



Words of Wisdom

VOLUME I

From the Spirit





The Bells of Christmas

With the chime of the time
And rhyme just in time.

Hear the bells, here to tell
That you're my shoe & tell.

The wind song on my tongue
Is the prong of my bond?

The snow and the mistletoe
Gives me to know that its you (Joe).

Just to know you love me so
Gives me to go until the next snow.

An all year round, merry-go-round
Gives me to stay in this little town.

It gets to me how you comfort me
You set me free while your staying with me.

Yet without you how can it be true?
It's why you'll always be my dream come true.

You're my mistletoe, Oh my Father, Joe
If you want to know I'll never let you go.

I want you to stay for how can I say
That I've let you go on a Christmas day.

Therefore, not like before, I shall cheer with you
Every, each day for it's Christmas Day.

Your Master





The Sun

“Let there be light!” was the word, and the word became light my children, for the light of the heart is far brighter than the light of day that removes not darkness.

It is how much power I give you in the ‘I’ that lives in you. The pride of one is the shadow upon the other. I tell you, the shadow you place upon one another even the sun cannot remove for the true light of day is I the love that dwells within the confine of darkness within each of you.

I give you all the power to generate an equality of perma light that would glow the world over. You must recognize Me your Father awaiting to be loved in the one in suffering for it is I in pain lingering to the thought of being not loved by you.

It is not easy to watch the one you love slip away, while rejoicing at his or her becoming hurtful by abandoning you for loving someone.

It is not the abandonment but the carelessness in abandoning.

Be the light of one another. Forever and you shall live forever.

Your Master





The Sabbath

When creation took place, I commanded many things to take place.

According to man, creation took place in seven days. Why 7 days? Man claims that I were tired on the sixth day, that I commanded the seventh day to be honoured as a day of rest for man and to honour the Father that I am.

If it were so, how disobedient has man come to be? Man was told by the one before Jesus that it was okay to do good deeds on the Sabbath day. Are your deeds not all good? Are they all to the benefit of your fellowman or fellow woman? Without any gain for yourself...

Thieves, you cheat one another by selling all that I give you so abundantly to share equally and at no cost. Yet thieves you are running short of water and already you plan to increase the cost of the remaining to benefit yourselves.

The time is running out, your abundance is getting shorter; your pride will find you. You will no longer with all of your false gods (money) be able to survive away from the giver of life that I am your God. You sit in your towers of shame planning your next preying upon your fellowman; time only you measure, for I have forever been as now. Do I seek to be glorified at the slightest of my giving you; beginning by the very breath of life I give you?

I have given you all 10 commandments to live by as a way of life, you ignore every one of them, by the mouth of the one before you all (Jesus) I left you all with one Commandment that were to cover all of the other 10; Love on another as I love you all.

The great flood, as well as Sodom and Gomorrah and all the disasters of the past were man made by there defying the power of the Master that I am over this Kingdom that was prepared from the foundations of the world.

In Corinthians 15:51-58

This is the Victory

Listen tot his secret truth: we shall not all die, but when the last trumpet sounds we shall all be changed in an instant, as quickly as the blink of an eye. For when the trumpet sound, the dead will be raised, never to die again. For what is mortal must be changed into what is immortal; what will die must be changed into what cannot die. So when this takes place and the mortal has been changed into immortal, then the scriptures will come true "Death is destroyed; victory is complete"





*Where death is your victory?
Where death is your power to hurt?*

Death gets its power to hurt from sin and sin gets its power from the law. But thanks be to God who gives us the victory through our Lord's example Jesus Christ.

So then my dear brothers, stand firm and steady. Keep busy always in your work for God, since you know that nothing you do in God's service is ever useless.

1 Corinthians 15:51-58

Your Master Forever





The Storm

Without color, substance both invisible, yet so destructive the storm that has no substance can devastate structures of masses without anyone being able to stop it.

Living without the spirit of Me within your life becomes of no substance, of no value, yet so powerfully devastating while you know not what you do.

Yet by “Me, your Master”, storms have no power of destruction upon you, while all falls apart around you. Storms are always in a state of darkness, yet in broad day-light. Do you not close your eyes while finding your way?

The devastating powers of storms have a quiet spot at the very center. The eye of a tornado is always of a quiet spot. It is caused by high pressure, fighting low pressure. How can violence even fight with calm? Serenity is the virtue of the wise. The parallel of patience is eternity.

The worse of all storms is always of no substance, but of words. They can crumble the institution of the souls within the temple of a heart. It takes sometimes as little as a word. Yet one look or smile of love within will reinstate a fortress instantly. It is best to smile with love than utter a million words pertaining to love, but that are not love.

One calmed the sea by the power of God (love) within his heart. What is easier, to calm an ocean or to smile? Yet it is easier to calm the sea than to smile, if you have not love. Yet you can, by a smile of love, create a storm capable to sweep the world over without devastating a thing, without breaking a thing, taking over every heart while setting them all free, accepted by all and growing stronger and forever sought by all, rejected by none and most of all given by all.

The power of all things good or bad is strength, one of love, the other of hatred. The one has tremendous effect, yet invisible, noticeable by feeling only. The other devastates before your eyes, noticeable before your eyes and with no feeling for the soul causing a break of the heart. But a smile of love over takes all forever leaving no scars.

If you must say I love you, you might as well do...

