

Blessing, Gifts, & Deeds Manuscript Copy

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FORWARD

It Just Might Be Angels

Have you ever heard your name called in the darkness and no one was there? Have you ever felt that someone or something was with you but you couldn't see anyone or anything there? Have you ever felt a touch on your face or your hair being moved by some unknown force? Have you ever had the feeling of complete peace or being totally loved? Were you saved from a catastrophic or life threatening event for no apparent reason? It just might be angels because it was for me.

The huge aircraft carrier Forrestal pitched and rolled gently in the waves as it cut through the ocean off the coast of North Viet Nam. I had been up all night working on the hanger deck taking on ordinance the aircraft would be using this morning. The time was 29 July 1967 around 8am as I crawled into my bunk below decks. The bunk was a metal frame with canvas stretched tight across it and a 3-inch thick foam rubber pad on it for a mattress but I didn't care. I was dog-tired as the big ship rocked me to sleep.

I was awakened abruptly to a sound that came over the loud speakers. Bonk, Bonk, Bonk. "Fire. Fire. Fire on the flight deck aft. This is not a drill. Repeat this is not a drill. All hands report to your general quarter's stations." Then it repeated it again and again. That message will ring in my ears for the rest of my life because of the events that were set in motion that day.

I laid in my bunk trying to wake up enough to understand what was going on. Before I could there was an explosion above decks that left me on the floor. I was happy I had a bottom bunk so I only had about 6 inches to fall. I grabbed my pants and pulled them on right there without getting up. Next came the socks and my shoes. Before I had them on there came another explosion and then another. I knew we were in big trouble. The birthing compartment was filling up with smoke and it was getting harder and harder to breath. I stood up and the smoke was so thick I couldn't see. It was then I remembered some thing from back in school when they said to crouch and walk out because the smoke wouldn't be so thick. I crouched down and went out into the isle where other crewmembers were. We all got busy trying to find anyone else in the compartment that may have been hurt. Everyone was accounted for and that is when I heard a voice saying 'come this way if you want to live.' Well, I did just that. I headed in the direction of the voice with everyone else after me. When we arrived at the end of the passageway, there was no one there, only a sealed hatch. We stood there for what seemed like a lifetime and the only thing that kept running through my mind in all the smoke was that I wished I had a cigarette.

Next I remember hearing the hatch being opened and out we all went. It is funny in a way when it comes to an emergency situation concerning a large number of people. There is a sort of organized chaos evolving moment by moment into which you are thrown not only to save your life but that of others. People set aside their wants and desires and become heroes in the midst of horror. The comradeship that takes place during a fire at sea is the mortar that cements the soul of humanity into one purpose. Put the fire out because there is no place to run. From the flight deck down into the bowels of the ship we went fighting the fire. Compartment by compartment the blaze was being extinguish to save our ship and in doing so saving our very lives. Four days later the fires

were out and we went about the sacred act of recovering the bodies of our fallen shipmates.

I can't say I really know how the accident happened and there is much speculation left to this day. Navy put the blame on the Captain of the ship, like that was a surprise. I don't know what caused it and I don't care because at this time it isn't important. What is important to me is I got the opportunity to be with someone when he died. I got to witness his passing and came to know that whatever left his body was immortal and though his body was dead - he wasn't. What I didn't know at the time was the voice that called that morning would come calling again. Only this time when it called it would change my life forever.

Blessings, Gifts & Deeds by Joseph Crane
Chapter 1 - Teach Only Love

CHAPTER 1

Teach Only Love

Christmas is the time when most Christians remember the birth of Jesus. Yet, it seems strange to me, that according to Biblical record, he was born in the spring. It is also the time of year when you can count on television to show the *Grinch that Stole Christmas*, *Frosty the Snow Man*, *It Is a Wonderful Life*, *A Christmas Carol*, and the story of the birth of Jesus. Having been touched by the story of his birth one more time, this year, I decided to read the Bible. Many years had passed since I have had one to read, so I figured it was time to get one. You need to know that this was only for my own knowledge. I'm not a member of any religion. I don't go to church on Sunday, but I do believe in God. I also pray asking for God's guidance and have for many years.

Each night I laid in bed and read the Bible, chapter and verse. Reading before going to bed is a wise thing to do because your brain processes the information as you sleep. I would go over what I had read on the following day in my mind. Some of it made sense and some of it didn't. After three or four weeks of reading, I asked God to help me understand the real message. The next night I went to bed, took out the Bible, and began reading again.

It was around midnight when I closed my Bible and set it on the nightstand. Looking over at my sleeping wife, *I thought what a beautiful woman I married*. I noticed our four mastiffs, two on the bed and the others on the floor. "Whatever have I done to be so blessed with such a lovely family?" I said to myself, as I reached over to turn off the light and kiss my wife good night.

Putting my head on the pillow, I settled in, pulling the covers over my shoulders. Feeling the warmth of the waterbed relax my body I slowly began drifting off to that place where we go just before sleep, when our minds are clear of all thought.

"**Joe**," a voice said. "**Joe**," the voice said again. I was now fully awake trying to decide what course of action to take, for this was not the first time something like this had happened to me. When I was in the navy our ship caught fire and it was a voice that called me to safety. On three other occasions, as far back as ten years ago, I had heard this voice. I always thought it was my roommate calling, but each time when I woke them to ask what they wanted, they told me that they hadn't called me. Once I was home alone when I heard my name called. I got out of bed and went to the door thinking it was someone outside, but no one was there.

I told my friend, Alexander Everett, about my experiences and he asked me if I was familiar with the story of Samuel. I had heard the story before but could not remember any specifics.

Samuel was in the spiritual tutoring of a master named Eli. One night Samuel went to bed and before dawn he heard a voice call "Samuel! Samuel!" So he got up, went to Eli, and asked him what he wanted. Eli told him, "I didn't call you, go back to bed."

Samuel did so, but again he heard, "Samuel! Samuel!" So off to Eli he went, only to be told, "I didn't call you! Go back to bed." The third time he heard "Samuel! Samuel!", he went to Eli and said, "Here I am, for you called me." Eli realized that the Lord must be the one calling Samuel. Eli instructed Samuel to go back to bed and told him if he was called again to say, "Speak Lord, for your servant hears." Samuel did what he was told and the Lord spoke to him.

"So Joe," Alexander said, "the next time you hear your name called, say, 'Speak Lord, for your servant hears' and see what happens. God just may have something to say to you.

" By this time I had serious doubts. *Oh sure, I thought, with all the people in the world to talk to, God is going to talk to me. Why me? What does he want from me? I really hope it is not that I'm supposed to do something. Maybe I am just hearing things, or maybe I'm going crazy.*

O.K., I thought, *let's go for it, what's the worst that could happen? I might feel like a fool and then I'll go to sleep and forget all about it by morning.* So I said, "Speak, Lord, for your servant hears." There was no reply.

I stared into the darkness of the room and saw a pinpoint of light in the doorway; it looked like a piece of glitter on black velvet hit by blinding white light. It began to grow. *Oh boy, I thought, I'm in big trouble now. Why did I ever start this?* The light was beginning to fill the doorway and I wondered if maybe I was looking into another dimension filled with light. The light was growing and becoming a bright, yet a soft, blue-white that spilled onto the walls, illuminating the room.

If this is a dream, I thought, then the dogs are having it too because each one has his head up looking in the same direction that I am. I guess it must be O.K., or at least seven hundred pounds of muscle, teeth and loyalty seem to think so. If the dogs aren't afraid, I'm not either... not much, anyway.

Maybe if I just sit still, whatever it is won't see me, I thought. Better yet, if I just pull the covers over my head, it won't find me and will go away. I didn't do either one. I just sat there with my mouth open, waiting to see what would happen next. I looked over to see if the dogs were going to save me from whatever this was. They weren't.

It looked like someone was coming from far back in the light, moving closer and, yet, already here. At first, the eyes were all I noticed they were like jewels with a light of their own. They were blue, unlike any blue I had ever seen before. *Kind and gentle* are the only words to describe those eyes. I felt at peace as I saw the figure more clearly. It had long, platinum blond hair and alabaster skin. Covered in a white robe, it was smiling at us.

The figure spoke in a masculine voice. It struck me as odd that someone so beautiful would speak in a male voice. After a little careful inspection I began to notice more about this beautiful presence that I thought was a woman. The feminine face of beauty took me aback for a moment, now I could see the muscles of the neck holding the head to which that beautiful face was attached. The strong neck was set squarely upon well-developed shoulders supporting arms that could carry the weight of the world. **"Put down your books for they hold no truth for you,"** he said. **"As the sands of the desert have been moved to suit the winds of time, so has the light been darkened by man's ink on the pages.**

"This you must do or you will not be called upon again. Teach this which Lord God has charged me to give you, for it is the last baptism of God's children. Have those you teach, in turn teach others, for they are well-meaning in their houses of God. You are not a Christ or even a prophet, but a servant of God (who will put words in your mouth) and God's children will hear and understand.

"Take a jug of wine before sunrise and pour it into a bowl. Set this bowl in the sun's path so the light will warm it. Fast, and be still until the sun is at its highest place in the sky. At this time, go to where the bowl has been laid on the ground and remove your shoes, for you stand on holy ground. Sit and wash your feet, from your toes to your knees, so that you may stand and walk the earth. Wash your hands from the tips of your fingers to the elbow so you may do God's work. When this is done, kneel and say 'My loving Father, your child has come home to your counsel. Guide me in all things that I must do.' Then take up the bowl of wine and pour it on the ground. As your Mother Earth drinks the unclean liquid, all that is unclean with you, his brothers and sisters, is absolved, just as the blood of God's son was said to do. Go now, be at peace and take care of that which I have given you. Teach only love. After you do this we will speak again."

With that he stepped into the light and faded away as the dogs and I watched. I got out of bed, went to the dining room, pulled out some paper and wrote down what he had told me, word for word. Two days later I told my wife and she asked me what I was going to do. All I could say was, "I don't know. It's not every day an angel comes to me and tells me something this profound, let alone wants me to do and teach this Last Baptism thing."

Why on earth would anyone want to listen to me? It is a good thing the churches don't burn people at the stake anymore, I thought, at least I don't think they do.

I called Alexander again to tell him what had taken place and that this was a little frightening to me. Alexander is one of the most spiritual people I have ever met. I went to a class he was teaching about ten years ago called Inward Bound. I had never seen or met a master before, but from the first moment I saw him I knew he was just that. Over the years I've attended many of his classes and got to know him quite well. If I could talk to anyone about this, it would be him.

Alexander told me that I had had a vision. I knew that, vaguely, but what I really wanted to know was, -- "why me?" It seems to me that there are a lot of people in this world who have a much closer relationship with God than I do. People like Alexander have spent their entire lives teaching spiritual truths. Why didn't the angel go to them? But Alexander told me some people wait all their lives to have such a thing happen. I should be grateful for having been chosen to serve in a grand plan. He also told me I would most likely hear from the angel again. I KNEW he was going to say that.

He told me that I shouldn't be frightened at what had happened, and to be open to whatever I was told to do by the angel. He asked me to let him know from time to time what was happening. I agreed. It was nice to know that he didn't think I was insane. It was even nicer to know that I didn't think I was insane either. Still, it was no comfort for me to think that I was on some kind of mission from God. So I figured that whatever God wanted me to do, he would give me a sign for when and how to do it.

The next day my door bell rang. There were two nicely dressed people standing there wanting, with all their hearts, to tell me of God's love for me. Was this some kind of

a sign or what? *If anyone wanted to listen to my story of the angel*, I thought, *surely it would be someone whose whole life is about God*. I listened to what they had to say about God for awhile and then I proceeded to tell them about what had happened to me. I showed them the baptism I had written down. I felt like a little child giving a gift that was the most special thing in the whole world. I was wrong. By the time these nicely dressed people had left my door, I had been told it was Satan who had come to me, trying to steal my soul and that I would burn in hell forever. My son would grow up to be the Antichrist just like it said in the Bible. Armageddon would be my fault. They didn't want to hear that I have no children, let alone a son. I was crushed by their rejection, almost to the point of tears. How is it that something as beautiful as this could be understood as the work of the devil? So much for whom I thought would listen. The next time I talk to this angel, I vowed to myself, he will have some questions to answer. Which brings me to a second visit; however, it was not the angel I first saw.

I did not rush at the first chance I got to do the baptism. I wanted to think about it before I did anything. While I was thinking about it, I had a visit from someone else. I was lying on the sofa, watching an old movie on the television. Annie, my female mastiff, was sharing the sofa with me, her head resting on my shoulder.

Annie raised her head up and back, as if on the alert. She looked toward the hallway and so did I. Thinking it was my wife, I waited to see her come through the doorway. I saw a light move along the wall as if someone had a flashlight and was coming from the back of the house. *Oh, it must be the angel again*, I thought. A man I had not seen before came out of the hall and stopped just outside of the doorway.

"Who the hell is this?" I said to myself. He stood about six feet tall and he was as thin as a rail. Long white hair surrounded a strong, determined face. A thick bushy set of eyebrows above his deep brown eyes made him look as if he were angry about something. The robe he wore hung down to the floor, with baggy sleeves and a hood. Given the way he dressed and his apparent attitude, he appeared to be a monk, who was quite mad.

Looking at me, he shook his head and walked through the dining room into the kitchen mumbling about something. I looked at Annie and she looked at me as if we were asking each other, "What just happened?" He came out of the kitchen. Still shaking his head as he looked down at the floor, he walked across the dining room and went through the glass patio door, which was closed. He stood there shaking his head and talking to himself.

I looked back over at my dog. "Yes indeed," I said to Annie, "This boy is wrapped too tight and crazy as a pet coon with rabies."

The Angel never said anything about this. Is this going to be like Dickens where I get visited by three ghosts or what?

Once again, through the glass door he came, and stopped in the middle of the dining room. He looked straight at me and then down at the floor. As he raised his head I could see a calmness had come over him as he started to speak. "**You people have been told from the very beginning,**" he said with a soft slow voice, as if to make sure what he was saying was clear. "**Over the centuries you have been told in a gentle way, so have you been told in a mighty way, of God's love for you. Do you hear it?**" He had a stern voice that got more forceful as he continued to speak without waiting for an answer. "**You people have been given the wonders of the universe, including the world on**

which you live. Do you say, 'blessed are we? God loves us so much that he gives us all this?' Do you say, 'Brothers and Sisters, we may live long to care for one another? Our happiness and well-being are great with God?' NO." He said in a resounding voice that almost shook the room. **"You people would rather frighten each other with stories of an angry God that will lay to waste all who do not obey. You get pleasure from thinking of all the horrendous ways your enemies will be made to suffer. You will listen to someone expound for hours about how you are a sinner. They tell you God will only forgive you if you believe and do as they do. Some are so self-righteous they believe that only they are worthy to enter paradise. They carry the lie to their Brothers and Sisters, saying, 'if you believe as we, you will be saved.'"**

Waving his arms in the air, he walked about the room, almost yelling. *He must have learned this from some of the evangelists I have seen on television*, I thought.

"When most of you pray, do you ask for guidance? No, all that is asked for are things you want. 'Oh, Heavenly Father, please make me worthy, make the world a better place for me and mine, help me to teach the sinners so as they may be in heaven with me.' Or you try to bargain with God. 'If you do this for me, I will do that for you.'"

"Some try to buy their way into heaven by giving money to their church or the poor. I have seen this when I walked the earth. The killing of animals and the burning of their bodies for sacrifice, or paying someone else to do it for them. Thousands of years have passed since then and still only few have heard. People have always sat and wondered why I rant and rave the way I do."

"It is beyond my realm of knowing why so much time is wasted on all this pettiness. If only you truly knew of God's love. You will learn, I promise, you will learn."

He dropped his hands to his side, bowed his head, turned around, walked through the glass door and was gone. The next time I see the angel, I think I'll ask him who is this mad monk.

Blessings, Gifts & Deeds (by Joseph Crane)
Chapter 2 - Write It Down for It Is Important

CHAPTER 2

Write It Down for It Is Important

I was still thinking about doing the baptism a month later. During this time there was no angel, no monk, no anything. My wife kept asking if I saw the angel again, but I hadn't. Then one night she set the alarm clock to wake us before sunrise, and placed a bottle of wine and two bowls on the table by the door. "Let's do the baptism in the morning," she said. I was glad she brought it up.

We don't normally eat breakfast until late morning, but since I needed to fast before doing the baptism, I wanted to eat something. Because I needed to be still until the sun reached its highest point in the sky, I started thinking that I should have done this back in January when the days were shorter and I didn't have to be still for so long. Well, I could see now that all that waiting does is cause more waiting. I put it off for as long as I could because I didn't want to find out what was next. Did I want to? Well, to be honest, I was a little afraid.

