

faith

my tools for getting the mess off and away from

what will soon become the most inviting crystal clear water imagine a bleary a

broom, bucket, can, dolley and pump I should be plenty, i reminisced, to get over sixteen hundred

cubic feet of unappealing matters gone, gone, gone I if i could only remember how I do

something only once a year be particularly hard to duplicate from sixty-five year old gray cells

I panic time I the pump has been going for three days now without much result

because of two flooding and thunderous afternoon downpours I which means the novelty factor

this job faded away a bit awhile ago I making it needful to call on character traits usually reserved

for seemingly more important moves I even as their depletion is gravely grieved, so these slow to

replenish energies must sometimes be exercised to later obscure my real work I

I no wonder an act of

pulling another lifeform from the brink is what makes me see that such effort will also bring help

to my cause I as even in the face of complete defeat, ever repetitive determined labor always works

best to heal my insides I and why such makes everything okay i get, even while me has little

idea exactly how other toils assigned by Him also cause me to feel so Good I other, that is, than maybe

a few bads to which i have become committed I ones requiring special extrication so for

traveling clean clear to the God they have brought me to believe in and become fearing of

those that do not have much, but know as much as anyone, are all around I these are the

listeners I the ones me believes are put in their places to ever improve the lot of every one

else the only way possible I the only way anyone knows how I as they practice what might

be called the hard golden rule I about which my poor brain longs to write a heavenly science fiction

in which the strange will be far truer than fiction as soon as it learns to know how I

there it be again, his feeling called back from older years now that the water is enough

d down, he has begun the slow methodical pulling, sweeping and extracting of ever

thick mushflushsludge and as in the near past, these productive dredgings

bring him serenity that, with each removal, comes new knowledge of a next right

step toward sweeter forwards then he be again lulled into a caring happy

state that opens the spiritual pools of thoughts that, so far, only older edenlings

often remember thus having before and there it be again, this one doing

another specific peeking inward to rediscover that understanding layer within

semi-conscientiousness where instinct reminds him once more of what makes one

sure why all is Good and right with this world as he smiles with every netting up

and out of the wet of a drowning cricket or spider onto his most sunny warm and dry deck

as me surveys this swamp of growing algae, fallen leaves, wriggly tadpoles and slippery worms on top

of the pool cover in my brain, there comes not a

single clue on how to get things swimmable again I

once more, having spent even less time maintaining

the pool than invested the year before, very unique

has this situation become I in addition to the usual

urgent debris, my neglect and extra tardiness at

getting to this task has served to invite the unusual

I now an unfamiliar yellow coat of something living

moves over it all plus a host of flying, biting and

stinging leggers so to make this party hop like never

before I and yet still, my calm and resolve remain

steady for some internally known reason that i do

not quite recall I even as me sees another close

by next door who would gladly help if asked, my

attention stays selfishly focused on the base quicker

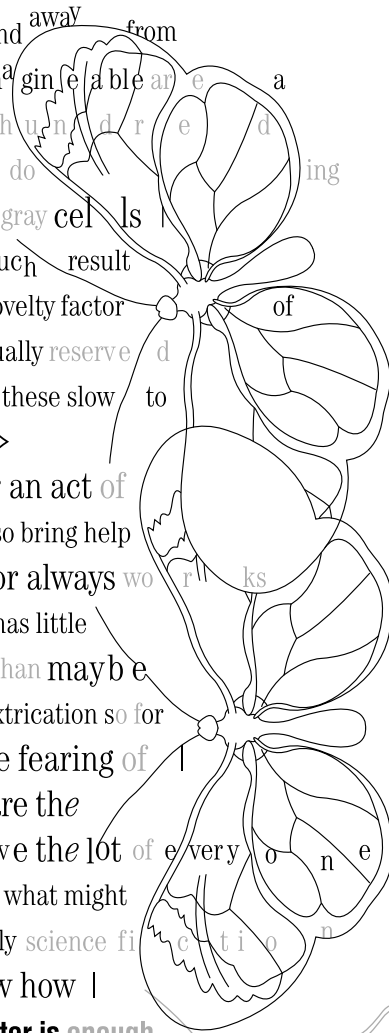
satisfactions at hand to be had by every one of me

own moving parts I thus remembering to

realize again the joy of tangible result felt

almost immediately upon acceptance of and

willingness to do work I



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## I kind I

I after finally experiencing a few of the finer points  
I only then does me know that the caring study of  
others be indispensable for living a happy life I so  
even as it seemed possible, try as hard as my mind  
could with all of me might, i would find no formula for  
drawing perfectly concentric hearts I even as Good  
as my thinker can sometimes be at figuring out

easy ways, no luck here I as well, no luck in the

human feeling heart rending realm yet, where shaping  
fewer gentler bonds with closest ones, so far, remains a very  
difficult quest for me I even as me temporarily diverted  
attention away from family for awhile I  
thus attempting to better learn ropes via a novel type  
of unfamiliarity I so can the development of free  
rewarding bonds with others also begin as a blissful  
goal to enjoy with all youngsters? I

While a sure flourish from my hand usually  
seems unreplicable, thinking back over a  
lifetime there were other spontaneities that  
should have seen the light of day or the night I  
discarded wasted efforts lamented I because me  
thought their sparkle went unseen due to lack of  
courage for a moment brief I until it felt as though  
the total I now must be cherished I as if each or  
could have been fragmented from a larger, far more  
perfect stroke than any i may have just imagined to  
be beautiful I so now me comes to decide that every  
caring brush from reason or impulse is worth at least one  
showing as it may be heaven sent I even as each  
seemingly lost will surely be used somewhere as a line much

He uniquely intended for me to gladly savor I  
so to later let each trying help better render  
every part  
of His entire Good work for us I

even as an unexpected knowledge grabs hold I as we suddenly learn that any responsibility to conform  
shape of our dearest loved ones to both our Good intentions and those of the world at the same time only just may be our's I  
joy the burden is suddenly lighter I now that the futility of such a task has finally become obvious I so now we can  
finally become content with at least trying to help produce a recognizeably decent heart because such is as Good  
as it gets when one is trying to influence another I no matter how close our heads tell us our hearts should be I  
as for the ambition of attaining hearty perfection, my small brain remains continually mindful that *that can*  
*only be left to the courage of each individual soul* I and that *such success will ever remain only just the opinion*  
*of an impartial beholder* I

