

A red line-art laurel wreath is positioned around the text, with branches extending from the top right and bottom left. A red diamond shape is also present, with its vertices at the top, bottom, left, and right, framing the central text.

Deepening Memoire

Volume 4

Deepening Memoire

Today

Everflow

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Mention

Though speech may be plain, the life that fills it is deeper than any darkness,
more vast than any light.

For James

Forever Together, Together Forever

Today

When night time calls
The body rests
Where thought is unseen
Wonder finds its sprout

This sweet Quiet
This explosive Quiet
This colorful Quiet

When day time calls
And body remains in rest
This world of Union with Being
Knows a new living way

Today

Traveling with my Father...

do nothing, no work, no earning, no paying.

It is the time to live through what is done; not merely speak of it, feel it, have knowledge of it, but *live* in it.

I am stretched in this “*do nothing*,” but the place in this is perfection. Is wholeness. Is this bed of grounding. I have nothing else. I’ve been readied. I am here.

Today

I am here

When I *try* and see, I vaguely see but by what has already been established in me.

I am here

I reasoned a way, called it wisdom and appeared wise. Appeared responsible.

I am here

The moment came when this spirit wind, vibrant wise water, carried me in an “unreasonable,” “irresponsible” way. I followed for I am this wind, this water and I can be no other than my self.

I am here

Great wisdom awoke within me. A treasure much deeper than I knew... now, deeper than an “unreasonable” and “irresponsible” way did move.

I am here

Today

You came as smoke.

You came as mist.

Will I perceive the purity that is *you* or turn you into something else?

Today

Stupefy me that I may know you

Blind me that I may see you

Quiet me that I may know true sound
For true sound is to see, is to be

Today

Many *interpretations* of you fall apart

Many words *about* you fall apart

Now that I sit within you, for myself, so much of *what* I was told and shown,
falls apart

Today

I am crossing a threshold. One I have been moving toward for many years.

I have always innately known how the fullness in abundance, this being provision, has always been within me.

To access *not* through great effort or striving, working hard or earning and so deserving.

I spent years striving to cease striving, innately knowing it was my immature reasoning that held me close within earning and working for.

I once reasoned that this way of reasoning was deeply rooted... but I have seen how superficial, on the surface this reasoning actually is.

What *does* lie bellow these superficial waters are the great deep of abundance.

And I realized my capacity to receive lies within my awareness of sight, and not with my God telling me *yes* or *no*, *right* or *wrong*.

And so now, all that I *do* is no longer work, but an overflow, everflow. Where exhaustion cannot be found, even when spiritual sedation is present.

Today

Dividing of souls...

So many souls through out the years. Intimacies, so many intimacies,
intermingling...
enmeshment

Many faces in the nights

Many moments of dividing of souls

Today

A rock, a jewel...

As you grow, I grow

As I grow, you grow

Today

Childlike / Childish

Childlike or Childish

Seemingly similar but entirely contrasted

Childlike ~ Unblinking wonder, fascination, present, innocent. In all,
unknown by most. Mature and ancient.

Childish ~ Faltering insecure gaze. Old, afraid. Immature and steadfast in
emotion. Longing, needing, orphaned in One's own sight.

Today

To trust is to be caught up in you.

To be caught up in you is to see trust manifest in all ways.

The deeper I am in you, the greater *this* manifests in all ways.

Today

Needing You was never relationship.

Longing for You was never relationship.

Ministering to myself that *You are this way* was never relationship.

Serving You was never relationship.

Looking into *One* another in this space of quiet was our truest beginning.

Today

Someone in close proximity said to me, *you were an ugly baby*.

It's not that I was ugly or pretty, but now there *was* an "ugly or pretty."

Someones in close proximity said to me, *They are extremely intelligent*. Again and again and again...

It's not that they were extremely intelligent and I was not, but now there *was* an "intelligent or... not."

For years someones all around me said to me, *You are very spiritual...*

Even now, I am presented with a system to abide in that says "you are spiritual or you are not."

Years of being in a system of *this or that* in the eyes of many. I woke to see it was my choice, my eyes, my conceding to abide in a system of this or that.

I went into quiet, laid “this or that” down to truly see...

I am waking up.

