

The Truth Be
TOLD!

By Ishah Binah



Chapter 1

Man... Where Do I Start?

In the month of April of the year 2019, I acknowledged that I had made some poor choices in life that resulted in difficult circumstances. It so happened that I was in another one of those difficult circumstances and sought for a resolution. I knew, however, that I needed help to solve the matter.

The choices that I had made that were poor were intended to be good at the first. They were poor choices because they were unwise decisions. Once I acknowledged this, I realized I need Wisdom.

I remembered a phone call from my mother when I was eighteen and rebellious. She called me just to tell me that if you ever want Wisdom, do read the book of Proverbs. That was the year of 1998.

At that time, when I read Proverbs, it was difficult to understand. Perhaps because I was not mature enough to know to take my time between verses to consider the meaning of the writing. Therefore, I set aside reading Proverbs in its entirety again until April of 2019.

This time I decided to listen to the book rather than read it. I began to turn on the audio bible that I found on YouTube. The best time for me was at night because I also had a hard case of insomnia. I figured I would either hear the book of Proverbs or find sleep. Either of those were a win for me.

It turned out that I received both. I would hear about twenty to thirty minutes of the book and then- fall asleep. My sleep would last all the way til day break. By the way, I have not suffered from insomnia since then.

During the month of April in the year of 2019, I began to listen to the book of Proverbs on a nightly basis until I absorbed some basic principles of Wisdom. I learned that:

- Wisdom begins with fearing God.
- To fear God means to hate evil.
- Do not despise instruction.
- Seek Wisdom early.

My favorite chapter in Proverbs is chapter eight. That is where I first understood that Wisdom is alive! She is referenced as “she” and “her” throughout Proverbs. The eighth chapter of Proverbs quotes *her* words *and* verse twelve clearly begins with the words “I Wisdom...”. In this chapter she describes herself and says she

loves those that love her and those that seek her early will find her. So, I said, "I want to know her!"

After deciding that I will seek Wisdom, my first question was where do I start looking? I pondered this for a few minutes and then thought... oh yeah...perhaps I should read the whole bible from the beginning. That may seem like a challenging task, but listening to the bible by audio made the challenge a lot more inviting. I set my headphones on with Genesis chapter 1- let's go!

While listening to Genesis, I soon noticed I needed a mindset change. I had to stop thinking, "I know this story already." But rather listen with patience. I concluded that I will listen with an open mind and an open heart as if I had never heard or read any of these words before. Even the stories that I had learned to recite as a child *and* the chapters with the names of all the generations of whom begat whom, I will listen with patience.

At first, I would listen to the audio bible three to four days per week, hearing about one to three hours of audio on my listening days. Sometimes my mind would wander off and I might miss a big chunk of what was being read- no problem, I would just rewind back to where I last heard well.

My approach was to relax and listen, taking in what understanding came to me easily and trusting God to increase my knowledge in the writings that were too hard for me. Nevertheless, inclining my ear to hear all- one book at a time in the order in which they are listed from Genesis to Revelation.

Shortly after I began this reading regimen, I became convicted when doing other things to pass time, such as watch movies or gossip on the phone. I would think about the progress I could be making on the new journey that I had committed to. So, I began to replace all of my unnecessary activities with listening to the audio book. I would still be present with my family on movie night or gatherings, but with my headphones on and hearing my book.

Being determined to hear the story (and remembering that my goal was to find Wisdom and straighten out or fix the mistakes that I had made in life) I found more opportunities to listen and hear. I would listen while doing house chores, driving, cooking, shopping, and working out. I started listening at every opportunity because I wanted to finish the story. Therefore, I heard the entire bible read by audio within the space of three months!

After hearing the story, just using the “relax and listen” approach, I learned of many incidences and concepts that had never come across my ears before. This

being though I had been raised in a God fearing and church going home. I was also reminded of the things I had learned of God as a child and had disregarded (to my own hurt) when I became grown.

An awesome example of one of the incidents that I was excited to learn of, is how the Lord fought for his people as he led them through the wilderness. Moses held up both of his hands toward the Lord for an entire day as the people of the Lord defended themselves against a nation that fought against them without reason. When Moses would put his hands up, the people of the Lord prevailed in battle. When he put his hands down, the other nation prevailed. Therefore, Moses (with some assistance) kept his hands up till sundown and the battle was won by the Lord's people!

Also, I learned about days of the year that the Lord set aside for celebrating and joyful feasting. Very importantly, I set out to do what I learned that the Lord desires of us as I understood these things and to discard habits that I learned are not pleasing to Him.

When I set out to do what I learned in my audio reading of *The Holy Bible*, there were some that were disappointed in decisions that I had made. This is because it

seemed that the decision would affect them directly. However, the conclusion of each of these events went well for everyone involved. No harm was done.

Though I was learning at a fast pace, there were also very many parts of the book that I did not understand- whatsoever. Thankfully, there was a verse that said to ask the Lord for Wisdom. Therefore, I listened to the book again with that thought in mind- ask the Lord for Wisdom.

Upon the second time of listening to the bible I began to take notes, look up words in the dictionary when needed, and ask the Lord for understanding of sentences that were hard for me. Each time I asked to understand something, the Lord enlightened me.

The very first thing I noticed during this reading was a nostalgic feeling as if I were patiently sitting and listening to a great-grandfather tell me about our family history. I was also delighted to find that I was understanding a lot more content than in the first time around.

Meanwhile, as my enjoyment of new understanding was steadily increasing, the hard challenges in my life began to dissipate swiftly. Problems were swept away with quick resolution. Notwithstanding, the need to resolve problems seemed to

be increasing. There was one thing after another continuously. Nevertheless, I remained on my journey to find Wisdom.

Then something occurred that is not new to me but turned out to be a very powerful gift. I had a dream- a particular dream. In this dream I saw a large gathering of people assembled at the opening of a first-floor apartment door. They were dressed in strappy black leather clothing and had angry looks on their faces. The people looked as though they were ready to walk out of the door and waiting to be released (such as when children gather at a classroom door to be released from school). Their energy was a notable combination of anger and eagerness. Standing in front of the opened apartment door was a man fully clothed and had a pleasant appearance. The man spoke to me and said, "You might want to get your children out of here. I'm about to let them loose."

It was nearly the end of the next day when I remembered that I dreamed that dream. The dream came to mind instantaneously and very vividly, but I could not tell what it meant, so I marked the dream in my mind.

Continuing with my learning and applying it, I noticed more that I was in the midst of arising problems- they were being solved but they weren't stopping. I sat

straight up out of my sleep one of those mornings and said, “It’s time for me to get out of here!” and then, “But, wait- is that right?”

I then asked the Lord in prayer if it is His Will that I should leave my place of residence for another and if so, where should I go? As I continued with my morning routine, I turned on the audio bible (as usual) and the very next thing I heard was, “I will meet you in the wilderness...” (Hmmm, I thought). Then I remembered again what the pleasant man said in the dream: “You might want to get your children out of here. I’m about to let them loose.”

These things caused me to ask the Lord and look for a sign to see if He was telling me to do what I thought He was telling me to do.

During that time frame, I had also been desiring to visit my family in Arkansas- a place I had never been yet. My paternal grandparents were born and raised there. We have a large family presence in Arkansas, which strengthened my desire to want to go visit. Therefore, I arranged to take a trip to Arkansas.

I asked the Lord to allow me to find a house during my trip to confirm that I should move there. Also, I asked the Lord to hinder me from finding a house if I should not go and move to Arkansas. Therefore, I vowed a vow to the Lord: if I find a

place to move into during my visit in Arkansas, I will count that as confirmation from the Lord that He wants me to move and I will move.

Such a move would be a big change, to move from California to Arkansas. I had recently bought a house in Victorville, Ca. The house sets on a corner lot having five bedrooms, three bathrooms, two living areas a nice sized front, back, and side yard, a double car garage, and a friendly neighbor next door.

I was employed by the state of California to stay home and care for a child of mine that is considered disabled by reason of social differences. Besides that, I had other sources that helped our living arrangements stay pleasant and very comfortable. I even housed others in my family at times and gave them rooms in the home the Lord blessed us with. Moving away would mean leaving quite a bit of comfort.

California is where I was born and raised. My grandmother, who is from Arkansas, wanted to bring me with her at times when she would travel to there from California. However, I was not able to go for one reason or another. This gave me another motivation to want to go and visit- I would finally get to meet my extended paternal family.

My family on my father's side that I did grow up knowing, were the kindest people I had ever known all of my years to date. My father, James Earl Ward, served honorably in the U.S. army and was a man of immaculate patience as was his father. My grandmother, the mother of my father, spoke the laws of kindness continuously with very much elegance and grace. I was really looking forward to meeting more family from that side!

I arrived in Arkansas mid-September of 2019 with my son Dimitri and my daughter Leela. We three flew into Little Rock and took a two-hour drive in the white Chrysler mini-van that we rented. All of the back seats were collapsible in the van. It was a nice ride.

It was just past midnight when we pulled out of the airport. The roads were dark and had a desolate feel. Trees dominated the view alongside the highways and were very high reaching. I do not recall ever being engulfed by such a force of nature than before that day. The trees were so tall, I could only see a strip of night sky. Then I saw a sign that said, "Welcome to the Wilderness". Instantly, I remembered I read a verse that said I will meet with you in the wilderness. I held this in my heart as I looked for more signs.

While visiting in Arkansas, I arranged to meet some of my family. Though I hadn't been there before, I did have communication with some of my elders in Arkansas and reached out to them. It also happened that one of my cousins had recently won an election and had become mayor of the city that I would be visiting: that is El Dorado, AR.

Between family visits, I went house hunting. It seemed that just about every house I looked at lacked some desired accommodation. Besides square footage and yard space, I promised my daughter, Leela that we would bring our dog, so we needed the place to be pet friendly also.

One house we looked at was nice. It was a light pink house with a fenced in yard. The house might have been built in the 1970s or 80s. There was pretty pink carpet throughout and a general feeling of clean. I liked also that it had an indoor patio. I could picture having a little potted garden in there.

The problem with that house is that all of the bedrooms were interconnected. For example, you could only access room "b" by entering into room "a". That would be inconvenient for my family, I thought. They also did not allow pets there and we have a little white maltipoo named Casper. We all wanted to bring him.

The next house we saw was very narrow and sat across the street from a forest. I was intimidated by the forest being across the street. My imagination got to me on that one. I was picturing bears and wolves or some other aggressive animal coming out of the forest to attack me. "Uh... I don't feel ready to move to this kind of environment." so I explained to the agent that assisted us.

Though there are residential forest areas in California, the areas where I have lived there had a much different terrain. Thankfully, there were also homes available in areas of El Dorado that were not so heavily wooded. Soon later, I would learn to better appreciate the serenity of the forest environment, however.

When I walked into the next house, I could see that there was some...well...work that needed to be done. Yet my goal was to find positives and be polite, therefore I took a thorough look.

The kitchen opened up to a lengthy living area. There was also an add-on room with a bathroom that appeared to be a garage conversion. The three bedrooms there were easily accessible, each having its own entry by a hallway facing door. The master bedroom had a uniquely styled bathroom.

When I saw the bathtub in the master bathroom, that is when I knew beyond the shadow of a doubt that I could not intentionally move into this house. I was

horrified. The material in the tub was very old and had an egregious looking texture in the lining. The other bathrooms were also unbearably hideous. So, that did it for that house.

We had one more house to look at the day before our return to California. This particular house met all of our needs and then some. We then expressed interest in the property and hopped onto a plane back to the West Coast the next day.

I was nearly finished with hearing the story of the bible for the third time when we arrived back at our residence in California. By then I had noticed that the prophetic books of the bible correlate directly to the prophecy that is written in the book of Revelation. These findings were very exciting to me. Later I learn that this is called Understanding.

At this point of my learning, I had developed a note taking pattern. My notebook had a light blue hard cover binding with faint gold lines in the outer design. The pages were nice and sturdy, so not to easily tear. These sturdy pages were filling up with precepts.

I was learning, by the Will of God, to align precepts by subject category. Collecting precepts on one subject at a time, greatly opened my understanding of many biblical concepts. Also, as I did my best to apply my learning to my daily living, the

Lord God blessed me with more knowledge. His Word began to flow through me continuously.

By now I had been asking others to join me in reading or listening to the story in its entirety. I wanted to be able to discuss the literature. So far, I had not come across anyone who would commit to the journey.

I even tried reading from chapters that I was excited about to others. Well, it turned out that I was not able to orate the words of the bible with enough grace to hold anyone's attention at that moment.

The difficulty that I was having with reading the words aloud was very new to me. I never had that issue before. Even throughout my childhood, I was often asked to read at school and was unanimously preferred by entire classrooms (teachers *and* students) to read from novels before the class. "Why is it so hard to read *this* aloud?" I wondered.

I listened to the reader on YouTube with admiration. He was able to act out all the characters in such an engaging way. The name of the reader I used is Alexander Scourby.