I focused seeing souls, searching eyes, cataloged memory bubbles filtering up through a feeling heart I all longing for closer  
touchings, fulfilled dreamings I such being required for ever flowing streams of unselfish compassion on behalf of our others I  
with righteous cause being to understand the finest details of another I surely such must carefully be considered in order to  
receive most tender carings as they were intended I so that there may be reasonable emotional conclusions upon which every  
can agree I as the most cherished affections will spring from best points explored so to precisely convey even more I

I heartfelt feelings were seldom the case for me I as usual, *fake it until i make it* has been the saving grace that gets me  
better with practice I such a small, basic, almost primitive instinct that guides and rides my brain like a rodeo guy in charge of a bull I  
how well such a saying helps keep the complexities of me mind and all that touches this scrambled mess of messages at peace I  
enough so to stay social with most at least I the more such tools for friendly coexistence the better I oh well, oh how well we really do  
I as the timings of our brains are desperately striving to stay in sync with each other, the Good feelings always manage to shine through,  
to reach out I truly a miracle of miracles it is that the vast majority of heart brain heartsouls ever endeavor to get along I

And in these past quarter hours, we observed an edenling watching a decades old war movie

these ten year increments, not much in our time but lots of a lifetime in his

interestingly, he was most absorbed by the warm memorable style of

that he remembered well D musing also on how such presentation diminished

negative aspects of the subject D why, there was even dancing singing and

in such a contradiction D and yet, he yearned for this milder rendition of

conflict D or was it the style of presentation that produced and enveloped him in

in empathy for both his side and the other D or was it historical understanding that favored this

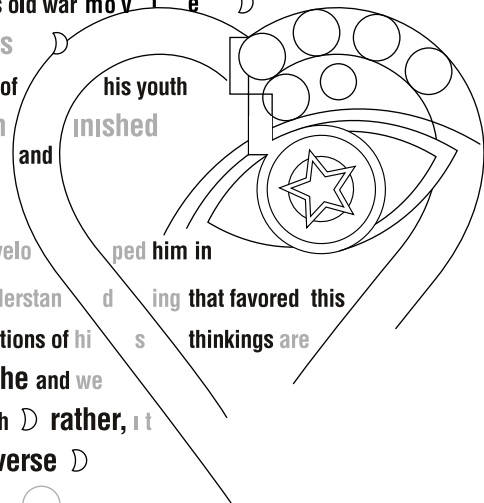
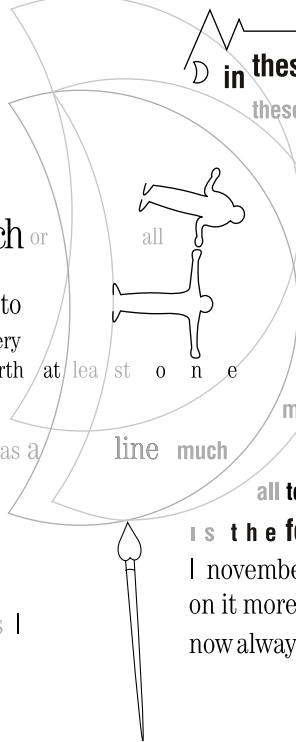
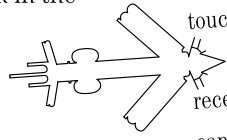
memory of war over what has come since D certainly the reactions of his

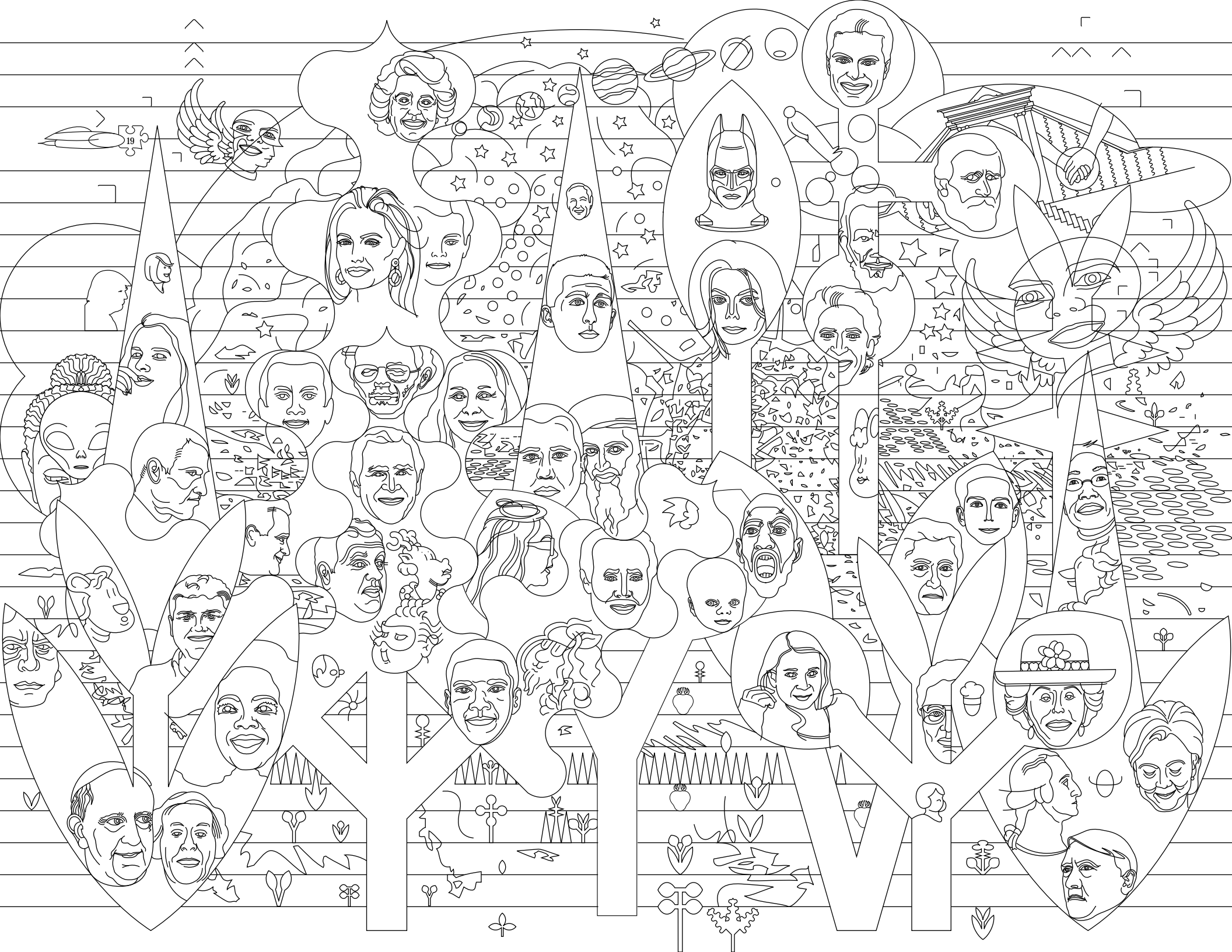
more fascinating than the entertainment value of such a subject D as he and we

