

Journeying Eastward

A Commentary

by Lama Sing™ & Al Miner

The Expectant Ones Series – Reading #37

CHANNEL: This is February 6, 2003.

We come before You today, Lord God, joyfully, humbly, asking only that You would guide us to whatsoever You know to be the highest and best for all of us and the work. We ask this in the Name of the Master, The Christ, remembering His Promise to us as we do. We give thanks for the many blessings that are present in our lives, and especially this blessing of this time of joyful oneness with You. And we offer our prayers and love for all those who have asked of us, all who are on the Prayer Watch, all that we hold personally in our hearts and minds, and all those who are in need for whom there are none in joyful prayer. Thank You, Father. Thank you, Lama Sing and Company. Amen.

LAMA SING: Yes, we have the Channel then and, as well, those intents and purposes as have been indicated just above, and as are held in the hearts and minds of those who are one with this work. As we commence herein, join us in this joyful prayer of affirmation unto oneness with God.

Thou art our strength and our life, Lord God. And from this do we ever journey forth, meeting that which would seek to challenge or limit. In those journeys ever do we know that Thy Spirit is as that light fashioned into Thy Sword of Righteousness, that before all, Thy Righteousness shall prevail. We walk hand and hand with this, our Brother, called the Master, The Christ, ever claiming with He the Spirit of Thy Love and Compassion, as made manifest in the form and presence of Our Lady. Claiming beyond these, the wisdom and that grace, as are ever at the ready in Thy Name, to bring healing and truth to those who are in need. Thus do we call upon all those who are in service in Thy Name to step forth and be known, that that which would oppose or limit might know that Thou art our God, and that Thy Light shineth evermore, everywhere. We offer this prayer unto every need as is called out unto Thee, Lord God. And for those who know not to call, we are here and answer that unspoken need. We give thanks for this

opportunity of joyful service through these, our Channel and his mate in Earth, and all those good souls who are in service to Thy works. We thank Thee, Father. Amen.



“I disagree with you, Moesha. I believe that the further we move into the wilderness, into the distant remote areas, the more vulnerable we become.”

“How so?” he questions.

“I feel that, as we are within the proximity of settlements – villages, towns, and such – the easier is it for us to become less evident, less singular. There is some degree of shelter in number. Here,” gesturing with his hand outward, “there is naught but we. No one else seeks to dwell in these lands. And so, in my humble opinion and according to my guidance, we should return northward and find good quarters on the fringes, if not very near to settlements.”

There is a long pause as the small grouping considers, as though, looking into the campfire’s flame, something would speak to them. The obvious disagreement is unlike these beautiful peoples. While they have separated from the family, the tribe in the area of the three holy mountains, nonetheless, their hearts and spirits shall ever be one with them.

“I tell you again,” Moesha comments softly, “no good shall come from all of this. The Forerunner should not be speaking and acting as he is, and neither the others, in my humble opinion. I believe we are righteous in our movement. And I welcome and thank you for your comments and your guidance ... I must stand with the decisions made previously.”



His eyes struggle to flicker open, as though something were struggling against his will, striving to hold them closed. Slowly he begins to see the light of this mid-morning. And unawares of where he is, in terms of consciousness, or physically located, he glances, striving to find something of familiarity, this way and that.

He feels a sharp pain, and glances down to see a sizable wound in the lower right abdomen. Slowly bringing his hand up, and a bit of his outer coat, he covers it and puts pressure upon it.

With effort, he rises up on one elbow, and, looking over the rocks which bar his field of vision, a position that he has fallen into the eve before in battle, Raphael gasps, sucking in his breath in a great whirlwind of realization. Wisps of smoke rise here and there, bodies strewn this way and that, no familiar cook fires, a few moans, and that is all.

Dizzied by what he beholds, he falls backward and lays motionless, looking up into the mid-morn sky. Several large clouds are drifting lazily by as though they behold not, what has befallen his tribe.

He looks to the right and sees the dark earthen color of the rocks to his right, and then to the left, and realizes that he has fallen into a small (it could be called) crevice, that perhaps has hidden him from those who would silence, utterly, what they believe to be the voices of the Zealots.

His head spins and thoughts flee in and out of his consciousness. And he remembers the discussion, not that long ago, of where these, his beloved peoples, should take shelter, should call home.

