

# Journey to Ethereum

An Allegory  
For Our Times

By  
John Hester

Copyright (c) 2011 John Hester  
You can contact the author via email at [jhester1964@yahoo.com](mailto:jhester1964@yahoo.com)  
or join him on facebook.

## **Introduction**

I have known Teacher almost my entire life. I met him shortly after his conversion to Christianity and watched him mature into a fine young man; and then one day he received his calling into the full-time ministry. He was a young man full of fire in the beginning, but over time, due to the nature of the ministry, I watched as his fire slowly began to be snuffed out. Oh, he still loved God and God's people, as well as his written word, and he still enjoyed teaching more than anything. It was not the teaching he loved, but rather seeing the look on people's faces as the truth became evident to them. That was his greatest joy, but

something within him had changed. He told me one day he had been reading the scriptures and suddenly, what he was reading and the way he was seeing it did not line up entirely with what he had been taught or what his leaders had told him to believe. He told me how he would go to his leaders with questions and they would wave him off or tell him it was just that he was misinterpreting the words he was reading. He believed his leaders but still could not shake the feeling. So, in time, he resigned himself to teach as he had been taught and to consider his thoughts as just attacks from Satan. We lost contact for about four years, and one day I received a call from him. Once-again I could hear the fire within his voice, once again I could sense he had purpose and, somehow, all his doubts had been washed away. When I asked him what had happened, he refused to tell me over the phone. Instead he told me that he would rather share it with me in person. So I traveled the miles between us, finally arriving at my friends front door. As soon as I saw him I knew something was different. His countenance had changed. He seemed to be glowing with joy, and as we talked, I understood why. Everything he had ever been taught, though not being exactly wrong, was in many ways not the whole picture. The All Father, as he chose to call God now, had intended for so much life to be imparted to his children through the

scriptures and, somehow, through the traditions of men and the doctrines of denominations much of that had been lost. He told me about his journey to Ethereum and his meetings with Messenger, Lucifer and even Jesus. For a time I believed he had gone mad, but then he showed me something that completely changed my mind. I asked him why he did not want to write it himself and he just laughed.

“If I tell the tale, it will just be a book filled with facts and no one will want to read it, but if you write it my friend,” he said, “ah, then you will write it like a fable; you will be able to interweave the truths throughout the story. I think they call it an allegory. I know many more will read it in that form. And that is what the All Father wants, for many to read it.”

I returned several more times over the next month to make sure I had the facts of his story correct, and then began to write. So, dear reader, I present to you Teacher’s tale, “Journey to Ethereum.” Read it with an open heart, and I believe that in the end, the All Father will touch your heart and set you free.



## **Before the Beginning**

“I have told you from the beginning that I am Messenger,” she began, “but the truth, Teacher, is I am known by another name.” She stood proud and tall as she prepared to reveal that name to Teacher, and his heart was beating with anticipation almost knowing what she was going to say. “I am Gabrielle.”

Teacher felt his heart was going to leap out of his chest. “Oh my prophetic soul!” he exclaimed. “I somehow knew, but was never quite sure, that I was speaking to you.” He bowed in reverence to the All Father’s servant.

“Do not do so, Teacher, for as I told you before I am merely a messenger serving the All Father out of love, the same as you,” She said, placing her hand upon his shoulder raising him to his feet.

“Why is it that only now your true name is being revealed to me?” Teacher asked.

“The All Father forbid me from revealing my true name to you until we came to the end of our time together. He was concerned that you would listen to my words more because of who I was rather than what I had to say.”

Teacher thought to himself how well the All Father knew his children. “Gabrielle, I thought your name was Gabriel.”

“Just one more mistake your kind has made. Oh how they dislike a female having authority or such closeness to the All Father.” She lowered her head in sadness but only for a moment. “Our time together is about at an end. Are you ready to do what must be done,” she asked Teacher, standing before him smiling like an old friend, “regardless of the price you will pay?” She finished and stared into his eyes.

Regardless of the price I will pay. Teacher thought over the words she had said to him. He knew that there would truly be a price to pay. If he wrote and published all that Gabrielle had shared with him he would



lose friends - that would be the first price. The second would be the label he would be labeled with. However, he knew he had to share what he had learned with others. Only then could people be truly set free. Too many were living and thinking from inside a box; it was time to show them the way to life - to life outside the confines of the box. "Yes, Gabrielle, I am ready," he answered bravely, "No matter the price, I will do what must be done. I will do what the All Father has asked of me."