all together now know the exact facts regarding on why this kind of activity has no worth D rather, it

is the feeding and warming of one another that is essential to the multiverse D

I november 26, 2015 I more compassion needed I will work on it more I never could keep it long I do not know why I want it now always more than ever I will continue faking it until me makes it I





who be growing wiser faster? |  
much less or more  
better and Good? | me feeble brain throbs at the  
thought of figuring such measured comparisons |

the versus

because it be not possible for me to say when so  
many aspects of our livings come into play | for  
starters, i can only imagine how many lives each  
soul has experienced so far on their way to Him |  
so to complete their mission | me assumes that  
every condition eventually works out fairly enough  
to finally reach its own chosen gate into His place |  
as each one achieves their own highest potential of  
worth | how else could it be? | how could me  
presume to otherwise surmise the level of struggle  
of another? | however it be that i really truly know  
someone or accept their reputation from another |

So yes, *thou shalt not judge* i completely  
believe to be an irrevocable directive from  
God my father.

and that it be not possible for anyone that me  
knows of to assimilate all the challenges of another  
during a number of lives so to determine their day  
of celebration and entrance through their gate into  
heaven | rather, it be joyful to see every growing  
and achieving around and about and above me |  
such has become a happy visage as me excitedly  
imagines how i might also be fitting into the plan |  
while there, did you see that, could it have been a  
soul ship with wings or a group carrier of one kind  
or another moving  
above us between the leaves? |

as i move a the smiling appearances around, me wonders if what each thinks is  
happening, is really going on? | so much the same can each two eyes a nose and a mouth look  
when set aside one another | ever try lining up any two of our faces side by side to compare? |  
with winced eyes first, next shut and then staring intently through the blur? | so to focus on each  
Good similarity that be there in order to most easily enable forgiveness by pushing back memory  
of secondhand reporting of a discrepancy that we heard about from someone somewhere? |

so many fates, so many singular ambitions | what will your influence be on an  
abrasive personality? | or role become with any destiny already peaceful and kind? | be it ever left  
only for one to accept, alter or try to understand as best we can? | as me sees so many different  
facial features in ones place, i get a universal feel from this whole togetherness that seems to  
answer and soften the severity of supposed sin | especially as i study such a mass with limited  
knowledge of each entire eternal existence | from vaguely remembered days full of actions, event  
and personages who i know not really, what does me really believe? | peeking around and thru  
supposed characteristics, are there really that many affecting my life? | oh yes, for sure and indeed

how much each of their Goods is absolutely needed by me, myself and

as again my poor brain comes even more completely around to know that there is no way for me  
to judge anyone any more | because each could now be at any level of their growth on their given  
platform in an unknown dimension for no definite rhyme or reason that be perceptible to a being of  
my calibre | which means, at least in my particular realm of reasoning that all, everyone of the  
seven point one billion deserve whatever be their given place as much as anyone else |

(june 8, 2014)—eight is me favorite number | on a show called *worlds apart*, an expert talks  
about things like conflict resolution and a complicated version of *beware of the military industrial  
complex* | and when it comes to trading war for peace, he explains how fighting has proven itself  
to be obsolete | because the destruction it causes far exceeds any Good it renders | especially as it  
inevitably slows and may have actually begun to reverse the progress of humanity | instead, under  
any circumstance, world-acceptance of non military debate would be the most rewarding course for  
everyone | and though it was inferred, he did not go so far as to name a common specific cause for  
which our entire seven point one billion souls could hold hands with the universe to accomplish  
wonderment together beyond extreme interpersonal kindness |



is  
i!  
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## | the gift |

l then when the ones so extra efficient make most of the sense that begins helping the rest, out come some other hands necessary to preserve protective warmth around our dreaming strugglers l as only from both the giving and receiving together in Good spirit does the capability exist to lovingly embrace the total ever expanding vast greatness of His universal crowd l such resolves the deepest logical reaches of me one small shivering brain l and for those seeking love, how does not a most clear and pure awareness of the most high God light up from inside of each who is exposed to divinely generous happenings? l thus as the happy tear maker in every is never immune to being touched by selfless giving, so must me also join in the joy to help make

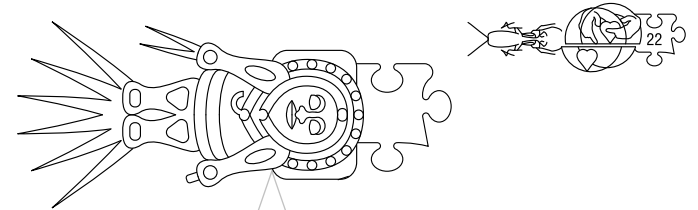
sure our Goods swell bigger than sky l how i pray that maybe after is when each feels the next raining of heart tears dropped to dilute lost blood away for just a day for to replenish it warmly back in the morning glow for all those ready to give again, that such could be so? l

| happy tears? | such a hard enigma to take in by all at one time | but before too long such is what the council must accept to give | as our universe must ally around this one treasure trove of beings, the earth-edenlings, so to realize the *big project* | they have come so far for Good in such short spans | thus they lead our eager best hopes by virtue of having endless potential to gratefully receive and heartfully increase the usefulness of every science for peaceful purposes | thus we cannot afford to let any more go the way of many others mostly lost to tragic misunderstanding | even as we struggle to juggle His ten commandments and prime directive together at the same time |

