

# Safe

A Commentary

By Lama Sing™ & Al Miner

The Expectant Ones Series – Reading #38

CHANNEL: This is February 8, 2003.

*Lord God we come to You this day humbly asking that You would guide us to whatever information You know to be the highest and best for us. I ask that You open me and place me in that position from which the clearest and best information can be given, as always. And I ask this of You in the Name of our Brother, the Master, The Christ. We offer special blessings for all those beautiful souls who have gone before us, and who have made this work possible. We give thanks to all those beautiful souls who are in service in Your Name. And I guess that's all I have to say about that, Father. (chuckles) Amen.*

LAMA SING: Yes, we have the Channel then and, as well, those intents and purposes as are held in the hearts and minds of those who are seeking, and as indicated in the comments given just above. Commencing with these works, we call upon thee one and all, join us in this joyful prayer.

*Before Thee, Lord God, is that which gives testimony unto Thy Life borne in the Spirit of Thy presence in all things. So as we, Thy Children, look upon them, we find gladness in our hearts, for we know Thee in all that we perceive and are. We thank Thee for the gifts of Thy Spirit's Light that we might the better see and know that which lies before us. And we give thanks unto Thee, Master, for the brilliance of Thy Spirit, Thy love, compassion, and wisdom ever offered unto we. We offer prayers unto those who are in need and for whom there are none in joyful prayer. And we give thanks unto Thee, Lord God, for this continued opportunity of joyful service in Your Name through these, our Channel, and his mate in the Earth, and all those who are a part of Thy work. Amen.*



The pathway is inclined somewhat severely at this point of the journey to the sea. And as they move noisily, laboriously, one of the soldiers comments to the other, "I don't know why we need to take them all this distance to the sea."

"More money," the other soldier comments offhandedly. "And they want them out of these lands."

"Why?" questions the first soldier. "Most of them are just women. What harm can they do?"

"They can give birth to more Zealots," the second soldier growls in response. "Were it my decision, I'd simply rid our lands of them once and for all."

"Well, like you said," the first responds, "money. Probably ten times what they'd get at market back there," gesturing with a thumb over his shoulder.

The captives strive to keep their spirits bright. And glancing over the entourage, each one of the maidens strives to tend to one who looks weary or appears to be in need. Flanked by outguards, soldiers walking some distance away, stumbling now over the strewn terrain, grumbling and glancing hostilely at those they are intended to guard.

The odor of food cooking begins to stimulate the noses of several of the soldiers. They look at one another with curiosity. The leader, astride his mount, raises a hand up to signal alertness to the company, and turns to look at his lieutenant (as he might be called), "Be on guard. Send several forward and see who's ahead. I don't like this." Looking up to the left and right, "There's not much room to maneuver here. It could be a trap. Surely they must know we are taking some of their people to market."

"How could they know?" the lieutenant counters carefully. "None know of this journey save those of our own garrison."

"Those Zealots," the captain responds briskly, "have eyes and ears everywhere. All I'm saying to you is what I have said. Do it."

The lieutenant wheels and signals to two other of the company who are mounted and they briskly move to the forefront, up the slope and over the top of the summit.

Now mingled with the odor of wondrous cooking foods comes the sound of a stringed instrument and several voices in song and laughter.

After a time the lieutenant returns with his two, and coming to a wheeling turn in front of the column, falls in astride the captain, "Well, what is it?"

"As you might expect on this path, sir, traders and heavily laden with goods, probably just coming from the seaport."

"What is the look of them?"

"A mixture," the lieutenant responds. "The one I spoke to, definitely an easterner. No question about it – skin, eyes, everything, the clothing. There's no question, sir. These are merely a caravan of traders from the East, perhaps coming by sea. Who knows? And I can tell you this, there are some beauties there," laughing aloud.

"And there they shall remain," the captain grumbles. "Very well, but send those two ahead and keep a watch. Have them look to the outer sides."