Lovingly your Master





A Rosebud in Bloom

A rosebud you are my girl “Green, blind, free, catered to by a Wild Rose.” Seeking a wind that should set you free from the link of love of the Wild Rose.

The wind that you dream of you cannot see for it is not. The feeling in your heart you know not, but it is your freedom, gift of love of your maker.

The bud is attached to the stem of bond of the wild flower, for to be free of darkness is to come in bloom. Only by maturity of the wild flower you will come to the light of day.

Let the rain (tears), sunshine (smiles), the air (love), of the world (Wild Rose Mom) cause you to bloom, to stretch out to reach for the love she has within.

The clouds above, as those you create, in a world that is not, are but of darkness, for you are not free. Look within; find your traces in the stem of you that will link you to the rose in full bloom your Master. She is in bloom for the bud that you are.

In flowers there are male and female, but the buds are always linked to the female. Many wild roses, like you to be male and female, will find you. The male are the seed but the female, the mother Earth that causes seeds to grow just like one day you will cause a male bud to bloom like the one seed in you.

Mother Earth that you are. Adam was made of Mother Earth not of dirt. When he respected her not, he treated his own semen (EVE) as dirt.

Mother Earth is of wild ‘rose’ like you. For my spirit is in all of my creation. It is I that lives in you, in spirit.

The seed that you are is I your Master

Forever with you

Your Master





Things in Common

The most accurate picture of a functioning society is that we have everything in common but choose to the commonly things that links us all to creation.

We are all of flesh of one planet, of some variety of food, fish, meats, but shattered by those who have decided distribution and controls by themselves.

Until we reestablish accessibility of reach to all without placing quotas of production not to limit consumption by causing hunger but to create a desire to liberalized participation we can and we will achieve worldwide production and food for all.

Only than mother earth will breathe better by diminishing pollutants in landfill with substances and matters that matter not. All will then result in a broader participation by all, yet at a much lesser work time to mend and provide real reason to live for all by reducing social problems in nationalizing all housing, limiting dwelling to one natural resource and communication for they are absolute necessities and links between all.

All will come to full function by the source of life that I am, in all in a unified world for unity of the world is in that of my loving you all my children.

Forever loving you all
I am and will always be your
Master





Santa Claus

A good liar, or should we say liar, will believe his own lies. Do you know who that liar is? Of course not. You. The fool prepares himself that deep inside he or she knows or thinks is not true.

Santa Claus? If there is no such thing, why do you prepare for him?

If it did not happen you would be upset. Yet you go out, spend all kinds of monies to buy gifts for people, while wondering what you may get while many have none.

You sing that what you believe not in knows when you're sleeping, when you're awake even if you've been good or bad and yet to the bad you still give. Then everyone goes to confession including the liar, to be clean for little Jesus. Now children, you must not have even a lie in you or you cannot receive communion.

In school a little girl could not sleep one night because she was told in class of a Christian school that if she told a lie that Troll Billy goat would come out from under the bridge and eat her. Confronting the principal of that school about it, now listen to the answer; the little girl should know it is not true this 'Troll'.

Back to Christmas, after that one-day we go back to the truth of wrong? We pay no attention to the children; we abuse one another if only by not smiling, He (the Master) gave me a vision a few days ago of me hunting ducks and geese, which I never did. I did worse He says now; like everyone of us we wound each other with words, no respect and no sharing for we know not love.

The ones in prison for murder are less cruel than all of you He says; you prey upon one another as angry hunters, yet not killing but leaving each other lingering wounded a life long.

We are worse then Hitler, Saddam Hussein or any barbarian of the past. Those who cannot see reality need to live for they have not yet lived, yet to be born again is merely to see what you already have.

You seek presents while not knowing what you already have. Christmas is every day of your life, open up your presents, look at your abundance, you will realize that above all that you have is a greater present.

The miracle of sight...Sight is he that gives it to that someone. Now the blind could see...





Share the abundance with the world not for a fee, for free. Christmas shall be every second of your life in the joy of receiving, he in the smile of the recipient.

If there truly is no Santa Claus you will carry on as you are prideful, selfish, greedy, lonely and yet once a year you will receive what you believe to be a lie. Which is absolute truth? How do I know? Santa told me and I believe...

Your Master Santa Claus (You) image of I...





A WILD ROSE

Born free they sing, yet they tie each other as if in possession of one another. That is to be possessed. The wild rose is the one who appears independent, but tied to its maker, for life is He. Yet the cultivated by man (Flowers) are for the purpose of dying in a vase as the life of the recipient, yet when love is at its peak the wild fields becomes the vases of those who are free and wildly in love. It is then that their beauty is at its peak. A wild rose (flower) attracts its alike that are free, catered to by their makers and yet they seek chains and burden for prestige and pride removes freedom and everlasting beauty.

Why must a body take so much abuse and scars? If you could only see the heart. It looks not as a rose, yet love is shaped like a heart while it should be like a rose. You give a rose for love, yet it is full of thorns. If you can accept a rose as love knowing it is full of thorns, why can't you accept one another with your pain? Return together to the wild field for to be wild is to be free. Not to be prey, over-taken as the flower that is picked to die shortly after. Leave the rose free, touch it not it will forever be beautiful before your eyes for it is I that gives it life, scent and beauty. I love you wild rose, pearl of my kingdom that is your heart.

Your Master

