

Repent

A Commentary

By Lama Sing™ & Al Miner

The Expectant Ones Series – Reading #36

CHANNEL: This is February 5, 2003.

We pray of You, Lord God, that You would guide us to whatever information You know to be the very highest and best. As always, we offer this work unto You, asking only that it be that which is in accordance with Your will and purpose, and of service to those who are seeking. We thank You, Master, for the light and love of Your presence with and around us always, and You as well Our Lady. And we thank all of you, in all realms including the Earth, who joyfully walk on this path with us. We especially thank you, Lama Sing, and those with you, for your continued dedication and service. All these things we ask, Father, in the name of our Brother, the Master, The Christ, remembering His Promise as we do. Amen.

LAMA SING: Yes, we have the Channel then and, as well, those references which apply to the requests and intent as given just above. As we join together in this joyful work, let us offer this prayer of affirmation and oneness unto God.

In the parting of that veil which separates the Truth from that which is experiential, ever are we joyful to see and know those thoughts and intentions as are being builded in the experiences of those who have gone forth. Thus do we pray of Thee now, Lord God, that Thou would guide us to the greater, as our presence might be as a lamp to guide them. That our prayer might be as that strength of spirit, from which they can ever draw, that their footstep shall never waiver. Unto they do we give that which we are, and unto they do we offer this prayer in Your Name, in the knowledge that so as we do it is created as a Light to shine upon them, and to illuminate their path with our intent and the embrace of Thy Spirit. We pray as well on behalf of all those souls in all realms who are presently in some need and for whom there are none in joyful prayer. Giving thanks unto our brethren in all realms for their oneness in these works. We thank Thee, Father, for this continued opportunity of joyful service in Thy Name, through these, our Channel and his mate in the Earth, and all those good

souls who are upon this pathway with them. We thank Thee, Master, for the joy and wonder of Your presence ever. Amen.



The evening fire is small, but sufficient so as to illuminate the faces of those who are gathered. They are just a few paces from the Sacred Spring, and as they are seated around this small flame and its embers, we look upon their faces. Here is Josie, Jessie, Moira, Anna, Judy, Zelotese, Marta, and Iliam.

“What are those works that are taking place in the outer world at present?” begins Josie softly. “I so long for our sister’s presence here. Perhaps they shall return soon, at least for a visit.”

Anna, looking up at the evening sky, glances this way and that, noting a short distance away from their grouping are several other small flames. Catching the attention and eye of Rebochien, she raises a hand to gesture. He reciprocates and rises to walk over and they make room that he may join them. He is followed by a number of others, and the circle grows in size and number.

“We were asking,” returns Josie to her earlier question, “about the nature of activities in the outer world. Have you recent knowledge of these, dear brother?” leaning to look at Rebochien.

“Ah, that I do,” he responds softly, “but then you as well,” gesturing to Iliam and several of the others, “perhaps know these things and greater. For I note, brother Iliam, you are oft with John and about His works,” smiling very broadly.

Iliam cants his head and looks steadily at Rebochien and laughs softly. “Well, it is difficult to be with John and not be around a lot of work,” and the entire grouping laughs softly.

“He has them, you know, going to and fro, doing all manner of service.”

“So we have heard,” Anna interjects. “And much to the chagrin of those in authority. What do the Roman soldiers do in the presence of such works?”

Iliam, looking down, his face more serious, responds softly, “Nothing, as yet.” Then looking up and glancing around the circle. “You know the Truths of our teachings – ours, together – and you know the power that such Truth, when intended from the Spirit and brought forth unto a need from whence there has been the request, well, it is no small matter. And even those in authority have come unto his followers – might I better call them brothers and sisters, less my word gets back to him and he will chastise me for using it –” and laughter comes again. “Even several of the judges. And I know personally of a temple priest who has sought assistance for some condition of dis-ease. So in brief, based on my experiences in the outer world, there is quite a bit taking place.”



The vast expanse of the wilderness seems as a cloak, embracing the solitary figure, leaning over a small flame, such so as to bring a bit of light, a bit of warmth, but insufficient to be seen at any distance. In the periphery of the flames light, several creatures can be seen at rest, casually, almost without recognition that John is seated before this flame. Both of which – the flame and a human – are alien if not foreign to them, yet they seemingly pay it no mind, nor head, eyes fluttering in semi-slumber, but as is so oft seen here, ever watchful over this one whom they appear to regard with uniqueness.

