



*Passage
of
Little Ones*

*Rebecca O'Connor
Zahar Publishing*

*Passage
of
Little Ones*

Copyright © 2014 by Zahar Publishing,
Rebecca O'Connor, DuQuoin, Illinois

No part of this publication may be reproduced,
stored in retrieval system, or transmitted in any
form or by any means—electronic, mechanical,
photocopy, recording or any other—except for
brief quotations in printed reviews, without the
prior written permission of the publisher.

Scripture quotations are from the Holy Bible
King James Version with Greek or Hebrew
translations from Strong's Exhaustive Concordance.
Harper's Bible Dictionary 1959 Publication
Vine's Expository Dictionary of Biblical Words
The New Unger's Bible Dictionary

*Passage
of
Little Ones*

Rebecca O'Connor

TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Times.....	1
The Message.....	4
Escape.....	7
Drainpipe.....	12
Safe House.....	15
Revelation of Bridges.....	19
Rally at the Rock.....	23
Exercise Field.....	26
Building Bridges.....	30
Afterglow.....	34
Bridges of Alter.....	35
Cords and Discords.....	37
Shepherds of Grace and Disgrace.....	39
Time Marches as with Little Ones.....	41
Fall in/Fall out.....	45
Back to the Drainpipes.....	51
Queen of Heaven.....	54
Season of Archers.....	56
Babylon has Fallen.....	59
Days of Natural and Supernatural.....	64
Passage of Little Ones.....	66
Chapter Won.....	69

Amos 9:6

It is He that buildeth His stories in the heaven, and hath founded His troop in the earth; He that calleth for the waters of the sea, and poureth them out upon the face of the earth: The LORD is his name.

KJV

PASSAGE OF LITTLE ONES

1 Cor 1:26-31

26 For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: 27 But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; 28 And base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: 29 That no flesh should glory in his presence. 30 But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption: 31 That, according as it is written, He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.

KJV

GREAT KINGDOM:

Book of Destiny: Bible

Message: Revelation of the Word of God

King, Kingdom, JAH Ps 68:4: God

Promise: Son of God and the Message itself

Hagios: Name of God's Spirit in the Hebrew tongue

Archō: Chief Arch angel, Michael

Chosen Ones: Messengers of JAH

Safe Houses: underground network of prayer and refuge places

Outskirts: places of seclusion

Bridges and Bridge Repairs: Intercession and meetings of intercession

The ROCK: Platform for news from JAH

Zion: kingdom of power and prophecy

EVIL KINGDOM:

All-Seeing-Eye: Powers that be

'Eybâh (Hebrew for enmity): pronounced *ay-baw'*: Satan

Enmity: kingdom of Satan

FM Camps: Federation Management housing units

Detention Centers: Death Camps

Symbol: mark of Eybal...all Seeing Eye

Platforms: Federation's news outlet

RUNAWAYS:

Flower: Young girl of 12...shy but thoughtful

Buzz: 14 year old boy...daring

Webs 13 year old boy...book read and smart

Caulie: 10 year old competitive tomboy

Sissy: 4 years old and Flower's frail little sister

Outcasts: orphans and seekers

CHOSEN ONES OF JAH HAVING THE KEYS OF DAVIYD:

Listener: Perceiver who deciphered the mysteries and a Secreted One of JAH

Reeb: Publisher of the Message, teacher of mysteries, Bridges

Beavress: Visionary of the Message, Safe House and Bridge repair

Shine: Tongues of Revelation and Given Word, Bridge repair

Triunes: Three-fold cords, Huggar strengthened the Bridges with her daughters Like and Likeness helping people cross

Illustrator: had the illustration of the Message upon him and in him, stories he told, Bridge repair

Stringer: Musician to JAH and publisher of the underground presses

Guardian: Witness and Protector of Listener and covert operations

Chosen Ones: Those filled with power by the Holy Spirit of God

Witnesses: Commissioned intercessors

Cords: Those who bind us together in love

Archers: Chosen and unidentified

PRINCIPALITIES IN THE FEDERATION MANAGEMENT:

Politicals: Eybah's comrades

Moles: worldly ones of no mind, no vision

Zealots: Eybah's police

Principals and Powers: spirits of the underworld

Discords: Those who separate and divide

(THE STORY BEGINS:)

Amos 9:6

It is he that buildeth his stories in the heaven, and hath founded his troop in the earth; he that calleth for the waters of the sea, and poureth them out upon the face of the earth: The LORD is his name.

KJV

*To my loving parents
and all the Little Ones*

THE TIMES

Luke 21:9-15

9 But when ye shall hear of wars and commotions, be not terrified: for these things must first come to pass; but the end is not by and by. 10 Then said he unto them, Nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: 11 And great earthquakes shall be in divers places, and famines, and pestilences; and fearful sights and great signs shall there be from heaven. 12 But before all these, they shall lay their hands on you, and persecute you, delivering you up to the synagogues, and into prisons, being brought before kings and rulers for my name's sake.

It was a time like no other when all was perplexity and great destruction to the earth through numerous disasters both natural and man-made. Like the falling of dominos, one disaster hit another until at least 1/3 of all things had fallen (Lu 21:25-26; Rev 8:7-12). Chaos was everywhere except to a few who had an ear to hear JAH's warnings and had the Keys of Daviyd which turned the locks revealing wisdom for the times and seasons in which to prepare (Lu 21:20-21; Eph 6:12-13; Rev 3:7). The sun had been darkened because of the ashes raining continually, and at night the moon had turned blood red as if punctured and bleeding out, but the emissions in the atmosphere were responsible or that was what was being told.

Then there were those evil who capitalized on the perplexity at hand in order to take the kingdoms by force coning them into one (Rev 13:4-5). This was a plan of old finally making its way to the forefront. Leaders of republics had toppled being overwhelmed by the larger aggression that surfaced. One by one the lights began to go out all across the land. Technologies had been in place with its data chips of the All Seeing Eye calculating the moves of each unsuspecting society. Even the schools had a core common of data separating child from parent. Parents, too busy to know what hands their children were given into, tried to keep the pieces of their own fractured lives from failing. Every communicating piece of equipment revealed the secret lives of all. No one seemed clothed in safety but exposed down to the finest detail.

Of course, there were those who were just as perplexed as the times and only led by ignorance and confusion into the camps to be ruled over, for they had lacked knowledge to prepare beforehand or ignored the warnings (Lu 21:23-24). Children were the innocent victims in all of this being secured away in Federation Management Agency Homes known as FM Camps.

There was a Secret Resistance that held those Seekers of Truth dedicated to taking back the Kingdom of JAH (Ps 68:4; Matt 11:12). They had prepared before the Destruction for just such a time. Knowing, however, and experiencing it was something beyond all capable imagination. The opposition to the Resistance was the newly evolving government run by a revolutionary,

which most believed would help restore the earth named Eybah. He had formed a One World Federation birthing what was now called Enmity. It was his government that began dictating over all people of all tongues. It had taken a while for him to orchestrate through the pandemonium when nothing was as it had been.

Martial Law was the first order of business. Trains loaded with people were sent to FM Camps until order could be restored. This was said to be for their safety from the chaos and rampant crime in the streets. Those who had skills that would be useful did not necessarily live in the camps except for those in the big cities of commerce. In the smaller villages a handful of people who lived in the Outskirts had not entirely been driven into the camps as there was still much chaos in the world. Small towns seemed unimportant at the moment, rather like the stable in Bethlehem, not closely viewed. Those in the Outskirts would only leave their homes for a few daylight hours, however, many barricaded inside for fear until most of the dangerous emissions, which had taken so many lives at first, had subsided. This had been a perilous time of violence and looting. People who had lived normally became as animals through fear. The small towns were left to themselves mostly, but Eybah sent emissaries who were generally just Moles who did his bidding and had no minds or vision of their own to direct them otherwise, thus their name. There was also a Principality, which hovered unseen to plague dissenters of this new world kingdom, assigned to each region by Abaddon, who was as yet not revealed but very much present in the shadows of obscurity. Eybah was his physical representation for now.

An edict written in law stated that all those 16 years of age up entering the adult work camps had to take a symbol, which Eybah had scientific minds create as part of the new system. They were amazing in their technology that had also been in planning as if soliciting the chaos to put this into action. The symbol started out a simple medical device resembling a patch placed on the skin like a tattoo. It was campaigned to aid the DNA to strengthen a person from generational defects and diseases, but many who did not trust the government chose not to submit to the patch, while others thought it a miracle cure and stood in massive lines to receive it. It was necessary if you wanted to purchase anything outside of what was issued you in the camps. Most records and data had been compromised along with the power failures and many satellites demolished through wars. Later Eybah said as things settled and domicile buildings were in place, they would start moving people back into their family assigned units. Many wondered if this period of separation might extend beyond recognition of loved ones scattered. In that day of the One World government in place, it would become mandatory for all to display the symbol. (Rev 13:17)

JAH had positioned some of His Resistance called Chosen Ones or messengers to work inside the camps as well as appointing workers in the outskirts for Safe Houses. Bridges were the only way leading to Destiny and the Paradise all hoped, for each Bridge crossed strengthen and equipped New Recruits to becoming Chosen Ones brave and true. No one's call was alike, yet

all worked in unison to take the kingdom by force and return it to JAH. JAH would in turn, toward the final days, send His Promise to gather up all His troops and feed them forever and ever without end. This would be the end to all that blemished and a beginning to all new (Rev 21:1-5).

THE MESSAGE

Rev 10:9-11

9 And I went unto the angel, and said unto him, Give me the little book. And he said unto me, Take it, and eat it up; and it shall make thy belly bitter, but it shall be in thy mouth sweet as honey. 10 And I took the little book out of the angel's hand, and ate it up; and it was in my mouth sweet as honey: and as soon as I had eaten it, my belly was bitter. 11 And he said unto me, Thou must prophesy again before many peoples, and nations, and tongues, and kings.

KJV

All people both the children of JAH and those of Eybah sought after the revelations of the "Message" from within the Book of Destiny. The Message held the doors behind which all secrets and mysteries to the Kingdom were hidden. Whoever unlocked the doors received the power contained within. The Book of Destiny had been open to all and any; however, the secrets and mysteries were locked up tightly therein, and though all could read it none could understand except by Hagios, which was the teaching, revealing Spirit of JAH giving the keys of the Kingdom to those whose hearts sought HIM.

Seekers of Truth needed the power Hagios would open to live through the emissions, ashes, as well as being hidden to the vanishing point from Eybah. No one wanted the attention of Eybah, which meant you could be useful for a time only, as nothing and no one was permanent with him. He had no covenant with any living creature. The power of the Message could blind a Principality and bind its efforts against the Resistance. Yes, the Message and power were sought by both evil and good.

Eybah had employed Great Minds and Scholars to read from the Book of Destiny, which he possessed and reveal its hidden passages. He said it was to help heal the new Federation for the sake of the people. But his ultimate intent was for his own kingdom to flourish and to empower himself only. The Great Minds and Scholars could not agree to its meanings. So he sought out those called the Chosen Ones to reveal the hidden secrets, but they received dreams and visions by Hagios to be silent (Mk 13:11). Some were imprisoned and others found refuge having trained in the authority of JAH making them worthy opponents to challenge Eybah. The Chosen had learned how to hold back the sight of evil ones and make escape possible. They could bring Principalities to their knees casting them to the dry places where they would cease to operate effectively (Mat 16:19). (Here I tell a mystery of the Chosen. These were messengers whether invisible or visible (Col 1:16). The invisible were of the celestial realm of JAH and the visible were earthy Chosen Ones or more simply the Chosen.)

Eybah was a hater of all things but most of all the Chosen because their minds could not be controlled. These Chosen possessed power and abilities given them when JAH sent His physical

presence in Promise to teach, heal, deliver and make them a strong force with which no evil force could contend. Upon Promise's departure He had given to each troop a seal, which countered the symbol, for the mark of pedigree bestowing every gift of power and authority, but best of all He sent in His place Hagios who was to lead a people and regain the Kingdom of JAH. There was another sent from JAH who fought with the Chosen and he was Archō chief of the upper world (Dan 12:1). Archō had his dominion troops to fight the invisible dominion forces of Abaddon (Rev 12:7) not yet revealed.

For these reasons, Eybah confiscated all Books of Destiny containing the Message. This effort was futile for Chosen had eaten the Message from the Book of Destiny and it nourished their minds to hold Truths, to which, at the right time, Hagios would give understanding (Rev 10:9-11). None could tear it from them. They shared its Words in speaking to one another. Other times, during bridge repair, they would gather and allow Hagios to flow in covert languages illuminating Truth and Revelation. No matter how hard Eybah tried, he could not understand or accomplish this himself, because its secret was to become as a child again. Only a child could receive Truth in its purest form and follow it in abandoned trust. Eybah worked through intellect, which he made in curriculum for FM Schools. Intellect was not purest Truth but inferior thought, an unsure medium with which to plant oneself, yet nothing good could grow from that garden. His Politicals tried to sell it, but the Chosen preached its error to any having ears to hear. Thus, a division formed and with it all the earth's ground shook and rolled in violent waves as if a sea wave, yet it was land. Little kingdoms fell under the waves and were swallowed up as governments toppled. Plagues were loosed and retaliation made destruction over the entire earth. Yet, this had all been written in the Book of Destiny. Each and everyone's destiny had been told in this Book and though all wanted to know their destiny, few looked to find it until the Great Book was taken away.

This is a tale of the Little Ones in perilous times, but here is the secret. Most think Little Ones are of a young age, but I will tell you that age has nothing to do with becoming a Little One, for the Message in the Book of Destiny reveals this. I will tell it this way: There was one and maybe more, but one I know, who entered in a vision at the throne of JAH. Once in His Kingdom she stood in her body the age of 28 or 29 years old. As she stood quietly, her body, from the top of her head to the bottom of her feet, began to unzip and fall to either side of her as if a coat. Out of this came a Little One of about 8 years old again. (Mk 10: 15) The rest she has written in other books or told to a few close ones. There is a Little One in each of us waiting to step forward into the Light of discovery and revelation. (Mt 18:3; Lu 18:15-17)

Some of the Little Ones in this tale are young of age and others older to old, but all are Little Ones for their trust and love of JAH. I pray you are able to understand the tale, for within it is Truth and not all fiction. You might know someone in this story or you could be reading and

find that it is you. This will be more than a story, if you allow it to be an excursion to experience, and if instead of simply reading about it, you will walk through its pages.

ESCAPE

1 Cor 10:13

There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.

KJV

Lights went out in the cold, old, makeshift of a dormitory as Flower, Buzz and Webs lay in their perspective rooms...boys on the right wing and girls on the left. The building had once been an old factory of sorts. Many buildings had been refurbished into habitable camps before the Great Destruction as if it had been expected. Barbed-wire topped fenced in walls for keeping those inside safe, however, the barbs seemed to face inward rather than outward as should have been the case. Explanations given and the actual events seen did not agree.

It had been months of planning before this night finally came, and each of these three friends trembled with anticipation of everything working as planned. Buzz was at the brink of turning 16 with a freckled face and fiery red hair. His friends would have nicknamed him Red, but he hated freckles, and even worse to him was his red hair. Being well liked by many, he was simply called Buzz. It suited him. Laying there in the dark, Buzz only trembled with daring excitement at the thought of escape. To him this was the adventure for which he had waited. He remembered, before being sent to the Federation Management (FM) Camp, when at a cottage meeting, hearing the young man they called Illustrator tell tales of a Kingdom and a King...JAH. Illustrator was colorful having illustrations over much of his body that seemed to come alive with his animated tales. Some of his tales were spoken and some of them sung, but no matter which, there was always a deeper message if you paid attention, and Buzz always did. He was hungry to hear more, as if a favorite meal. Everyone waited eagerly with smiles and attentive ears to hear what Illustrator might say next. It was hard to wait until the next meeting in which he would be its guest. Recalling the stories wet his appetite to seek for more than this place of destitution.

Reebs was one of the Chosen like Illustrator from what Caulie, a vivacious girl of 12 who lived in the Outskirts with Reebs, had said. Buzz had no way of knowing for sure since Illustrator had probably been assigned to another camp during the occupation or he had assumed so. It had taken Buzz a while just to talk Flower, a lovely 15 year old, who was as kind as she was pretty, and Webs, his best friend, into this daring escape from Enmity's cold and dark FM Camp.

Families had all been separated through the Great Destruction by the Politicals. Eybah, the leader of the newly evolving government, had made it clear that it was best for children to be

housed separately and schooled together, while all adults went to other camps to work in the rebuilding after the Destruction.

Flower was not thinking of herself alone when she hesitated in agreeing to Buzz's plans of escape, but thought only of Sissy who was just 4 years old and so slight and frail. She could never leave her sister behind, yet staying back with her was not a better choice. Her mother's parting words were for Sissy's safety. Leaving was then her only recourse. The Moles, those dull of sight and mind, running the FM Camp would neither give a hug when Sissy cried nor comfort from the nightmares she had so often. Flower knew that Sissy's young mind could be programmed and "corrected", as the Politicals had promised, therefore, the time for escape to a Safe House was vital. Besides, her mother had told her of the Bridges to safety, and she needed to get help from the Triunes to cross, but she would cross that bridge when she came to it! She had heard that the Triunes were three Chosen of JAH. Hugger was the elder and her two daughters Like and Likeness because they were born moments apart.