"The All Father has chosen well." Gabrielle smiled and took him by the shoulders and placed a kiss upon his forehead. "Farewell, Teacher."

Suddenly Teacher felt like he was falling backward and traveling through the world of Ethereum. Through the heart of the planet out the other side and into the space beyond. He traveled beyond time, past novae witnessing the birth and death of stars. The planets passed him as he traveled closer and closer to his home world. He passed through the rings of Saturn, and past the great red spot of Jupiter. Mars approached and sped by. He began to grow fearful as he saw the Earth approaching quickly and didn't seem to be slowing down. He passed the Moon and marveled at the craters and mountains that abounded upon the dead rock that orbited around his world. The earth grew larger every second he saw the continent of North America and the land mass that was

Florida. He identified the Gulf coast. He passed through the storm clouds that covered his home in Fort Walton Beach and did not know if he was falling up or down or left or right. He emerged through the other side and recognized the white beaches of Pensacola and Panama City. His home would soon draw closer and still he traveled at breakneck speed. He saw the roofs of his neighborhood and let out a scream as he approached his home. He sat up in bed and looked around his room on Melbourne Street. He was still wearing his robe, as he had forgotten to take it off since he had fallen to sleep while reading the book that still lay open next to him on the bed. “A dream? It had felt so real,” he said confused.

“Of course it was a dream. What did you think it was? Did you believe that you had really traveled to a world between worlds?” The voice laughed.

Teacher knew the voice and slowly turned toward his dresser to see the man dressed in black as he had been when he had met him earlier at the entrance to Castle Ethereum. “You being here, Lucifer, proves it was real and not a dream,” Teacher said in confidence.

“Why, just because I am here? I am real, there is no doubt about that. You know that from your readings, Teacher. Just because I am here does not mean Ethereum is real, or that anything you saw or heard or

experienced is real. Teacher, relax. You have nothing to fear from me.

For I have come to help you,” Lucifer said, an evil grin forming.

“How can you help me?” Teacher asked, not really wanting to know an answer.

“I have come to help you separate reality from fiction, fact from your fantasy. Who better than the father of lies, eh?” Lucifer began moving across the room toward the bedroom door. “Let’s discuss it over coffee, shall we?” He pointed down the hall beckoning Teacher to join him.

Teacher slowly got out of bed and wrapped his robe around him tying the robe with its belt. Following behind Lucifer, Teacher made his way into the kitchen and prepared the coffee for brewing.

“Come sit down Teacher, I will fix it once it is ready.” Lucifer put his hands on Teacher's shoulder and he felt a cold chill run down his spine. Lucifer moved him towards the table that sat in the corner; then, taking a seat opposite him, sat down. “You have created such a nice environment in your backyard,” Lucifer complimented Teacher while looking through the window into his sanctuary.

“Thank you, I have tried to create a place of peace, a place I can escape to,” Teacher said.

“Does it work?” Lucifer asked.

“Usually, yes.”

“Well, then congratulations are in order. You have done what so many strive to do,” Lucifer clapped a little as he finished his words. The buzzer went off on the coffee and before Teacher could get up, Lucifer was already pouring their cups of coffee. He set one down in front of Teacher and sat down with his. “You know, Teacher, if you do what you believe the All Father wishes you to do, there will be no peace for you for a very long time.” He brought the cup to his lips and then took a drink.

“What do you mean what I think the All Father wants me to do? Gabrielle told me exactly what He expects of me,” Teacher said emphatically.

“That is only if you hold the belief that what happened to you was real and not just a dream.”

“Why not, why can’t it be real Lucifer?” Teacher held up his hand to interrupt him as he was about to speak. “Realize that I know you; I know you like to manipulate and twist the truth.”

Lucifer smiled and then said, “You judge me too harshly, Teacher. My only real crime has been revealing the truths hidden behind the lies your race chooses to hold, separating the fairy tales and myths from reality. I am simply trying to free your race from believing and holding on to the

antiquated thought processes, the burdens of following an outdated belief system.”