"It's much more level there," the lieutenant comments, "over the rise."

"I know this path," the captain growls back. "It's not *that* level. It could be a trap. I wouldn't put anything past them. Clever, vile lot."

Slowly, the captain and those with him ease their mounts up to the edge of the encampment. Foodstuffs cooking here and there, great urns, bold fires – several of the members of this caravan gathered in small groupings here and there, drinking long drafts from skins which they lift and spurt into their open mouths, and then laughing. Over to the side, another strumming on some sort of curious instrument that produces a remarkably pleasant sound even though its appearance would belie this.

A number of maidens gathered by large cook pots and turning spits of roasting meats. The fragrances are delectable, seasoned with herbs and all that sort. A number of staved barrels line the upside of the left wall, and beasts of burden encamped, resting off to the far left and down a bit. Here and there everything appears to be as is so typical of this route – traders, barterers, and who knows what else in their company.

Gazing off to the horizon as the light is dimming rapidly, the lieutenant turns to the captain, “Why not camp here, sir, for the night. They have invited us to partake of their food and such with them. And look you, they have much food.”

“Too much,” the captain growls. “I can’t help but think perhaps they anticipate us. Be on guard. Send several up to the ridges, there, there, over here, and there. I want a report. Tell them to be on the watch for others, perhaps hidden.”

“Very well, sir.”

Soon the guards are on the high positions indicated by the captain. And the report is returned from a small grouping who have scouted the surrounding lands, “Nothing to be seen, sir.”

“Maintain vigil!” Dismounting slowly, the captain straightens himself, and then swaggers towards the campfire before them, followed to the right and left by those of his personal guard. “Who is in charge of this company?” he calls out strongly.

“Well,” one figure seated on a rock, poking at a bit of meat turning on a spit in front of him, finally looks up and states, “I guess that would be I, sir.”

“How are you called?”

“I’m called Iliam.”

“And your home land?”

“Oh, far away, and not where I’m coming from.”

“What do you have in those packets,” the captain pointing with a rod now in his hand.

“Well, if you would be interested, I can make you a fine offer on some good fabrics from the East. They say they are made from the droppings of a little worm.” And Iliam throws his head back laughing mightily. Several of the others have come to bring loaves of bread and such, and are breaking them open, turning to some of the company of the captain, offering them out along with skins, flasks, and such.

The captain, looking ominously at them, “Hold that. We have our own foods.”

“Oh, as you wish, Honorable One,” a young lad mocks the captain.

“Watch your tongue, lad. It can come out as easily as that,” waving his hand in a gesture of a sword movement.

“No offense, sir. Perhaps I have had a bit too much of this good wine.” And with that, he leans a flask upwards to squirt a morsel into his open mouth again.

The lieutenant rubs his stomach. And you can see his lips working as he watches one by one members of the caravan come and take foodstuffs from the large baskets, scooping ladles of wondrous porridge and such from great urns, maidens moving in and out passing bowls of unique fruits and such, dried, but the aroma of them, oh, so fragrant. The captain, studying those consuming the food with audible vigor, finally growls, "Very well, but mind you, keep a watchful eye." And he moves over to seat himself on a robe, which has been placed down for him by one of his aids.

"Here you go, sir. Try this." And a bowl is handed to him filled with sumptuous meats, the fragrances of which would beckon to the tastes of one who had just taken a full meal, for the aromas are not known in these lands, but are the fragrances of eastern herbs.

The captain, poking around in the bowl, reaches down and takes a small morsel. A blank look, and then his face warms for the first time. "Outstanding," he comments. "How have you seasoned these?"

"Oh, we have those herbs, too, Your Highness," comments Iliam. "And I could make you a very good deal on those, sir."

"I have no time for such barter," the captain responds, much softer this time. "But I must say, these are delectable."

