

The Good Works

A Commentary

By Lama Sing™ & Al Miner

The Expectant Ones Series – Reading #39

CHANNEL: This is February 12, 2003.

We thank You, Father, for guiding us to the beautiful works that have been given to this point. And as we seek from You again, we ask only that You would provide us that information You know to be the very best. We ask this in the Name of the Master, The Christ, remembering His promise as we do. We thank You, Father, and all those beautiful souls who are in service in Your Name in realms beyond and here in the Earth. A special thank you and blessing to Lama Sing and all those who come forward in service in this work. Thank you all. Amen.

LAMA SING: Yes, we have the Channel then and, as well, those intents and purposes as have been given just above, and as are held in the hearts and minds of those who are seeking. Stand with us, dear brothers and sisters, as we offer this prayer in affirmation of our oneness unto God.

O Holy Father-Mother-God, in the presence of Thy Spirit do we stand. We call from Thee, guide Thou us in each venture, that we might know ever that our foot is aright upon that path which is of Thine intent. Standing with us is that one whom we call Christ. We know Him, Lord God, as our Brother. And we give unto He as He has given unto we. That which we have is His. And unto that work, which we collectively, arm in arm, journey upon, do we celebrate our oneness. We offer our prayer and the light of our spirit in oneness with Thee, Lord God, unto every need. Exceptionally so unto those who know not to ask and for whom none are in joyful prayer. We thank Thee, Lord God, 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 seek to serve in Thy Name. Amen.



Upon the great robes or blankets, as they might be called, which are spread out upon the slope leading down to the Great Sea, can be seen many leaves, and berries and

such, roots over here that are set out to dry in the warmth of the mid-day sun, Eloise, guiding several of the younger maidens unto which herbs should be placed in containers with others, and which should not.

She laughs aloud as there is the comment about all the different combinations and such, and, how does one remember them all. Smiling down at one of the younger maidens, she remembers those times before when she and the Holy Sisters struggled to understand all the nuances, all the subtleties, of the varying herbs and the interactions of them with one another.

She looks over across the way to see there, standing near the great cook-pot, stirring, adding bits of this or that, and generally in a state of ease, so many of the Holy Sisters, and those of their new wards given unto them by the families, the tribes from the north.

“You don’t have to squeeze those roots in that manner. The cooking will release the juices,” Hannah comments softly to the little one, barely tall enough to see over the top of the pot.

“But they smell so good when you squeeze them,” and she giggles.

Still stirring the pot, Hannah reaches over to place a hand across the young one’s forehead, and brushing her hair back, somewhat without a thought, her mind wanders. She remembers a time when Judy stood by a pot just like this and spoke to her about the many things that can be perceived, both inwardly and outwardly, if one but seeks and listens.

Her thoughts are interrupted as her sister, Kelleth, steps forward to bend and inhale deeply the fragrances coming from the cook pot. “Well, I should look forward to this meal,” and she turns to smile at Hannah.

Hannah, nodding, watches the little girl-child as she has turned and is scampering off to the side to play with a number of her brethren. “Have you heard anything about Mary?” Hannah asks softly, looking down into the broth that is bubbling now as she stirs it.

“Yes, there are many activities taking place, lots of teachings to those who were with the other tribes. And alot of interaction between the followers of John and those who are being prepared for His return.”

Looking up to connect with her sweet sister’s eyes, Hannah asks softly, “Has anyone heard ... you know, about when that might be?”

Now Kelleth looks down into the boiling broth, and her face becomes wistful. She responds softly, “A number of years yet, I suspect, though, we await the messengers or a packet from the East.”



“They are all free,” the merchant comments softly as he is seated in this small valley just above the river.

John, leaning back, runs his hand across the spring flowers that are blooming profusely here. And then, turning to look at the merchant, he smiles, “Do you feel free?”