He thinks of his brothers, the other guardians, to the south, of whom he is in great love and oneness with. And as he does so, he strives to hold the image of several of them. "*To what avail?*" his mind says. And yet, his spirit reaches out, trying to grasp a hand of light that might be extended by the spirit of a brother, distant, and yet, always in heart.

A bit of a scraping, shuffling sound, stirs Raphael back to his consciousness, and again he rises up painfully, slowly, on one elbow, noting as well the great wound and bruises on his hand and arm. Yet, they support him, by sheer will or intent.

A pair of beautiful, soft brown eyes, tears flowing down from them, instantly connect with his own, and he sighs a long deep sigh. "Are there others?"

Softly, her voice cracking, she answers, "A few, a very few."

Striving to seat himself erectly, he winces in pain, and an uncontrolled sound comes from his body as a growling moan of a sort.

"Here, let me help you," and she moves to the side and slips through a small narrow entryway between the blocking rocks and the side of the cliff wall.

Bending, she reaches within her outer cloak and pulls forth several small containers of herbs and such. From the other side she pulls forth a skin of water. And moistening a bit of garment taken from her outer coat, she carefully sprinkles the herbs – odd powders and fragments of leaves, and such – into the fold of the swatch of her outer coat.

Studying her, Raphael smiles. "*It could have been her,*" he thinks to himself. "*She could have brought The Promise into the Earth. She, and our people, might have embraced, and held, nurtured The Promise,*" and he surprises himself with an audible sigh.

Quickly her eyes dance upwards, the softness of them seeming to caress him with her sweetness and love. "Raphael, what is your intent?"

His eyes flicker and a smile flashes on his face, "You mean, do I intend to depart or remain?"

For a moment, her face softens sweetly, and she laughs a little dancing rivulet of laughter. "That's what I mean."

"Well," and he shifts his body, "God willing, and this temple of flesh support me, I choose to remain."

Rachael sighs deeply and then gently places the poultice over the wound, having rinsed it first from the skin of water. “Put pressure on this,” looking at him sternly, “and keep it there until I can find binding for you. Can you rise?”

“I’m not sure. I’ll try,” and he struggles this way and that, pulling his large frame free from its previous resting place amid the smaller rocks and such in this small crevasse into which he had fallen.

On one foot and struggling to apply pressure, he lifts his great frame upward, and Rachel tries to support him as best her small frame can accommodate. Now to his feet, they hobble out through the opening in which Rachel has come to find him.

An arm about Rachel’s shoulders, almost dwarfing her from outward appearance, he strikes his chest with his left hand, “Holy Father grant them peace,” as he looks about and surveys the destruction and desolation of what but one day prior was their comfortable little village and settlement. “The children, where are the children?” he asks Rachel.

“They have fled to the south, others of your brothers guarding them.”

“To what destination?”

“I believe the lands of the Egyptians.”

His head slumps. For in these words, he sees that the future of this, his peoples, is no more, as he has known it, and that mayhaps he shall see those sweet brothers no more in this life. “And the Romans?”

“Gone,” she answers dryly. “Obviously,” as she looks about, “there is naught more here for them to do. But Raphael, I must tell you ...” rubbing her head where a great bruise is evident and small quantities of blood mingle with the glistening auburn shades of her hair.

“Let me see that.”

“No, no. I have already treated it. It is residing. But listen, I heard their captain say he has knowledge of our other families and their local. And they intend... well, you can see,” and she gestures with her hand. “How can we warn them?”

In great pain, Raphael comes to rest against an outcropping. His head spinning, he mutters softly, “This I do not know.”



The clanking of their crude armor and weapons against shields seems to be intentional, as though to speak out to those who are in front of them on their pathway, “Here cometh authority. Bow your heads. Fall to your knees. We rule you.”

The file of soldiers march, led by several in finery on horseback to the front. Several other mounted warriors are on the flanks, and a handful more to the rear making certain that none of the captives shall escape.



Bursting into the doorway unannounced and uninvited, those within jump to their feet, startled. James reaches beneath his outer coat to find a small sword hidden behind the folds.

“Stay your hands,” Thaddeus announces boldly. “Forgive me. It is I, your brother.”

Turning to close the door, but first looking up and down the street, seeing naught, he enters, and, exhausted, he stumbles to the fireside.