He begins to rock just ever so slightly. His body becomes erect and his hands come up. At first he peers at the evening sky, smiling as he looks upon the configurations. And the image of Rebochien flashes in his mind and memory. With his right hand, the left still extended up, he strikes his chest thrice.



They glance at Rebochien as he stiffens and utters an audible sound.

“What troubles you, Rebochien?” questions Judy, studying him very carefully. “Around you I see a different light ... suddenly.”

Rebochien reaches his hand up to rub his chest. “A sudden energy or something, like something passed through me.”

“I see it,” continues Judy softly. “It is a Light. Someone is remembering you in prayer, Rebochien.”

“Oh, yes, I do feel it. And I feel the power of it. Perhaps it is the Master remembering us.”

Iliam bent just slightly, studying Rebochien carefully, breaks into a smile. “It is he of whom we have been speaking. Of course, there is no mistake of that Light.” Without a word, Rebochien smiles and strikes his own chest thrice.



John raises his right hand again, smiling, for he knows his blessing has been received. He brings his hands down, resting them carefully in the lap of his garment. Moving just a bit, his eyes go closed as though he were peering through the eyelids themselves. His thoughts racing across the barren waste of the wilderness beyond him. His thought as a messenger of Light soaring easily, rising up, the land below fading.

There is the rush of essence of existence against his consciousness, and, looking down, he can perceive the glint of the starry night, shimmering on the waters below. And there a vessel, under sail, and towards the bow of same is a figure seated cross-legged. Looking out across the curvature of the bows fore-mast, the Master peers off into the distance. And a flush of Light and energy passes through Him, and He smiles instantly. Straightening His garments and placing His hands folded upon the lap formed by the garment, He straightens Himself and turns His head upward. What light exists shines upon it and we hear in the stillness, “I greet you, sweet brother. I am well, and I see and know that you are, as well, in goodness.”

John, perceiving this, stirs. Pangs of emotion rush through him, that he longs to touch this one again.

“Be about Our Father’s work, good brother. I know that thou art, but be of courage and faith. In a time ahead, I shall join you again. My blessings to you, and to all our brothers and sisters. Give them of Our Father’s Light in the faith and courage that is our Truth.”



Rebochien shakes himself and his eyes blink several times. Iliam, studying him carefully, questions, “What else brother?”

“The Master,” Rebochien speaks softly and his head slumps forward.

The subtle light of the flame, of this campfire catches the glint of several tears, as they fall to rest upon his knees.

They all bow their heads for a moment. And Anna begins with this prayer.

“Sweet Brother, Yeshua, it is we, thy brothers and sisters. Beloved brother, John, here are we. We are one with you. May The Promise grow. May your journey be filled with the abundance of God’s service, Brother. And unto thee, John, we give of our hearts and spirits, that you might make the way a ready for His return. And do so in good service and joy. The Peace of God be upon you both.”



“Good sirs, please, can you help me?” the man cries out, his body obviously in great pain – twisted limbs struggling to find a position that will not wrack his body with the ravaging pain and dis-ease that has befallen him. A grimy hand extended upward, fingers somewhat gnarled with the onset of the early stages of this dis-ease.

James is the first to stop, and he turns and steps to within a pace or two of the man lying against the wall, not more than a score of paces from the temple. Glancing about, he notes that they are being observed by several of the guards – the soldiers. Catching a glint of one of their eyes, the Roman soldier contemplates for a moment whether or nay to encounter them, and chooses to merely observe. Bringing a hand up to grasp the upper portion of his lance, and resting his chin upon it as though idle, yet his eyes, as James notes, are clearly fixed upon their small grouping.

Turning back to look at the sad appearance of this one – who obviously has not much left in terms of the distance of this journey through life – he glances at Moira on his right, and then over to Thaddeus, and without another word, he bends to a knee.

“What seekest thou of us, good brother?” he begins softly.

“Please, I see the signet; you are among those who follow Him.”

“What seest thou?” questions James.

“The lancets, and that which you have about your neck.”

Glancing down, James recognizes that the ornate pouch, on the beautiful cord, is exposed beyond his outer garment. Almost casually, he reaches and places it within,

covering it somewhat, glancing over to his left at the Roman in the distance, still watching.

“Art thou among His grouping?” the man continues.

“We are that,” James responds softly. And now Moira has come to kneel on both knees.

