

Presume for a moment that God is a landowner of a very, very large estate. The boundaries of it, in fact, are not known by most of the family, the workers, those who dwell with the landowner.

And the landowner, God, says unto His family, “Go forth, and gather the harvest, for I adjudge that the fields are at the ready and the harvest is aplenty.”

One by one they come to God and ask, “In which direction should I journey? And what shall I harvest?”

Smiling, God the landowner says to them, “Why don’t you just choose as you will. Go out there ...” pointing to the vastness that lies beyond, “go and look in this direction or that, and whatever feels right to you, do it. Go there, and make that harvest.”

To each of His children, to each of His family, and good workers, speaks He this same message.

And excitedly, they gather, standing off a distance from God the landowner, chattering excitedly, “I shall go in this direction.” ... “I shall go here.” ... “I shall travel over those mountains.” ... “I will go across this great lake.” ... “I will, here, go ...” And on and on.

And God, the landowner, seats Himself and smiles, observing his children. Knowing full well His land, for it *is* His, He knows that in this direction, there is a certain hardship to be endured to reach the fruits that are ready for harvest; in that direction, a long journey through a desert; here, the arduous journey through dense jungle — metaphorically given, of course. But, He knows that there will be that which will evoke in each of His children the acknowledgement that: The fruits which are *labored* for, unto which one must *give* something to receive, will be the very sweetest for those who attain them.

Who has authority, if not each of God’s children, guided, instructed by God the landowner:

*Journey where you would. Choose which path calls to you. Seek out those fruits which most appeal to you. But once the harvest is gathered, return unto Me, that we might celebrate. And that we might share — each with the other, and I with all of you — the recounting of your great adventures.*

*Go with my love. And know that I am ever with you.*