

The Promise Is Awakened

A Commentary

By Lama Sing™ & Al Miner

The Expectant Ones Series – Reading # 42

CHANNEL: This is March 5, 2003.

As we come before You today, Lord God, we do so humbly asking that You would guide us to whatsoever information You know to be the very best. We give thanks to You, Master, for your presence and Your example, and we give thanks for all those beautiful souls who are a part of these works, which we all do in Your Name. We thank You, Father. Thank You, Master, and Our Lady. Amen.

LAMA SING: Yes, we have the Channel then and, as well, those references which apply to the intent and the purpose as are held in the hearts and minds of those who are seeking. As we commence, let us come together in this prayer of rejoicing unto God.

We bring unto Thee, Lord God, the gladness of our very heart. This we bear as a gift unto Thee. In answer to those quests, in answer to that which is sought, ever do we offer ourselves. We know Thee, Lord God, and the glory of Thy Light and Thy Spirit goes before us. These we claim. We thank Thee, Master, for that which Thou hast given unto us. Our prayer here is that we might, as Thou hast said it, give even the greater. We give thanks for this continued opportunity of joyful service in Thy Name, Lord God, through these, our Channel, and his mate in Earth, and all those good souls who are one with Thee. Amen.



“Well, give us a report, Captain. What is the result of your sorties?”

“I will give you a report, but first, let me ask this. What idiot took the head of the Prophet? No one will speak to us. They spit upon us. They throw stones. We are under siege here in the city and all the little villages. This was unquestionably the actions of one who has lost all reason.”

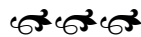
“Mind your tongue, Captain,” one of the priests responds in a whispered voice.

“Well, I’ll tell you, there is no point in sending us forth in this manner again, unless you have knowledge of where the Zealots might be, or any of the other rebels. It is pointless. No one, I tell you, no one will speak, no matter how much coin we offer, no matter what boons we present to them. You can see it in their eyes, their faces. There is nothing but hatred towards us.”

The one head priest looks at the other two, and in a voice which bears an intensity of confused emotion, we hear, “I told you. See? It begins. It will be our downfall.”

“Speak not those words, Lamechus,” the priest on the left retorts. “For in the spoken word is the potential, the thought. I will hear you speak these kinds of words no more.”

This makes little impact upon the third priest, and the scorn, and the array of emotions that are passing through his heart are visible, for he is not without his own inner visions and guidance. And what he perceives, no, what he feels is his own demise.



“I have returned to speak these things to you in person,” Iliam comments to all of his brothers and sisters who are gathered at the great School. “This shall be my last visit here,” gesturing with his arms outstretched, “and perhaps the last time my eyes physical will behold you, sweet brothers and sisters. It is of, might I call it, appropriateness that I should come to convey to you that The Promise is awakened and unfolding.”

Many look at one another, and there are whispered comments back and forth. Some are indicating their spiritual impact with gestures, with signs, with salutations, and all that sort. To the rear on the left and right of the grouping, soft drumming begins.

Iliam looks to those who are the drummers, and they smile and nod. “Thank you, my brothers. I know whereof you drum.”

(A moment, please.)

[Pausing for the emotion to subside]

Glancing up to the top of Reflection Rock, Iliam turns and speaks in a loud clear voice, “Would you honor me and our brother John in a moment of prayer.”



Word has reached the more distant settlements, many of which were often frequented by the Desert Prophet, as he was often called by these humble peoples. Some had begun to prepare goods and such, for the word has gone forth that a ceremony shall be held at river’s edge.

The Maidens are flanked to the right and left, and rearward, and also to the forefront, with the remaining guardians and some of the younger company who have rejoined the main tribe for this time of the Awakening.

So the entourage is goodly, and yet, the normal care or caution does not seem as prevalent, indeed, seems almost absent. The Holy Maidens and some of the elders, being

carried either by beasties or by litter, make a sizable grouping. And no matter what might be done to shield it, to hide it, this would not be possible. Their number is too great.

As they move through small herder villages (and such as these) on their way to the river, many come to stand by the pathway as they go by. Some hurrying to their simple huts, and emerge again with small bundles, and fall in company behind the large grouping. And so it grows.