My life was going along just fine and I didn't need any angel coming around to mess it up. What if this angel tells me I have to give up my wife, my dogs, my home and everything else I've worked so hard for? How do you tell an angel, if it comes to my wife and the dogs, he will have to find someone else? It has taken me forty-eight years to get here and I don't want to give it up.

That's when I began thinking that God would not have given me all this just to take it away. God is going to do with me what God is going to do, whether I like it or not. Besides, if I can learn to like spinach, I can learn to like whatever God has in store for me.

We went out in the back yard to do the baptism. I was glad we had a six-foot fence around it because I didn't want the neighbors seeing what was going on. Only a nut would go out in his backyard, pour wine into a bowl and wash his feet and hands with it. The whole thing kept sounding pretty lame to me, but that's just what we did.

When we were done we picked up everything and started into the house. My wife asked me, "What now?" I told her, "I don't know, but I am getting a splitting headache."

She told me later she was driving home after work and thinking about the baptism. She was wondering when she was going to be told what to do with her life. It wasn't like a thought or an idea that came to her. She didn't hear words as in a conversation, but she did hear very clearly. **"What makes you think that I am going to tell you?"**

She understood that she would be guided or shown what to do. My wife was very clear about what she heard and what it meant. She doesn't question it now or need more information to be satisfied with it.

I know something has changed in her. She had a Masters of Business Administration degree with a very strong background in statistics. It is very unusual for her to accept the answer she was given and let it go at that. If she makes a plan for us to go on a vacation, she has a contingency plan just in case and a contingency plan for her contingency plan. No stone is left unturned, no "t" is left uncrossed, no "i" is left undotted when she is looking for something.

A few days after doing the baptism, I was sitting in the backyard watching the waterfall in my lily pond when the angel I had first seen in the doorway of my bedroom came to visit again. This time he was not as dramatic as before. I would like to tell you that he came rising out of the water and stood in the middle of the pond, but it didn't happen like that. He was just there. All I could get out of my mouth was, "Who is this crazy man?" I started to tell him about what had happened when God's children came to my door, when he cut me short.

"It is Isaac and he is one with God. A very long time ago he was a prophet that walked the earth. So great in the understanding of God's love is he, that when he left the earth as its teacher, God gave him leave to return. Isaac has visited many people over the centuries. Several in your time has he spoken to, but most of them have run to their ministers, saying that they had seen the devil and were afraid of him. For the unenlightened, he is truly a frightening sight to behold. Joe, I am going to speak plainly so you will have no misunderstanding. First of all, if you think every time you open your mouth all will listen and hear the words, you are as crazy as you think you are -- point taken?" "Point well taken," I said, "but I have a few hundred thousand questions to ask. O.K.?"

Before I could ask, he said, **"I am from the Lord God and my name you could not pronounce if I told you."**

He did tell me. As beautiful as the sound of his name was, I could not get it out of my mouth. He said I could call him whatever I wanted. I chose "Michael" and asked, "What is the name of the one who sent you?"

I knew that was a mistake. One look at his face told me it was a very big mistake. With all the authority there is put together, he said, **"No one that walks the earth or breathes the air may know God's name for if they did and spoke it once they would not live long enough to finish. Many claim to, but none actually do, and this is true. If you are asked who you are sent by, you say, 'I AM' has sent me."**

Once again, he knew what I was about to ask before it came out of my mouth.

"Hell is a dump outside of Jerusalem where trash was burned and not a place for damned souls. God loves all his children and would not do that to any of them. Jesus, after seeing how poor in spirit man was, said if he could he would cast the unenlightened into it forever. Out of this came the story of 'if you do not follow God's law, you will go to hell.' Fear will make the disobedient flock of a church obey."

What about the devil, I thought.

"Satan is someone Moses made up in the Book of Genesis only to explain the power of God. Man, in his great wisdom, found it useful to blame an unseen force

rather than take responsibility for the things he did. Man thinks in terms of greater than or lesser than, as though there is a hierarchy, when in fact there is only God as everything."

"This is all well and fine, I know what you are saying, but just what does this have to do with me? I am not a member of any church, all I do is ask for guidance in God's will for me. Am I to start a new church or religion? Because if I am, I can tell you I am not the man for the job," I said.

"No one is ever the man or woman for the job. They always say that and some will even suggest someone who they think is just perfect for it."

"That's too bad because that was going to be my next move," I said.

"I know," Michael said, "starting another church will serve no useful purpose and will only confuse people more than they already are. So over the next two years you will be told of God's will for his children and in this time you will choose three women and four men to take this message out into the world. They will know you and you them. Out of the seven, three will be what you call gay."

"Excuse me! Hold on there just a minute. Let me get this straight, not that I have anything against gay people, I can tell you right now the churches are going to have a field day with this. Just in case you haven't been keeping up on current events, the church says that being gay is a sin and forbids it. Do you have any idea what they are going to have to say about this? My God, Michael, it is going to be hard enough -- I mean that would be like me telling the churches to sell all they own and give it to the poor."

"I knew you were the right man for the job. You are beginning to know that which I have not told you yet. Besides, God doesn't care what they think, why should you? Let them forbid what they will, let them be selective with whomever is let into their houses. God is not limited in his love and will not deny the kingdom to anyone."

Great, I thought, *I will probably get nailed to a cross or burned at the stake -- not as a Christ to be remembered but as a troublemaker who will serve as an example of what happens to such a person.*

"My time is over for now. Think about what I have said, write it down, for it is important."

CHAPTER 3

Go in Peace

It had been a week since my last meeting with the angel and I had spent a lot of time thinking about all of this. I wondered where it would all end, but didn't think it would be a good idea to quit my day job. I called my friend Kathleen to see how she was feeling. She has Lupus and from time to time she becomes quite ill. She told me she was going to Mexico for about a week for treatment in a hospital. Usually, she would be gone for three weeks but money was tight now and a week would have to do.

"Kathleen," I said, "I want to tell you something that might help and please don't think I'm nuts or anything."

"O.K.," she said, "as sick as I am I'll try anything." I began to tell her of the night in January and about the baptism. I said she could give it a try and see what happens, but also to take her treatment. I had no idea what effect the baptism would have, if any.

She said that she knew there was a reason for our coming together, and from the moment we met she had felt a connection with me. She believed what I told her and said she would call me when she returned.

After saying good-bye and hanging up, I must admit I started thinking, *what if she came back from Mexico cured?* Would this mean that the baptism is a cure for disease? What would this do in a world of so much illness?

During the week she was gone, I saw Michael again. This time it was in my truck on the way to work. I remember going up the ramp of the 580 freeway headed in the direction of the bay, when I heard Michael say, "**Put on your seatbelt.**" I looked over to the passenger seat and there he was -- but then again no he wasn't. *Just what I need*, I thought, *a comedian along for the ride.*

"**I see you have found your first of the seven,**" he said.

"Yeah, and who might that be?" I said sarcastically.

"Kathleen is going to be just fine...not cured for she has sums to work. She will be a challenging student. Listen to her, though, for as a woman she can see and know things you could miss."

"Look Michael, I have been thinking about your last visit and there are some things I need to know. Such as, where do women and gays fit in? Doesn't the Bible guide people in the direction of God? Aren't we freed from original sin when we are baptized? Wasn't Jesus sent to die for our sins, because we are all sinners and would go to hell? Most important of all to me is what am I supposed to do?" I asked.

"If you could only see that in your questions lay the answer to why, but like the rest of the world you still think that in the beginning you sinned against God and are being punished for it. I tell you truly, when God created man and woman in spirit, a choice was given to them. They could stay with God in paradise as spirit or become flesh and live on earth. Those that chose to stay are what you know as angels and the rest of you became flesh. However, I say you all were, and are,

perfect, whole and complete in God's eyes. You chose the path you are on with no memory of the time before you chose. A promise was given to all that you would return home, your path would start and end. It would wind through the time you have, mixing with others' paths or going off in another direction. Some last for many years and some are over in the blink of an eye, but whichever one you took, it was for an experience. Some you would like and others you would not, but if you do not choose a direction on the path, the nature of the journey will be chosen for you and most often you won't like it."

"You have been taught that a sin is bad and it hurts God. How arrogant of you to think you are that powerful. I tell you truly, the only thing God is, feels or does, is LOVE. The word sin only means 'I have missed the mark I was aiming at' or 'I made a mistake.' No one is sitting in heaven with a tally sheet marking down all the times you have sinned to see if you have been good enough to get into heaven. Are you beginning to see the obsession you all have with right, wrong, good and bad? These are judgments you make and have nothing to do with you coming home, for all will return in time. I say to you again, you are perfect, whole, and complete just the way you are, so act accordingly. Treat one another with honor, dignity and respect, but most of all love each other as God loves you."

"I tell you this, NO, Jesus was not given by God to die for the sins of man. You must see that if that was his purpose, he would have died at birth. In the Bible though, it tells a story that was told over and over and over until it was written down and rewritten and rewritten to the point that why he was sent has been lost. That is part of your job; to bring back the light that man's ink has darkened over the years. I will tell you what Jesus said and what he taught. You will write it down, not as a new Bible, but as the truth to guide God's children so that they may be healthy, joyous and abundant on their journey home."

"The Bible has become more important than those it was written for. Perpetuated by ignorance, it is said that only those who have the Holy Spirit in them may read it and understand it. This is a LIE. Interpreting it is not understanding, besides, everyone has the Holy Spirit already in them. Yet the unenlightened will tell you that you don't and are a servant of the devil. Any book that tells you that only it speaks for God, lies. Any book that tells you that if you don't believe in the book, the kingdom of heaven is lost to you forever, lies. Anyone who tells you 'come to me for I will stand with you before God on your behalf to save your soul,' lies. For only you will stand before God for your rewards, and you will stand alone."

"Jesus said when you pray, to go into a closet by yourself and be quiet, speak to God like this: 'Our father which are in heaven, holy is your name, your kingdom come, your will be done, on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day, our daily bread, forgiven are our debts and we forgive our debtors. Let us not be in temptation and deliver us from evil.' Don't gather in crowds and pray great prayers for all to hear. Jesus' reason for coming was to teach that when you speak to God, he hears. No one is needed to speak for you and no one can. When you pray for someone, you are giving a blessing as powerful as any priest can give."

"There is no such thing as original sin in the Bible sense of it. Baptism is a ritual borrowed from an ancient religion to signify washing away the ignorance of

the existence of God. In this symbolic ritual what you are doing is saying 'I remember.'"

"Women are the foundation of natural wisdom and true power. Jesus knew this and always had women with him throughout his life. Only after Paul of Tarsus began preaching did women start to lose the place that Jesus recognized they should have. It was the women that taught of Jesus in the catacombs and the loss of their presence has brought the teachings to the place they are now."

"As long as humankind has walked the earth, there have been people who are gay. Perfect, whole and complete just the way they are. You see the more a religion gets accepted, the more it becomes self-righteous in this good versus evil. When forces from the outside begin to let up, it will start putting pressure on itself from the inside beginning with the smallest number of members who act differently or think differently from the majority. Their actions become no better than those of the ones who persecuted them in the beginning and do it now in the name of God or Jesus or the Bible."

"Sex is a gift from God, for you to give to the one you love as your gift of affection. There is nothing bad or wrong about what gender you give this gift to. It is up to you. However, it is the choice of the receiver to accept it or not. If you go whoring, you must understand you are only wasting time. For no bricks are made."

"You can be sure most religions will be up in arms about this, so let them. When they stand before God and find that he doesn't care, I promise they won't either."

"My time here is over, we will speak again. GO IN PEACE."

I don't remember the drive over, or paying the toll, but there I was, approaching my exit. I wonder if all people who have no memory of 45 minutes driving time have an angel riding with them? I don't think so. After work I got to thinking about what Michael had told me. I guess I should write a book, I thought, but I am a carpenter, a handyman by trade, and not an author. Why is it when God wants something done, it's always someone without the necessary skills who are chosen to do it? Let's face it, my handwriting is unreadable and my spelling is even worse. So I can see why I was chosen to do this. Yeah, right.

I can't stop thinking about this right and wrong or good and bad that Michael keeps bringing up. All right, let's take a look at it and see if it is true that we are obsessed with it. Is it possible our whole way of thinking is influenced by it? If we pull back far enough to see the whole picture, perhaps it will clear some things up. All around us, in the movies, books and television, we just have to see the good guy triumph over the bad guy. For example, Moses (a good guy) was told by God to go into Egypt and tell Pharaoh (the bad guy) to let the Israelites go. That would be a good thing, and not letting them go is a very bad thing, according to Moses (who was a good guy if you don't take into account that he only murdered a high official who was only doing his job). So the Pharaoh, bad guy that he is, up and throws Moses out of Egypt rather than having him executed. Which, by the way, according to the law, was a good thing to do and letting him go was a bad thing. Are you with me so far? Good. It is bad if you are not. This good thing that Moses wants the Pharaoh to do will mean that Egypt loses a great deal of its labor force, which will put the whole country into an economical nightmare and possible collapse, but that is O.K. because it's a good thing to let everybody go.

The point I am trying to make is that throughout history we, as human beings, have put God into the same pattern that we live by. Given that God is only love, it is then impossible that good, bad or right and wrong could exist in the context of love. A simpler way of saying it is we keep bringing God down to our level. Although God is above all this pettiness, I sometimes think this is exactly what the church has been instructing us to do. Maybe that is what Michael is telling us. At least, it sure does seem this way.

CHAPTER 4

Be At Peace and Teach Only Love

Kathleen called today to tell me what had happened and all I can say is maybe there is something to this. When she arrived in Mexico she was spent. She was too tired to sleep and no matter what she tried, nothing helped. Kathleen started thinking about what I had told her and decided to take a chance. Feeling she had nothing to lose, she took the bottle of wine she had brought along for just this occasion. Picking up a bowl and a towel she headed for the door. It was warm outside and was already well past noon when she sat on the grass away from everyone else. Surely God would overlook and forgive the fact that the wine had not been set out in the sun's path since before noon. Kathleen had been still on the flight down and from the airport to the hospital wondering if God had a reason for her illness. *I have got to get some sleep*, she thought, as she took out the piece of paper where she had written what I had told her.

Setting the bowl on a corner of the paper, so it wouldn't blow away, she poured the wine into it. Coming from her room bare-footed there was no need to take off her shoes, so she closed her eyes and relaxed. She thought, *Joe would not tell me this if it was not true*, and began to wash with the wine. When she had completed washing she said the words I had given her to say. Then she closed her eyes and listened for counsel. Her body started feeling a numb tingling sensation like when an arm or leg has gone to sleep and it starts to wake up. Kathleen described the feeling like a huge magnet pulling something out of her that should not have been there in the first place. Then the feeling was gone and she heard a voice tell her what to do during the next year. Kathleen opened her eyes, picked everything up and went back to her room.

After putting everything away she lay down and fell asleep. She had no idea how long she slept, but when she awoke she felt great and even the doctors were bewildered by how quickly she had recovered. This was just fine with her because usually it took three weeks of treatment before she felt half this healthy.

It was late in the evening when the angel came again to my lily pond where I was contemplating this message. **"It is not fitting that my Lord God's children should suffer,"** Michael said. **"So great has become their longing to know God and the will of God, that they will listen to whomever holds up the Book and claims to know the secret hidden within. The secret which promises everlasting life in paradise with God. Out of fear, they will believe and obey, unto the point of death, that with the authority of a gnat, their leader has threatened the everlasting fires of hell. The Lord God requires not that you die for him, but that you live to love and give comfort to each other. For death will come to all, so speed it not."**

"I AM' has instructed me to give you these words. It is written that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, but I say from this day forward, the debt is paid. Now I say the rewards of the fathers will be visited on the children for a hundred times a hundred generations. It is written that in my house there are many

mansions. I say truly, one is yours, that you build brick by brick, with the blessings you give and the deeds you do. A place is set aside for you in paradise to build your mansion and live with me forever. The time is close when I will give to you a book that teaches you to make the bricks. My son, Jesus, has laid the foundation from the time he walked with you."

"In your book it tells of revelation, a vision of things to come, written with the knowledge of that time. It is so corrupted with mysticism and superstition over the centuries, that no man or woman can know its meaning. When 'I AM' speaks it is cloudless, for what I say is what is, no more, no less."

"There will be a great calling of my children when a large number will return home in the blink of an eye. So will many follow in the time to come, yet not to a last judgment. They come to their reward and will dwell with me in their mansions forever."