It was Webster, nicknamed Webs a bushy brown headed boy of 13, who calculated the map of escape. Being an avid reader, he had known of the Safe Houses having read some of Reeb's publishings before the Great Disaster and hearing Buzz tell of stories he had heard from Illustrator. He had thought the writings and stories as folly until the Truth of them unfolded. Reeb's tutored at the camp but she could say little else, even though most knew there was something different about her manner than the Moles, because her eyes were bright as if she knew something more. Webs also knew of the Bridges from his mother who had been to one of the Bridge repairs yet had not gone often and stopped altogether as discouragement finally won her over. Webs had not seen her since the separation. Many scattered thoughts raced through his mind as he lay there waiting...They would wait until lights out and Enmity's clock would strike twelve bongs of midnight when all the Moles would probably be down for the night as was their usual. He and Buzz were to meet Flower, Sissy and Caulie at the drainage pipe on the grounds outside. Caulie's job was to get them first to a Safe House by the gray of morning. The rain of ashes kept the skies gray to black only.

Caulie had been separated from her parents like all the rest of the children, but avoided the camps by staying hidden. Something about her spirit drove her to do the unconventional. She had become thin as a bone when Reeb's discovered her frail, trembling body on her front stoop. Reeb's, who said that every orphan and seeker belonged to someone, had adopted her as family. Reeb's opened her home in the Outskirts secretly as a Safe House to runaways, orphans and seekers. She and partner Stringer ran the underground presses as well as meetings of

Bridge Repair. The Politicals allowed them to keep their home because Reebbs had proven to have the needed skills in tutoring special classes for the FM Camps and occasionally cooking in their kitchens, with the help of the Triunes, yet unaware of their covert operations. Stringer was used by the Politicals because he had an eye for designing publications and they used him for their many posted announcements at the center of each region.

It was required by the new law that Reebbs take Caulie to the FM School even though she was allowed to live with Reebbs instead of the dorms. Caulie, Reebbs and Stringer were still considered outcasts in Enmity just the same, even though they enjoyed the privilege of living in the Outskirts. They were given cards, since she and Stringer refused to take the symbol of Eybah, with which to trade for meager supplies barely enough for one. It was figured that they would have a meal when at the camps. Their home was not much to look at, but it was a store house of supplies Reebbs and Stringer had saved knowing that the Destruction was coming, for JAH had whispered first to Stringer and then to Reebbs to store it. She also taught secretly from the Book of Destiny, which held the Message inside and smaller copies hidden away which contained all Truth that the Politicals feared people reading.

The government had thought to confiscate them knowing it was quite impossible, yet threatened imprisonment to any found in his or her possession, for it created dissent in the ranks. Yet, Reebbs passing them out was rare, since most of the contents and revelations were given by word of mouth at the Bridges during repairs.

Stringer had a gift for music, which aided each crosser of the Bridge. All Chosen of that region would try to gather for repair with a sprinkling of seekers who had found their ways to these locations hungry for the Message and eager to cross the Bridges. There was usually only one Bridge that was crossed at a time, but all needed be crossed for the strength to fulfill their destiny...the purpose of all seekers and Chosen Ones.

Reebbs often told Caulie of Paradise the beautiful Kingdom of JAH the Greatest King of all Kings. JAH was nothing like Enmity's leader...Eybah. Caulie had told Flower, her very best friend as they were sisters of the soul, all the stories of Paradise that she had heard. They would imagine that they were there in the rare times they engaged together. The sun was always shining in that far away Kingdom, and everything in existence sang for joy. This was beyond imagination for anyone living in Enmity, which was darkness, continually raining ashes from the Destruction and smells of rot from the death of emissions that came in unrelenting, invisible waves. One could barely tell day from night in Enmity from all the clouds of despair hovering.

Buzz lay there impatiently wondering if that infernal clock was ever going to strike the hour of escape. He heard Webs sigh in the bunk under him as if thinking the same thought. Buzz began to go over the plan in his mind to pass the slowness of time. He was the look-out. Once it was

clear, he and Webs would slip out staying close to the building edging along the wall then drop to their bellies becoming mud drenched and camouflaged as they slithered slowly to the drainage pipe. There they would wait for Flower and Sissy. "Oh please, Sissy, don't cry!" Buzz silently prayed, when...BONG!

BONG! "This is it!" Flower thought as she slipped quietly but quickly out of bed. BONG! The floor was like ice, which she would have ordinarily noticed but tonight her mind was too engrossed on gently cradling Sissy in her arms and smuggling her out without much commotion. BONG! Fortunately, the Moles never paid attention to Sissy's cries at night. BONG! It was always Flower who would hold her tightly and whisper in her ear. She gathered Sissy in her arms as gently as possible. "Me goin tinkle?" yawned Sissy. "Just close your eyes, Lil Bits," answered Flower in a motherly whisper. BONG!

Caulie grabbed her bag of supplies and peeked out of a small peep hole not boarded up as the others to keep out the deadly emissions. One of Eybah's Zealots could be watching in the shadows, but all was quiet, and Reeb's and Stringer were snoring in unison their usual melody at this time of night. Web's had not had to map out her escape to meet them as she had rehearsed this many times past. She knew exactly all the places to avoid where neighboring dogs, that had lived through the emissions, might give her away. She was light of foot and agile in movement as she sprinted from what was left of one tree...then wait...sprint, flip, whip, twist and tumble to the next...wait...sprint, flip, whip, twist and tumble behind the remnant of a building...wait. Reeb's must not know for now, even though it was her desire for all the children to have sanctuary in a Safe House. Still, it was much too dangerous to escape and risk being found out. Caulie thought no Detention Center could be worse than the FM Camps, but Reeb's knew better. The children at the detention center were never heard from again, which was enough for Reeb's to know.

BONG! That was the 12th and last bong. Buzz and Webs had made it to the yard pressing their backs tightly against the cold damp wall. Moles guarded the camp grounds as well as running the inside. Their eyes were dull because they were vision impaired relying upon movement in shadows. The boys slid slowly to the ground and slithered in the cold mud silently. High adrenaline levels lit the fires keeping them from noticing the chill that had reached their bones. LIGHT! Even through the mud coating their faces they saw the light had come upon them from the right tower. They lay very still not even so much as a breath escaped between them. When the light passed they slinked on. With the agility of a snake, they swiftly slipped along with halfway yet to the finish-line.

There was a shadow moving in the left wing hall, sensed Mole #4: “Stop! Who dar?”

“It is I, FFFlower. Sissy woke...ah woke...woke from a a a dream and...and...and needs the privy. May we...ah...May...ah...we pass?” Flower tended to stutter or repeat words when she was either nervous, excited or just trying to find the right words to describe something.

“Is ok; be quick!”

What to do; what to do? Panicked, Flower needed wisdom, but overwhelming fear blocked its way putting her in a time suspension, which along with her stutter of words had seemed a flaw. Fortunately, Sissy had slept through the Mole and was still not stirring in the privy. As Flower tried to reason a solution, she noticed time ticking by and no Mole checking to see that she was back in bed. Maybe he had dozed off again. She would wait a little longer just for good measure.

DRAINAGE PIPE

Caulie was the first to reach the drainage pipe. Funny, how she had been so absorbed in arriving at the pipe not to notice how stone cold it was in these wee hours. It could have been her resilient tumbling that warmed her, and now being still the chill was realized in her bones. Her nose was thawed enough to the smells of waste saturating the floor of the pipe. She prayed she would not have to wait too long before the others would all be gathered with her. Steam came from her nostrils in picture clouds that spelled her triumph of good timing not only in reaching the destination but being first. She could not help turning everything she did into a competition to win. She won when it came to hiding and fooling the Moles, in which she found countless hours of sport and made Flower laugh as she acted out all the parts in recap.

Caulie was the fastest girl around and bragged that she could beat all the boys for speed. Many times she would be running one minute then flip airborne and twist ending with a perfect land. She was as smart as her tongue, which could speak her right into trouble and a warning look from Reeb. She wished that she had not used it against her mother, but she would not think of that now or the sorrow of it might wet her face and it was cold enough than to allow tears to freeze her further. She must remember what Reeb told her about JAH reuniting her with all those she loved and missed...this had been the hope that kept her faithful to JAH...Her thoughts stopped dead as her ears picked up a rustling at the entrance...

“Well, looky whose here first!” rang the voice of Buzz as he entered the pipe.

“Hey, it’s ME...was there any doubt?” retorted Caulie in her usual sarcasm. Inwardly she was relieved not to be alone any longer.

“Have you seen Flower or Sissy...aaaand what is that smell?” Webs joined in.

“Which answer do you want first? **Aaaand** no, you are the **second** and **third** to get here,” she made sure to remind them of her first place win to the pipe. “In answer to the smell, it’s piped from the **right wing** of the camp’s privy, and I hold you both partially responsible!” Buzz’s face reddened and Webs pretended not to understand the reference.

It was cramped in the pipe but sitting did not seem an option. Hopefully Flower would be appearing at any moment with Sissy close at hand. They all had the same thought as Web’s wondered aloud,

“You don’t suppose Sissy’s cries woke the Moles?”

“Don’t even go there!” cautioned Caulie. “I won’t leave without them.”

She had Buzz's attention with that, "But we can't stay here indefinitely. At some point we may have to...leave."

Caulie's right eyebrow flexed up; a signal that she was ready for an argument, which she intended to win...of course. "We are going to wait as long as it takes, and if we don't see any sign of them I'm going out to look." Her tone was unmistakably definite as she turned her attention to Webs, "**aaand** I'd better find you still here when I get back!"

No one liked the "wrath of Caulie"; though they were older she seemed to dominate. Reebbs had put it in a better light by telling her it was a gift of leadership then warned her not to abuse it. "Come on Flower, don't make me live up to my words," Caulie prayed to herself half hoping Flower would pick up her thoughts and move faster. Flower did all things slowly, which was viewed a handicap, though her delightful demeanor made up for any other infraction. She had a kindness in contrast to the sharper edge of Caulie, which is why they bonded well in harmony. They were truly sisters of the soul. JAH must have planted the seed of each in the same garden to grow together.

"Here," Caulie reached into her bag and pulled out a small piece of muffin Reebbs had made the day before. Reebbs was known for her mouthwatering muffins.

Webs just stared in disbelief, "I can't eat that in here with that smell. All I'll taste is poo!"

"Suit yerself," and she bit off a hunk as if a cowgirl on the open range just tearing off some buffalo jerky. She noticed, however, it did taste like poo, but she would never give Webs the satisfaction of being right...nope, not in **this** life.

The wait seemed to be set to Flower's slow timing and each minute seemed an hour. Buzz broke the silence, "Okay, I'm going out for a minute to see if I can spot movement." He needed to stretch his legs more than anything as he felt them begin to cramp. He strained his eyes, but saw nothing moving.

Moments passed and Buzz had not returned with news of sighting Flower and Sissy. Inside the pipe all eyes were riveted on the entrance, when Caulie felt a tug from behind and jumped with a start, "FLOWER, you made it! How did you get in the pipe from the other end?"

Flower smiled, "From...ah... the...ah, from the other end, of course."

Buzz's cramping legs had relaxed, but with no sign of Flower he returned to the pipe, "Whoa, how'd you get here without my seeing you?"

"FROM THE OTHER END, OF COURSE!" chimed all three. Sissy roused, then closed her eyes again.

They imagined it to be about 2:30 or 3:00 am, but it was hard to tell. It usually did not go from black to gray until after 7:00. That meant that they had maybe three or four hours to get to the next place before they would feel safer, however, they were using the old method of time such as it was.

“What’s the other end of this like, Flower?” Buzz asked.

“Well...it’s kinda...it’s like...ah, well...you know...it’s...dryer,” she stuttered.

“Then, let’s move out. Webs, do you know where we are if we get turned around? Buzz continued.

“Yeah, I’m pretty sure this will get us to the back of another camp barracks by the train tracks,” was the reply.

All FM Camps were connected by train rails as transports of anything from people to supplies. That would be no good, since the tracks were usually heavily guarded. They decided to leave by way of the entrance. All breathed a glad sigh to leave the smells of poo behind them, yet unaware of their clothes having absorbed it.

They had not gone far when a shape of light resembling a man was seen walking...no, not walking; more like gliding in the distance. They had never before seen his likes. It was not a Mole or anything from Enmity, which was a sign of hope. They agreed to follow but keep at a distance. The being of light moved through the rubble of buildings, which had once been and stubs left where trees had stood tall in regal form, then stopped as if to rest. This was their opportunity to rest and restore their souls. Flower could not seem to let Sissy go. Her arms had been in this position for so long the muscles had knotted and locked. Caulie saw her dilemma and helped Sissy to the ground, then rubbed Flower’s aching arms to unlock all the kinks. The rest of the muffins were eaten and some of the water drunk. It was funny how the best tasting food is in reality the only food you have when you are hungry. They must save back some of the bread and water in case they needed it later.

Just before they began to get restless to start the journey again, the figure of light moved as if it discerned their thoughts. What a strange creature to be sure. Buzz carried Sissy relieving Flower as they followed through winding roads, shallow stream beds and the remnant of dead trees. The gray of morning began to peep through the clouds of ash, when they heard strange sounds coming from just around the bend. Music and singing was coming from a little cottage just beyond the wooden stumps. The being of light stopped and thousands of fireflies flew away. It was no man of light at all, but fireflies shaped like a man as if leading them to this very spot. How was it possible? They had been led to a Safe House by some phenomenon. Caulie said that it was a signal from JAH, at least she remembered Reeb’s testifying of nothing being impossible for JAH, and this seemed to fit one of those impossible things she called miracles.

The FM alarm sounded for miles as Stringer rose to a sitting position for another day of assigned work from the Politicals. He grunted at the thought, but it was food on the table and no symbol to be found anywhere on him, for these blessings he never took for granted. The morning was chilled and Reebbs stirred pulling the covers up to her chin for just a few minutes more in the warmth of the blankets for which *she* would never take for granted. Every slight thing that was not painful or dreadful became an amplified blessing; miniscule things unnoticed before the Destruction. Sleepily she spoke to JAH asking Him to keep Stringer safe and concealed under his Mighty covering of protection from all evil eyes.

Stringer moved in his usual way not to wake anyone. He liked the quiet to prepare his mind for what the day might bring. Reebbs heard him leave, stretched and rose to get Caulie up so both could ready themselves for school. There had been no weekends because there were no weeks. All time had been changed first through the Destruction and then a newer system of time put into place. Reebbs could only tell time by the signs unfolding as she knew from the Book Of Destiny. For at least a year now she believed it to be late in the day, but very soon the day would be over...finally.

“Caulie, come get a muffin...Time to be up and about!” Reebbs got herself dressed and brushed what needed brushing. Water was limited, so no washing until tomorrow. She had told Caulie it was healthier not to over wash, but Caulie was onboard with less washing...healthier or not.

“Caulie, I don’t hear you moving. Come on, Sleepy-head, out o’ bed! Caulie!” That child...she likes to be first at everything but getting up in the morning! Rounding the corner, Reebbs found an empty bed, “Caulie?” Oh no, Please JAH, please don’t let it be what I’m thinking. After running frantically around the cottage calling, Reebbs went to her knees. She must put out the alert...Beavress, Shine, Illustrator and the Triune she thought. They will be meeting at Beavress’ cottage today as she usually did too, but not today. “JAH,” she spoke aloud this time, “find a way to guide Caulie to safety, whoever and however you choose. Please send her back to me somehow.”

There had been no means of communication since most all systems had been knocked out in her area, but the Chosen Ones, had their own telecommunications in operation. Reebbs began to send out the signal in the language not known or recognized as anything more than a groan or mumble to the worldly. Each of the Chosen knew it, though none spoke the same language. Hagios supplied the understanding in the minds needing to receive it. Reebbs then asked for guidance and the right words when making Caulie’s excused absence at the FM School. She would tell them that Caulie had not slept all night and was not herself this morning...all true, very true.

SAFE HOUSE

As Buzz and his band of escapees came closer to the cottage the singing became words with a voice recognized by Buzz, but how could it be? Illustrator?

Here, I stop to tell you a mystery: *To those worldly the earth was a vast amount of space reaching thousands upon thousands of miles, but to the Chosen Ones, it was but a spec in the universe, which made it small enough for everything or everyone to be within reach. The Chosen were never far from what or who was needed. All they had to do was hold out their hands to receive what could not be seen with the natural eye and it would appear.*

A small woman named Beavress, wearing bright red glasses held in place by the smile on her face, met them at the door, "We were expecting you," she chuckled, "Don't worry about your feet, just come on in." Beavress' nose crinkled upward as she noticed the faint odor of poo from their clothing. The room was invitingly warm and pleasant. There was also the lingering smell of something delicious that had been recently cooked.

Looking about the room, Flower unloaded her arms of the now wide awake Sissy having taken back her turn at carrying. She caught the eye of one lady smiling at her, whose eyes twinkled of a secret as if she could look right into Flower's heart. Her name was Shine, which was a perfect fit, for she surely did shine from her sequined top and ringed fingers glistening of bling to her bright eyes. Shine immediately got up from where she was sitting and grabbed Flower in an embrace she had not felt in so long. Tears ran down her face at the comfort of being wrapped in loving kindness. Then out of the mouth of Shine flowed these words: ***"My Child, you are one of destiny and I am calling you this day as one of My own. You have traveled a long path, but it has led you to Me. You are not here at this time by accident. I have something special for you, and with it I will give you everything you will need to accomplish. Do not think because of your age or manner of speaking that you cannot be used for the Kingdom, for I have readied you, and I will see you to the finish...says JAH."*** Flower could only stand there and weep for the joy those words brought and the warmth of the arms encircling her small frame.