Today

A whole *Being* accent

A whole *Being* waking

A whole *Being* transfiguring

A whole *Being* experiencing

None is left behind

No part of me left behind

Today

True Humility ~

To know as One is, not as One appears to be

Today

It is one thing to have the knowledge of something, and quite another to be
that *knowing*

Today

I have arrived I am yet to arrive

Arrived

Here is what I have seen. There are one of two realities /perceptions to live and see from. Both being a foundation in which all responses to life as a whole, will flow.

Intimacy

“I *will* have intimacy, there’s no question... but to what and with whom shall it be...”

Seamless

There is a raging river with a current strongly flowing in One direction, in one concurrent succession. Shall I continue to walk against it with great effort, pain and exhaustion *or* lay back, rest and flow with it... seamlessly.

Humility

Have you ever peered into an antique looking glass? A mirror faded, discolored and tarnished. Move into this reflection, laying to rest a self witness from without, desiring and choosing to see from within... expansive, clear and clean.

Arrived

- My arrival was my starting point
- I had arrived before I knew there was a departure
- Suddenly, my arrival was my starting point and my departure was my process of waking up
- Waking up to what?
- To already arriving

Imagine with me a train moving at speeds that make One feel as though they are standing still in one instant and soaring in another.

There was a time when this train I was on had its beginning in departing.
Awaiting arrival.

This departing unto arrival knew no end, except for a physical death.

During this time of perceiving I intimately knew this, “departing in order to arrive,” and so intimately knew every system that functioned in the same.

Intimacy

Have you seen the movie *Avatar*? Within this movie magnificent beings are presented to us. Contained within their design is the ability to become one with their surroundings. One conscious through their one conscious with their Creator who is within all.

We also see the Avatar connect themselves to other creatures by means of their own body. Within their tail there are tentacles, very much alive and conscious. These meet with the same tentacles of another creature. These tentacles begin to intermingle, and then swiftly there is union, there is intimacy. The two creatures are now One creature in consciousness. Even while appearing to be two.

As I lived by this perception of “departure unto arrival,” I intimately knew many systems, becoming one with these systems.

I intimately knew of psychology, recovery, co-dependency, enmeshment, The Steps and traditions.

Intimately I knew of Love as need, and need as Love.

Intimately I knew the religion of Christianity, the doctrines, the teachings, the teachers, the evil and good, the right and wrong.

Intimately I knew service and kindness to mankind, the hurt child, broken family, person without home or money.

Intimately I knew education; study, memorize, intellect, read read read...

Intimately I knew work and play, marriage and parenthood.

Intimately I knew music and art, expression and passion.

I have experienced, intimately, the torment of emotion, the whirlwind of thought, the haunting of memory & regret, the longing for what was or what I believed I would never have.

Intimately I knew these systems within “departure unto arrival.”
Working to achieve, earn till finally obtained, penance unto freedom... or arrival.

Seamless

A great conflict arose from deep within myself. I began to see the exasperation I was living in.

I experienced the constant work of swimming against the natural flow of river as though I were tightly squeezing a hose screaming at the water to come.

My strokes became each system I intimately knew, and I became a very good swimmer.

The work became normal, exhaustion normal, filling up & pouring out, normal. (*There were times I would cease stroking and float... this was my peace*, though my loyalty was still to my stroke)

And still, there was a voice cloaking itself in my systematic surroundings. Continually I heard the voice beckoning me to come...

Within Christianity, within psychology, within the fabric of marriage, parenting, relationship and kind acts.

Within education, opinion, teaching and doctrine.

Within work and play, recovery and dream. Every longing, every regret. And every haunting memory... this voice, cloaked in all, continually sounded,

Come

With every moment that I released myself from systems so that I may float (*felt like dying to self at times*), I began to clearly see this *voice*, this *way*. I was clearly given a choice. Feed my desire to *work for*, “departure unto arrival,” or feed my desire for something else that was more of a seamless way of being – though I did not quite understand.

But what I did know was that Love was here, unconditional real *Love*. This effortless floating was my *peace*.

Humility

What did I want? Who and what would I choose intimacy with? For it would be *here* where my place of being would see through.

I positioned myself in front of this antique looking glass and witnessed an image peering back into me.

Many systems sounded, taking on *me* from within the image I saw from without.

And still, I followed this *Voice* through the looking glass and beyond the image. Beyond the systems sounding, deeper in. Beyond what I felt and believed was *me*, and *this* giving me life.

I flew beyond nature, in which I had spent innumerable moments with.

I flew beyond exercise, fasting and feasting, spiritual practices, breathing and reading.