The maidens and some of the others, younger in their stature, so it would appear, move along through the caravan of the soldiers handing bundles of breads and vegetables that have been obviously carefully baked, and other such. Two of the maidens come with very large flasks, one over each shoulder – skins, actually. And the captain raises his hand abruptly. "Hold," turning to the lieutenant, who has now seated himself nearby. "You, go see to it that they take only that which is appropriate. I shan't have any falling drunk, here on my watch."

The lieutenant, rising, follows the maidens, joking with them, and they laugh. On and on they go. The maidens, whose faces are covered, still cannot hide the beauty of their presence, their being, that shines from their eyes, and they use them adeptly. The lieutenant is near mesmerized by the enchantment, the soft voices, the warm, round, dancing eyes.

And as one bends to fill the bowl of a soldier resting on a rock near several of the captives, she glances at them, and they are studying her. Imperceptibly she blinks and twitches her head this way and that, and suddenly, they realize this is a sister.

She leans to tell one of the others, "Be on guard. Our peoples ... I believe our peoples are in those garbs," head to head, leaning, the message passes. And they strive to sustain their excitement, their joy.

"What of the captives?" the maiden asks the lieutenant.

"Naught. Give them naught."

"Well, they'll bring a better price if they're well fed. Don't you think?"

The lieutenant glances around looking at them. Most all are slouched over, heads covered, "Let their God feed them."



On a distant slope, he watches, carefully studying the angle of the sun's light. Turning, he asks softly, "They have guards on the outer periphery."

"I know," James nods, "but not so many."

"Not so many at all," Nicodemus answers softly.

The rush of what lies before them has inspired young Nicodemus. He would have the entire lot. Not one would be lost.

"You shouldn't be here," Jessie comments softly to Nicodemus.

"That may be, but there are those among that company that I hold in my heart. As my heart beats, it is because of they."

"So is it for all of us," James responds softly. "Still it is true. I would feel better if you were not here. There are roving patrols, you know, and we've seen several of them in the journey from the Sacred Spring to here. You are needed in the times ahead. You can speak in our voice where we cannot, and of our spirit where it is needed."

Sitting erect, Nicodemus looks about. And turning to two who are as his students, or adepts, he nods. And they rise, embracing all of the others, and turn to walk back towards the city in the fading light.

"Imagine what he risks," Jessie comments softly, "to be here. I so admire him. To live in their world and to learn their ways, their nature, their law, what an effort that must have taken, and does take."

"Indeed," James responds dryly, but a pang of admiration rushes through his body.



Well beyond the sight of the outer guards on the northern periphery, he is seated cross-legged, staff lying across his lap as casually as one might stop to admire the beauty of a sunset.

"Is it well to be so exposed?"

Turning around to look into the eyes of the guardian, Nathanael, John answers lightly, "We are seen only when we want to be seen, aren't we?" and he laughs softly. "No, seriously, they can't see us here."

"If they cannot see us, how is it then," responding with humor Nathanael questions of John, "that we see them?"

"Our sight is clearer," John whispers softly.



"The herbs we have placed in the wine should be impacting them soon," she whispers softly to her sister. "Indeed, look over there. That one and that one over there are struggling to keep their eyes open. Let's go sing and dance that there will be no particular attention paid."

"Very well," the sister answers.



“And so Captain, you are headed to the sea, I gather?”

Yawning briskly, the captain responds, “Yes, to the sea.”

“Well, it’s become very busy there these days. Many more vessels coming and going from diverse places,” Iliam answers lightly.

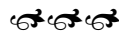
“I see,” the captain comments, leaning back against his ornate, outstretched robe.

“And so I’ve noticed that many of the Greeks are into sculpting good works. We have some, if you’d like to see them.”

Yawning and placing the back of his hand over his mount, the captain leans back a bit further.

“And those in the lands of ...”

And the captain hears no more. His eyes flicker closed, and he leans back to rest his head, drawing in a deep breath as he does. Continuing to speak about whatsoever comes to mind, Iliam watches carefully. Soon the captain’s breathing becomes deep and rhythmic, and now, another over there, and over here, soon all that can be seen are deep asleep.



