar crept in just as quiet as you please.  
He saw no alarms, heard no siren howling,  
No guard dog for sure, there'd be barking and growling.

But Rum was awake and he'd seen him alright,  
Delighted with company this time of the night,  
He flew through the yard, his new friend to greet,  
And his weight bowled the burglar right off of his feet.

The intruder got up and ran off with a wail  
And Rum right behind him still wagging his tail.  
He departed the yard he'd come in to burgle  
Like a champion athlete clearing a hurdle.

But Rum couldn't jump gates, so sadly instead  
He picked up the thief's wallet and went back to bed.

Next morning the evidence everyone viewed,  
When Rum brought it to us, (just a little bit chewed).

Once given the wallet, the police didn't fail  
To capture the burglar and put him in jail.  
His confession like wildfire spread through the town,  
How a big vicious guard dog had knocked the thief down.

We all howled with laughter when we heard the story,  
And Rum was our hero, he was basking in glory.  
There's been no attempts since to burgle our yard,  
For everyone knows now that Rum is on guard.

Source: <https://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poem/the-ballad-of-rum>



# Sacredness of Silence

November 13, 2021



Earlier in the week, an encounter I witnessed not long before this day, came to me again.

A young mom, a small child, sitting face to face. The small child's cry was escalating with each new moment. Then quite naturally the momma, without a word, locked eyes with her small one and began to breathe slowly and deeply. In and then out, in and then out. *This* type of moment draws all eyes in, and so I found myself breathing along with her. Her small child intuitively followed along as well. In and then out, in and then out. She calmed within seconds, an embrace following closely after.

Years of stillness and quiet have passed now. I have said very little, compared to what I burn to say.

Imagine this with me...



A flower the size of a small plant. There is no stem, only a root system in which these roots deeply run. Within each petal are visible veins filled with the light of Day, coursing to and fro within its own luminescence. There is a star-dust quality to these petals, color richly entrancing, most subtle in fragrance yet still unavoidably precious, distinct.

No mere picture would ever dare capture its wonder, its beauty. No extracting of petal will ever reproduce such a scent. And there will never be a book of inexhaustible potential that will ever pen the substance of this unique creation.

We have only our moments with it. And as many moments as we desire.

Do I really understand what *Cod* desires most of me?

I'm beginning to...I really am beginning to.

**For me to enjoy him with the greatest enjoyment and pleasure that is found within me. Oh how wondrous and lite this is!**

If I lived for nothing else, but to enjoy my *Cod* with the deepest of pleasure and affection...I would be found *IN HIS* greatest delight; greatest honor, and most-dearly *personal* pleasure.

So, I've come to have one true goal within myself...my greatest desire being *that I would have not one desire*. For it is then I shall live in a subtle and deep embodiment of my Friend, no longer desiring one thing. You see, I have seen with wide, tear filled, excited eyes, how everything that is *made*, in which I carried desire for, only revealed my truest desire for the One thing that is *Unmade*, this being my one true desire.

Though poetic quite often, my speech is quite plain.

When stillness falls upon the heart of the One, *this* heart can see the heart of Another and breathe through anything with them. Sometimes there are words, but sometimes there are non.

Consider what I am sharing here.

Consider a rainbow with me...

I once drove through a rainbow with my dad and first little babe, Alyssa. That's right, we drove through a rainbow that touched down upon the bridge we were driving on, to get from one side to the other.

While engaging Jesus as *Meself*, Spirit, I witnessed him sitting on a stump, with the colors of the rainbow swirling around him. He was smiling at me, laughing that very free and lite laugh that fills him. I knew immediately how those swirling colors were his teachers. By experiencing this living rainbow, he was being taught, trained and raised up.

When this Jesus man spoke, saying how he only ever *did what he saw the Father doing*, he was revealing to me how his living witness of *who the Father IS*, is who he sees himself to be, and so do.

However he sees his Father to be, is how he sees himself to be as well.

The *Sacredness of Silence* isn't a mere position keeping us from gossip. Nor is it a tool used to further us in our great ascent and descent within Divinity and Humanity. The *Sacredness of Silence* has never been purely isolation or living in a vacuum, nor has it been a system that would keep me here and you over there. The *Sacredness of Silence* has not been solely found in the absence of sound or sought after in the devastation of all held dear...

It is not one *or* the other. It is everything.

*The Sacredness of Silence is in the peering of the Father, in whom holds ALL.  
Knowing my Dad. My Friend.*

My seeing the Father, my knowing who the Father is, may be different than your seeing and personal knowing...in fact, I know it is...But can we all land in one sweet spot together??

That in this One, in this Love (*even in our seeing from unique perspectives*), *it is Here We belong.*

*I love you*



# Conversations

I have always desired for our communities to connect, as family does. Unique and invaluable in presence and personal journeys; so, alongside my blog, the quotes, purchasing page and little extras, I created a page for *Conversations*.

It was a platform that we each could share in conversation, though I would lead it, or stir it by topic and such.

Though I received acknowledgment toward the reading of these *Conversations*, it simply did not take off as a connecting place for community. The lack of fruit in this area, was one reason to close the chapter of this website.

A new website will arise in the next year or so, with an online store, as well as a new platform where Community is honored; *but* until then, enjoy these little pieces of *Conversations*, connecting with me at any point!