“Here, here,” James comments, “drink this brew. You look absolutely worn out.”

His head bowed, his shoulders hunched forward, he looks down at the fire, accepting the bowl of warm brewed tea, and herbs, spices, and such, as is the custom of the House of Zebedee.

John has moved a small stool near to where Thaddeus is at rest. Moira, Jessie, Hannah, Rebecca, and many of the other maidens who have gathered for this evening’s meal and prayer on this day of Sabbath, simply cover themselves, as is their custom, arms folded, hands together, looking down. For they know inwardly all is not well.

Rubbing his face, handing the bowl back to James, John asks softly, “Please, speak to us Thaddeus if you are well to do so. What news have you?”

Swallowing hard, Thaddeus looks up, his eyes dancing from one pair of eyes to the next and the next, awide with apprehension. And he looks down for a moment, puts a hand to his chest, the palm of it resting upon his heart. Without a thought or a word, the sisters all do the same. James comes to kneel before Thaddeus resting upon his heels.

He puts a hand on Thaddeus’ shoulder, “All is within God’s plan. All is according to that which is offered unto us. Remember good brother, He would say unto you, “Thy strength lies within. That without is the instrument. No matter what shall befall the instrument, the light of the Truth of God within us is eternal.”

Thaddeus reaches up to put his hand atop James’, still resting on his shoulder. As though drawing some strength through the connection between their eyes, Thaddeus stays transfixed upon James’ open welcoming gaze. “They are gone. Our family of Tyre is gone, save but the children, I am told, who have fled to the Egyptian lands.”

There is absolute silence. Then softly, sweetly we can hear Hannah and Rebekah, who have turned to face one another, kneeling, hands joined together, foreheads touching, chanting softly words of prayer.

In a time as the details have been revealed, and Thaddeus adds, “And we have heard the Romans march to the north. Already, I am told, one of our other families has, praise God, for the most part been taken captive. I am told, even now as I speak to you, they are being brought here to be sold.”

“What is their intent? And why is this action being taken?”

“They believe us, or perhaps have been told – who knows, by some of the priests or some of the elders who feel that The Promise threatens them – they have been told we are rebels, zealots, and that we are massing, and making weaponry, and all that sort. And that we intend to challenge them through deception, through subterfuge, and all that sort.”

John and James exchange a glance. Moira has come to seat herself, as has Jessie, interspersed between the men.

“What can we do?” Moira asks sweetly.

“Our prayers, of course,” Thaddeus answers, embracing one another with a gaze.

“Is there naught we can do literally?” Jessie asks pensively.

“It is too soon to know how to answer that,” Thaddeus responds. “Some of this is only rumor, albeit from the messengers – you know, those that they have established to communicate between their holdings, as they call them, rapidly.”



Only the sound of the footsteps, and barely audible, can be heard in the stillness of the night. Against the backdrop of a moonless night, here and there a star casts a finger of light over the form of the one trodding through the wilderness, straight away, long, bold, strong strides.

Looking down over the encampment, John sucks in his breath, as Raphael not that long prior did as he, too, looked upon the desolation.

He can see a small flame, obviously only sufficient to give a bit of light and to prepare a bit of food glowing over in the far corner of this little depression that was this, one of his families' homes. He can see several figures moving just barely, carefully, in the shadows of the flame's light.

Struggling to arm himself, Raphael stumbles forward, a staff held in the defensive position in front of him.

“Lay aside your arms, Raphael. It is I, John.”

For a moment or two Raphael stands as though suspended in time. And the sound of the stout staff striking the rocks upon the ground makes a curious clanking, clattering sound. Without pausing a moment, John strides directly up to Raphael and gently embraces him. Resting their faces upon one another's shoulders, Raphael weeps softly.

John, touching him gently, finally extends him forth from his body, hands upon Raphael's shoulders, gazing into his eyes. “It is the will of God,” John begins softly. “And all of us shall cross through the Veil of Separation between this world and the next, each in our time, and each unto service to The Promise.”

Raphael, with a moment of question, unlike he and the other guardians, answers softly but strongly, glancing this way and that, motioning with his head, “And what will be served by this?”