Shine did not sit but went next to Webs. She put one hand on his shoulder and one upon his forehead as these words came: ***My Son, you have been prepared for this time. All that you have read has made you smart, but what you are about to read will bring you the keys of wisdom, revelation and power with which you will unlock many doors. Do not call these words folly as in times past, but consider them and follow me...says JAH.***

Next, Shine took both of Caulie's hands in her own, ***"Little One, I see one sorrow and many gifts."*** To the surprise of all her friends watching and listening, she began to sob uncontrollably from knowing the sorrow hidden in her heart that she had guarded so well letting no one know its hurt. ***"For the sorrow, I tell you that your mother loves you, and she wants you to know that she is working in my Kingdom and you will see her again soon. Do not worry for things you have said in the past for those words have vanished away. My Young Maiden, you have a gift to win that I have placed in you, but Little One you will no longer win for yourself alone but for my Kingdom. We will all win because of it. You are going to run on the mountains and leap over the walls in My Army,"*** says JAH.

To Buzz, with both hands upon his shoulders came this: ***"My Mighty Man of adventure, you have seen nothing yet! I will take you into adventures you have never dreamed where you will do mighty exploits. You have been hungry for me to drink in my words in stories. I am writing you a story and you will walk its pages in triumph. I am going to tweak your daring nature into a mighty Kingdom boldness and you will serve me all the rest of your days."*** Buzz was not given to tears though his eyes watered from the excitement of what lay ahead.

With that, all gathered around Sissy and put gentle, loving hands on her as many unknown, unlearned languages filled the room. Caulie knew what was happening for she had seen and heard Reeb's do this many times. Sissy was not sure what to think but loved the attention and felt warmth like a liquid going through her the way she felt after she tinkled in her bed, but better because her bones had stopped aching and her head no longer pounded...without being wet!

A song came from somewhere in the room and Buzz's eyes followed the sound to...Illustrator! They all joined in singing and afterward had some food Beavress had prepared earlier. Caulie was famished and this food smelled even better than Reeb's muffins ***if*** that were possible. Webs shared about the fireflies that led them with no map or compass, yet continually interrupted with Caulie finishing each sentence until she remembered the words Shine had spoken about winning for the Kingdom and hushed. Webs, believed the fireflies to be the first miracle he had ever witnessed and Caulie's finally being silent as his second.

After everyone had settled, and Shine and the Triunes left for other Kingdom calls, each one relaxed except for the animated stories of illustrator and the laughter of Beavress, which they would note in the future to become her unmistakable signature. Sleepy were the eyes at the finale of stories finding their conclusion, and all Little Ones tall and short lay upon mats to drift off...safely, safely, safely.

Beavress went in the next room to message Reeb's, through Hagios, of Caulie's safety, and thanked JAH for urging her to prepare extra food this morning. She did believe that her food was quite the best regardless of who had bragged of Reeb's infernal muffins! One thing she

knew from experience was that everyone was going to need nourishment and strength to cross the Bridges just ahead of them.

Reebs had a peace as she entered the office of the FM School. Mole #09 manned the front desk subbing for #32 who was still out with “the sickness”. Poisoning from the emissions was simply called “the sickness” and not to be mistaken for any other infirmity, yet many other infirmities were born of it. Moles were especially subject to it and often absent. The Chosen, had a resistance built in through blood. (Rev 12:11)

Reebs seemed pressed to get to her assigned tasks for the day breezing through the office as she announced, “Oh, I’m running behind, but I wanted to let you know Caulie didn’t get any sleep last night and wasn’t quite her usual, so it’s just me today...Thanks, got to run,” and out the door she flew. That was easy enough, but Moles swallowed lies and delusions with their coffee every day, though she had worded the truth very carefully.

Reebs was only subbing today, which is how she missed the meeting at Beavress’ cottage. Neither Caulie nor Stringer had been to that meeting which had recently opened, besides these meetings were rather concealed for safety’s sake. The amazing thing is that these places were hidden in plain sight.

Just before she had left for work, Reebs’ concern of Caulie’s disappearance had vanished being replaced by the trust with which she had grown in strength crossing that Bridge before.

REVELATION OF BRIDGES

Job 11:14-19

Get rid of your sins and leave all iniquity behind you. 15 Then your face will brighten in innocence. You will be strong and free of fear. 16 You will forget your misery. It will all be gone like water under the bridge. 17 Your life will be brighter than the noonday. Any darkness will be as bright as morning. 18 You will have courage because you will have hope. You will be protected and will rest in safety. 19 You will lie down unafraid, and many will look to you for help...

NLT

Little did Buzz and his merry band, now nourished and rested, know of the Bridge that they were to face before freedom would be genuine rather than a mere hope. The first Bridge would be as on a Road to Damascus in that their blinded eyes would need to be opened and a death would occur. If they could not cross this Bridge they would never be able to escape the bonds of Enmity.

It was Reebbs who had opened the door to the Bridges and taught its building and repairs to those Chosen Ones before the Destruction. The Chosen Ones had been making the generally needed repairs long before Reebbs, but knowledge of the Bridges only honed their abilities sharpening the efforts. Reebbs taught at one of JAH's secreted universities of few students, while her publications went to unknown parts and numbers she could not tally. The only tuition required was an ear to hear and the ability to learn. An early lesson for Reebbs was that students learn from their teacher in order for the teacher to learn from her students. That is the way of JAH; everything circles back around...the one who is blessing is the same one who receives the blessing from those she has blessed...It makes an easier thought than trying to say it!

Here is the lesson of the Bridges learned by Reebbs, Beavress, Shine, Illustrator and the Trinunes just to name a few Little Ones in JAH's vast network:

LESSON:

Many are the Valleys all Little Ones have to cross. Some are the size of a ravine or gully, while others are gorges and canyons, but the most difficult is the Bridge over the Great Abyss, which is to say over The Valley of the Shadow of Death, and many, many do not make it across. If you cannot cross over that abyss, however, you can never really cross the others no matter if it is the size of a puddle. The Valley of the Shadow of Death got its name because death happens thereon. It is the first bridge before all others may be truly crossed. Three crucial points to remember on the Bridge of death are these:

1. You must recognize your true enemy and face that one in mortal combat
2. You must put the enemy to death
3. If you are swayed by the enemy's pleading to allow that one to cross with you and live, no matter how pitiful the cry or how much you may think you love it, it will turn and kill you in the end

The conclusion to the matter is this: You must reach the other side of the Bridge having killed your greatest enemy. The shame is that there are too few who take the call to build the Bridges and even fewer to repair them, though JAH looks high and low in search of one to stand in the gap and bridge it.

The first point of recognizing your mortal enemy is half the battle. Most often a smokescreen is encountered, in which we give our efforts to fight what is false leaving us open to the ambush of our real danger with one blow after another until the last fatal blow destroying destiny's aim. You can always fight with the flesh and blood of one who hurt you or fight against spiritual foes. The secret identity of your **greatest** enemy, and your **first enemy** that must be put to death is discovering that it is you. There is a resurrection that takes place after conquering that enemy, but to be resurrected you must first die. Therefore, if you put any other face to your greatest enemy, you will repeat this Bridge over and over until you discover its puzzle and cross or never finish the course. Many make friends with that enemy and walk hand in hand off the Bridge but will never experience a new abundant life for repeating the same life you tried to escape cursing the Bridge builders instead. If you can find someone or something to blame for your lot, you **are** the game Blind Man's Bluff.

Other Bridges may be taken by one who suffers a sickness of mind across the Gorge of Despair to wellness on the other side. Or maybe one needs direction crossing the Bridge over the Canyon of Confusion to find the answer and peace they seek. The name of the Bridge depends upon the valley needing to be crossed.

Words were displayed on the board by the news Platform for all to see Federation updates of the day. Stringer, not yet knowing of Caulie's disappearance, stopped to gather the information posted along with Wilderness Man, who had long been a survivor even in the good days just for exercise. How he remained outside the camps, yet not used of the Politicals was enigmatic. He was well read and educated yet remained unconventional, which made him curiously interesting. He and Stringer had an unusual friendship, since they had little in common or so they thought, yet each had an unspoken mutual respect for the other.

"Reading this is a fat waste of bologna," scoffed Wilderness Man. Stringer chuckling inwardly adding his touch of levity to the situation, "But if you put it on bread you have a free meal!"

Unimpressed Wilderness Man continued his scoff, "Well, I'm not eating what their serving!" That seemed to be the shared thought of many as sounds of grumbling in undertones voiced around the platform. Once in a great while a dissenter would climb up shouting words of heresy against the Federation as Zealots swooped in and carted him away.

Stringer gave a friendly slap to his friend, still grumbling, in a parting good-by and each walked his way...Wilderness man to his obscurity and Stringer to the platform of real Truth, The ROCK.

"Floua, me go tinkle, Floua," Sissy had awoken Flower with the news that she had not wet herself through the night, but needed to go post haste. She was turned around waking in this new place. Gray seemed a little brighter or at least Flower had noticed through the windows. Maybe it was just her optimism in the newly found freedom, as she walked Sissy to her morning potty call. (No one was free of the Federation...Enmity, until one gave her life to JAH who would adopt her with open arms into His Kingdom, then not even prison bars could keep one bound! Freedom is not the lack of containment but a state of being, and if that state of being felt anything like the hugs of Shine, she wanted it!)

"Pancakes?" was the first thing out of Buzz's mouth. He had not smelled that floured bouquet for quite some time, but once you have tasted the delicacy of cakes drowning in a sea of maple goodness one never forgets. "No food rations this morning!" he thought with a smile following his nose to the small propane cook-stove atop a counter. Beavress did not have anything maple but made a sugary cinnamon blend bubbling on another burner...A TWO BURNER COOK STOVE! Beavress was surely a wealthy woman of means! Buzz loved those fireflies for leading them here...or the JAH that Illustrator thanked for everything good. Illustrator had sung songs that everything good came down from the Father of Lights...Ah, no wonder that He might command the fireflies!

The miracle of Illustrator was that even though he had legs to walk, he could move about without them! He could even shut his eyes and transport himself to another country altogether as his body sat in the same room. Illustrator was a fascinating character and full of amusement and trickeries! Buzz wanted to be like him, since this was the only person he had ever thought worthy to copy.

Buzz downed a couple of pancakes before stealthily making his way over to the heavily breathing Webs and placed a tiny, leftover morsel on his nose. "This outta do it," he winked in Beavress' direction. No eyes were opening but some drool did escape Webs mouth. Amazing, how Webs could sleep through anything.

All had finally eaten and dressed before Beavress and Illustrator gathered them; even the now awakened and nourished Webs. The Little Ones bowed in respect of their hosts, as the same

unusual languages filled the air. Webs had read about these unlearned tongues and wondered what they were about. He had concluded that they were the language of the Kingdom of JAH and that rather than being all varied were instead a difference in the drawl. For instance, it could be that JAH's Kingdom had a north and south to it. Yes, that could very well answer the question, but before Webs turned it from a mental note to a concrete fact, he would let it roll in his mind a while. Shine had said that Webs would be given keys to unlock wisdom; maybe this would be a good time to have one of them.

The languages continued for some time with recognizable phrases now and again as if interpreting for their ears. Those prayers would be needed to face the first Bridge, but Beavress had a resolute confidence in success for all her new little charges.

Buzz, peeping through half closed eyes, suddenly scanned the room noticing for the first time that he had not seen Caulie this morning, but chalked it up to her probably having beat them all to the Bridge sight waiting for them impatiently!

RALLY AT THE ROCK

Ps 105:40-41

The people asked, and he brought quails, and satisfied them with the bread of heaven. He opened the rock, and the waters gushed out; they ran in the dry places like a river.

1 Cor 10:4

And did all drink the same spiritual drink: for they drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them: and that Rock was Christ.

Eager to head to the Bridges, they soon discovered that they were not yet ready for that trek as expected. They were heading instead to The ROCK. Beavress tried to explain that this was a feeding place of instruction and encouragement that always lifted the hearts of Chosen Ones, Seekers and Runaways with hungry ears to hear, because the Words of JAH were read by Reebbs. Once a publisher always a publisher!

On their long journey to the ROCK, Beavress also told them of Listener, one of JAHs concealed ones and the only kind of whom she had ever known personally, yet having never met. Flower whispered to Webs, “Aaaand I thought I...I ah...was hard...was hard to ah...understand!” Webs eyes rolled in concurrence as if saying, “You ain’t kiddin, Sister!” Webs realized it was not that Beavress was speaking with the alien tongues as at the cottage, but that even speaking in **his** known language was still quite foreign. He gathered that Listener’s presence was felt while her appearance invisible, but this too was just a mental note for now. “Keys, keys, where were those keys?”

Crowds were gathering in this seemly dry wasteland, however, there was a huge rock like boulder inexplicably situated as if it had grown out of the earth or more likely that the earth had grown out of it! (1Co 10:4) Flower found Shine and immediately filled the vacancy next to her. She felt at home next to Shine as was the case with most Runaways. There was an unconditional acceptance that eased the hearts of those anxious being close to Shine. Flower noticed Caulie in the distance and waved in her direction. Caulie had been to the ROCK many times. It was her favorite place. She knew just about every place from Reebbs taking her, for she was a wily sort. Thinking about the words Shine spoke, She had left Beavress’ cottage before anyone woke knowing that she would see Reebbs at the celebration and apologize for her covert planning with the others. She also knew that Reebbs would not be able to fuss right before she readied herself to receive JAH’s Words.

Webs was beginning to see with the strange languages that things were not always as they appeared and now this place...this place...what strange manifestation was happening? As people congregated toward the ROCK their garments were changed into white robes. His had not changed but remained just as he had dressed that morning. Beavruss had not enlightened them of this happening, for there was much too much to explain it all. He saw others young like him who wore regular clothes. Then there were some on the ground on their bellies. Nothing Webs had read in many of the books had illuminated the nature of new reality, but he would learn that the ones upon their bellies sought only the cures but not the ONE of the ROCK who cured (Ps 91:7).

A platform was built half way around the ROCK which glistened of fresh water trickling from its top and running down the sides. In between where the decked platform started and stopped, people would be seen putting small containers next to the ROCK to catch some of the water. (John 4:14; 7:38) The flavor was of unpolluted pureness, and once tasted made you know it to be good unlike the bitter waters of Enmity. However, the most astounding thing about this aquatic wonder was though it poured like liquid it filled one as if a food group all its own...no other waters existing equaled it. The secret to the water was that only those hungry did it fill. What they would learn is that the ROCK was a place of revealing. All attending became real in the presence of the ROCK. You were either clothed in the raiment of the celebration or exposed as a false follower. Innocent hearts of children were always given clearance, for such is JAH's Kingdom made. (Mk 10:15) They would be fed as well for the bridges they must soon face.

As soon as the crowds had occupied most vacant spaces, there was a hush that settled, while over to the left side of the ROCK instruments sounded by the adaptations of Matthaïos the Minstrel with Stringer by his side as well as others. Illustrator did not play his usual strings but made his hands beat in rhythms from the assembly. Sissy imitated those who stood and twirled with ecstatic joy. What fun this place was, she thought. Flower was too shy to twirl, but found her heart twirling within her. Buzz and Webs had their eyes riveted on the musicians from the sticks drumming to the fingers moving in rapid timing over the strings and the harmony of trumpets blending in sync...Webs thought it altogether a language by itself, and one he would never forget. If human words could define it, they would say that the music was from all around you, over you and under as well as coming from inside your being. Each person has a unique song within, which even they had not known its melody until all surrounding JAH brought their music to life. Everyone's music was as individual as a fingerprint. JAH knows the music of each and though, at these times, they blend into one sound He can identify one by one respectively.

There would come a peak to this musical ecstasy, which would gradually fade to a close of instruments, and twirling people become tranquil, when the only sounds left were the songs of

each from within leaving one drunk and giddy by reason of it. Each physical body felt thoroughly washed clean while a peace settled over every care regardless of the times. This is only a small taste of the Kingdom of JAH that addicts the hearts of all who experience it.

During the times of music, Reeb positioned herself behind the ROCK. The huge hand of JAH pointed to the paper in front of her and Words appeared. The hand was luminously transparent and did not present an arm with it. When the hand receded and the music has stopped, Reeb stepped to the front of the platform to read JAH's message.

The mystery of JAH's Words is that each person hears what is tailored for their hearts. Since no two people are alike, no one hears the same exact wording either, but the message is commonly understood to be the same. This is the way of JAH's Words in the Book of Destiny also because the Word is a living entity. The generation of ears may change but the message, though tailored to that generation, remains fixed...Truth does not change ever, yet is expressed differently and revealed more personally for its time.

At the ROCK all hearts become real, and what you are inside spills out either in beauty or horrifying disfigurement. The mercy of JAH holds back the eyes from seeing loved ones crawling. Those standing will only see with their eyes the results of the spiritually deaf, dumb and blind to the Words of JAH, yet no personal identities are revealed. (PS 91:7-8) This is not a time or place of suffering, but of basking in the presence of JAH for those of a sincere heart, yet there are no disguises when nearing JAH and all hearts become real. You never want to approach the ROCK without discerning yourself rightly...Perish the thought! (1Co 11:29-30)

Everyone standing whether white robed or regularly dressed ate the bread tasting of coriander and drank from the ROCK as well as the digestion of Words from the hand of JAH...All were quite full blanketed in security and peace. Those crawling had gone during the reading of the Words for they had no ears to hear it anyway, but those standing lingered ever so long not wanting to leave, though the time for leaving was at hand.