Then cometh those who are from the distant western reaches, and from the cities, and the goodly numbers come together, here, at river's edge. Great filamental clouds move easily, lazily, across the sky, for it is near unto time for the rains to begin.

Seated very near the river's edge on a slight abutment (outcropping) are Jesus and those whom He has gone to and given the words, "Follow me." And yet, too, are there many others, those who once walked with John, and those who have come from the diverse tribes to begin their part, as agreed, to support and nurture The Promise of God.

Coming from the west and south, and somewhat from the north, there is higher ground, and the slope is gentle down to where the Master sits on the rock abutment. He looks at them this way and that. Many of those who are a part of these forthcoming works are scattered about on the periphery, watching, looking, for the guardians who remain are few, and they have begun their work to preserve the Master and His teachings.

Speaking unto His followers, the Master offers words softly, gently. Several of the Disciples and those who are with them ask of Him diverse things.

Thaddeus, softly, his face aglow with anticipation, speaks, "O Lord, is this day? The beginning?"

Jesus looks about the remainder of the grouping whose upturned faces are bright and hopeful. He pauses to study Peter carefully and smiles, for He can see in his heart the stalwartness, the courage, the willfulness, of this soul. As He comes upon the eyes of Judas, Judas brings his hands to his heart, and then, up to God. This symbolizes in the Esseneian manner: I give thanks in my heart unto God for your presence.

Jesus smiles and nods, and very slowly places His hand over His heart, then brings it to His lips, placing a kiss upon it, gives it unto Judas by way of His outstretched hand to him. As the sun glances off a particularly majestic cloud above, a reflected ray of sunlight strikes Jesus in the upper portion of the body, illuminating Him. And those nearby can see a tear.

Only then does Jesus turn away from Judas and answers, "This is, my brother, an ending and a beginning, both. For in order that the House of God can be built, we must place this foundation of faith firmly in place, and we must honor it. That what I am to give can be built upon the faith of John."

The Holy Maidens are gathered by river's edge. They form a small, semi-circular line, and they rock this way and that, their faces aglow, singing, and rocking. In the center is Our Lady Mary, and She is the first to step forth. Reaching beneath Her outer garment, She pulls forth a small packet. It is a bit of cloth folded delicately, and one can see the care of the workmanship upon it, and a bit of bright-colored ribbon made from the special herbs, and inks, and such, brought from the east, and given to Her by Zelotese.

Lifting Her outer garments, She steps into the water's edge and looks up. Her face is aglow with the sweetness of God. Not a word is spoken, but all know what is said from Her heart.

Carefully, delicately, She places the small packet on the surface of the water and releases it, straightening Herself to watch it as the slow movement of the current of the river carries it first out to mid-stream, and it spins and moves, and She smiles and nods. She gestures first to Her heart, to Her lips, to Her head, and then outward and upward to God. "I release thee, my brother. The peace of God be upon thee."

And so does it go, each of the Maidens come forth, some bearing works made of wildflowers, others simple but meaningful little items that give them remembrance of all the joy, all the wondrous works that they have shared from childhood on with one another, and then to bring forth these, who are a part of The Promise of God, and now, this action, indeed, this celebration, brings it into the Earth.

Finally, Mary turns, and looking up where Jesus now stands, as He has observed each one who has given tribute and closure to the foundation of the work, as He has called it. Mary nods and Jesus reciprocates a gentle nod and smile. All of the Maidens now are by Mary's side, and they have their hands to their hearts.

Slowly, Jesus turns to see that not a meter of open ground remains. All of the hillside and river's edge are filled with throngs of peoples. Off to the distance He can even see a sizable gathering of the Zealots, and He smiles, for He knows that unto His brother John, none were strangers. Even the rebel Zealots, did he answer their call, did he sing with, and did he sup with. He knows He must speak to them in a time near at hand, that they do not seek vengeance upon those who have taken the life of one whom they had regarded as a brother.