The maiden moves with grace and ease up to the top of this particular summit. And the soldier turns brusquely, lowering his glance towards her.

“I come to bring you food and drink, that’s all.”

Studying her carefully, “On whose order,” he responds cautiously.

“Why, your captain. He said remain where you are, but he does not want you en-hungered or with thirst.”

“What have you there?” now relaxing more.

And the maiden hands him a bowl, and a linen with fresh bread, and a small flask.

“As you can see the same foods as we have, we offer to you. It is our custom to share. We believe that in sharing that which we have, the greater comes to us.”

“Crazy,” the soldier answers dryly. “Sounds like some strange eastern teaching.”

“Ah, yes. So it is. In our homeland we all live by these words.”

Not speaking further, the soldier seats himself on a nearby rock and begins to partake of the foods. The maiden moves off just a bit, and studying him, watching, waiting as he takes his first draft of the small skin of wine. “Now that is good wine!” the soldier turns, wiping his hand across his mouth.

“We have nothing but good wine and good merchandises, as well. If you should like to see them, I should be joyful to show them to you.”

More relaxed now, the soldier smiles. “Well, perhaps so. It is too quiet up here. There’s nothing out there,” gesturing a hand out into the vastness lying beyond the slope. “They’re afraid of shadows. And who would fear a bunch of rabble? Zealots or not, their spirit alone can’t match our skill, our weaponry. We are the best.”

“Well then, let me fetch some of our merchandise. Perhaps I could make a small gift of some to you. Do you like the herbs in that loaf?”

Looking down, the soldier takes a large mouthful in a single bite, chewing aggressively as he does, nods his head up and down, “Very strange, but what a wonderful taste!”

The maiden smiles, knowing that cooked within this loaf are herbs that she and her people know bring on a deep, sweet sleep. “Then I shall fetch you some in a pouch. You can take them with you and command those who cook for you to include them in your foods.”

“Good, good, go and get them.”



“I don’t see all of them asleep,” he whispers softly.

“Well then, we have some work before us,” John whispers softly.

“You mean ...?”

John shrugs his shoulders lightly, “Not a permanent sleep, a temporary one.”



The movement is swift from both sides. James, and the grouping with him, and Nathanael, under the watchful eye of John, move forward. Soon they are moving among the captives. The tearful cries of joy are met with hushed guarded responses, and yet, sweet embraces.

“Come, gather up all of you. We must depart. There is naught to be left to chance now. We have no true knowledge of what their nature is, or how deep they sleep.” Several of the guardians have taken positions of watchfulness over the array of soldiers sleeping deeply.

And away they go into the newness of the night. “Unto where do we journey?”

“To the Sacred Spring,” whispers Jessie softly. “None of them, not even those,” pointing back over her shoulder, “can harm us there.”



There are many songs which are being sung, and wounds which are being tended. And the elder Holy Maidens move easily, joyfully, all throughout these of their sisters who have come from their distant family.

“We have heard so much,” begins Anna softly, compassionately. “And we understand that the children were sent to the south, to the lands of the Egyptians.”

“Yes,” Rachel begins softly. “And we thank God that we were able to dispatch them while the soldiers were being held at bay. Thank God they didn’t encircle us.”

Judy nods, her eyes opening and closing as though she were departing, coming and going.

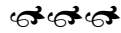
“What see you, my sister?” questions Anna of Judy.

“Naught of danger, naught of fear. Hardship, yes, weariness, yes, but I think they are well.”

“We can send some of our brethren to get news,” she begins softly, slowly, deliberately. “But I don’t think it’s well to do that right now. We shall need to wait a time and let things settle. The Romans are in quite a stir, and we understand that some are being severely punished.”

A little laughter comes from some of the maidens who were captive.