For now Flower would go with Caulie to Reeb's, while Buzz and Webs stayed with Beavrus, as well as Sissy who had already succumbed to a sound slept. Tomorrow all would meet at Reeb's then make their way to the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Just hearing the name gave everyone the feeling of trepidation.

THE EXERCISE FIELD

Isa 35:8-10

8 And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring ones, though fools, shall not err therein. 9 No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there: 10 And the ransomed of the LORD shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

KJV

Reebs' cottage had been not only used as a Safe House but an exercise field for each to train in their gifts. It was a university of sorts although not recognized by Scholars. It was gathering in the exercise field that growth transpired as each gift blended in unity of purpose directed by Hagios, the greatest teacher of all, next to Promise. In Promise, JAH could speak to all His Little Ones and show them the way to abundant life. JAH's human form stayed only a brief time before He was called back home and in His place was Hagios.

Flower, having stayed the night at Reebs' with Caulie, tossed and turned through the night in fits of fear at thoughts of crossing the unknown. She had always shied of any new experience for fear of failure. "Listen, Flower, lots of people cross especially if you want your freedom from Enmity. It can't be worse than the Mole and the drainage pipe. You've gone through the lion and the bear and the Bridge is no great giant!" Caulie tried convincing her with a story of Daviyd, which Reebs had told her. Flower knew Caulie had not yet crossed, so all her words fell to the ground having no influence in bringing the peace for which they had intended.

Buzz and Webs stayed the night again with Beavruss. Webs also had little sleep for the unknown which lay ahead. He had always been well read relying on the words of the Scholarly, but where the Scholarly left off proved a greater abyss offering no bridges to cross. Evolutionary theories had no conclusive evidence to back it. This was an uncomfortable feeling for Webs who now found all the words he had read to have been a waste of his time, for he arrived at this moment knowing nothing at all. All theories vanished as reality had no words for him yet. "Hey, man, an adventure is an adventure! Why sweat the small stuff?" were words lacking the ability to comfort but easily spoken by Buzz before falling into a deep sleep of oblivion. Buzz, whose only thought was whether or not Beavruss would make pancakes again, took everything to the next bit of food being the uncomplicated soul he was. Webs wished he could undo all his knowledge for the same blissful ignorance as Buzz. Buzz would not have to unlearn anything the way Webs would find himself doing.

Both Flower and Webs woke in different places yet feeling the same thought that they had only just fallen finally to sleep waking all too soon in the next day. After eating and dressing they would leave for Reeb's, which was on the way to the first Bridge. Sissy had stayed the night in Hunter's arms, Beavrus's companion of years. He never seemed to be present with the rest, yet Sissy was drawn to him. She crawled up in his lap and napped there as if she entered the softest down sleeping bag. Hunter, though not much for displays of affection, had affection in his heart waiting for just one like Sissy to need him. He knew in that moment that he would not allow anything to harm her. Of course as the man he was, he pictured her with a coonskin hat and rifle at her side, but looking down at her peaceful little face he erased the rifle and replaced in his imagination a fishing pole instead!

Beavrus was well acquainted with paths being a navigator of safety leading to Reeb's as the maps of them was tattooed in her head. Even though that was the case, Hagios was still the leader in this expedition for the unpredictability of the Zealots. Zealots were always on the lookout for younglings who should be in camps. Beavrus sensed her way along more than seeing it. Though she might slip by them as she had on countless occasions, today she had more than herself to consider.

Reeb's had muffins waiting for everyone and hot tea, for she knew the way would exhaust their legs and they would need something to eat as they rested. She had asked Hagios to help her as she taught Little Ones about Kingdom tales, that understanding would help them to cross the Bridge. She would not allow anyone on the Bridge as an escape route from Enmity, for these Bridges were not to escape from something but to walk toward Someone...JAH.

One of the Bridges Reeb's crossed in her younger day was over the Chasm of Chaos, for whenever JAH had given her a mission all the forces of darkness broke loose around her to pull her heart off course. It was the fight of fools fought of the flesh, but JAH had made her an administrator over His Words. Every time she walked any Bridge she needed to unzip herself away putting on the garment of JAH with the weight all things and all Little Ones put aside in JAH's care. It was in the middle of crossing the Bridge that she heard JAH command, "Reeb's, Come to a conclusion." She understood immediately faltering no longer between two thoughts and crossed from chaos to conclusion. Though she faced this trial more times than she cared to count; she only needed to cross the Bridge of it once. In future chaos she had but to remember what she learned crossing the first time and march on in her call.

JAH had placed Chosen Ones around Reeb's and the equivalent to each of them that they became one mighty soldier. They were married to the same mission and stayed within their ranks...none falling on the sword of the other, for they moved as one. (Joel 2:7-8)The Book of

Destiny had said within its pages that there are diversities of operations, but it is the same manifestation of JAH which worked all in all given for everyone to profit withal. (1Co 12:4-7)

Listener had birthed the Network of Bridges in her early years as well as the Houses of Promise every thirty miles, and though she had begun the work she was translated away by JAH, who kept her in the secret place of the Most High. There she served Him quietly waiting for her time when the destiny of rescue would be ready for completion. (Just as Promise had awaited His time of purpose so was the destiny of Listener.) There were the others Chosen of which included Shine who brought with her the key to unlock the spoken Words of Prediction and the Revelation of Hearts. Beavrus was given the key of Discerning for she had the ability to see pictures with her eyes shut. As Reeb's spoke the hand of JAH painted the canvas of each petition to accomplishment. Hers was the key of Wisdom and with it the challenge to administrate, thus Listener had called her Administrator. The Triunes, though different, worked in the call of the Bridges as they all held the key, which resembled a three-fold cord of a golden lasso that helped draw all those wayward to paths of safety, who may otherwise not have known they needed it. Illustrator had grown under the tutelage of these, for JAH had hand picked him for special service. His call was unique yet remains to be seen as it unfolds and not to be voiced beforehand. All his tutors kept this well-guarded in their hearts, yet even they did not comprehend the fullness of it.

There were others who aided the efforts christened the Glories, for whenever a Little One would hurt, it would be their hearts to bleed of it. Such tremendous love is rare and only found in the kingdom of JAH. Still, few have it to the extent of the Glories. They are always present at the Bridges to hold the hands of someone crossing. The planks of the Bridges held the mark of their hands holding up the feet of weary travelers.

Reeb's welcomed all the Chosen for today's meeting. This would be different, in that today they would gather as they had before to impart Kingdom knowledge and see which of these hungry ones would be ready for the first Bridge. This was not a decision of group consensus but of individual recognition taken in the most serious degree. If one went unprepared he faced a Bridge only half constructed in which crossing was impossible.

Reeb's knew that Shine would appear early enough for them to start the tongues of wisdom they would all need. As she entered, her first response was to grab Flower in one of her all accepting hugs. Flower having a second helping of Shine's love sat otherwise quietly next to Caulie who, usually in FM School, had missed the meetings before today. Beavrus, another early arriver as well, may have had to keep the pace of her new recruits. No matter, all would have been made ready for the day at hand.

When all were assembled the lesson began: "There once was a Great and Mighty King named

JAH. He was three persons in one,” Reeb started. Then explained that JAH was the Word of Destiny from which she was reading, yet one day those words walked off the pages in a physical appearance on earth called Promise, for He was the conceived seed of JAH and His right arm (Is 48:13; 59:16; 63:5, Ps 98:1, Jer 32:17). Hagios was the Spirit of JAH left here on earth to help all Seekers find Truth. The story went from the Spoken Words of Creation to the pollution of evil that threatened every good and perfect thing. Of the Bridges, she told how the Kingdom of JAH had suffered violence but that Promise had come to bridge all gaps and mend all hedges. JAH was then able to set everything into motion preparing soldiers to take back the Kingdom.

Reeb gave an amazing account because she had the help of Hagios in choosing the right wording and opening the ears of her pupil’s understanding. Webs actually began to understand through the simplicity of words. It was true that Scholars while having a greater capacity of vocabularies to lend their arguments, Reeb’s simple words painted pictures of wisdom more easily understood. All Chosen Ones shared this trait in common. Webs’ emotions were stirred by reason of the knowledge, while Flower’s stirred by the love, and Buzz’s by the daring adventure Of Promise to overcome for all. Caulie had heard these stories from Reeb before, but today they seemed more real now hearing them as through the ears of her friends. The question now arose if anyone would be able to cross their first Bridge?

BUILDING BRIDGES/BRIDGE REPAIR

Ezek 22:29-30

The people of Enmity have used oppression, and exercised robbery, and have vexed the poor and needy: yea, they have oppressed the stranger wrongfully. And JAH sought for One among them, that should make up the hedge, and stand in the gap before Him for the land, that the Little Ones should not be destroyed of them:

RRV

It was said in the Book of Destiny that each one was to count the cost when making decisions in life, yet few did. The multitude forged ahead taking unseasoned shortcuts, then when the going seemed longer and more tedious they found themselves to be quite lost needing the help of the Bridges Builders to get them across. Bridges that otherwise could have been avoided...save one. The Book of Destiny questions by asking, ***“For which of you, intending to build a tower, setteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it? Lest haply, after he hath laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that behold it begin to mock him, Saying, This man began to build, and was not able to finish.”***

The Little Ones accompanied by those Chosen and the Glories came to the Valley called the Shadow of Death and rightly so for it was an eerie abyss filled with darkness and despair that wafted upward with gnarling fingers to pull at anything close by drawing them down into its nethermost parts. There was one thing missing over this abyss...THE BRIDGE! Who could cross it?

Buzz who had always thought himself a courageous captain of his ship looked down into death's chasm and doubt took over his usual tenacity for adventure. This had not been quite the picture of escapade he imagined in his swashbuckling fantasies...this was real and his enemy waited. Not even Reebbs could tell him what was waiting for him, for each one faced a different challenge fashioned for his or her own soul.

Unseen at the opposite side of the abyss the Triune waited entreating a hungry one to see the planks and move ahead. The Triune were always stationed at the end to help all crossers off as well as averting the deadly challenges that would surely be faced. The Chosen Ones went to their knees and tongues of strength infused the air above the abyss. (Ezek 22:30) Where no one healed the breach was failure always.

All eyes of the Little Ones were cast upon the chasm. Those strange tongues moved as if having substance and a plank seemed to appear in midair as if floating upon a bed of nothing...then another precariously positioned itself. The mystery of this is that only the one being called over can see the planks as they are quite invisible to any other onlookers.

Buzz saw the planks and strengthened by the power from the Chosen Ones he stepped forward placing one foot on the first plank. It felt strong enough to hold him so he put his other foot in front of the last step. After several steps farther onto the planks, which kept appearing, he looked down at the depths of this blackness...Suddenly the planks seemed to wobble as he tried his best to balance, but fear seemed the hands tugging him from the planks of safety. (Mt 14:30-31)

Back on the side of the abyss, Flower had seen her brave friend step forward onto nothing whatever and continue to walk the air as if weightless or as if gravity no longer applied. She marveled at the miracle and rubbed her eyes once to see if it was just imaginary, but **no it was real!** Then she saw that he looked as if he was swaying and losing his balance. "NO!" she felt her own voice screaming and the next words to spill from them, "JAH, pleeeeeease...OH HELP, JAH!" Those were the last words spoken in a recognizable language, for the words now spilling out of her own mouth she had never heard before. They were new but powerful as if on fire and she sank to her knees with the Chosen Ones as her new tongues took over joining the others and filling the bridge with yet another plank. (Acts 2:2-4)

Buzz felt as if a threefold cord of the Triune wrapped around his head drawing it back upward, and he was steadied again looking only forward for the next plank. A few steps on the next plank...and then the next...when a mist, which had formed in front of him revealed an old familiar face. It was Nana! How Nana could possibly come from the other side of the grave to help him; was this a miracle of the Bridge giving him aid? Yet there she stood holding out her hand to him. Nana had been the adventurer in whom everyone had said Buzz took after. She had also donned that same red hair before it whitened with age. He felt as one drugged seeing visions of its trance...beguiling him a move to the hand reaching out in front of him.

Webs saw what Flower had witnessed and held his breath as if that would be enough to assist Buzz. After he beheld his friend being steadied, he saw a blackened form taking shape in front of Buzz with the most horribly disfigured frame. It looked as if the blackness of the abyss had taken shape and death was a person ready to capture its prey...BUZZ! Why was Buzz smiling at death? Webs was confounded and felt the adrenaline rush to his legs as he was unconscious of them running to the edge to warn his friend. His screams were of no value for they only contained fear, but what could he do? He fell limp to the ground and helpless. No knowledge of the Scholars came to mind, but instead the miracle of the fireflies came to memory. "Yes, JAH, send him the fireflies!" he prayed as if for the first time in his life he believed he was heard.

Nana spoke to Buzz, “Coome, Buzz, take my haaand and I will show you how to fllllllllly across. I will give you the pooower to sore away and be done with this silly bridge.” Buzz was giddy with the thought of flight, as he risked all for adventure, and held his arms stretched from his sides as if ready to take off. “Thaaat’s right, Buzz, fllllying...Just coome forward and take my haaaaand.” Such a soothing voice compelling him to obey.

Abruptly Buzz felt that same threefold cord, which had lifted his head, now wrapping around his arms pressing them tightly against his sides as if warning him to keep to the planks. But the figure persisted now in a much more aggressive tone, “YOU CAN FIGHT THE TIE THAT BINDS. FIGHT! FIGHT; I COMMAND YOU!” The voice now desperate had no longer sounded as the soothing voice of Nana. “I COMMAND YOU BY THE STRENGTH OF THE ABYSS TO COME AND FLY!”

The cloud over his eyes fell away and there standing before him was the most hideous, fearful sight he had ever seen. The power of the fear took him to his knees and felt as if he held a 500 lb. weight. Was this figure his mortal enemy or was it the fear inside himself who was the challenger? He resolved in the minutest of time that to overpower the stronger of the two was the answer. He had to rid himself of the 500 lb. weight pulling him down, thus he cast fear over the bridge. When he looked up again the figure which had once taken form was now dispersing into the dark vapor as its gnarled fingers receded from the planks being sucked back into the abyss. Wails howling out in loud waves of grief rumbled the planks, but the three-fold cord held him fast. Everything steadied, and he could see the planks had stretched almost all the way ahead now. The foolish side of adventure, his mortal enemy, had been conquered making each step sure of a destination toward...can it be...that same familiar figure of light?

The light that led them to Beavruss was leading him once more. Yet, as he neared the light he saw that this was not the light of fireflies but had the eyes of love looking back at him and into him. Promise held out his hand and touched him as he unzipped from his body letting it fall away and walked forward as a new man of JAH accepting the right arm of Promise. Reaching the last plank were arms stretching out to him. He recognized Triune and was grateful at the sight of them. They welcomed him on the firmer foundation with food and drink. Yes, that was Buzz, always moving toward the next meal! There is a meal greater than any food, and that is to eat the pages of the Book of Destiny...the only meal which satisfies the hungry, and Buzz would now find himself starved for its Truth.

Webs and Flower wept with joy for the vision they saw, and Caulie wrapped loving arms around Reeb then each of the Chosen Ones who were now standing with arms skyward in praise. JAH had heard them...He had been with them leading them from the time they sought out freedom. Oh, freedom, how lovely you are and how precious is the gift of it from JAH.

There are many Pastors who lead children to altars, which do not in themselves, alter. They were not helped across the Bridge where one dies in order to live altered lives. The book of Destiny states no such shortcuts, but instead spoke of one who had not the altered garment throughout his life. When the King saw there a man which had not on the garment, He asked how he entered without having been so adorned. The man had no answer to give the King. He was therefore bound hand and foot and cast to the darkness, in which he had lived life precariously at every whim.

No one entering the Kingdom can crash the gates unaltered through life thinking they deserve all things in their favor. Favor was bought with a price. Promise paid it by conquering the grave of death and lifting from its chains to walk in triumph having spoiled all the Principalities and Darkness Powers openly.

It is therefore the conclusion of the Bridge that one must unzip the old man and walk out accepting the hand of Promise to grow into the new Little One of JAH.

AFTERGLOW

2 Cor 3:18

But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.

KJV

There is but one word that comes to mind after the event of crossing the first Bridge having accepting Promise. That word is **afterglow**. It is a feeling of burning love and enraptured joy, yet the peace of being wrapped well within a cocoon incubated away from all harm...yes, there truly are no human words.

Flower, though physically crossing no bridge, felt herself on it with Buzz the whole way. The Being of Light stood right by her side at the mouth of the abyss. She took His hand right there and as she did the new tongues slipped so easily from her lips. She had not experienced what Reeb's had taught of unzipping. For her it was a different experience. When she took Promise's hand her body of flesh disappeared and she found herself transparent all while she battled in the new tongues with the Chosen. It was only after Buzz's Triumph that she saw herself in full, visible vesture again, but she now stood a new creature.

Each sat on the ground and told of what they had individually experienced. What an amazing time sharing. They grew just hearing how it all came together. Both Flower and Buzz had crossed Bridges...Buzz physically and Flower spiritually. Nothing is like you think it to be, yet JAH makes all things clear in the end. Buzz was so exhilarated; he wanted to do it all over again. Flower just stood there loving everyone, with a feeling of such euphoric joy, that she did not even care whether she understood it or not; she just knew that she never wanted to move from this place. Caulie lived the moment vicariously through Flower and Buzz, and Webs had exhausted every word that his own language could afford him and sat drained of speaking, yet amazed and at peace. What a wonderful day!