But for now He feels the import, the majesty, the wonder of the hundreds of upturned faces, and the awesome, stupefying silence. Only an occasional breeze in the bulrushes and such, and the tinkling sound of the water falling over a few obstacles near river's edge, these are all that can be heard.

"Be thou of good cheer, brothers and sisters," Jesus begins. "For I say unto you, this day has one of those of our Lord God's righteous returned to a place of honor. Let us rejoice and celebrate.

"If there remains sadness," and glancing at the group of Zealots, "or anger, remember his works. He would tell you these are those things which can diminish the Light of God within you. If yet you have these, come forth unto this river, this place where his work was wrought, and free yourself, as I know he has helped so many of you to become free."

A strong voice comes from the midst of the group to the Master's left, up the slope a bit, "Tell us then. John? King of our peoples?"

Many turn to look at him quickly, and there are murmurs, and the Maidens bow their heads. Two take the arms of Mary. On the left is Zephurah, and here is Hannah. The others stand very near.

"I am that as has been given. He has said it," gesturing to the river, meaning John. "But you must hear it in your own heart and spirit. If I am that as he has given it,

then thou shalt see it and know it.” The Master turns, and with smooth, fluid, measured strides, walks down from the outcropping of rock, and begins to walk up the slope towards the northwest.

There is a calamity here, for many cannot believe this. And many are calling out, “Give us a sign.” “Give us your teaching.” “Drive out the Romans.” “Tell us what to do.”

The Zealots are calling out, “Take arms. Let us get revenge.”

And yet, the Master does not turn back, but continues to stride up the hill.

His followers, caught unawares and in disarray, scurry to catch up. And many of them, who are with the Disciples and the Master, move at a brisk pace to take up positions on the flank and to the forefront.



Jesus looks up from studying the evening’s campfire, and His eyes fall upon Miriam, the younger. “Sister, bring unto me, if thou would, yon basin and that pitcher of water.”

She turns quickly to look in the direction of the Master’s gaze, and looking into the pitcher, quickly takes a bag of water and fills it, and brings that and the basin to the Master, holding it out to Him.

The Master gestures for her to place them on the ground before Him. Even though many have been in small discourses here and there amongst the grouping, all now have noted Miriam’s actions and the Master. For those who can see (of which there are many in this company) note the growing light around the Master’s body, and they know that what comes forth next is of meaning, significant meaning.

The Master rises to His knees before the basin. Miriam begins to turn, and He holds His hand up to her. Looking about and smiling, He sees Jessie and Moira. They blush with recognition, and He gestures to them, and they come forth. “I would that thou would bathe my head,” gesturing to Miriam, “and that thou, sweet sister Jessie, would hold the basin to catch the water as your sister does.”

And looking straight up at Moira, who stands before Him, He hands her His outer coat. “With this, I ask that you would take the water from me,” which is as to say, “Dry me.”

All are now attentive. And most all are moved in close proximity, puzzled, to see.

“Why does He bathe before us?” Thomas asks of Thaddeus.

“I do not think it is mere bathing. Look at the Light around Him.”

Glancing, leaning a bit, Thomas, his eyes narrow and then open widely. “You are right.”

“*My Father,*” Jesus comments, looking up, “*let these waters be as one with Thy Spirit in Earth made manifest. I open myself unto Thee. Let the spirits of these three, my sisters, bear testimony to that which has been placed within me. Let this action be a gift of gratitude, of thankfulness unto all who have been a part of the journey to this time. All of my sweet sisters, the Holy Maidens, who awakened each gift, who brought forth that*

rock of truth upon which Thy Truth shall be builded, so do I bless them in this action, that the Waters of Truth bring about the beginning."

He glances at Miriam, and she knows. He bends His head over the basin and closes His eyes, and Miriam begins to pour the water over the back of the Master's head.

Mary is seated directly across a considerable expanse. Her arms are folded within Her outer coat. Arrayed beside Her and behind, are all of the other Holy Maidens. And to this side and that, the sweet brothers and sisters whose journeys have been so intertwined to this point.