"It is said that I am a jealous God and you will put no gods before me. This could not be, for I am all that there is and no one is before me. Yet you build great houses with windows of colored glass and fill them with statues carved from stone. You adorn them in jewels, gold and silver, paintings and tapestries to tell stories of what was sacrificed for you. This you call a house of God, holy ground and say I dwell within. 'I AM' dwells not in these alone. Look you well into the eyes of one another, from the poorest of the poor to the richest of the rich, both in spirit and possessions you will find me there. Look at the fields of grass or flowers and at the deserts, woodlands, jungles and at the animals, I dwell there also. Look to the sunrise or the sunset, look to the stars at night. Open your eyes and heart for you will see me in all these things. When you have done this, you will know I have no need for such things. It would be fitting to sell them to feed and clothe the needy and turn these great houses into dwellings for those living in the streets."

"You cry out, 'Oh Lord, we need these temples to teach your word and pray in.' Yet I say to you, teach in the fields in the light as Jesus did and all the prophets before and after him did. You need not the great halls for your prayers. Pray as Jesus has taught you."

"'But Lord,' you ask, 'where might we gather to pray for the souls of others?' I tell you this, gather not to pray for those who are sick in spirit. Go to them and make their body, mind and emotions well and the spirit within will be free to do my work."

"You speak of sacrifice and teach that the spilling of blood made a covenant with me, and has since Adam and Eve along with Abraham. You tell of Cain's offering to me being unpleasing, for it was not blood, so I rejected it. You teach that Jesus' blood was shed so I would open the gates of heaven. I say this only once, all things whose blood runs red, who breathe air, have a soul. I gave life to them for my purpose and it must not be shed."

"When you speak of 'Jesus Saves' you belittle what he has done. For you speak as if he did not fulfill what he was sent to do. You listen yet not a word have you heard. Jesus told you when he said, no one comes to the Father but by the Son. By this he made it known that you are saved."

"Think not that in that salvation it gives you license to do that which pleasures only you, casting aside all else. When you do not honor and bless that

which is around you, no bricks do you make and your mansion will be fitting in size for you." With this, Michael became silent and looked at me as if to see what I had to say. My head was still spinning from all this, but I said, "You know it has always seemed to me that the Bible, Torah and Koran spoke of a vengeful God, one whose punishment is a swift and terrible thing to behold when he is displeased. Still, he is supposed to be a God of love? That to me is a contradiction in terms. Now I see, if the truth be told, he is all-loving -- period."

"Yes Joe, God is, and with so great a love for you all, that if you could know the feeling of only the smallest portion of God's love, you would weep tears of joy that would fill rivers," Michael stated.

"I hear what's being said about Jesus, but as regarding him making it known that we are saved, why has it been so difficult for us to understand this concept?" I asked.

"Jesus was sitting with his disciples teaching, when Simon said to him, 'Master you tell these truths, yet how is it they fall on so many deaf ears? The people gather to listen and know not of what you speak.' Jesus told him, 'My teachings are not for this age but for the next.' Jesus knew that the spiritual state of most people was such that it would take two thousand years before mortals could rise to a level where they could understand what he is teaching. Take a look around your world. Do you not see many beginning to really know the truths Jesus taught?"

"Yes, I do. I see more and more people looking for the truth. I see people returning to the old established religion, and calling the truth New Age thinking. Some say New Age thinking is the work of the devil because it talks about the signs of the zodiac."

"You know what I have said about the devil so speak of it to me no more. One of your teachers has given you the knowledge of what an age is. I say truly to you, the age that is coming is new for it has never been nor will be again. So you see it is a New Age. The zodiac is just a heavenly clock that measures the movement of the earth, planets, sun and stars. But, since the early religions thought the earth was the center of the universe and said everything that moved around the earth was being pushed by angels, anything else was blasphemy."

My teacher, Alexander Everett, explained it to me this way. An age lasts two thousand years and it will take about one hundred years as a transition from one age to the next. Each age has specific characteristics. The churches believe this is nonsense. Could be, but let's take a look. The age we are in now is Pisces, which started around the birth of Jesus. Now, Pisces is a water sign of the zodiac; its symbol is that of two fishes. The early Christians used a fish as their sign, and not the cross. A common occupation of the age was a fisherman because fish is the food of the age. Which might be why Jesus said, "Come with me and I will make you fishers of men." When someone was baptized, water was used. Jesus walked on water to signify he had dominion over the age. He changed water into wine to signify the beginning of his teachings from his time to the next age. When Jesus gave The Sermon on the Mount, he fed the people fish and bread, which symbolized the blending of the ages.

If you go back another two thousand years, you are in the age of Aries the ram, which is a fire sign. God appeared to Moses, for example, on top of a fiery mountain in a bush that was on fire. Moses led his people through the wilderness at night following a pillar of fire. A common occupation of that age was herding sheep. The food of the age

was ram or sheep. The baptism of the Jewish people was done with fire. Go back another two thousand years and you are in the age of Taurus the bull and it is an earth sign. This age was the time of building. This is when people started to build great cities, pyramids and monuments. The occupation of the age was that of builder, and if you look at the mason's square, you might notice it came out of Egypt. The food of the age was beef. Have you ever heard the expression, *prepare the fatted calf?*

Now then let's talk about the coming age -- the age of Aquarius. This is an air sign and its symbol is that of a man with a jar of water who is pouring the water out on the earth. What this symbolizes is the pouring of knowledge on the earth. He is also holding stalks of grain. The occupation of the age will be farming and other things related to growing. The food of the age is grains and other things that are grown. As for the pouring of knowledge, take for instance the invention of the light bulb, radio and television and the period of time that it took to invent and develop these. Roughly, in the last one hundred years. In the last part of this century alone, as we make the transition into the new age, we move from light bulbs to lasers, from digital watches and calculators to supercomputers, from the telegraph and telephone to the information superhighway. The inference I'm making is not what we have acquired in our knowledge and technology, but the astounding rate in which we are acquiring it.

You may say, so what does all this have to do with what Jesus taught? Well, according to the Bible, Jesus told Peter and John, "Go and prepare the Passover meal for us." They asked him where he wanted the meal to be. Jesus told them to go into the city and that a man carrying a jug of water would meet them. (Sound familiar?) "He will show you a large room upstairs, already furnished. Make preparations for us there," Jesus said.

I could understand at least some similarities in what Jesus said and did and the symbols of the New Age. Doesn't it say in Genesis somewhere that God put the stars in the sky as a sign and to mark the change of seasons?

Then I asked Michael about not eating anything that bleeds red. "Does this mean that animals have souls too?" After asking this, I started thinking. *That would mean dogs, cats, pigs, cows, whales, lions and tigers and bears. Oh my! Good-bye bacon, steak, eggs and fried chicken.*

"Yes, they do," Michael said. "If their blood is red they have souls, not as advanced as yours but souls nonetheless. You and your kind will use them for food for only a little while and then will no more. In the time to come, food is to be in such abundance, animals will not be needed as food. All this will be told to you when the time comes for The Book of Bricks."

"Yeah, I want to talk to you about that," I said. "You see, I figured out for myself it has to do with making bricks for our mansions. So I guess it's about all these laws we will be given that tell us if we obey them we get bricks and if we don't, we won't. Right?"

"Are you not listening to the message God is giving? This is not a book of laws that you must obey so you will be given bricks. If you need a comparison, it is as a builder's manual or an instruction book. This book tells you how to make bricks, not what you must do to get them. Too many laws have been made for you to keep or break that have earned little. This book will give you what you need to know, so that many will the bricks be for your mansions in paradise."

"O.K. I understand the distinction. Now, when do I get the book?"

"When you are ready in God's eyes to receive it. Take heart, Joe, for the time is close at hand."

"Well, I guess if it has taken two thousand years to get this far, sometime in my life is soon enough. As far as I can see in our talk today, we as God's children have no idea of God's love for us. Yet we want to be with God so much that we will listen to anyone who tells us he knows how to get us there, from fear of going to hell, which doesn't exist anyway. If someone comes along and tells us he is Jesus, we kill ourselves because he says Armageddon is just around the corner. We do what we are told because we don't understand what was written originally in the Bible, the Torah, and the Koran. We practice idolatry in our churches through our ignorance. We are borderline cannibals because we eat other creatures that have souls. And all the time we tell ourselves that a vengeful and jealous God had his son killed to open the gates of heaven. Who would send Jesus back a second time to toss most of us into hell anyway? Because he didn't get the job done right the first time, he would have to come back to save us. Does that just about sum it up?"

"What you speak has great truth in the way it has been, yet I say to all of you, Jesus will not return, for he is with you even now. I tell you truly also he is not alone. The Holy Spirit is with him as a sister in what will be done."

"So tell me, how we will know Jesus or his sister when we see them and what are they supposed to do, and what are they going to teach us?"

"You will know them in this way, he and she will be together and they will be apart. They will be young and they will be old. Dressed in rags or dressed in fine clothing. They are well and they are lame. They are fair and they are dark. The way you will know most of all is that they are in need."

"They have not come to teach, but to learn from you. Compassion, kindness and giving is what you will teach them. You will know not who they are, yet they will know you."

"What they will do is open a time for you to make many bricks by the deeds and blessings you shower on them. Be generous in this and an abundant supply of bricks will be yours. Act meagerly and you will make no bricks."

"My time is over for now, be at peace and teach only love."

With that he was gone, fading away like before, leaving me thinking about what he said. I thought about my Roman Catholic upbringing. In second or third grade during catechism class, we were doing the who, what and where is God thing. I did just fine with "God is love" and with "God created heaven and earth and all living things." These things, the nun, Sister Mary Elizabeth explained in no uncertain terms; it was fact, no ifs, ands, or buts about it. Where I got into trouble was with the where thing. Now this nun, if I even have her name right, was the spitting image of Sister Theresa. I can still see her kind and loving eyes looking through that set of what seemed to be strong yet inexpensive and very unfashionable eyeglasses. She had the sweet and wise face of anyone's best-loved grandmother, hazel eyes with graying eyebrows, a cute little pug nose and thin lips set above a chin so smooth and round, it would have fit perfectly on the nape of your neck if she hugged you. Her face was all I could see because a white band covered her forehead. A white collar ran around her neck, the rest of her was covered in black. She also had on what looked to me at the time to be a white cardboard bib. I

guessed it was so she wouldn't spill anything on her black robe when she was eating. At least this made sense to me at the time.

"Where is God?" she asked. And all the children in the class replied, "God is everywhere."

"That's right," she said. "God is in the trees, in the animals, in the ocean, in the rocks, in heaven and on earth. So you see God is everywhere. Except in you. Because you were born with original sin. Until you're baptized in the Church, you will never go to heaven."

Even in second or third grade, with my limited wisdom and intelligence, it occurred to me, *Wait a minute, this stinks. She just said that God is everywhere. And now she says that God is not within us because we are sinners.* I couldn't understand this. So thirsting for knowledge was I, that my hand shot up into the air immediately.

Her kind eyes looked at me and she said, "Yes, Joe, do you have a question?"

"Yes, Sister," I said. "I don't understand how God can be everywhere and not be in me because either God is EVERYWHERE or he's ALMOST everywhere, but he can't be everywhere and not be everywhere at the same time. Could you explain this to me -- because I really don't understand."

Standing at the blackboard behind her desk, something in Sister Mary Elizabeth's eyes had changed as she said, "So, you don't understand." She picked up a book from her desk and walked to the end of the aisle farthest away from me and proceeded to walk the length of it. I figured she was going to come down my aisle from the back. We had always been told to look forward in class because there was nothing in the back we needed to see. I heard her soft steps coming down the aisle from behind me. Sitting there I knew that in a few moments, that which I did not understand would be made clear to me. Her footsteps stopped. I heard a THUD, as the crashing blow of the book reached the back of my head, sending me sprawling in the aisle. I tried to pick myself up off the floor, as my senses began to come back to me. I looked up and saw what used to be a sweet grandmother type. She had transformed into a vicious attack dog, "Now do you understand? Now do you understand?" she growled.

Humbled by my stupidity for asking a question that would get this kind of response, in a low voice I replied, "Yes Sister, I understand." "That's good," she said, "because the Church wants everyone to go to heaven. And it really doesn't make any difference whether you understand or not. You just have to believe what the Church tells you."

As she walked back to her desk, the other children looked at me as though I was an idiot and my embarrassment was almost overwhelming. I did understand. I was absolutely sure I understood. I understood that I would never not understand again.

The reason for telling you this story is to give you the background of my religious upbringing. I also want you to understand a conflict that is going on in me. I would have liked to live a saintly life in accordance with the Scriptures, but I haven't. All the things I learned as a child about God stayed in the back of my head and still haunts me today. I think I know what must have been going on in the minds of the people Jesus had been teaching. If you are brought up to believe a certain way and all your life you do the best you can to live up to these teachings, when someone tells you it is all different, then you have a choice of at least two belief systems. That is a luxury I no longer have. I don't

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know what someone else would do; I only know what I must do. I do trust that God knows where this is all going.

CHAPTER 5

Begin

I looked up from where I sat and saw Michael. "Oh, hi Michael, I started writing down what you have been telling me, but you probably already know that," I said.

"I do. Blessed are the works you have chosen to do. Blessed are you, for you hear God's words and you follow, setting aside that which you think you know. The path you have taken may not be as difficult to walk as you think, for 'I AM' walks with you."

"That is wonderful to know, but at this point I feel as though I am walking this path in the dark," I said and saw him smile.

"Joe," he said. "You walk not in darkness, but in light. When you emerge from a place that is dim into the bright sunlight, it will take time before you see clearly. In that time you want to cover your eyes for such a light brings discomfort. Soon you will be accustomed to it and see wonders that were only shadows in the darkness before." (*I wish I had a pair of sunglasses for this, I thought to myself.*)

"For the first wonder, you will call upon the land of the bear and say to them, "'I AM" has sent me that you may be strong among nations. Take your boat that sails under the sea, and go you to the valley of the star. In the deepest part of this valley you will thrust a hollow rod seven feet into the bottom. Take what you have gathered there back to your land, give it to your men of wisdom and healing. In this lies the cure for two great plagues that are in all lands. Before a year is finished you will find it. You may ask a fair price for your labor and medicine. In return you will give one seventh to my servant that has brought you this. If you do these things great riches will be yours."

I asked, "I think I know what country you are talking about, but why not my own? Also what is this one seventh given to me for, is it like tithing?"

He answered simply. **"Your country would question it for too long and many would die needlessly. Look to the birds of the field. Neither do they sow nor reap, yet their heavenly father feeds them. No, it is not tithing. Tithing was established by the churches as a tax to support itself and the poor. Over the years the church forgot the poor and became rich, powerful and greedy. Giving little to the poor, they thought the tithing belonged to them and still do today. It is to be that only one seventh may be given to those who teach God's words. Of that one seventh, a full five will be given to the poor and only two may be kept to live on.**

"The gift of one seventh is so that your brothers and sisters need not suffer. A gift is something that is given and not owed. Say to them that rob from God's children with their tithing that they make no bricks today."

"Say this also to those who have become wealthy on the tithing, whether they display it as gold encrusted with jewels in great houses or hide it in vaults or sell the jewels or melt down the gold into the coin of the realm. Take once, and once only,

one fourth of your riches gathered by tithing and keep it to live on. Take the remaining three fourths and heal the sick, feed the hungry, clothe the naked and house the homeless. If you choose not to do this, all will be taken. You will not be left with even the fourth and no bricks do you make."

"Well, as long as we are on a roll here, is there any more good news you would like me to break to the Christian community while I'm at it?" I asked.

"Tell those who lay hands on their flock, healing sickness and twisted bodies, to stop acting as if they had anything to do with it. Only faith can do this. 'Physician, heal thyself' means just that. You and your faith are all you need to heal yourself. Jesus told you that, so believe."

"Go to Kathleen and say to her, 'Get your house in order for you are called to do God's work.' It was a woman who first saw that Jesus had risen and spoke to him. It was the women who told the men of his resurrection. In the time to come, it is women who will see the light first and teach of God's love. It was women who led the men to the light and will do so again. As Mary gave birth to Jesus, so will women give birth to the light that has been in the womb for almost two thousand years. Peter's faith was the rock then, and a woman's wisdom and love for life will be God's rock this time."

"Ah yes, I can see it all now. A world ruled by women, this is going to make some men very happy," I said sarcastically. "So why didn't you just tell a woman all this? Maybe one with typing skills who was not dyslexic, like me?" I added.

"RULE? Women are chosen to nurture and guide. It is in their very nature these things. It is in man's nature to lead. It is only God that will rule out of love for you and your well-being."

"Let me tell you about the birds and the bees."

"Oh very funny, Michael. It is nice to know you have a sense of humor." I said.

"Life starts with a seed that is planted by the male in the female, grows and then is born. This is how it is with you. That which you are writing is the seed you will give. Like Jesus' earthly father did for him, you will do with these teachings. You will take them out into the world and help them grow. When they are strong enough to stand on their own, you will step aside. Don't worry, I will tell you when that time has come."