“What is amiss for thee, good brother?”

Quickly turning his head to see her, only one eye functioning well, for the other is crusted over from many different causes. “I know of thee. You have given unto others great healings. Please,” looking back at James, “could you ask your God to bring unto me either the peace of leaving this body, or the restoration of it. In either case I shall joyfully repay, in service, whatsoever thy God bestows upon me. I know you and your peoples, and I know you are with the Prophet. And I know I must ask, and so I do.”

Moira has a hand upon the brow, brushing away fragments of dirt and debris, runs her hand, the back of it, down over his whiskery cheek.

“You have fever,” she comments.

And the man merely looks at her, struggling to open both eyes, but cannot. Reaching down, she pulls a small skin, and moistens a cloth, which she removes from her outer garment. Gently, speaking softly – some words which the man cannot hear, or does not know – she dabs the cloth over the eye that is swollen and closed. His other eye closes in obvious gratitude. And Thaddeus has come to rest upon one knee, on the other side. He reaches within his outer cloak, and pulls forth several packets. Glancing about, he sees another man, just a pace or so away.

“You there,” Thaddeus speaks.

“I?” questions the young man.

“Yes. Shall you earn several coin?”

“What must I do?”

“You must tend this one.”

“Why me?”

Without speaking any further, Thaddeus pulls forth several coin. The young man’s eyes open awide. “Say unto me what I am to do.”

Moira speaks softly, “Of those packets, make up a tea. Take ...” and she instructs him in the quantities of the herbs, which Thaddeus holds out in the pouches. And instructs him as to when to give it, and so forth.

“Here?” questions the young man, glancing about. “In this square, with *them* watching?” gesturing unnoticeably, casually, to several of the other Roman soldiers, who have gathered across the way, talking and laughing.

“With this coin secure lodging,” Thaddeus instructs the young man. “And with this one, do your work. In three days we will pass this way again. Go there,” pointing to a structure down at the end of the lane, “and secure lodging. Feed him. Nourish yourself and he, cleanse his body, as my sister has instructed. Give to him these herbs. And in three days we shall return, and if you have done these things, a second quantity of these same coins will be given to you.”

“In truth you speak?” questions the young man.

James, turning to look at him and the fire in his eyes is unmistakable. The young man at first cowers at the sense of authority, but then comes to ease as James smiles and speaks only, "In truth ... three days."

The man has managed to open his other eye, ever so slightly and is already speaking words of praise and thanks.

"Gather him up now," James comments. "Here, take my staff, O brother," handing it to this one, who is diseased.

"I cannot," he states.

"You can. I will return for it in three days, and you can hand it to me ... standing."

"Thou sayeth it? This will be true? Your God has told you?"

James smiles, looking down as the man's hand trembles to grasp this staff of one of the healers of the Prophet.



"In the stillness of one's very soul there can always be found that which guides. Never is there the emptiness that others in the outer world seem to believe, and thus it is so in the temple within. I know that He will awaken them," counters Hannah, to her sister, Zephorah.

"There must be more that we can be doing. Look at our brothers and sisters who are out there," gesturing off to the horizon. "Why not we? Why do we remain here? Let us ask our dear sisters if we might also go forth and serve. I know," she continues, "I know all of the reasons, the purposes and intentions. But my spirit calls out unto me, 'Hannah, go thou forth and serve. Answer those calls as there must be aplenty.'"

"There are aplenty," Gideon interjects, having approached silently, quietly.

"Aye, that is so," Obadiah brings forth an affirmation.

Glancing around to see such a number of guardians present – here, in the encampment, all at one time – brings great smiles of delight to Zephorah, Hannah and all the others who are gathered here, listening.

They rise to their feet and embrace these warrior priests, offering comments of love and thankfulness for their dedication.

"We are so pleased to have you here. But unto what purpose are you here?"

There is a long pause, and several of the Holy Maidens look at one another, and finally it is the familiar smile of Nathanael, the guardian, who responds, "You called us, didn't you?"

Hannah's face flushes, "But I only spoke the words, if that's your intention, your meaning."

Nathanael, leaning on his great glistening staff, only smiles. "Perhaps we heard your spirit calling before your words were spoken," he smiles, glancing at his brothers. "We are here to serve you. If you seek to serve in the outer world then we shall guide you and protect you."