You have my love ~ Mandy



## Conversations of today

11/21/20

So, here we are...IN the beginning. Where darkness is mystery, engaging what we are yet to know or see. It is the Night, and then comes the Day. The hidden, the revealed.

This page is purposed for conversations of the moment, where the Blogging Page will be specific to writings and excerpts held within my personal, current and future books, such as; children/family stories, novels that are in process, poetry and prose, devotional pieces and more.

I am super excited to feature those in my life who are excellent writers, abiding in ongoing growth and enjoyment in all things living. These folks will share their experiences, wisdom, challenges, creativity, inspirational and revelational moments; quips and randomness! As will I.

My kiddos also, will partake of life with us. They'll share their very real moments, challenges and overcoming realities. They'll share their ridiculously goofy jokes, recipes that we accidentally make up, and games we are constantly inventing.

Not only will this page be for those I know closely, but those who reach out to me through email, subscribing to this webpage, choosing to journey with us. Let me know your heart, your questions, what stirs you, and let's see where this page takes us all...

What a beautiful, organic, messy dance we are in, together...let's stay in it, together. I have a hunch that much life and love will be produced :)

Amazing bakes!

11/24/20

Well here we are, a simple Tuesday morning, and there is nothing stopping us! Except maybe ourselves. Regrets, fears, fatigue, and whatever may be happening in the world. I suppose we could hold to a list that saw no end to its horizon.

But, what if...what if, today truly was a simple Tuesday? Not a bad Tuesday, or mundane Tuesday, or even a normal Tuesday...but a simple Tuesday? What if each of Us chose to simply say *yes* to one dream, one moment?

Last night, a friend shared with me and his family, a mention of a man who chose to be a YouTuber, and found himself at the beginning of this journey, asking, "how does One become a full-time YouTuber? Well, I suppose One simple becomes this in each day." So every day he began recording, and day by day he engaged *being* this full-time YouTuber.

Could this not be as simple for us as it was for him?

So, here is one simple *Tuesday* for this family. Just one, amidst so many simple moments.

My youngest girl, Abi and I were dreaming about a family business to earn a little extra money. *We have bigger dreams we want to finance!* And we came up with something we could keep simple, share with family and friends and eventually branch out further into our community and beyond. We called this dream *Amazing Bakes!*

3 home-born recipes, cute packaging, and some really catchy names...and here you have it; *Amazing Bakes* was born!

On a simple *Tuesday*, while playing at a park, we came up with these names for our bakes; *Mystery Mint Brownie*, *Oat Thou Hungry Cookie*, and *Chocolate Extravaganza Cookie*. We had our recipes, family

business name, and now we will spend the next simple Tuesday, Wednesday or Saturday baking and then seeing how we want to package. Each moment, simple, and there is no rush. Just go...just go. Be...

What is your simple *Tuesday* going to be? What if...

There seems to be no defining or limiting what our simple moments of being and creating, dreaming and going, are.

Hey! If you've subscribed to my blog, Abi and I want to send you one of our recipes. And if you've subscribed after this conversation was posted, and would still like to taste one of these super yummy treats, send me an email and I'll send you the recipe.

Happy *Tuesday* beautiful friends and family! Make the most of it :)

Shalom and Happy Thanks-Giving!

11/26/20

Happy happy day, and peace to all! It is a day of celebrating one another; giving heartfelt thanks for our lives, no matter the life we live in. This *is* an opportunity to re-center and choose *where/how* our roots will be firmly planted.

This year, our family decided we would celebrate in our home, rather than gathering with the beautiful and amazing LARGE extended family that we have. So, we are rolling up our sleeves, picking a home-made dish, each, and delving in to one massive feast!!



I spent a few years in a place of hiding with my God; one where I allowed many many anchoring's to *sentiment* and *people* and *memories*, to be released. There is no evil in these things, but it was the discovery of where my Life truly came from, that was being deeply rooted, more so than before.

So, while contentment was a dear companion during these times, feelings of excitement for what excited me before, was not. And it was okay...the mystery and trust was okay.

The fear of losing intimacy and traction with my God was loosening, and Truth of no separation was strengthening. Redeemed feelings are awakening and excitement for the freshness in every moment is filling. A foundation and root system has gone deep, deeper...and I am free to be in Kingdom and Earth, in mystery and revealed, in the simple and the complicated, it all being light and easy.

My gaze will remain fixed in the eye of Yeshua, and with great abandon I speak again *how good my God is!* I am eternally bound to gratitude for this family and this Family; in whom I live in and with, and for.

May this day bring about the Spirit of Harvest, no matter the season, and the preparation for the mystery of Winter...always to lead us into the Light of Spring, the revealing of what has been cultivated in the hiding. Let us not miss these moments, and so waste a moment, but rest in trust and Love.

## Debunking What's Ours!

11/29/20

So here we are! After Thanks-Giving and before Christmas...what shall we do?!

Well, it seems to be a year of new ideas and beginnings. A year of engaging in family unlike before. A year of Spiritual Awakenings. A year where Some simply want what is next!

So, what if we stayed in this flow of shifting and changing, stretching and longing, and considered some common words and terms folks have stumbled over, for sometime; debunking these which have aroused fear and confusion, when these realities belong to us!

*But, before we take off, I ask that we **remember** this sweet revelation I have found to be deeply invaluable; 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.*

My journeying through simple questions as, *Can I really know God* or *Could I be walking in a knowing that others may not be, yet*, brought me deeper within my Creator, awakening me to these modern terms, and yet, very much ancient: *Chanting, Psychic, Mystic, Love, Compassion...*and finally *Mother* or *Woman*. And these are only a few!