"The four men that you will choose represent the four-fold nature of God's children. These four are --

PHYSICAL: to take the teachings out into the world.

MENTAL: to think only of the well being of others.

EMOTIONAL: to love as you are loved by God.

SPIRITUAL: to have a personal relationship with God.

"These four are the signs of balance. As the day is balanced by morning, afternoon, evening and night, the seasons of the year or the points of the compass, all these are in balance with one another."

"The three women stand for the Love God is, the Life is the work God has done and the Light is the result of the union of the other two. This is not new to you, for Alexander teaches this."

"Michael," I responded, "you know this is really going to anger our Holy Mother the Church. There is no way the church will buy the idea that women could be on the

same level or equal to men. To say this is true will undermine the church's authority. Oh, let's not forget the Muslims, along with most of the other religions of the world, who will not buy women's equality either."

"You say, 'Being gay isn't a mortal sin and an abomination to God.' 'Women are equal with men.' 'Give back the money that religions have more or less stolen from their members under false pretense.' That last one is going to be the hardest of all for the organized religions to swallow. Now, to top the whole thing off, we are going to tell them they can't rationally use the scriptures as a basis for their authority, because the scriptures are, at the least, disingenuous. That will start one hell of a Jihad."

"The church is neither holy, nor a mother. The people that run it are not being asked to buy anything. I tell you truly, any religion that says it is of God, is actually a servant of GOD'S CHILDREN, and not the other way around, as it thinks itself to be. Religion has become as unreliable as the servants who steal from their masters. With their ill gotten gains they act as though they are now masters. 'I AM' will dismiss them as servants, if they do not return that which they have stolen and obey those they serve.

"'I AM' has not given them the authority, nor has Jesus or any heavenly host. Just because they have written it in their scriptures does not mean it is so. There is only one authority and it is with God."

"You speak of Jihad, a HOLY WAR -- I tell you this truly -- there is nothing holy about war. War is the violent act to steal or to take back that which was stolen. It was not God that ordered war. It was man who did this. To justify it, he lied, saying 'it was God's will.' Not until the Crusades was war allowed by the Christian church. The head of the Christian church in Rome made war holy, not GOD. Most religions today still think war can be holy if their leaders say it is. The children of Israel and Islam fight with one another and lie when they say it is God's will. Yet they are of the same family of Abraham and the same God he served. When brothers are killing brothers, no bricks are made."

"There will be no Jihad, for God's children will say, 'I give my life to God, who is all loving, and asks only that I live to bring joy and happiness to all. I will not serve any religion in war or die for it.'

"So that you may see that there is no need to fear this Armageddon, 'I AM' has given me the words to tell you of what is truly said in the *Book of Revelation*. You must not speak this knowledge to anyone until you first give it to your seven chosen people. Do you understand?"

I nodded that I did. From the very first words he spoke, I felt that the truth flowed from his mouth. The sound of his voice was a beautiful melody that carried rich vowels and consonants that warmed my imagination and quieted the panic of my beating heart, giving me the same feeling I had when he told me his name. When he had finished speaking, I didn't even notice. Nor did I notice when he said, **"My time is over for now. Go in peace and teach only love."**

I was in a state of total amazement. What he had told me made complete sense. I felt like Bones, who, in a classic episode of StarTrek, had been given a mega dose of medical knowledge. What was impossible to understand only moments ago, was now so simple that a child could understand it.

How is it that a message as simple and clear as this could be so misunderstood? No wonder Jesus wept when he saw what man had done to God's words, and so did I. There is something else I did when my tears stopped. I started to laugh, just a little chuckle at first, but the more I thought of the Apocalypse, with its demonic armies in a final battle and Jesus coming out of the clouds like the U.S. cavalry to save the day, the funnier it got until I was almost in hysterics. This was one of those times when tears roll down your cheeks and you can't stop laughing. Well, I roared to myself, I guess you get what you deserve, (poetic justice at its finest). Oh, I can see it all now, the religious leaders standing before God and explaining just what possessed them to teach such foolishness like this. I know that the best they'll be able to come up with is, "the devil made me do it."

I had been giving some thought as to how best explain this in the land of the bear. Can't you just see me now, calling the Russian embassy? "I would like to speak to someone about a message I am supposed to give you from God," I would say. But I concluded that what I need to do is just that. Michael didn't say anything to me about making them believe it. He just told me to tell them.

I called Debbie and asked her about how I might get in touch with someone in Russia. She asked if I remembered the two men that were visiting from Russia last summer. I told her I did. She went on to say that maybe I should call or write them. At least they may know how to get it to the right person. She said she would have someone call and let me know their address.

It had been about a week since I had heard from Michael. Every time he told me to do something and I took time to do it, I didn't see him again until I at least started on it. Maybe that is the way it works. He will give me something to do and when I do it, he gives me something else.

Another week had passed before Michael came again. I was sitting at the computer playing a game, and doing quite well, when he said, "**It is time for you to write The Book of Bricks.**"

"O.K. Michael," I replied, "but first I want to ask you a few things. You see I have been telling some friends of mine of these experiences and they ask me if I know the answers to the important questions now. I told them I had an opinion on almost everything, but answers, no. I would, however, ask you and tell them what you said."

"Ask what you will."

"I have a list of things to ask," I began. "First of all, why has God made evil if he is all loving?"

"God has not made evil. Your kind has brought it into being. Mankind has become lazy and will not work. It is the easy way to take from others that which you do not have. If you think about it, you will see the truth in what I say."

"What about abortion and the right to life? Should abortion be stopped regardless of what the means are to stop it?" I pursued.

"Your kind is always talking of rights, as if God gave any one group the authority to take life. What you seek is permission to kill in order to stop killing, and you have no such permission. This is not protecting the unborn. This is insanity. I tell you truly, abortion is between a woman and God. God and God alone will give the woman counsel, and interfere you will not."

"What is the true religion of God? I know this sounds like I am asking what religion God belongs to, but I hope you understand my real question. Is he maybe an agnostic that doesn't believe in himself because he just is God?"

"All religions are from God and none are of God. Religion has taken that which God has given and made of it what they understand it to be. God gave the word and mankind heard what they wanted. To answer your question, all of them and none of them."

"O.K. Now what?"

"I will be with you as you write and whisper in your soul the words you write. Begin."

(Authors Notes)

Michael was talking about the misuse of the tithe by religions. When religion makes tithing a duty or an obligation of its people in order to grow rich it has lost the spirit of its purpose. It is more than giving to a religion, it is giving to Gods work freely that God may give back to the giver.

The Ancient Law of Prosperity

This law goes way back to the ancient times when ten was considered the magic number for increase. It goes way back to the time of primitive man before there was money. Things that were needed were bartered for like so many chickens for a goat or so many goats for a cow. This much grain for that much cheese was traded. There was one thing man did even back then regardless what he did for a livelihood. He would give back to God using this magic number. The tenth is what the word tithe actually means in ancient terms. Tithing is to give back to God ten percent of that which you have. In turn, God will shower you with prosperity. Abraham learned this from the Babylonians and taught it to his son and so on. The Hebrews became the richest people around and only when Solomon stopped the practice did the people go back into bondage in Babylon. When they were released a prophet named Malachi gave them the cause and the cure for all their problems. Lack of tithing brought them bondage and tithe was what made them a great nation again.

If you truly want to be prosperous then tithing is just something you will need to do. There are rules that you will need to follow in order to be successful at tithing. Let me start off by saying that charities don't count as tithing to God. I know you may not agree with this but if you want to persist in thinking charities do then go ahead and see if you become prosperous by giving them a tenth. Here are a few rules when it comes to tithing.

1. The tithe must go to where Gods work is being done. This means any church, spiritual organization, or spiritual person that is doing Gods work.
2. The tithe must go to up lifting spiritual teachings that you agree with. This means that the doctrines or teachings must be of an uplifting spiritual nature teaching of a loving God that you agree with.
3. The tithe must go to where it means something to YOU. This means you should have some kind of a connection with where the tithe is going. In other words, it isn't a place or person where you get to dump money.

4. You must tithe out of love. This means yours is an action out of love giving to God and not out of duty or obligation in order to get.

A note to the reader

The Book of Bricks is the exact words of the angel Michael as dictated to the author. There has been absolutely no editing done, by either the author or the publisher. These are the words of Michael.

CHAPTER 6

The Book of Bricks

You have all chosen to be flesh and blood, with a time to work out sums. You may have as many lifetimes as you need. Yet there is a point when all must be done. This time is known as the Grand Gathering when God's children will be called home. A quickening has begun at this time before the gathering, so you may add bricks to your mansion. So long have you been away from your home, that you have forgotten it. You have built a new home out of dust in a far away land. This house you will not keep, for it is of worldly things. Many of you have labored for worldly things for long in years, while setting aside your real reason for coming to earth.

I give this book so you may remember and build your mansions in paradise. This is not a book of laws that you must obey. Nor is it a book that you may judge your neighbor by. There is no punishment if you do not use it to make bricks. You are given this book out of love, so that you may make the number of bricks you want. Your time is short before the calling, and when you are called your mansion will be complete. Not one brick will be added or taken away from your labors. That which you have built will be yours for all time. When your mansion is finished you will come home to it. God will furnish it with all the wondrous things your imagination can hold. You will share paradise with all you have ever loved or were loved by. I tell you now. You must never set this book above one another. You will not hold it as holy or sacred. You will worship it not. It will not be kissed or held with affection in any way.

The Book of Bricks is written in three parts. Each is equal unto the other and none is greater or lesser in value. The first text is of Blessings. This book deals with the emotional training. The second is the text of Giving. This book trains the mind. The third text is of Deeds. This book is to train the body. The three stand as separate legs of a tripod. Each leg is planted firmly on a solid spot. They rise upwards toward a center that holds the platform. On the platform is mounted a transom, (The Soul), to make sure your direction is straight and level.

CHAPTER 7

The Book of Blessings

That this leg may stand on solid ground and your blessings begin, once blessed are you who take this leg to heart. Some will find it the easiest to set, while others find it almost impossible. Yet set it firmly you will by giving your first blessing to you. Bless my soul for I am a child of God. Bless my heart for it beats to serve you my God and your children. God has made me perfect, whole and complete for I am in God's own image and likeness. With this knowledge I am all I need to be. I set this leg as the foundation of God's will for me and all others.

The deep feeling of infinite compassion is not just an emotion. This oneness with God sets in motion an uncontrollable desire. Your soul wishes only love and well being for a person, place or thing. When this happens you make a brick by saying "Bless its heart." There is no blessing so small that it does not make a brick. Saying this only so a brick will be added to your mansion is done in vain, for no brick is made.

Should you see a child crying for whatever reason. Know they are in pain and bless their heart. A BRICK IS MADE.

See you tears in the eyes of a man or woman. Know they are in pain or joy and bless their heart. A BRICK IS MADE.

See you someone who is in anger or rage. Know they are in pain for some reason and bless their heart. A BRICK IS MADE.

See you someone who is blind. They see not the wonders you do and bless their heart. A BRICK IS MADE.

See you someone who is deaf. They hear not the music of nature and bless their heart. A BRICK IS MADE.

See you someone who cannot speak. Their voice sings not the language you share and bless their heart. A BRICK IS MADE.

See you someone who is lame. They shuffle with difficulty in the dance of life and bless their heart. A BRICK IS MADE.

See you someone who is disfigured. They are ugly only in the eyes that hold them so and bless their heart. A BRICK IS MADE.

See you someone who is poor. They know not of the abundance that is theirs and bless their heart. A BRICK IS MADE.

See you someone who is hungry. They have forgotten how to feed themselves and bless their heart. A BRICK IS MADE.

See you someone who is naked or in rags. They know not how to clothe themselves and bless their heart. A BRICK IS MADE.

See you someone who is homeless. They have forgotten how to shelter themselves and bless their heart. A BRICK IS MADE.

See you someone who is a drunkard or an addict. What they take to numb their pain is now its cause and bless their heart. A BRICK IS MADE.

See you someone who is slow of wit. Their mind is in a cloud of darkness struggling to be free and bless their heart. A BRICK IS MADE.

See you someone who is a criminal. They have lost their faith and bless their heart. A BRICK IS MADE.

See you someone who steals a childhood. They have had their childhood stolen and bless their heart. A BRICK IS MADE.

See you someone who takes a place before you. They take from you only that which has been taken from them and bless their heart. A BRICK IS MADE.

See you someone who respects you not. They have no respect for themselves and bless their heart. A BRICK IS MADE.

See you someone who has taken a life. They know not what they have truly done and bless their heart. A BRICK IS MADE.

See you someone who is with disease. They know not that they could be well and bless their A BRICK IS MADE.

See you someone who belittles others. They see themselves as unimportant and bless their heart. A BRICK IS MADE.

See you someone who robs others. They only rob bricks from themselves and bless their heart. A BRICK IS MADE.

See you someone who cheats others. They only cheat themselves out of bricks and bless their heart. A BRICK IS MADE.

See you someone who hollers at others. They want to be heard but know not how and bless their heart. A BRICK IS MADE.

See you someone who lays a hand to others. They only strike bricks from their walls and bless their heart. A BRICK IS MADE.

See you a sick or injured animal. Bless its heart. A BRICK IS MADE.

See you any animal that has died. Bless its heart. A BRICK IS MADE.

See you the meat on your table. Know you that the animal gave up its life that you may be fed. Ask forgiveness and bless its heart. A BRICK IS MADE.

Let not a day go by that you have not given blessings. Open your heart to the world around you. Find in all things a reason to give blessings.

Your God has blessed you and all else. God's blessings come as easily as the rising and setting of the sun. Should not yours be given with the love you hold in your heart? Should you not bless all things around you that have been given to you? Think not that it makes no difference and it is but a small and unimportant thing to do. For I tell you truly, there is no blessing that you can give that is insignificant. Any blessing you give is a brick and will be given by God back to you unto the "nth" degree.

CHAPTER 8

The Book Of Giving

That this leg may stand on solid ground and your giving begin, twice blessed are you who take this second leg to heart. That you may give to others, you must give to yourself. Forgive yourself all that keeps you from greatness. I am a child of God and from my soul I give. My heart beats to give to you, my God, and your children. I give myself the knowledge that I am made in God's image and likeness to be perfect, whole and complete. I am all I need to be to set the second leg as the foundation of God's will for me and all others.

The gift of giving is more than the mental process of 'I think I should, therefore I give.' Be responsible in giving. If others benefit from your gift and you or your family is left wanting, this is not responsible giving, this is suffering. Be you abundant so others may prosper also. God has not meant for you to go hungry so others may eat. You are not to go naked so others may be clothed. You shall not live in the streets, that others may live in a mansion. There is no gift so small that it does not make a brick. But to give only that a brick is added to your mansion is done in vain, for no brick is made.

Be you loving to yourself as God loves you. A BRICK IS MADE. Give in return this love to all else around you. A BRICK IS MADE.

Be you kind to yourself that you may know kindness. A BRICK IS MADE. Give this kindness to all else around you. A BRICK IS MADE.

Be you your life's work for it is the cornerstone of life. A BRICK IS MADE. In return see that others have a life's work to be done. A BRICK IS MADE.

Be there food on your table that you will not go hungry. A BRICK IS MADE. Eat no more than you need to live so there will be food for others. A BRICK IS MADE.

Be you clothed so that you will be protected from the heat or cold. A BRICK IS MADE. Give that which you do not use to those in rags. A BRICK IS MADE.

Be you sheltered that you will be dry and warm. A BRICK IS MADE. Make it that all have shelter. A BRICK IS MADE.

Be you receiving when someone gives to you. A BRICK IS MADE. That others may receive from what you give. A BRICK IS MADE.

Be you filled in your basic requirements and that of your family. A BRICK IS MADE. See you then that others have the same. A BRICK IS MADE.

Be you relieved from your pain. A BRICK IS MADE. Give relief to those in pain. A BRICK IS MADE.

Be you sightful though you are blind. A BRICK IS MADE. Give you eyes to those who cannot see. A BRICK IS MADE.

Be you listening though you cannot hear. A BRICK IS MADE. Give you ears to those who cannot hear. A BRICK IS MADE.

Be you heard though you cannot speak. A BRICK IS MADE. Hear you those that cannot speak. A BRICK IS MADE.

Be you active though you are lame. A BRICK IS MADE. Put those who cannot move into motion. A BRICK IS MADE.

Be you beautiful though you appear disfigured. A BRICK IS MADE. See you beauty in those who seem to be ugly. A BRICK IS MADE.

Be you healthy though you are ill. A BRICK IS MADE. Give health to those who are sick. A BRICK IS MADE.