Past me flew music, song, writings and stars.

I witnessed the flight of emotion and passion, thought and reasoning.

All that I held witness to *being*, all that appeared to inspire and invigorate, giving me meaning and purpose, flew past me as I

followed this *Voice* deeper in. Beyond these systematic distorted image(s) fixed in this looking glass.

This *Voice* became this *DOT*, this place of darkness, of beginning, of seed.
This *Voice* was raw love, was my beginning, my arrival.

I rested in raw love, peered about and began to remember...

This is where I have always been.

My true memory was remembering. I have always been here...

My beginning *was* my place of arrival.

I now saw from within the looking glass, peering out, my sights eternally changing.

My rest within river would be an effortless one, flowing seamlessly through.

As I flowed effortlessly through, I would continue to remember my beginnings through my intermingling intimacies with my *Voice*. Quite naturally every other intimacy I no longer desired did fade, dismantling itself

from me. Giving it no thought for my attention and affections were upon my one Love, this *Voice*.

And from *here*, I have union with all...

I had arrived before I began, and I continue to awaken, again and again and again....

Today

The “How” the “Way” is eternally *steadfast*, found in every birthing.

The “What” of life is *temporal*, ethereal, continually shifting, changing.

Today

The longer I am here, I can either grow older and decay

or

Grow younger through wisdom

I do have a choice
I am not trapped
by time nor death
There is more than
1 option.

Today

They Eye of a critic is always gazing, always watching...

But a disappearance transpires with every moment the point of attention embarks *its* attention into deepening waters.

Slowly, slowly, most assuredly... unseen, disappearing from the sharp Eye ever grazing.

Today

Once, twice, many times...

Though lungs did not move,

A breath they did breathe

Once, twice, many times...

A child slept next to his mommy.

This small one did wake and did not see his mommy. Blink, blink, only to see
she remained while away.

Once, twice, many times...

These eyes did perceive when darkness rose, as eyelids closed.

Did perceive when eyelids rose, and light was exposed.

Today

Waking up can feel a lot like dying

to an illusion of what “self” is.

Today

Live in blessing

Live in peace

Live in abundance

You are free

Remember blessing

Remember peace

Remember abundance

For You are free

Today

The stars were not only designed to help navigate the foot or horse upon land, but help navigate the soul held by the Hand.

Beautiful systems of energy designed for great purpose... they are connected to us whether known or unknown by us.

To mature us, awaken us, stir us to remember...

This Hand will help us connect the dots, discern our relational movements with these systems, for our journey is unique to us, even though appearing similar to another.

Today

I've decided what I would use Grace for.

She will not be used to further merited efforts toward things of natural and emotional orientation; touch, see, hear, taste or smell...

But all that is unseen, seemingly unnatural, unrecognizable, unmerited or deserved.

I will use her in the space where I am unaware, that I may become aware. Immature, that I would be maturity. Where I am restricted in joy, that I may abound in pure pleasure.

I've decided what I would use Grace for... where she shall be with me.

Today

A small boy entered his mommy's room and found her tucked and hidden within a cozy fleece blanket. He scoots in close, warmed by her breathing presence.

He desires to go downstairs and play with mommy as is their custom. But on this morning mommy spoke a different word to her small son.

Mommy must go and walk with her daddy.

This surprised the small boy for he could feel she meant to do so without him.

Reading his understanding she spoke.

Together forever, forever together.

This true saying between two brought comfort to small boy, who hugged mommy, hopped down and allowed mommy to go and do what mommy was readied to go and do.

And though mommy knew her small boy did not fully understand, she knew that one day he would...

He would know that unless her Daddy was her first love, coming before all others, he would not know his mommy as Love the way he does now.

Today

Brevity.

Sometimes, maybe most times, brevity carries the greatest punch.

Today

A *word* can flow through one of two canals. But it doesn't appear to flow through both simultaneously.

Those canals do not know the touch of one another, even when *word* does.

The canal of *thought*, thinking

or

The canal of *sight*, seeing

Today

A voice cannot be earned but awoken within the silence of humility, where
One sees Life as it is, not as it appears to be.

Today

One in Spirit I am with All,
But only through deepening friendship will oneness in Soul and so Body
manifest.

Today

I knew a man who walked a thin line
Teetered back and forth, back and forth, unsure of which side to fall into

Today

Do you know what distinguishes a *child* who falls off a horse refusing to ride again, and a *dictator* ruling a common people?