So let's get to it!

In fact, why don't we focus on one word/term a day, so not to miss a moment within one, as well as honoring this quaint conversation piece??

### **Chanting:**

Movies, misinterpretations, and personal fear of being a Spirit being, who is not dead(!), has framed up *chanting* or breathing, as some evil or out of date(unscientific) notion or ordeal.

*But*, I noticed as I offered my body unto worship, that breath began to take on a form, *naturally*. I noticed how out of my pure love for Jesus, *his name* began to be muttered upon my lips, in breath and then tone, *naturally*. Then something beautiful began to happen; *movement and breath married together!* Yahweh

was revealing himself through the science of my body and breath. It was incredible!! I let go of control!! Now *that* is a notion to let go of! *Fear of Control...*

Healing and strengthening, rest and energy arose during these times. And it was from this place where Jesus showed me the joy in being a worshiper who worships in *Spirit*, allowing my *body* to be transfigured and set free. ~ *the end is as the beginning ~ eyes fixed on what is ~*

I'll note how this isn't new to many people, or cultures, but my desire is to keep what is simple and pure, simple and pure; discovering how these origins are in One, so that many may find themselves in this One, expanding and falling deeply in love with the One who loves us, first.

(It was the very *breath* of YHVH that released Life. Why deny what belongs to us??)

*However*, it is one thing to be *open* to truth and quite another to *engage*.

My beginnings were to veer away from desperation *for* God, and into the truth that I *have* God. This wooing me away from self-preservation and into this opportunity found in the word *Chant*, where I expressed to God, "I'll go with you *into* anything, just show me." And so moved through feelings of fear. Life opened up within.

If you do have wonderings about *this form* of engagement in Creator, connect with me. We truly are *We*, and it's an honor to stumble, dance and move through Life, together.

## Debunking What's Ours!

12/2/20

Hello and happy Wednesday!

My intentions were to connect yesterday but fell short of that..however, I did spend the evening looking at Christmas lights with my girls and then with Jesus. So I'd say, I didn't waste the moments! This life, for

me, is all about those heart to heart moments, allowing the ultimate reality of God's own heart to manifest; namely, we each awaken to who and what we are as One. Soooo...no regrets, only fire!

Above I mentioned *heart to heart* connection with my girls and with Yeshua. Well let's jump straight into the next *word/term: Psychic*. Heart to Heart. Spirit to Spirit. And it is oh so clear in Yaweh how our *heart* is our place of thinking, connecting, living and so flowing from. *(to my brothers and sisters in Jesus, perceive in our living(!) scriptures how Yahweh reveals what our heart is and how it functions)*

Now, let's momentarily return to what I asked of us to remember 2 days ago...do you remember?  
*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.*

This *ability* to connect Spirit to Spirit(*dead or alive*), originated in the One who is Spirit and fills ALL. The One who created ALL and is found to be the *Only* true Life for ALL who are gripped in the illusion of death(*though still finding its sting potent*).

Maybe sharing some examples will help those who find this preposterous *or* believe on a surface level, but will only go so far in conversation because a negative or fearful connotation attaches itself to the word *Psychic*.

General example: You walk into your house or get into your car and someone you are close to, or acquainted with is physically there, and so their entire being is as well. You suddenly sense a shift happen within you and wonder *What's wrong?* Or *What's going on?* so low and behold, you ask! You just experienced a psychic, or heart to heart connection with another. You saw by feeling.

How about one more? Let's consider a dream, or even while awake. A flash of a moment, minimal in detail or more extensive; you see, feel, sense or (and) hear what is happening, happened or going to happen to another, or yourself. This is a *Psychic* moment, or *heart to heart* moment. (*this isn't a conversation of dreams, but this too has great purpose and design*)

I wonder if the hang up, fear, or confusion isn't on the word *Psychic* but surrounds the idea of *who* our hearts are connecting with in order to learn, be taught, or discover??

Each human being is designed to connect heart to heart, spirit to spirit. We are psychic in nature by the very Reality that our Jesus is! (*We're called to judge angels. My goodness, how could we possibly do this without knowing them...spirit to spirit*)

Yahweh is Spirit! So, what if we decided to devillainize this term and understand that ALL people desire to connect, learn and discover; and it's Those who abide *IN* The One Living Spirit, *who is LOVE*, that can bring ALL into the same abiding with this One Spirit; so that ALL may see and know and so *BE* Life!

It's quite exciting, and we can trust that Jesus will *never* lead us into deception, our heart *can* be pure, and we really can mature in our design to discern ALL spirits, without fear of being influenced or possessed!

My goodness, those who are, are the gene of God; birthed of Yahweh's Spirit! ONE with Holy Spirit! lol Awww, it's so good!

So, let us lay down movies, and past experiences of others or self, doctrines or teachings that would keep us from connecting to ALL through One. My Beloved Jesus.

I'm moved to note, that while we are designed to connect heart to heart and do so, the *key* to *awakening sustaining Life and Love* is through the grid, or lens, that is the *tree of Life*. True judgment moves through this and so can discern motive, intention and the eternal movement within. This is the truth found *IN* the walk of a maturing One who remains in wonder. mercy and Love.