Be you seduced not to use drug or drink in ways for which it was not intended. A BRICK IS MADE. Give freedom to the enslavement of these, to those who are in its bondage. A BRICK IS MADE.

Be you quick in mind though you are slow. A BRICK IS MADE. Take time to understand those whose wit is dim. A BRICK IS MADE.

Be you honest though you have committed crimes. A BRICK IS MADE. Hold responsible ones who have committed a crime and then forgive them. A BRICK IS MADE.

Be you caring of a child's well being though yours may have been taken. A BRICK IS MADE. See that others are caring of children and their well-being. A BRICK IS MADE.

Be you courteous to all and assume no place that is not yours. A BRICK IS MADE. Allow the elderly, lame and children to go before you. A BRICK IS MADE.

Be you respectful though you may have been disrespected. A BRICK IS MADE. See that others respect one another. A BRICK IS MADE.

Be you one who does not take a life. A BRICK IS MADE. Give mercy to and yet hold responsible one who has taken a life. A BRICK IS MADE.

Be you knowing that you are of greatness, though you may have been belittled. A BRICK IS MADE. Give in return greatness to those who have been belittled. A BRICK IS MADE.

Be you trustworthy taking not that which you have not been given or have not earned. A BRICK IS MADE. Give trust to others that they may be trustworthy. A BRICK IS MADE.

Be you soft-spoken with respect□ voice, though you may have been hollered on. A BRICK IS MADE. Require others to softly and with respect speak to each other. A BRICK IS MADE.

Be you gentle with your touch though you have been made to smart by a heavy hand. A BRICK IS MADE. See you that no one is laid a hand to. A BRICK IS MADE.

Be you so loving of an animal that you make room in your home for it. A BRICK IS MADE. Give you sanctuary to the animals in need. A BRICK IS MADE.

Be you caring of the animals making them neither sick nor injured. A BRICK IS MADE. Give you health to those animals in need of it. A BRICK IS MADE.

Be you fed by that which has not red blood. A BRICK IS MADE. Spare the life of an animal that you would otherwise use for food. A BRICK IS MADE.

Be you respectful of all life. A BRICK IS MADE. Take not so much that there is no more to come. A BRICK IS MADE.

Let not a day go by that you have not been giving. Open your mind to the world around you. Find in all life a reason and something to give. God gives life every second of every day. Should not you render with the same thoughts a life to be spared? Should you not think that all life is as precious as your own?

Think you not that it makes no difference or that any gift you give is insignificant. For I tell you truly, there is no gift that you give too little that it will not be given back to you to the "nth" degree.

CHAPTER 9

The Book of Deeds

That this leg may stand on solid ground and your deeds begin, thrice blessed are you who take this third leg to heart. You have blessed and you've given. Take that which needs to be done and do it yourself. Say: "I am a child of God. My heartbeats to do God's will for his children and me. This I can do, for God has made me perfect, whole and complete. I am made in God's own image and likeness. Therefore I am all I need to be and the works I do now anchor fast this leg."

The work that is done in your name is blessed. The work that is done by your name and moneys is twice blessed. The work that is done by your hand is thrice blessed. When you see a need to be filled, you first feel it in your heart. Then you are moved emotionally with the desire to have it not be so. Your mind will search for a way to have it otherwise. Then you take to task this need and with your hands you fill this need. There is no deed so small that it does not make a brick. Woe unto you who do this only so that a brick is added to your mansion. This is done in vain, for no brick is made.

I, by my hand, end the pain of a child. THREE BRICKS ARE MADE.

I, by my hand, dry the eyes of a man or woman. THREE BRICKS ARE MADE.

I, by my hand, soothe the anger and rage. THREE BRICKS ARE MADE.

I, by my hand, lead the blind through the darkness. THREE BRICKS ARE MADE.

I, by my hand, speak the music of the deaf that they might hear. THREE BRICKS ARE MADE.

I, by my hand, hear the voice of the speechless that they may sing. THREE BRICKS ARE MADE.

I, by my hand, bind up the lame that they may travel their path and dance through life. THREE BRICKS ARE MADE.

I, by my hand, give comfort to the ill that they may have health. THREE BRICKS ARE MADE.

I, by my hand, open the eyes of all to see the beauty, that none will shun away from the disfigured. THREE BRICKS ARE MADE.

I, by my hand, raise up the poor that they may make their own way and have an abundant life. THREE BRICKS ARE MADE.

I, by my hand, feed the hungry so they will learn to feed themselves. THREE BRICKS ARE MADE.

I, by my hand, dress the naked and those in rags with clean clothes, that they will cloth themselves. THREE BRICKS ARE MADE.

I, by my hand, build shelter with the homeless, that they will build shelter for themselves. THREE

BRICKS ARE MADE.

I, by my hand, bring the tactility of love to replace the numbness in the drunkard or the addict that they might feel the joy of life and release their pain. THREE BRICKS ARE MADE.

I, by my hand, remove the clouds of darkness, so the dim of wit will see they too have a place of importance. THREE BRICKS ARE MADE.

I, by my hand, hold those who commit a crime responsible to repay that which was taken, and they are forgiven that which is paid. THREE BRICKS ARE MADE.

I, by my hand, will make straight that which I have made crooked through mistake or knowledge, for I am honest. THREE BRICKS ARE MADE.

I, by my hand, give care and see to the well being of a child that they may pass through childhood unmolested by word or action. THREE BRICKS ARE MADE.

I, by my hand, will make way for those who need a passage, be they young or old. THREE BRICKS ARE MADE.

I, by my hand, will not allow a life to be taken nor will I allow a life to be prolonged to suit my purpose. THREE BRICKS ARE MADE.

I, by my hand, will hold up to greatness those who have been belittled. THREE BRICKS ARE MADE.

I, by my hand, will not take the life of an animal nor will I prolong it to suit my purpose. THREE BRICKS ARE MADE.

I, by my hand, will open my house and heart to an animal. I will care for its needs and love it as if it were my child. THREE BRICKS ARE MADE.

I, by my hand, will only build that which does not destroy the sanctuary of animals in the wild. THREE BRICKS ARE MADE.

I, by my hand, will set my table with food that does not run red with blood. THREE BRICKS ARE MADE.

Let not a day pass that a deed has not been done. Open your arms to the world around you. Find in all things a deed that you might do. God does for you more than you will ever know. Should you not do the same? Should not your deeds be given as freely?

Think you not that what you do makes little difference, or that it is an insignificant act. For I tell you truly no deed is so small that it will not be returned to you unto the "nth" degree.

Carry this book with you. When you know not what to do, it will guide you. As a builder's manual gives you the measurements of work to be done on the straight and level, so does this book give you measurements to live your life, that it may be straight and level. Go you now into the world and teach only love for God is with you all.

I didn't see Michael leave nor was I aware of his leaving. Somehow I knew he was with me because on two parts of the book I got stuck and twice he helped me out. The first was when I was writing The Book of Giving. I kept starting with, "Give you" this or that and then could not go any further with it. That's when I said, "O.K. Michael,

you have got to help me on this one. I can't get past 'Give you.'" **"It is not that you give these, but you are these things to give,"** came booming in my ear.

The second time I got stuck, I was sitting at the computer writing *The Book of Deeds*. "Do you" this I would write or "Do you" that, and it looked and it sounded like it didn't make any sense. So again I asked Michael to give me a hand. I wrote it over and over with the same results but it still came out the same. How the hell am I to start this book about deeds without someone doing something? *Screw it*, I thought. I am going to the bathroom and then take a nap. No great insight came to me while I was in the bathroom as insights often do. So it was off to bed for me. I went down the hall and back into the spare bedroom we use for an office to hit SAVE and then turn off the computer.

"Whoa," I said to myself as I saw the screen. "Of course, what else could it be?" The words read "I by my hand". After seeing what Michael must have typed, I just sat down and wrote until the book of bricks was finished.

I went back and read what Michael had me write. I know that I wrote it down as if it came from me, but I have no memory of writing it or thinking it up. As I read, I could see how it could work. This is not a list of shalls and shall nots. These are not things that, if disobeyed, are a sin to be punished for. These are simple things we can do. We can incorporate them into our everyday lives without a lot of muss or fuss. Everything in the books is giving us the freedom to be who we are and there is nothing that condemns us for what we are or what we have done. I like this just fine but it appears to take all control away from religions. It is just like getting an instruction book on how to make our lives work. As with any instruction book, we can choose to use it or not. The really great thing is, that what we are building is not worthless, even if we have a few parts left over. It's not like anyone has ever put anything together with parts left over. Remind you of anyone you know?

I am thrilled to think that I can give a blessing to someone or something as a child of God. This opens a whole new existence that I had no idea of, in which I get to play an important part. The best thing of all, is that everyone else does too. Maybe this is what Jesus, Mohammed, Buddha and all the others tried to tell us. Wouldn't it be awesome if we heard it this time? What if everyone in the world really understood this? What kind of a life and world could we have?

Imagine what it would be like to have a relationship with God that is not of judgment and punishment, but a relationship of love that gives you direction home, rather than hoops that you must jump through to get there. Do you really think God would make it hard to get home? I don't. I think the directions were lost or forgotten years ago. I don't think any religion would purposely misplace ones as easy to follow as these are. Even if religious leaders thought uneducated people could not understand what the directions were saying, what possible motive could they have for keeping it from the people? Well, it is just beyond me, unless the churches just misinterpreted and let it go at that. It is going to take awhile for me to incorporate this into all aspects of my life, because I don't think I have arrived yet. I do believe it to be an ongoing process that will allow me to grow in my relationship with God. Given the magnitude of what is written in *The Book of Bricks*, I just may have to learn to walk, before I can run home, though my path there is clearer than it has ever been. The journey may be a little easier knowing that no one is watching me, to make sure I'm doing it right. I don't have to worry about getting there on

Blessing, Gifts, & Deeds Manuscript Copy

time, because I will get there when I get there. Isn't it nice to know we have been sent out to play and grow on this big adventure we are all on, until it is time to come home?

CHAPTER 10

Good-bye

It's the next day. I just got back from giving an envelope to Deb to send to our friend in Russia. In it was what I had written so far along with a letter. I asked in the letter if he could give it to somebody who might do something with it. If not, could he tell me whom I might send it to. Well, I'll just see what happens and take it from there.

I went to see Deb again to give her what I had written since the last time I had seen her. She read it and we talked about it the next time we met. Today she said a few things that got me to wondering. She told me her husband thought the land of the bear might be California. "Yeah, it could very well be," I told her, "but I got the impression it was a country and not a state. I could be wrong in thinking it was a country and if nothing comes of it, I'll know I was, in fact, wrong about it." She asked me something else. How am I doing with all of this and what if people don't believe what I have written? I told her, "Hey look, it is not my job to make people believe. All that I'm supposed to do so far is to write it down and get it out for people to read." Didn't I worry about what my family and friends thought? "People are going to think what they think and I am not going to stop doing what I have been told to do. If an angel tells someone to do something, I think it would be wise to follow directions," I replied.

The next time I see Michael, Deb wants me to ask him about what she is supposed to do. I knew she had not done the baptism yet, so I told her "just do it." Maybe if she did, she might just be told what to do.

"I am not sure that I'm ready for that," she said. "What if I find out, then what? It's no accident you are sharing this with me." she added.

"I know." I said. "There has got to be a reason for sharing it with you, so why don't you just do the baptism and we can both find out. I have to be going now. We'll talk again soon." I know this is a little scary for Deb. I guess this one is going to take a leap of faith on her part. God knows that's what it took on mine. You know, whenever something comes along that's new or different, it seems people are reluctant to go along with it. Not like this is bad or anything, but imagine where people could be if we were open to new things?

I know something is changing in me since this all started. I find I don't get crazy anymore when I am driving my car. It is not that people have stopped doing dumb things, it's now instead of cussing and yelling, I just say, 'bless their heart' and let it go at that. It used to be if someone cut in front of me on the freeway, I would speed up and pass them so that they wouldn't think they could put anything over on me, now it's 'bless their heart.' I chalk it up to they need to be somewhere and couldn't be late. I don't even push the yellow light any more like I used to. Well, not as much anyway.

I hold open doors for the elderly, women and children. I even let people behind me in line go first. When I hear about someone who has been harmed, I say, 'bless their heart,' and I also bless the heart of the one who did the harming. It is as if I know that

something must have happened to them that would cause them to harm someone or something else.

"Joe, you are in doubt. The weight of what you do is heavy with you and you know not how to lessen it."

"No kidding, Michael," I replied. "I thought I would do what I am told to do. In return you would see that things go my way. I bust my hump to get work and make a living, but right now things are slow. It's not like I am asking for the winning lottery numbers or anything like that. Quite frankly, I could use the money."

"Another thing, what about the seven I am to meet? Just when might this happen? All I've got is one and she is working the sums out that she needs to. No one else is in sight and I spend my time writing this book. Well, maybe there is one other person but if it's one of the seven how will I know? Do I just go up to people and ask them to follow me? Tell them I will make them fishers of men, like Jesus did or what? Sorry about complaining, but do you think you could give me a hand here?"

"What would you have me do? Give you all the work you could handle, give you the lottery numbers you ask for? Why do you ask for these things? Are you poor? Are you hungry? Are you naked? Are you homeless? How much have you been blessed since you said, 'O.K. God, do with me what you will'?"

He's talking about the time I didn't have a job, was broke and living in a tree in Big Sur, ("I can see that things have changed since then," I said to myself).

"What you have now will look to you as what you did have then. God knows what you need and will see that you have it. I promise money will not be a problem for you and yours. Worry not that your earthly work is slow. For you need it not. Soon this book will be done and you will be about doing God's work on earth. A hundred times your worth will you and yours be. In spirit and in riches will you prosper all the days of your lives. Trust the path you are on."

"You have seen two more of the seven and they know you. Tell them not to follow you or that you will make them fishers of men, for that time is past. Tell them who would hear, follow that which you teach and this will make of them tillers of souls. I tell you truly, as the farmer tills the soil to open it so that a crop will grow, so shall you and yours open the minds of humanity. Love will grow in the depths of their hearts like a seedling grows into a tree. The crop that has been planted will be raised up to God's light and be gathered in his arms to paradise."

"You are forgiven your complaining for it comes easily to your kind. Did not Jesus ask that the bitter cup pass from him? Did not Abraham, Moses and the prophets complain? You see only the beginning of God's plan and it is almost overwhelming. Therefore you do not know the all of it and because of this you complain."

"Go now and ask those around you what they want you to ask me. I will answer that which they need to know."

"My time is done. Be at peace and teach only love."

Michael was gone just like before. Only a strange thought hit me this time. What if he was really gone? What if he is not coming back? Boy, wouldn't I have something to complain about then.

I talked on the phone with Deb. She told me she wanted to do the baptism over the weekend and since it rained, she didn't. It seemed to me that she is one of the seven

and I told her so. She could be because I hadn't shared this with anyone else besides Kathleen. I am not keeping it a secret from everyone, but I'm not telling everybody I know either. It would be a lot simpler if Michael would just give me the names of the seven and I could call them. I also got a few questions from her to ask Michael, and came up with some new ones of my own.

Deb said she had a smile on her face when she called me. She said, "I feel like a kid in a candy store who can have anything I want and I don't know where to start."

I told her, "Maybe that is how we are all really supposed to feel. Wouldn't it be great if everyone could go through life like a child? Being innocent and filled with amazement as children are?"

"What is it you would ask?" Michael said to me from behind, looking over my shoulder at what I was writing. I was startled by the way he had chosen to show up and I jumped a little to my left. "Don't do that Michael. You could give a man a heart attack sneaking up on him that way. Couldn't you just appear in front of me from now on so I know you are coming?" I requested. "I have some more questions for you from Donna," I said.

"Tell Donna she worries as if worrying brings value. Did I not tell you riches would be set upon you and yours? When it is time for you to take up that which is yours and cross the land to your new home, I will see that you are supplied with means to do so. Those whom she calls the children will live the life they are meant to. She would do well to believe with all her heart and trust that not only are they in your care, but in God's care also. God has guaranteed a place of prominence on earth and in heaven. She shall not want for herself or the children. Know you of all this, wife of God's servant, and your headache will be gone. Guide your husband in matters of money for he cares little for it. A fool he is not. Yet he would lose it all if left alone. Your job in life is to guard him from himself."

"Deb wanted to know how she could serve God and see that children are cared for and nurtured. What I think she really wants to know is what is her purpose in all this."

"She knows as well as you that she is one of the seven. Act not that this is a mystery to you or her. Had she not heard the call she would not have to ask. Your third master is with you. Deb will be known as the one who brings light to the souls of children. She will lift the loads that have been placed on them so they may play as a child was meant to do. She will learn what you teach and take it into the world so that a child will hear."

"What do you mean, third master? I count only two unless you mean Donna. Is she one of the seven and I just didn't see it?" I questioned.