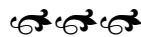
The Holy Maidens move swiftly to the elder sisters and a counsel is convened. It is agreed that two by two they might go forth, for a time, perhaps a fortnight, and then return, and the decision will be made as to how to proceed thereafter.

In a very soft, sweet voice Judy comments, "Go forth then, sweet sister Hannah. And who with you?"

Instantly Rebecca raises her hand, and they reach out and clasp one another's hands.

"Very good. Gideon, watch over them."

"I too," comments Nathanael, looking down at these two sweet sisters. "For there are two of them and they have quite a – shall I call it – history of being active. It might be more than my brother can deal with, for there are times, you know, when we *do* sleep," and they all laugh.



It is near twilight and the main gate to Jerusalem is about to be closed. Several of the guards on the exterior step forward, looking at this small grouping, moving towards the gate.

"You there, no more are to enter this eve. Seek you encampment yonder. At sunrise we shall reopen the city. No more. Be gone."

Nathanael, covered in the outer garments of a typical traveler – a trader, in fact – begins to take a step forward, but Hannah raises an arm, and speaks aloud, "Thank you, good sir, we shall find encampment where you have directed, and see you on the morrow."

Nathanael, glancing at the guard, most of his face covered, makes a momentary contact with the guard's eyes, and the guard feels a rush of something. "Have I seen you in past, traveler?" the guard begins guardedly, his lance now tipped somewhat ominously forward. The other guard, noting this, does the same, and they begin to walk towards Nathanael and the others.

"Oh no, that would be very unlikely. We are from Tyree, and have not journeyed here prior. But we have come to visit a friend, who has recently taken lodging here, and is in service to the court."

"Name that one," the first guard states, approaching even closer.

"He is of the name, 'Nicodemus.'"

The guard stops, glances at the other, and then resting his lance upon the ground again, states in a surly tone, "Very well then, I know of him. Go to the encampment. I shall look upon you in the dawn's light. And if I recall you, you will answer my questions," looking at Nathanael sternly.



They settle in and have silently joined together in their prayers, and taken their teas and herbs that give them , and give them preservation to all manner of dis-ease and such, as is the custom among their people.

“Knowest thou him?” Rebecca questions Nathanael.

Nathanael, uncovering his head and face, glances at Gideon and receives a strong, powerful gaze back. “That we do,” he begins softly; he was among those that pursued our peoples, with that captain, so long ago. Indeed sought to take, sweet sisters, your very lives.”

Hannah’s hands come up to cover her face, and she begins to weep in recall of those sweet guardians who gave all to preserve their lives as they fled into the wilderness, to the shelter of the great School.

“You still remember?” Gideon questions softly.

“Yes, my spirit remembers all. My mind cannot envision it all, but my spirit tells me. Let us offer prayer for our brethren who gave that which they had to give, that The Promise might endure.”



Upon the dawns light they come not by that same gate, but beyond, and enter, quietly. That same guard wanders among the encampment with several of his colleagues, looking, searching, and finally stopping, turns to his comrades, “Well, one of two things has happened; they have come unto the city by the east gate, or have departed. I shall ask of the captain permission to seek within the city. I would know of what I recall. I have the sense that he is one of the rebels.”

Several of the other guards look at each other quickly. “What can it mean?”

“I do not know,” the guard responds, “but I intend to find out.”



“Shall we go seek Nicodemus?” Hannah questions softly.

“No, let us go beyond it. Let us go visit James’ and John’s abode.”

“Zebedee?” Hannah questions softly.

“Yes,” Nathanael responds.

“If that guard recalls, as I do, they will be searching.”

“Oh,” Rebecca, looking down as they walk, “what an unfortunate entree. Perhaps we should just leave while we can.”

Glancing at one another, Gideon speaks, “No, we came for a work, a purpose, else your spirits would not have called out. Let us be about that work. Surely it is that intended by God, and, therefore, the power; the Spirit of God is with us.”



The warm embraces and the serving of food – as is the custom – is followed by conversation between James, John, and this grouping.

“Where are your parents?” Rebecca questions.

“They are away,” James begins softly. “They have gone to visit our uncle. And shall return, perhaps, in several days. And if you remain, surely you will see them. I know they will be joyful to behold you again.”

Standing at the portal, the entryway, Gideon comments softly, “My brother and I shall depart here, and fear not; we shall be, perhaps, unseen, but keeping watch over you all, none-the-less.”