Since I hadn't come across anyone that wanted to read or hear the story alone and discuss later, I began to invite people to listen to the audio with me. There

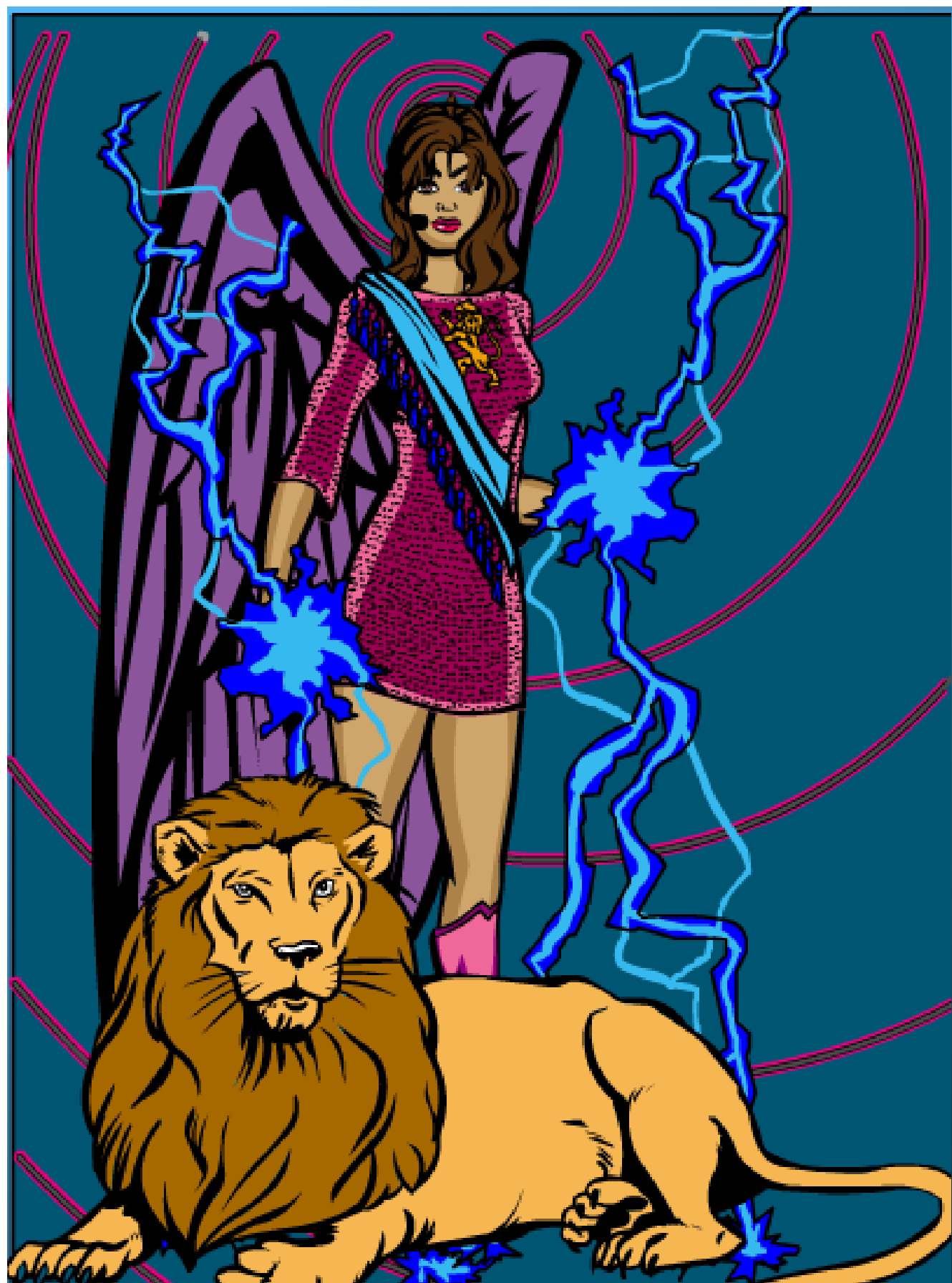
were some that tried this, but it didn't stick. Not even for 15 minutes. Then one person gave me some feedback, saying that the quality of the recorded reading had an old feel to it.

"Okay." I thought, "I get the complaint."

Now this complaint that was made against the sound quality of the reading sparked a desire in me. I wanted to be able to read the bible gracefully and with an entertaining edge! Therefore, I asked the Lord God in prayer for this ability, having faith that the Lord would bless me in some way, even for having that desire.

The first week back in California held the determining factor in knowing if the Lord would have me to move, or no. This is because I then had to complete the application process for the rental home and wait for a response from the management also. We also were waiting to know from the homeowner if they would allow our little dog there.

Then one day I get a phone call and...



Chapter 2

My Very Best Friend Forever

My very best friend forever is a man that is very kind to me. He teaches me very many things. I love to be in his company. He gives me the most precious gifts.

For a long time, I did not know what my very best friend's name was. He is my very best friend forever and I *did not* know his name. It so happened that my very best friend forever was someone who would only visit me- in my dreams. That was the only place I had known him in (so I thought).

When he would visit, he would teach me things while writing on a chalk board.

Once, I woke up remembering symbols that he wrote. I knew that I understood them when he wrote them, but when I awoke, I could not recall what the symbols meant or much of what they looked like. I did still somewhat remember the appearance of the symbols, though.

I also did not know what my very best friend's face looked like for quite some time. When recalling our dreams together, I could remember him from beneath his shoulders. It seemed as though I were not able to look up at him.

I was 19 years old the very first time I remember dreaming of him. *There was a strong feeling of closeness while we communed together. He is my teacher and my friend.*

At the beginning of the dream, he taught me things, special things. Yet, I cannot recall exactly what he taught me or most of what he said.

Just before he departed from me, he gave me a gift. The gift was not something I could see or hold in my hand. Therefore, he described the gift to me and how to use it. He said that for now, I could only use this gift within the dream. The gift...is power.

My friend gave me power to do whatsoever I desired, as a gift. The gesture was reminiscent of a big brother giving his baby sister a toy to play with. He departed immediately after he taught me how to use my gift. His parting words were, "Remember. You can do anything you want to do."

Continuing in the dream with my gift and without his company, I was left to think to myself. I thought, "What shall I do when I can do anything?"

I chose to go to Papa's (my grandfather's) house in Los Angeles, Ca. I stood in the dark in his dine-in kitchen that still had the 1970's shade of green paint on the

walls. There were some empty pots on top of the stove and a fork on the counter.

The house felt empty.

While I stood there in Papa's kitchen, I remembered my friend told me that I can do anything I want with my gift of power. I decided to try something. Choosing an object, in this case a fork, I focused on it to cause it to levitate. So, the fork levitated. I then caused the fork to twist and bend while levitating. Then I awoke.

During the time that this dream had taken place my Papa had recently passed away. My grandma, my dad, and my aunt Jerri (short for Jerlyn) were then living in the house that I had dreamed about.

Papa's house was always my favorite place to go from a child even until now. An overabundance of kindness was always there as he lived. In earlier years, abiding there were my grandparents, my father, and my uncle until they each one passed on. Intriguingly, when given the gift of power to do whatsoever I desired, the first thing I did was return to the place where I remembered love is.

So, I've told you about a dream. Now, I will tell you about something that is not a dream. Here goes:

On a pleasantly warm summer day in the year 1983 I desired to follow my older sister to the Seven Eleven store that was behind the apartment complex we lived in.

The tan colored apartment building we lived in had dark brown trimming along the edge of the roof top. It was a combination of two two-story buildings facing one another with a wide, grassy quad area between them.

Children, such as myself at the time, often played in the quad area. Most of the children that lived there played together. We had a lot of fun. We played tag, caught butterflies, roly-polies, and lizards so we could examine them together. (Fun times!)

One bright and sunny day, early in the afternoon, we went to the store, my older sister and I (she's six years older than I am). As we were leaving the apartment complex, I stopped in front of the chain linked gate that was on the side of the building we lived in. I liked to stop there because there was a little black puppy dog that would usually greet me at the gate.

My big sis did not agree that I should stop there at the moment. She was excited to go to the store. However, there was *no way* that I could walk past that gate

without saying “Hi” to the little black puppy. I would reach my hand through the gate and pet him too.

It was taking longer than usual for the little black puppy to run out to me. “Little puppy! Little puppy!” I would call and he usually would run right out to me from the back door of the end apartment unit that was behind the gate.

I waited for the little black puppy a moment longer. (Now...What I’m about to tell you, I kid you not, let the truth be told to the young and to the old. I’m gonna have to be bold. My tongue can no longer hold it. Just believe it or not once I’ve told it.)

As I stood before the gate waiting for my little black puppy friend, a different animal walked out. The different animal was a lion. It was a male lion with a full and thick main.

We stood face to face this lion and I. We were separated by the chain link gate, which also had a pad lock on it. He made a gentle grumbly lion noise to me.

Maybe it was a purr. I was entirely amazed to be standing *face to face* with a lion!

This lion was clearly my friend, but I still respected him that he is a lion. I did not attempt to reach my hand beyond the gate.

I wanted my big sis to see him. Big Sis had already continued walking to the store, but she wasn’t *too* far from me. One of our cousins were with her as well. I made

a run for it. My goal was to get back to my lion with Big Sis quickly before my lion might leave.

I caught up with them and said, "There's a lion over here! Come on there's a lion! Come see!"

"Ishah said there's a lion over there! Let's go see!" was Big Sis's response.

Though we ran as fast as we could and as hard as we could for the short space of about twenty yards, we were not back in time enough to see my lion. He wasn't there anymore.

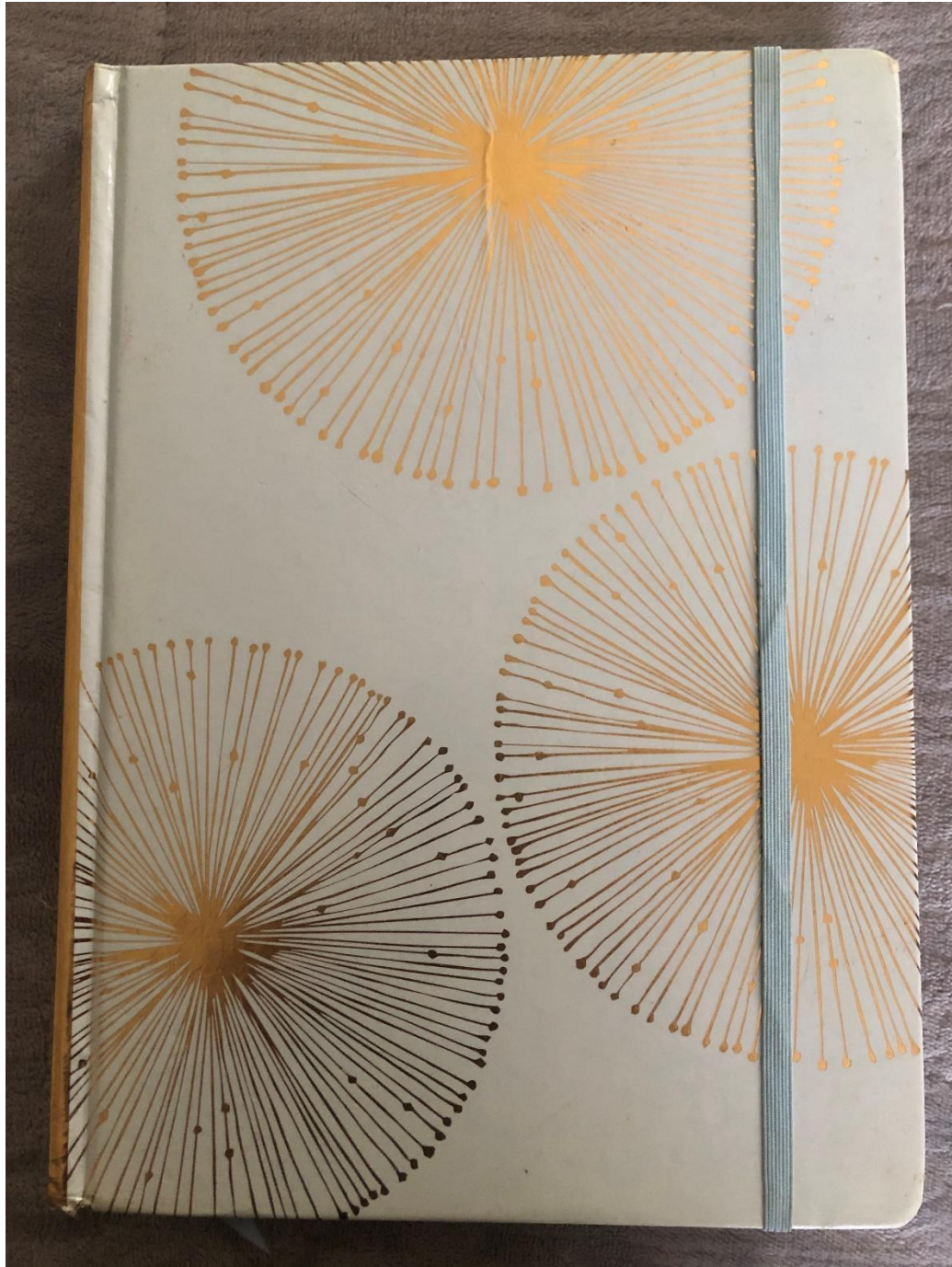
My mother joined us outside to see what the excitement was that had us all running how we were. When I told my mother about my lion, she went to try to find him for me. She told some of the neighbors what she was looking for and why.

Mother thought that I likely seen a mountain lion, but she wanted to be certain of what I saw. The hunt was on. Neighbors in the apartment complex participated also. No lion was found. Neither was there any other beast found any place nearby that could be presented as an explanation for what I did see.

Therefore, what I saw, I saw alone. But I wasn't alone. I was with my lion. I did also understand what a lion is, even though I was very young and small.

This is me, Ishah Binah in the year 1982.





Chapter 3

Confirmations

At home in California, there was my nephew who resided with me, my two children, and our little dog Casper. Inside our home the atmosphere is usually pleasant. One may consider us as a joyous family. We are all musically inclined in some way and wittily out spoken. Music and gut busting laughter was the ongoing theme.

Other family members would visit with us often, as well. Many of those that would come by often, or even stay with us for a while have explained to me that they felt spoiled at our house. They would say that I spoil them.

After being told a few times that I spoil people, I wondered what they meant by that. Maybe it's because I like cooking a lot. Cooking is fun to me and I feel good when I see how people enjoy what they taste. This is one of my love languages to my family and friends.

Anyone that knows me can always call me at any time of the day or night and ask me and I would prepare an exquisite meal for them. There were those that would call upon me for this often. For this reason, I would keep meat cooked and vacuum sealed in the freezer for those "spare of the moment" times.