Triune had joined them and all basked in the afterglow not wanting to move. No matter how many times this happened, the Chosen neither got used to it nor took it for granted. It was as if every time was the first time because for someone it always was their first taste of JAH to crave Him more each day.

The time of leaving was at hand. This had been enough for the day, and tomorrow would be another. Webs was disappointed, yet relieved he had not crossed feeling his energy quite spent at present. Excitement was what fueled their walk home...YES, HOME! Buzz and Flower were home no matter the building in which they slept. This understanding would soon ring true for Buzz who would be compelled of JAH to return to the Camps one day soon, but he held the thought quietly for now.

BRIDGES OF ALTER

John 4:39

...He told me all that ever I did.

KJV

In every seed planted and fertilized on earth JAH places within it a spirit with His Like and Character as well as one of His many Traits or gifts. Though each gift is unlike any other, it is seldom recognized for anything more than a fault. Watch children at play and see it. One of leadership whose gift was not yet realized appeared to dominate others harshly. The one aiding all who had fallen, yet tattling on the trippers had the heart of an evangelist trying to right the wrongs and defend the weak. Those who knew more than anyone else with correcting speech was the teacher and those who could mark the flaws in everyone, yet clueless to their own was a prophet of immaturity.

Gifts not realized, but in time with the right nurturing will blossom, yet in the hands of abuse will fill the prisons. The immature holding gifts display the worst behavior imaginable on the playground of life. Hagios is given to help steer the gift to prosper the Kingdom. Hagios is never the wheel of the driver but its navigator.

Though Chosen Ones did mighty exploits in the Kingdom of JAH, this did not make for their perfecting. Their garments, though white at the ROCK, in any given day could wrinkle and spot. For this reason Reebbs, Beavrus, Shine, Triune and Illustator came together privately to cross those bridges that their mission not be breached. JAH was so gentle in revealing errors by first allowing them to see how much He needed and loved them...howbeit, "You have this to improve, My Little Ones." At times they were corrected simply with an exciting revelation, which JAH used as a tool of encouragement never wanted their countenance to slip. JAH is so patient with those who want to please Him only. He remembers how it feels to walk the earth misunderstood.

Reebbs, many times, misused her gift of teaching to correct a matter that cried for compassion yet instead received severity to a wound already throbbing. Reebbs would allow the zeal of the moment to license her flesh steering her gift off the mark. She would grieve of it later and make the amends necessary but the cloud of it did not leave her for a long while after. Beavrus' gift of discernment could bump into the emotions of compassion usually but occasionally collided into anger that could take its time in dissipating, and Shine who was so full of compassion could also become impassioned when her flesh was aroused taking her right over the cliff of despair, yet JAH caught her up from every fall, though she stung for its thought. JAH had blessed her with Calmer who would be instrumental in bringing balance to her life. Triune, because they remained so close, would step on one another's toes often needing to give more space to each of their individual gifts, for this they would need to be forgiven many

times and pray no one would keep a mental tally. Illustrator had such favor given him that there was the danger of his head lifting him so high in the sky like a balloon filled with of hot air. He purposed his mind to become small of his own thoughts and let Promise steer it the size that it should be, for though it could be the size of a mustard seed, it was power packed! Being witty could also turn very suddenly to the words of a nit-wit, as both Reebbs and illustrator were cautioned.

Knowledge of One's gift presented its beneficiary infinite reward and pointed to the Glory and Honor of JAH in whom it originated.

CORDS AND DISCORDS

Eccl 4:12

And if one prevail against him, two shall withstand him; and a threefold cord is not quickly broken.

Prov 6:12-14

12 A naughty person, a wicked man, walketh with a froward mouth. 13 He winketh with his eyes, he speaketh with his feet, he teacheth with his fingers; 14 Frowardness is in his heart, he deviseth mischief continually; he soweth discord.

KJV

Along with the times and seasons of JAH came also the times of the Great Apostasy as detailed in the Book of Destiny's pages (2Thess 2:2-4). Apostasy had no effect upon the worldly but upon those who had once savored JAH but with time and turmoil had forgotten the taste of Him. Reeb had taught often of this in the lesson of the Cords and Discords sharing enlightenment, but also a warning. Many things changed the attitude of the congregations, but mostly it was the fault of those who skipped the Bridges where one dies in order to live. Reeb gathered the Little Ones around for her lesson:

"There are Cords of love in JAH's Kingdom but also Discords who think they walk the Kingdom roads but are far removed from it. Triune are the Cords not easily broken who aid at all Bridges and never pierce another. Then there are the Discords who only pierce and provoke when given opportunity. These are not satisfied to wait for opportunity, they seek it out. These three are Mokaria, Gossopia, and Miss Chievea," Reeb noticed all ears were curiously opened to hear more as she continued the lesson. *"Mokaria has a tongue sharp enough to inflict great pain. She can stand singing praises in tears of emotion one minute and shoot a dart of destruction in the next. Gossopia whispers accusation of destruction. The whispers do not have to have truth to them since assumption is how she flows. Then there is Miss Chievea who has feet that run races revealing secrets with stings of agony."*

All eyes were riveted in Reeb's direction, *"Both Cords and Discords can sit together looking outwardly much the same until they speak. Cords encourage and exhort, while Discords bring division and grief separating even the closest of friends. You will only find Cords at the ROCK, but never do the Discords attend, for the music is too loud and in the words read they find fault; but if truth be faced, these would be seen full of blemish, therefore they keep their distance. While Cords drink from the Living Waters and eat the Bread of Life, Discords strain gnats and swallow camels, and when they open up their mouths offence is in their breath. They do not serve but expect service, and they never greet others but mark each occasion in which no one*

shakes their hands to welcome." Reeb's had a funny way of talking as much with her hands as in speaking. She had mentioned to them it was from her roots being of the Italian band like Cornelius.

"Cords might likely start each sentence with praise, while the Discords start every sentence with a cupped hand to mouth in whispered tones, 'Did you hear about So-and-So?' All said while their slanted eyes move in the direction of their latest victim." Flower thought she might pity their end had they not damaged so many innocent ones. Buzz had thought maybe they should be dropped over the side of the abyss, but then he had still much to learn of JAH's love.

Reeb's continued, *"Not only did Mokaria, Gossipia and Miss Chievia conspire together but also against one another, as their loyalties did not run deep. The only time they used any of the Words of JAH were to judge and condemn from the view atop tall perches. The shame is this: JAH gave each a precious gift, but instead of gifting JAH by the use of it, they transformed it to fit more unhallowed desires. Mokaria was blessed of beauty and grace of words from which instead became haughty, deforming every elegant feature. Gossipia was given the ability to sing melodies for miracles to appear, but she rather liked the hushed tones in maladies sung to the tune of a funeral dirge. Her tongue could speak anyone into the grave."*

This is where Reeb's stopped her teaching for she had no desire for little ears to hear what happened to the worst of them, but all the Chosen had known this: that the worst of the worst of them was Miss Chievia for entering in covenant saying vows of commitment and changing from Miss Chievia to Mrs. Shepherd unraveling all of his messages in the eyes of the congregation. He ended with none of his flock remaining, while she left him for one of the parting deacons. This made exhilarating conversation for Mokaria and Gossipia who had suspected her of such deviant behavior all along.

Caulie had formed a mental picture of these three characters and desired to resemble them not at all, if not solely for their image in her mind, but for the disapproval of Reeb's. However, because of the love these Little Ones had for the Chosen who had taken them in and nurtured them, they wanted only approval. They were glad of the warnings and no wish had any to join the apostasy.

SHEPHERDS OF GRACE AND DISGRACE

John 10:11

I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

2 Thess 2:3

Let no man deceive you by any means: for that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition;

KJV

Apostasy had become the order of the day in Enmity, not because there were no assemblies gathered and well attended, but because those gathering had rejected JAH's Words for their own philosophies in speaking flat platitudes becoming progressive and more well-read of anything but Truth.

The elections that brought in Eybah were not only led by the worldly system of the Politicals backing him but by the Congregations who had no conviction of heart to stand against infidels of arrogance. The Congregations had crossed the lines of their faith, which in the end proved them to have none. The assemblies and Congregations had no Shepherds leading them; many through fear of governmental reprisal and some through ignorance...still others for their progressive ways. Tabernacles, once housing faith, now became gathered societies of the latest fashions with social events to organize. Little of the soul was changed and none healed or delivered because everyone wore the same clothing. The youth could not be engaged without an exciting recreation planned. The saddest thing for JAH to witness was the truly hungry entering hopefully yet leaving quite famished and dejected of hope not to return.

It was in the Secret Place of The Most High that Listener dwelt. Listener, while waiting for her purpose, spent hours in her closet of seclusion with Guardian standing by. She listened and wrote. JAH disclosed to her numerous confidences veiled to most all other eyes and ears. JAH had been misinterpreted so many times that it was His joy to be revealed to one who would believe Him. Both Listener and Guardian worked well in the Kingdom. JAH had blessed Guardian with so many little joys that came together making him quite fulfilled, which would balance some of the heavier thoughts carried by Listener. Many times Listener unzipped herself to leave her doubts of flesh on the ground and move on as a child believing again.

It was one such day when Listener's spirit picked up a cry. "Help Me, Help Me, Help Me," cried out JAH. Listener sat still for the cry of alarm. "Feed My sheep! Fast and pray...the pig at the trough feeds wholly upon what is fed there. **Feed My sheep**," saith JAH. Then came Words

from the Book of Destiny: ***As I live, saith the Lord JAH, surely because my flock became a prey, and my flock became meat to every beast of the field, because there was no shepherd, neither did my shepherds search for my flock, but the shepherds fed themselves, and fed not my flock; 9 Therefore, O ye shepherds, hear the word of the LORD; 10 Thus saith the Lord JAH; Behold, I am against the shepherds; and I will require my flock at their hand, and cause them to cease from feeding the flock; neither shall the shepherds feed themselves anymore; for I will deliver my flock from their mouth, that they may not be meat for them. Ezek 34:8-10***

Listener wrote JAH's Cry sending it to the Chosen to enlist their petitions before His face. It was unmistakably a cry against the Shepherds who were not shepherding. When JAH's Words are not the meat serving His children, they fatten upon filler and though seemingly full are not nourished. They perish of hunger yet do not know, for there are no pangs felt. Feeling full, they cross no bridges but try to jump gorges and valleys not knowing its size or threat with no Shepherd's guidance or aid. Many fall into the blackness with no rod or staff to comfort them and steer them from death's edge.

The sacrifices made by Promise remained a story less told as the appeals of more funding for newer cushions on pews became crucial. Integrity, honor and courage were replaced with status quo. Every once in a while the congregation would click their tongues and raise their eyebrows to any poor soul wondering in if the appearance was needy, for they were quickly given the number of an agency to better suit their necessity.

Other Shepherds would go to the ROCK and beat it not having fully discovered the Grace of JAH, thus preaching their children into the hands of an angry god. Little Ones walked in fear of what god's judgment would do to them next...maybe a whirlwind would take them or the ground might open up and swallow them. What if god sent fire from heaven and consumed them. Abaddon sat upon the mount of these congregations relishing their fear and amused as the Shepherds fueled it further. These were the days of trials and angry Shepherd's shrieking the ills of sin and god's wrath in judgment of plagues and pestilences with god's further testing, yet not one instance did any lead them to the ROCK of Living Waters to be refreshed. "They have only seen vanity and lying divination, saying, 'The LORD saith': and JAH hath not sent them."

Apostasy found its way into the congregations of great buildings, yet in the little cottages JAH took up residence. Many true Shepherds held to the cottages of prayer, Word and faith. JAH followed after the hungry hearts, and the hungry hearts followed after Him.

TIME MARCHES AS WITH LITTLE ONES

Phil 2:2-4

2 Fulfil ye my joy, that ye be likeminded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind.

3 Let nothing be done through strife or vainglory; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves. 4 Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.

KJV

In between all that could go wrong when kingdoms clashed and the landscape of nature was loosed as beasts roamed out of their bounds to plague mankind, there were still those desperate to cross the Bridges to safety. (Rev 6: 7-8)

Time and hiding had prevented Webs and Caulie from their destiny at the Bridge, but there came the day of crossing. It was now increasingly harder for the Chosen to gather even though they were ministering each day when hungry ears would plead for Truth and hearts would thirst for Living Waters.

Reebs faithfully went behind the ROCK even though the numbers had changed. Many had crowded wall to wall at Shine's for safety and she, in these days, took it all in stride for the love, which took over all recesses of her heart throwing out her own schedule of things. There was no more order to organize and make lists of "to-dos". Shine became as a mother hen tucking all her little chicks under her feathers. Beavruss and Hunter had become so close in their work that their thoughts welded into one sturdy piece of metal unbending to the forecast of each day. It was a marvel to see their synchronization as if watching two Olympic skaters not missing a step even though they had no time to stop and take a bow. They just kept right on moving in their operations. In this, they became more alive than ever back in the good days. The Triune, even though in hiding, manned the Bridges always, for one never knew who may come to cross. Hugger's heart beckoned those she loved to return to JAH and cross having been separated from some of those enfolded in her heart. Like and Likeness worked in unison, yet one would go back to the cities to get more children to the safety of the Bridges. Illustrator found himself in no bonds of confinement to hold him. He moved as JAH directed. He was transported as if JAH Himself plucked him up and carried him from one place to the next. Reebs had not seen him at the ROCK for some time, but felt in her heart, as Beavruss and Shine had felt that Illustrator had become a ROCK on which JAH built for others to gather and hear the words yet as from behind the bars of death camps.

Of the Runaways, Buzz and Flower went back to the darkest places...one drainpipe of hope for all Runaways. They found that wherever JAH was there was light, and that with the love of JAH a drainpipe could be home...it was home for many loosening their chains of captivity to join them. The Chosen had them covered and bathed thoroughly before they left. They were outfitted in armor and taught of the Chosen who would continue to undergird them. It was for these new Runaways that Like and Likeness, working in anonymity with Flower and Buzz, would meet at the drainage pipe to usher Little Ones to safety. Sissy was adopted by Beavruss and Hunter who had other little charges under their wings of shelter.

All of these characters and situations are the repetition of other names not mentioned here but scattered throughout the earth all working in unison for JAH and restoration of His Kingdom. There was Dorotea who had a Safe House and also worked within the camps as well as in harmony of Listener and kindred heart of Reeb's. Her road had been difficult all her life, but it was in these times that she flourished and bloomed. Every life Dorotea touched bloomed with her and she was loved by few who saw into her heart, but great were the cords of their love. Reeb's band of Chosen connected cords of love and admiration to her, for in the earlier days they had gathered in her safety net...JAH had given her a bright star and Shine confirmed it in a word!

Webs and Caulie found their day of crossing in the midst of all happenings when the Chosen could gather with them at the Bridge. As all took to their knees, Caulie and Webs stood at the edge of the abyss looking anxiously to see for whom the planks would appear remembering that the only one crossing would have the eyes to see them.

Tongues of fire filled the air over the abyss of the Valley of the Shadow of Death as if a mist at first, but then something began to materialize...the first plank! Both stepped forward to take the plank...stopped and looked at one another as if to acknowledge, "I see it." Never had they been told or had the Chosen witnessed two seeing their path exactly the same, but to whomever the planks were shown were the ones to cross.

The Chosen continued in the languages. Webs and Caulie now smiling took hands and found their footing on the first plank in one accord. It must be that they were to help steady the other, however Caulie now found herself in a shared glory rather than the star of this crossing, and Web's was not assured of Caulie's knowledge measuring up to his shared plank. As these thoughts entered the bridge with them the planks began to waver in discord. They held one another that much tighter, however, thought it was probably the weakness in the other causing it, which made their first smile fade somewhat. Neither wanted the other to tarnish their event of success. Even though they had been taught the lesson of the Cords and Discords it was far removed from their own application. Only the Cords of Life could stay them.

Each step was shakier and shakier until they perceived that they would both be taken down by the other. Voices began to echo round about them. Webs clearly heard that he was to let Caulie's hand go at the exact time Caulie heard a voice to release Webs from her hand with the shaking planks striking the discords of fear. Was JAH instructing them by Hagios to let the other fall to his or her own consequences in order to save themselves? Another voice more distant called out for them to hold tightly. The Triune had seen the dilemma and bathed them with instruction, then again, there were too many voices and fear blocked the true coaching. Listener had written the lesson that if you do not get a move to take; take none. Webs being the reader of the two had read this and held on, but Caulie resisted the squeeze. She still battled to win for herself. Then the voice of Shine reached her from the weeks before reminding her that she was now winning for a team and not a solo performance. Both resolved to hold tightly.

A few more planks were taken when Caulie looked down. She began to falter feeling dizzy and her head began to swirl as she broke into a cold sweat of nausea. "Don't look down, Caulie!" yelled Webs as he felt himself begin to wobble. Caulie looked up at Webs...but she did not see Webs face. This face looking at her was the sneering face of darkness and evil. She pulled her hand as if it touched a hot poker but Webs held her that much tighter.

From both sides of the Bridge all eyes could see the battle of Webs holding Caulie, and Caulie struggling to resist his grip. It was an arm wrestling of two in conflict. Both were at risk. The Chosen had witnessed a fall before, and the devastation of that memory caused a greater fervor in the direction of their tongues. Triune shot forth the golden cord which wrapped around their hands, but the wrestling continued.

Times of intensified trauma have a way of speeding thoughts wildly through the mind congesting all breath of Truth. Caulie's mind was filled with fear of this creature holding her in bondage remembering Buzz's encounter on the Bridge. "This is the same kind of delusion Buzz had reaching for his Nana, but death was instead trying to grasp his hand!" she imagined as she strengthened her tenacity to be free. Maybe it had never been Webs with her from the start. Her eyes had probably deceived her from the very beginning; so on she tugged and pulled against him.