The merchant brings his hands up to rub both sides of his face simultaneously. “I tell you, John, I feel more than free. What I feel is a sense of purpose in life. I should like to share with you that I not only saw to it that all those that I was responsible for being in bondage are now free, and I might add, I liquidated everything and gave unto each of them some compensation for what I had done.”

“And how receive they your gifts and their freedom?” John asks softly.

The merchant laughs as he recalls that most all of them were in disbelief. And then when he gave unto them a penance, of sorts, in coin, they simply – many of them – stood looking down at the coin and then up at he. So as he recants this to John, he adds, “And as my means permitted, I procured the freedom of a number of others, as well, who I knew not.”

“How were you guided?” questions John, now studying the merchant’s face.

“It was interesting. I felt as though something was pulling at me right here,” tapping his fingertips upon his solar plexi. “And it got warm, almost hot sometimes. And so I closed my eyes and remembered your words, and I knew. That’s how I knew.”

Smiling broadly now, John comments softly, “That is a good way of knowing, Merchant. In fact, one of the best.”

To the right of John are seated a goodly number, those who are so often, if not constantly, with him, and those who have come to gather anew those who have been found and awakened – as John calls it – unto the word and the teaching. And so there is a goodly number arrayed here, the sun shining on them warmly, the flowers reaching their faces up to receive, as it were, according to the word of John, a special blessing from God.

“What shall you do now?” asks little Miriam, who is only several paces away from John.

The merchant, turning to smile upon her, “As you, I suspect, little sister, if I might call you that.”

And there is laughter among many here, for it is clear that the merchant is welcomed, and that there are no barriers, no structures, no limitations. All are seen through the eyes of equality.

Little Miriam, moving a bit closer now, perhaps an arm’s length away from the merchant, looks at him, and her eyes soften. And turning back to John and Justus, who has moved to sit beside him, she comments, “Wouldn’t it be wonderful, just wonderful, if all the world could do as the merchant has done?” leaning and reaching a hand to rest it upon his left shoulder. The merchant’s face flushes, and he looks down and then back up at little Miriam. “I mean, think about it. If we were all in harmony, if the world didn’t see the gifts and blessings of others as threats, but as true gifts, each day would be sacred, a holiday, a celebration.”

Still leaning, stretched out on the upslope of this valley on one elbow, John comments, “Perhaps it shall come to pass. Perhaps you are prophesizing that which shall be, little sister.”

Now she flushes, and her head bows for a moment. Then she looks up and comments further, “I so admire you,” turning to look at the merchant, “only ... how long has

it been? Not an Earth year, as we call it. And here you are. I remember, don't you?" pointing down the slope to the river's edge, "right over there, you stood," and she laughs softly, "defiant."

Justus comments softly, "I saw it as pleading."

The merchant, studying Justus carefully, "You are the one He ... He healed, aren't you?"

"That I am," Justus responds easily.

"Well," looking down to study his leg and then extending his right hand and arm, remembering only too well that which visited upon his own body. "I know whereof my – forgive me if I shall call them sins, transgressions if you prefer – came from. But I ponder often, and might I ask, from whence came yours, Justus? As I have been told you were but a lad."

Placing his palms behind them to rest upon the earth, he leans back on his arms, and looking up at the beautiful clouds passing by. "Mine came from God," he answers softly.

There is silence, and the merchant, shaking his head, obviously does not comprehend.

"There is much to be shared and learned between us all. There are many things that can be given to answer questions such as these," Nathanael answers softly on behalf of others, who have again moved closer to this grouping to share.

Looking down at the flowertops before him, John gently runs his hand across the tops of them. Glancing up to meet the eyes fixed upon him of his sweet friend, Iliam, John smiles. Iliam merely nods, returning the gaze and smile.

"I think it would be good," Iliam begins softly, "that our new brother should be renamed."