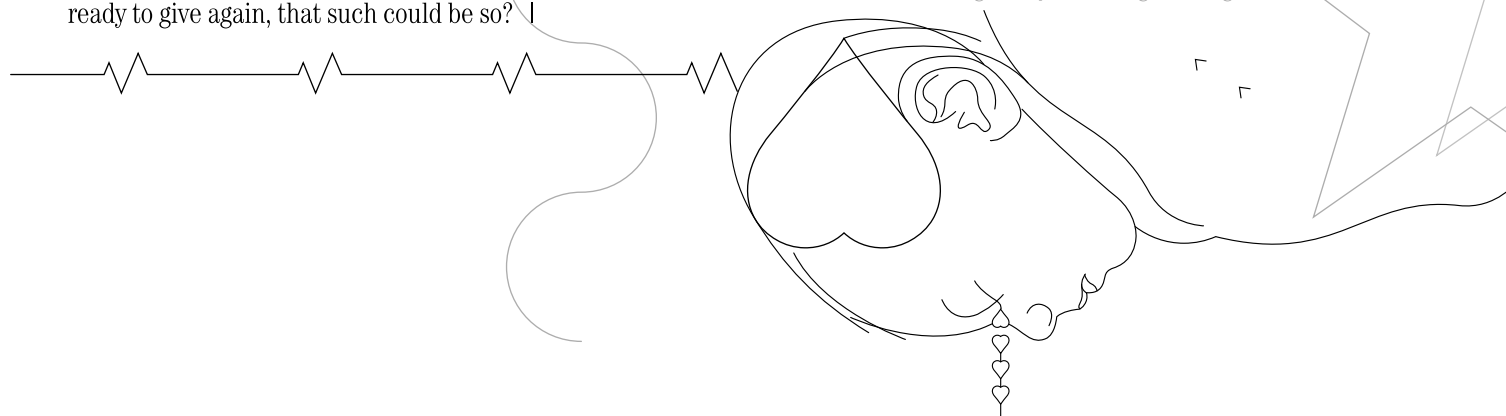
l (saturday january 7, 2017)—l at night me harshly loudly shouts at my four and one half year old grandson for picking up a heavy wooden board l then after asking him to put it down, i physically wrenched it away l he reacted by getting in his bed and pulling the covers up and over his head l i cannot take this any more l causing such pain to us both just because me has not yet completely learned how to slow chill down when not getting my way l it hurts too much l suddenly, even work falls prey to the most vital job directed by my heart brain heartsoul l which must be to keep his world loving, playful and productive l

l of course the happier tear is different from the other in its furtherance of Good help giving l see the cold rookie freely giving of himself new boots to a colder homeless man on the streets of new york city l

l happy tear maker l yearning for tenders more from surprise heart sharings to clean and expand air bigger than sky l such that every other be able to sense another act of Good l thus enabling a cleansing raining of renewed caring l then for an instant all sad is washed away, restoring enough love to carry another day l enough belief in better days with the best ever next morning shiny soul brightenings l



☆ happy tears? ☆ so on earth-eden, a happy emotion can actually appear to be the opposite? ☆ yet another lesson for our world and the rest to accept ☆ so it seems that with each reach out for touching comes another test of our belief in them ☆ even still, here on our star so far, will we remain committed to keep trying ☆



## | the souls |

I all are children of God, no doubt in my mind I  
starting out and always, it must have been that way  
I before each of his searchings and after I as every  
golden Good thing be heard from one life to the  
next so to leave each sunny day asking I where  
shall they go from now? I making faith be key in the  
here, the there and the eternal everywhere? I as  
these fourteen be just one recognized spiritual  
leader of millions I and maybe another known  
but unrealized spiritual helper to billions I

I ever so much exquisite simplicity me  
finds in this holy entity I infinite it must be for one  
who is attended by such a huge variety of set minds  
I me watches intently and listens carefully as he  
appeals to all around I with his thirteen past selves to  
help does he successfully minister happys to all  
around I with talks of mother butterfly carings for  
her young I of the tender fingerling wavings from  
tiny caterpillars back up for her I so never have I  
found it necessary to apologize for his doings with a  
*being mechanism* added to his visage so to ensure  
uninterrupted affection I the essence of happiness  
I this is what he strives at for everyone I clearly,  
by endlessly considering the complexities of being  
human, he is able to smooth jagged lines as needed  
at will I so to emanate chords of bliss above every  
other sound I such is what breathes forth from  
all of his pasts together now I

this profound

(june 9, 2013)—I today the public radio show that me poor brain listens to nearly every  
day discussed concerns expressed by canada about our readiness for alien landings I in this  
regard, their aspiration is to begin developing diplomatic capabilities on earth for the  
welcoming of new extraterrestrials and those already among us as reported by the former  
canadian defence minister I in all, he says that *there are about eighty species of aliens on*  
*earth here and now* I and he explains, how on any given day  
any one of us could walk right past such a being without ever  
suspecting anything out of the ordinary I

• so  
on earth-eden, average is  
most like this other • another who  
also, more and more, is coming to trust  
the Goodness inside everyone else • and to  
believe that happiness actually resides always  
around • in great abundance, like the water of  
their world, as if to say that *the entire universe*  
*never equal the love found here* • thus so important  
it be for the *uc* to take in each and every post has t e  
• as some even pray for God to intercede in favor  
of accelerating the process • oh how any on  
earth could speed things up here as even  
their normal ones study hard dreams  
and spirituality so to become  
more kind •