Slowly, the water falls into the basin, and when there is no more water in the pitcher, there is the silence of but the last few droplets of water falling from the Master's hair as it hangs down, heavily laden, as He called it, with the Spirit of God. He brings His head up and looks directly at Moira. And Jessie, stepping back, holding the basin filled to near overflowing with the holy water that has passed over His head. Then Moira, almost unable to accept the great honor, brings the cloth of the Master's outer coat up and gently begins to dry the hair on the head of The Christ.

When this is completed, the Master holds His hands up, and Moira, folding the Master's outer coat, places it gently, reverently, in the Master's outstretched hands. Again the Master looks up. *"Thank You, My Father, for these great blessings, the hands which have woven the fibers, having spun them into thread, and placing them together with such care, such excellence, those who have designed the patterns."* And He names Rebochien, and aids, and others, the seers, and prophets, and ancient ones.

And finally, when His prayer is complete, He looks at Moira again, nodding, and she steps forward. He places His outer coat in her arms. "Give this unto our Holy Mother and those with Her. I would that each has a portion of this, so as they seek it, in remembrance of me."

And now, Jessie, who stands with the basin, receives a loving gaze from the Master, "Here, my sweet sister, come. Kneel beside me and place the basin here." And so she does. Looking up, "I would give the Mark of God to those who would receive it. Hear me well. I say unto you, the time is now. That which I give to you is eternal, and all who have eyes to see, will see it. With this Mark, I give to thee that which my Father empowers me to give, and that gift is eternal.

"But the way ahead is laborious, and to the temple of flesh, offers pain and scorn for my sake. Dwell you for a moment in the light of your spirit within, that quiet temple wherefrom the voice of God can be heard speaking and guiding you ever. And only then, after you have heard same, come forth, and I will give unto you that Mark of the eternal gift of Spirit and my blessing.

"But if you hear the voice not, then do not fall away in sadness, but know this is not that path for you to walk. If ye have faith, ye will know it to be so, and ye will know also that another path, which is great unto purpose for you, will appear. Seek ye, now."

And He settles back upon His knees and heels, hands upon His knees, looking about. Many of the grouping are bobbing, nodding, swaying.

And His eyes come to rest on Our Lady, who beams with joy and pride. She merely smiles and nods at Him, stroking His outer coat, which has been placed upon Her

lap. She has swung it up over Her shoulder to cover Her heart, and caresses it, remembering how in a time past, She caressed a small babe who was to be called Jesus.

There is a shuffling sound as the sizable figure of Peter kneels before the Master. “I hear the call, my Lord, and I am come. I will follow you unto the ending and beyond, if thou would have me.”

Gazing at Peter, His love and respect for this soul self-evident, “Give unto me thy bowl, Peter.” Peter reaches within and pulls forth the bowl from his outer garment. The Master leans to take a small portion of the water from the basin before Jessie, who holds it firmly in place.

The Master, holding the bowl outright, closes His eyes but a moment, “Thou, Peter, art a rock of God, yea even unto that which shall be builded, art thou His rock.” Dipping two fingers into the bowl of water, Peter’s bowl, the Master brings them up to anoint Peter upon the forehead.

Peter’s eyes go closed, fluttering, and you can see as though some energy was transforming his body, “The Spirit of God is within thee, thou Peter. I shall call thee Cephas, the Rock.”

The Master’s hand comes to rest against the side of Peter’s face, his cheek. And Peter brings his hands up swiftly to clasp it. And barely audible, we can hear Peter say, “My life is yours. I love you.”

The Master but smiles and nods, for He knoweth full well the love of this man for He. Yet, does He know, as well, the challenges, the testing, the purification that lies ahead for this, His brother. And He knows the great pain that he will meet when he realizes that all must be left behind, that which is familiar and distant, that which is of fear, doubt, or any such, which is not borne of spirit, but of Earth. Even does He know that this man, self-evident in the meaning of Truth borne in his words, there will come a time when he shall stand aside.

Several more of the disciples come forth, and now, the Master is looking into the eyes of Judas. His eyes are very large and filled with a curious, deep brown color, almost like a honeycomb, little spires of lighter golden hues here and there, and they are moreso rounder than some of the others, and they are filled with the sweetness of his dedication, and his honor unto the Prophecy.