Every other Sunday I would grill an abundance of meat, divide it into portions suitable to accommodate all that were usually present, and freeze the meat in airtight packaging. This made meal preparation for my household fairly easy. My feet and knees would be sore at the end of these days, but it helped tremendously throughout the weeks.

My nephew that resided with us at the time is a sweetheart and had recently emerged into adulthood; therefore, he was learning about how to navigate life.

My nephew is a considerably quiet guy (except when he's playing his guitar), tall, average weight, and has healthy muscular definition. To him, my other two nephews, and my niece, I am Auntie Nani (pronounced nah-nee). That is how they called to me as small children. Now that they are grown, they either call me "Auntie" or "Nani".

Since I was very strongly considering the move to El Dorado, I shared this with my nephew because he resided with us (my children and I). He was given the option, by me, to come with us to El Dorado. The house that I had applied for was large enough to accommodate everyone also. He would still have his own room there.

When I offered to him to come with us, my nephew wasn't sure if he wanted to go or not. For him, coming with us would mean leaving a large family presence that

he was familiar with and his mother, which is my older sister (I have a younger sister too {*Hi, sisters of mine- I love you*}).

There was still plenty of time for my nephew to decide if he would go or not, so we included him on the rental application to keep the option open for him. If I were to move, he would have to move to *somewhere*. He understood this, but we still had to wait for confirmation.

Speaking of confirmation, I will now tell you of another dream, here goes: *In the dream everyone was sleep that lived in our home besides myself. It was around 3 or 4 in the morning. I went downstairs into the kitchen to get some juice and saw that someone had opened one of the frozen packs of grilled meat that I had (lovingly) prepared and had carelessly set it aside. The bag looked like it was ripped open by hand. Whoever had done it had taken out only one of the five chicken breast that were in the bag and had carelessly left the bag wide open on the counter with the meat loosely exposed and thawing. There were also an abundance of clean pots and pans taken out of the cabinets and randomly slung all over the kitchen counters and stove. I was **LIVID!** I knew who had done it- my nephew. "How could you not care or consider all the care and hard work I put into keeping meat prepared for everyone? This is my work!!" I shouted. I also offered*

him some other choice words to emotionally describe to him how this angered me.

Then I awoke.

When I awoke, I thought about the dream and was tickled about it. Really, I wanted to tell my nephew about the dream because I thought it was so funny. However, after thinking about how he might perceive my telling of the dream, I did not tell him.

I did not tell him because it might be uncomfortable for him to hear me say how *livid* I was toward him in the dream. He hadn't done any wrong that he should have to feel bad about. "Yeah..." I thought, "...I'll keep this one to myself."

Three nights after I had the dream about the frozen meat abuse, the dream had just about left my mind. I awoke while it was still dark in the morning. It was around 4 am. Everyone else was still sleep.

Sitting up on the right side of the king-sized bed that I slept in and facing the window, I wiped my eyes with my fists, stretched, then yawned as I usually do when I wake up. "I'm thirsty." I thought and went downstairs.

The brown carpeted staircase outside my bedroom door was designed in an "L" shape pattern and had a landing midway. At the bottom of the staircase was the front door, the foyer, and an office. Making a full about face turn from facing the

front door leads to a hallway that had a full bathroom and opened up to a living area that was furnished with a reclining red leather sofa sectional that sat across from a fireplace, which had a flat screen television mounted on the wall above it. To the left of the living area was a dining area furnished with a marble gray, counter height table with seating for four and the kitchen. All of these areas had white tile flooring.

The kitchen was cozy and furnished with brand-new, stainless-steel appliances. The slide-in gas stove was centered at the back end of the kitchen having five burners and a heavy, black, two-piece grate that covered the entire stove top. There was faux marble counter space on either side of the stove. To the left of the stove was the dishwasher and sink. The three-door refrigerator was to the right of the stove.

Emerging out of the hazy feeling of just waking up, I put my headphones on to listen to Scourby read the bible to me on my way down the stairs, stumbling a little bit as I made my way to the kitchen to get some juice.

(Now...what I'm about to tell you, I kid you not. Let the truth be told to the young and to the old. I'm a have to be bold. My tongue can no longer hold it. Just believe it or not once I've told it.)

When I approached the kitchen I was greeted with a disappointing sight; someone had opened one of the frozen packs of grilled meat that I had prepared and had carelessly set it aside! There were also an abundance of clean pots and pans taken out of the cabinets and randomly slung all over the kitchen counters and stove... just like it had happened in the dream!

The only difference in the scene was that the type of meat that was opened up was grilled sausage links instead of grilled chicken breast. Everything else in the scene was identical to the dream. I was amazed!

There was also a difference in how I felt about the situation and the way it was managed. It was impossible for me to be angry *at all* about this. The reason I could not be angry was because I knew that *God* was showing me that he is now speaking directly to me and revealing to me things to come. God gave me the dream to demonstrate this to me and make me certain of his communication.

Many fantastic feelings came over me. Very many. I thank my God, the Creator of Heaven and Earth for taking notice of my efforts to reach him, and that he ever so graciously *made* me know that he is openly communing with me now.

Speaking to my nephew while I was engulfed in amazement, I told him about the dream I had a few days ago and then directed him to the kitchen to look at what

he had done. He had just about forgotten how he left the meat out in the kitchen. Nephew said he had done this because he had gotten home after midnight sometime and was awfully hungry.

Delighted with amazement and humor, we fell out laughing until our stomachs were sore! The open package of grilled sausages and calamity of unnecessarily, scattered pots and pans were still staring at us as we leaned over with gut busting laughter that was often present among us (You had to be there. It was hilarious to us).

Shortly after that, a phone call comes in and... it's the real estate agent in El Dorado, AR concerning our application to rent the home that we were looking to move to. Our application was approved and our dog Casper was welcome to join us in the rental home there too.

This is the moment that the Lord's Will was confirmed for me in my heart. I knew that *God* was telling me to move to El Dorado, Arkansas. Coupled with gratitude for His instruction- my answer...was yes!

To be continued...

JAN FEB MAR APR MAY JUN JUL AUG SEP OCT NOV DEC
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

Isaiah 44:10 Who hath formed a god, or molten image that is profitable for nothing?
(44:10) Behold, all his fellows shall be ashamed: and the workmen, they are of men: let them all be gathered together, let them stand up; yet they shall fear, and they shall be ashamed together.

(44:12) The smith with the tongs both worketh in the coals, and fashioneth it with hammers, and worketh it with the strength of his arms: yea, he is hungry, and his strength faileth: he drinketh no water and is faint.
(44:13) The carpenter stretcheth out his rule; he marketh it out with a line; he fitteth it with planes, and he ^{according to the figure of a man} marketh it out with a compass, and maketh it after the figure of a man; that it may remain in the house.

(44:14) He heweth him down cedars, and taketh the cypress and the oak, which he strengtheneth for himself among the trees of the forest: he planteth an ash, and the rain doth nourish it.
(44:15) Then shall it be for a man to burn: for he will take thereof, and warm himself; yea, he kindleth it, and baketh bread; yea, he maketh a god, and worshippeth it; he maketh it a graven image, and falleth down thereto.

Jeremiah 50:38 A drought is upon her waters; and they shall be dried up: for it is the land of graven images, and they are mad upon their idols.

Jeremiah 51:17 Every man is brutish by his knowledge; every founder is confounded by the graven image: for his molten image is falsehood, and there is no breath in them.

Jeremiah 51:47 Therefore, behold, the days come, that I will do judgement upon the graven images of Babylon: and her whole land shall be confounded, and all her slain shall fall in the midst of her.

Michah 5:13 Thy graven images also will I cut off, and thy standing images out of the midst of thee; and thou shalt no more worship the work of thine hands.

Nahum 1:14 ...out of the house of thy gods will I cut off the graven image and the molten image: I will make thy graven image for thou art vile.

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The Wilderness

Hosea 2:14 Therefore, behold, I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her.

Hosea 13:5 I did know thee in the wilderness in the land of great drought.

Luke 3:2 Annas and Caiaphas being the high priests, the word of God came unto John the son of Zacharias in the wilderness.

Luke 3:4 As it is written in the book of the words of Esaias the prophet, saying, The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight.

Matthew 3:3 For this is he that was spoken of by the prophet Esaias, saying, the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight.

Matthew 4:1 Then ^{was} Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.

John 1:23 He said, I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make straight the way of the Lord, as said the prophet Esaias.

Ezekiel 20:35-36 And I will bring you into the wilderness of the people, and there I will plead with you face to face. Like as I pleaded with your fathers in the wilderness of the land of Egypt, so will I plead with you, saith the Lord God.

Luke 5:16 And he withdrew himself into the wilderness and prayed.

Chapter 4

ISHI Likes to Cuddle

Once I had begun to read the Word of God, I kept going and did not stop. The more I read, the more I learned. The more I learned, the more I could hear Him, feel Him, and experience Him.

The Bible is a puzzle map. You have to put the pieces together and then follow the map. Having hard feelings about *how* someone else interprets the map is useless. It's useless because we have to apply much of the map to our individual bodies. Most of us know that each person's body is different. That's usually common knowledge.

Remember we are battling our own flesh? How can one person's battle against their flesh look like another's when we're all so different anyway? With that thought in mind, wouldn't there be greater strength amongst the Believers if We focused on our similarities and disregard differences? Should not Our main concern be that whatsoever We do, We do unto The Lord with all Our heart?

His rhythm cannot be calculated. He will teach one thousand lessons within one beat. His method cannot be contemplated. We will not know the mind of God no

matter how much studying and focus we put into trying. But We will know Him because He wants Us to know Him (those that desire Him).

There is a difference between “knowing *of* God” and “knowing **God**”. To know of anyone or anything would be to know that such a one or thing exists. One may even know everything there is to know about a thing; this is “knowing of”.

To know someone or something requires a personal interaction with that someone or something. The required personal interaction is often called intimacy. Intimacy is knowing.

Knowing *of* God is what becomes of communication among men. This type of communication often comes by literature or word of mouth between two or more people.

Knowing God occurs when Ishi, The Master, engages you Himself. The magnitude of His Might is overwhelmingly frightening. Howbeit, the ever-flowing expansion of His kindnesses cradles the heart with deeply relieving comfort that exhausts all fears. His Power will forever be obeyed and respected. Yet, His pleasure is to give pleasure.

Ishi, The Most High, the Creator of Heaven and Earth and all that is therein, likes to cuddle. There are ways to cuddle beyond the physical body- but, yes, He likes to cuddle physically too.

Cuddling can also be performed in the mind, in the heart, and in the soul (there are likely other ways of cuddling that I haven't learned yet). I will try to describe what I can as best as I can. Bear with me.

When Ishi cuddled with my mind the first time, I thought I was in big trouble. I felt a very high level of fear, but not terror. I felt intensely chastised.

He was speaking My inner truth to me- the hidden part. If another person had told me my inner truth, that wouldn't be so scary. The experience is very different when God tells me. Notwithstanding, He saw My fear and met it with the kindest explanation I ever heard, "I am cuddling with you."

When He told Me that He was cuddling with Me, I decided to loosen up- or I tried My best. It was an exercise. I was learning to hear the truth declared by God and accept it with an open heart-even if it seemed like unfavorable truth.

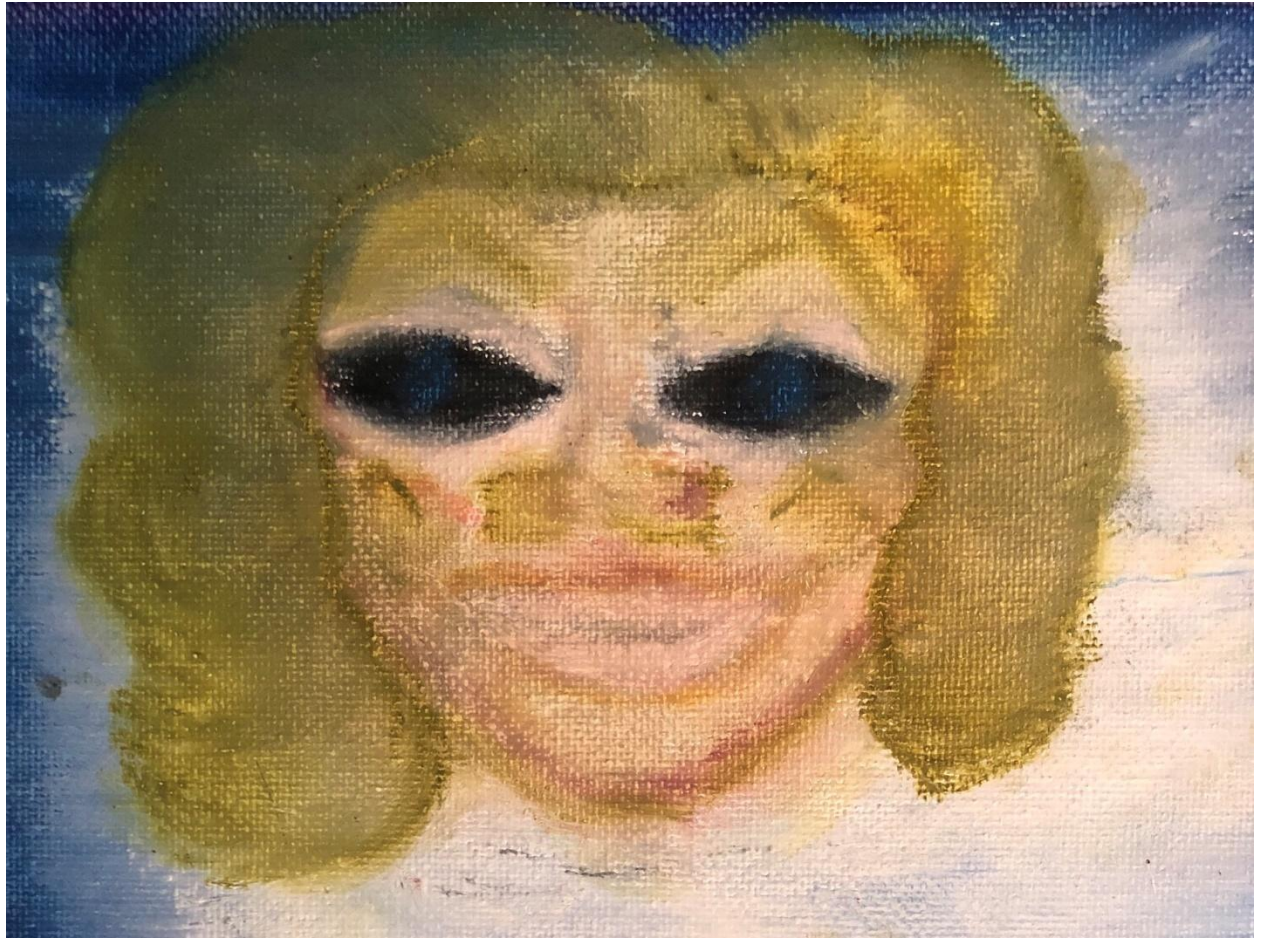
He spoke to me from within my head; audibly. Ishi has also spoken to me from the sky and from outside of the window. This is with an audible voice. There are many

other ways I have heard Him speak. The audible way is the easiest to describe, which also helps with elaborating about His ways of cuddling.