## Debunking What is Ours!

12/3/20

Such a perfect Thursday this is...and not because my circumstances have aligned to meet every financial, economical and temporal need(*want*).

This Thursday is a perfect Thursday because God is Mine and I belong to God. She'd have it no other way!

Will you envision this with me?

I sit restfully upon a bed of single grained sand. White smooth, warm sand. Free...still, aware.

Each grain carries a sense of uniqueness, extending as far left as it does right. Before me rests an emerald green bed of water appearing to have no end but for the vast colored galaxies outlining the horizon.

I sit, eyes closed, and yet still seeing. A peace within purity begins to move through the essence of my Life, causing the senses within my body to heighten. In fact, it appears that the Life that is We is awakening within Me.

A face of a man takes form and Love as gentle as a breeze and as big as ALL that IS, moves in close. Words cannot paint a picture of this moment. Reasoning cannot depict this moment. Intelligence finds no ground to ponder upon. This is Being. This is Love, Intimacy. This is Mystery.

Any scene could surround the Being that is in direct sights of this Man who is Love. This Being is Woman, is me.

For a period of time I spent great amounts of energy defending myself internally to those externally who would disapprove of my love experiences with Jesus, with Creator. Energy that was not wasted, for my salvation was being worked out in this. I was discovering the truth of Love. The truth of *Mysticism*.

I did not call my many moments with Yahweh "mystical moments," but I began to discover that mysticism is simply Union with the Divine. A place where Love is the overshadowing and all consuming reality; not thought, or intellect, human experiencing or anything of the Earth(*in the sense that all begins and ends here*). But rather, it is in Union where I see, know and experience how ALL is within Jesus, and so within me, for we are One.

As I surrendered to this reality that is Spirit, divine and Us, all that is eternal and everlasting continued to open up.

It's an odd thing to hear Someone suggest, or frustratingly speak how Another *cannot* experience seeing the face of God or experience walking in Heaven with Jesus, when this *Another* already has and does.

To tell Another that they have no children when their home is filled with them; they feed them, play with them and experience them in a deep intimate way, is odd to me.

What if we decided to choose love toward one another, allowing one another to walk their personal path rather than forcing each other onto our own?

What if??

There is so much more for us *Now*, then we give our selves permission to receive.

May we give Jesus permission to have us...*ALL* of us? Not waiting to physically die, but really, truly believe that he can have all of us *Now* and us, him?

Debunking What Is Ours!

12/4/20

Love...

Oh this word. You may wonder why I chose the word *Love* to debunk and so take a hold of for ourselves. It really is quite simple; my reasoning is found *IN the end of ALL things, which is the Beginning*. That explanation may even feel or sound ambiguous, but I promise it is not. It's about the fullness of Life found in this simple and eternally profound reality, **Love**.

To even attempt to describe or define **Love** is to attempt to describe and define, Elohim, Elshaddai, Yahweh, Adonai...these names only pointing to the YHVH, which in turn is the Name(*Living Letters really*) in which the Creator Being gave himself/herself in order to relate to us. There is no defining this that is undefinable!

**But**...there is a sweet thing called relationship. Intimacy. And **Love** is found here; within all these Names or living realities.

## **Love**

So, let's consider how we embrace and relate to **Love**, because to be completely honest...we are **Love**. We are this reality. Expressed uniquely, yes, but ALL are made to be **Love** as their Creator and Designer is **Love**. There is no *Us and Him*(or *Her*), but *We and One*.

Remember how the beginning is as the end, and the end is as the beginning? This is not only a picture of Fullness, but a glimpse into the pattern and function of eternity...reality. Yahweh itself, and so us.

I say this to say, ALL that flows out of Love, only flows out of Love because of what Love rests in; and Love only rests in what Love rests in because of what flows forth from.....you guessed it, **Love**!

There is no linear function in the reality of Yahweh. Which is why ALL is mystery, until revealed. Love is Life and Life is Light and Light is Love.

So where *do* we begin then?



I get it, this eternal reality is not linear, Love is no mere feeling or moment; so *how* do we embrace Love? What do I grab hold of? These were some of the questions I began to ask when I was willing to lay everything down to *really* live.

And let me tell you...what I discovered sobered me up in more ways than I could ever describe! Beyond religion, beyond relationships, statistics and past experiences. Beyond the needs and the wants and the fears and the confusion...

I discovered a Man. A Man...lol The answer to EVERYTHING, not simply the truth of morality in Love, but ALL Truth was found IN a single Man!

Can you guess what his name is??? Yes!! Jesus! Yeshua!!

I really met him, really saw him, felt him, and this Man birthed me as a Living Spirit(*Love gave birth to me*)! And with this came a completely new way of seeing, being, knowing, resting, reasoning, hoping...it goes on and on. But the kicker is this...Love was never about what he said to me, or what he did for me(*though these are infinitely true realities*), but who he IS to me. And Jesus showed me who I am to him...like for real. That we are the same...the original human, and the unexplainable divine.

So I journey through the Reality of Love, only in intimacy, discovering ALL Truth, through this One who is Love. My embracing, relating to, and discovering is found in One.

**Love**

**Debunking What is Ours!**

12/5/20

A barren Land or a flourishing Oasis! Both are worthy of **Compassion**.

I always understood *Compassion* solely in the context of suffering, discouragement and all other feelings within the same family and perspectives. Simply, if a person was suffering through anything, and another person entered into that suffering, they were displaying compassion.