Teacher reminded himself that Lucifer was a liar; he had even said so in the beginning of their meeting. Teacher told himself again and again in his mind, “I did take a journey to Ethereum and travel to the city of Ethereum, I met Gabrielle and spoke with the Son. The All Father has given me a work to do, and I will not be misled by Lucifer or anyone else from accomplishing my mission.”

Lucifer began to laugh, almost spitting out the coffee he had just drunk. “You really believe that? You really believe the All Father has a special mission for you, that you are the newest liberator like, like Martin Luther?”

Teacher hid his face in his coffee cup embarrassed that Lucifer was laughing at him, but even more so that he would compare him to Martin Luther, a man that had changed the face of Christendom for all time. “Y-yes, I do.”

“Oh Teacher, Teacher. You simple wonderful fool. You are one of the reasons I chose to dwell here rather than the boring realms with the All Father. Your kind amuses me so.”

“Weren’t you exiled here for your rebellion?” Teacher asked.

“No. True, I was exiled as to a fashion, but I chose my exile. You know I tried to convince the All Father that you and your kind would rebel against him, that you would choose a dark path rather than the one he prepared for you. He wouldn’t listen to me though. Pity.” Lucifer took another drink.

Teacher knew part of what Lucifer said was true. The children of God, a vast majority of them anyway, chose to follow a dark path rather than the path of truth.

“You know, I can read you like a book. How delightful that you know I speak the truth. You will discover soon, Teacher, that I am speaking the truth about many things.”

“One thing I know you are not right about is my experience in Ethereum.”

“How do you, Teacher, tell me that?”

“I have faith.”

Lucifer slapped the table, “I knew it! You and your kind are so predictable. That is your answer for everything you cannot explain. For every challenge it is always the same. Faith.”

“What’s wrong with that?”

“Because it’s blind, Teacher. Blind faith keeps you from seeing the truth. You have nothing to stand upon but empty words.”

“They’re not empty words, Lucifer. The words have stood for thousands of years.” Teacher began raising his voice as he defended not only his experience but his faith as well. “The sacred writings have withstood every challenge thrown at them when interpreted correctly.”

“Maybe, but you would think after a thousand years the debate would be over, wouldn’t you?” Lucifer asked.

“No.” Teacher began, “Every generation must ask the same questions and find out the answers for themselves. It is not good enough for someone just to give them the answers. They must make it theirs.”

“Very good Teacher.” Lucifer licked his lips and closed his eyes. After a moment he opened them again and continued. “ I wonder, will faith be enough to carry you through the dark times that will come if you do what the All Father has asked of you?”

“It will have to be,” Teacher answered, growing tired of his uninvited guest.

“There is a way out you know.”

“What way is that?” Teacher asked, already knowing what Lucifer would say.

“Admit it was all just a dream, and you can get back to your humdrum life teaching people what you have always taught.” Lucifer placed his hands together on the table resting his lower lip upon his outstretched forefingers. He smiled up at Teacher and waited.

“No, I cannot,” Teacher answered. “I cannot deny my heart.”

Lucifer pushed himself up out of his chair and stood before Teacher. “In the end, Teacher, you will wish you had listened to me. Thank you for the coffee.” Then, flashing an evil grin, he vanished.

Teacher picked up the cups from the table and placed them in the sink. “I’ll clean later. I need to lie down.” Teacher then placed his hand into the pocket of the robe and felt something there. Slowly pulling it out of his pocket, he hoped beyond hope it was what he thought it was. “Oh,” was all he got out of his mouth as he gazed upon the silver leaf.

Everything had been real. He slumped to the floor, his mind replaying everything that had happened, everything he had seen, everything he had heard. Lying on the floor, he placed his head into his hands and wept.



## **Arrival**

Teacher awoke from his sleep in a place he had never seen before except in a dream, and for a time Teacher believed that was what this was, was nothing but a dream. He found himself laying in a field of green grass and colorful wildflowers, colors beyond anything he had ever seen before. He opened one eye and was startled to find that he was no longer lying in his bed under his covers in his bedroom. Night had turned to