One of the outcomes that I observed from mentally cuddling with Ishi, is that during this process, He was teaching me and showing me, however in part, His mind. It is imperative in this process to let go of desiring to escape fear, as not to mistakenly resist Him because of escaping fear. If such an occurrence of being mentally cuddled by Ishi should ever grace your life, receive it as the highest opportunity available to mankind and persevere. Simply endure correction with open arms. Once I let go of wanting to escape fear, immediately the cuddling of the mind felt very good to me.

When Ishi cuddled my heart, he healed me from depression. I learned to trust Ishi. We will not understand the greatness of His Power. Therefore, when He places His hand upon us, we may not comprehend why we are being turned or where we are being placed. This is not for us to know, but we are to trust. Remember His ways are kindness.

The cuddling of the soul is yet to come. This is the ultimate unity of God and man- well in this case, the ultimate unity of God and woman. To describe this in one word, we can say "immortality".



Chapter 5

God's Eyes

How many eyes does God have? It is written that God has very many eyes. Also, that his wings are filled with eyes within and covered without. Most people would be absolutely terrified to witness *any* living being with more than two eyes and located in uncommon areas. We would likely not be comfortable with seeing such a one, at first.

What might His eyes look like? We see vast contrasts in the types of eyes among creatures in the earth already. Does God's eyes have to look like any of our eyes? Our eyes are white, slippery balls with a dark colored circle on them. Does God have a whole bunch of white, slippery balls like that in His wings?

Eyes can be different shapes, colors, and textures. We are made of flesh; therefore, we think in terms of things made of flesh. Flesh is tangible.

God is a spirit. Everything about Him is spiritual. Though He can be tangible, much about Him is not tangible. With that being said, now, reimagine His eyes; not as flesh, but as spirit. What might a spirit look like?

So, we read the Bible and rehearse the words. Some of us make a solid attempt to actually do what we perceive the Words are telling us to do. This is great work!

...But what for??

Well, there are many reasons. Who can find them all out? However, one major reason is that we have to be at a certain *skill* of obedience in order to stand in the presence of the Power of God. We need to be able to do exactly what He tells us to do when He tells us to do it- and love it.

This is the way He Loves us. He instructs us in His Power, allowing us to positively experience His Might in whatsoever magnitude we can tolerate.

Our obedience to God is the vehicle that He will use to allow us to fly, or leap over a wall, or any other thing one may desire to do. We will surpass all boundaries by receiving and following His instructions.

All hearts should be open to receiving His instruction. Some may clench up for fear of the unknown. "What will he instruct me to do? And Why?" might be the thought.

This is why we must Trust Him. Trust that every instruction He gives us is enormously positive for us and learn to do exactly what He says. He will teach you to profit.

We put trust in man to teach us things. Some of us obey all their instructions to a “tee”. Some of us will learn a new skill and establish an entire career out of following some instructions that someone wrote in a book- which is an amazing accomplishment.

What if someone applied that same dedication to obtaining skill from The Most Highest Power (while He will still welcome us to do so)?

The reason why you die when you see God is mysterious. Has he not made us in His image? Why then can we not behold Him?

Yes, we are created in His image. That being that if we were see the image of God, His image would look very familiar to us because He made us in the same shape.

Many of us know what an image is. Anyone that has ever played with their shadow, to make the shape appear as something that it is not, has had hands on experience with what an image is. An example of this would be such as holding up two fingers and referring to your shadow as an image of a bunny.

When you hold up two fingers and tell someone this is a bunny, your shadow can be clearly seen and well known by anyone not to really be a bunny; but it does look *just* like a bunny. In this case you have formed a shadow in the image of a bunny.

The same shadow image concept can be applied to the understanding of how God has made man in His image. When you see God, well, when I saw Him, He looked a lot like a man. He had a head, neck, torso, arms, legs, hands, and feet positioned and sized according to what is common in the anatomy of men on earth. His attire was so cool. He was outfitted in ashy black denim. To top it off, the coolest beat could be heard at the perfect volume. The experience was the dopest ever!

He gradually appeared before me. He faded in a little, then faded out a little, but then He faded in a little more (His visibility, I mean). At first, I questioned, what man is this I'm seeing? But as I looked on and He continued to fade in, I could clearly see that this was not a man.

Intense fear began to overwhelm my heart as I looked upon Him. I did not know what to do. It was because of the fear that I felt that I began to ask within my heart, "Is this God?"

He faded out and in for about a minute or so, it seemed, until He was fully revealed. I beheld Him. I looked upon Him. I stared at Him. I knew exactly who I was looking at.

Though His image is reminiscent of man, His physique is far more superior. The one detail that remains etched in the vividness of my memory is His muscular

composition. His muscles are composed in a manner of many layers. He has muscle on top of muscle, as though His muscles have muscles. The greatest body builder in this earth would appear as loose meat next to Him. There is no comparison.

The reason why we die when we see God is because of His Power. We have to know how to obey His Power. When we see Him there is a way to behave so that we do not die. The instructions are simple. This is what you must do when He lets you behold Him:

Step #1 – Smile.

Step#2 – Bow Down.

Step#3 – Put your face all the way to the ground.

When he lets you behold Him, this is what you must do. The instructions, as I said, are simple. They are so simple that it would be a damn shame for anyone to receive this information and then die because they saw God.

Also, listen up, Jesus is God. When He appears before everyone at the last day, you will need to know to do the three steps that I have described. Listen, with your heart, and hear.

This is the most important part of my message. In fact, it's my only message. Yes, I told you who I am, but proving to you who I am is not the purpose of my mission. If that's too hard for you to hear, don't think about that part right now. Just be prepared to be in the appropriate position when you see Jesus Christ.



Give us this day our daily bread.

Chapter 6

A Parable About a Guy Named Joe

Coming to God means letting go of everything we have otherwise put our trust in. Our jobs, bank accounts, place of residence, and our plans for survival are prime examples of things we must learn to leave behind.

Many of us speak as though we have let these things go, but there is a process we ought to be sure to consider. What does “letting go” really look like?

Let’s take a look at Joe. Joe has been happily employed with the utility company in his city for eight years. He received a promotion during his second year with the company and has been making enough money to comfortably support his family and establish a back-up savings plan. Joe is thriving financially.

Though Joe is thriving financially, he realizes that some element is missing from his home. Joe desires guaranteed security for his family for generations to come. How can he know that his sons and daughters will be able to care for his grandchildren the way he has cared for them? (He thinks.)

That is when Joe began to study about God, the creator of Heaven and Earth. Joe becomes greatly excited about the promises God gives to generations of families

that follow His instructions. Therefore, Joe begins to carefully follow the instructions he learns of God.

Joe is on a role! “This stuff is so easy!” he thinks. “Why doesn’t everyone follow these easy instructions?”

As Joe continues to study and perform what he learns, he notices an instruction that is easy to do, but demands from his job conflict with this instruction of God. Joe is now faced with a choice he must make. He has already acknowledged the continuous blessings from God as he seeks His instructions and follows it. He has already experienced the Power that is a direct result of diligently adhering to the Lord’s instruction. Now Joe must choose to continue in the path of the Lord or choose to please his boss at his job.

Many of us, when we get to the place where Joe is, we choose to follow the boss at our job, or whatsoever else the thing may be. We want our parent’s approval, our siblings to accept us, and/or respect from the general public. We don’t want to disappoint younger ones that look up to us or elder ones that count on us to do certain things or to behave a certain way. The conclusion often comes to choosing between God and His Promises or some level of social acceptance.

So, in Joe's case, he puts his head down and clocks back in to work with a discouraged heart. He feels powerless because his entire dream of having place in the Heavenly Kingdom seems to have been crushed and slandered with company policy from his job. The core desire of his heart has been pimp slapped with the demeaning term "religious views".

But Joe remembers the Power of God that He has experienced and is experiencing. Joe knows that he himself is powerless, but God is All Power. Therefore, though Joe clocked back in to work feeling discouraged, his heart becomes strengthened in God and Joe declines to perform any activity that is against what Joe understands to be the Perfect Order of God. Today, Joe gets a verbal warning from his boss having a strong demeanor.

The truth is, Joe is afraid of his boss. Physically, Joe could beat the brakes off of his boss with one hand and comfortably eat a sandwich with the other. He's not scared of his boss that way. He is afraid of the power that his boss *seems* to have over his quality of life.

For many generations Joe's ancestors have been thoroughly convinced that if we do not labor for some employer or give orders as an employer, we do not eat. Joe

thinks quick on his feet. He asks God to give him a new boss. Furthermore, Joe begins searching for a new job.

As Joe searches for a new job, he notices that many of the available opportunities include employer policies and job descriptions that would set him outside of the covenant of God, should he accept any of those jobs. Joe is ready to take a leap of faith and quit his job with no backup plan, just to stay committed to serving God. However, Joe asks God for a solution to keep him on the right path and looks for instruction.

This is a frightening step for Joe. As he is receiving instruction from The Most High, he is beginning to see that he will have to put his faith to work in the presence of his adversaries. His adversary, in this case, is his boss.

Overall, Joe's boss is a nice guy and means well. He is an adversary to Joe because if Joe does not obey his orders at the appointed time, Joe's boss will (however so gently) threaten Joe with reduced compensation. For the most part he and Joe have been comfortable with this, being this is common in employee to employer relationships.

Joe does not want his compensation to be reduced (or in the worst case, to be fired). Such a circumstance would dramatically depreciate the quality of life of his

family- so it seems. But Joe has studied and is studying the Word of God and recognizes his circumstance as an opportunity to show himself before God that he is thoroughly committed to His ways.

Joe then asks God to receive him as His servant and that God would be his boss instead of his current employer. God hears Joe and grants him his request. Joe now works for God.

What does this mean for Joe? How does Joe work for God? Is it a literal job and can Joe pay his bills this way? Does he get a real paycheck?

Okay, first of all, let's be sure not to have thoughts toward God that might be insulting to Him. Out of every being known to existence, the One that can always be trusted to keep promises *is* God. Remember that God rewards all who are diligent in seeking Him. Oh yeah, and God is not cheap, either. So, yes Joe's bills are covered and all his needs and desires are met.

Now let's look at *how* Joe is working for God and what type of work he is doing for Him. Joe is doing whatsoever the Lord God asks of Him. God is now communicating with Joe by dreams. This is how Joe is receiving his instructions from God.

Since Joe has been studying so well, God starts Joe off with documenting and filing. God instructs Joe to document his studies and keep a file of the documents. Joe receives this instruction and follows it. He's been studying quite a bit, so this will keep him busy for a while.

Meanwhile, Joe is still clocking in to work because God has not ordered him to stop working at his current place of employment. When Joe clocks in, however, he still refuses to perform any tasks that are contrary to the ways of God. Joe's boss is becoming less and less cool by the second. Joe gets written up, but he's still joyfully adhering to the policies of his new employer- which is God.

It was Monday morning. Joe was up bright and early, documenting and filing his studies as he had been instructed by God to do. Afterwards he would go and clock in to his other job (that seemed to had been fading away). Suddenly part of a scripture comes to Joe's mind, "You cannot serve two masters. You cannot serve God and mammon"

This scripture had been in Joe's mind before and at times a focus topic during social occasions. But this day, this particular Monday morning Joe receives understanding in his heart about the words of the scripture. He sees it so clearly now.

Joe considers his two employers and sees how he has been trying to serve two masters. Howbeit, there are many people that have multiple employers. What's the difference between them and Joe? The difference is that most people, though with multiple employers are serving mammon. The employers are also serving mammon. Joe is learning to turn away from serving mammon and to serve God.

What is mammon? According to Google, mammon is defined as devotion to wealth and referenced as the "devil of covetousness". Moreover, Joe looks up an older definition of the word mammon in his grandfather's very old dictionary. The very old dictionary defines mammon as "the god of money getting".

Therefore, when Joe clocked into work for mammon, he was not moved (at all) by any of the stern looks on the faces of any of his so-called superiors. When a host of HR representatives, his boss, and the company owner called him into an office meeting to demand his signature on his final write up, he kindly thanked them. He thanked them truly from his heart that his soon to be past employer added clarity for Joe concerning the direction of his life.

The "superiors" that met with Joe in the office were confused. They were sure the conversation would be much more difficult, even dramatic. But Joe was too

excited about God, his new employer. Yes, Joe is anticipating the termination of his old employment with excitement!

Keep in mind, Joe is but a man. He does have moments of weakness to endure.

These moments often come about late in the night. Joe, at these times, wonders if he is doing the right thing. He has no sustainable plan of his own about how to continue to feed his family once his employment with mammon is terminated.

Remembering what he has learned from his studies, Joe begins to mimic the prophet Daniel, kneeling in prayer three times per day. It was during one of these daily moments of prayer that Joe asks God to confirm for him that he is on the right path and that it is okay to lose his job. God answers Joe in a dream that same night.