But boy oh boy...a Light shined bright upon this word, illuminating the fullness found within! Which is why I thought it fitting to grab hold of it and run!

Not only has *Compassion* extended its purpose beyond suffering and into celebrating, but this took me deeper into seeking to be Life for **ALL** Creation, not just humanity. Planets, star systems, animals, times and spaces...and not because I feel sorry or pity any, but because I am awakening to the truth of the Fullness of Life in ALL! Now *this* is *Compassion*...

*A little One crosses your path; be it your own child, a niece, nephew, neighbor, customer, child you're yet to know; and two things happen. **One**, this child is sad because something had just happened, and the response is hurt. **You see this little One and choose to enter into this little One's suffering.** The extent of entering in is found in the extent that this little One will receive.*

***Two**, this same little One comes into your sights and you see the joy emanating from this little One. **You see this little One and choose to enter into this little One's passion.** You celebrate, support, encourage and enjoy **with this little One!** This side of compassion flows through selfless love as well; expecting nothing in return.*

I believe all of humanity is this little *One*, anticipating this type of relationship with One another. The pure compassion flowing forth from the Heart of Life, of Love.

I won't delve into this right now, but as I shared earlier, there are many more living, breathing and longing creatures desiring the same type of *Compassion*. The dynamic of relationship with these just looks a bit different. ALL of Creation cries out for US to be revealed that ALL may know the fullness of Life.

So what do you say...shall we endeavor upon this adventure of exploring *Compassion* in all it's beauty and glory?!

The Love that has already Won, is awaiting US to rise up within!

Oh, and if it wasn't clear, the word we're embracing, fully, is *Compassion*! lol Enjoy your receiving and giving of this type of True *Compassion*.

## Debunking What Is Ours

12/7/20

*A Mother...*

Why Woman or Momma? What in *these* is there possibly to debunk?

Well, first to begin with, a *Mother* is known to be female, but not merely in light of the physical body. Yes, there is physical, but there is also Spirit. *Woman*, also expressed in the physical, but this physical that we understand is the mere shadow of the Spirit, and the fullness of *Woman*.

As my Creator began to open up to me as *Mom* and *Woman*, I was uncomfortable because my language and knowing of Yahweh was masculine. Every mention of God was spoken as "*He*."

I wasn't afraid of God as Female(*though truly, God is neither male nor female, but these seem to be expressions of relating for purposes of creating*) but I was simply unfamiliar with God as *Woman* and *Mother*.

Have you ever had an experience with someone where their very existence completely contradicted what you **perceived** to be "*them?*" Like in a moment!? You find you're left with only two responses to choose from; hold to this list compiled regulating who they are, and so stay loyal to *it*, **or**, move deeper into the relational experiential moment and believe the best! Trust that God will *not* lead us into deception! Experiences trump gained knowledge and deception is not always the scape goat. *So much fear of being deceived...*

Briefly, I'll share two moments with my Creator that wrecked me wholly and brought me deeper into my desire to know God as my *Mother* and as *Woman*.

A little while ago, while showering, I was worshiping while saturating in the Love of God. Consumed and undone!

In a flash my senses and full attention were drawn into an eternal moment where I was in a store, positioned at the head of an isle.

As I peered down I could feel "people" all around me and there was this sense of "evil" and shuffling. The shelves on both sides of the Isle, all the way down, were filled with boxed foods and boxed items. Suddenly a beautiful young woman, of many descents, began to glide toward me. Her eyes were shaped as a doe, carrying a deep dark brown within. She wore a garb of clothing that draped itself around her body perfectly.

Instantly, I presumed she was evil, and so began to rebuke her in a Spirit language. She was undeterred in her approach and glided toward me. As she came in close her hand lifted, and in a moment, silence seized me as she stroked my cheek with genuine tenderness, care and love.

I had become aware of being in multiple places at once, and then was completely aware of being in the shower.

For a moment I paused, speechless, but then lost it! Tears streamed out of me. My goodness, Holy Spirit, my God, had just come to me, and I rebuked her! But in her goodness and love for me, she knew I knew not and remained with me, seeing me for all that I am.

My final mention is focused on *Mother*. Two profound instances happened in which awoke me to my deepening relationship with my God who is my *Momma*, and from these moments I was led into a discovery of *Mother* in the Hebrew Scriptures, in Creation and more. But for now, here is One mention of my moment with God as, *Mother*.

I was in the living room of my family's house, sitting quietly on the couch. At that time, my couch was facing the back door and the curtains were opened up to the back yard. I remember I was folding clothes and talking aloud to Jesus...no separation. I don't recall all the details of what brought me here, but suddenly my heart was caught up in the love of Jesus and I felt Sarah, the *Mother* of Issac, right with me. Then I could see the presence of God as my *Mother* with her. With me. This Love was overwhelming and my body naturally leaned in as my head came down sideways upon this shoulder that was there but in the realm of Heaven, simultaneously. I felt her hand rest upon my head as she drew me in, and she *Mothered* me.

As I continued to relieve my physical body from being held responsible as the source of my Life, I experienced being in the womb of Elshaddai...I continue to know my *Mother*, who is also my Creator and Birther of Life.

## Sweet Exchange

12/11/20

I am amazed that it has been 4 days since sharing about life within this Page. So much happens in such a small span of time. So much life, so many moments with so many people...or many moments with only a few.