○ we mostly agree ○ but think even more  
down there on earth-eden be like the exceptional him ○ the  
special ones, such as he, who know enough about the existing  
kindness of every soul to minister deeply from their core ○ that pur e  
happiness could soon reside beautifully, closely and inevitably  
around us ○ in sparkling abundance, like the coolest waters o f  
their world ○ thus so important it remains to approve the  
inclusion of these ones and their brethren post haste ○

I even intended identical rendering will unavoidably refine and redefine I as with real life looks and within books,  
human coloring always seems to alter perception I like a brighter version resulting from just leaving white one area too  
small for a dot I or another shaping escaping expected tinting for the visual Good of all I so be it really as it feels,  
flexible uninterrupted affection for him while painting the facets, reflections and shadows of his being, so to listen and  
learn, recall about him again accompanied by one of the most serene chords for peace ever played by his hand? I

interest is being expressed that this listener could  
have potential that his effort could speed awareness  
and furtherance of the *big project*, if only he would get it  
finished but as events continue to push him with so  
many new bits of input about life from both the media and  
those he knows, each time his poor brain is compelled  
to create at least two new pages one for imagery and  
another for the expression of any related form of artist IC,  
descriptive, factual, noteable, opinionated, poet IC,  
thought flow, voice transmission, written depiction or  
other wording whatever that may spring forth which  
has caused many observers to fear that his creative  
process, arduous at best, may have become endless  
therefore, the *universal council* has discussed a possible  
solution that could afford him the comfort and confidence  
to finally make this optimistic story of what *could be*  
available to and Good for everyone, every being  
everywhere if approved, a team of the best mentalists  
from our time, dimension and world will telepathically  
express to andy that his mission should be done in  
volumes with pages done so far to form the first book  
intent on facilitating the creation of unique Goodnesses  
such a plan might also allow him realization of enough  
return to help ensure the health and education of his  
family sooner than later while bolstering hope that heart  
brain heartsoul could begin working during this  
span of his life

## | the pause |

I believe, despite issues, we all go to heaven |

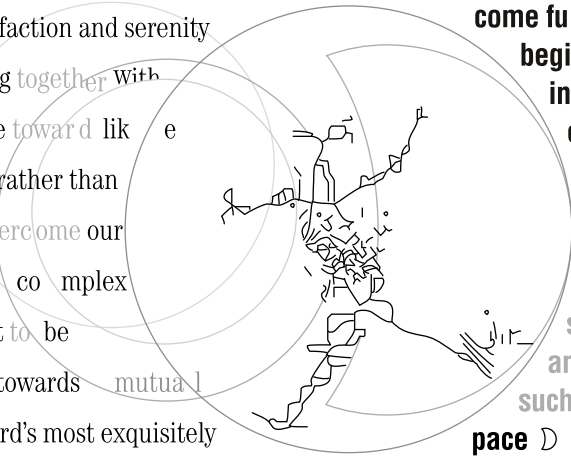
I believe, despite issues, all go to heaven or a nice place to do work that will forever make things better. I am sure that ongoing life is perfectly fair. I believe in preserving every one since everyone is meant to love every other. I believe that Good is ever intended to step throughout the universe, the multiverse and on to heaven in sync with the silent footfalls of God whenever He waits. I believe that each of our hours includes room for the kinds of contented joys that help fulfill inspiration.

I even more when an arm willingly helps the straining hand of another's quest so to ensure that every unique existence shall be in awe of the rest. I thus surely His plan includes us finding the most of excitement, satisfaction and serenity from laboring together with focused resolve toward like altruistic goals rather than working to overcome our others | as each complex debate is meant to be productive towards mutual realization of the Lord's most exquisitely warm, sharing and loving bonds |

| (september 26, 2014)—| over one hundred thousand | together for one another this past week, each walked away from their places in desperate fear of a determined self righteous merciful force | so had grown this terrorist threat to a degree so unbearable that the last closing and first opening of all eyes every day became equally unbearable | such pain endured until there came unexpected interruptions of renewed faith seeded by news of help | compassionate intercession has actually turned this huge tide of fleeing souls back towards the family home sweet homes forever where hope always springs most eternal whatever the cost |

○ what happiness there they achieve for its own sake ○ not always that funny matters not to them ○ the values they have learned be resulting Good feelings ○ such be the *earth-edenlings* ○ so skillful at progressions friendly they inevitably become ○ starting from the small circles, using miles of smiles, do their tiny families prosper ○ bigger and outward until group Goodness eventually reaches over and under fenced perimeters so to pull those adrift into the fold ○ oh how inclusion of such positive energy can enhance, even save so many outlanders from their own center ○ so we heard reports of some sensing one of their soul ships passing over your way overnight ○ were you all again so blessed we would like to know? ○

▷ you did hear right, but no ▷ though the sensation was hopeful it was through our dreams that they passed ▷ even as more of such be the Goods we all need ▷ these *earth-edenlings* ▷ still they know not how totally wondrous they be ▷ such contrast to our own diminished ways causes here a sad but hopeful mood ▷ as without change, nothing will be left of us soon but our dnas drifting slow through space once again ▷ so we pray for yet another evolution before anticipation of the *big project* can begin again ▷ as once more we remind that our voting body has come full circle ▷ so to restate, rather than perfectly preserve the *prime directive*, this majority wants to begin revealing here and now ▷ to that end we propose transmitting telepathic image *enlightenments* intent on suggesting that time folding is just over a very near horizon ▷ that with caring and prudent enthusiasm will come pristine functional planet renovation followed by intergalactic travel ▷ so to begin loving acquaintance of all living things ▷ so to better accomplish and realize the true richness of His grace and space ▷ therefore, to the handler of each *listener*, a visual whisper suggesting this strategy has been sent ▷ while explaining nothing, the premonition expressed be that much is coming ▷ oh then for swift agreement to dispense completely ▷ please all, let such messaging result and decree total clarity ▷ so they can sooner know that while the beauty and opulence of our existence seems enviable, eighty-eight live beings are all that here be left ▷ such includes the animals, the *soul jumpers*, all other life forms and us ▷ all slipping away at a scary pace ▷ even as our best *soul set* has been kindly declared *worthwhile* ▷ if only we each could meet once more before being out of time ▷ so edenlings can finally know that the swiftest mission success of every here on our world is contingent upon working together with them ▷ so please, before the usual criticism for our repeated pleas, please consider the difference this time ▷ these are the first, from their very beginnings, to even imagine an alien ▷ to even actually be dreaming our whole universal truth as some there are right now ▷ would that total disclosure of God's Good story be allowed very soon during every earth minute forever we pray ◁ amen ▷