day, and the walls and anything familiar to him had vanished. One thing he knew for sure was the fact that he was nowhere he had ever been before and he was quite certain this world was not his world. He slowly stood up and took in his surroundings. Placing his hand above his eyes he witnessed a bright blue sky and a mountain range off in the distance from where he stood. Turning one hundred eighty degrees, he found he was now staring at the most peculiar tree he had ever seen. Its leaves were of silver and the fruit that it bore seemed to be gold - golden apples his mind told him - but his mind also told him that all he saw was impossible. As the breeze blew, the leaves rustled making a sound like wind chimes. Teacher walked toward the tree drawn by its beauty and his curiosity. Pulling a leaf off a branch, he looked at it closely and slipped it into the pocket of his robe. Next he grabbed at one of the apples and pulled it off; holding it in both of his hands, he brought it to his face and looked closer at the wonder. The apples were polished to such a shine that he saw his face smiling back at him. He was so taken by the wonder of it he never heard her approach. He realized that she had simply appeared.

“Greetings, Teacher,” the lilting voice said.

Teacher was startled to hear her and quickly froze in place.

“Don’t worry, you have nothing to fear from me. I have been awaiting your arrival as we have been expecting you.” She giggled, putting Teacher not entirely at ease.

Teacher slowly turned to face the stranger and found himself staring into the most beautiful green eyes he had ever seen. They were eyes of emeralds and sparkled in the daylight, her red hair flowing across her elfin face as she bowed before him. He saw wings folded behind her and in an instant knew her to be an angel. Upon her head she wore a ringlet of gold where every few inches a red stone was inlaid.

“Wh-who are you, and what do you mean you have been expecting me?” Teacher asked.

“I am Messenger,” she smiled and he felt every ounce of fear from his heart melt away, “and you are in a world between worlds, a place known as Ethereum. My brothers and I have been awaiting your arrival since the All Father told us you were coming.”

“Who is the All Father?” Teacher asked.

“You know him by another name. You call him God or Lord, but here he is the All Father.” She spoke the name with reverence and awe. “Do not worry, Teacher. All your questions will be answered very soon, but now you must eat for we have a journey before us and you will need your

strength.” Messenger approached the tree and pulled off one of its fruit and bit into it. The smell of fresh mangoes filled the air. “Eat, Teacher,” she encouraged pointing at the fruit in his hands.

Teacher was reluctant. First, he had never bitten into a golden apple before and second, he did not like mangoes.

“You will like it, I assure you,” she said between bites.

Reluctantly Teacher bit into the apple and found to his delight and surprise that his did not taste like mangoes at all; his tasted more like a strawberry. But it was no ordinary strawberry, it was the greatest strawberry he had ever eaten. As he ate, he also felt energy flow through his body; he was now more alert than ever. “How is this possible?” he asked.

“It is called the All Fruit and is different for all who partake of it. For me it is mango, for my sister it is orange and for you, strawberry,” she said, delighting in his surprise and discovery.

“Is this heaven?” Teacher asked taking another bite.

“No. As I said, this is a world between worlds; here the spirituals dwell. Be patient Teacher, all your questions will be answered soon enough. Are you finished? Good. Now take my hand.”

Teacher licked his fingers and then wiped his hands on his robe before placing them into her tender outstretched hand. She interlocked her fingers with his and spread her wings.

“I guess we’re not walking,” Teacher said.

Messenger simply smiled, crouched down and leapt into the air.

Teacher shut his eyes realizing what was about to happen.

“Open your eyes, Teacher,” she encouraged.

Teacher opened one eye and then the other to find that they were traveling across the grassy plain and toward a mountain range. He assumed they were traveling east since that seemed to be where the day’s light was coming from, but he could not tell for sure. They crossed a lake so blue and still that he caught their reflection in the water. They crossed a vast forest Messenger told him was named Karis. She pointed toward a patch of color just ahead of them telling him it was the city of Ethereum and the dwelling place of her brothers and sisters, but most importantly it was the location of Castle Eyden and the hall of the All Father. The cities buildings were the color of coral and pearl, and the walls surrounding it of the most magnificent ivory. As they approached the gates, they slowly began to descend, landing just before the open gates of Ethereum. Upon seeing Teacher and Messenger, two guards who

stood watch snapped to attention holding the lances in their hands tight to their sides. They were dressed in armor of silver with red sashes tied about their waists. Teacher looked at Messenger and saw that she wore one too, hers of gold. Teacher and Messenger stood before them, and the guard to the right greeted Messenger in a language Teacher had never heard before. The guard bowed his head to Messenger and turned to address Teacher.