One of my girls has honored me in answering a few questions I posed to her. She is 12 1/2, always reminding us how her half-birthday is the 24th of December and so she should get double the birthdays! lol

I chose this image because this is a precious representation of where Madi is right now; hidden in many ways, seeking who and what she is, asking so many questions, experiencing worlds within herself and really looking to understand how she is different from the kid next to her...she's changing. Her past is holding less of her attention as she looks to what the future could truly be.

It seems to many folks that her generation is facing what no other one has before; politically, economically, culturally, spiritually, educational changes, and I'm sure more.

This may be true, but after asking Madi a few questions I see how some things **do not** change. And it's *these* ever living dynamics of life that are simple and pure, all of us abiding within them. So what are they?? Well, here are the questions I asked Madi and then her simple answers below :)

- If you could share a moment at 8 years old that impacted you most, what would it be? Why?
- How about 10?

- Now 12?
- During this time in your life, what are you hopeful about? How come?

And here was how Madi answered:

- Probably my Teacher. She helped me grow and mature. She always encouraged me to give it my all and try as hard as I can.
- 10 years, my birthday. I was able to bring together many kids going through different things and we could just have fun.
- 12, going to student cafe at youth group and meeting the great friends I have now.
- I'm hopeful about the coming up year because I have many great people around me and I'm doing well with my relationship with God.

As I read over Madison's answers I saw that she had written them upon a piece of paper ripped out of her *Avengers Journal*. This got me thinking about how she was engrossed with Avengers for a period of time. Then it was the 80's(*each moment within these helped to shape her*), and now she is passionately pursuing connectedness with her friends; finding common ground and planning for a future 5-10 years from now with her cousin Ariyana. (*Spoiler, they're moving to New York when they are 18*)

While many moments come and go ~ movies, trends, political shiftings ~ these seem to propel us into the more; or for some, they are at least an opportunity provided but not seized; *though there will always be more*. **But** what seems to remain a constant desire and cultivation, if seized, are the divine interactions we have with one another. Friendship, relationships, to be taught, mentored, guided. This never fades, and when the pressures of a World that we *are not of* but live in, surround us, it is these very relational moments with real people that raise us up into what is possible.

We are overcomes, dreamers, creators!

## Ridonculous Moments!

12/14/20

Soooo, what if we shared some "ridonculous moments?!" This was a "ridiculous" word my family would say rather than, well, ridiculous lol

I really enjoy hearing those silly family stories around the holidays, and it's even better to experience them for myself! So here are two "ridonculous" moments during the holidays with my decently sized family. Have I mentioned how my dad was surrounded by only daughters and grand-daughters for years?! So when he held his first grandson I know he laughed inside and was pretty stoked!

Okay..so, for more years than I can remember, Thanksgiving and Christmas gatherings *always* carried with it some mishap...like no joke. Something *always* happened and so it became the running joke of the family!

Well, one year, many years ago, we gathered together at the house I grew up in, preparing food, being rowdy, watching who knows what on the tv; football, politics or some ridonculous Christmas movie.



I remember standing in the kitchen while my parents were scurrying back and forth from one side to the other. You see, our kitchen sat in the midst of a sunroom, a living room and a formal dining room; but everyone found it more convenient to travel *through the kitchen* rather than going around. So those two parents of mine would prep, cook and plate while maneuvering around passer-byers, who paid little attention to the organized chaos lol

While standing in the kitchen, watching my folks do all they do, other family members and friends made their way in, and conversation of past Thanksgivings sprung up! I remember walking into the living room as they shared in laughter of those crazy moments of mishaps when suddenly I heard a loud "ohhh...my Gooooood.." and then an uproar of laughter.

No joke, in the middle of their conversation and laughter my lovely mother endeavored to pull the gigantic Turkey out of the oven, and in doing so with her small frame, it slipped out of her hands and slid across the hardwood floor! Oh, my goodness...I could not stop laughing, and I think our sides ached more in that day than ever before!

Oh, and she totally still served that turkey lol

My other "ridonculous" moment is actually a compiling of many moments, it just simply never gets old!

I'm pretty sure I was newly married, sitting on the couch next to my smitten husband, sister, mom and anyone else joining us on that holiday gathering. I'm never certain as to what sparks our laughter, but man, my mom just goes for it. We begin in chuckles and then my mom releases her "cackle." lol We call it the *witches cackle*. Then my sister makes fun of her laughter by mocking her, *but the tone is way off*, which in turn arouses my mom even more, and we are then all laughing and can't stop! Which leads to more laughter where we can't breath, and so weird wheezing sounds break out and it's all over! Everyone around us thinks we are absolutely crazy, but can't help and laugh themselves...so ya...it's a good time lol

Goodness, I need to wrap this up! But I will say this in closing...let us allow ourselves to break in half from laughter, fearlessly wonder like a baby does, and celebrate each other, whether in the same house, on a zoom call or in the spirit! Enjoy this Christmas because nothing is holding us back...truly :)

## Creativity during Crazy!

1/2/21

Happy Glorious New Year!!

How was your final few weeks of 2020? Did you gather with family, with friends?

Did you endure and walk through a hardship? How were those closest to you impacted by your final weeks? Or year, even...

While each is responsible for One's own internal life, and so external, it is extraordinary how we are still impacted by one another. We are created for community, in varying dynamics; An intimate balance of carrying our own burden and releasing another of their load. Sweetness. Precious.