John, still smiling at Iliam, raises himself up to a seated position. And wiggling this way and that as though to indicate something is coming, brings his hands together and tips his head up slightly. In that very moment, a cloud passes before the sun's face and there is a period of shadow over the grouping, and specifically over John. He opens his eyes and glancing around, smiles. "Perhaps this is an indicator from God to go within. Let us do so." Again, his eyes close.

"O Lord God, we give thanks unto Thee for the return of our brother, who is now before us. We ask of You, grant to him Thy eternal peace. I ask further, on his behalf, that Thou would ever guide him, that whatsoever he shall come upon that might seem as a challenge, open it unto he that he can look within and find that it bears him a gift delivered by Thy hand. Speak unto me now, Lord God. Give unto us a name that he shall be reborn as his spirit has already done so."

There is a prolonged period of silence when all in the grouping have followed John's lead. Some are smiling deeply. Others appear – were it not that they are seated erect – to be utterly asleep. Some seem to be aglow. In that moment, the cloud passes and the sun shines upon them once again.

"Thank You, Father. We all thank You for Your gifts and Your guidance."

Opening his eyes to look at the merchant, who has done his best to follow suit with his new brothers and sisters, is seated erect. “Thou art to be called Jeremiah.”

The merchant’s face ... flickers, if you will, the muscles moving this way and that, and his eyes pop open. And while his mouth is open, no words come forth for a moment or two. “Jeremiah! Thank you.”

John, smiling, points his finger up towards the sky. “Thank God. I did not create it. He gave it. I only repeated it,” and he laughs softly, rising to his feet to walk over, extends his hands.

Jeremiah stands and embraces John. All of them come to embrace him, to congratulate him, and to welcome him into their family of one.



“You can’t tell from just looking,” turning the leaves over this way and that, “You have to feel whether or not they are ready,” rubbing her fingers, the thumb and forefinger, over the leaves this way and that. “And when you break them,” snapping one of the leaves in half, “you should immediately be able to smell and know that they are ready, that they are dry enough,” speaking to a small grouping of the children who are present. One raises his hand and asks, “Abigale, when they are dried, and when they are ready to be in storage, and we have prepared the urns and such in which to store them, for how long are they, well, okay for us to use them?”

“Ah,” Abigale smiles, reaching to jostle one here and another over there. “If we seal the urns, they are usable almost indefinitely. If we have taken care that the glazing on the urns and such is sufficient, then, indeed, they are usable ... well, a great long time.

“These others,” gathering up a handful of berries, “and these over here,” grabbing a handful of roots, “don’t endure quite as long. What I mean by that is, you can use them for several years, but their vibrancy, their potency, begins to diminish after several years.”

Another little hand pops up, “Why do we grind some and make them into powders and such, and others we do not?”

Returning the handfuls of berries and roots that she had gathered up, she brushes her hands together. “Those which we grind into small particles, or powders, or such, are usually those that we put into the pouches and give unto our peoples. Those are the ones that have the moreso medicinal and healing properties. And by placing them into these fragmented forms, they are, what I will call, stabilized, and that simply means that they remain consistent. For when one of our brothers and sisters is out and about and needs to use some of these for healing works, it must always be that the same quantity will have the same effect, will have the same power within it.”



The streets are particularly noisy this day, as there are many coming for gatherings of various celebrations that are typical of the spring season. As they move about the streets, carefully covering themselves, as is their nature and to preserve their identity, we hear Judith speak softly, “Well, though I don’t like these crowds particularly, it would seem to me that this is to our advantage.”

“It is that,” we hear from James, “and to the advantage of our works.”

“How many do you suppose there are in terms of ... ah ... well, how many do you suppose there are?”

“From what I have heard, not very many, perhaps ten, twelve.”

“And these were gathered by the patrols and such?”

“Yes,” James responds. “Apparently they had fled during the hostilities of the soldiers attacking our family.”

As they arrive at the square, the multitude is sizeable. There are merchants offering differing wares, traders from distant places marketing and calling out for this or that price for their goods.