Webs could not understand why Caulie was pulling. If she did not stop, they could neither be saved. He might have loosed her himself had not this golden cord kept them bound together.

Webs cried out in anguish, "I'm losing her...I need something to hold onto!" In that moment, a railing appeared and Webs grabbed onto it to steady himself.

The Chosen had witnessed Caulie drop off the planks still attached to Webs who was holding desperately to something they could only see as a light. They all stretched out their faith to hold Caulie's weight from pulling Webs downward, while the Triune on the other side held tightly to Webs fastening his feet to the planks. With moments slipping by, each felt hours peaked of emotion. Everyone was holding tightly...those praying at the brink of the abyss and Webs. Caulie's eyes had been restrained from seeing Truth as if veiled in darkness. Just as if a hand, although it seemed more like a light finally lifted the veil allowing Caulie's eyes to see that it was Webs holding her from the depths of the abyss. Her other hand hastily grabbed on to his as her foot felt its way to the plank's edge.

Webs held tightly to the rail which had become his salvation as he pulled the now responding Caulie. After several slips of her foot, her hand also found the rail, and she was able to right herself upon the plank. Both faced one another in relief, yet they discovered they had not been two alone. It was only now that their eyes were able to see the rail on which they held was, in truth, the right arm of JAH. His face was bright and shining as the sun but did not hurt the eyes...the right arm of JAH who was Promise the Savior of the Bridge. His eyes were deep pools that flooded them with peace and such love as they had not experienced in this life. Neither could relate in words how they came to the other side again on solid ground, for once they looked into the depth of His eyes all else vanished.

Promise took them one and all to lie in the green pastures, which were beside the still waters to refresh all their souls as He had done for some fishermen long, long and longer ago when He appeared to them. Time stood still and all refreshed in the beauty of the moment at the gates of Paradise. Soon their eyes were back, and they saw the barren grounds from which they came leaving one dimension to enter another with Promise. Whenever anyone was in the presence of Promise it was only Paradise they saw, for Promise always had His Kingdom with Him. No one would forget this day of revelation as they would soon find that they would refer to its remembrance often in the days to come.

Both Caulie and Webs now understood what the Book of Destiny meant when it said: ***"And if one prevail against him, two shall withstand him; and a threefold cord is not quickly broken."*** They found that the truth is that each one of us needs the other and no one is an island. Webs received his key of Wisdom and Caulie hers, which was running the race of a higher call in which JAH would win every time.

FALL IN/FALL OUT

Num 32:23

...be sure your sin will find you out.

Heb 12:1

Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us,

KJV

While the Little Ones grew in the hands of the Chosen, there were yet others who would attempt their own Bridges, some with success and others failure. Herein are some of the examples illustrated in giving one the lesson to learn and be saved.

There was a young man whose name was Habits because he had many. His partner throughout all his life was Pornicia, although they never met in person. Habits created a relationship, with her unaware, and he viewed her often. He could have no other relationship because Pornicia took all his desires as a ravenous beast and none were left for another. His mind became altered by the sight of her as he closed his eyes and entered into the anomaly of her fantasy. The more she posed the more deposed he became of life's realities.

One day alone in his room he desired her, but where was she to be found? He only had to close his eyes for her to appear. She was the drug which took his mind and will away. No good sense did he retain, though he had not noticed what others could see. His mind ran a fever only JAH could heal, but turn to Him...he did not fully, for he could not leave Pornicia behind.

Pornicia was given wages for her entertaining ways, and even though she sold herself in trade of pay, she deluded herself by thinking that she was given beauty as a vocation. She was, however naked of purpose and fallen of destiny.

Two people who had never met except in a dream, turned to nightmare with bars of a prison to keep them bound. The man, though he married, remained alone and stripped bare of purpose for his lack of commitment to any living relationship, and Pornicia grew old as an unusable commodity tossed aside by her kingdom of choice. Both had turned off destiny's road and entered into unmarked graves with no inscriptions to be found in the Book of the Living.

There were others to taste of Pornicia's wares, but crossed a bridge without her into a new life and cleansed mind. These had a victory that gave aid to others afflicted in unnatural affairs not stemming from the heart.

There was a woman known as Adora and Audacia who were two in one body. There was the thoughtful Adora and the foolhardy Audacia. The two of her battled most ferociously in which Audacia almost always won, yet when her lead failed to profit she left the consequences to fall back on Adora. While everyone loved Adora, it would not be long for Audacia to show up to bask in the other's glory until it was Adora who became tarnished for it.

Audacia lived drinking in the pleasures of the world, yet leaving the hangovers to Adora. Audacia skipped around bridges as a better solution, for she had no patience of them. Each shortcut she took proved to be the lengthier route, in which she soon tired never having reached her goal. However, when that goal was not reached she simply picked another. She seldom completed anything.

Finally one day Audacia thought to herself that she would let Adora be schooled, then she would return to enjoy the spoils of success. Audacia could hardly keep out of the picture, so she would return at times to indulge herself vicariously in all Adora had set up through laborious efforts. As soon as Audacia had stirred up what she could, she receded again into hiding. This went on for years until Adora had had enough. Audacia had burned every bridge behind her, leaving little left for Adora to cross.

There was tremendous promise in Adora that had never climaxed. One day, when all seemed closed to her, she sat pondering of what she could do to save her life. She began more feverishly gaining knowledge from the Book of Destiny that she had kept hidden. Audacia came to see how she could enjoy herself, but found that Adora had not whipped up a recipe to her taste, so back she went. This gave Adora more time to consume Truth and she strengthened of it. Even though everything around her seemed to be in ruin, she never felt more purpose of life. She built no blocks for Audacia to burst through, for each time Audacia peeked she saw nothing appealing to re-enter.

Adora took herself to the Abyss of Death alone. At the edges kneeled no Chosen, yet as she stood staring at the great precipice she discovered a plank, yet how did it appear? (I will tell you another secret about the Bridge. Adora had many Chosen who petitioned for her daily without fail. The agreements made by all Chosen are never limited to time or space. Those petitions are credited to an everlasting account to be withdrawn by its beneficiary at any time.)

Adora took her first step even though the plank gave somewhat. Words came to her telling her that she could do all things through One greater inside, which was not Audacia. She gained her strength and tackled a few more planks. She tried desperately not to become frightened, anxious or do anything to arouse Audacia. Just ahead she saw a brilliant light whose eyes beckoned her further.

"Where are you going, My Child," asked the Gentle Creature.

"I wish to cross the Bridge, Master," was her reply.

"Do you cross alone, Little One?" He questioned looking deeply into her soul.

"Yes, it is only I, Adora, who wants passage," she wondered at his question.

"There is another I see crossing with you and not enough plank for you both," the Creature warned.

Adora felt afraid of waking Audacia for she would certainly ruin this crossing for her. "I cannot waken her, My Lord," her voice shook of timidity.

"Oh, but awaken her you must; and face her you must!" His voice was commanding, even though she feared Him not. "If you do not face her on this Bridge, you will not cross to the freedom on the other side."

There she stood in limbo not moving forward yet not wanting to go back for fear she would never get this opportunity again. "*Will you stand with me if I waken her, oh Prince?*" she pleaded. His reply was simple, "*I will.*"

With that she roused Audacia who then appeared upon the same plank. "What are we doing here, Adora? I told you I wouldn't cross any bridge and I mean what I say, so just turn us around or I'm pushing you off."

It occurred to Adora that if Audacia pushed her off it would end them both.

The Light spoke Truth to the matter, "Adora it is **you** who are the chosen of purpose and destiny, she cannot take your life but you must take hers. She is an intruder to a vacancy you had as a child, but she is not who is called."

Adora's mind flashed of a horror that happened when she was so young. She saw how it unfolded throughout the years in one brief moment. Knowledge of it gave way to discern Truth from the lies. "Then is it I who am the chosen of this vessel, Prince?" she began to rally her strength just in asking, for she knew the answer as if all along. "Audacia you must leave," she adjured. "You can no longer stay with me. You are not part of me anymore."

Audacia screamed her anger, "This IS my body and I'm NOT leaving! By what authority do you have to cast me out you weak, stupid girl? You have never had a force stronger than I! I will destroy you if you dare try!"

The Light spoke to her heart and she answered with resolve as if making a conclusion to the situation. "By the authority of My Promise, and in **His** authority and by **His** name do I dare to bind you up and throw you out."

As Adora spoke the words it was as if a golden lasso wrapped around Audacia pulling her off the Bridge. She ranted and bluffed but to no avail...for in a moment she was gone.

Adora took the hand of her Savior and walked with Promise to the other side of serenity. Her Prince now had blessed her with such a peace that it passed all other thoughts she could possibly think. She was light as a feather for she had lost the weight of another self, yet now she was made whole.

There was a fine young woman name Charisma, I dare say young because her face never seemed to age, who was led to a bridge. She feared fear itself. Her mother had died early of it, yet passed the unwelcome gift on to her in parting. Charisma lived on the half empty side of water just around the corner of effectiveness, yet only stopped there briefly before despair of some sort entered her path. She usually took on the despair of others as an escape from her own.

She had a heart for JAH, but a wave of depression would weaken His promises in her eyes often, yet not always. Some moments she would strengthen and others she crumbled, but always her heart loved JAH, and He knew this. For her love, JAH helped her often and filled her path with many who encouraged and supported her, as she had been joined to a family of little relief and more frustration. She had many wonderful gifts, and people seemed drawn to her as a magnet thus her name.

Charisma had believed in all gifts charismatic and had learned from many respected Speakers. Yet, sometimes the words of them became so congested that confusion mingled itself in fear, and despair would find its results once again taking her down, as she felt little strength to produce the results necessary. Yet all was a lie, for she was quite gifted. JAH gave her melody but it was not discovered fully in her, since often the tune of her despair was a funeral dirge by virtue of malady.

The Bridge of despair was barred having not defeated her enemy at the Abyss over the Valley of the Shadow of Death. How could Charisma face Death when she was scared to death of it? She met Promise at the start of the Bridge and took His hand but would not cross completely for one reason or another. She bowed to Him and kissed His feet and gave Him oil for His head for she loved Him...she just could not trust herself fully in His hands, but she wanted too with everything in her heart. All she had to do was take the planks without fearing a fall, yet she believed **that** her destiny. Her destiny was never in the fall...ever, for she was a beloved to JAH.

There came a day when all her fears mounted so high she felt swallowed of them. On this day she saw death no longer her enemy but a welcome friend. She went to the Bridge over the Abyss to jump from herself and all torment. She was ready to move forward planks or none!

Ah, but Promise had been waiting for her. All the Chosen who had prayed many prayers and spoke many encouraging words, though not physically present, their prayers kneeled at the Bridge exposing the planks.

She took one after another not looking down for she had made a resolution to walk straight fall or no fall. She defied fear to take her...even daring it. She had mentally taken this bridge over and over again in failure, but not this time! Looking straight ahead, she saw a vision of her mother. She had loved her mother but feared coming close to her benefactor's gift of worry. "Charisma, you are just like me and your daughter after you and her children too," with sadness spoke her mother shaking her head of it.

"I know, it's true, but what can I do?" Charisma's resolve leaked its oil, and her shoulders drooped as failures replayed in her mind. Not only her failures she rehearsed but those of her daughter and granddaughters. She took them all on her shoulders without realizing the planks bowed under the bulk of these cares born of her guilt. This guilt had so weighed her down that in the town she visited a specialist to have them kneaded out, yet it was brief relief not having dealt with the real issue hidden inside.

Both she and her mother stood there on that Bridge exchanging one black thought for another as the weight increased upon the planks made for only one to cross. Charisma carried the sorrow, guilt, judgment and despair for all of them. She just needed to let herself fall and ask Promise to forgive her for the deed about to be accomplished, for she could no longer bare the weight of it.

As Charisma faced her mother, she saw an arm reaching as right through the center of her mother's transparent body toward her. The hand was luminous and welcoming through all the darkening thoughts she had rehearsed. She reached for the glowing hand but her mother's hand reached out for her as well. One hand was radiant of hope the other dark of memory. This was not hard to choose and Charisma grasped at the hand of Promise walking right through her mother who smiled proudly of her daughter's victory, knowing now that her presence was no longer needed she vanished, as Charisma and Promise walked to the other side.

Charisma had lost the weight of the world. Her shoulders no longer ached. Her mother had witnessed her daughter's victory as if it was her own reward, yet had no way of showing Charisma until this moment when time and dimensions overlapped themselves on the same Bridge she had never been able to cross herself in life. The moment was glorious making JAH smile at this Little One who had finally made passage into a new life filled with joy to take back to her daughters and grand.

The fallen either chose the road of immorality or by some distress had an evil presence using them or a curse of bloodline from generations past. JAH had mercy for all because anyone

could choose life to gain Promise's aid.

There were those who would visit JAH in the Book of Destiny or a cottage meeting, and some sat in the Assemblies of the Chosen with one foot in the lures of pleasure secretly that no one would know. These would find life a struggle for the world never plays a short game but an arduous one expecting to win in the end. Their secret never safe from disclosure but the blemish for all to see when made by discovery rather than the testimony given of success in winning!

As for Adora she went on to serve JAH in covert operations mightily and without fear, for perfect Love had cast it out utterly. Then there were others whose gifts, of the wrong kind, had passed from one generation to find another. Charisma became a Chosen One tried and true!

Ps 107:31-37 Oh that men would praise the LORD for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men! 32 Let them exalt him also in the congregation of the people, and praise him in the assembly of the elders. 33 He turneth rivers into a wilderness, and the watersprings into dry ground; 34 A fruitful land into barrenness, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein. 35 He turneth the wilderness into a standing water, and dry ground into watersprings. 36 And there he maketh the hungry to dwell, that they may prepare a city for habitation; 37 And sow the fields, and plant vineyards, which may yield fruits of increase.

BACK TO THE DRAINPIPES

Matt 4:16

The people which sat in darkness saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up.

KJV

Flower and Buzz were a comfort to one another. They shared the days with Beavruss, the lessons taught at Reeb, words of Shine, and times of laughter with Illustrator and all the aid of the Triune. It was through Listener's writings that enlightened the face of JAH that they now perceived. All of these memories encouraged them to be a light in the darkest of places. It was only now that they realized that one could find home in a drainage pipe of smells that was brighter than all the mansions of Enmity.

Word had reached the Chosen that the Resistance was hard at work in the camps. No one was looking for Buzz, Flower or Webs for there was One, Ophicia, who worked in records and data for the camps. This One would change the status of runaway to stamping "transferred out". So they had never been missed. Moles had no work ethics to bother checking.

Ophicia had not seen Caulie in a long time and her heart was the poorer for it. She had kept tabs on her through the FM School, but as Caulie became absent more than not Ophicia marked her out of the roster. Now she could only pray to JAH for her daughter's safety. Trust had been something she had learned in her troubled life. She had come to her Bridge and could not cross it many times, but the fervency of the Chosen helped her accomplish passage to the other side. For now all she dared to believe was that Caulie was alive and well. Ophicia had not taken the symbol like many others, which left her only the meager food given the camps. This kept her thin near bone, but stamina was given her by JAH, and Promise was her confidant.

JAH had His network in place and Buzz with Flower's aid in their station at the drainage pipe. There had been an abandoned shed a mile's walk away where they kept food supplies and some rolled up mats under the floor boards. The Resistance had their stations and worked like the well-oiled mechanisms of a clock which knew the correct time and season. Though they may not have had a personal contact, they moved as a fine orchestra with a Master Conductor, Hagios.

"I believe we will see some action tonight" Flower said hopefully to Buzz. Flower had insight through her new language, and Buzz relied upon her preternatural gifts.

“Well, then we should leave as soon as possible,” Buzz lived for these moments of high adrenaline.

Buzz would shinny up to the wall of the Camp, while Flower stationed herself at the pipe waiting. The first time she waited for so long she began to imagine all fearful endings to Buzz, but replaced agonizing thoughts with singing softly to JAH. Everyone who worked in the Resistance knew that they could not love their life more than the commission. Abaddon’s key tool was fear and knew just when to insert it to cause a standoff to thwart any triumph.

Flower had clean water and bread waiting, but she would usually watch the spot light over the camp to make sure it kept steadily moving and did not rest upon anything suspicious. She knew Buzz would have given thorough enough instructions being an expert on escaping. Tonight was not as cold as usual, she thought, watching the light move over the area of the compound. All seemed quiet and undisturbed, which made her wonder if Buzz had made it out yet. Just as her mind started to play in pictures of distress, Like appeared from the other end of the pipe as she had once so long ago.

“How goes the world?” Like questioned, which was the typical greeting given in these days by the Chosen.

The response to follow was now for Flower to repeat, “Not well, but the Kingdom comes and His Will be done on this earth as it is within Him.” They embraced for love, warmth and strength...a threefold cord not easily broken.

Like broke the silence, “Have you seen any sign of them yet?”

“Not yet, but soon I am sure of it. You know Buzz. He is more discerning and less cavalier these days.”

“Yes, he has become quite the Captain of Courage,” agreed Like who then peeped around the entrance of the pipe to see what she might.

Flower wondered after Likeness as they were usually in tandem, “Where is Likeness?”

“There are many crossing Bridges these days and she must be about that business. Her heart ached to come, but I came in her stead.” Flower loved hearing this report which was filled of hope for all seeking refuge.