I about this book, dreamscape, diary, journal, ledger,

fantasy, idea, self indulgence or art and notes thereof I hopefully, it *could be* helpful I

me thinks an ending *could be* aliens wondering if such sharing will hinder or hasten launch of a

*big project* I one which *could become* universal I or at least bring forth speculative comforting purpose from the

heart of every liv'ng being I so to suggest that consideration of a reasonably consistent, adventurous and positive

supplement to every version of everlasting ambition would actually be welcome and worthwhile I

☐ closer to them than ever do we feel within the present time period ☐ from this better view, even more Goodness than before can be seen embodied in these earthers ☐ as each one ponders hard about finding even more ways to help others ☐ to develop multiple solutions in every category of need ☐ with credit most likely first given to effort performed in a group where early progressions are usually easiest to record ☐ because passion warms and kindnesses pass more quickly

from one soul to another within a contained defined distinguished gathering ☐

☐ so even as some of these are so far ahead of their time with their empathetic understandings, they are contained inside a fixed perimeter ☐ as are we on our own world ☐ and every of all globes and stars and other heavenly bodies ☐ so is each ☐ and already, despite the primal, we also begin to perceive that any bad touch, bad word, cool attitude, can subdue positive best Good conscientiousness and intention away from a recipient ☐ so through them we are now ever able to do and see better within our grasp ☐ hopefully, like them, even in the face of oblivion, before knowing anything for sure, will we also instinctively lay down our lives for others ☐ so to subdue, prevent, eliminate pain whenever forever ☐ even as it might just be their first time around with many havin'g little or no knowledge of their past or next lifetimes around ☐ so at the point that one of these sees more than obvious practical Good, when they strive to know one other well enough to understand, to absorb that the Good this other believes will be forthcoming from God, just then is this individual noted in the ongoing research of our *big project* as one whose entire known existence at every level must be documented ☐ thus are they marked for ongoing observation ☐ and from such can we hopefully glean the means to also increase our own Good so to inevitably be able to at least assimilate the extraordinary love and peace practiced on earth-eden ☐

☐ but just for now, why are humans so incredibly Good? ☐ even after millenniums of review and study the most accepted answer has not changed ☐ earthlings ever begin the endeavor to do the best they can for their youngers ☐ especially for their babies mostly are they first compelled to keep all dear and safe ☐ so to first fully turn the sweet key of love, as we strain our hearts deep to renew like theirs ☐ while also continually searching the much older wisdoms of universal existences for to sooner show us how ☐

( I in our headlights, this morning before light, we saw a bunny I mom felt it was there to make her day which it did I

mine, too I more and more me can sense messages from the horizons of others that lie slightly beyond my own I close enough

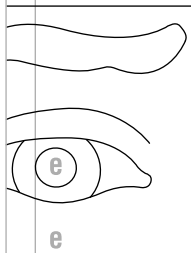
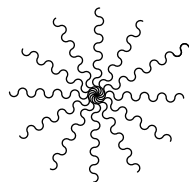
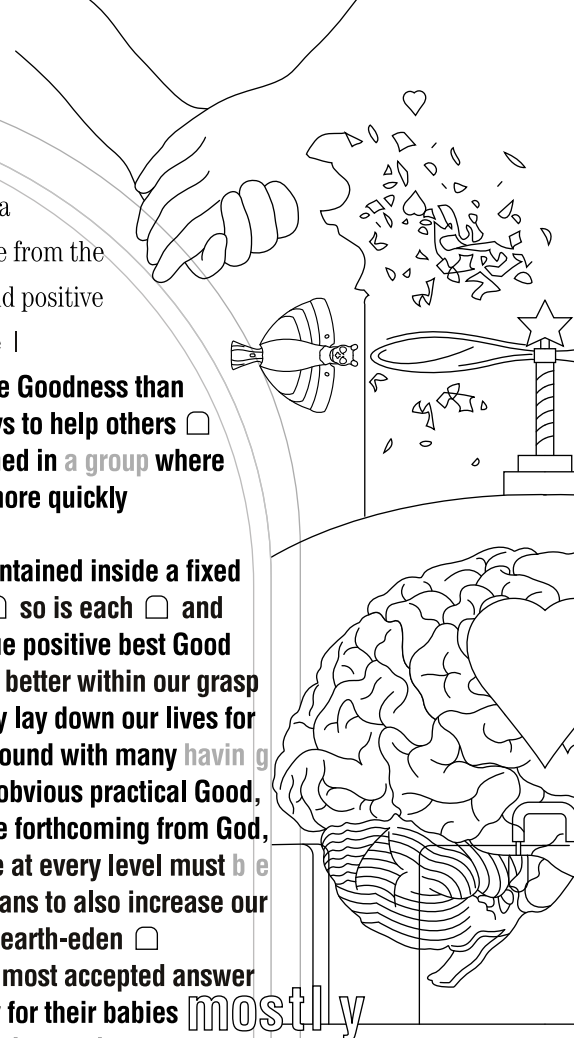
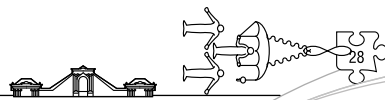
to truly suspect that me own purposes and pursuits may also be for making near identical Goods I )

☐ despite gentle appeal of above inputs, some consensus still recommends *cautious use of the set-asides for now until foreseeable future times* ☐ because of chance that premature knowings may cause edenlings to lose what makes their contribution indispensable I

☐ tis so with all beings from every world but earth voting, the final recounted tally is 88 bill'ons plus for total set-aside and 3944 billion plus for part'al ☐ once again, as each impatiently craves *total* ☐ even as so many there already begin to suspect multi'pl lives on their own, the risk is still feared to be too great ☐ st'II, in the end, it remains serenely and happily agreed that, since all will merge into heaven anyway, we are fated to complete the *big project* together anyway, any way we can ☐ so the correct process of