John, glancing to the left and right, looking at those lifeless forms, the destruction, the sacred writings burned, structures and all that gone, ruined, destroyed, he turns back to fix his eyes upon Raphael's, and there is not a flicker of question or doubt in them. Raphael can see this, and seems to draw the resumption of his own faith and strength from this.

“The work is before us,” John begins softly. “And all of these,” glancing left and right, indicating with a tilt of his head this way and that, “have given all they had to give, that that work shall be fulfilled. I say to you my sweet brother, Raphael – named after that one of justice and strength – be thou, then, as this Angel of God. “Summon thy strength that the temple of thy spirit's works, this temple of flesh,” squeezing his shoulder

with his fingers as he speaks, “be whole. But more than this, let The Promise be whole within you, and let it shine forth, as it is righteous of you to so do.”

No words are spoken for a few moments. Raphael finally evidences a small smile, and then his face breaks into a broad grin. “Come.” Placing an arm around John’s shoulder, “Come, I have forgotten my manners, my teaching. We must give you nourishment.”

Raphael cannot see this, but as they walk – painfully on the part of Raphael – slowly towards the small fire, John’s head slumps forward, in silent prayer.



“What say these people, the Greeks, about The Promise forthcoming?”

“Those that we have made contact with, and that are a part of our journey, are hopeful. And they would welcome you joyfully.”

“And this place unto which we shall lodge this evening, who is the master of it?”

“Galis is his name, and he is of high stature here in the Greek society, some sort of a lawmaker, or judge, from what I am told. But others of our brethren who have long ago established friendship along our route to the East can tell you more.”

“Galis ... it is a name of strength and faith, so I feel,” the Master comments softly.

They are welcomed into the House of Galis, and several of the Essenes, who always precede the Master and the others, are standing by Galis as he welcomes them. There is the traditional greeting and the welcoming according to the Greek custom, and He is given unto His needs all things.

The Master, now seated, having completed His prayer, and His meditation, and all such works, looks about the sumptuous surroundings of this abode.

Galis, seated across from Him, asks, “Might I come closer, that I might speak with you?”

“Indeed so.” Jesus gestures easily with His hand to a place of seating very near to His left, facing the flame of the great fire in the firestone hearth, on the opposite wall. And candles all about, such a brightness of light not oft beheld by these peoples.

“Are you that one of whom they speak and have foretold?”

“I am that which is here, in your abode, as a servant of God,” the Master responds gently, smiling softly at Galis. Looking down, and his face evidencing his indecision, the Master reaches across and bends slightly to touch him, “Speak what is in your heart, my friend.”

He looks up into the Master’s eyes. “It is grievous to me to speak these words. For I dishonor myself and this household, to speak such that would ask of you, when thou art here in my hospitality. Please forgive me.”

The Master nods and responds again softly, “That which is in your heart and mind is sweet, brother. Speak it.”

“My daughter, she is of grave condition. If you are that one of which they have spoken, can you...”

“Of course,” the Master answers with equal softness, no change in His demeanor. “Bring her to me.”

Galis jumps to his feet and rushes, clapping his hands. Servants scurry, and a moveable bed is brought before the Master. Furnishings are moved, and she is placed before the Master, who has not moved, but merely leans to one side, an elbow upon His leg.

“And how do you call her?” the Master asks softly, looking up at Galis.

“I call her Leah.”

“Ah! It is after the flowers afield, and the creatures that fly among them, that your peoples hold this name, true?”

Galis is surprised that this one from such a far place would know this. And he smiles and nods.

“And she has been this way long?” the Master now has risen. And standing over Leah, smiles down, His hands clasped together in humbleness.

Galis answers, “Yes, a very long time, and she can speak no more; neither does she acknowledge much of anything. She barely swallows to take fluids or foods.”

Moving to Leah’s head, the Master kneels upon His right knee, His right arm arched above her head. “Thou sweet Child of God, I call you Leah, but my Father has for thee many names. Hear thou my voice and my word. Come thou forth unto this world to those whose love awaits you. Thy journey is not complete. And in the Word and Law of God, I call you forth.” He places His hand, His right palm, upon her forehead. “Leah, come thou forth.”

The Master’s eyes flicker but a moment or two. And it would seem that a shudder of something passes through His body, just so briefly, but visible to the others of the Expectant Ones and guardians who journey with Him.