There in the pipe they shared the latest news. Like shared from the happenings of the Chosen whether word or deed, and Flower revealed what the Spirit of Hagios had shown her from the times she and Buzz spent in the shed praying for direction. They marveled at their comparisons fitting perfectly in unison even though they were miles separated. Time passed faster when speaking about the excitement of miracles, which cast out all fear of failure.

Buzz, being familiar with every crevice and cranny, took his steps with caution as he once again entered under the building from the drainage system. Fortunately, corrosion had caused much damage to the pipes leading to and from the building making them accessible for one who dared to discover it. Even the Politicals, who had made promises to the Moles of reinforcing that which was disintegrating, shirked at any agreement made. Campaign speeches were the stuff of fairy tales, leaving one to ballot for the most entertaining.

There were three small shadowy figures coming into view as Buzz looked down one hall, but just before he could make them out a voice rang,

“Whose goes there?” It was the voice of a Mole. The three figures stood speechless not knowing what to say. Buzz spoke mentally as if placing the words into the Mole’s head by some inaudible transmission, *“You may pass.”*

“You may Pass,” parroted the Mole oblivious of the intercession of another. Buzz had heard Illustrator tell a story of mindless Moles who were susceptible to a stronger force directing them whether for good or evil...It was his first attempt, but IT WORKED!

The three did not move at first, but Buzz moved closer to them to lead them out as quietly as possible not wanting to test his new gift further. They would be taken to the shed to rest until it was time for the next move to one of the Safe Houses. Much had been accomplished by Buzz and Flower since the night of their own escape when they had no shed. For now they had created a passage for all Little Ones to take to safety. There were many others working in similar fashion all across the land for the efforts of Hagios orchestrating all things to work together for the good of those who loved their Lord JAH.

QUEEN OF HEAVEN

Jer 44:18-19, 23

18 But since we left off to burn incense to the queen of heaven, and to pour out drink offerings unto her, we have wanted all things, and have been consumed by the sword and by the famine. 19 And when we burned incense to the queen of heaven, and poured out drink offerings unto her, did we make her cakes to worship her, and pour out drink offerings unto her, without our men? 23 Because ye have burned incense, and because ye have sinned against JAH, and have not obeyed the voice of JAH, nor walked in his law, nor in his statutes, nor in his testimonies; therefore this evil is happened unto you, as at this day.

KJV

It is true that there are many mysteries to discover in the Book of Destiny. There is one vague in the Elder of testaments whose character is quite illusive, yet her deeds are of greater scope than her identity bares. She changes her disguise as often as most change their clothing, and she is titled by many, many names for she is fickle. She has even thought to tarnish JAH, were it possible, by pretense of being Him. Statues of old were erected in her honor though no sculptor knew quite her form. One made her of many breasts with implications of her being most sufficient for their needs and so they made crescent cakes in her honor.

She was the founder of many religions sitting upon their boards as they argued over building projects and the weightier matter of fund raising, while souls slipped away out of mind and sight (Is 14:13). In some she required cutting (1Ki 18:28) while others the blood of their young (Jer 7:31), but mostly she loved to make up doctrines for them to follow and harsh judgments for their poor (1Tim 4:1-2). Pulpit adulteries were the spice she peppered often to her own taste. No religion of her making did she doctrine the same, which kept them from uniting against her should they come into some understanding of Truth.

Queen is one who is hidden in plain sight, for the Book speaks of her, but most do not catch the intimations. Listener discovered her futile disguises, and I dare say peeked under her skirt, finding her as not many but singly one, solo act. She is quite the ineffectual entity, yet people who have worshipped her have put her on the map. Who would believe such havoc and chaos could come from so charismatic a feminine? Therefore, most do not believe.

Her tantrums have cause volcanoes to erupt and the ground to shake as great waves wash civilizations into the sea, while in milder moods she whirled winds leveling towns. Some, for this reason, have named her the Mother of Nature, yet after her performances of mayhem and destruction she whispers to Medias that it was judgment and all tongues echo the name of JAH in credit. However, Destiny's Book says: *"...that a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks but JAH was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but JAH was not in the earthquake: yet after the earthquake a fire; but JAH was not in the fire:*

and after the fire a still small voice, and he that has an ear let him hear it." Even two faithful Learners of Promise, who walked with Him were fooled wanting to call down the angry fires of JAH, but they were rebuked of Promise not understanding from what spirit they spoke. Yes, she had her reach even in the Chosen Ones, and one, Iscariot, who for a pouch of silver threw Promise to the vultures of the whited sepulchers.

From more recent history back in the year of our Lord one thousand, nine hundred ninety and nine there was an operation in Ephesus, Turkey, which some believed the seat of this illusory Queen. Hundreds descended upon that town to adjure the invisible Queen to her knees and cast her down, but they managed only to cause her into raging a quake which killed around 17,000 with a million homeless.

One should never hang a painting only partially finished for impatience. Never take a call that seems good. Instead, take only that which is appointed you. Once in the Book, it tells of an arc being transferred, which toppled slightly and another trying to still it was suddenly slain of the effort. Meddling in affairs without the commission are deadly arrangements.

She had hidden well from the pages of an elder testament with the added help of Scribes scribbling and fusing her doctrines of wrath with those of JAH's Words. For this we are implored from the message of the Book to study ourselves approved rightly and divide Truth from error. Upon Promise's appointment she was identified, but many believed it was a new doctrine in the nature of a cult in the works (Mk1:27). It did not stop Promise from continuing to cast her out as a sickness, infirmity and all manner of disease. Many tormented in mind and heart had discovered her identity once Promise made his command. She did not ever work alone but had emissaries do her bidding. These emissaries were so glad to be away from her presence that they would have pleaded to live in the swine of earth as a sanctuary, and so it is recorded (Mk 5:12-13). For though Queen wants a following and popularity, she is friend to no one and requires none back.

Before her day is reckoned, there must be a selection of appointed witnesses to try her, showing proof of her deeds before her sentence is declared. Only then will she be contained in the finale to face her sentence in the wrath of the earth she damaged. JAH had Archers for this duty. They held the only arrows knowing the way to penetrate her heart, had she one. Each would know what position to take at the appointed time, but until then it was all obscurity.

SEASON OF ARCHERS

Jer 50:29

Call together the archers against Babylon: all ye that bend the bow, camp against it round about; let none thereof escape: recompense her according to her work; according to all that she hath done, do unto her: for she hath been proud against the LORD, against the Holy One of Israel.

Isa 47:1-3

Come down, and sit in the dust, O virgin daughter of Babylon, sit on the ground: there is no throne, O daughter of the Chaldeans: for thou shalt no more be called tender and delicate. 2 Take the millstones, and grind meal: uncover thy locks, make bare the leg, uncover the thigh, pass over the rivers. 3 Thy nakedness shall be uncovered, yea, thy shame shall be seen: I will take vengeance, and I will not meet thee as a man.

Gen 2:1

Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them.

(Host: tsâbâ' tsebâ'âh- a mass of persons especially regularly organized for war (an army); by implication a campaign, literally or figuratively (specifically hardship, worship): - appointed time, (+) army, (+) battle, company, host, service, soldiers, waiting upon, war (-fare.)

There is a time when all things conclude. The Book of Destiny speaks the pages of it. Archo was ready in the celestial realm with troops, while terrestrial troops, who were archers, were being gathered (Rev 12: 3-12). The Archers had been well seasoned in life for such a time. They had come to know JAH as He is and not as in tales of Him. They were swift of tongue and hit their mark squarely.

On the special day of JAH's planning, He had His Witnesses appointed from before the foundation of the world (Gen 2:1) who were the seasoned Archers, set aside for battle. JAH's plan had been calculated before the earth to make a remedy for all heaven plucking out the thorn of infection. It would be a bittersweet day...one of joy for heaven and one of sorrow in earth for her accuser would settle there making her arrangements of destruction.

As each of the Witnesses came close to the ROCK, they became real, which for this occasion was armored vesture of shield and buckler, helmet and sword with feet shod as with the horses and not merely footmen. They also carried a crossbow and quiver of arrows. These Witnesses did not pick the call; the call picked them. (No one knows their identity, no not this author, but the Author who is also the Finisher of faith alone knows. Where and with whom they gathered is also undisclosed even to them. To say they gather at the ROCK, simply means the place of JAH's choosing.)

Session began...an inner session closely monitored. Witnesses were closed in and the charges would begin. As each charge was brought forth, with it came a reaction somewhere on earth as the trembling of the ground with waves of the sea responding in like fashion, but all at the ROCK stood firm and concealed in their ranks.

The charge of harlot was first revealed of her deeds as she prostituted her wares throughout time. As accusations were brought into the light, Queen felt herself uncovered, but by whom she did not perceive. She had loved playing the harlot on her own terms but being slave to it by an unknown source was disconcerting. She used the pawn of others to act the harlot, yet this had fallen upon her. For this occasion she felt unprepared, unshaven and unclean for her usual enticements, for now her make-up was ajar. Someone had opened her secret diary and was reading from its pages. There she lay exposed, but to whom? Queen could feel the strings of her control being clipped as she was stripped bare. She wrapped her arms about herself but could not remain hidden from the demands of the details she was being accused. She had so often made the accusations herself, but the point of those arrows were now in the hands of steady archers and she...their target. Never had she felt shame and degradation to be remembered now, yet it reached out to her. All the accusations she gave were amplified lies, but these allegations had truth in them. She...Queen was indicted and with pronounced cause. Where was the counsel of her defense, and by whose authority were these claims issued against her?

She had not been long in this indignation when another charge was given. She had stolen the identity of many, disguising herself as a light, but cavities began to appear darkening the light to expose her further. She had mounted many congregates with a mask of JAH making all see Him through her delusions. Queen was also the thief that had made a people destitute from famine and drought. She robbed all she could of joy and peace, of hope and promise, leaving them nothing in which to find either nourishment or serenity. Now was her confidence gone, and with it her haughty countenance slipped into despair wondering at this thing happening to her.

It was at this point that the Witnesses heard the voices of their loved ones crying out as if in despair, but this had been experienced in the delusions seen at the Bridges. Witnesses were well experienced having helped many cross to discern the false voices of loved ones. They paid no heed and continued the charges from the sides of the ROCK. Queen was thinking that they had failed to accomplish her exile, however, the time of her reprieve was short lived, as she was soon to learn.

Queen took the opportunity to leave her starry realm and descend to the upper atmosphere to get a better look. She noticed that her appearance was less transparent as if instead of fading out she was fading in. It had occurred during some of the charges being hurled, but she was in such a confounded state that the exact time of this transformation escaped her.

Witnesses were in the next phase of acting out the escapades of Queen that the charges had detailed. In her realm above earth's atmosphere Queen's life passed before her eyes just as one facing death. As the charge of Slayer came, she felt what no spirit could. Each and every cruelty done to mankind was now her pain. As Promise had felt the pain of other's consequences from the whip and thorns to the nails, Queen felt the consequences of her **actual** deeds. A noose fastened around her neck, a sword pierced her side, a stone hit her temple turning into the lead ball from a musket and finally into the bullet of steel. There was a razor's edge to her wrists and the gouge of pressure to her eyes as if she had a body of flesh and could feel it all! She was pummeled with every device imaginable and many beyond imagination, which JAH spared the Witnesses from seeing. But the worst was to follow.

Queen had been the slayer of all innocent blood tearing young from the wombs of their mothers. Now she felt herself being torn in pieces and burned of saline acid as if she was being sucked limb by limb from **her** own womb. She felt both as the mother suffering loss and the child being dismembered as she turned completely inside out. The wails of grief that came out of her sent winds of destruction below her ripping and tearing everything in their path for miles, yet she had not figured where to point them, for her attackers remained concealed to the vanishing point. There had been no affliction that she incurred, which had not had her stamp as inventor. The inventions had turned upon their inventor at once with great violence. Had she a human body, she would not have lasted the first wound, but her metamorphosis was as yet uncompleted.

Many more were the charges with few respites. The time went swiftly for the Witnesses, but not so for Queen who was sinking from her perch as if all the years of her cruelties prolonged themselves upon her now. She became less transparent with every charge issued and now had the weight of a mountain which would soon be cast into the sea by the smallest seeds mustered!

It was coming to the end of the eleventh hour as she now felt as if a millstone encircled her neck pulling her downward into a sea of despair and defeat, so Queen fell into what was only dark...and dark and more darkness.

(The Great Book tells it: And I heard a loud voice saying in heaven, Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ: for the accuser of our brethren is cast down, which accused them before our God day and night. And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death. Therefore rejoice, ye heavens, and ye that dwell in them. Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea! for the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time. Rev 12:10-12)

BABYLON HAS FALLEN

Luke 21:11, 25-26

11 And great earthquakes shall be in divers places, and famines, and pestilences; and fearful sights and great signs shall there be from heaven...25 And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; 26 Men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth: for the powers of heaven shall be shaken.

Rev 17:4-6

4 And the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand full of abominations and filthiness of her fornication: 5 And upon her forehead was a name written, MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH. 6 And I saw the woman drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus: and when I saw her, I wondered with great admiration.

Rev 14:8

Babylon is fallen, is fallen, that great city, because she made all nations drink of the wine of the wrath of her fornication.

KJV

Enmity shook at its very core causing many to faint in fear and others to be swallowed up with all their belongings so that not a trace of their existence remained. It was like the earth was tipsy of wine staggering through its orbit. Weather could not decide its season. Power plants of energy released their poisons into the air, land and sea, while blasts of feuding nations trying to hold on to independence from the Federation exploded against it releasing the emissions of retaliation. Populations of every living thing had decreased its number, whether plants, animals or mankind. Stores were filled with empty shelves, broken windows and doors burst through.

Eybah had sent troops to settle down the streets of anarchy until the roadways became red of its battles. For one vulnerable moment he collapsed being hit in the head and falling. The Zealots standing around him proved a useless protection as his lifeless body hit the ground and all breath of him was gone. It was not discovered who had done this but many surrounding were slain for it just the same. Eybah's dead body lay upon a cold slab in a mortuary of death. All was dark...dark and darkness.

Queen opened the eyes of him and a gasp of breath was taken in. She felt the excruciating pain in every part of her. Where was she? The better question...what was she? She looked at a sheet of white covering her face from seeing. Nothing had been able to block her view before. She could see through anything and pass through it as well, but now all was white with no sight to penetrate through its weave. She moved but each millimeter was laborious and sharp. She

felt of herself, for something was not quite right...she found herself no longer transparent but felt the substance of her...she was solid as if...NO! She thought it no problem to steal the identity of another but this one not only took her identity but held her in a prison of flesh.

It was no longer Eybah inside but Queen. She looked with disgust at her body. She had lied, seduced, killed and tortured men and now she was being held captive in one. The anguish of the moment capitalized on tapping an emotion of sorrow not having been born. Promise entered womb's incubator and was lovingly carried, then given an expected birth. He was given to be nurtured, while she had been cast in to the garbage container of human flesh, no birth and certainly no one expecting her.

Stringer passed by the news platform to see who had replaced Eybah. It was yesterday's news that the infamous leader of the Federation had been assassinated in one shot to the head. There was no hope of better, since each leader replacing the former had proven a worse candidate to fill the vacancy. Stringer, though he did not try passing by here daily, for the violence had increased, knew the news of a leader was something he must read. There was Wilderness Man standing with others crowding the post. All eyes riveted in disbelief. The usual subtle murmurs stilled. Stringer's eyes quickly scanned the news. The news was shocking and He rushed to find Reeb. Reeb had heard the sound of a Trumpet telling the news already, as anyone with an ear would know through knowledge of underground mysteries hidden in plain sight within Destiny's pages, if one dug deeply enough. Reeb had remember reading about the attempt years ago to bring down the Queen of Heaven...thoughts put together painted quite the curious picture.

In the days to follow those who had neglected to seek the value of life in JAH found that they had nothing on which to lean...nothing to hold them up in these days of terror. Life was fleeting for there were so many ways for it to succumb. The earth itself was sickened to death vomiting the scalding lava and sending ash to mingle with the ashes of war and destruction. Pestilence and plague racked the bodies of the living wishing to be dead. No one asked for a cure, but prayed to the gods for death, and the gods of this world answered in even more distresses.

The gods known to the world were the minds of Science, which was now all too unpredictable. Science scratched its head in confusion with no concrete answers on which to hang Truth. Other gods were the minds of medicines, which could neither save nor cure as no relief was had from any of them. There were the gods of the media making up reasons for all the perplexities that pointed to the Chosen Ones and the Great City Zion neither in compliance with Eybah nor becoming more politically motivated to win against him. If the world could be rid of them, the tumult would decrease were the lies they peddled. When people are suffering panic, either

mentally or physically, they will grab any reason presented them to blame their lot. Yet the very excuses Eybah gave for all disruptions were the very things cursing all mankind.

Zion had not only been the Great City, but the time piece of the world. If you did not know what time it was in prophetic understanding, you only had to cast your eyes in her direction. Anyone attacking her borders would receive double portion back. Those who had blessed her were blessed, and those who had cursed her were cursed. Nations from history told the tales of those rising against Zion only to become bald nations, for nothing grew from their grounds again. In the Book of Destiny are all her histories. One of which tells of the curse coming upon her enemies being this: ***Their flesh shall consume away while they stand upon their feet, and their eyes shall consume away in their holes, and their tongue shall consume away in their mouth.*** However, this speaks clearly of the poisoning from emissions propagated of the demolitions and retaliations that followed...the double portion sent back to cursed nations. For it happened just that quickly while they stood upon their feet, however they did not stand after but went to their bellies as they crawled looking for relief and finding none. Yet, now there was only one nation, one world, one Federation under the direction of Eybah.