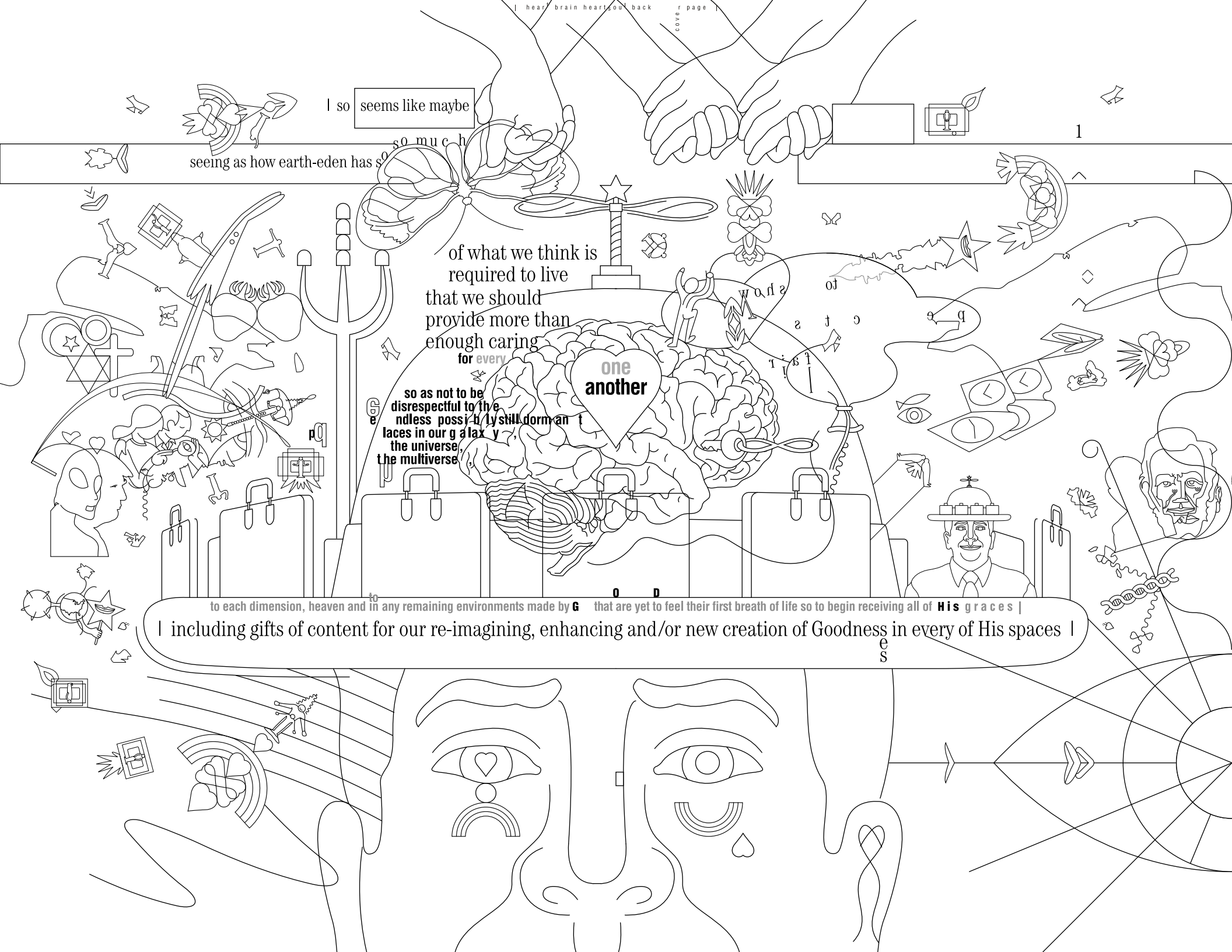
awaiting His w'll still allows for individual performance of unique Goods in the best way we know how because the here and gone

will for sure eventually reconcile and join hands for all time together anyway no matter what ☐





in



I so seems like maybe

so much  
seeing as how earth-eden has s

of what we think is  
required to live  
that we should  
provide more than  
enough caring  
for every