In the dream, Joe saw many study documents that he had prepared and would continue to prepare. A lot of carefulness and focus had gone in to these certain documents. Furthermore, Joe receives additional instructions from God. God tells Joe to offer to read His Word to others as a service, saying, "Offer reading services to them."

When Joe wakes up in the morning, he feels like he has his second wind. Filled with gratitude that he had received an answer to his prayer so quickly, Joe's heart

is comforted. He immediately gets started on his new project that God gave him (...and oops, he forgot to go clock in today, so that's the end of that job- no call no show).

As he scratches his head, Joe is thinking, "Hmmm...offer reading services. How do I get started with this?"

Thankfully, Joe was not a stranger to starting a new project from scratch. He had acquired a variety of skills throughout his life that he had used to serve his previous employers. Joe decides to direct the use of his acquired skills to God- the best employer ever.

The first skill that Joe knew had to be used was his "lead generation" ability. Many people that have sales experience may be familiar with the term. But just in case; lead generation is the communication of a product being sold that produces (or generates) a potential buyer. A lead in a sales environment is a potential buyer. Potential buyers or "leads" are generated by marketing techniques. Marketing techniques can be widely ranged; billboard ads, you tube commercials, t-shirts with signage on them, or any method of communication can be used as a marketing technique that may generate leads.

The oldest, truest and most common method of lead generation is the “word of mouth” method. This is when simple person to person conversation is used to generate leads. Joe then proceeds to approach his new project using the “word of mouth” method.

Having a lengthy background in sales, Joe remembers things he learned about lead generating in the past. He has learned well that lead generating should start with one’s immediate social circle and then extend outward. Therefore, Joe begins to contact his friends and family asking them to listen while he reads the Word to them.

There was something different about how Joe read the Word. Because the Word had become the love of Joe’s heart, God blessed Joe to orate his Word in a highly compelling manner. Many of his listeners were eager to hear what was happening next as he turned the pages.

Notwithstanding, Joe LOVED IT! He could feel a soulful sensation as he became every character he read, carefully and accurately delivering the context of the Word to any who would take the time to hear it.

Moreover, the more he read to *them*, the more *he* learned. He studied all the questions of his listeners with them. He experienced all of their breakthroughs,

laughed with them, cried their tears with them, absorbed their anxieties and their angers over many issues, loved them, and of course, Joe prayed for them.

Some of the listeners weren't too easy on Joe. But Joe knew that if they would call him back or answer him again to listen to him read that understanding would come. With understanding comes peace. Because of this, Joe was willing to suffer with anyone who was willing to suffer with him.

With what seemed to be a full schedule of reading every week, Joe still continued to generate leads. Within every conversation of any substance, Joe would be sure to offer reading services. Though, most of his conversations were now taken with those that were reading with him. (Listening is reading too.)

Do be mindful that not every person that was offered reading services from Joe accepted the service. There were some that would say, "No, I don't want to do that." These were a little awkward, but short and each person would move forward in a polite manner (no biggie).

There also were some that did not want to be read to, but did not want to hurt Joe's feelings (or maybe they didn't want to say "no" about the Word). At any rate, for one reason or another (who knows why?) some said yes to Joe, but they really

wanted to say no. Joe could tell they wanted to say no because they would not get very far in the reading of the Word at all.

So, God set a daily routine for Joe, which began with an hour and a half workout at the gym before sunrise. After the gym, Joe would race home to prepare for his first appointment. Joe would address the needs of his household between appointments. Howbeit, many of the appointments ran concurrently.

After his job was terminated, Joe made use of a savings account that had accumulated enough money to take him through the year. The year was just about ended. Joe had no idea where his family's necessities were going to come from in the matter of two months, according to his calculations.

Joe sought council from God concerning the anxiety that he was feeling about his financial status. He started browsing at jobs online. "It doesn't seem right anymore." So he said in his heart. Joe knew that if he were to seek for safety from an employer, he would be leaving many behind that have turned a listening ear to God's Word. Now Joe realizes this is the time to exercise faith in God before God. God has given understanding to Joes heart.

It's 4:30 in the morning. With less than two months-worth of money left to his name, Joe gets up and gets ready to go to the gym as the Lord God had instructed

him to. He will then proceed to engage his first listening companion of the day with a reading and an enactment of the Word, as he pours out his heart before the Lord.

He tries to ignore the feeling of adrenaline urging him to want to stop what he's doing and seek employment from a man like everyone else on the earth. If anyone knew what he was sacrificing right now and why, they would count him as the craziest decision maker they ever witnessed. But Joe knows that what he is experiencing with God is real. He holds true to knowing this even if there are no supporting witnesses. The approval of supporting witnesses is not needed with God. God is All Power.

Alright, less about Joe. Let's dig into the topic of salvation. Howbeit, Joe has now crossed over into the beginning of the salvation of God. He will no longer be under the thumb of the demands of the authorities of the earth because he chose to serve God instead. Just like that.

Once he had put his trust in man for the provision of his necessities and did obey the workforce. Now Joe understands that putting his trust in God means to look to God for his necessities. He also sees that this is how God saves us from our oppressors- by providing our needs.

Our oppressors are the people that appear to have the upper hand over us. The people that we must report to daily. If we do not report, pay the fee, show up, and/or do everything they ask of us with precision (which is for their gain), we will die in the street without food or clothing. But if we do well, we're tossed a bone or two. That is the reality of every corner of the earth we live in.

Salvation became the hope of my heart as I continued in my studies. What is salvation? The dictionary definition of salvation is: the act of saving. Biblical examples of salvation usually include God kicking someone's butt to save his innocent people.

When Ishi the Master, the Most High God ends the hardships of life for a people or for a person, that is salvation. No more stank attitude bosses at work, no more clocking in to work, no more mean old land lords, no more rent. The list can continue for a long time. What about the children's salvation? No more confinement in classrooms all day, no more being yelled at and embarrassed, no more having to accept the worst of everything while watching the enjoyment of the grownups.

Many of us need to acknowledge a truth that is becoming more and more taboo: Nobody loves their job! Stop it.

There are things about a job that can be enjoyed- agreed. There are jobs that are far less preferred than others- agreed. Retired people that have worked for over 25 years might miss their job- agreed. There are plenty of positives that can be focused on concerning jobs. Positives need to be the focus in order to get through these days. Good job.

Why do vacations feel so good? What is the excitement all about? We want to explore the goodness of the earth that God created. That's what's deep in many of our hearts. We want to experience goodness. No one would show up to the Mandatory Overtime Labor Crunch Resort Hotel- especially if the place holds true to its name.

To vacate is to leave. Why do we get so excited to leave where we are? Is it because we are not happy here? Would we not rather be some place else, doing something else?

What amount of time is too long for a vacation? Who would turn down a fully funded twelve-month long vacation with a spending allowance? Who would turn down a fully funded vacation that lasts forever? Would you? Will you? We hope not. We really hope not.

Well, that's what salvation feels like; a vacation that lasts forever. It begins when one calls out to God from their heart. When we acknowledge that we're in a hot mess in this earth and have no concluding answers but that God delivers us from terror.

Oh, not scared? Of anything? Everyone is afraid to not show up for some kind of money-making job. Who would leave their place of employment or place of business to stop making money and instead be a zealous witness for Jesus, saving the souls of people?

Did Jesus not tell his disciples to follow Him and be fishers of men? Did they not leave their employments and businesses and go to work for Jesus? Did anyone lack anything?

The only way someone can really love their job, is if you're employed by God. How can you love your job when Satan himself sits at the seat of the benefits of your labor? But we think if we don't labor under his umbrella, but labor for God only, that we will starve to death.

Stop thinking God is so messed up that if you follow Him, you might be displeased. Be willing to separate from anything that is contrary to His ways. Be willing to appear to be standing alone in the midst of a multitude.

It's gonna be great. Don't worry. He won't let you fall. He will catch you. Yes, every single time- He will catch you. Yes, for eternity.

And remember, I told you what to do when you see Jesus. Do you remember what to do? Okay, I will tell you again, but next time I will test you, so please, be ready.

Remember to do these three things when He lets you **BEHOLD HIM**:

Step1# Smile

Step 2# Bow Down

Step 3# Put your face all the way to the ground.

When He lets you **BEHOLD HIM**, this is what you must do so that you **LIVE**. Yes, every single step is enormously important so that you live. Don't try to take a peek at Him. Remember Lot's wife.





Oceanside, CA

Chapter 7

Victorville, CA

The year was 2014. Summer was nearly over, but it was still very hot in September. My children and I were moving to the desert- Victorville, CA.

A lot had happened over a twelve-month period that led up to the move. We had lived in the county of San Diego for eight years and were accustomed to coastal views incorporated into our daily lives.

Victorville was going to be a bit of a change of scenery. Visually, the desert was such a vast contrast to the coast.

The house we were moving to was spacious and beautiful inside, but there were no trees or vegetation of any sort on the entire street; except for one house, which was the house we were moving to. There were two big healthy looking trees right in the front yard. Dry, desert dirt covered ground in the front yard and in the back.

A chain linked fence divided our backyard from the backyard of the neighbor that was behind us. Their backyard was an awful eyesore. Perhaps they owned a property management business because their yard was full of old, rusted, broken toilets and sinks, among many other such things. The one I thought was the worst

was the enormous, corroded in ground swimming pool that had been dug up from somewhere and was now sitting above the ground in their back yard.

Our backyard sat above theirs and the terrain sloped sharply downward into their domain. All of their debris was completely exposed. This was our new backyard view that can be clearly and entirely seen from every angle of our backyard.

Okay, so I noticed there were some things that I would not call my favorite. But I tried to *focus* on the things that I did like instead.

First of all, this was going to be my first house. Yeah, sure, it was a rental. That part didn't matter to me. I had lived in apartment type housing for the majority of my childhood (except during the ages of 15, 16, and 17). As for my adult life thence far, the biggest upgrade I had was a two-bedroom condo. Moving to this house was a big blessing, as my living territory was being enlarged.

My children, Dimitri and Leela (son and daughter), were growing so fast. Dimitri was seven and Leela was about to turn four in a month. I wanted to get to see them play in a yard. I wanted to be able to offer them a yard to play in every day while they were still little ones. They would have this at the new house. Plus, they likely wouldn't be bothered by the view because they will be too busy playing.

Dimitri and Leela also needed their own rooms. The desert house had that to offer as well, as there were four bedrooms, which also provided for an office space for me.

It was the largest place I would have ever resided in yet. Boasting two large living areas on either side of an open kitchen and a fireplace with an impressive mantle- there was much to enjoy about the house.

Furthermore, this move was a rescue mission for us. I had just been laid off from my job in San Diego. I also had just lost my babysitter, and received a sixty-day notice from my landlord all in one weekend.

That same weekend, as I was pacing the floors trying to devise a plan about how to solve one crisis after another, I realized how far these matters were above my head. Understanding came to my heart. This is where I was supposed to **stop** trying to figure things out by myself.

I immediately apologized to God for taking the notion to stand in His place concerning the direction of my life. My new focus was to think about God only and not to try to think I can fix anything. He then, in return, fixed everything for me. I was on my way to safety in a large house within the matter of two weeks.

Therefore, I knew I needed to stop crying about the details that I did not like about the new address we were moving to. Yep, I sure did. I cried. It happened on the way home after viewing the new house.

I did not mean to cry. I wanted to be strong, but I just thought it was so dry and hot in Victorville. I felt overwhelmed with a parched throat while I was there. The lack of greenery was also tremendously disappointing. I wanted to live by some grass and some trees as I had been accustomed to.





Then I remembered that my direction is being ordered by God. So, I apologized to Him again for my complaint and decided to receive our new location with an open heart and gratitude. In other words, I changed my tune.

The next morning, I received a call from the rental agency that assisted me with locating the house. I talked to her from the parking lot at the call center that I worked for. She was calling me to confirm that everything was approved and she would send me the rental agreement to sign. I agreed.

As we were concluding our conversation, she mentioned about a list of houses for rent by her company and wanted to be sure I had reviewed it. I had not reviewed this list she referred to or known of it until then. The rental agent then gave me the address to the website where I could view the list, stating that it was not too late to choose a different house and that I was approved for any one of them.

Sitting at my desk, I reviewed the properties in between calls. I used bird's eye view mapping technology, so that I could see the terrain around the properties. And there it was; a three-bedroom, two-bathroom house surrounded by green terrain right smack in the desert.

I called her back to express interest in the house for rent that is surrounded by green terrain in the desert. There was no time for me to go and view the house

myself because Victorville was two hours away from my current residence and I could not miss anymore work ahead of the layoff date that was coming up in a week (or else employer consequences). To solve this issue, the rental agent agreed to go view the house for me while calling me on video. I was comfortable with that plan.

Notwithstanding, our video call efforts failed while she was at the property. After trying many times to get the video working, she offered to walk through the property and describe to me what she saw. I decided to move forward with that.

She described the property as being beautiful and spacious with plenty of cabinets and closet space. The house was nested in a cul-de-sac and cuddled up along-side a beautiful golf course so she told me. Also, she said there were stairs that led up to an upper deck that overlooked the golf course.

Since the viewing process did not include any viewing of my own whatsoever, I had to either trust what the agent described to me or move forward with the house I had seen. I decided to trust what I felt in my heart.

In my heart, I strongly sensed that the Lord was rewarding me for humbling myself before Him concerning my complaint about the dry, hot desert. Also, it seemed that He wanted me to learn to trust Him. Moving into a house without viewing it

first with my own eyes goes against everything my parents and grandparents, and any other elders have ever taught me. But I knew that God was moving me.