“We understand,” responds Judy softly. “But even so, one needs to have compassion for their enemy as well as for their friends. Most of them were simply doing what they were told, and doing what they had to do to survive, and that was all they knew to do.”



James is arranging the embers under the cook pot. And John and many of the others are talking guardedly so as not to be heard beyond the walls of this abode, “It’s difficult to know whether or not any of them were recognized, but I think not.”

“Well, that captain, he is furious. And I understand to be punished severely by those in authority.”

“Well,” shrugging her shoulders, Hannah responds softly, “it is not we who have wrought this upon him, but that which is the harvest of their earlier works.”

“Oh, yes,” Rebecca comments very softly, her eyes filling with tears over the memory of all of her brothers and sisters who have crossed over into the embrace of God at the hands of perhaps these very soldiers.



The bright sun shines, glistening upon the ornamentation of the temples of these peoples. And as the small grouping surrounding the Master walk along, the Master looks this way and that, and smells the aromatic fragrance of incense, and hears the chanting and such. As they move along this pathway, they see various merchants holding up fine fabrics and such. And it brings to mind some of those which were seen upon the adepts in the School of the Prophets.

“This way,” he comments softly to the Master.

And they turn and follow up a gentle slope and come before a very beautiful ornate structure. The colors are bright and vibrant. And towards the center can be seen a large bell-shaped object. And several in fine garments, sparkling with the brilliance of their cleanliness, their heads glistening in the light that is reflected from the highly polished floors. And the Master moves with ease and grace to come before this ornate metallic object.

The one who steps to the forefront has about his shoulders and down towards the front a very superbly embroidered type of garment. It is golden in its threads and fibers as they trace a remarkably delicate pattern embroidered all across the underlying fabric.

The man’s hands come together, and he bows, and the Master reciprocates. And they move over to the side where there have been placed, in careful geometric pattern, a number of ornate cushions upon a floor, equally ornate in its design, the inlaid patterns of the wondrous colored woods and such which comprise its structure.

There are many conversational topics that are passed upon and exchanged. And smiles and nods come from all of the entourage – the company of this priest and his associates or disciples. And slowly he reaches a hand into the golden sash about his mid-



section. And he pulls from within the folds of the outer garment, or outer coat, and the sash a small white bit of rolled up fiber – paper if you will. It is tied at the center with a shiny red fabric which hangs down in generous loops, obviously signets of some gift of honor or authority.

He places the rolled, parchment-like, fibered object in his right hand, outstretched towards the Master. He brings his left hand over and places upon the forearm of his right, the left elbow bent. He now leans his head forward and places the forehead upon his left forearm. Obviously this is a ceremonious gesture of a salute or some such.

The Master is seated very erect. He closes His eyes for a brief moment, noted by all present. Then opening them again, He reaches out with His left hand to accept the small scroll. Simultaneously with His right, He reaches out to take the bent left elbow of this high priest in the palm of His hand, and bending forward leans so as to touch the top of His head to the top of the head of the high priest.

*“May your ancestors find eternal peace and joy in the embrace of the All,”* the Master begins softly, His face pointed straight down at the ornate floor. *“And may you, and all those with you, bear the eternal grace and blessings of the One God.”*

The great metallic object is struck vigorously, and its great bellowing sound rolls throughout the open temple as though it were water, of a sort, that comes forth from the great ornate object, rolling out and spilling down His side with its mighty, melodic tone.

All those below fall to their knees without a thought, dropping whatsoever was in their hands. The small cone-like peaks that thrust themselves upward from the bosom of the earth all about, near and far, are dotted with other priests, who begin an ornate series of beautiful tonal chants. As one begins to fade, another resumes with vigor the previous tones, and adds another, until all of the lands all about seem to be filled with the joyful sound of the prayers of these priests of this land.



The gardens are resplendent with beauty, wondrous bushes hanging, overflowing with fragrant flowers of all imaginable colors. Little pools of water containing gaily-colored fish that do not swim away as the priests and the Master stroll by, but with excitement and seemingly anticipation, swim quickly to collect at the edge nearby where they walk, as though to greet them.