It is a curious collage of peoples. Some obviously are of stature and wealth, others have guards and such, servants in some cases, who are protecting them from the pushing, shoving masses of peoples.

“How will we go about bidding without calling attention to ourselves?”

“We shan’t,” James responds. “Some time back, we made a friend. He was diseased,” and he turns to glance at Moira, who smiles. “And now he is well. He has become somewhat adept at such matters. And he will do the bidding for us.”

“Praise, God! See? All of our teachings are of truth. We gave to him that which we had to give. And our prayers and the herbs and such of our peoples made him whole. And look at him, he is now a bright light for us.”

“And I might add,” James counters, “very useful. He can do things and be accepted and not questioned that the rest of us might be on delicate ground,” smiling, pointing over to the soldiers gathered by the gate.



The sound of the waves, though they are gentle, almost calm breaking against the bow of the boat, has a hypnotic effect. Several of the Essenes who have been journeying with the Master are resting against the gunwales. An arm propped up on the side rail here, feet placed upon coils of rope over there, indeed it is a casual, easy day.

“It is truly awesome,” begins the one seated closest to the Master, “the wisdom and knowledge that has been gathered, added to that which we have learned from you, sweet Brother,” and Jesus simply smiles and nods, “and all our good teachers, the Holy Maidens, the teachers at the good School ... wondrous! But I ask of you, Lord, what shall come of this? It is a treasure for the world. And yet, only we and a small number know of it. What can be done to preserve it?”

His elbow resting upon a small wooden flask at his left, the Master rubs His chin and the side of His face with a hand. “God will guide us. But know this, my sweet brother, it will be preserved. There are those who are one with us, who are awaiting our return. And they will take these Truths, and ours – and theirs, to be sure – and they will preserve it.”

“That is good!” the Essene responds to the Master. “That is just ... well, it brings warmth and security, joy to my heart and my spirit. For I know there will be a time when,” gesturing with a sweeping motion of his arm towards the horizon, “the world ... the world will be ready to receive these truths and ancient teachings. And perhaps,” leaning back again, “perhaps even ready to live them.”

Again, the Master studying him with warm, lovingly eyes, merely nods an affirmation.



“We are indeed joyful to have you here with us,” Elob begins softly.

“It is an honor,” Marta adds.

“We shall begin,” Elob continues, “by comparing that which has been our teaching and heritage with those of yours,” studying the very stately countenance of the group of elders, as he calls them, of the teachings of the One God.

“That is a good beginning,” the one answers Elob. “And we are joyful, as well, to be with all of you,” gesturing to all of the adepts who are gathered with the great teachers and such in the School of the Prophets.

Pointing over to the sides, several come bearing cloth wrappings that contain great scrolls, and they place them down, and the head priest leans to open the wrapping and spreads it carefully, methodically, with some reverence, out before him. Gesturing with his hands, the head priest speaks softly to Elob, “These represent a portion of our studies, of the Truths we have collected from diverse places and from ancient teachers. As we have come from the northlands, as well, so have we brought certain teachings that are unknown to these lands to include them here.

“And when The Promise returns, we will add those teachings of our brothers and sisters to the East and beyond our borders unto these, along with yours. And it shall be a legacy of Truth, those pillars upon which the Spirit of God’s Light might one day be held and seen openly among all peoples.”



“You must be able to secure the top of the pouch well. Completely,” she comments to the children who are busy making herb pouches for their peoples.

“I can’t get this to work as well as she does,” Daniel points to his small sister, off to his left.

She simply smiles and speaks naught, her hands moving swiftly to create yet another pouch, weaving the thongs and woven, braided fabrics as laces into the top portion,

and then jerking them closed snugly with a pop, and smiling, looking around to make certain that someone else has seen her work.

“Well, Daniel, it is not always what one does, but what one intends,” Andra comments softly.