Hannah and Rebecca rise to embrace these sweet brothers, and as they slip away into the lane before this house, they glance back, smiling.

“Where do you suppose they will go?” questions Rebecca.

“I know not, but as you well know, they will not be found. I am certain of that.”



Rising up several inclines and around the structure that is before them, the guardians come to rest at a high place, where the juncture of several walls come together. As they seat themselves and bring forth skins and foodstuffs from beneath their outer garments, Nathanael gazing around at the sprawl of the rooftops and such, whispers softly, “One wonders why they live like this.”

Gideon comments, without acknowledging his brother’s gaze and gesture, looking down, rather, at some morsels of bread and cheese. “Each must unto their own calling; answer, I suppose,” now looking up, handing a bit of foodstuffs to his brother, who accepts them with a gesture of prayer.

“When He comes I wonder if any of this will change,” Nathanael comments before taking a mouthful of the food.

“Doubtful,” Gideon responds quietly, reflectively. “As the ancient ones told us, it will likely take some considerable passage of time before the resonance of the Truth of His words and teachings come to rest within those who are seeking.”



“Why sayeth thou unto us, ‘Repent?’ Who art thou to speak such words?” questions a tall, well-dressed member of the grouping before John.

“Must I be of some stature to speak to you Truth, good friend?”

“Thou speaketh with authority,” the tall one answers, his face twisted in a spiteful attitude towards John.

John, paying no mind to this, slips down to rest upon a slight outcropping of the rock and soil behind him, “If I speak to you with authority and tell you of the nature of that office, would you the moreso consider what I say Truth?”

“Of course,” the tall, well-dressed one states in response, turning to look at those who are a part of this grouping and gesturing. “We all would.”

“Really?” responds John, slowly smiling, his head canted off to the side. “And you there, would you trust my words the better, if I tell you of a certain office that I hold?”

It is a small, slight maiden who looks this way and that to be certain that John speaks to her. And then, looking down and back up at John she finally states, “No, I know of you. I have seen your works and the works of those who are with you. Thou art a messenger of God.”

“A what?” questions the tall, well-dressed one.

“In truth, he is,” and several of the other maidens step around, to stand by this one speaking, echoing her words.

“Words are easily come by,” the well-dressed one comments in response. “Give unto me an action that will tell me that thou hast authority,” demanding this of John.

“Oh, very well,” responds John, almost casually. And he rises to his feet, reaching out to grasp a staff laying off to the side. “Come thou forth, friend,” John speaks to him forthrightly.

“Come unto me,” recounts the tall, obviously affluent one.

“I’ll tell you what,” John answers. “I’ll come to you, but not in this body. I’ll come to you inside you.”

“Impossible,” he recounts.

“Is it?” John question, now leaning upon his staff. “I’ll come to you, within you, in this way.” John’s eyelids flutter for just a few brief moments. And the small woman standing over to the side, having seen this previously on a number of occasions, brings her hands up in silent prayer. John, looking away towards the slope leading to the water at the rivers edge, extends his right hand and arm, the forefinger pointing directly at the affluent one.

“Thou art a merchant, as I see within you. And thou art in command of several, shall I call them, trading places,” turning to glance sharply at the merchant.

The merchant, a bit uneasy, quickly regains his composure. “Anyone could know that. And I don’t feel a thing within me, as you said.”

Smiling, John looking down the arm and humorously so, as though he were sighting down his arm to point with a weapon of sorts but it is merely his forefinger, “I see that your merchandise lives. I see that you trade in human life. And I see that thou art damned.”

The man’s face pales.

“I see that recently you have gathered several off the streets, who were orphaned. And against their will you have sold them into bondage. And I say to you: repent. For that which is within you is that with you shall become. Whatsoer ye do unto a brother or sister will come unto thee. And when the Prophet cometh, He will say it to you in the Voice of God. What say you, Merchant?”

Paled and stepping back, somewhat concerned that there may be those among this grouping who might seek to retaliate. And there is a stirring, several large, surly-looking entities in male body come forward. They are clearly those of the rebellion and they work their way through the grouping and the merchant sees this.

John turns to face them and raises a hand. “Hold your wrath. It is not for thee to judge this one, but for he to judge himself, and in the doing of such, to discover that which is awry and to bring it into righteousness.

“Look you, Merchant, your hand is withering before your eyes. For it doeth this work of bondage against your own peoples.”