Slender reeds arranged in geometric patterns have within their spacious interior gaily-colored birds singing brightly, fluttering this way and that. And the priest heads directly towards same.

They pause in front of a door made of the same reeds. And in a latch is a brightly sculpted pin. And the priest turns just a pace or two away from the Master and those with Him, and bowing, his hands clasped together, bowing again and again. He speaks slowly and lowly in a sort of sing-song tone. And the Master stands, His eyes closed, His hands together before Him.

Finally, the priest says to the Master joyfully with a broad smile, “As I open this portal and free these beautiful creations of our One God, O Brother, know that my prayer

goes with them on their wings of beautiful color and light that their freedom to soar and sing to any who would see or hear them is my eternal prayer for you.”

He turns and lifts the pin from the latch and opens awide the great door. At first the beautiful creatures within only look curiously. It would appear that they would as well stay here with these beautiful people, as to move without into what is thought of as freedom.

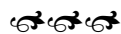
The Master smiles as He looks at them. “Ah, my brother, one is only imprisoned if they believe it so. But the spirit of those who tend these beautiful creations of our God is such that they are not imprisoned, but preserved within this chamber. And they knoweth the love and peace in your heart, all of you,” gesturing to the others who now ring this ceremony.

“Look you, they seek not that which is perceived as freedom, for they know, do they not, that their freedom comes from within. Thou art,” gesturing with His hands spread awide, “the instrument of God giving unto the needs of these creatures. I thank you for the great honors you have given to me and my brethren during our visit. And I shall take the Truths you have imparted to me back to our homeland – to be written, to be included in the great works that will be preserved in the hearts and minds of those who can truly be called our brothers and sisters.

“And I say unto you, my brother,” looking at the high priest, “the gifts of Truth, the sacred teachings of your peoples will long endure. For those who shall hold them, be the repository of them, are as great guardians of light, the pillars upon which the Truth of God rests.”

The high priest bows. And without another word, the Master moves slowly in long but gentle strides to walk into this large chamber. Whereupon immediately many of the beautiful winged creatures come to alight themselves on His shoulders and outstretched arms, singing gaily as they do.

And He turns about that the high priest and those who are with him can laugh. And they strike their hands together, their heads bobbing, smiling, praising God for sending this one to their midst.



“I think we should get off the streets, don’t you?” Thaddeus whispers to Judas.

“Yes, but not until we reach them.”

“It’s a ways yet,” Thaddeus comments softly.

“I’d rather risk it than miss anything that they could share.”

“Very well.”

Thomas, having been preoccupied with studying the shadowed doorways as they pass by them, turns to Judas, “There are several fine places of lodging right nearby. Perhaps it would be best that we should take one of these and finish the journey on the morrow.”

“No,” responds Judas, “please, I must see them. My heart will not beat another night without seeing them.”

Thaddeus laughs softly, “Well, we can’t have your heart stop, but let’s hurry.”

They move as silently as possible on and on in their journey. And it is Thomas who knocks soundly upon the door of the abode. A small opening appears in the top of the portal, and an eye can be seen peering out at them. The dim light remaining glistens upon that eye as it studies these who seek entrance, "How are you called and why do you come?"

Thaddeus makes the gesture of the Essene people, and the eye blinks several times, "Who is with you?"

Thaddeus turns and speaks their names, "It is I, Thaddeus, of course, and our brother, Judas, and Thomas. We wish to see Nicodemus."

"Very well," and the opening closes.

There is silence for a period of time that becomes uncomfortable to Judas, and he fidgets this way and that, looking here and there. Thomas, smiling, whispers softly, "Even in this household there is a certain doctrine, a certain rule, and he is simply following it. Abide in patience, brother."

The door swings awide in one swift motion, making odd sounds as it does, as the levers bind against one another in their movement. The servant stands with the door and the backside of his body against the wall as Nicodemus raises his arms and laughs aloud, "Enter, enter my abode! Welcome! God be with you!"