"Donna is not one of the seven you will teach. She is a master in her own right and it would do you well to listen to her counsel."

"Someone came to my mind as to who it might be. "I'll give him a call and see what happens," I said to myself.

Deb asked a friend of hers, "If you could ask God any question you wanted, what would it be?" Her friend is having trouble with her boyfriend's children and that's what was most heavy on her mind.

This is not the question Deb's friend wanted me to ask Michael, but it is the one I heard. So I told Michael, "It seems that this friend lives with a divorced man. The kids are now telling her and their father that they are living in adultery. Is this so?"

"Within the laws of man, she is. However, according to God, adultery is much different. When God gave to Moses, "Thou shall not commit adultery", he gave not his permission to go whoring. If a husband or wife goes to lie down with another, this is whoring and no bricks are made. Divorce is not adultery in God's eyes. It does not please God that a man or woman stays with one who would abuse them. Abuse is the highest form of adultery and grounds for divorce. Should a man or woman marry as husband and wife with one who has been divorced, this is not adultery."

"What about the other commandments? What are they saying?" I questioned.

"The only commandment that humanity should concern itself with is the one Jesus has given, 'love one another as I have loved you.'"

"Another thing Deb wanted to know is if I may tell the seven all that you have told me?" I added.

"You are free to tell all that I have told to you, save for the meaning of the Book of Revelations. This you will only tell to all seven at once, when you are gathered. They will take this teaching to the world then and not before."

"One other thing we talked about was which will be complete first, the seven or the book?"

"The book shall you finish before the year is out. The seven shall you have before you are half a hundred in years. I tell you this of the seven so you and you alone will know."

Michael told me something about the seven. I am not putting it in now because I don't want to give anyone any ideas before we are gathered.

"What is going to happen with the religions other than Christianity? Like Islam for example, or Hinduism or Buddhism, because you haven't talked about them."

"What you will teach is for all faiths, for all have strayed from the truth. Each has had its prophets enlightening the people as to God's word. Even as Mohammed is God's prophet so are they all. When Mohammed spoke of the infidel, he was speaking of the believers who say they believe and do not. An infidel is not outside of his own religion but infidels are in each of them. If one seeks the infidel or sinner to enlighten, I say look no further than your reflection in a pond. If you see one there, enlighten him. Should you see none there, you will see none anywhere."

"I will give a second wonder from God. If you will leave the seas unmolested for two years of your time, God will bring forth such abundance in the sea that it will feed the world till the time of change. If you do not, it is you who fish who will go hungry."

I mentioned, "Deb and I know someone who has taught a lot of people and she was wondering what will happen to the work he started?"

"His teachings will go in another direction. That which is now will be no more. Divine intervention will alter the course it is on."

"Can you be more specific?" I asked.

"No. What you ask, you will write or speak of and this may change the outcome. Go now. Be at peace and teach only love."

I'm finding it harder and harder to wait until the seven are together before I start teaching. Questions are coming up that could be answered if I were allowed to talk about the Book of Revelation. I think I know what is meant by, 'lead me not into temptation.'

Maybe that's what Jesus was talking about when he said, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." Better clear up what I just said so you don't get the idea I think I'm God. I'm not, so don't even think for a moment I am. What I'm saying is that there is something in being human that allows us to say or do something we shouldn't. If we think we have a good enough reason, we do or say it anyway. Guess this is just me complaining again because I know something I can't tell.

"Joe, you are not forbidden to tell. However, if you do, you will not be heard. The time is not now for this knowledge. Those who would hear are as green fruits and would be bitter unless they are ripened on the vine. That which is picked before it is ripe, will, no matter how long it stands, stay bitter until it rots. You would not tell a child of something that he could not understand or use until he is grown. There is growing taking place in all those you will teach. Let them grow."

"I hear what you are saying Michael and I will wait. To what do I owe this visit?" I asked.

"I come to give you the last and final word of God. Give you this to all nations of the world. My lord God honors those who do these works and says:"

Hear you my children that you may live joyously and long. War not with your brothers and sisters for they will be shown the way of peace. Fear not the mighty armies for in the time to come I will hold them at bay.

Replant the lands you have made barren with that which you have taken from it. I will give rain to the lands that have been dry that you may grow food.

I will make clean the waters that you have made unclean, as will I the air you breathe and the earth you walk on.

I will take from you disease and your misshapen bodies so you will be strong. Know that you are loved and will be with me for all time, for I have made a place for you.

Fear not death for you live forever with me. You are of me. Fear not the words of those who damn you, for those who do are unenlightened.

I will call each of you into my arms and bestow the gifts of paradise upon you all. That which you have earned will be multiplied a thousand times over. That which you have given to those I have sent, though you know them not, will you receive a thousand times a thousand gifts.

My servant has written the truths for you to see. He will teach his masters but for a little time and then will teach them no more. He will send them into the world and teach other masters to teach. Hear them.

My words are done. My love is not. Blessed are you all so says 'I AM', the Lord God."

Whenever Michael is done speaking, I have to take a few moments to get myself composed again. By the time my mind was clear this time, he was gone without a word.

"Michael. Oh, Michael." I said again, but there was no answer. "Are you gone? Oh please, don't be gone.

There is so much I have to ask you yet. Can you hear me? Talk to me if you can hear me, damn it. I need you to tell me --" That is when I knew Michael was gone. He could have at least said good-bye.

I felt like someone had died and I wouldn't ever see them again. I got misty even though I knew I would see him when I go home to God.

(HEY, WAIT JUST A MINUTE. What is this I will teach for just a little? Does this mean I am going to die?)

"No, Joe, it doesn't mean you are going to die."

"Michael, I thought you were gone forever and I would never see you again," I said.

"All it means is that God has other work for you. You will not see me again until the seven are together but you will hear me in your heart. I will guide you in all that you do not know. ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS LISTEN. My time with you is done. Get that which you have written out into the world. I will be with you and the seven masters soon. Joe, one more thing -- good-bye."

Michael faded away just as he did the very first time I saw him. I know I am going to miss him in spite of the fact I will see him again. It is up to me now to get the message out to the world. I don't have a clue how I'm supposed to do this, but if you're reading this you'll know I found out.

I got a call from Deb; she said that she had been wanting to do the baptism ever since I told her about it, (of course it had to be done right.) "I will go to a hill and be by myself, very spiritual," she said, "but hard to find the time with my lifestyle." Finally after a few weeks, she decided it didn't really matter how or when -- just do it!! On November 13, she set out a bowl of very good cabernet in her yard. It was difficult for her to stay quiet with two children wanting breakfast and her need to comfort her husband whose father's funeral was that afternoon. For whatever reason she did not do the baptism before, this was the day. Quietly and quickly, Deb washed her feet and hands as directed. She said the words, then poured the wine onto the ground. Deb slipped upstairs to find some quiet time in her bedroom. There she sat in meditation, waiting for some profound voice to come booming into her head. There was none, she did however have a thought that came to her, "You will be divinely guided as it is needed." "O.K.," she said to herself. "This makes sense to me. When the time comes I will know." Then she went to get ready for the service.

Then she told me this. "I stepped out of the shower and noticed the mirror had hardly any steam on it. I looked over to the small mirror on the left and noticed there was more steam reflecting on the big mirror than I had originally seen. I looked back -- no, there wasn't -- well, from the smaller mirror's perspective there was. The steam was in the shape of what looked like an oval with a small circle inside like an eye on the mirror. No way, it's just the way the mirror was cleaned last, I thought, but I could not see it from a straight view in front of me, only from a side angle. As I saw what it appeared to be I was moved deeply in my soul. I started to cry. I just stood there in appreciation, knowing that I am guided, protected and filled with love. It then faded away. I asked for assistance in listening to the guidance as it comes. Stranger things have happened," she said, referring to my own experience.

You know the more I think about it, the less I think it's strange. Throughout history and in the Bible, people have been visited by divine spirits or what we call angels. Is there any reason why a race of people would all of a sudden stop being visited? Would stop being guided or protected? Do you think God just decided one day "That's it, I have had enough; they are on their own?" Is it possible God's children stopped listening or have we just learned to ignore what we hear?

I have known Deb for about ten years and I bet I haven't spoken more than two hundred words to her. I tell her about what is happening, give her a copy of what I am writing and she takes to it like a duck takes to water. Why? Questions, so many questions and the answers, I think for now I'll let you figure them out. It's really not that hard if you stop and think about it.

This whole experience over the past year has raised a lot of questions in my mind. Take for instance what we have learned about God as we grew up. An omnipotent being with a long white beard sitting on a golden throne and dressed in white robes, just waiting for the time to judge everybody and everything. Then when the time comes, God gets to say which souls have been good enough to enter heaven. You mean to tell me that God, Who knows all, is all, can do anything God wants, would do that? Given that God is love, would God create the human race only to give a certain number of us the right to heaven? Do you think it might be that there is not enough room for everybody? Well, let's see, we have this big new house that only has so many rooms. I am going to let all my good children move in and all the bad ones; well, they can just go to hell. That would be like taking your kids out in the middle of a wilderness and dropping them off blindfolded. Yes, I know you would take off a blindfold now and then, but come on, this is still like letting them play Russian Roulette. The ones that made it back were the only ones that deserved to live? The ones that didn't make it, the bogeyman could have them? I don't think so.

Another thing that you can think about is, why would anybody think theirs is the only true religion when it is the same God that all religions are talking about? Does it really matter enough to kill one another over? Especially think about those in political power. Do you think God wants us to rule over those who believe differently from us? Have you ever read the Catholic church's rites of excommunication? You might want to read it to see just how ridiculous a religion becomes with the power it thinks it has. It's like telling God that you have already taken care of a sinner by sending him to hell. How arrogant can anyone be to think he could damn anyone to hell? If there were such a place to damn someone too.

We tell children they are sinners and will go to hell from the time they're old enough to understand. We terrorize them to the point of thinking they are going to hell for the mistakes they have made. We take away any hope they have of going to heaven and leave them to think they have nothing else to lose. We make them paranoid by telling them God is watching and making a list of who is good and bad. Don't you think this sounds a bit like Santa? We fill our jails with people and even execute them for doing the things they have been programmed to do. Then to top it all off, we, "God's chosen," get to point our fingers and say, "They are evil sinners." No wonder we are in the mess we are in.

Could this be why God has given this message now? Does this mean that we are really ready to listen and do something about it? Is it possible that we have been given by God a wonderful way to live our lives? Maybe not. Maybe it has all been a dream. Maybe it's just a sugar rush I'm having from all the Pepsi I drink. Could be, but what if maybe, just maybe, it's true?

Most of you will never meet me and fewer yet will ever get to know me. That's pretty much O.K. with me because I am not all that important. The masters that God has sent me to teach will need you to be kind to them. They are alone with God's work, as

will be the masters they teach. Listen to their words for they speak the truth that will bring joy to your life. Share what you hear from them with others and ask that they do the same. One of them may be the one in need who will increase your rewards a thousand times a thousand.

Don't forget to laugh at life and the things that happen in it. Don't forget to laugh at yourself, because you will find it's really very funny being you. Regardless of who you are, no one could be you better than you can. You are perfect, whole and complete just the way you are. You are made in God's image and likeness. Therefore you are all you need to be and so is everyone else. You are a child of God so act accordingly.

To me there is a real feeling of freedom in life now. Sure, I have a big job ahead of me and at times it is scary because I don't know how it will turn out. It is also exciting to know that I have been chosen to do this. At least I no longer walk around asking the questions: "What is my purpose in being here?" and "What is the meaning of life?" That is the most freeing thing of all if you stop and think about it. May your bricks be many. Be at peace and teach only love.

Hey, wait a minute, what does Michael mean, "God has other work for me to do?"

Blessings, Gifts & Deeds (by Joseph Crane)
Chapter 11 – The Beginning

Chapter 11

The Beginning

While I was in the process of getting the first *Blessings, Gifts, and Deeds* published I had many more visits from Michael. With each new visit Michael gave more of what he meant by “God has other work for you”. I had thought writing this book was work enough for me and that was all I had to do, but NO. There was a bigger plan that God had in store and I was to reluctantly play a part in it. With each visit I could see I was getting way over my head with all that Michael was telling me. The information was astounding to say the least and overwhelming in more ways than you can imagine.

The book of Revelation from the Bible was to play a very big part in what I was to do. Because it was from this book most of the good news God had given was placed. True it was misinterpreted, misunderstood, miswritten, and used to threaten humankind. Michael came to correct what was done in its writings. The first thing was to give me the true message of Revelation, which he did and spread that message through people he called masters. These masters were spoken of in the book of Revelation in the messages to the angels of seven churches. In the reading of Revelation it is assumed that the messages were given to the churches, but they were given to the angels. It was up to the angels, also called the seven stars, to give a message to each of the churches that they would know their greatness. The churches are called the golden lampstands in Revelation, because they each have a light or a gift to give to the world.

From the angel Tzaphqiel: To the church of Ephesus, God said to teach divine love and grow in spirit, and they heard not. (*Ephesus is the gift of advocator or the promoter.*)

Ephesus is female in being and teaching. This church is as a mothers love teaching her children of God's love. With knowledge of this divine love her children will grow with a spiritual connection to God. John's message to this church was to put down its obedience to her new husband and return to her children lest they grow to be unknowing in spirit. Taken away will be their gift if they do not but they will eat the spiritual food of God if they listen.

From the angel Khamael: To the church of Smyrna, God said to teach illumination of self through faith, and they heard not. (*Smyrna is the gift of leadership.*)

Smyrna is female in the gift of life as a mother is. As in the beginning before birth a woman knows that there is life. Intuition is the foundation that gives birth to faith. Listen to that which God is telling you and you will know not the fear of death. John's message to this church is listen to the truth of God. False teachings will lead you away from your gift and you will know it not. Those that clam to have

authority of God have it not. Let them say what they will for it is you that will have the victory over the second death.

From the angel Tzadkiel: To the church of Laodicea, God said to teach compassion and tolerance and they heard not. (*Laodicea is the gift of unconditional love.*)

Laodicea is female with the gift to manage the home. As a woman runs the house, you will lead with understanding for those that know not. You will guide with mercy and tenderness in the words you speak as the woman of God's house. Know that you are loved and stand in the light of God, for true wealth is there. Speak of this love with authority and take your place to one side or the other. Give not your silence to those that would hear. Listen to your heart for God speaks, ignore it not.

From the angel Gabriel: To the church of Pergamum, God said to teach consciousness of natural knowing, and they heard not. (*Pergamum is the gift of the Philosopher or Intellectual.*)

Pergamum is male in spirit and knowing of God's love. You hold in your heart the truth, and knowing of God's love you will not be moved. If the teaching of half-truths are told, you will only gain that which serves no one in spirit. If you gather that which does not nourish the spirit, your deeds will be made open for all to see. Hold true for God will feed the spirit and forgive all that has been done.

From the angel Haniel: To the church of Thyatira, God said to teach love as Jesus did, and they heard not. (*Thyatira is the gift of the art of creations.*)

Thyatira is male physical the action of teaching of the love of God.

You are doing the work that God has given you to do. Do not listen to the teachings that call you only to the physical world and of these things. All that was done will be undone when truth is returned. Guilt will be laid upon those that gathered material things only and it will be laid on them by themselves. To those that kept balance will carry not lift upon them selves this burden called guilt. Hold fast and you will be known for loving as God does.

From the angel Raphael: To the church of Sardis, God said to teach awareness and reason, and they heard not. (*Sardis is the gift of balance or healing.*)

Sardis is male in thinking, the mental understanding of the love of God. Clearheaded are those in truth, unlike those that seem to be awake but are yet they are asleep. Reason is not known to them and all that God has told of his love will pass them by. Those that would stay awake God will give the authority to speak the truth and the false teachings will shatter like clay pots.

From the angel Ratziel: To the church of Philadelphia, God said to open the gates to wisdom, and they heard not. (*Philadelphia is the gift of teaching.*)

Philadelphia is male seat of passion and the gate of emotions. The key that you hold is that outgoing love, the gift, the giving. Other emotions that you have would lead you astray if it were not for the love. Hold fast to the love and wisdom for the other emotions will bow to you. For this you will be given an understanding of God and all that is of God.

(More information on the churches is available in Teaching The Masters by Dr. Joseph Crane D.D., PhD. through www.teachonlylove.com.)

Each of the seven masters has a gift or quality that holds a spiritual energy needed to open what Michael calls The Well of Souls. I, being the one facilitating the gathering, am called the servant and Michael is the eighth angel that stands with the servant at the gathering. The other seven angels listed above stand with the masters at the gathering.