Re-gathering his composure at the halt of the two surly renegades, the merchant turns to look at John again in defiance. “Here are my hands thou false prophet, see them?” turning them front and back. “They are whole and perfect, and I might add, somewhat cleaner than yours.”

“Is it so?” questions John softly. “Look you carefully upon the right. For it has done the work and received the coin. Look you upon it carefully. Look upon the back of it. There you will see the mark of each soul you have placed into bondage.”

And the merchant cannot resist looking at his own hand. At first there is nothing, and he smirks and spits out words of retaliation. But then, one standing to his right, gazing intently at the merchant’s upraised hand, gasps aloud, “Look you, a dark area!”

The merchant turns to look at this one with vehemence, but then as he turns back to look at his own hand, gasps aloud.

“And another, and another! He has the plague!” and the others fall away, moving backwards away from the merchant. That just so as he has stood in authority, now he stands alone.

John, looking a peaceful gaze upon the merchant, says naught. And the hand darkens more and more, and the merchant begins to curse aloud, brings his hand down and shakes it, rubs it, removes a fine embroidered cloth from within his garment and rubs it briskly. “Thou art a sorcerer, not a prophet of God. Thou hast cast a spell, I believe it not. My will is the greater than yours.”

“It is not my will,” John responds softly. “But the Will of God in the Truth of His Law. So as ye have wrought, so is it given unto thee. I have merely asked that the Law surround you and bless you according to its Truth.”

“How can you ask such a thing, and of whom do you ask it?” the merchant, gazing around, rubbing his hand vigorously as he does.

“I ask of the One God, and I ask in the name of that which is Truth. And I call upon the Law to bless you. And the Law, being perfect, will bring unto you that as you have sown to be your harvest, now.”

“How can you command such a harvest to befall me now in a certain time or certain place?”

Striding now, slowly, not even looking at the merchant any longer, John begins to walk down the hill to the river’s edge. “Because I believe unto it,” and glances sharply up at the merchant. And such a Light and fire in his eyes that the merchant recoils. His hand is beginning to wither. The fingers are becoming swollen and gnarled and he begins to cry out in pain and fear, cursing John and cursing that which he calls unto.

And John, minding him not, but hearing his words, speaks out loudly, not looking at him. “If thou repent, then thy sins can be forgiven thee, good Merchant. It is your choice. And *now* is the time to make it.”

Now standing to knee-depth in the river, John turns to the merchant. Leaning on his staff, a remarkable peacefulness over his countenance, he asks, “Seek ye to repent, friend? Or shall that which you have sown continue to be harvested?”

The crippling effect of the action taking place on his hand is moving up his arm. His arm is now twisted and the merchant falls to his knees, weeping, rubbing his arm. “I curse you this day, thou sorcerer, and all that thou art about. I have not need of thee. I will see the physicians in the city. They shall take this curse from me, and bring it back unto you.” He stumbles to his feet and begins to move away.

And John, we see, bows his head in prayer, asking God for forgiveness of a brother gone astray.



They stroll through the city streets, Hannah and Rebecca, somewhat awestruck by what they are beholding. Foul smells and odors of all nature fill the space between the crowded structures on either side. They use great care where they walk, for beneath their feet is the litter of many, many peoples and many years prior. Looking into this opening and that, they see small groupings gathered here or there. For the most part, they are moderate in their belongings and such, but on occasion they come unto one or another entry that is decorated and has some resplendency to it. And as they move upwards, towards the temple the structures become even more so beautiful.

“The greater is one’s stature in this community,” James begins softly, “the closer are they to live near the temple.”

“Is it a question of wealth?” Rebecca asks.

“It is that and stature, position. These two things are essentially inseparable,” James continues.

“And their trade,” John interjects. “If they have something that those of highest authority want or desire, they are brought closer to those in authority and the temple itself.”

“Goodness. And what of all the others below, and in the other lanes and such?”

“For the most part,” John answers, “they do what they can to survive. You know the things that those of power will not do for themselves. These peoples,” turning to gesture with a sweeping hand at the rooftops that are sprawled out below them, “these people do those things.”

Hannah and Rebecca glance at one another, and they continue their journey questioning, seeking.