“Well, if what I intend doesn’t come out to be a pouch secure enough to keep the herbs preserved, what good is it?”

Andra glances to her side at Zephorah, who is struggling to withhold a bit of laughter, then turns back to Daniel and states softly, “The meaning is greater than a pouch. Your intention is what goes before you in all that you do, all that you are. And these are part of the truths that we are striving to give to you.”

“Well, what good are those truths?” Daniel comments offhandedly as he tosses his unacceptable pouch off to the side.

There is silence as Andra and Zephorah look at the pouch laying there. Saying nothing, Andra leans over and picks it up and holds it up, turning it about, “What do you see wrong with this?” she asks Daniel.

“Well, it doesn’t work.”

Smiling very broadly, on the verge of laughter herself, Andra continues, “And, well, why doesn’t it work?”

“Well, look at hers,” pointing again to the shy little girl off to his side. “Hers always work, mine don’t.”

Zephorah is chuckling now, she cannot withhold her laughter. Leaning over, she whispers into Andra’s ear, “Does he remind you of anyone?”

Without answering, Andra bends over to hold the pouch in front of Daniel and states softly, “Well, look here. You missed all these holes. That’s the only reason it doesn’t work for you.”

“Well, I couldn’t get ... I couldn’t get it through those holes.”

“Well, in life, little Daniel, you’ll find situations where you don’t think you can get through something, but if you step back from it, and study it, look at all the aspects of it, you’ll find that even in the worst of challenges, there’s something special for you – a gift.”

Reaching out to take the dangling pouch from Andra’s hand, Daniel looks at it, turning it around this way and that. “Well, alright then.” And reaching to pick up a small awl that is used to make the holes in the leather, he twists it this way and that into the holes that he has missed. “Like that?” he questions.

“Like that,” Andra responds.

Zephorah is still chuckling off to the side, busied, helping several of the other children.

“So, let me understand this,” Daniel continues, now weaving the thong through all of the holes this time. “When I get big and I’m out there in the outer world, like some of my elder brothers and sisters are right now,” and he strikes his chest in a momentary prayer for them, “if I persevere – isn’t that what you said? If I persevere and pick up this awl and make the holes bigger, I can do that in life, too?”

Andra, nodding, smiling very, very warmly, answers softly, “You can do that in life, too. Just make the holes bigger so you can pass through them.”



Grasping a generous handful of the muddy soil, by the edge of the river, he bends to smear it all over the calf and knee of the one who has come seeking their aid. Andrew, glancing this way and that, and noting that many of his brethren are busy, as well, tending to the needs of those who come – almost daily now – to the river’s edge, seeking healing, or ointment, or balm.

Smiling, he reaches down inside his outer coat, and finding just the pouch of herbs he wants, grabs a great pinch of them, and sprinkling it on the bare skin on this side of where he is treating this one, now covers it, as well, with the clay-like soil from the river’s edge. Reaching a hand out, he receives from Miriam a long swatch of cloth and begins to wrap it around the poultice he has put on this young lad’s leg.

“Well, that should do nicely.” Gesturing to his parents, Andrew comments softly, “Have him keep his weight off it. It’s going to dry and get just like this,” tapping on a small boulder off to the side, “hard. But he can crack it. And if that happens, it won’t be of much use. So do watch over him. Keep him inactive.”

“How long,” questions the father, “shall we leave it in place?”

Looking up at the sky as though there were some instruction written upon it, Andrew answers almost casually, “Five, six days should do well. Then bring him here, and we’ll remove it and make certain it’s well.”

The mother comes to bend before Andrew, and her hands together, a tear comes out of one eye. “Thank you. We feared he might never walk.”

