

Let It Begin with Me

Audio — Let It Begin with Me

A tiny pair of beautiful eyes, tear-filled, peers over the top of a worn garment, which she uses to cover her face, as is the law for a female child. You can see in the distance that radiates from within and about her, here there is no hope. Here, not even sorrow remains, for, there is nothing left within her that is capable of expressing it. Not only is all that she has ever lived and known gone, but her heart and mind and spirit, as well as her body, have been violated by the random intentions and darkness of others. ...

The power of God is not distant. It has not been expended. It is ever bountiful, beyond comprehension, and is always. The power of God is forever.

Then, who maketh unto existence such things as are wrought unto this child? Who has created the lot of this small child and tens, hundreds of thousands of others who are like her?

Why are there so many hearts empty of love and compassion, and filled with the distortion of what they must wreak upon others? Why has compassion fallen prey to the random desire of flesh? Where is the bounty of God's Promise, that such as this could even exist?

Why do my feet hurt? Why is my stomach empty? For what purpose is my body cold and dirty? What service is there to my God that I so thirst?

You see, dear friends? *There* is the work. *There* is the purpose.

And what we have given is not new. It has been spoken in many ways, by many other voices, in many differing tongues and according to many differing beliefs. And yet, we come forward, and speak it again. Because if it is not known, who shall answer the call? We know the builder of these circumstances. We know that one who has wrought this desolation and sadness, hunger, pestilence, emptiness.

And we know those who will answer this call, because they have come forward and named themselves to be one with this work, this opportunity.

You are the power of God manifest in Earth.

And, as you have chosen, and perhaps not fully knowing what lies ahead, you have, through your faith, asked, *Put my name on this list, that all can see I stand with you in this time of opportunity and change. Let me be known among that number who dare to step forward and call for change; who have the strength and courage to submit the power of their will as a petition, as a claim, to God.*

But we doeth the Work, dear friends, not another; not the Master, not Our Lady, not the Buddha, Mohammed, or whomsoever, not David; not any of those who have opened the Way and shown us the path. They are here, and they are with you. But it is now you who shall do the Work. ...

The time is before you. It is not in the distance. It is not going to be offered to someone else. It is now. And it is offered to you.

For the one who has created all of this, is you. The sadness, the coldness, the emptiness, the lack of compassion, the absence of true love, is your doing. How could it be otherwise than this, for you are the Children of God. You have His power/ Her power, ever, within you.

And if you have chosen *not* to call it forth and use it, then, just as surely as you have chosen not to call upon your heritage, have you, through this inaction, created. ...

We have no concern that some might come forward and argue these points, for, they are, as surely as you hear these words, the words of Truth.

You have dwelled in the Earth oft times, the majority of you. And in those earlier times, is it at all possible that you could consider that an action of kindness, a word of compassion, a statement of forgiveness, might have, a thousand Earth years ago, made a difference today? ...

Those of you who might have been a simple weaver, or carpenter, or one who tilled the soil, or one who tended the needs of others, and on and on, any trade, name any one; did you impart in those times past, a loving intent? Did you envision in that which you did a gift of your Spirit, a loving intent to nourish, to shelter, to adorn a body, to care for someone simply for the joy of doing it? Or did it become simply a task, a rote, a dogma, something which had to be the way you made your passage through the journey called life in Earth? ...

Of course, we comprehend the difficulty, the challenge.

But look at what exists in your Earth today. If there is any truth that what has been sown must thereafter be harvested, then, what has been sown?

You are the creators of what is, collectively.

If you reflect upon this, and if you find that our words have brought forth something that seems, in any way, critical, in any way judgmental, then you do not know of our love for you. If we had no love for you, we would speak it not. If we did not long, in spirit, in the depths of our being, for your joy, for your happiness, for all the good things that you could conceive of, and greater, if these were not our wishes for you, we would have been silent.

You did not create the child whose eyes have an emptiness and sadness beyond expression, even though we just stated that you did. But in the technical sense, perhaps you permitted it. So it becomes a question of moot point, doesn't it?

[Feb 6] November 13th — a time of great invocation, when the Children of God gather and, in one voice, one prayer, one spirit, say unto existence, “No more! We of the Light gather, and together our number shall have no more.”

[Feb 6] November 13th — just a date on the calendar of time in the Earth.

But if you choose to be a part of these works, it will be a portal, the gates upon which are so majestic that every promise of God, through every prophet, through every prophetess, shall be written upon same. Every call to any faith shall be heard and known from within these gates. That is our call to you. And we are with you.

If you wish to continue to believe that you have no power; if you wish to continue believing there is naught you can do, then know in your hearts and minds, you will see many other images as the one or ones we have described above.

Where shall change begin, if not within self? Who can come and bring light to the Earth, if not thee?