Off in the shadows, some distance behind, heavily covered with outer garments and stooped over, as though they are elderly, come Gideon and Nathanael. They speak very little, but only on occasion as need be, and come to rest in a corner alcove at a square, where they can see their brothers and sisters very clearly. There’s a loud commotion towards the left side of this square and running into the square comes this entity dressed in finery, waving a withered hand and arm upward. “Sorcerer. Devil’s work. Look you. I call upon those of authority. Seek him out and destroy him, lest he do this to you as well.”

Into the grouping that he has rushed, they quickly move away for it could be the sickness. Glancing at one another, slowly they begin to move to where the merchant has seated himself on the circular stone bench, that surrounds the pool in the square.

Splashing water from the pool onto his hand and arm, the merchant cries out with a mixture of cries of weeping and cursing. Irresistibly drawn, they move closer, and finally Hannah steps forward and asks, “Forgive us, good sir, but we have heard your words. Of whom do you speak, that has so cursed you?” looking down with concern at the hand which is now very discolored and gnarled. And as the merchant slips off the outer coat covering she gasps as she sees it is progressing up the arm. The merchant slumps over and places his decaying arm upon the edge of the city pool and begins to weep. “It is the one in the wilderness.”

“*He* cursed you?” questions Hannah softly.

Glancing up defiantly, the merchant responds, “He did. Have you not eyes to see my hand and arm? This is *his* work,” waving it in front of Hannah and Rebecca, who has come to stand at Hannah’s side.

“Why would he do this to you?” Rebecca asks softly.

By this time several others have now gathered a safe distance away. And among the grouping is a slight, young maiden who surprisingly speaks out, “He did naught to the merchant,” she offers in a clear, sweet voice. “He called upon God to bring this one unto justice,” pointing at him. “We knew he would come and seek revenge, and so *we* are come to bring the other side of this truth, to those who might seek to harm this worker in God’s Name.”

The merchant has now placed his good arm upon the stone wall around the well and is weeping. From tear filled eyes, he looks up, and speaking directly to Hannah, James, John, and Rebecca, he states, “Is what I have done so wrong? That this one in the wilderness would call upon my past to visit this hand and arm?”

“What is it, that is your labor?” asks James softly.

“I am a merchant. That’s all.”

“And what is your merchandise?” questions John.

His demeanor softening, the merchant turns to look at John and answers – for the first time – in a voice which is equitable, open, “I trade in servants, nothing more. I do not harm them. In fact, I oftentimes bring them into better health and certainly better cleanliness and garb.”

“And your intent for so doing?” Hannah asks softly.

“That they would bring greater coin, of course,” the merchant answers.

“And you actually sell them into service to others?”

“Many others do this,” the merchant answers. “Why not I?”

“Then this is what he has called up to visit upon you,” James answers softly. “Not that which he has called forth to curse you, but to call out that which is of goodness within you.”

Weeping again, the merchant answers, “How do I find such goodness?”

“Thou would go unto that which thou has wrought, and make it aright,” Hannah offers softly.

“Indeed,” Rebecca answers. “Whatsoever you have gained upon the loss of another, must be balanced.”

“How can I do this?” the merchant answers sharply. “You mean go purchase them back?”

“Yes,” Hannah answers softly. “And unto them give as thou hast: freedom. And of that which you have to give, giveth a measure unto each. That is the goodness that the one in the wilderness is seeking to call forth.”

The pain in his arm has moved to the shoulder and he grimaces, weeping aloud. Many on the periphery have stopped to look at this scene and several of the Romans have moved closer.

Gideon has moved to the opposite side of the square and Nathanael has found shelter at the entry gate to it on the west, their eyes catching every movement, observing. Fortunately, this day, those who are the guards of the authority have better things to do. Several over here, laughing and talking with a young maiden, two more up the way, towards the temple, in-taking wine and foodstuffs, they too laughing. Occasionally glancing to see who it is that cries out, satisfied that there is no challenge, no discord of measure, they continue to return to their activities.

The merchant is bent over with pain, obviously the effect of those works he has performed by his own will in past, are manifesting fruits in that which he is.

“I will do it. No more,” the merchant cries out softly. “Please, can you ask him to take the curse from me?”

“Where is he?” Hannah asks of the young maiden across the breadth of the well.

She gestures with an outstretched arm. “At the rivers edge.”

“Come, Merchant. If it is of truth in your heart, you can be free of it.”