“Welcome, Son of Adam,” the guard said, reminding Teacher of a story he had read where the main characters had also been addressed in this manner.

Teacher was at a loss for words, “Th-thank you.”

“We have been expecting you.”

Teacher was wondering if he was the only one who did not know he was coming. He turned to face the guard to the left and saw a smile upon his face as well. He bowed his head.

“All is ready. Teacher, shall we?” She pointed towards the open gates and began to walk.

Teacher fell in quickly behind her and slowly made his way to walk by her side. Teacher turned back to see that the guards also had wings folded behind them.

They walked toward the center of town. Every now and then they would meet one of Messenger's brothers or sisters. They would bow to her and speak in that strange language he had heard her use to speak to the guard. He began to notice that every angel wore a sash around his waist, some wore blue, some wore red; none, save Messenger, wore gold and no other angel he had seen so far wore a ringlet upon his head. He began to surmise that Messenger was an angel of rank. Looking more closely at the ringlet of gold, Teacher realized that the ringlet did not rest upon her head but floated just above it. It reminded him of paintings he had seen depicting the saints and angels of the Christian religion.

Looking down at his feet, Teacher was again surprised to see that they were walking on a street of gold but not one paved with bricks. This one looked to him like the street had been poured as one continuous sheet leading ahead to the stairs that led to Castle Eyden. Teacher walked close to his guide as he approached the center of town and saw that a table and two chairs had been set up. An angel stood by; the sash he wore was blue.

"Sit, Teacher, and refresh yourself," Messenger said motioning to one of the chairs.

The angel that had stood by quickly pulled a chair out for Messenger to sit. Once they were seated, the angel began pouring liquid from a pitcher into the cups that sat before them. Teacher lifted his cup to his face and smelled coffee with a hint of French vanilla. Teacher watched the angel pour a cup for Messenger and saw the color and consistency was more that of tea.

“From the All Fruit tree, Teacher,” Messenger answered a question Teacher hadn’t asked.

Teacher took a sip and was not surprised that it was the best cup of coffee he had ever tasted. Messenger smiled and sipped her tea. Teacher turned and saw the staircase that led up to Castle Eyden and hoped he would not have to walk up those stairs. They seemed to reach the sky from where he sat; he could not see where they ended. Teacher turned back to the table and saw those emerald eyes staring at him again, no, not at him but into him; only this time they seemed to be delving deep into his soul. He could almost feel her mind traveling through his. He could feel her about to enter the dark places of his soul so he quickly turned away ashamed of what she may have seen.

“No don’t fear, Teacher, for I see you as the All Father sees you.” She said placing her hand gently on his.



“What do you mean?” Teacher asked, slowly turning back to her.

“I did not see what you have tried but have failed to forgive yourself for. Every one has made bad choices, but the Son has already shed his blood to cover those mistakes. The All Father has forgiven you of your bad choices. The only one who keeps record is you; you are the only one who has not forgiven you. When I looked into your soul, I saw that your heart desires to do the right thing above all else; but because your flesh is weak, you have given into your lust and have done the opposite of what your spirit desires to do. Teacher, even when the All Father gazes into your soul he does not see your sin, he sees your desire; he does not focus on the fact that you do the same thing over and over again never finding peace in your efforts to stop. It is called grace.”

Teacher began to weep. He had never heard words of life like Messenger was speaking over him. He had only known condemnation from the church. He had only known guilt in not being able to overcome his sin. Here was Messenger telling him that the All Father was not like that at all.

“Teacher, please understand that the All Father loves you now as much today as tomorrow and yesterday; his love for you never dims nor can it grow stronger than it is. You are his favorite, but so is any man

who tries. That is something only the All Father can do. It is what makes him divine.” She placed a hand upon his shoulder and he felt a great weight fall from him, a weight he did not know he had carried for so long.

“Messenger, why wasn’t I taught this before now? Why didn’t someone tell me? Why doesn’t someone tell others?”

“Teacher, that is why you are here.”

## **PART I**

### **The Angelic Dialogues**

## **The Emerald Staircase**

“What do you mean, that’s why I’m here?” Teacher asked, finishing his coffee and being careful not to waste one drop of the magnificent liquid.