Eybah, who had become more treacherous than before as if driven with madness, had only one desire. If Queen was to spend out her time grounded and vulnerable to death's grave then she would not perish alone but take everyone and everything with her. She would destroy JAH's earth and all in it! She would make a temple for herself and sit upon its throne to be worshipped if only for a short while. If she had been a perfidious Queen in the heavenlies, it would have been nothing compared to now. (Is 14:19-22) Her eyes were peeled for those who brought her to this grounding. Queen overthinks and overplays her hand in all situations. Anger has a way of blinding the mind of any good reason only to bring out consequences dreamed from foolish acts of aggression. With each method of destruction issued, she would also taste its penalties.

The history in Destiny's Book tells of what JAH did to foolish Babeling builders of towers. Those towers fall and the imaginations of those who created amazing feats would find their imaginations emptier of thought. This people had no longer the use of a total mind, with which imaginations had luxuriated in producing, but it became tempered back to a portion of what it had been. Their communications had collapsed and all building ceased (Gen 11:1-9). Queen had tried her best effort to block the King putting Him in checkmate, yet in one move the King took her off the board of play! She had to start all over in a new game field with dimmer pawns to play. Queen's anger would halt her from learning lessons, for she would repeat them often being unable to create as well as she could destroy. (The mystery is that many of the amazing wonders created by mankind, before losing their mental capacities, are in monuments of wonder that are still on exhibition in earth. Great stones are displayed from buildings that could not be reproduced by men of lesser imagination in more civilized generations of

knowledge. The Book of Destiny has revealed all answers rejected by man who try to guess false theories that never agree.)

Queen, known for overkill in situations, began once again loading her weapons of mass destructions in searing the land in chase of the Witnesses. Yet, not knowing who or where to look she made all Little Ones her target, as an ancient King Herod had, yet in this was she given all opportunity for a backfire. Babeling Towers were being rewound to play yet again with an updated script, howbeit a different technology at hand. History that repeats itself achieves in like fashion for never coming to the right conclusion. Rather than buildings of magnitude were the great and controlling grids of power holding all civilizations in data they could not escape. These grids compromised the destinies of mankind keeping them bound by an All Seeing Eye watching their every move. This was yet another overplay of futile effort, for to put all eggs into one basket one must also have sure footing not to drop it and lose all. Queen had her workers of technology in place long before her appearance on earth, as all paper became extinct and all writing done through newer technologies. Satellites and grids became the All Seeing Eye one could not escape. Towers of the inane Babblers reestablished under advanced names, yet still just revisiting ancient Babylon. All her eggs were put into one basket of technology. Towers of power constructed just waiting for the storm of the century to knock them out and scramble the eggs.

What would JAH use this time against towers of powers? Would He reverse the curse in favor of His Chosen? Would He use a mammoth solar flare or would Queen emit such destruction that she would knock out all her power in a move of excess? The answer is yes to all as the towers of Babel were again revisited but in reverse. Queen lost all Federation's data freeing mankind from the All Seeing Eye, while the Chosen of JAH regained full command of every part of their minds. There was nothing the Chosen could not do, for the imagination was no longer in captivity but set free. They could move mountains and transport from one place to another concealed. JAH had trusted them to think as He did and use their gift with all wisdom.

The Queen, who had used such power in the heavenlies, tried the same tricks but found that on earth she had vulnerability at every turn with limited inventions of power now compromised. The Book tells of her going to make war of those who cast her down. Queen had sent a flood but the ground had opened and swallowed the waters. Those Chosen were kept safe in places JAH had prepared. Just as a stable had held a secret birth the Chosen were given a secret stable, yet they did not remain manger bound but did mighty exploits, for Queen neither peeked in stables, nor did she find a manger to hold her interest.

These were days of great suffering or great exploits depending upon man's choice of kingdom. Many weapons had been secured with case loads of ammunitions to protect the store of those who had prepared, yet there were those beneficial and full of mercy who welcomed the hungry to feed and minister life. Those worldly were being rewarded of it and those belonging to JAH

were likewise rewarded by Him. The consequences one lived depended upon where one's loyalties lay.

There was only one foundation built on a ROCK that never shook. This ROCK had become the stable of safety. All those Little Ones gathered there often to twirl in praise of the music, with Reebbs going behind the ROCK waiting as the Hand pointed and words appeared. Unlike the media presses, which had been taken out with the towers, the Words read here had healing and deliverance. While the Death Angel had made its visit to earth eating it up ravenously, it passed over JAH's Little Ones not to touch one hair of them. What JAH had done in the histories written in the Great Book, He had done in these times also, for He is the same in all generations. There were many times of gatherings at the ROCK or gathering at cottages of hope or to study from the Words of the Book of Destiny. Safe Houses had many seeking them out, which in turn pointed them in the direction of JAH. These were careful days when discernment and wisdom were the most welcome of gifts. Each and every Little One was as a package that upon opening by any receiving them had great reward. When answers were sought the Little Ones carried its knowledge.

JAH would not that any perish, yet people drew destruction like a magnet for their ignorance seeking only remedies that worsened them further and further again. The emissions were the slaughter of the day and the minds of medicine used these same emissions to cure. It is no wonder the suffering and death prolonged its days on earth with such minds as these. Minds unread of Destiny's answers, unbridged, unzipped of flesh and were unprepared to live in the generation given them. Great minds were as fool's gold. Many panned their hope and found only dust for their effort.

DAYS OF NATURAL AND SUPERNATURAL

Matt 24:23-25

Then if any man shall say unto you, Lo, here is Christ, or there; believe it not. 24 For there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall shew great signs and wonders; insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect. 25 Behold, I have told you before.

John 14:12-14

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father. 13 And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. 14 If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it.

Mark 16:16-18

He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned. 17 And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; 18. They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.

KJV

Two things came to life in the days of great tumult. Natural disasters made one dubious what ground was safe to place one's foot or what wind might wipe a town away. Summer could be blanketed of snow and winter searing and balmy. Nothing was to be reckoned actual except JAH, who was a sure foundation and mighty Fortress and all else was wavering, sinking sand.

Those of the Symbol could never decipher the Message of Truth, though it be explained. Their minds could not accept it. Reprobate minds ran what systems of government were left, which could never be washed clean, for they had blasphemed the Holiest of Holies in denial. Therefore, denied they would also be.

The two forces working in conflict had each their powers. The Resistance of JAH had powers over all that was false, darkness and evil. The curse of the ancient days at the Tower of Babbling Tongues, when all languages were confounded, had been lifted. The recesses of the mind which had been held in limbo were loosened upon the Children of JAH and the capacity to do marvels in broadened dimensions passing time and space were discovered in those dormant places now alive. If it could be imagined it could be done. Things which had no appearance materialized by the thought of it and speaking it so. What may affect the world had no such effect upon the Mighty Troops of JAH. They could run and not be weary and walk without fainting. They could appear or remain concealed. Women received their dead raised to life

again: and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance; that they might obtain a better resurrection...for these were the days of miracles that no one could dispute, though they tried to ignore.

JAH had His own arsenal led by Archō who fought the unseen Principalities and Princes in Celestial realms for the Resistance. Those of the Resistance paved the way for the celestial troops of Archō. As the Resistance kept fighting the celestial troops kept conquering.

It remained a puzzle that with these two displays of power, Queen's now compromised severely, that those suffering who had once claimed to be servants of JAH still relied upon the weaker Federation, the medicine men, minds of science and the media reduced in mouth to mouth resuscitating the news. They had not received use of their full minds nor the power to imagine all the miracles of JAH. The Book spoke of this too telling a generation not to be deceived: for the day would not arrive, except there be a falling away first of those who had claimed JAH, and the son of perdition revealed. Even though the Chosen knew it to be true, it was not easier to fathom such a clear-cut choice. Even JAH had shown them the manner of life and death, for death for all to deduce a better option, yet they did not. These were times for all to repent...and still they did not! With every opportunity given them, they did no such thing but continued to seek impotent means.

The Chosen held celebrations with amazing signs and wonders not as Eybah had used in subliminal, simulations of fakery and aerial holograms as Queen returned to the tales of OZ. Eyes were opened and revelation poured in. Deaf ears became unstopped of hearing the praises reaching JAH's throne. The lame danced and the mute sang a new song. The time of miracles had arrived as common yet uncommon of enthusiasm always.

All signs pointed upward with anticipation of exchanging one life for a new one and one world for newer. All old things were beginning to pass away making all things fresh and new. To hear JAH say, "It is good," was music to the imagination. At His throne there came peace as quickly as a rock falling into water, there was no more accuser to weary His heart or rehearse in His ear. A divorce had made its final decree issued by Witnesses.

THE PASSAGE OF LITTLE ONES

1 Thess 4:16-17

16 For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: 17 Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

KJV

Buzz and Flower no longer waited in a drainpipe but danced and whirled with the others at the ROCK. Reeb, Beavrus, Shine, Triune and Illustrater were present and their families scattered about them. Stringer played like never before and both he and Matthaios strummed like one without the distinction of separation yet a blend of such harmony that they both lifted from the wooden decking which surrounded the ROCK as if gravity no longer applied. Cheers rang through the crowd at the sight of it!

This generation had proven itself to be known as the Passage of Little Ones. There had been a metamorphosis in the human species from a lowly worm to flight reaching heights never before attainable in any other generation. They had escaped the camps, crossed the Bridges, unzipped as if from a chrysalis freeing them for airlift. There remained but for Promise to bring His magnet and draw all the metamorphosed up.

Webs had gained the keys of wisdom and knowledge for which he hungered night and day. Much revelation was given him, and he taught it well with a great deal of flourish that had not been in his nature before, yet became his reward for service. Caulie had been reunited with her mother Ophicia and the two danced together with Flower and danced for Flower's news. Buzz had grown quite fond of her, working for the same cause at the drainpipes and in several years the two made their vows. Shine had stood with them as they committed themselves one to another. Flower had made it her request for Shine to be the honored maid. Everything on Shine glimmered that day.

There were many like Beavrus who could not ever stand still but took all advantage of the gifts that imagination could muster, so she was usually not seen grounded at the ROCK but leaping just above it from cloud to cloud! Shine would never tire of good old fashioned hugs from those loving her...whose arms wrapped around her constantly. She had shied from crowds much of her life but this was not being crowded; this was divine acceptance. The triune became no more three but renamed Multitude for their great numbered family all having crossed Bridges from Huggar's efforts, which was reward enough. Like and Likeness had saved so many going to and from the towns helping Little Ones find their passage to safety.

Let me tell you of the Glories, for they had wept many tears. No tears were left them as if wiped away and no sorrow remained even though Promise had not returned for them yet. Their hearts had been strengthened through these hard times and no longer broke for those who did not choose life. They found strength and joy in the little Ones who made passage. Enabler had been a common name used for the Glories but JAH changed their name to Abler for they had become able to do all things glorious in His name!

Listener had lived on in the hearts of all who held her dear. Her reward on earth had always been for her children, and she was secured that not one was lost. I cannot say when a chariot whisked her away because she left behind such a presence that it was felt as if her existence was timeless. Her children held her eyes, ears, hands and feet with all her resemblance that when they looked at one another they could see her shining through. Even now Reeb could feel her smiling and a tear of joy trickled her face upon every remembrance. She had not seen Dorotea in a while and envisioned her climbing into the same chariot to share Listener's ride. These feelings and thoughts brought pleasure and an excitement of seeing them again soon.

Reeb looked around at those faithful and remembered Promise's question asking if on His return He would find faith...she had the answer, "Look, Promise, just look! Here is faith singing to you and praising you and dancing with love for you. Look at it and rejoice!" Promise was catching all thoughts like valentines of love being opened and read. It was as if Reeb's hand was in turn pointing to scrolls and words appeared from the hearts of all who loved Him. Promise read them aloud for all of heaven to rejoice. He had been interceding for so long and still, but His kneeling would soon be finished as He would once again descend to His old home as when He was the Son of Man, yet this time the Conquering Lamb. All those who had died for the Love of Him were standing ready to accompany. They had waited so long as well, but as the time was closing they waited with a renewed glee.

The Trumpets had been sounding and with each the world grew darker but at the ROCK it was light as if the sun had landed to brighten its region that the Chosen were not in darkness...no; not in this world or the next! Many Chosen had lost count of which numbered this Trump, but it was to remember the disaster following that would reveal it.

Reeb had thought the Trumpets of the Book as only symbolic translating it to be prophets crying out the warning of JAH, until the actual sound of them were heard upon all continents. The Scientific theorized their usual, nonsensical evaluations disputing what they termed the lesser minds of superstition, of which Reeb gathered this to include her.

All that could sleep that night slept lightly with the anticipation of a bride awaiting her groom. This bride had replenished her oil and her lamp glowed of light in this midnight hour. Buzz lay, as he had in the camp so long ago it seemed, with excitement for a final adventure...another

planned escape that would thrust him into “happily ever after”. He looked at Flower sleeping next to him with the glow from the lamp resting upon her cheek and felt warmth in his heart for his many blessings, ironically, in this most distressing of times. The times had not moved him. As he lay there, reflections of the lamp’s glow and remembrance took him back to his first Bridge. Suddenly revelation made its visit knocking on the door of his heart, and he sat upright with its discovery. As he had crossed that Bridge it was by Flower’s own conversion and prayer that had saved him, and in turn her love for him that had taken her to her knees with tongues of fire causing her own conversion. They had both been destined for one another all along. Buzz looked upon her face so peaceful, so delicate and lovely. If it were possible, he loved her all the more. He would not go to Paradise empty.

Webs had other thoughts dancing in his head. He too had found his significant other in the wisdom of knowledge uncovered to him. Wisdom had found its way into his heart, and he could not wait to see the face of those Words eye to eye. He, like Buzz, would not enter Paradise empty.

Caulie had found a greater Will than her own and bowed in His glory. She dreamed of awarding JAH the grandest trophy, while to Promise she bestowed all her ribbons...not to slight Hagios of whom she had come to appreciate more than words could speak. To Him she gave a medal of honor. Caulie had no words of her own, so she lie upon her mat and let her tongues speak it’s the songs of love in a secret language known only by the three she had awarded. To give back all she had won did not, in any wise, leave her to enter those Gates of Pearl empty. Her greatest gift was in being received not only by JAH but by her mother who had brought with her the gift forgiveness and mercy as the ultimate reward that Caulie’s heart had needed to unlock all sorrows. Shine was right in her words that had truly come to pass.

Little Ones making their passage into a Kingdom greater in scope than the world of their birth is the focus of this story. The conclusion of this story lies in the heart of the reader, for you know its ending...or should I say its beginning. The Scriptures are still being written with you in mind...Script-Yours. It is not a fabrication that the Book of Destiny exists. That Book has your life written in bold letters for your heart to read. Taste and see that the Lord is good and eat of His Words that you fulfill your purpose. Destiny has called you out, Little One, and the passage lies just ahead with a Bridge to cross. I, Reeb and my dear friends Beavrus, Shine, Huggar, Like, Likeness and Illustrator are kneeling at the precipice calling for a way over that deep abyss. You will make it across to resurrected, abundant life. Hagios, JAH’s Spirit, will reveal to you the first plank hewn and blood stained from Calvary’s own cross. The hands of intercession will help steady your walk as you take the first plank. Remember not to look down or believe the voices of doubt, but hold on to the rail and lean against Promise for He will meet you there. Allow Promise to author the story of You to the end and the beginning of a new one...CHAPTER WON.

CHAPTER WON

Rev 21:1-20; 22:1-21

1 And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea.

2 And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

3 And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

4 And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

5 And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful.

6 And he said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.

7 He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.

8 But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death.

9 And there came unto me one of the seven angels which had the seven vials full of the seven last plagues, and talked with me, saying, Come hither, I will shew thee the bride, the Lamb's wife.

10 And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God,

11 Having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal;

12 And had a wall great and high, and had twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels, and names written thereon, which are the names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel:

13 On the east three gates; on the north three gates; on the south three gates; and on the west three gates.

14 And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb.

15 And he that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city, and the gates thereof, and the wall thereof.

16 And the city lieth foursquare, and the length is as large as the breadth: and he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal.

17 And he measured the wall thereof, an hundred and forty and four cubits, according to the measure of a man, that is, of the angel.

18 And the building of the wall of it was of jasper: and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass.

19 And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony; the fourth, an emerald;

20 The fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolite; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth, a chrysoprasus; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst.

21 And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl: and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass.

22 And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it.

23 And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

24 And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it.

25 And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there.

26 And they shall bring the glory and honour of the nations into it.

27 And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

1 And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

2 In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

3 And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him:

4 And they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads.

5 And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

6 And he said unto me, These sayings are faithful and true: and the Lord God of the holy prophets sent his angel to shew unto his servants the things which must shortly be done.

7 Behold, I come quickly: blessed is he that keepeth the sayings of the prophecy of this book.

8 And I John saw these things, and heard them. And when I had heard and seen, I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which shewed me these things.

9 Then saith he unto me, See thou do it not: for I am thy fellowservant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book: worship God.

10 And he saith unto me, Seal not the sayings of the prophecy of this book: for the time is at hand.

11 He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still.

12 And, behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be.

13 I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last.

14 Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

15 For without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.

16 I Jesus have sent mine angel to testify unto you these things in the churches. I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star.

17 And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

18 For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book, If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book:

19 And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book.

20 He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

21 The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.