The Master extends His hand, but speaks not. And Judas withdraws his bowl from beneath his garments, placing it in the Master’s hand. But this time, the Master does something different. He places His hand over the hand of Judas holding the bowl he has taken from beneath his garments. And as they bend just a bit to take some water from the basin held by Jessie, they do so together.

Judas and Jesus are intertwined in their gaze upon one another. “I tell you, my brother, this cup is that which carries the sweetness. It is the pure essence of the Spirit of God, which gives the life eternal. There will come a time shortly ahead when that cup I must give unto you is bitter. In the light of thy spirit’s truth, thou knoweth this.”

And Judas, blinking, shudders a bit. “I knoweth of a thing, Lord, My Master, that lies ahead for me. And I knoweth it is in testimony to the honor we must all hold for God and for your Word. I pledge to you, I will take that bitter cup when it must come to me,

and according to the honor of God, which we all hold, so shall I, as He, honor the prophets.”

“This I know, my brother,” Jesus responds. “Would that you know this: not a certain thing, not a certain action, nor any such could ever diminish my love for you.” With the two fingers, He thrusts them into the bowl and places the Mark upon the forehead of Judas.

But somewhat out of the character of the previous blessings He has given to the other Disciples, He leans forward to place a hand upon the heart of Judas, and a kiss upon his forehead.

No more words are spoken between them. They are not needed, for the Spirit is the life and the light, and all is known which is of God and is of Truth. And within the golden chalice of self, in the silence thereof, can one know of it. Here, both have so done and affirmed to one another its presence.

Having placed His Mark and His blessing upon them all, those who are to be called Disciple, and those who are to be recognized as disciple, but not of such a name or stature in that as it shall be recorded.



The morning's sunlight is bright and warm. They have had their purification, their food, their rituals, their song. And now, they follow excitedly as the Master strides easily, casually, along this road frequented heavily by traders from all destinations. Coming up ahead, the Master notes several entities are seated upon some large rocks, off to the left. Unto the right are several knarled trees, not great in stature, but sufficient to shelter from the sun's rays any traveler. And one can see that many travelers have so rested beneath the shade of these several trees.

The Master and those with Him come to a halt, and the Master, studying the entities off to the left and glancing to the trees, looks upon them and smiles. They are studying this man and the entourage with Him. “I greet you, good travelers. How fare you?”

The center one, whose beard is great and dark, his eyes dance and glisten as he answers, “We fare quite well actually, indeed, very well.”

“From whence come thee?”

And the man points and comments, “We have completed our trading, and as you can see,” gesturing with his hands, “we have naught left. We have done well. We have done very good business these past days.”

“Then you are joyful because of your abundance?” the Master questions.

The center dark-bearded man throws his head back to laugh a very vibrant, gay laugh of someone who is very comfortable in their way in their life. “You could say that,” he responds to the Master. “I suppose success and abundance are sufficient cause for joy, would you say?”

“It would certainly seem so, to look upon you, my brother,” Jesus answers softly.

The man easily slides off the rock on which he had been perched and straightening his garments, walks easily, just ever so casually over to where the Master stands. He

extends a hand to the Master, and the Master accepts this. "I am called Marcus," he comments to the Master. "And you?"

"I am called Jesus," He responds softly, firmly grasping the forearm of the man called Marcus, as is the custom.

"Hmm ..." rubbing his sumptuous facial hair, Marcus rubs his face. "You know, I have heard tell of you. Yes," he snaps his fingers, "the Desert Prophet said you would be appearing any day now. How is he? Fascinating fellow!"

Jesus, smiling, answers, "He is very well, I assure you. He could be no better."

"Oh good! There are so many times when he gave us aid, or one of those with him, and I suppose you could say," lifting his outer coat and looking down, "I am one of those examples of his fine work," extending his leg out to show the old wounds where a viper had struck him. "Yes, he changed my life, and as I said, he talked about you. And well, judging from the size of the grouping with you, I have no doubt you must be He."