“He’ll walk,” Andrew states with a smile, and he reaches a hand up and places his palm against the young man’s forehead, and another hand up into the air. *“Lord God, bless this, Thy son, unto the goodness of Thy Spirit within him. I ask this of You in the Name of our Brother, knowing that His Spirit and mine together open the way, and that he shall be healed.”*

Turning to cup the young lad’s face in his hands, Andrew looks close to his face, looks deeply into his eyes. “The healing will come from within you as much as without. But I tell you, if you are to remain whole, and healthy, and well, then the healing must be nourished as your body must be nourished. That nourishment comes from here,” tapping him on the heart. “Know that there is a God. Know that that God loves you. And know that God has breathed life into you here. Just so,” gesturing to his mother and father, “as they give you life now, so might you from here,” tapping him on the chest again, “give life to others in future.”

The young lad, now struggling to this feet, taking a staff from his father and an arm from his mother, looks down at Andrew, who is still kneeling, his hands covered with the mud from the river’s bank, and looking up at him.

“I will do that,” the young lad smiles. “I remember how I was before you and your peoples,” glancing about the many gathered here, “gave unto us. I won’t forget that pain. And I won’t forget you. Can I call you my brother?”

Andrew looks down very quickly, struggling to contain the surge of emotion, and then looks up at the young lad. “It shall be my honor if you would.”

“I want to be just like you.” And they turn and make their way slowly back to the city.



The movement is slow, almost arduous, for the children are weary. And yet, the guardians continue to guide them through the night.

“How much longer?” one of the children asks a guardian by his side.

“Only one more day and night,” he whispers softly.

“What shall we do in the lands of the Egyptians?”

“We have many sweet brothers and sisters who dwell there,” the guardian answers. “And it isn’t something we will do forever. But only until we are ready and strong, only until the challenge is gone.”

Glancing over his shoulder, remembering what he left behind, the guardian walks slowly, measured, almost mechanical steps. His thoughts race over his fallen wards. And he thinks of his brothers, the other guardians, who are left behind.

Looking across the small group of children as they continue to move through the night, he receives a nod and smile, as though to say, “*We are always one. No matter where we are, we are always one.*”



“Well, that’s a relief,” James sighs deeply as they are moving. Glancing back at the city and seeing that the gates are now closed, he looks down at several of the children they have purchased at auction. They are silent, and so they move. Moira and Jessie move about this way and that to tend to the ones who are weary, and unto the needs of the grouping.

“Eleven in all,” James comments as though speaking to someone unseen. “I wonder if there are others who haven’t been found?”



They argue, vociferously shaking their office signets at one another. (some ornate rods with a bit of tasseled substance at the end, serving both a signet of office and as an implement to dispel flies and such)

“You can’t tell me that these people are not a threat. And those who are out there,” gesturing towards a wall, “by the river, each day their number grows. And they are converting the people with their gibberish. I tell you, this is serious.”

One of the other priests, leaning back on an ornate cushion, straightens his equally ornate garb. "It's being tended to."

"Not well enough," comments one of the others. "I've seen them in the city – in the city, itself. They think they're unseen. But I tell you, there's something about them. One look into their eyes and you know. You see the defiance. They truly believe that a king comes. No, they think he's *here*. Where? I don't know.

"But not that prophet by the river's edge, or those who are equally so troublesome who are with him. Haven't you heard? They're going all about the lands just like him. And they come to them in droves, seeking healing, seeking food, seeking who knows what."

Several of those who are on the outer tiers, who hold various positions of council and authority, some who are as advisors, some who have great knowledge of the law and ancient teachings, are talking among themselves. One of the priests points to Nicodemus and asks, "And what do you know? You journey often to many of the other cities and villages."

Very casually, Nicodemus received this half question, half challenge, sensing from this one a continual threat to The Promise. "I have heard nothing that is to trouble us," Nicodemus offers softly.

And many of the other priests frown and mutter. One comments in a voice audible enough to be heard, "That depends on what you define trouble as."

Only glancing at him, Nicodemus does not directly answer, but continues, "Actually, they are doing us a service, if you will hear me out."

"And what might that be?" the priest asks.