Over the years I have been experiencing, and been taught, how all passions and their emotional companions carry their own energy. Their energy being a platform for creating, rather than destroying, or causing separation.

Maybe an example or two will bring clarity...

Anger seems to manifest when there is hurt, and so fear. I can then take the energy in this anger and *use it* to tear down(*yell, fight, isolate, abuse, etc.*) **or** I can take this energy(*even though this may feel unnatural at first until practiced*) and create!

**NOW**, a big key in this mastering of soul and emotion, is what our energy will be wrapped up in. *Gratitude*.

Yep, *gratitude*. It's easy to go and just *do* something because we feel trapped or angry, but it's beneficial and life changing when we force these moments and energies to submit to a realm of Life...*gratitude*.

It was this very process that opened my awareness to Who and What my life really is, leaving no room for the offense or hurt of another...even if I do slip into this. The Truth remains the Truth.

Okay, one more example...there have been years where my family has not had a steady flow of finances coming in, for we chose to live a certain life for the sake of our family and others. So, with one income there were moments of internal insecurity and so emotions of unworthiness, doubt, fear and so forth. It was more glaring during Christmas time when we desired to bless our kids and our extended family with gifts.

Again, these emotions and feelings simply provided opportunity to create, if I so chose. And I did. Not only create. but step into that very process that revealed Who and What my Life really is.

So, this has become a practice that has turned into a natural way of being; needing no help from circumstances that would look to hinder desire.

This last Christmas we had another sweet girl with us. Her dad was working and she didn't want to be alone Christmas morning. This sweet Love and my oldest, Alyssa, are getting close to moving into their own place, preparing even now. They've become the closest of friends and she has become someone I love as a daughter...

I really love to engage with my kiddos, creating ways for them to explore, be a kid in wonderment, and just have fun!

Knowing how Abi loves to build I purchased a gift card for her at Lowes. Knowing how my middle gal loves and loves and is loving clothes right now, we purchased for her a GC to have a day of

shopping(*which her and I are going to do today!*). And knowing how excited Lys and Lillian are in regards to moving into their own space, I purchased them a GC to do apartment shopping.

This may sound all pretty general and not so creative...that's because it wasn't lol

The creativity came in *how* they found these GCs.

After our time together sharing about our gratitude in being together, opening stockings and gifts, I pulled out 3 strips of paper. They were actually 3 strips of paper towels with black sharpie writing upon them lol It was 4 in the morning and I didn't want to look for paper!

Here was 1 riddle for Abi, and 2 clues for the other girls:

- *You're smarter than you think, if you pour me, I will sink. If you catch me, you may frown. When there's a lot of me, big things drown. What am I?*
- *There are many of these upon the wall, greens and yellow, sometimes they fall. You'll find me close, just hanging free, but careful or you could miss me.*
- *You'll find me in a corner, where it's day or where it's night. Where it's hot or where it's cold, or bubbly delight. I'm in 1 or 2 or 3, can you find me?*

Now, these GC were in small bags and ready to be found! Just going off these clues, not knowing my house layout, what would you guess is the answer?

Send me an email and let me know!

Creativity is within each of us, and as we continue in this, our capacities to create expand!

## What Inspires you??

2/6/21

Tonight, I sit with a couple of my kiddos while they watch *Joseph, the King of Dreams*. This movie is an animated interpretation of Joseph's journey as a child of Israel, slave to Potiphar, eventual second in charge of Egypt (just under Pharaoh himself), and appointed deliverer of many nations...

Though he faced one challenge, pain and suffering after another, there was favor upon him in each moment. Joseph chose to *remain inspired by what he was yet to live in*.

Yesterday, my beautiful niece, Ellie, stayed over. We painted toe nails and finger nails, and even some fingers and toes! We made dinner together, told stories while we ate, and then came the brownies. Each kid was so very excited about these brownies! *There is something special about baking together, and something even more thrilling when it's a treat that most everyone loves lol*

But something seemingly devastating happened! We had no eggs! *But* we did have applesauce :) Did you know that you could substitute eggs with applesauce? Some substitute for health reasons, we just forgot to buy eggs! Well, we began the process of gathering ingredients, mixing these ingredients, preparing the baking dish, and of course licking the spoons; in which we had three lol After 45 minutes of baking, 20 minutes of cooling, a dozen tired eyes, the brownies were ready to eat! I took a knife and cut out a square, ready to place it ever so neatly on a plate. But this piece did not cut so neatly. As chocolatey as it was, it was super crumbly. There may have been a bit too much applesauce, but whatever it was, it was not ideal for picking up with your fingers lol

We could have complained. gave up on applesauce as a substitute and never baked brownies again, but we didn't! The gooey chocolatey taste and those sweet kiddos baking with me, is worth every brownie fumble that may come my way.

What inspires you? What keeps you going?

Abi, my second smallest, loves to build. She loves to write, draw, take "trash" and transform it into...well, anything really!

A couple months ago, Abi spent an entire day cutting, gluing, creating and building a claw machine. She used paper, paper towel roles, tape, hot glue, and other materials. After Abi had finished, she was sooo proud. It had a few compartments in which toys would have their rightful place, as well an area for toys to drop into after grabbing them, and a space where a hand could fit.