Their level of fear.

Do you know what binds them together?

Love.

Today

A long stored up conversation begins...

You are just afraid to die.

Afraid of not existing.

Afraid of the pain of death...

Do you assume I haven't engaged these questions for myself? Wrestled through every aspect that you speak of and so much more??

Or do you assume I haven't experienced the pains of death already? For waking feels much like dying my friend.

I have wrestled, questioned in true wonder and desire for what is real...

I have seen and experienced a place of life unending that cannot fade.
I have seen bright light find many forms when there be no sun nor moon...
I have seen so much for someone who has seen so little.

Do you not know that if death to the body was the only way into wholeness,
into everlasting... into my Father's deepening embrace, that I would not
gladly take this route??

Of course I would!

I would for I am knowing this One personally, not religiously... but I have
seen how this is not the intended route or way.

And though many will experience levels of wholeness, I have seen there is a
fuller wholeness and this is for now!

I needn't wait for anything to decay but continue in my *yes* and love, where
ever *this* shall take me.

Today

I take up courage not to face some evil, but to come deeper into true Light, true Life.

For the bounty and substance of *this* is beyond what I ever remembered or presently know.

To effortlessly receive wholeness of pure pleasure in life is frightening... until it is not.

Today

Is there a place where the flesh in fullness walks?
I am unaware of *them* in this Earth, where flesh decays.

Those who process their flesh through glorification and wholeness, do they
walk in another place?
No longer is their flesh shadow, nor has it decayed.

My shadowed flesh is becoming whole. It moves through places I am still
becoming aware of...

Today

Divinity is too disorienting and would bring about madness for the One who is just beginning to awaken to true humanity birthed of divinity.

A process of waking, of remembering, has been put into place and this firmly established in Love.

The reasoning of Love is *Life*.

Today

Evil does not lurk in the shadows where the sunlight cannot touch... it is
Light that looms within. Waiting... awaiting the filling. Readied.
Readied for Us to finally see what has always been within.

Today

A day of profound words from a newly 5 year young boy.

During bath time,

“I have this owie... it hurts when I put it in the water.”

Moments later.

“I choose not to focus on it... I’m going to focus on playing.”

We play another 15 minutes.

A member of the family was already emotionally disturbed. Little boy goes to play music. It plays too loudly for this little girl, she responds in frustration. Little boy tucks away under dinning table and cries. I bend down to him... I

briefly speak to him. He responds while tears continually stroke his smooth checks,

“I’m scared to cry in front of strangers... you’re not a stranger...”

He then goes on to affirm that his sisters who are in the other room are not strangers. *But* his true sense in those moments were that they were strangers and he was afraid to be around them.

After a day of play, bath and tears, we cuddled together and started a movie. As his body faced the tv, his back toward me, I hear this little boy say,

“This isn’t my real body. My real body is inside this body... and it is made of hearts.”

Today

When I see, I see

As I dream, I dream

While I experience, I experience

When I feel as though I walk alone, I go with many

Today

Wise or *unwise* is not determined by choices made, but by the heart / the
spirit / the intent
Behind those choices

Movements birthed of

Love

or

Fear

Today

“Shadow of the Valley of death”

This shadow

This silhouette

This illusion of separation, this death

So what shall fill this shadow, this illusion of separation, illusion of death?

What *is* hidden within shadow, within silhouette?

Readied for revealing, readied to fill silhouette, to fill shadow, swallowing up death, this illusion of separation

It is here, has always been here. This life, this Spirit, this Light
To fill the shadow, this silhouette

This Light, this Life, this Man
To fill this shadow, this silhouette
To swallow up death, this illusion
This illusion of separation

For within the shadow is Light, is Life, is Spirit, is Man...

There be no sign of fear nor illusion of separation, illusion of death

Within the shadow is Light
Within the silhouette is Life.

Today

To the *One* who is richly alive, bubbling within, this One cannot be dismayed.

You can put this One in a desert with little resources and this One will innovate, will create. Their pulse within knows nothing but...

You can place this One in the most aggrievance of relationships and this One will not suffocate or collapse within the atmosphere of malnourished reciprocation, but thrive. Their pulse within knows nothing but...

Today

You have been raising me from the very moment I turned *IN*to You.

You have been raising me and showing me how to shift deeper in You. At
some point my body started to come along.