In a gentle fluid motion as a bird in flight, the Master lifts His hand and brings it up to place it over His own heart, raises Himself up from His kneeling position, and turns and nods to one of the guardians who stands off to the side. And they move away into the aforementioned chamber intended to honor the Master unto His rest and needs.

Galis looks up, then, wistfully, as they depart through this grand abode, down a corridor. And for a moment the thoughts race through his mind. “*It can’t be. One such as this, though He has a certain charm, a certain light, how could He be The Messiah, their so-called Promise? How ...*”

And his thoughts are interrupted by a low, soft sound. His head snaps about as though some unseen force had applied its dominance, utterly, over his body.

Her long eyelashes flutter. A soft, pastel, rosy color seems to be appearing in her cheeks, which have been so long pale and ashen. Then she smiles, and we hear, “Papa!”



When does He come unto our vessel?” the captain growls unto the Essene before him.

“Soon. You have been reimbursed for your time and well paid for this journey.”

“That is so, but I am the captain of this vessel. And look you,” pointing to the rolling clouds on the distant horizon. “It may be days before I can set sail if He cometh not this day. I tell you, I shall tell my men to go unto shelter and do as they would for at least several days, if He does not arrive this day.”

“So be it then,” the Essene responds, gently with a smile.

Stomping around, the captain moves up to the upper portion of his vessel at the rear, and opening a small door, enters the chamber of same.

“I don’t like his tone very well.”

The other Essene shrugs his shoulders and responds softly with a great smile, “I tell you, he’s the best of the whole lot. The others are worse than this.”

His brother shakes his head in disbelief. “What a way to live. All these years that we have been here in these lands,” gesturing to the sprawl of structures crazily built, as though someone took a large container of structures and shook them, spilling them out over the face of the earth.

“Well, such as it is, is their choice, isn’t it?”

The second Essene sighs deeply. And they turn to walk down the walkway, and back onto the land, and disappear in the maze of corridors and passageways that make up this waterfront area.



The sweet metallic sounds of the temple gongs and chimes seem to weave themselves into the fragrances of the sacred herbs and such, which are continually and aromatically burning in small containers here and there. Beautiful carvings and gilded idols stand here and there. But not so as to be ominous or threatening, but warm, cheerful, as though to invoke a sense of peace and tranquility, a sense of wellness.

The Llama has been rocking and chanting in a sweet sing-song voice. And those who are with him – his aids, his workers, the seers, and such – are gaily bedecked. And then the soft shuffle of the feet of the monks who are guiding him into this holy temple, finally emerge to be seen in their beautiful scarlet garments, flowing gently, wistfully, as though unto themselves some life is present in the very fabric.

The Llama rises and takes several steps forward and bows, and those who are with him do the same.

In the midst of the Essenes, and behind, following several guardians, can be seen the Master. He is freshly groomed and attired, as is the tradition of the Expectant Ones, in a seamless garment – heavy, thick, and yet subtle to the touch, coarse, and yet comforting to the skin on which it rests.

The Master gestures with His hands, and then to His heart. Then, to the surprise of the Essenes accompanying Him, the Master brings His hands together. First over the center of His being, and out – as though to salute this Holy One – and then on, upwards over His body.

And the Llama – and his aids studying this one from so far away – breaks into a warm smile and responds quickly, as do all the others, and they salute the Master in word and gesture.

Having been afforded great comforts and wonderful scented and tasteful foods, unlike any that these, the Expectant Ones – save those who have resided here to prepare the way – have known. So do they comment regarding the herbs, and teas, and such.

And several of the aids to the Holy One come forth with bundles stating, “These are our gifts to you and your peoples. Take them. Remember us, as you sip the brew made from same.

The Master nods, and without turning, He raises His right hand. One of the guardians steps forward and places upon the Master’s hand a beautiful garment. The Master brings it to the front and extends it out to the Holy One.

“This is a gift from our people to you and your people. You would honor us, and our God, if you would accept it. I shall inform you, that this garment has been woven by the very hands of those who, among our people, are holy. Twelve in all have touched this garment with love and compassion, and placed their prayers, their salutation unto you within it. Each one has carefully and lovingly prepared the flax and such that comprise this garment, and have softened it with their hands, and have woven it with their spirits.”