“Teacher, you have been brought here for a very special and specific purpose. The All Father has chosen you to bear a message of life and freedom back to the sons of Adam and the daughters of Eve, back to his children. There is something, however, that you must realize - there will be a price for you to pay to bear this message, a price in being his messenger.”

Teacher wondered what the message could be and what price he would have to pay. What was Messenger speaking about? Teacher grew nervous, not a feeling he could hide from Messenger.

“Relax, Teacher. He is only asking you to do what you are able and nothing more. What you find difficult he will grant you grace for.”

“Why me, Messenger; why was I chosen? There are so many who could bear this message and the people would listen to them. I am a nobody; my work is small, my congregation of people simple,” Teacher said.

Messenger remembered another time when another simple man argued with the All Father about being inadequate to do his bidding and he had accomplished mighty works, a man known as Moses. “The All Father chooses who he will, Teacher; ours is not to question but to simply obey for we in Ethereum have learned that he is all wise. Look into history and you will see that all of his messengers have been drawn from obscurity. Be careful that you do not grow prideful in his choosing for that will be your undoing as it has been so many before you.” She reached out her hand to Teacher, “Come, let us take a walk. I want to show you something.”

Teacher placed his cup down on the table and placed his hand in hers. They rose from the table and walked toward the staircase. As they drew closer, Teacher could see that the steps were created out of giant bricks of emerald and upon each stone a name was engraved. Some of the names Teacher recognized but others were unknown to him. He saw

some of the great minds of his world represented, their names etched into the green stones.

“These are the Stairs of Honor, Teacher. Here we place the names of those Ethereum has chosen to honor.”

Teacher looked and saw names like Martin Luther and Mother Theresa, but others he did not know. The names he recognized had been honored in his world and so it was only right, he thought, that they be honored here; but the others...who were they and why did Ethereum honor them?

“Here in Ethereum we do not honor men and women as your world does. True, you see the names of great messengers and servants; but the others you see are great as well for they are the ones who give out of their need to the needs of others. We honor those that your world chooses to ignore; those who will never be known for their good deeds are honored here for eternity.”

Teacher continued to read the steps when a name he had never seen before caught his eye. Something about it was familiar to his spirit. Messenger followed his gaze. “Ah, yes, that one is special.”

“Why does it seem familiar to me?” Teacher asked.

“You know her, but you have never known her name until now. You have used her in your lessons many times, Teacher. She is the woman who gave all she had in sight of the Son.”

“The widow with two mites,” Teacher said.

“Yes, other names that you do not recognize have given a cup of water to a wanderer or clothes to the poor, have provided a meal for a man on the street. They have visited those in prison and hospitals, they have hugged those dying of diseases others would cringe from. They loved when others condemned. They extended grace when others passed judgment. Those whose names are etched in stone gave without any thought of reward or recognition.”

Teacher wondered if his name were etched somewhere.

“Yes, Teacher, your name is here; actually it is there,” Messenger pointed upward to the top of the stairwell. “Come let’s go.”

“That’s okay I don’t need to see it. I believe you.”

“We’re not going to look for your name, Teacher; my how vain your race is. No, we must make our way to the castle that lies at the top of the stairs. Do not worry, we will not have to climb the stairs.” The words were no sooner out of her mouth when she and Teacher began floating skyward.

Teacher smiled realizing that he had never felt such joy. The ground fell further and further from him as they continued floating upward through the clouds to the top of the Stairs of Honor. The top approached, their ascent slowed, and they landed upon a path that led them to Castle Eyden. The gates were massive that separated him from the castle. As they approached, he realized they were made of pearl. “Pearly gates” he whispered under his breath. Looking to Messenger, he saw that she was smiling.

Teacher followed as Messenger walked up and watched as she placed her hand upon the gates. Upon her touch they swung wide and revealed a beautiful courtyard. Suddenly, Teacher was overwhelmed with a feeling of peace and love he had never experienced before. His knees buckled and he found he was falling to his knees. Tears began to well up in his eyes, but, try as he might, he could not stop the flood that came. Messenger turned around and saw him. She spread her wings wide and stretching out her arms began to sing. Teacher had never heard anything so beautiful and in a moment, the language he could not understand before became very clear to him.

“It is good and beautiful to worship at the gates of the All Father. He is good and worthy of all worship and praise, for he gave all that we



might inherit all. He who is love has given in love the greatest gift to all. May his grace forever flow,” Her song finished, she wrapped her wings around Teacher as he began to cry.