Each of them salutes the abode and God's presence within as they pass by the portal, touching the sacred symbols as they do. The door closes with a firm thud, and a large mantle piece is placed in its brackets to secure it.

Judas, looking all about, his eyes dancing, "Where are the others?"

"In the courtyard," Nicodemus gesturing, "but come you. Let me take your outer garments," waiving to one of his house persons, you might call them – actually family.

They move easily into the generous courtyard, large, rectangular in its shape. Upon the posts are small lamps. They warm the area, and there are many seated here and there. They all rise to their feet and offer comments and gesture to their hearts and such. These three then move all throughout to greet them.

And finally, with some excitement and an air of wonder and awe, they come to seat themselves at the appointed table. And here we find a goodly number of those of the Expectant Ones already gathered.

"I have heard the good news," Judas begins softly. "You have rescued some of our brethren. Tell me of it," Judas asks excitedly.

James straightens himself in his typical manner. And studying Judas carefully, he glances to his right and left, and then back to Judas. "We have the sisters," he begins slowly, deliberately. "The Holy Maidens and a few others, praise God," and he strikes his chest. "We know of none that He will call who are unaccounted for. Some are still on their way here. But they are safe, we are told."

"Many are lost?" Judas responds, his face already indicative of the pain he feels.

Looking down, James responds very slowly, "Yes, a great many. The children are already into the Egyptian lands, so we have been told by messengers of Elob."

"Praise them, Father! Praise them! Will they return soon?" Judas asks.

"I fear not," James continues.

“And those of the maidens who He will call that we know of, are they safe?” Thaddeus asks.

“Yes, safe.”

There’s a heaviness here. And then there can be heard laughter in the frontal chamber, and the sound of the great door opening and closing with its traditional thud. Everyone pauses to see what the commotion is. There is a mixture of anticipation and a bit of apprehension. For with the recent aggressive activity of the soldiers, one can never tell when such a confrontation might befall them.

A figure strides easily, smoothly into the courtyard and stops at the portico of its entry, and the arms go up, “Ah, little brothers and sisters, I greet you.”

Some laugh, some jump to their feet, many run to greet this voice from the wilderness. Turning to remove a rather burley outer garment, and handing it to a beautiful, young maiden who comes shyly, her face flushed as John rests a palm against her cheek and tells her of her beauty. Then speaking a bit louder, John says, “Guard my garment well. Much labor has gone into it, you know,” and then he throws his head back to laugh. “Many would say wasted labor.” And he laughs again, striding over to boldly embrace all of his brothers and sisters, one by one.

Sitting across from Judas, as they have made a position for him, John leans ever so casually to put an elbow on the table and places his chin in his cupped hand. His eyes come to rest upon Judas with such vigor, such firmness, that Judas begins to fidget this way and that. The sight of which brings John into smile. “Well, brother, how fare you in this life?”

Judas, glancing this way and that, at first is a bit unnerved. And then, as John’s other hand comes across the table to grasp his with an obvious gesture of love, he falls into ease, his face softens, his eyes round. “Oh, I am well. I have heard much of your works. You honor us, my brother.”

“Ah,” comments John brusquely. “The one who honors us is afar. I and all of us are but servants unto His word. But then, there is joy to be had in such service, is there not?”

Jessie has come round to lay a hand upon John’s shoulder, and looking down at him, he turns, looking up into her eyes. “Well, little sister, I have heard many good things about you.”

Without speaking, she nods.

“And our new little sister, you know, the one who spoke up for us at the river and at the well, where is she? I would look upon her.”

Jessie, smiling, somewhat surprised that he would know what she intended to ask, speaks for the first time. “Oh, she is filled with light. She is unquestionably of our people – in spirit, at least.”

“Well then, bring her forth that we might all look upon her.”