Turning it a bit, “If you will note here, one revered by our peoples for his knowledge of the heavens above has divined a pattern for you,” and unfolding the top of the garment, the Master holds it up. With a slender forefinger of His left hand, he points, “Here are you, my brother,” looking softly at the Holy One, “and here, and here, are those with you. The pattern is filled with the colors of the precious dyes brought to the Expectant Ones from the adepts in the School of the Prophets. And here is your Truth and the embrace of that which you call God.” Folding the garment carefully, the Master delicately hands it to His Holiness.

The Llama bends, and, placing his forehead upon the garment, which rests between his two outstretched hands, rocks ever so softly, and we hear him begin a beautiful melodic chant. Because his head and body are bent, you could not tell it comes from him, rather it must – so the observer would think – indeed come from realms beyond.

As though some unseen signal were given, to the Llama’s right and left, two of the priests begin to do the same – their eyes closed, their hands up, folded together – rock and begin their own chant, their voices embracing that of the Llama’s.

And a young one has come to be seated, kneeling to the left side of the Master and speaks softly, “His Holiness returns the prayers many-fold over unto the sweet hearts, and yours, which have given this gift so precious unto He and our people.”

The workmanship is incredibly beautiful. And the Llama is seated across this rectangle structure, which holds beautiful white sand within it. To the right and left of the Llama are a goodly number of small clay urns, earthenware urns, in which remarkably beautiful colored sands are placed. At the opposite ends of the rectangle are many of the priests of service to His Holiness. And on the side where the Master is seated upon a beautiful, embroidered, tasseled cushion, are the other of the Essenes, and behind them, as always, the guardians.

Reaching out with his left hand, one of the aids to the Llama places in that hand a small container. The Llama, his eyes transfixed as though upon some unseen object in the midst of the beautiful white sand of the rectangle, reaches his hand out to slowly pour the most delicate stream of this beautiful rose-colored sand upon the white. His hand and arm move swiftly as though they were being coordinated by some device and not by the mere physical structure. With stunning rapidity, his left hand goes this way. And then he reaches out to his side with the right, and another aid gives him another small urn.

And in what seems to be only moments, the pattern, which is embroidered upon the gift of the garment – given by the Expectant Ones, woven by the Holy Maidens themselves, the pattern foretold, guided, directed by Robochien, and borne on this journey, kept in sacred keeping by the great warrior priests, the guardians of The Promise – here upon the sand is the exact pattern. The Llama has not only committed it into his mind and heart, but now, amazingly, has directed his body physical to be an instrument to replicate it in the sands of this sacred chamber.

The Master smiles, as He looks upon the deft movement of the Llama's hands.

Finishing his work, the Llama looks up smiling, his hands palms up in his lap, his legs folded beneath him. "We shall offer many prayers over this," gesturing to the symbol in the sand before him, "and we shall, as we do so, be with you in your journey."

Their eyes intertwine, dancing as it were on rivers of light from the both of them, from the wellspring of God's Light, which flows deep from within each of them.

The days that follow are filled with discourses, the Llama sharing the heritage of his past journeys into the Earth, and the Master telling the Llama, equally so, of His own journeys through the various temples of flesh that have brought Him to this point.

Their exchanges are on all the topics, everything that the Master has had awakened within Him. First, throughout His childhood by those who nurtured Him – the Holy Maidens – and, through their teachings, the beautiful Truths, these He reveals to the Llama, who smiles and nods as though absorbing each word into his very being.

And the Llama reciprocates. And the Master, too, smiles and nods.

There are ceremonies and demonstrations (as they might be called from the eyes and perspective of some, but rather these are the expressions of their faith, their teachings, that which they hold sacred, and the Master, seeing all this, knows it).

And within Him, stir the ancient fires of times past – the memory of the works at the spring of healing water; the walks around the city walls, in which those who had persecuted His peoples were fortified; the evaluation of the Forces intended to embrace one another, but having moved to positions of opposition, move throughout His memory, His consciousness.

And upon the morn of His departure, they embrace mightily, and standing, arms intertwined, promise to come together again, in another world.



Their journey, now having left the Sea, is very unique, for these lands are strange. And the movement through them brings about the encounter through equally foreign, if not strange to their customs, peoples.

Always, there are those who go before. And those, who have, so many years ago, gone forth to prepare the way, joyfully welcome the arrival of the Master and those who are with Him.