Jesus laughs. "Let me ask of you, brother Marcus," and Marcus smiles at being called brother, "why were you seated upon those rocks," pointing to where he had been, "where the sun is so vibrant, so powerful. When over here," and He begins to speak louder that all of His followers who are near at hand can hear Him, "there is the cool, sweet comfort of the shade of these trees."

Marcus looks at the trees and then back at the rocks. "Well, I suppose it might seem strange to some, but actually, I would think not to you, from what I've heard. We learned that by seating ourselves in such a way – to certain limits, of course," and he smiles and laughs a bit, "we not only bring unto our body the power of the sun's light and energy, but we purify the body in the process. It is a process which we learned from the Desert Prophet," laughing again. "This drives out the drosses. This helps the body to become cleansed. And when there's not a river or such about," gesturing with his hands, "it's one of the good ways to bathe."

"Then you look upon the sun and such energies, as you called them, as cleansing?"

"Of course," Marcus shrugs, now puzzled at the comments of Jesus.

"Then you would prefer to endure the intensity of the sun's rays upon your body in order that you might be purified?"

Marcus, rubbing his great beard, pauses but a moment, and smiling robustly, answers, "It would appear so, would it not?"

"Then follow me."

"What?" Marcus answers.

"Then follow me. For if you believe unto that which has been given to thee by my brother, John, and have found it to be good, and know it to bring forth that which impairs or limits, that which creates dis-ease in thy body, then I tell you, if you follow me, I will do the same for your spirit."

There is utter silence as Marcus studies Him. "I am not of your people. How would you receive me?"

"As this," the Master states, and steps forward to embrace Marcus, and places a kiss upon both of his cheeks.

Something transpires that cannot be defined in mere word, as the Master embraces this stranger, a traveler, a merchant, and only He knows what else the man might have been.

Tears stream from the eyes of Marcus as the Master steps back, and he falls to his knees. “He said it would be so. He said to be with you is to be as with God. And in your embrace, do I know you. Here,” and he reaches to both sides of his outer coat, and he pulls forth the coinage and such that he has only in recent days received for his labor. “I give this. It is what I have to give,” placing it at the feet of the Master.

“I have naught else to give. I am not a good man. I am not of any belief. Though I do believe in the words of the Desert Prophet, for I saw them in their truth, as my body sees in the sun’s light that which can purify it. So did his words and actions, just the same, purify. But I am not worthy to walk with you. For if thou art in truth He as was spoken of,” and looking up, the morning’s light claiming the silhouette of Jesus, standing tall above the kneeling Marcus, “then . . . then you are the Son of God.

“Thou knoweth that within my heart which has not done well, which has, indeed, wronged, though not by deliberateness, but out of need, or the belief of need. But I say to you, here,” pushing the coins that they fall upon the Master’s feet, “this is all that I have, and I give it unto you, and the word that you shall bring, as he said it, unto all of the world. But take not I. I am not worthy. And others will judge you and your word if they see me present in your good company.”

The Master bends and puts a hand on the head of Marcus. “Give thy coin, thy wealth, elsewhere, good brother, for I have no need of it. Give it unto the poor. It is naught that I ask of thee to give unto I. I ask of you, my brother, sweet Marcus, for in the center of thy being is the pure Light of God. I would give unto you. And if you will follow me, together, we will give unto all who ask and are willing to receive.”

Sobbing, the merchant, Marcus, falls to grasp the Master’s feet, wrapping his strong arms around the ankles and calves of the Master, sobbing, rocking, calling out, “Praise God! Praise God!”

And the Master lifts him up. “It is not at my feet I wish you, brother, but at my side. What we shall do together in God’s Name will bring a gladness, a harvest of abundance to your spirit that is an hundred-fold greater than any such as these,” and He gently slides the pouches of coin out before Him. “Welcome, brother.”



There is a woman who is withered. She huddles by the side of the village well. And nearby are two small children, perhaps of some five to seven complete cycles in Earth, in tattered clothing, looking down, occasionally looking up and extending a hand outward to any traveler. But few, if any, pay them heed.