As the servant **“You will gather seven Masters and teach them to teach”** were the words Michael said to me. I never knew what a job that was going to be. I started thinking that maybe the Pope and the Delhi Lama along with Si Baba couldn't have been any more problematic than getting seven ordinary people to gather. Not only were seven people needed but also each had to fit into what were called churches. These were not a church like a building or some doctrine of religious beliefs. They are ways of being that came from the very souls of all humankind. Michael had taken me through John's vision of revelation but I was only allowed to remember the part concerning the churches. As Michael had shown and explained; each person was as one of the seven churches in the book of Revelation. Now what we call a church could also be called clans, tribes or even an archetype. In the book of Revelation, it speaks to each church that they do this and that, which God approves of and good for them. On the other hand, God has some things against them and he is going to punish them for it. Well, no. Michael said that each church has a gift as their way of being. With the gift they have each church makes a contribution to the world. Each church also has traps that they tend to fall into out of their humanness. Not that God is going to get anyone for being in his or her traps. It is just a matter of knowing what traps are so you don't fall in to them. Better yet, on the other hand, knowing what your traps are you'll know when you are in one or more of them.

Having a working knowledge of each master's characteristics that I needed for a gathering I went to work finding them. Deb is the first master I found, a warm and wonderful woman with a husband and two daughters. She has a way with children, not just her own. When she spends time with any child, the child knows he or she is special, perfect, and loved. Deb gives of herself in a way that empowers any child to believe they could accomplish anything. I would tell anyone that wants to teach children to go and spend a day with Deb. What can be learned from her is more valuable than any university. She was of the church of Laodicea.

Kathleen is the most fun, bubbling with excitement and joy and is contagious to anyone that comes in contact with her. She could talk you into or out of almost anything and you would be happy to do it. She has two teenage sons and keeps busy running her own business for weight management and health. She has a way of lifting your spirit no matter how down you may feel and puts a smile back on your face. She is perfect as the church of Ephesus.

Steven is a very large man standing well over six feet with a heart as big as Texas. The work that he does is fixing problems for people that called in for assistance. In all the time I have known him he is about bringing things into balance. He spends most of his time when not working helping other people to solve their problems. He is a deeply spiritual man desiring a personal relationship with God and is active in his church. He was to become one of my closest friends and confidant in the work Michael had given. Without his support I don't think the gathering would have taken place when it did. Steven is a prime example of the church of Sardis.

Mark is a gay man that always had a smile on his face like he knew something that no one else did. He was quite and pleasant to be around and never raised his voice for anything except to sing. Mark sings opera with such a beautiful voice you didn't have to know the words of the song to know what it was about. He owned a travel company where he created tailored made tours for groups on different themes. He was forever creating something to make the world a better happier place for everyone. This ability to create made him the one for the church of Thyatira.

Sheri is a tall woman from a Jewish background that is also gay. She is now a practicing Buddhist, who organized a chanting circle in her home every week. She is also a freelance photographer specializing in child photography. It is amazing how she can come in and take control of a situation and have it all work. This makes her perfect for the church of Smyrna.

Ben works in the computer field and is highly into research and development. He figures out how to do web pages and is also into music. His analytical mind is a wonder in itself by the ease he solves problems. Once you tell Ben what the problem is he will come up with the best way of handling it whether it is personal or professional. He has a philosophical point of view on spirituality as well as on everything else. This makes him the best choice for the church of Pergamum.

The last person for the gathering needed to be a gay man of the church of Philadelphia. It had taken me two years to gather the masters I had and this last one was the hardest of all to find. I thought I found the one I needed in a man named Keith. We talked and he was very interested. He read the book and declared himself in but had not done the baptism yet. He started talking about him giving his life to this work. He went on to tell me he would do whatever it took to have this message go on. He would be willing to sell his business and even his house giving me all the monies to use as I saw fit. I was happy with the words in the book being that powerful for someone, but then again I was also very frightened. It could have been easy for me to say ok to this. I could have justified it by telling myself it was for spiritual work - but I didn't

"Keith. This isn't about that," I heard myself-saying. "I am not asking you to do any of that. What I am asking you to do is be a part of something wonderful. I don't even know what is going to come of all this. I was told by the archangel Michael to gather seven masters and teach them to teach. I am to hold a gathering that I don't know what we are going to do there." Next I asked, "Have you done the baptism yet?" His answer was, "No." "Ok then, here is what you need to do. Get some wine and do the baptism just like it says in the book. After you do that you should be very clear that you want to be in the gathering or not. But I want to tell you something because of what you offered tonight. You are a child of God made in God's own image and likeness. You are perfect, whole and complete just the way you are. You don't have to offer all that you have to any church or religion for God to love you. You don't have to give away everything for you to be a part of anything. As a matter of fact any religion or spiritual group should be honored to have you just because of the wonderful man you are. Do the baptism and then give me a call." We said our good byes and hung up.

A week had passed before Keith called back. Keith spoke of how he believed in the teachings from the book and that he honored the work I was doing. I heard enough tee ups for bad news before to know he was going to decline being in the gathering. Which he did. We said all the things someone says in an awkward end to a conversation and we

both knew it. We said our good byes and the click of the phone told me that there was still no Philadelphia to complete the masters needed.

Time was running out for the gathering to be held as Michael said it would. I was at the point of giving up when I got a phone call from someone that had changed their mind.

Gary was to be the last gay man I needed for the place of Philadelphia. He was a best selling author and writer. He gave lectures and taught classes, which made him ideal for the master I needed. Gary has kind demeanor and is also soft spoken but make no mistake he is a very powerful man. He knows more about everything then anyone I know and is extremely interesting to listen to. Best of all he is great at teaching what he knows to others, Gary is the master for the church of Philadelphia.

“Wonderful,” I said. “Now all we need to do is set a date.” I told him I would have to get back to him and let him know when it was going to be and where. We said our good byes and hung up.

The days went by and I checked with the other masters as to when would be a good time to hold a gathering. After talking to each of the masters I decided this was insane. I checked my calendar and picked three days and sent out an e-mail to all of them and told them when it was going to be. Everyone had different times that would work for them. This time and day would work for some of them but that day and time wouldn't work for others. Enough is enough I told a few of them in our conversations. I finely just said we have a chance to do something far beyond what we have ever done. I have been busting my hump for the past year to get seven masters together for this gathering. I don't think you appreciate just what is happening here. This is not an invitation to each of you that you can accept or decline. You were the ones that chose in. You were the ones that said yes. You don't get to choose out because the dates don't fit into your schedule. Most of all what you are missing is that this isn't an invitation at all. Given it came from an angel you can consider it as a command performance. Things come up every time something important is about to happen. You can choose to let it pass you by and maybe next time you can do whatever it takes to come together as the masters you are. With that said I decided to send out an e-mail to all of them. It didn't take to many days before I heard back from each and everyone of them. They had all agreed to handle whatever they needed to be there for the gathering. The place was to be at the house of the master of the church of Ephesus. Everything was set. Almost.

Chapter 12

The First Gathering

AUGUST 1997

My trust in Michael has paid off in as much as I now have the seven people he said were masters. They come from all over the place and just like he said I would find them and have what is going to be called a gathering. We set the date and are going to be meeting in three days. It was not easy putting it together because some had other things happening in their lives. One or two said they couldn't be there for the whole time but would be there for the time they could spare. I told them that it was nice of them to offer to be there at all because this was not an invitation. This was, as I saw it, a command performance of the seven masters called for by the angel Michael. I found it curious that some of these masters that chose in were so unwilling to do what was needed of them. Some told stories that they would all get to see Michael as I did. Others said they would be ascended to heaven and speak with God.

It was funny all the things that kept coming up for them. There were a few things that came up for all of them like all their stuff. Reasons, excuses and considerations as to why it wouldn't work for them came up over and over. I had, on the other hand, to reassure them everything would be fine. I was entrusted with these seven masters being at the gathering but had to leave the choice up to them. At last the plane tickets were paid for, the place made ready, and in a short time they would be here for the gathering. There was just one thing missing, Michael didn't tell me what I was supposed to do.

It was late and I decided to go to bed that night when there was a light in the living room. I knew it must be Michael and I had many questions to ask about what he wanted done at this gathering. I walked into the living room and was so amazed by this angel. He was beautiful and giving off this deep feeling of love that filled my heart.

“Joe. I will speak to you of that which is to come.”

I was relieved to hear him say that and waited to hear what he was going to tell me.

“The masters are coming to join together. You will serve them. You and they will call themselves master, yet you will not be called master, for you are a servant. They will be held high above you and you will sit lower than they. The time you teach will bring them to and make them ready to receive. For I tell you truly each is now and will be in the working of their sums. There is conflict within the seven before this gathering and will be after. It is for them to overcome it. You are to do little else but hold the space that they may. The time you have will be for them to become as one. There is a friendship with some that will need to set aside. There is the conflict I spoke of that will come to be. You may not interfere in this. The masters will overcome it or they will not. You will hold your tongue in this.”

“What you are telling me is they are going to deal with whatever comes up or they won’t. Does this mean if they work out their sums there so to speak that will be the end of it?”

“I say they will do what they will at the gathering. They will see that what they do will set the way their gatherings are to be. They will not be made to think they have to gather seven. For I say to you it is a gift that they may give selflessly. That which they take from their gathering be it sums or light will make the way for them. Some may choose not to gather and some may loose what they have learned before the gathering is done. Others may promise themselves they will gather and will not. Others will bind themselves to that which you give and will falter as time goes by. The choice is theirs as they reenter their world in the way they know it.”

“Are you telling me this whole thing may fall apart during the gathering or at any time after it?”

“I am. The ego is always there to tempt them, as is the unworthiness. You must stand in love for whatever they choose. Make clear to all you are there for them if they gather or not.”

“So Michael just what is my job here anyway?”

“Your job is that of a servant. You will give to them their greatness that they may see who they are. The church speaks to the gift of each that they will know their greatness. Then and then alone will you sit with them that they may be called to come forth and receive.”

“I am a little lost on what you mean sit with them and them being called.”

“I give to you the way you will sit with the masters. You as servant will sit in the east as the church of Philadelphia will sit in the west. Sardis will sit in the south and Laodicea will sit in the north.”

“I am not seeing what you are saying. Can you make it clearer so I can understand it?”

“Look.”

He pointed to a space in the air. As he did I saw round dots of color that related to each of the churches. I could see how the seating arrangement needed to go. **“Each master will sit as I have given you.”**

“I see two blue dots. Is there a reason for this?”

“One of the blue places is for you the servant. The light comes from the east reflecting on the west. This light is wisdom, yet I tell you truly without this light there is only knowledge in the west. Knowledge without wisdom is but information that is unusable. The gift to the church of Philadelphia is the wisdom from the east.”

“So basically what you are saying is without the light from the east they are just smart and not wise.”

“This is so. Again it is so with all churches. Only a servant that is truly in service to the others can bring the light.”

“Just what makes you think I can do that? I mean how come given I am a red or Smyrna, I am the one that can get my ego out of the way.”

“Joe. You have for these past years been in service to the seminars as well to the people in them. The work you have done has trained you for this time. You know that which service is. You know how to set aside your ego for a higher purpose. You have learned well.”

“I see your point. I do know how to make it about others and get myself out of the way. I don’t think this is all.”

“There is more you will learn for this gathering. As the masters sit as I have shown you one will feel called. When this comes to be you will stand in what I show you now.” Michael showed me another pattern that was different then the one we were all sitting in.

“You will stand in front of the one that has been called. You will hold what they reflect back to them that they may know the wonder they are. The ones that were not called will stand as this. They will hold the space for the one.”

“Ok. So how long do I need to do this?”

“You will know, for you will see when the change comes over them. For some it will be powerful yet for others it will be as a gentle breeze. It matters not which, you will know. I tell you truly some may leave in spirit and it is for this before you bring them to sit with you. You must have from each of them, one at a time, their word when you call them they will come from where they are. This you must do.”

“This worries me to think one could go some place where they don’t want to come back from.”

“Worry not they will come.”

“You mean to tell me this is going to take Friday, Saturday and Sunday?”

“That which you teach these masters is what you know now. As you grow in knowing you will teach them that they may teach their masters. That which you give to them now, they are ready for. Yet I say to you that which they teach each other in this time of the first gathering must not be missed.”

“I don’t know how I am going to remember all this let alone get it all done.”

“You are at the first of many gatherings to come and I will be with you. You will use tuning forks to tune each church to what you call their note. You will use oils and music and song that they may know the church they are. You will give blessings to each other and you will give the blessing you were shown. You will break bread with each other in the time you spend at a gathering. You will burn a colored candle in honor of each according to churches. You will know other things to be done when you are gathering the masters. Our kind will be with you.”

“I will give it my best-shot Michael. I just hope I am enough to really serve these seven.”

“You will come from love and service to the masters as the servant you are. This is that which a gathering is made of. Rest for now you have much to do. Teach only love.”

The light started to fold back into itself and took Michael with it until it was gone. He was right about one thing; if I was going to remember any of it I needed sleep. Off to bed I went to rest up for the weekend gathering.

It was the evening before the gathering and some of the masters that Steve had picked up came over to my house. It was the first time I met Ben in person, he gave me a hug and looked strangely at me. I asked him why he was looking at me in that way and he just said he thought I would be taller then I was. We all laughed at that because most of the masters were six feet and the best I can do is five foot eight. We spent the rest of the time going over the last minute details. The food was already over at Kathleen’s house along with extra bedding for the masters that were going to stay there. We talked about

the pattern Michael wanted us to sit in. Steve and Gary said they would make sure the room was ready for us to set the chairs. Saying our good nights they left for Kathleen's house. I slept pretty well that night because I woke up in the morning refreshed and ready to go. I cleaned up got dressed and loaded the music and other things I needed into my car.

When I arrived at Kathleen's house everyone was excited and a little bit worried all at once. No one really knew what was going to happen. All the masters were being overly kind to each other and laughing at the jokes being made. It was a nervous laughter that let me know they were on edge. To help them calm down I had them help me finish setting up the room we would be using the weekend. When the room was set and we were ready to go I called them all together to begin.

A gathering is a special time for masters in their own spiritual awareness. Each one had to look deep inside of themselves and answer questions they had been asking themselves all their lives. My job was to create a safe space for them to explore and grow in their giftedness. "Let's begin."

A gathering is a sacred space created by the vibrational energy of seven masters and a servant. This energy opens what Michael called The Well of Souls making possible the giving and receiving of the breath of God. It is a very powerful up lifting and empowering moment that will change each master. It could be compared to rebooting the spiritual DNA within us all that connects us to God. The experience of the masters is profound without exception and personal to each unto themselves. It is for this reason what happens at a gathering is confidential.

Seven masters were gathered and were now to go out into the world to be servants in their own gatherings. The masters they gathered could go out and gather their own seven and so and so. This is exactly what has been happening since that August in 1997 there are now over twelve hundred masters gathered.

Blessings, Gifts & Deeds (by Joseph Crane)
Chapter 13 – A Miracle

Chapter 13

A Miracle

“That your kind may know that which I have given is of God I will give a miracle”. Michael said. This was not one of those miracles that the angels or God do so we can witness it and say oh it must be true. What Michael was giving was a miracle that we can perform as children of God. What do you think would happen if you could perform a miracle? Would that change your mind about who you think you are?

We all know we are only human and as that we have limitations as to what we can do in the world. Out of our humanness we make mistakes and depending on how many we make we judge ourselves. From our judgments we then decide our worthiness in the sight of God. This is the way religions have taught us to think because if we really knew the truth about us we wouldn't need them. The truth is we are all children of God just like Jesus said we are. Not only could Jesus do miracles but also he taught the apostils to perform them. When Jesus asked them why they were not out doing healing work they told him they were unable to perform miracles. Jesus asked them why not he does them all the time. The apostils went on to tell him he could do them because he was God. In return Jesus told them they to were Gods and greater works then he did so shall they do. Jesus either meant what he said or he didn't and I choose to believe he did. After Jesus left the apostils went on to heal the sick along with other miracles.

Now then you to are a child of God and are really able to perform miracles too. I am going to teach you as Michael taught me. This miracle has to do with water but let me give you a little history first.

What is it about water? Not much you may say taking it for granted like so many things in our day-to-day life. We just came out of the age of Pisces, which is a water sign. When God made the world it was made mostly of water just like us. When you loose too much water you die. According to the Bible God made it. God flooded the earth with it, while Mosses turned it into blood and even parted it. While he was in the desert he drew it from a stone that the people might drink. John baptized with it and water is still used to this day for baptizing. The men that made a living on the water followed Jesus and became his apostils. Water played a big role in the making of the world we have come to know.

We are told to drink at least eight glasses of water a day to keep our system clean and healthy. When we use it for bathing we absorb it through our skin. Did you know if you sit in a tub of water for twenty minutes your body absorbs a whole pint of water?