She waited patiently for him to finish, a tear of her own forming in the corner of her eyes. “Never do I grow tired of the revelation of the All Father coming to his children.” Teacher stirred and began to stand up. Messenger unwrapped her wings from around him and folded them behind her back again.

“Messenger, never have I felt such love in my life,” Teacher uttered, wiping his eyes on the sleeve of his robe.

“I do not understand why your kind does not accept the love of the All Father. Even more perplexing to me are those of my brothers and sisters who denied themselves the ultimate gift of his love and instead followed that deceiver.”

Teacher noticed as she began to speak of the rebellion spoken of in the sacred scriptures that Messenger looked like she was growing angry. “Messenger?” Teacher reached out to touch her arm.

“Ah, yes, forgive me, Teacher; it still hurts to speak about it. You will know more of that soon enough. Come, the table is set; we will have our

meal and speak.” She composed herself and made her way to the courtyard and the table that awaited them.

Teacher began walking slowly behind her and noticed the path they walked upon. “No?” He said in surprise. Kneeling to the ground he ran his hand through the gravel only to find that it was not gravel at all, it was precious stones, not pebbles of worthless rock - diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and jade - it was truly a place of majesty. He knelt down and ran his hands through them but not one part of him desired to place them into his pocket; he found that strange. Looking up, he noticed the path was lined on the right and left with more of the All Fruit trees; their leaves rustling in the gentle breeze made the courtyard a truly magical place. Teacher noticed the same angel that had tended them in the cities courtyard waiting for them again here. Messenger had already taken her seat, waiting patiently for Teacher to join her. Drinks were poured, this time taking the form of lemon aide. “Just what I was hoping for,” Teacher said, a smile forming.

“Now, Teacher, are you ready?”

“I’m not sure. I still don’t know if you have the right person or not.”

Teacher picked up his glass and took a drink, not surprised that the taste was perfect.

“You will be fine. You must trust the All Father. He believes in you and so do I.”

“All right then, I am ready.”

“Now then, where shall we begin?”

## **The All Father**

“Let’s begin with the All Father, shall we?” Messenger set down her cup, turned to the angel in attendance, and sent him on his way. Then turning back to Teacher, she began.

Teacher fixed his eyes on Messenger and waited for her to speak. Deep down he wished he had brought a journal with him, something in which to record what he had already seen and heard and what he was about to learn.

“Don’t worry, Teacher. When it is time you will recollect all that you and I speak about; after all, you are here so you may share what you hear with those of your world. You only need to focus on one thing - listening.”

Teacher smiled from ear to ear forgetting that she could read his mind.

“Now, you must first understand that the All Father is love.”

“I know that,” Teacher interrupted not realizing he had done it till the words were out of his mouth.

“No, you only think you know. Love is a hard concept for your kind to grasp. You say you love a thing at the same time loving someone special. Love for the All Father is very different from the love you share with others. There is no lust in Ethereum.”

Teacher blushed at those words afraid of the images that would come to mind. To his surprise, none did.

“You are safe here Teacher; those thoughts and images will not invade your mind. They will not turn what is pure and holy into something profane and unholy.” Messenger smiled at Teacher and continued. “To understand the All Father you must understand how his love works. He does not condemn, nor does he abandon his children; he does not reject

them either. His love is not like your love. It is not an emotion. For the All Father, it is the very essence of his existence. Every thought, every action, every purpose flows out of love. To gaze into the eyes of the All Father is to gaze into pure love. Tell me, Teacher, have you ever seen pure silver or gold in the fire?”

Teacher thought back to a time when he was a young man. His uncle had a hobby creating jewelry, and one weekend they worked on a ring. He remembered how they melted the silver until its impurities had been burned off and he could see his reflection in the metal. His uncle told him that meant the metal was now pure.

“Yes, exactly like that; pure without impurities or selfish motives, nothing but the pure essence of love. That is the All Father.”

Teacher was trying to hold his tongue but he had to say something. “Messenger, I see so little of that in the world,” he said trying to understand the picture she was painting of the All Father. “Many on my world say that the All Father may have been the creator, but that’s as far as it goes. He has left us to our own devices. I see nothing but injustice in the world. If truth be told, and please forgive me for the statement, I see very little presence of the All Father in my world at all.”