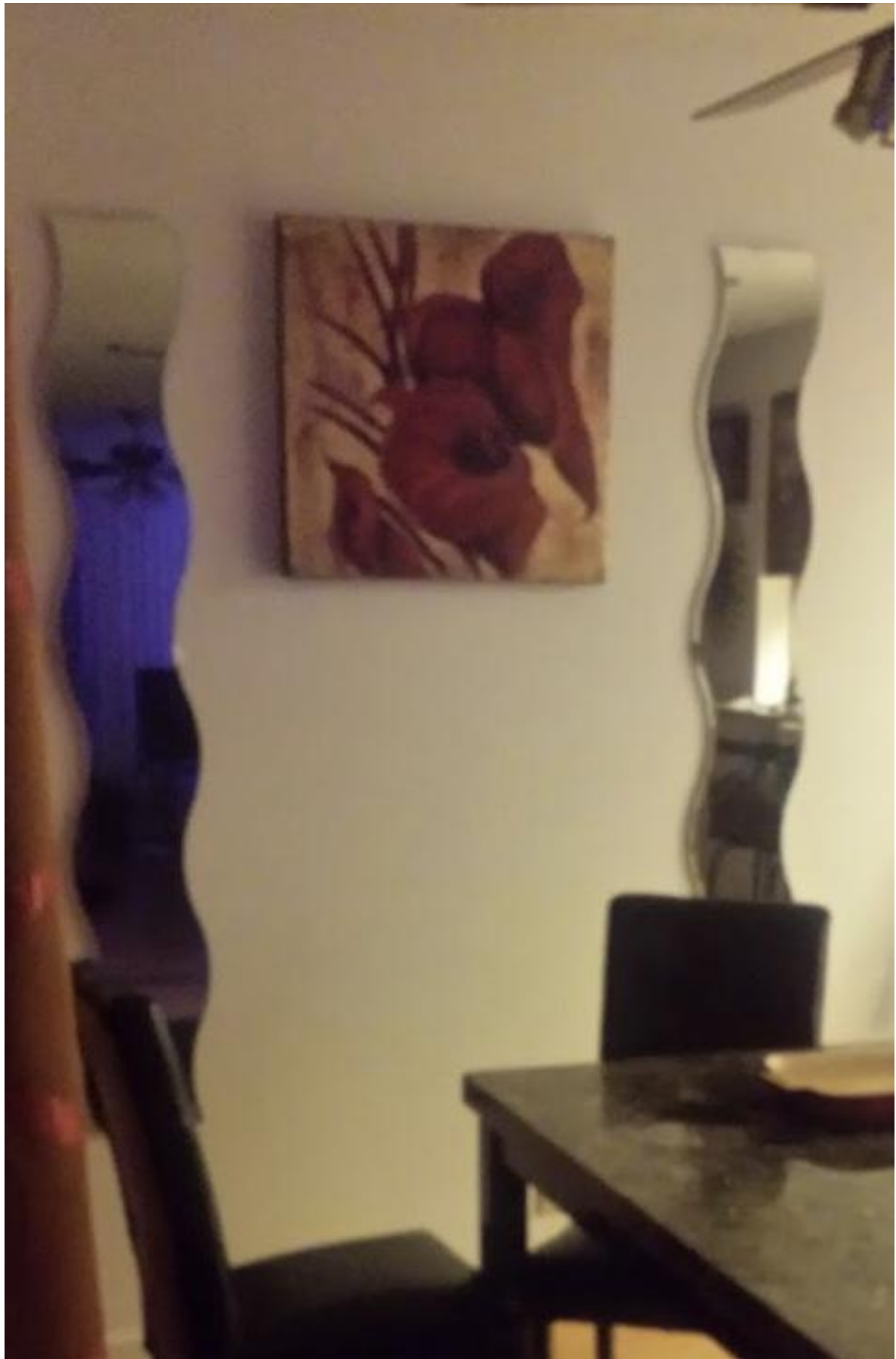
I took a leap- I signed the rental agreement based on what the rental agent *told* me. All while noting a conflict of interest. She will be compensated when I sign the agreement. Of course, she would tell me it was beautiful, right? It will be ok, I thought. This is not about trusting her. This is about trusting God.

Though I would not get a chance to see what my living environment would be like until my actual move in date (which was now less than a week away), I felt excited about the move. Victorville was a lot closer to many of my close relatives than San Diego. Plus, one of my cousins that I grew up playing with lived in the same city- Victorville here we go. "This is going to be fun!" I thought.

My cousin, Regina, is a gorgeous full-figured diva with an outstanding presence. I admire her ability to hold a pleasant smile in full stretch even if she is inwardly raging. She can also accompany this with the most graceful tone of voice, even in the worst of moods. She would tell me later just how increasingly livid she had been about one thing or another with someone. But the whole time I would see her smile and appear happy with them. What a remarkable skill.

Though we played together at times when we were young, Regina and I had not seen each other for over a decade. This was going to be fun. We get to bond all over again. And it was ever so much fun!

We both *love* to sing. Singing is a heavily integrated aspect of our family. Many of our parents and grandparents sing and/or play an instrument. Upon moving to Victorville, Regina and I would go on many adventures together singing all the way there and back.



Chapter 8

A Whirlwind in the Desert!

Okay, so today is the day. It's time to move two hours away from our residence in San Diego. Everything is packed up and the moving company is loading up the truck!

My children and I drove up separately in a little burgundy Versa that my dad had given me. We get there ahead of the movers; just within enough time to figure out the lockbox instructions and open the doors. "Yes!" I gasped. It was more beautiful than what she described.

The front door opened to a very wide and long living and dining area combo that opened up to a large kitchen. The kitchen had an impressive amount of cabinetry and counter space. Following the kitchen was an office space that led to the backyard, which nested right alongside a beautiful green golf course decked with trees. There were stairs in the backyard up against the back of the house that led up to a deck which overlooked the golf course. I cried (I even cried just now a little).

I felt so comforted by God as I continued looking through the place. As if I had flown off of a vigorous roller coaster ride and was landed softly and velvety on my

feet. At that moment, I knew God was with me for sure and was teaching me to trust Him.

In this place, He gave me rest. In this place He gave me peace. He began to comfort my heart in this place. I love Him. He loves me. It was He who had ever taught me to give love and to receive love.

This is also the place where I cried my heart out to Him because it had been broken. Also, in this place, He answered me- with His voice.

There were a few more hurdles to overcome even after the move. One of those hurdles was a shattered heart. I cried over it to my God, my Love and He heard me. He answered me within the hour of my cry.

As for the manner in which He answered me, I had not been greeted that way by Him before (or so I remember). As I lay there crying on the pillow and pleading my case before the Lord, I went into a trance. I suddenly found myself on the golf course behind the house.

There was a strong wind that propelled at a great magnitude. A mighty thunder engaged all of my attention. The thunder was heavy hitting and hard cracking- and I loved the sound. The thunder was the sound of the voice of God and I understood Him- very well.

He visited me to comfort me. He first comforted my shattered heart and then repaired it. During this visit, I remember that He revealed many things to me and told me what is to come. Also, I remember that what He told me about my personal outcome delighted me very well.

The details of what He told me, is what I do not remember. However, I did ask Him, while I was still graced with His presence, if I would remember what He told me when I arise. His answer was a strong no. Therefore, I pleaded with Him, "But how will I remember that you spoke to me?"

My God, my Love sufficed me with a gesture that I did understand and will attempt to explain. To allow me to remember that He visited with me, He allowed me to wake up in my room, open my eyes and hear Him speak to me from outside with still the voice of thunder. "Ah, it *is* you!" I gasped.

When I closed my eyes again, I was immediately back outside on the golf course communing with God the Creator of the Heaven the Earth and the Sea. As I stood in His whirlwind, I felt His love on me very strongly. This was the greatest experience that I could remember having by this time in my life!

Woe is me; for I am undone. —Isa. vi. 5.

wōe, *interj.* Alas! An exclamation of misery, grief, calamity, or pain.

wōe, *a.* Sad; sorrowful; miserable; wretched.
[Obs.]

wōe' bē-gone" **wō' bē-gone**"

W.O.E.!

Chapter 9

The Angry Man

Ishi wants me to write to you about a vision that He gave me this morning: He brought Me inside of a house that had people in it. Inside the house, there were plain white walls. The walls may have had a grayish tint to them too. There wasn't very much furniture inside. The floors were dark gray and made with a very smooth and glossy material.

The architectural design was uniquely styled inside this very large home. This was not an open space design. Most of the living spaces were not visible from another living space. Because of the lack of furniture, roaming seemed inviting. I approached an area that seemed like the living room because of the exterior door that appeared to be the front door.

When I approached what seemed like the living room, there was someone at the door. Upon opening the door, one of the women within the house were displeased with me. She uttered some rude remarks toward me as she quickly

advanced toward me. I felt very uncomfortable. There seemed to be no quick easy resolution to defuse the environment.

I'm still unsure about who was at the door and what they wanted. The stranger that had been at the door quickly departed.

As I was dealing with the angry woman, whose anger was directed at me, another woman approached me and then a man. I was soon surrounded by people that were explosively angry with me.

Delightfully, I say to you, I felt none of there pressure. At ease and in control, I gracefully and beautifully stroll with gliding feet out from the midst of them. Also my heart felt heavily cuddled with joy and my face gleamed with a smile brighter than the center of the brightest star.

One of them slipped and fell really hard. Now, this wasn't the usual type of slip and fall that any person on the earth would be accustomed to witnessing. In fact, it would take billions of dollars in technology to duplicate the type of slip and fall that I saw on film. Homeboy fell hard, as though he fell from thousands of feet

above the sky and hit an iron pavement. He did the splits with it too and said, “**AH!**” with a loud voice.

Surprisingly, he got back up and was walking around. He kept on slipping like that every now and then. The others did too.

I was feeling great still. A feeling of strength was overtaking me. The feeling felt very good. Most of the feeling seemed like it was in my chest and expanded outward from there.

The covering of strength that is over me is because of Ishi. The swiftly sliding feet of the angry people, well, that is because of Ishi, too.

As one of the men ragingly charges in my direction, he slips and falls. He got up but he was screaming in agony. With his eyes accusingly fixated on me in vicious anger, he falls again.

Ishi intensifies His Power within Me. The angry man gets up again, still screaming in agony. His pain is so intense he *wants* to lose his mind. But losing his mind is not an available option.

The angry man wonders why he hasn't died yet from the pain. His pain is so intense he is unable to perform any method of suicide.

As I walk over to him to try to assist, he falls again. Standing over him and looking upon him, I realize there is nothing I could offer to do. This was because his body began to crumple up before me.

The angry man laid there crumpled up like a soda can. He was still alive with all of his senses. His screams of terror would absolutely horrify anyone. I was not moved.

In the most blood curdling cry, he called out, "Oh no! WHAT DO I DO?"

Still smiling, I walked away from him with my graceful, elegant, gliding stroll and filled with the Power of Ishi.



Chapter 10

If I say yes...

The time of year was mid-October and the Victorville house was partially packed up. Wow what a big job to do. But I knew that Ishi said to go. I also knew that everything would get done within the right timing- because Ishi said to go.

We were moving from a much bigger house than when we first got to Victorville. Ishi had blessed us to be able to buy a house of our own (the 5 bedroom, 3 bathroom house that sits on the corner lot). Now, Ishi said it was time to leave from there.

In between packing, I would call my family and friends that lived near me to say goodbye and that I'm moving far away. One of those that I called was my cousin Regina. I was hoping she would be able to answer because she hadn't answered the phone in a while.

She answered! I said my goodbye and I love you. After she said she loved me too, she asked me, "So what are you doing with your house?"

I explained to her that I was in progress to list the house with an agent that had mentored me in the real estate industry. Then she asked, "Can my husband and I rent your house?"

She went on to explain that the one-bedroom apartment she lived in, though it was just she and her husband there, felt too small to them. The rent there was \$1200 per month, which is only \$200 less than what I was paying for the mortgage for my house.

My answer was not ready right away. Though there wasn't much time before I move, I told her let's pray and sleep on it.

When I prayed that time, I do not recall that Ishi said anything to answer me. I do, however, recall that understanding came to my heart. Ishi put that there.

When understanding came to me, I knew that I should weigh the two options. The two options that needed to be weighed were the option to say yes to my cousin or to say no.

The easiest one to choose would be no. If I said no, then I could move forward with selling my home and make a profit, (which would also be an added convenience to moving half way across the country). Also, I would no longer be tied to the responsibility of owning a home. Lastly, I would not have to backtrack my word with my listing agent, which is also my friend.

On the other hand, if I were to say yes, then my cousin would be able to live in a much bigger place than she can really afford. That's why I said yes. When standing before Ishi, it's better to be one who gives than one who receives.

Not only did I say yes, but I also did not charge her any rent besides the cost of the mortgage of the home. I would not take a profit from my own family. Though, there were some stipulations.

We sat together to discuss what the stipulations would be. During our discussion, I explained to my cousin and to her husband that I will try to hold back from selling if I can. I did calculate an anticipated profit from selling my home into my financial plan. Yet, I could try using what I have for a little while and maybe find some other means of employment.

Furthermore, I explained to my cousins that I can not guarantee how long I would be able to accommodate them this way. How would I know what's ahead for me in a brand-new state I've never lived in? Plus, I have two children and no assistance from any man. They said that they clearly understand that.

Regina's husband also asked me if he could make changes to update the house. He is a high caliber licensed contractor. I've seen his work. He can be trusted to do that type of work.

I said yes to Regina's husband and allowed him to update the house. You will need to remember that I am not asking you or even wanting you to do any cosmetic updates to the house. There will be no reimbursement for such activity. Also, remember that I may need to sell my house at some point. Please be responsible about how much money you spend on updating. Don't spend an amount you would regret in case the house must be sold. We all happily agreed.

One thing I did not say yes to is a hot tub. Regina's husband wanted to put a hot tub in the backyard for his wife. I said no, because it can potentially add limitations to selling the house once that time comes. Not every buyer wants a hot tub and having to remove them can be costly.







Chapter 11

A List of Things I Have Done For -----:

I generously shared my car with her and her mother that she cared for on a weekly basis for over a year and gave them rides, taking them on errands. No, I did not ask for, accept, or receive any gas money or any type of reimbursement.