The one, older, perhaps seven cycles, looks up to see the grouping of people coming up the slope to the village square, as it might be called. And the figure at the forefront, now striding easily, smiling, seems to be looking back at him. Two come from the

grouping behind Him, and at a swifter gait, trot ahead, looking this way and that, stout staffs glistening in the sun's light. Satisfied that there is no danger here, they move off to the sides, and several of the others do the same.

The young lad, Ladocious, as he is called, jumps to his feet, and brushing and arranging his garments to the best he can so do – for they are tattered and worn – trots over to come before the Master, walking, bouncing, dancing backwards, his hands outstretched, asking for coin.

“I have naught coin,” Jesus says to the young lad, Ladocious.

“Have you food then? There are many with you. Surely you must have great wealth or all of those would not be following you.”

“I do have great wealth,” the Master continues, still walking, but a bit more slowly now. Ladocious falls into the side of Master, and several of the Disciples come forward, concerned, though they know not why. The Master glances at them, blinking an okay, of a sort, to them.

“Have you nothing to give to me? I am hungry. And look you, my mother, she has a sickness. She can no longer work. We have no food. We have no coin. We have no place. We stay here under the meager roof of this well, and we have naught. Good sir, surely, can you not give unto us something?”

Standing a few paces from the well and the woman, who is crumpled up, so to say, covering herself with an outer coat, no eyes or nothing to be seen.

“How are you called?”

“Ladocious.”

“What would you have of me? I have already told you I have no coin.” And He opens His outer coat to show no purse hangs from His sash within.

“Have you no food?”

“I have a food,” the Master answers softly, “but it is not of fishes and loaves.”

“What need would I have of food that cannot be taken into my body?” Ladocious answers.

And now, the mother of Ladocious opens a bit of the fold of the garment covering her head, and those in the forefront can see a single eye peering out. It does not look particularly old, nor dis-eased, but there's a heaviness on or about it, somehow inexplicable.

The Master, seeing this, looks upon her, and He hears her moan, and she uncovers her face a bit more that both eyes can now be seen, and the Master nods. You can hear her moaning and crying all the way to the rear of the assembly, and many of the followers of the Master look this way and that, trying to discern what is going on.

The Master, surprisingly, seats Himself on the ground, folding His legs beneath Him, gesturing to His Disciples to gather 'round. He points to Ladocious to seat himself directly in front. “Give him food and drink, and they, as well.”

Several come forward with loaves, and dried fishes, and flasks, and such, but the young lad denies the flasks and points to the well. Quickly, striving to swallow great mouthfuls of food, Ladocious suddenly stops, erect, and looking at the Master, places the loaves and foods down on a bit of cloth next to him on the earth. And he brings his hands up together in front of him. “Will you forgive me?”

The Master smiles broadly and answers, "Thou art forgiven."

And the lad shakes his head, "No. I know at least that thou art a traveler, and you must thirst. Would you give me the honor to draw you water from this well?"

"I would."

Ladocious rises and brings a ladle of cool, clear water to the Master.

"Would you give it unto my brethren, as well?"

The lad looks this way and that way over the top of the Master's shoulders, and seeing the goodly number, sighs.

And the Master smiles and laughs. "You know not yet of what I speak, do you?"

"Well, good sir, you say unto me, 'Ladocious, give drink unto all these people.' I am willing to so do, good sir, but my honor is unto you. For you have said it, and thus it is so. See?" pointing to his food just a step or two behind. "When you sayeth the word, then even though you have naught of coin or food, I look and I say, 'Ladocious, this man's words have great strength. Though He has naught, His words make it so.'" Turning back to look into the Master's loving gaze, "So if you tell me, 'Ladocious, give them water to drink,' and I will do so, for your word has power."

"How much power?" questions the Master.

The young lad, the ladle tipping and splashing water onto the ground, scratches his head. "I'm not sure, but I think a great deal, because you show me you have no coin, no food, you wear no signet of office, and yet, all these follow you. You must be a great man."

"Let me ask you this. Of all the things that you would of God, my son, ask this day, what would be the first?"

"Do you say to me, good sir, that your word is heard by God?"

"I say naught to you, but a question. Can you simply answer it?" and the Master laughs.