They help the merchant, stumbling, and ultimately – along with the young maiden, who has spoken out on behalf of John – find a goodly number gathered at the river’s edge. And looking down, to the edge of the river, standing in the water, they hear a clear voice calling out unto God again and again. And they hear the voice singing praise unto God, and blessing and embracing each one who has come forth, in their repentance and their seeking of the goodness of God.

A great smile flushes across the face and countenance of John as he looks upon his brothers and sisters, and he embraces each of them with his eyes, but only briefly, for the work is before him.

The merchant is now upon his knees, his good hand covering his eyes as he weeps. John walks slowly out of the water and extends his hand, “Come thou, brother. Come.”

Unable to speak but to weep, the merchant stumbles forward. And as John kneels in the water, at its edge, the merchant does so the same. John, cupping the water from the river, holds it up, “Look you, good brother. Here is the true Spirit of Life. As it courses through and along the banks of this river’s edge, so does it course within you. And with it within, you can bring forgiveness, just as I, Son of God, now offer this forgiveness to you, here.”

John pours water from a bowl which he has taken beneath his garment over the bowed head of the merchant. The weeping and the tears and water from John's bowl seem to intertwine and the reflective light present – just a few hours before twilight – glistens upon the droplets as they fall back to the river.

“Look you, my brother. Thy sins depart thee. Wash them away from within, just so as God now washes them away from the without.”

The merchant begins to cough and sputter. And John continues to offer blessings to what he now calls his brother. Reaching around and placing the bowl beneath his garment again, John places his right hand upon the man's shoulder that is withered.

“In the name of the Holy One, The Christ, do I now bless thee. Thy sins are forgiven thee.”

There is absolute silence. And then gasping, as the merchant begins to straighten himself, and as though new born, his arm begins to thrash about, splashing on the water's surface. And his face beams with Light as he brings his hand up, no longer withered nor darkened. Turning it over and back, looking up at John. “Have I come from a dream? Has this been naught but within me?”

John smiling down at him, “Thou knoweth the truth. But that which is whole on the outer must be made whole on the inner. You must go forth and bring righteousness to that which you, as you adjudge it, have done in error, or against another. Hear my words well, O brother. If you do not this in a fortnight, that which is sown will be harvested again, and not I can bring it aright. Only He who bears The Promise, The Light of God, could do such. And He is not at hand, save but in His Spirit, in the words I have given you.”

Jumping to his feet, the merchant rushes out of the water and having gone a number of good paces, turns and looks back. “Thou art a Prophet. Thou art a Messenger of God. And I hear your words within.”

Turning to look at Hannah and Rebecca, he steps forward and reaches out his hands, one to each of them, and they clasp his. He bends to place a kiss upon the back of each. Looking at them carefully he speaks, “I give thanks of my heart and spirit unto you, good maidens,” and glancing at James and John, “and brothers. Thank you for bringing me to this Light,” glancing over to look back at John who's already busy speaking with others in the water's edge.

“I would that you remember me,” he continues on, gazing deeply into the eyes of Hannah and Rebecca. “I am called of name, Levites. I am ever at your service. I go now, to right that which I have wronged.” And he takes a few strides and turns to look back. “When I have finished this work and made all aright, I will return to serve with him,” gesturing towards John in the water. “And I shall ask that God give me new birth and perhaps even a new name, that might bear honor to what I shall intend to do with him, and perhaps you as well, dear brothers and sisters. I know not what you hold as secrets in your hearts and spirits, all of you. But I have tasted of the cup of your goodness. I wish to be one with it.” He turns and strides briskly, sprightly, back towards the city.



There is such a cup within each of you, dear friends, that holds only the goodness of God. Thou can, as thou seekest within, find many differing cups that hold potentials for you, in your journey through life. But upon journey's end, this is that cup which endureth all else. And shall to the measure you have taken of it and given of it, be that cup which shall sustain thee into the Kingdom of Our Father.

So we are concluded here, giving thanks unto all those souls who have come forward and who have permitted their references to be shared in these works. And we give thanks unto those who are unto them guiding, serving.

May the grace and blessings of Our Father's wisdom ever be as such a lamp to guide your footsteps. Fare thee well then, for the present dear friends.



For information on additional topical readings and other services, please write to:

Al Miner

P.O. Box 357

Waynesville, NC 28786

SPECIAL NOTICE: This material has been prepared specifically for use as research information only. In readings where such is pertinent, application of the material should be attempted only under the guidance of an appropriately accredited practitioner.