It is like doing pirouettes with every turn naturally leading into the next. Free,
restful. A being Being.

The staying power of Love remains while an infinite number of dynamics
change, shift.

Today

Journal Entry Disclosed...

This one path is narrow, one path

- I must stop doing, I don't have need to do... rest upon this one path. It is clear.
- Intentionality leads to natural ability waking.
- *You* are not drawn into relationships for what another can do for you. Eyes up Amanda, all is *done*, allow flow to naturally flow.

This one path is purely relational. It will not be hurried. Purely kingdom, Heaven. It will not be pushed, forced, rushed... hurried.

My Father is this coral pink, so strong, so vast. He shows me how big I am by showing me how big he is. I drive down a hill. Before my eyes are landscapes of great diversity. I experience union with my Father, not by seeing as far as I can see, but as deep as I'll perceive. I see how big my daddy is through this awareness of him in... well, in everything.

Momma, I write to only make witness that you truly are my heavenly mother. This relationship with You that is waking, is too sacred to share much more than this... too new in substance.

My song is *You*, *You* are my song
Fierce, mighty and completely perfect.

Today

How comfortable am I with eternity, right now?

Honestly...?

Where fixed time is no thought or consideration.

Where rush cannot be known; end point unseen; conclusion never experienced.

Just present moments that touch many times, places, faces. Ethereally steadfast.

Today

Dust burrows within a wind, dancing, leaping, soaring.
This grain finds purpose, finds meaning.

Never before has this small grain imagined there could be more.
More than ground.
More than the feet upon its back.
More than the shuffle, hustle & hurry, always a scurry.
A smoothening becomes an undertaking, a joy, a challenge.

Suddenly, laughter is felt!
At first, a quiet chuckle. Soft, breezy.
Then the laughter expands, becoming a warm silhouette.

Much is still longed for.

Greater knowing of personal presence explored.

There is change. Transfiguring, awakening.

The grain grows shoots, exudes color.

It looks about and sees that it is different.

Excitement and pleasure, anticipation and dreaming stir this One.

There is so much more than the life once lived!

Today

A House with a *Pulse*

A pulse of Reality

A house where structure pulsates Life

I've seen how every human will have lived in *doing*. Finding systems of practices that would give One the desire of their heart; education, spirituality, relationships, money, sobriety, you name it _____.

I've also seen how when thus *Pulse of Reality* is distinguished in a Person by this Person, this Person's beginning will feel as practice & doing. *But* the intention & reality of our Creator is purely *being*.

I set out to show all who desire to see that Anyone can live in a face to face pure & unique relationship with creation's Creator, our parent, our friend... and *how*.

And because of this personal knowing, every human may truly know the unbound, unearned vastness of Life.

This is indescribable but to live in it and so discover for yourself what is indescribable.

So... let us build a house!

We are House

I once was *this House*:

-My structure and foundation was mindset(*belief systems*), emotions, thoughts(*igniting emotion and birthed of shadowed memory*), and shadowed memory(*silhouette of what was*).

-Baseline was *doing* to be, *doing* to have, *doing* to know.

Every one of my desires, relationship sand scenarios found themselves within *House* built by that structure...

Then that Pulse of Reality, hidden and yet heard, began to be distinguished by me.

That other *House*, being me, began to fade as this Pulse of Reality became my waking structure!

And *this* Structure of living pulse was *Wisdom*. She was a part of me, and this becoming me.

As a *becoming* began to take on form -this *House*- I saw that this was me being raised by my Parent, my Creator. I was waking up in Reality! The heart beat of my perfect One.

Here is the *House* I am becoming:

-This being the *how* of face to face.

-This being the *structure* that every relational dynamic, creative endeavor, dream/vision and present scenario will rest in...

Wisdom.

- **Joy**, to see the vastness of what is possible for a free life, **is** the strength of a human being.

- **Innocence**, to be in everything without being fixed in form by anything, **is** the position of a human being when facing any person, situation, or reasoning.

- **Wonder**, to experience a full immersive seeing (no matter the scale of fullness) in present awareness, **is** the breath of every human when living in any moment.
- **Gratitude**, being the essence of contentment leading to neutrality, **is** the heart beat for a human when experiencing true friendship in *any* relationship.

And **Love** is the foundation, the breathing structure, the living pulse and blood that moves through all. **Love** is *IS*.

Today

Why does it hurt?