Fidgeting, one of the Disciples takes the ladle from the young boy, as he is obviously in some struggle to figure out what this man is asking of him. He looks about a little bit, then his face brightens, and his eyelids rise, almost meeting the hair hanging down over his brow. "Well, you have asked it, and so, here's my answer. I would ask that she," turning to point at his mother, "be brought back into joy. That is what I would ask."

"Does she wish to be joyful?" the Master asks, glancing at the Disciples.

"Oh yes, I am certain she does."

"May I hear her speak it?"

"You mean my mother?"

"Isn't that whom we are speaking of?" the Master answers, stifling a laugh.

"Oh, yes. Just a moment," and he races over to his mother, pointing, talking. She shakes her head. And he talks and talks, waving his arms and pointing to the food, and pointing to the entourage. His head hanging, he walks slowly back to the Master. "She can't come and ask you. She is too embarrassed."

"Of what?" the Master asks.

"Many things. She has followed paths that are ... well, she calls them dark."

“There is no path upon which the Light of God does not shine. Tell her that. And tell her that I, Jesus, have said it.”

The woman’s hands come up to cover her face, and her body rocks, wracked with the sobbing. Something, somehow, has touched her. And her children scurry as they see her struggle to rise to her feet. Stiffly, with some brightness, she makes her way to come before Jesus. Bent over, covering the majority of her face, she extends her hand out. “I know your name.”

“I thought it might be so,” Jesus answers, “For I remember, he has passed this way, has he not?”

“Yes. Long ago. His medicines were gone. And now my body has returned to its state of dis-ease and pain. But he said that one day the Light of God might come this way. And he said, embracing me as he did, ‘When you see that light, go unto it, and ask it, and He, Jesus, will give it unto thee. And where mine herbs and such have made thee well and whole for a time, He will make you well and whole for all of time.’” Struggling, almost falling over, she tries to kneel. “As the soothsayer encouraged me, so do I ask it of you, O Jesus, Light of God, say but the word, and I am whole.”

The Disciples and many others are ringing them. They are in awe, many of them, for they have not seen, as some, the healing of Justus, or the guardian, or the other works that the Master is said to have done.

Bending, and extending a hand, placing His palm to rest atop her head, Jesus whispers softly, “Thy sins are no more. Give unto them that which is their direction to leave thee, and receive this,” and His fingers tighten just a bit. “Here is the bread of life. Here is the Light of God. According to thy faith, so is it given thee. Arise, sweet sister, and be whole. Thou art Teresa, the living Light of God.”



In the mind of the faithful, ever is there the question: Is a path which leads unto darkness, in truth, too distant from those which lead unto light? Or are they, as good brethren, which, though they know it not, travel upon the same great path, believing their way to be different and divergent, and yet, it is not?

If thou would guide them and thou knoweth these things to be true – that there are not the many paths, but only the *belief* in them, of them, and thus, the movement into them as they are created through that belief, then is it – as it is asked of thee, can you give it in the strength of the Truth of God? And so knowing as thou give it, believe unto it, that they would see your belief and know it to be good and righteous? And thereafter, as Teresa unto our Lord, would ask, “Give it unto me that I, too, might be whole and well, and that I might be that cup in which there would live evermore eternal testimony unto you.” So did she ask. So was it given.

But look you. Look you with great care, love, reverence, and your own personal oneness with all that has gone before:

The many gave all that they had to prepare The Way, that the Master might enter and find it passable. And that they could offer the gifts – the treasures most sacred, most precious unto them as individual Children of God – knowing that as they offered these, He would see it, and know it to be the goodness that was and is resident within Him, as well. And together, they gave it name, and they spoke that name, and it became a part of the gift of The Promise.

And thus, He comes!

We are through here for the present. And we ask that the grace and blessings of our Father's wisdom be as a lamp to guide your footsteps.

We shall, herein, conclude certain works of the nature of those who are *The Expectant Ones*.

We encourage that there be that forethought before we resume and proceed to other such testimony unto The Christ, the Word of God. So as ye are seeking same, are we humbly prepared and joyful to answer.

Fare thee well then for the present, dear friends.



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

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