"Well, think about it. They seem to take on those who are the worst of our peoples. They take the orphans, the diseased, and while I don't know what happens to them," and he smiles, glancing at the angry priest off to his left, "they're not our concern any longer, are they? I mean, if we don't have to care for them, if we don't have to pass by them every time we want to go to a certain place in the city, our lives are better."

"Are you sure they're not recruiting them?" the head priest counters.

"I don't think so. At least not ... well, not like the Zealots do, if that's what you mean. They seem content to teach them, to heal them, to, yes, even provide for them. From where, I know not," and he glances down, his eyes flicker as he states a soft prayer of forgiveness, because his words he knows to be untrue. Quickly looking up again, he states, "It's easy to distinguish the Zealots from these people. If you look at them, they are not preaching conflict or hostility. Quite to the contrary, like that prophet. His voice and manner are strong, bold, even brash. But if you listen to his words, as I know most all of you have," and they look at one another, suddenly recognizing that every one of them has quietly moved amongst the crowds to hear this one speak.

"Well," Nicodemus continues, "he may shout at people to do various things, like repent, or forgive, or that sort, or to be kind to one another. I tell you, honored priests," Nicodemus resumes softly, "this is not one we need fear. Indeed, we should welcome such urging to our peoples. Better to call them forth in such a manner, than to have to quell uprisings with a sword." And he raises his embroidered, tasseled signet of office in

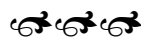
tribute and honor to the priests gathered. "Thank you for hearing me," and he nods several times.

"I suppose there is truth to this," one of the priests begins softly. "But there's something about it that concerns me. If they are grooming someone, somewhere to come forward and to say that he is the king, what then?"

"Indeed, what then?" counters another one of the priests. "I say continue to encourage the Romans and their guard to gather as many as they can and disburse them."

"Well, either way," the other priest counters, "both ends are met, aren't they? Who knows, perhaps these Romans in their bumbling efforts will actually find the one they're grooming and send him away."

There is a bit of laughter at the thought of this.



"I dreamt of Him. And you are right, my sweet wife, He has given me a gift."

Moistening his brow with a damp cloth, Mary, looking into Joseph's eyes, asks softly, "Thank you God. For if among our peoples there is one who is worthy of such a gift from The Promise, from our son, it is you, my sweet husband." Bringing the cloth as she moistens it from the basin nearby, she continues to wipe Joseph's face. And he lifts a hand to grasp hers.

"I would tell you of the gift."

Placing the cloth down and assuming a position of reverence and respect, she looks with love into Joseph's eyes.

"As I was in prayer on the eve before last, I called out, and I heard naught. But during sleep this past night, He came in answer to my call. And we walked hand in hand by a beautiful stream.

"The waters within it glistened and shined. And as they moved across the rocks beneath the water's surface, it seemed the waters were singing, and lights flashed beautifully, softly, all about. And we came to a place like our Sacred Spring, my sweet wife," and they both reflect upon their Sacred Spring for a moment.

"And then we stopped and turned. And while He still held my hand, He pointed across the stream to the distant shore. And as we looked into one another's eyes, He said, 'The greatest of all gifts await you beyond, across this river of life in the lands beyond. There, my Father has prepared a house for you.'

"And the sweetness, my dear wife, that poured from His eyes, I tell you, the world will rejoice when He returns, and they see it as I have. I feel only now the anticipation of crossing that small river or stream, and the excitement and joy of what lies beyond. The gift He gave to me was to open mine eyes that I could see, that I, Joseph, could see The Promise."



Wheresoever you would look, dear friends, thine eyes might perceive this or that thing. Your heart might feel a variance of emotion. Your mind might begin to reason or move with logic, as it has been trained to do. But if you would call upon Him to open the sight of thine spirit, then you, too, sweet brothers and sisters, shall surely see The Promise of God.

We are through here for the present, asking that the grace and blessings of our Father's wisdom be as 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

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