It hurts so much at certain times because when *you* enter into this Great Fire, it moves as a flowing river through every fiber of enmeshed intimacies.

Your whole being has been entwined, energy within energy, a soul enmeshed with energies: Emotions, physical frame, reasoning and so seeing.
All enmeshed, entwined with energies *acting* as *source* of Life.

So, when your being comes into Great Fire -the *One Source* that all has come from- there is a burning... a transfiguring of all other energies acting as *One*

Source. And this hurts... emotion, physical body, reasoning unto seeing is literally being transfigured. Light illuminating.

A dividing showing itself as a transfiguration process, for there is no separating *Love* from anything or anyone, it is the seed and essence of all life.

Today

There is nothing you can do for what has already been done.

Today

It isn't about what you want to do, but what do you have peace about...

This you can do.

Today

Unbelief

How do I move through unbelief?

Because it is a seeing and I cannot force myself to see what I cannot see.

So, how *do* I move through unbelief?

Here is what I have discovered through my years of *yes*:

1. My God does not tell me *what* to do, leaving me to listen or not.
2. There is an original baseline of reality within me that seems to be hidden in my unconscious.

3. It is from this original baseline (which is the mind of Creator, Christ Yeshua) where the truth of reality springs up into my subconscious and conscious.
4. When this springs up through my system it bombards my current and most aware place of seeing (believing/reasoning).
5. When this happens there is great conflict within, for I am now faced with dualing realities of truth.
6. It is in this place of conflicting or turmoil that I move. I just go. *In one direction or another...*

Today

What a silly thing to portray *Spirit* as non-substance, weak, without sensation... dead.

Today

He woke in the night, his sweet small frame. He was aware of spirit and relayed what he saw.

“I looked all around and water was filling your room. Just your room, not outside of the door. But this water was lava and it went... whoosh....whoooooosh...up and down, everywhere. Your whole room full!”

In the same evening I saw the top of my head, clearing up of hair, rising and splitting open. I saw my brain detaching itself from itself.

I was dying to what was for what is more...

Today

I know life may seem cut and dry, black and white, and according to protocol / procedure... but life is *not* this way in absolute.

Things change, stuff happens and I am gratefully not negligent nor ignorant but faithful to Life, to changes, to mercy and kindness.

To *Love*.

Today

There is soooo much that is real, lying behind a surface of real.

Today

Aware...

Imagination is where it all begins, but this moves into awareness... a living breathing reality of what was seen in imagination.

As awareness forms, coming alive, imagination matures, details more vivid, clear. Fantasy fades as reality blossoms. All is natural.

Then suddenly, an experiencing of many places transpires, as one who simply walks from room to room, through this screen of imagination...

Today

Bursting!

Some may say this is a *mountain-top experience*. Some may know *this* to be few and far in-between.

Some may know *this* to be more frequently in Life than the above know.

Some may experience this bursting *mountain-top experience* more often in a group setting and feel the rest of life is “normal” “ordinary,” possibly “mundane.”

Then there are *those*...

Suddenly *those* wake and realize something... These *mountain-top experiences* were actually strung together moments of remembrance!
And *these* are those who continued the seeking to *be*, to remember all... and everything changed.

From later to *now*.

From miracle to *normal*

From longing to *rest*

Within the awaiting was the remembering, the waking, for *these* saw something the others were yet to see...

I'm already here...

Today

It was never about how much knowledge I had, how much schooling I engaged.

I could never have enough experience teaching on stages, classrooms or private settings.

It was never even about all *my* experiences, how real or profound these ever were...

If a heart is unable or unwilling to receive *me*, all my many moments of success, experience, this or that, is nothing more than a finicky wind, temperamentally undistinguished and fleeting.

A reciprocation, a mutual embracing and continual receiving must *be* in order for *Love* in calculation to be known... for freedom to be known in purity.

Today

My today carries my everything

Today

A gift marries two.

A gift is not only composed of the receiver, but is composed of the giver as well.

Two pieces making One gift.

Intentional, personal, unique to Two, unique to One.

Today

There is a process and preparation for seeing in the Spirit... not only in waking eye, but as eyelids close.

When this road of Love, being our security, has not been established - a continuing on- any movement to see *beyond* will drive Us mad, be it from pride, fear or insanity...

There is a process and preparation for seeing in the Spirit... not only in waking eye, but as eyelids close.

Devotional Canvas