We had to take off for a couple hours in the evening, and upon returning, Abi walked into her room and saw that Milo, our cat, had utilized this new creation as a clawing station. Abi was so upset.

And do you know what? Over the last few months, since this moment, Abi has gone from using paper and less stable materials to using more permanent materials, branching out into more complex creations.

We could share one example after another of how "things didn't work out according to plans..." or we could use every moment as a launching pad into the next moment. Suddenly, what may have seemed a negative(*a plan not working out*) now becomes a fresh beginning for the next movement(*this being a continual extension of the plan*), holding neither a positive nor a negative stance.

So what does inspire you? What keeps you going? And what is the next movement for you?

Enjoy dear friend! And share with me what it is that inspires you, I'd love to celebrate you!

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## Personal Poetry; 1

2/21/21

*By Mandy*

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.

## Personal Poetry: 2

3/21/21

*By Mandy*

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.

### Personal poetry: 3

3/22/21

*By Mandy*

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, a kiss, wrapped in purest delight  
A star shooting high, shooting far, shooting bright  
A new found thought...  
I wish I may  
I wish I might



Silly silly!

8/18/21

Okay, so I received a message from a friend who is subscribed to my blog, and she reminded me of jokes!  
Thanks Charis!!

On the same day I read her message, Abi, my youngest daughter, came down stairs with her book of jokes, riddles, tongue twisters, and knock knock jokes! So I share some now, and message me back with some of your own, or the answers to some riddles I won't give the answers to :)

Enjoy!

**What was wrong with the wooden car, wooden wheels and wooden engine?**

*It wooden go!*

**What has one horn and gives milk?**

A milk truck!

**How do you repair a broken tomato??**

??

**What did the blanket say to the bed?**

*"Don't worry, I've got you covered."*

**How do you make a tissue dance?**

*Put a little boogey in it!*

**If you are running in a race and you pass the person in 2nd place, what place are you in?**

??

**I'm full of keys but I can't open any door. What am I?**

??

**What kind of coat has to be wet to be put on?**

*A coat of paint!*

**What occurs once in a minute, twice in a moment, and never in one thousand years?**

??

Alright my friends!

Let me know what you are thinking and I'll connect again, sharing the answers.

Shoot, share some of your own!

Have a wonderful Wednesday xoxo

Mandy



## *Quote*

Within the website I had a page of quotes in which I would change sporadically, and they were as diverse as the people who spoke! I won't share them all, but I do want to share just one...

This sweet girl just turned 11, on 2/11/22, and she is near and dear to my heart xoxo

*"If you haven't seen your happy ending, then you haven't  
reached your ending."*

~Abigail Pearson

Thank you sweet Abi. The wisdom and love you express, is effortless and precious to me.



# Fishes and Loaves

## A dream and reality

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 evil 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 discernment you saw 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, without 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.

Around the year of 2017 or 2018, I was laying in bed, partially asleep, but more in a physical trance and soaring with Yahweh in the heavens. I suddenly became very aware of Lady Wisdom (in which I didn’t recognize this being her in those moments, until after) flooding my being with proverb after proverb; psalms and wisdoms. It were as though a record of many voices were being played within each of my cells, reverberating throughout my entire being. My awareness increased and I honed in on what was happening; then suddenly there was a pause and I was raptured up into a “dream” or a reality I was to experience. What I share above is what I experienced with Jesus.

I share this in transitioning, to reveal how this is where I am and where I am going. My eyes fixed upon “cornbread,” even though at times it appears to be “fish.” And even if those around me may witness fish,

my eyes will open wider to what I am personally being shown. Believing for and resting in Love. Resting in Union, in Yahweh.





## *Pragmatic flows from Principal*

Goodness, this journey has been one that I really don't think I could replay by word, but to simply live it. This book, a moment of acknowledgment and honor, is more a piece of transition for me.

I am learning to honor my Union IN Christ through the Spirit found in Principal and Pragmatism. This balance brings forth Wholeness and is a precious waking reality for me.

Led into *Ways*, trained through *Practice*...and it's here I am seeing a future take on form:

Online book and DIY store ~ the building of a detailed house on land, multiple purpose seen...  
Heaven and Earth as *ONE* ~ The transitioning of my physical body into a vessel that moves through times, spaces and dimensions, aligning itself with the rest of *ME* ~ Learning the science of quantum physics, in all ways ~ Co-designing and co-creating technology utilizing consciousness as a power source and center for those unable to use their bodies (as I believe Yahweh is opening our eyes to this now) ~ Continued relationship with other creatures throughout *this* Universe, bringing them the Good News, this Love Story of Redemption ~ Resting further in My Father's/Mother's Garden ~ Going deeper into the Love of Jesus with my Family ~ Supporting and protecting the destiny of the children I now have, in unconditional love guiding them ~ Mentoring and Creating with those I am in alignment with ~ Developing relationship and co-laboring with family in Heaven and my angelic friends.



## *My Holy Spirit*

For you, this is all for you. My best friend, the love of my life, the One who first stood with me and Sophia. You who sat in my car, in the back seat, while James slept and I was universally altered by the consuming of your child presence. You who saw me while I showered in the dark, moving closer, unabated by my fear or accusation. You who sat with me in Heaven as a gentle man, robed in the garbs of a monk, skin as smooth as a baby. You who have shown me your shimmering glory and light that fills my vision, who's presence I will always know...this is for you. All of this is for you. I love you so.



New Beginnings...