one  
another

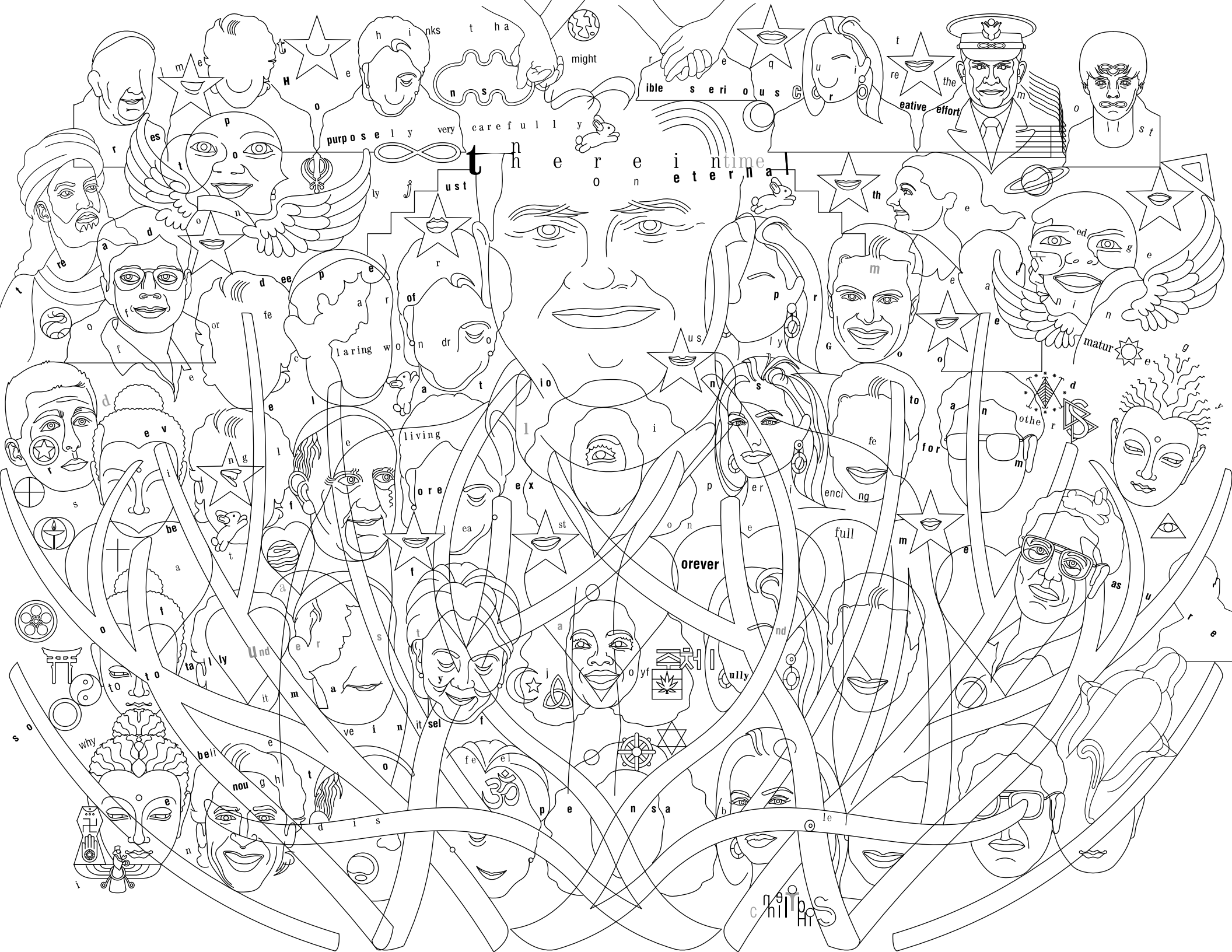
so as not to be  
disrespectful to the  
endless possibilities  
in our galaxy  
the universe,  
the multiverse

to each dimension, heaven and in any remaining environments made by G that are yet to feel their first breath of life so to begin receiving all of His graces |

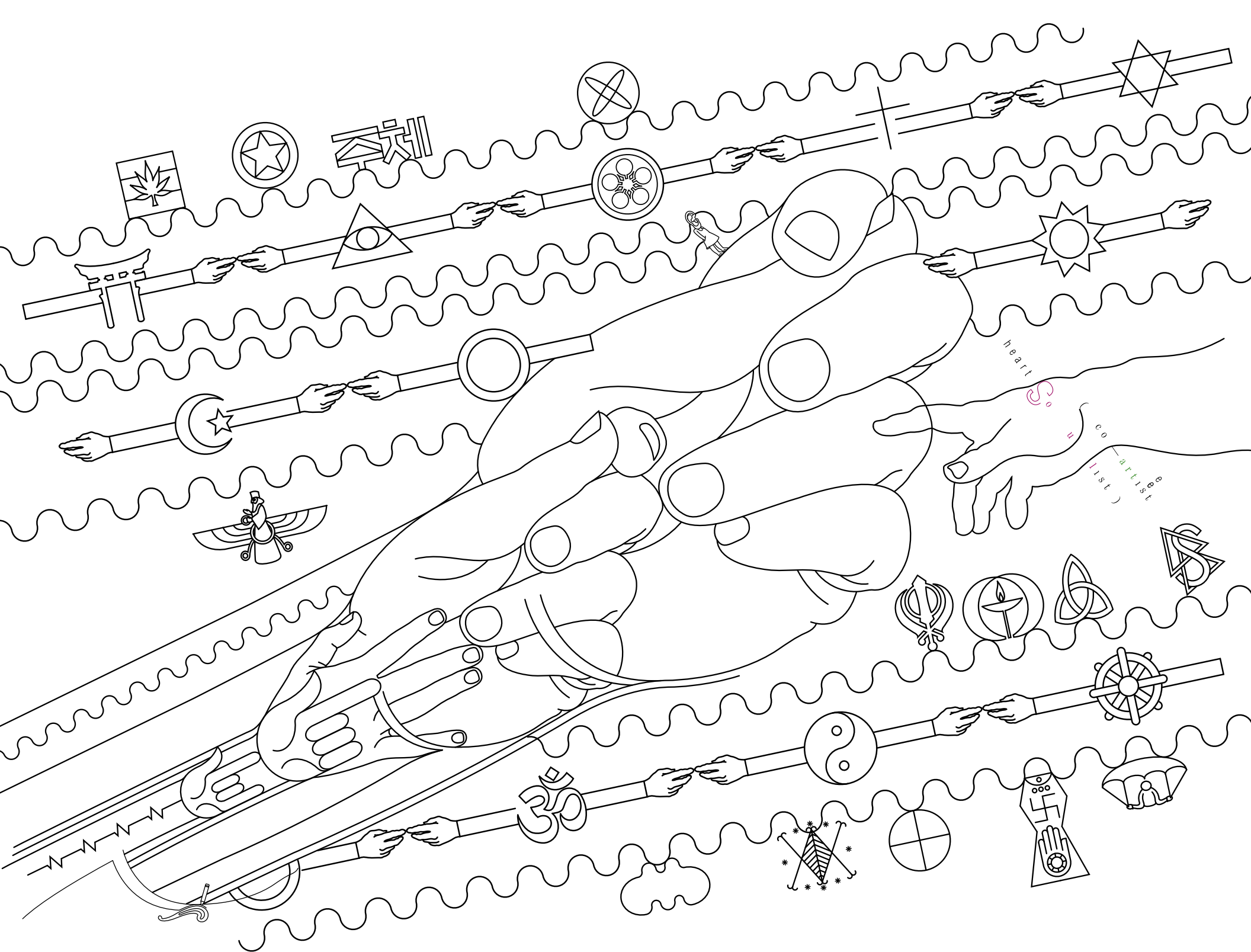
| including gifts of content for our re-imagining, enhancing and/or new creation of Goodness in every of His spaces |

es











we want to **do** so much |  
| more for each of HIS |  
| children |