There has been more done to change the face of the earth by water then anything else; from the wet runny stuff to the ice moving across the land. Water cuts rock away and sends things that man has made down stream. Water is used to run mills and make electricity to bring light and heat to our homes. Yes it looks like we really know how to use water. But do we really know the wonder of water. The water that was given by God

is not the water of today. We treat it with chemicals and add every thing from fluoride to flavorings. We bombard it with ultraviolet light to kill the bacteria in it in treatment plants. We pressurize it and force it through pipes to our houses. We chill it as it comes out of our icebox doors for drinking. We make ice to cool our drinks and boil it in hot water heaters for our baths.

The truth about water is it is no longer as God gave it to us. Water today does little more than hydrates our bodies. The great gift of water is gone for the most part and with it so is our food. The value of the food we are eating will just keep us from starving. Look at all the supplements and additives there are in the food you eat. We are eating better than any time in the history of the world. Yet we are getting sicker every year with new diseases of some kind.

This is not new news to any of you. So why am I bring it up? You all hear the doom and gloom every day from someone telling you how bad it is. What is different about what I am saying? The answer is very simple because I am going to tell you what to do about it. You don't need to buy anything. No filter system, no vitamins or enzymes to help you use the food you take in.

There was a man about two thousands years ago that changed water to wine. I am going to teach you in this chapter to do the same thing. You will be able to perform a miracle. You will be able to transform water. You will be able to taste smell and feel the difference in the water you work on. I will also teach you how to transform the food you eat. Your food will no longer be just something you put into your mouth to keep from starving.

When the angel Michael came to visit me with other information. He gave me this to teach saying not to teach it until I did so in an up coming seminar I was facilitating in Chicago. This is how it went.

“Joe.” Michael said. **“That your kind may know that which I have given is of God I will give a miracle’. I give you something truly wonderful for your kind.”**

“Great,” I said. “But before you do please tell me it is something I will like. That would be nice for a change.”

“You will like this. I give you the blessing of the water and the food.”

“Oh gee Michael you are going to tell me how to say grace. That's going to come in real handy come Thanksgiving. I know people become very guilty because they only give thanks once a year. Then again there are some people that give thanks before each meal.”

“Joe. This has nothing to do with giving thanks. Do you think that you say Grace then you give thanks? Your kind asks God to bless the food thinking it is done. The power to bless food and drink was given to your kind. Your kind has forgotten how to bless the food to make it fit to eat. Your kind has forgotten how to bless the water to make it worthy to drink. This thing you do is but a token of what is given to you. I will teach you to bless water and food to nourish the spirit and enrich the body. You will teach it to others yet not until you teach it with Joanne.”

“I will be teaching a seminar in Chicago that Joanne is setting up and speaking at with me. Is that what you mean?”

“Yes.”

“I have other classes but I will hold off until then. So how does this work?”

“When you set to supper what is it you say?” “We thank God for the food and ask that it be blessed or something like that.”

“As you would say could you be more vague?”

“All right Michael let me think. We say... heavenly Father we thank thee for this food that we are about to eat through your bounty. Sometimes we say dear God we ask that you bless this food, which we are about to receive. That’s pretty much the way it goes. Sometimes we give thanks for the people being there too. Why do you ask?”

“You need to hear the words you speak.”

“I spoke the words again and in my head again and again. “Ok, Michael I am seeing something here with the way it goes. It sounds to me like we are laying it all on God to do for us. As though we didn’t have anything to do with it. It is almost like we can’t do anything without God doing it for us.”

“You see the truth in what you say. God has given to your kind all the wonders of creation and you use very little. If you truly knew that which is given to you as a child of God, you would not ask God for such pettiness. Your kind comes begging and groveling to God for things that are yours. When Jesus spoke of the birds of the field he told you of this. They sew not nor do they reap yet God feeds them. How much more does God love you? Do you not see?”

“I guess not Michael otherwise we wouldn’t be having this conversation.” As soon as I said that I had a thought, like a light bulb went on in my mind. “This is what I see thinking about what you have said so far. God has given us all we need to live and grow in this world. The water and the food we eat were perfect the way they were given. Over the years we have made it almost worthless. It was our doing. We know we have done this at some level otherwise we wouldn’t be asking God to fix it.”

“You do see some the truth. Speak what else you see.”

“According to what you are telling me. We have the power to do it ourselves. God has given that to us.”

“Yes Joe, God has done this and more. I will teach you how it is done.”

When Michael was done speaking, I was just blown away by what he said. What he gave me to give to the world was not just a blessing to say, but also the first step in manifesting from nothing.

As I looked around the room in the hotel where we held the class I was really nervous about this. I had not done what I was about to teach nor had I said what I was about to say. People were filtering back into the room from the lunch break. I had asked them to think about saying a blessing at lunch before they left. I wondered how many even said one. I had asked someone in the class to pick up a few cases of water in small bottles. When everyone was seated I started speaking. “Pam has gotten water from a discount store and each of you will need to have two bottles for what I am going to teach you. She paid for them and it comes to about a \$1 for the two bottles. There is a basket on the back table so please put the money in it for her.” The water was passed out to everyone and I asked them to set them on the floor. When the commotion stopped I started to teach.

“How many of you buy organically grown food?” I asked. Few hands went up. “How many of you buy vitamins or food supplements? Does anyone take enzymes to help break down the food you eat?” A whole lot of hands went up on that question. “How many of you buy bottled water as your main source of drinking water?” It really surprised

me as to how many hands went up on this one. It looked like only two or three people didn't use bottled water as a main source of drinking water. "How many of you drink plenty of water everyday?" I asked. Most of the hands went up. "Good," I said.

The people in the class looked puzzled at my questions and where I was going with it. "I have some good news for you and some bad news for you," I said. "The bad news is the food you eat is worthless other than to keep you from starving. The fresh fruit and vegetables you buy are covered with chemicals and genetically altered making them nutritionally worthless for the most part. That is, to say, you are eating the food of the top of the garbage can. Even if you buy the organically grown food you are eating a higher vibration food with more life force in it but it is still watered with low life force water. There is more bad news. The water you drink is mostly poison that comes out of the tap in most cases. Even the bottled water does little more than hydrate your body. A few people use juicers to get more value out of their vegetables and fruits. Which is like liquefying garbage unless it is organic." They were really happy to hear that. People started to talk among themselves and the room filled with a low rumble. I let sink in what I had just told them. "The truth is that we are killing ourselves trying to stay alive. We are eating dead and dieing food. There is no or little life in it."

"Now I am going to tell you the good news. There is something you can do about it. There is nothing you need to buy because you have all you need. You will spend a great deal of time preparing the food you eat but do little to make it fit to eat. Blessing the food does this. Not asking God to do it for you. Remember what I have been teaching you through out the class, you are a child of God - perfect, whole and complete. You have the power given you by God to do many things. You just don't remember that or were told otherwise and chose to believe it. When you sit down to eat hold your hand over the food or under it and say what Michael has told me to tell you to say."

"As a child of God I bless this food that it may nourish my soul and enrich my body."

When you do this you are bringing the grace from God and filling the food you eat with the life force God gives. You will have more energy and feel better. Someone said something about you believing it making it so. "You really think believing it has anything to do with it." I said.

"Let me show you as a child of God just how powerful you are. Take one of the bottles of water you set on the floor. It doesn't matter which one you choose because they are all the same. Just pick one of the bottles you want to work with." As they reached for the bottles of water I was running on faith. I had never done this and if it didn't work I would really look like a fool. I looked up to the ceiling thinking *Michael this better work like you said. I've trusted you so far.* I looked back at the people as I took up one of the bottles of water myself.

"Hold the bottle in your left hand," I said. They did as I asked. "Now, here is what we are going to do. We are going to do what I call Water to Wine Blessing. In order to do this we are going to need to fill our hearts with grace. Not like grace isn't everywhere in the universe anyway, but we need to consolidate it. You can look at grace as being life force, or Prana, or even chi energy if you want. Focus your attention on the top of your head to where your crown Chakra is located. We are going to take three deep breaths to fill our lungs. Slowly breath in air and imagine as you breath in through your nose you are also drawing grace down into your crown Chakra. As the air fills your lungs start

bring the grace down through your crown Chakra and resting upon your heart. The more you fill your lungs the more grace you place on your heart. Once you have your lungs full start to exhale out slowly letting go of any doubt or negativity you may be having. Hold the grace on your heart and when you have exhaled out all the air start to take another breath. Slowly for the second time breath in through your nose and again bring the grace down and in through your crown and rest it on your heart. When your lungs are as full as you can get them start to breath out slowly any negativity or apprehension you may have out with your breath. Take one last breath in slowly drawing down even more grace to your heart. Keep breathing in more and more air through your nose and drawing grace down resting it on your heart. Now that your lungs are full, hold the air in for a moment and feel the grace resting on your heart. Then start to exhale slowly again letting go of any doubt or negativity you may still have, holding the grace on your heart. When you have exhaled out the negativity you can start to breath normally again.”

When they were done I said to them to place three fingers of the right hand on the bottle they were holding in their left hand. I did the same thing because I wanted to experience this too. “Now feel the grace resting on your heart. As you do this repeat after me.”

“As a child of God I bless this water that it may nourish my soul and enrich my body. After you have said the blessing you can add amen or it is so or what ever you feel is appropriate to close the blessing.”

“Now push the grace from your heart down your right arm and out of your three fingers into the bottle of water.” I reflected in my mind about the story of Moses in the Bible when he didn’t trust God and tapped the rock twice overdoing what God told him. So I was the first one to stop running the grace into the bottle of water. “Ok,” I said, “take the bottle and open it.” I was so excited and leery at the same time. My fingers fumbled as I twisted off the cap. Slowly I raised the bottle to my lips. I took a sip and swished it around in my mouth. I swallowed the water and detected a slight hint of a sweet grape taste on my lips. *Wow* I thought. I didn’t remember having anything sweet to eat at lunch that would produce that taste. Maybe just maybe it worked. By this time everyone else was done tasting the water. I said to them, “Wow it tastes... it tastes just like...it tastes just like water!” The people laughed at my humor.

“Now reach down and pick up the other bottle of water. Open it but don’t drink it just yet.” I wanted time to get mine open before everyone else was finished. I remembered the taste of the water I blessed and wondered what the same water from the unbled bottle would taste like. I brought the bottle to my lips and took a sip of it. I was in amazement of what had just happened. The unbled water in the bottle tasted like it had been run through an old garden hose. I could taste the difference. As the people in the class did the same I could hear remarks coming from them. One person said, “It tastes like it has chemicals in it.” Then another person said, “It tastes like it came from an old contaminated well.” Someone else said, “It was like drinking out of a rust can.” I started doing like the rest of the people were doing, going from one bottle to the next. There was a difference between the two. The hum of the room was getting louder as people shared what had just happened. I watched it for a few more minutes and then brought it to a close by saying, “Everyone please take your seats. Congratulation you have just preformed your first miracle! Michael told me this is what Jesus did when he changed water to wine. You have to realize something in what I have just said. Jesus was much

more practiced in this than we are. The more you do this the better you will get and it is more than just blessing water. You can also bless your food by replacing the word water with food. This is the first step for you to manifest and transform from nothing. You are a child of God made in God's own image and likeness. You are perfect, whole and complete just the way you are right now. Be at peace and teach only love.”

Chapter 14

The Vision

From the very moment of the first visit by an angel there had to be a reason for it all. I would have liked to think that maybe I was someone special in whatever spiritual relationship I had with God. It would have done my heart good to find out I was right in my thinking about who and what God was. I would have been happy to learn that the way I was brought up to believe about God was wrong and now I was on a one-way path to salvation. Yes, all of this would have been wonderful, but it didn't turn out that way. I had over the years of my life come to put down the old religious teachings of my youth. I had come up with some new thinking about what it is to be spiritual and have a connection with God. The real truth is that whatever spirituality I had come up with I see it now, as limiting as the old dogmatic religions.

I never in a thousand years would have thought the visit had a divine plan so wonderful it couldn't be imagined. This plan was so simple it was missed two thousand years ago. A man came to tell us we are all children of God and we as human beings missed it. This time around as we move into this new age it isn't so much about one master coming to tell us this. It is about us coming to know we are all masters and children of God with the power to change the consciousness of world. We could bring Eden back to earth.

God's children needed first to learn the truth about who they are. The first printing of *Blessings, Gifts, and Deeds* started the ball rolling on that. From those teachings came the gathering of the first masters. These masters gathered other masters yet it was a slow process in the beginning. The angels came again and gave information about the Gate of Grace to open a space of healing and angelic communication. As the number of masters grew, again the angels came with sacred oils to raise the vibrations of not only those that were gathered but those that were not. As we were taught about vibrational frequencies we were taught of tools other than the oils to help in this. The angels gave the tenants of healing. Myself and other masters started helping people heal. As this information was taught to others and they became proficient in the art of healing, people began to see there was more going on here than met the eye. They began to see people being healed in body, mind, and emotions so that their spirit was set free. However, there was a problem with the spirit being set free. Once it was, the masters couldn't go back to the way it had been. There had to be a greater purpose besides what was going on around them and indeed there was.

The Reverend Dr. Marten Luther King had a dream. His dream made it possible to change the actions and the thinking of a country. It wasn't easy and sometimes it was dangerous. People were beaten, thrown in jail and sadly some of people were killed. The stand he and the people that joined him took, made this country a better place for us all. Gandhi to had a dream and said an eye for an eye makes the whole world blind. He was about non-violent actions and that changed a country. We, all of us in our right minds

have a dream of a world living in peace and harmony. But it is time that we as children of God stop living in a dream world that maybe someday things will get better.

I have done what the angels have asked of me so far and it is leading up to the fulfillment of a return to Eden. It is a vision that the angels are giving us for the way the world can be. Is it going to take some work on our part? You bet it is. Having a whole world living in harmony isn't going to come about easy. There are political systems and religious groups and they all want power. These groups will do anything to get it or keep it as you know. We the people of this planet have not been able to change it much. Sure there have been revolutions in the hopes of change but they just trade one power for another. It is sad but no matter how you look at any power in control, they started out for the good of the people. It starts out for the people but always ends up doing whatever is needed to stay in power. It becomes the system that is important and the people suffer sooner or later.

There is a way to change all of that. Michael and the other angels have been telling us how to do it. It has been prophesied by Edger Casey and the Bible that a small group of people will raise their vibrations to change the consciousness of the world, in other words to bring Eden back to this earth. The number that Casey was talking about was given in the Bible in the book Revelation. That number is one hundred forty four thousand. We as masters can come together raising our spiritual vibrations enough to cause critical mass in the consciousness of everyone on this planet. This mass cannot come about through political or religious means based on the exclusion of others. Critical mass cannot take place through wishing or hoping things were different. This cannot take place by one hundred forty four thousand people reading e-mail and on a certain day and time meditating on it happening. I say the people needed to bring about this change are we masters. It can only take place through one hundred forty four thousand masters with a spiritual conscious willful intent. This intent must be of inclusion for every ones common and highest good. When this number of gathered masters raise their vibrations and join in a spiritual conscious willful intent, critical mass cannot help but to take place. The world will be forever changed.

I promise you all we can have a world that works for everyone. We can have a world where cooperation is the standard way of acting towards one another. Everyone will have enough and live healthy lives. Respect for each other and every living thing in this world is a way of being. The air we breathe and the water we drink is clean and safe. Poverty will not exist nor will there be crime. The world I am talking about is our birth right as children of a loving God. However it is that we have come to forget the truth in this undisputable fact doesn't matter. What matters now is it is up to each of us to choose to reclaim our birthright. What matters now is that we choose to be the ones that will take the actions to bring about the return of Eden.

If after reading this book you feel you are called to be one of the 144,000 that will change the world. I suggest you do the baptism that was given earlier in this book. It may help you on a deep spiritual level to be clear on your choice. The next thing for you to do is to attend a gathering to really understand the gifts you are and the giftedness of others. From this profound spiritual up lifting quantum event you can choose to gather other masters and teach them to teach. Once a year the masters are given an opportunity to come together as a community of oneness. This yearly coming together has become known as the Eden Event. Each year is different as masters get to explore their four

natures as children of a loving God. The first year we dealt with the mental aspects of who we are in our gifts and traps. The second year was for the emotional aspects and this coming year we are about exploring the physical. In this physical year the masters will be exploring the possibilities of creating and manifesting abundance and prosperity. It is our birthright to be abundant and prosperous in all things and ways in our life.

I have a vision for the world, Gods children living in harmony once again. I have a vision of Gods children living in Eden once again. I have a vision of 144,000 masters gathering together with spiritual conscious willful intent bringing back Eden as a world and not just a word.

Bless your hearts

Be at peace and teach only love.