And John looks this way and that, James laughing softly, Thaddeus following John’s gaze this way and that, and Judas just sitting, somewhat inspired and in awe of all that is transpiring.

As Jessie moves off into the shadows, John turns back to Judas and comments, "You have spent some time afar, I understand."

"Yes, I have, with those of the sixth tribe."

"Beautiful people," John answers softly, "beautiful! Are they well? At last I heard they have taken measures to avoid the soldiers."

"Oh, yes," Judas responds. "I believe they are quite safe."

"Good, good," responds John, looking down at the table, his eyes blinking.

Round the portico comes Nicodemus, and Jessie, and a beautiful young maiden bedecked in shining clean garments. Hesitatingly, she glances this way and that. Noting her, John rises swiftly to his feet and gestures to them. Nicodemus, laughing, moves guiding her, pushing her just a bit. Here, then, Judas and Thaddeus move just a bit. And James and his brother, John, move around to make an appropriate position for her at the head of their table.

"Please, little sister, seat yourself. God's peace be with you ever," John begins softly. "From whence cometh thee?" he begins to question her.

"I come from ... " (and the name is like Sodom).

John nods, "Ah, yes, to the north beyond Tyre."

"Yes," she answers softly.

"And your family, your parents?"

"Gone," she answers almost dryly, obviously many years have passed to soften the pain of her wounded heart.

John, sensing this, reaches a hand out, and she hesitates for a moment, glancing up at Jessie and Moira, who have now come around. Their eyes flicker an affirmation that it is appropriate. She turns quickly back, her beautiful rounded eyes gazing at John in wonder, and she places her hand in his.

"My Brother shall be pleased to look upon you upon His return. For I see in you, sweet sister, the song of The Promise. I know that you will walk with Him, and perhaps you will nurture Him unto His needs."

She looks down, her eyes fluttering, uneasy with the honor that is being placed upon her.

"I think it appropriate, and I know my Brother speaks it to me in these words, that on behalf of He and our peoples, thou art welcomed as sister."

Many utter little sounds of affirmation, little prayers, welcomes. Some strike their chests, others look up. Some are bobbing their heads in a silent prayer of blessing to this, their new sister.

"But then, it is appropriate among our peoples that you should be named in our family. What say you, brothers and sisters?"

And all speak vigorously and raise a hand to affirm this. After a brief time, John, gazing at all of them, turns with a sweet gentleness in his eye. "What would He say of thee? Let me see," and with his other hand rubbing his chin, John's eyes glisten with the merriment of what he is about. "Thou art truly a flower of God. And my brother, my sweet brother, Iliam, has told me of one such flower, and so I would give its name to you. Thou art the sweetness of jasmine. Let it be so. What say you, brothers and sisters?"

There is silence for a moment. And John looks about, his face somewhat blank, no expression. And then he tilts his head back and begins to laugh very softly.

“Well, so much for that,” and he turns back to look at the young maiden. “You would honor the name, as the name has been honored, if you could be called Miriam, after an elder sister, who I have known of that same name.”

Many voices speak in wonder and awe. For they know of the one whom the Master has called by that name, as well as another. She looks down and covers her face with her free hand, weeping soft tears of joy.



In the peacefulness of that which is borne on the spirit of God’s living Light can be found many beautiful things. So is it with nature, that the Voice of God speaks silently unto the Earth and calls it forth to bear all manner of good things unto the Children of God. And so is it, then, that each can call within themselves in the same manner, a brilliant, beautiful bounty of harvest.

For as the Spirit of God is in the Earth that which you call nature, so must it also be within you. And as the good seeds sewn into the warm earth can be nurtured and bring forth good bloom, good fruit, so must it be for each of you.

Thus we leave you here with that as our prayer, that you would ever know the beautiful bloom of that which lies within, and that you could bear a good harvest from same, and offer it unto all who come before you. In that same spirit of this prayer for you, so do we offer unto you that which we have as our harvest.

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



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