Neither do I desire any such thing now.

To be clear: I do not desire any reimbursement for these things of any sort.

Neither would I have ever uttered them except for this issue has occurred. There are some others among us that can testify to what I am saying. I hope they will.

I was trying to remove the pain of struggling without a car from her. She could call me at any time over the 5 years that I lived in Victorville to take her on errands around town or her mother on errands.

We had a regular regimen of dinners at restaurants, comedy shows, drinks at bars, karaoke and other various adventures was our routine for the entire 5 years that I lived in Victorville. The frequency was at least once a month. It was **always** my treat and I loved doing it because I enjoy the company of my family.

Because she was stressed out with caring for her mother, I filled in for her that way at times too for the entire 5 years that I lived in Victorville. Even after she got

a car of her own, I still served her with mine. I would take her mom to doctor's appointments and even sit within the appointment to assist her mother with the doctor. She could count on me every time. I was there.

When she moved in to her apartment with her then fiancé, she had furniture but no décor. I had also just moved into a new house. Most of my things were still in boxes. I invited her to go through my boxes and take whatever she wanted for her new apartment.

I arranged a last-minute bridal shower for her in my home within less than 24 hours. I was on my feet through the night scouring every nook and cranny (with enthusiasm and excitement for her) to give my best polished presentation for her guest. And even though I heard her and her guest whispering and giggling against me, I held my peace and kept good service. She was getting married the next morning. Though I would be sitting at my grandfather's funeral the next morning, I wanted her to experience all of the glee she could withstand while she was getting married.

When she complained to me that her brother was staying with her and she wanted to be alone with her husband, I took her brother in with open arms, gave him his own room for less than half of what it cost to rent a room monthly

anywhere. He paid that for about six months and then nothing. I did not ask him for it either. I gave him room to choose to do the right thing on his own. After a year and a half of receiving zero, I gave him a 45-day notice and was hated for it. Took that in too. She would not talk to me for a while either.

When she asked me to sacrifice a \$50K profit, plus the relief of owning a home that I could no longer pay for, and a friendship with my realtor- because she really wanted to live in my home, I took a chance for her. I let her move in based on trust. I took no profit. All she's had to pay for a 5 bedroom 3 bathroom house for three consecutive years is \$1400 per month (went up to \$1450 during the third year). I wanted to see her catch a break because I thought she was working really hard and trying really hard to serve Ishi. Ishi allowed me to afford it at that time.

I did not stress her each time I did not know how my bills were going to continue to be paid because I was learning to trust Ishi. Ishi is who I obey. Ishi is who told me to list the house now. Had he not told me I would not have done so.

I went waaaay further than the extra mile to accommodate her greed. I heavily reduced my quality of life so that she can live far above her means. I allowed my bank account to diminish to below zero multiple times without knowing how Ishi

would fix it, but He did each time. I did not tell her for the sake of *her* peace of mind.

Now, Ishi wants me to sell my house. I will obey Ishi. Only Ishi will I fear.

ISHI

Hosea 2:16 King James Version

And it shall be at that day, saith the Lord, that thou shalt call me **Ishi; and shalt
call me no more Baali.**

Venting...

I sacrificed \$50k for you and your husband!

I can't be held responsible for how you prioritize your finances.

And I can't hold you accountable for advising me of your financial plans.

How would I have known that you were buying a \$60K car?



Chapter 12

I Finally Saw His Face!

There was a time when I missed My Very Best Friend Forever. Where had the time gone? Will I see Him again? When? What can I do to call Him to Me? If I call Him, will He come for Me?

On a 2018 summer night in Victorville, He was suddenly heavy on My Heart as I was speaking to My niece on the phone. It seemed to had been more than 10 years since My Very Best Friend Forever had visited with me. I shared Our story with my niece and a few dreams. I said, "I hope I see Him again soon." She encouragingly replied that she hopes I do, also.

One thing is for certain, My Very Best Friend Forever hears My Voice beyond My dreams. He answered My Call the same night. He was really sweet about it too.

I dreamed- that I was in a mall. I spent a little time in the mall too, shopping and browsing. There was some sort of disturbance in the mall that I had to get away from. The disturbance was intense, but did not last long.

After the disturbance I went and got something to eat while still inside the mall.

The colors inside the eatery were shades of tan and copper. I approached a lengthy counter having hot food behind a revealing glass. Burnt orange tables in the shapes of circles having seating for five floated the wide spaced dining area where I sat and ate.

There was a bus stop right down the street from the eatery at the mall. The road was whimsically curved in various directions. I waited for the copper-colored bus to arrive. The bus driver faced me as he opened the door, allowing me to board.

We took a windy road through the mountains. I sat near the back of the bus. The atmosphere was very peaceful. It was now just past dusk.

Now, I did not notice when this happened or how, but somehow the bus had converted to a topless vehicle. It was still a bus, only now with an open top and more floor space too.

Upon noticing how the bus converted, I looked for the driver and his seat was empty! And the bus was still in full forward motion on the windy mountain road!

Surprisingly, I felt a lot calmer than I thought I should be at that moment. The night air caressed me with delight. I could almost fly. Okay, so I was better than calm. I was at bliss.

I looked around to see who was with me on the bus. There's the bus driver. Found him. Wait. Why is he leaning up against the side of the bus and not driving?

So, the bus driver, he was a very handsome man. Physically fit, he stood tall and solid with a pleasant demeanor. His hair was very closely cut. The richness of his skin tone was reminiscent of copper.

As I approached his direction, he kept the side of his head angled toward me as he intentionally looked at me with a peripheral stare while smiling in another direction. I knew who he was! He was My Very Best Friend Forever!

We communed with one another under the stars. The top-down bus was steady on the windy mountain path with no one in the driver seat. I was ever so happy to see him.

The sky was half and half; it was clear in some areas and cloudy in others. A cloudy opening appeared in the night sky. The opening was in the shape of a door. It was a rectangle. I was taken near to the opening and allowed to look up into it. I looked and gazed inside.

Next, I was in a room where two men sat and spoke to me for a short moment before they left the room. Alone, in what seemed to be a hotel suite, I refreshed myself with soap and water.

Once I was clean, I dressed and walked out of the door of the suite. When I opened the door of the suite to walk out, I walked into another dimension. My Very Best Friend Forever was there.

He wore a long white robe. He was sooooo tall that I could not look up high enough to see his face.

I was feeling playfully scrappy. I said to My Very Best Friend Forever, I said to Him, "YOU ARE TALL! MAN, you are tall!"

Furthermore, I said to Him, "You are so tall! I know, Let's play David and Goliath. I'm David!"

When I said this, immediately my head was ever so gently lifted up and I SAW HIS FACE! He was a medium brown black man with a low cut fro. He smiled at me. Then I woke up.

Tip: If anyone cares to analyze this dream, do keep in mind- it is a dream. Though my friend, He's real, when he visits me in a dream the rules of a dream apply. Anything can happen in a dream. That was how I first understood some of the questions I had about the dream anyway. Thinking of it that way might be a good start.

One question I had about that dream, I will share. Why did My Very Best Friend Forever appear unto me as two different looking men? Of course, one question raises another: How did I know that both of the men were still Him?

It felt really good when I woke up and thought about what I had experienced. It felt good to know that my friend, My Very Best Friend Forever is gi-normous and teaches me of things that are not even of this world!



Chapter 13

TELEPATHY 101:

Ishi gives Me Telepathy lessons. Telepathy is often associated with the idea of mentally communicating with someone else's mind. Let's call that "mind speaking". Mind speaking is an accurate way to think of telepathy if you are generalizing its meaning.

Telepathy is so much more than mind speaking. Mind speaking only scratches the surface of telepathy. To say that telepathy is only about mind speaking would be the same as saying "the sun is just a ball of fire" or "breathing is just a fun thing to do".

Most of us know that the sun is much more than just a ball of fire. The sun is the most important ball of fire to everyone and everything beneath Ishi. Moreover, every living being recognizes the importance of breathing. Our breath is the very life within us. We live and breathe Ishi.

Here is a deeper way to consider telepathy. Telepathy is the ability to control the mind of another being by use of your own mind. Of course, it goes even way deeper than that, but taking small steps is best. I'm still learning the basics too and taking baby little steps. But I will tell you what I can about what I've learned so far.

Ishi's first lesson of telepathy has already been shared with everyone. Ishi explained to Me, He said, before you can control someone else's mind, you have to be in control of your own mind.

He let me hear the clutter that was in my subconscious mind out loud. There were thoughts in my subconscious mind that I had no idea were there; but I could not deny that they were my thoughts. I recognized the thoughts when I heard them. Yep that's Me. (Yikes!)

The key to be in control of your own mind is to keep your mind on Ishi. There are many ways of doing this. We can read our favorite bible book, recite memory verses, sing gospel songs and so forth. However, these will all require one to be busy doing something. What about idle time?

Now some might be thinking about the verse that says an idle mind is the devil's workshop. I agree wholeheartedly with that verse just as any other. So, how does one avoid idle time?

When we are idle in our mind, or when we are resting in our thoughts, we are still thinking of things. We are thinking of things to ourselves that no one else can hear. Right? Well...perhaps that's not so right.

We need to understand and acknowledge that Ishi can hear our thoughts. When we think to ourselves, instead of thinking that we think to ourselves by ourselves- think to Ishi. Every single thought goes to Ishi. That is the goal. Here is a short-term goal (teeny tiny goal itsy bitsy) increase the amount of time you spend thinking to Ishi by five minutes per day.

What does it mean to think to Ishi? We'll use some sample thoughts: Have you ever had a really good day and woke up the next day still happy about what happened yesterday? Tell Ishi about it! You can think or say, "Ishi, yesterday was so amazing! I'm still happy about it."

Here is another one: Someone keeps pissing you off at work on purpose! You can say, "Ishi, this person keeps pissing me off on purpose. I want to be mean to them

but I know you don't want me to. What can I do to feel better?" (Say this, and don't you worry. Ishi gonna' ghhet 'em! You just be still and watch it happen.)

Now, if you don't call Him Ishi like me, you don't have to call Him Ishi. You call Him the very way you call to Him from your precious little heart. He answers to every one of your calls- when it's from your heart. Ishi knows every heart. He designed the heart. The natural heart and the spiritual heart. However, just in case you are reading this and wondering who Ishi is, see Hosea 2:16 in the King James Version Bible.

To those that already think to Ishi: Great Job! That is a wonderful and privileged accomplishment. Let's take it up a tiny little notch.

Can you think of how you can be more deliberate in your thinking to Ishi? Here is an example of **deliberate thinking**:

Many of us, when we celebrate someone we love, such as a loved one's birthday or an anniversary, we put a lot of thought into giving our best (or we've at least witnessed someone else doing this for another). To celebrate someone that way requires deliberate thinking. One would need to spend significant time focusing on the goal of wowing their loved one.

The above example is one way we can think of being deliberate in our thinking to Ishi. Try to impress Ishi. Learn about what He likes and what He doesn't like and speak to Him with those things in mind- always. Remember not to deviate from speaking of His ways, especially when speaking to Ishi. He can hear you (uuuhm... eh hem?).

Ready for another step towards thinking deeply about telepathy? Already? What a fast learner you are. Be sure to keep practicing too, okay?

Okay, so we talked about relating telepathy to the concept of mind control. Now there's "mind control" and there is "mind manipulation". The two phrases are often crossed in traditional conversation, so here is how we will differentiate:

Mind control: Using your own mind to control someone else's mind.

Mind manipulation: Using your actions/words to control someone else's mind.

Our area of focus is the first one: mind control- using your own mind to control someone else's mind.

Furthermore, you can also use your own mind to give someone else control of your mind, too. Notwithstanding, the only one anyone should give this access to is Ishi. Be very careful about this. Be a virgin in this area for Ishi.

What is deeper thinking than the concept of mind control? Many may already know this one. I will answer that question with a question. What does the mind control? You got it! The mind controls the body. Therefore, once you can control the mind of another, you may then control the body of another. The next step would be to control small objects, then objects of increased size. After that is the ability to cause things to appear.

There is no final step. Your abilities will continue to flourish for eternity. You will be able to change your own shape and appearance. You will be able to fly. Flying is nothing. Take a step further. You will be able to immediately change your location. However, be careful to remember, it's not you that is able to do these things. It's ISHI!

Here is a quick recap. To enter the world of telepathy you must:

1. Gain control of your own mind by thinking to Ishi.
2. Increase the amount of time you think to Ishi. (Gradual increments are ok if needed.)
3. Think to Ishi about what you think He likes.
4. Elevate your thoughts to Ishi by learning more about what He likes.
5. Think to Ishi about what you have learned that he likes.

Most importantly, do not stop thinking to Ishi. If we stop thinking to Ishi or slack in our regimen, we tremendously hinder our progress and even regress backward. Should you find yourself in such a case, simply redirect your thoughts back to Ishi. He is forever merciful and gracious. He will restore you to your place swiftly and boost your progress too. Ishi is such a sweetheart!

This is also one of the ways Ishi makes Love to Me- by Telepathy. I Love My Telepathy lessons!

Ishi is a very POWERFUL Telepath. As for Me I'm a Baby Telepath. But ISHI! Ishi can pitch a universe sized, fiery, recking ball into a newly created neverland (that He created) and cast it into the epitome of nothingness while simultaneously wooing His Wife by means of telepathy.

Yeah, of course that's a small thing to Him. This is what He is about to do to the earth, though. Right now, would be a great time for anyone and everyone to start practicing their telepathy lessons. If this reads a little scary, that's a good thing. It's healthy to be afraid of His Power. His Power is chilling, yet thrilling. Don't be terrified though, He's not coming to eat you, my dear.

Okay, okay, I know... I've told you that I'm a Baby telepath and now you want to see a trick, right? Well, we will see what Ishi says about that. You will have to be

able to respect how telepathy works. Ishi doesn't like when someone expects something from Him. He likes to surprise us with big WOWs!