As they walk back through the city street, with the recent events, James had almost forgotten.

But not Moira. Her eyes dance, as they see the place where the one who asked was sprawled out, leaning with his crippled form against the wall. She reaches to squeeze James upon the arm.

And Jessie, on the opposite side, leans over, looking inquisitively at Moira.

James breaks into a smile and nods, “We have had much before us, much to do. But we can take a bit of time. Let us check. I believe that is the place they would have chosen.”

The young lad looks fresh and bright, obviously taking good care of himself with the coin given him to treat the one who was dis-eased.

“You look well,” Moira begins softly, canting her head to the side, smiling.

“I am,” and he bows and gestures a gesture of thanks, “much to your generosity, I might add.” Looking about the small chamber, which is, for the most part, barren at the entryway of this lodging, the young lad begins to laugh softly. “Perhaps you’d rather wait outside. The air’s a bit better, stuffy in here. I’ll join you in just a few moments.”

They glance at one another, and Jessie leads the way out of the portal. And they find a place to seat themselves against the wall of this outer portion of the structure of this lodging. As they are seated, leaning back, James reflects on the recent events, imagining in his mind and heart the terror that must have swept through their distant family. He can’t help but hope some will have survived. Some must carry on for the grouping. It must be so.

The rhythmic stomping of the feet of the soldiers breaks the silence, and, quickly, James, Jessie, and Moira bring their outer garments around to cover their faces, throwing the loose edge up over their shoulder, as is the custom.

The column marches, clanking, rattling, and comes to a halt, several, obviously of higher stature, based upon the colored garments over their shoulder and several tassel-like ornaments dangling from same.

A corporal steps forward from the grouping and salutes this officer. And he speaks in a strong, authoritative voice, “The outcome?”

“We have them,” the corporal answers dutifully.

“Captives?”

“Yes, a goodly number. We have them encamped beyond the wall,” gesturing off to his right.

“Are they well secured?”

“Yes, sir. Well secured. And others of the garrison have come to strengthen our number.”

“Very well, come in. Give me a full report. I want to know where these heathen zealots are. And I have heard there’s another grouping even further north. Come in!”

Jessie gasps and moans. Moira begins to rock.

James quickly reaches a hand across to stop her, “Don’t! They’ll see you, and they’ll come and question us. Look at them. They’re like some wild beasts ready to pounce on their prey, any prey, and that includes us.”

“Here he is,” the young lad smiles broadly, his arms supporting the dis-eased one, who, while he still labors somewhat, moves with surprising agility.

“Oh, my good saviors, look you upon my body. What magic potion have you given me? Oh, it matters not. I thank you and how might I now serve you? I’m not so strong yet, but look,” turning his hands over and over, “the fingers, they move again! And the swelling almost gone.”

James, smiling up at the standing figure before him, “Do you wish to serve that which has brought you healing?”

“Oh yes! How can I ever repay? What do I, who have nothing, have to give to you?”

James stands. And the dis-eased one looks up into his eyes, for his stature is greater than his own. “This is what you have to give,” James, trusting a forefinger against the man’s chest. “Give from your heart. Just so as we have given to you, know that God has given to you. And as you would, unto others in turn give as we have given. Then it shall be given to you many-fold over, for each good blessing you impart to another.”

The dis-eased one twists his head this way and that. “Those are strange words. I have heard them before several times by that one from the wilderness.” Turning to gesture, “He came and stood right over there, climbed up onto the wall of the well, and stood there. Not a soldier accosted him,” and the man looks down and cackles loudly to himself. “Oh, I’ll tell you. They won’t lay a hand on that one. And those who are with him, they do just as ... Wait! Are you with him? Are you one of those who tends such as I? Who casts out demons?”

“We are with that One God, whose work flows through each of us. To this extent, yes, he is our brother.”



Suffer not unto selves, dear friends, ever the pangs of loneliness or fear. Believe not that that which has been of goodness and gladness to thy heart, mind, and spirit can ever be lost. For always in those times of questing, of calling out unto God, of seeking for that which you believe to be lost, one stands at your side. He is our Brother.

We are through here for the present, and give thanks unto all those who have come forth to reveal the records of their soul’s journeys. And we give thanks unto the faithful who make the way passable, and to Thee, our Lord, our Brother.

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.