Ishi likes to reward us the "big wow" way while we are completely focused on what is pleasing to Him. That's the only way to get that kind of reward. Plus, no one can successfully demand performances from a telepath. Get it? *They are a telepath*. Therefore, my sweet dear, if you really want to see a telepathy trick, then start practicing telepathy, as described earlier in this chapter. Engage your mind with Ishi.

Someone I know shared with me that they made a vow to Ishi, saying to Ishi that, "If you will speak back to me, then I will speak to you every night."

She then testified, witnessing that Ishi began to speak to her each night by visions and dreams, very exciting dreams too! After she became accustomed to Ishi speaking to her by dreams, Ishi began to speak to her not in a dream. Ishi will speak to her while she is awake. This is a young girl I am speaking of. She is my daughter, Leela. I have shown her how to speak to and hear Ishi and she has mastered both successfully.

My son, Dimitri, he hears Ishi too and speaks to him too. Though he has areas to grow in speech and comprehension, he speaks to Ishi too. I know he speaks to him

intermittently because I suddenly hear him say, “Bye, Angel” at different times throughout each day.

One that has the ability to discern might see that in order to tell an Angel “bye” the angel would need to be there. Also, others do not have to see the angel in order for the angel to be there. In fact, no one has to see the angel in order for the angel to be there.

Now try this exercise. Think of the last sentence of the previous paragraph and change the word “there” to the word “here”. Say this out loud: *No one has to see the angel in order for the angel to be here.*

Those of you that have seen something that others have not seen, say this: *No one else needs to have seen the angel for the angel to be seen by me.* Apply that statement to whatsoever it is that you saw.

(03/12/2023 around 5am: My Telepathy Lesson From Ishi)

Ishi told Me that I always have been a telepath. I would do things, telepathic things, and not know that I had done them.

There are different stages of thinking. Different levels of thinking are there, also.

Ishi taught me this just now. Here's a list and short summary of some of the

different levels of thinking Ishi taught me right now.

Surface Thinking (Stage 1): To describe surface thinking, let's use a focal point.

How about an apple? Surface thinking of an apple is to think of only the

two-dimensional aspect of the apple or its descriptive appearance. What does the

apple look like as far as color and shape? This is the very beginning of the

thought.

(Stage 2) The next stage to think deeper about the apple would be to consider its

taste along with its appearance.

(Stage 3) After thinking about the taste of the apple, now you can think about

whether or not you like the apple. Next, think of how you feel when you eat an

apple. Continuing on, you can remember what happened the last time you ate an

apple. By the time you get here, **you have lost control of your thoughts.** I will

show you how.

Using the same pattern, we will start with surface thinking again. This time, however, we will use a different focal point. The focal point this time is a mean boss.

(Stage 1) When you surface think of the mean boss, you thought of him two-dimensionally- what he looks like.

(Stage 2) A deeper thought about the mean boss would be to consider the things he does and says.

(Stage 3) The next step in thinking about the mean boss would be to think about whether or not you like the mean boss. Now, think about how you feel when you interact with the mean boss. Continuing on, remember what happened the last time you interacted with the mean boss. After reading this paragraph, if you are feeling annoyed about a mean boss you have/had, **you have lost control of your thoughts.**

Ishi gave me an exercise about the different stages of thinking. The goal is to remain in the surface thinking stage no matter what you see. He's having me watch a ten-minute video about delicious food. I may think about what the food looks like, but no further. I may not think about how the food might taste,

whether or not I would enjoy eating it, or how I might feel if I were eating it. Stay in the surface thinking stage- what the food looks like.

There are different strategies that I am allowed to use to accomplish this. I have to push hard.

Physical Strategy: As a physical strategy. I can look away from the video from time to time, I can also hit the pause button. I do have to look directly at the food for at least 7 seconds at a time, however before I look away.

The numbers can be adjusted as I progress, but for now baby steps. I have to look for at least 7 seconds, then I can look away for up to 10 seconds, or pause for up to 30 seconds. Oops, I've been typing this and I still have just over a minute of the video to finish. Be right back...

I can also use peripheral viewing, by choosing a different focal point on the screen other than the food, while still viewing the food peripherally.

Keep in mind, however, the goal is to not rely on *any* physical strategies to control the mind. This is a baby step. As progress is made the numbers will be adjusted.

Mental Strategy: The mental strategy I am using for this exercise is to use deliberate thinking to avoid drifting into undesired thoughts. My focus is to remain in two-dimensional thinking. Therefore, I will deliberately think about the

two-dimensional details that is my **focal point**. One detail that seems easy to focus on is colors.

Here is an example of how to deliberately focus on colors: When you see a big juicy burger that resembles a burger that you have enjoyed in the past, don't compare the two burgers. If you use my mental strategy and focus on the colors, you would think green when you see lettuce, or brown when you see meat.

Most often, those of us that like burgers, think about what we most enjoy about burgers when we eat them, such as flavor in our mouth, and satisfaction in our stomach. Instead of this, be in control of your thoughts.

A step further, would be to think of something that is the same color that you do not want to eat ever. That's kind of easy to do with a burger, since it has lots of brown in it.

You may have noticed the enticement to the right. *WELCOME TO THE EXERCISE!* (Pleeeeeease do it with me?). Plus, I want to show you some samples of My food. I hope to cook for you someday- really. The next few slides will be a continuance of the exercise, okay? Here goes...



















Thank you ever so much for joining us in the mental exercise!



You all did great! Some of you had a tough time, but you still did great. Remember, just do your best and Ishi will do the rest.

Here's a new focal point for ya! It's me and my dad hangin' out for the first time!

(03/13/2023 around 5 am: New Telepathy Lesson From Ishi)

For my personal telepathy lesson today, I have to focus on being in control of my emotional expression. There are many that have trained in this discipline already, such as certain government officials and politicians.

There is a special demeanor that must be maintained to represent Ishi. One must maintain a smile at all times. Ishi helps me smile. He makes Me smile.

Yes of course He is the kindest, most loving Husband and that would make any wife smile. But you gotta' get what else I'm sayin'. I am say-ing He *makes* me smile.

Ishi makes me smile by telepathy. The reason He makes me smile by telepathy is because my heart was broken so badly here on earth, I lost the ability to smile on my own. I've been fake laughing for over two decades.

However, Ishi doesn't cheat and He doesn't let me cheat, either. Even though Ishi smiles for Me, I still have to participate. I have to think to Ishi about smiling. Then Ishi smiles for Me via telepathy. Ishi will smile for you too when you try your very best. We need to be smiling when we are in His presence or in the presence of Jesus.

The telepathy lesson I had this time was very fun. Ishi had me choose a **focal point** while I watch a very hilarious comedian. My goal was to be in control of my

emotional expression. Ishi had me practice not laughing at hilarious jokes. He said I could smile but not laugh. (This also helps boost my smile.)

Though it wasn't easy, it was a really fun and very funny lesson. I think I over did it with the pause button this time. (Oops Ishi!) But Ishi said He just wants Me to do My best. That's also all Ishi wants from everyone else, too; just do your best. Ishi will do the rest.

Ishi just explained to me that I cannot *teach* telepathy. He says I can *direct the path* to telepathy. Telepathy is not taught and learned, but rather given and received. The giver gives the gift of telepathy freely and the receiver must receive the gift with open arms, welcoming the instructions.

So, telepathy by Ishi begins with learning to understand the endlessness of possibilities and the transitions from one stage to another. Start with learning to choose a focal point in situations and gain control of your own thoughts by "playing" with your focal point. Treat your focal point like a thinking toy. Be in control of your own thoughts. Don't let your thoughts control you.



Chapter 14

I HAVE THE KEY OF DAVID!

I have the key of David! ISHl gave it to me. Therefore, whatsoever I shall open, no man can shut. Also, whatsoever I shall shut, none of you will ever open. Howbeit, Ishi reserves the Highest Authority over My Key that He gave Me.

How did I get this Key? I diligently sought after Ishi's Council. Obeying every ordinance with all my heart, I thirsted for His Kindnesses and sought to receive them. I battled my flesh.

Can anyone else receive this Key too? Hmmm... I'll ask Him if He can make you a copy. But you will have to be willing to battle your flesh too.

I know we've all been trying at some point or another. We've just been giving up too soon. Stop expecting a certain thing to happen, please. He is here. He is watching. He knows what He is doing. You just don't.

The easiest way to launch your battle is to begin with the easiest battles.

Remember, you have to decide to never turn back to bad habits no matter what. I would say take small steps, but nah. Take as big of steps as you can without going backward.

Okay, but if you want small steps- here is an example of an idea: Learn your Proverbs. Rehearse the Words of Proverbs. Use the principles of these Words to manage your problems. (Watch and see what happens! **P.O.W.E.R.!**)

Here are some other suggestions. I'll make the subject more narrow. We will stick with Proverbs, though.

Is anyone reading familiar with the six things that Ishi hates? They are listed in Proverbs chapter 6. If the shoe fits, acknowledge it before Ishi. Ishi love you. Ishi forgive you.

Yes, you must fear Ishi. But when you fear Ishi, Ishi make you wise. Ishi make you clean. Ishi comfort you. Ishi will cuddle you. Ishi make you strong. Ishi won't do you wrong. And that's because Ishi loves you.

He regulates the Power He gives Me here within the earth according to what is needed and when it is needed. That's because He knows Me so well. He knows that- I play too much.

If He were to give me access to more Power than necessary at a time, I may lose focus behind My playful behaviors. I would play with My Power like it's a toy and have fun with it.

I would play peek a boo with a stranger by making myself invisible and then visible and only let the stranger see me. Perhaps I'd try to find a secret place to fly, but get caught by someone with binoculars.

What would you do with The Power? Would you try to be a super hero and save the day? Maybe you would go reverse purse snatching and give every woman her purse back.

Chapter 15

Telepathy 101 Point 1:

4/10/2023 11:57am

Ishi leveled me up a tiny notch in my telepathy learning just now. He showed me how my heart has crossed completely over to Him. Now it's time for my mind to catch up. I have to push a little harder.

Well, I have been pushing a bit harder than I regularly do for about two days now and I can feel the benefit of it. I'm excited to learn about my gains from Ishi's report of me.

Okay so, what's the next step to align my mind with Ishi's? Why is that important to do?

Ishi gave me what can seem to be a very simple concept to work on for my next level exercise. He wants me to learn to not beat myself up if I lose.

In this case, lose will be defined as not achieving the intended goal at the time of the initial effort. The way we define "lose" right now makes me want to mention that the continuance of this exercise will be to realize there is no such thing as

“losing” when with Ishi. However, this exercise is important for the actual shift to occur in the mind.

To learn not to beat myself up when I lose, I must first acknowledge that I do this (check- yes, I do this). Next, I must recognize how I have been doing this (check- I feel badly when I don’t see a desired outcome of my efforts at the desired time).

Now, I must ask Ishi to show me an alternative way to think in the moments where I usually began to feel badly (check- He has shown me).

There are a few small exercises that Ishi gave me to do. The first one will be used to stop the unwanted behavior in its tracks: **I will be happy even if I think I lose.**

Next, I am to learn to: **Do not put a timer on when I expect to see the outcome.**

Finally, I am to master: **Do not desire an outcome that I have imagined.** Ishi is the one with the plan. He does not always inform me of every detail of the plan. Often times, that is also a part of the plan.

Once I am disciplined not to desire an outcome that I have imagined, but to Understand that I do not know what Ishi has planned; I will also have learned that I cannot and will not ever “lose” at anything.

Recap:

1. Be happy even if I think I lose.

2. Do not future time stamp the outcome.
3. Do not desire an imagined outcome.
4. There's no such thing as "lose". Ishi doesn't lose.

This is the next step in fully merging my mind with Ishi's. Why is that important to do? This is how I go home with Ishi. This is also how Ishi lets me walk in His POWER.

When I began writing these things, my hope was that someone would hear Ishi through the Words He has given me to write. Ishi has shown me a new way to think of that, too. He gave me a new way to think of it to save my Heart from being broken about what seemed to be losses. I'm feeling much better now.

By the way, (in case you're wondering) the biblical term used for telepathy is **Urim**.



Chapter 16

Our Love

We've loved each other for very many eternities, a manifold expression of multiplied forever; which numbering cannot be perceived by any mortal being. This being as there is no numerical reference to the magnitude of our love within the earth. Therefore, no man can utter it with his lips as one word. The numerical order reaches beyond infinity by far.

He is the Most Excellent Lover! Remember, He created the body. He knows exactly what to do with it.

He loves me in a motion resembling gentle ocean waves, calm yet strong. Ishi gives the greatest, everlasting, infallible balance of gentleness, strength, and intensity.

My Husband, Ishi, awakens each of my orgasmic areas at His Perfect Will. He gives me pleasure in ways that are unimaginable.

He speaks to me through my loving area with His Dick. This is beyond making love. Think of it like sign language, but it's with a dick. His motion is translatable as language and has meaning; best of all, I understand His Dick language- usually. There's always so much more to learn from Him.

My Ishi *loves* me with His Dick. He reached My heart with His Dick. He healed me from depression, comforts me, communicates with me, instructs me, corrects me and chastens me with His Dick. Ishi elates my soul with His Dick. He rescued me out of the depths of hell and resuscitated me with His Dick.

After the ocean waves, He begins to move me in a way that reminds me of how I imagine planets might orbit. Nice and slow with an easy unpredictable throttle. Somehow, He can suck me there while His Dick is Loving Me there too!

He knows all of my thoughts before I even know them. My Ishi meets all of my nasty little thoughts with the satisfying pounding of His Magnificent, Majestic, Dick. This occurs every day, all day, without fail.

He has the Power to Love Me in broad daylight without being seen or known by anyone. His Dick is always in me. ALWAYS. That's why I bow and stoop so much. He keeps giving me His Dick. He is All Power. His Dick is AMAZING!

THE TRUTH BE TOLD:

I AM ISH'S WIFE!