“Nothing to forgive, Teacher, here you are allowed to speak your heart without fear of retribution or judgment. That is a very legitimate argument and one I assure you we have heard many times before. There was a particular day after the Son returned when Paul spoke to the Romans. I’m sure you know the words.” She waited for Teacher to quote the words of sacred scriptures.

“I think you mean, ‘And we know that God causes all things to work together for good to those who love God, to those who are called according to his purpose,’ am I right?”

“Excellent, Teacher. Tell me, what do those words mean?”

Teacher knew the answer. He had used it many times in counseling those who were hurt, suffering from a tragedy, or suffering from loss. They were words that had helped people find comfort in the midst of their circumstances. “In simple terms, Messenger, everything that happens to us whether good or bad, God causes to happen for our good to make us into the man or woman he desires for us to be,” Teacher finished proud, of himself. He sat a little taller in the chair. But he was about to find out that he had been wrong.

“So you’re saying that everything that happens God has caused to happen. Correct?”

“Yes, isn’t that right?” Teacher asked feeling that he was about to be corrected for an error he had made.

“No, Teacher, I’m afraid that is not right.”

Teacher was dumbfounded. If he was wrong about this, what else would he be wrong about. How many more things had he taught incorrectly.

“Many things, Teacher,” she answered.

Teacher slumped in his chair dejected at the thought.

“Take heart; remember that is why you are here. You are not the only one who has been teaching things incorrectly to the Father’s children. Now, shall we return to the issue at hand?” Messenger asked.

“Yes, of course,” he responded.

“Paul did not mean that God causes all things to happen...”

“No?” Teacher interrupted not meaning to.

“No. Paul meant that when bad things happen he can use them to cause good in your life.” She stopped and let Teacher process the words she had just said.

Teacher thought on her words. He had always been taught that God caused things to happen to teach and train, but Messenger was telling



him that things happened on their own and that the Father was able to use those situations to teach and train.

“Think about all the things that have happened in your life and all the good that has come as a result, though, not in every situation, but the majority of them. Don’t you agree?” Messenger challenged.

Teacher thought back over his life. Even though at the time he was going through those negative situations he could not see any good, instead he had spent all his time focusing on the bad; but once on the other side of the negative and looking back over them and where they had taken him, he would definitely have to agree that Messenger was right. Although, he would have preferred another path to it.

“Teacher, it would be an evil Father who purposely caused his children to go through trial and tribulations. The Son even said that if the Fathers of earth knew how to treat their children, how much more would the All Father know how to treat his children.”

“You know, Messenger, I believed for so long that God allowed things to happen to us even though he was God and could avert tragedy. He would allow tragedy to take place in our personal lives because it was good for us. I had a hard time equating that with the Father I read about

and hoped for as I read the sacred writings. What you are telling me is that what I have wanted to believe but was afraid to is true.”

“Afraid, why?”

“Afraid that I would be wrong, but you’re telling me I was right.”

Messenger gave him a look of compassion. “Do you see at last?”

“Yes, yes I do. I can’t wait to find out what else I’ve been wrong about.”

Messenger began to laugh and Teacher joined, their laughter filling the courtyard of Castle Eyden.

Another thought crossed His mind, and, as much as he wanted to continue the laughter, he knew he must ask. “Messenger?” He asked wiping the tears of laughter from his eyes.

“Yes, Teacher,” she said, knowing what he was about to ask.

“You say the All Father is love?”

“Yes.”

“And the All Father is all power, is that right?”

”Yes.” She smiled anticipating the question.

“If then the All Father is all love and all power, why does he allow certain things to happen?”

“Such as?”

Teacher hesitated and then sighing said, "The death of a child."

"This may be the hardest thing for you to hear, let alone understand."

Teacher hoped he would not hear one of the answers he had heard given by a pastor to a young couple who had lost a child recently.

"What answer was that?" Messenger asked.

"That God, or rather the All Father, needed a new flower in his garden in heaven. It brought no comfort to the couple and seemed so empty to me. I was so angry that he said it."

"I have no doubt. So often it would do well for the teachers on your world to remain silent when they really do not know what to say. I am so sorry the couple could find no comfort in their situation." Messenger hung her head low for a moment and spoke a few words in her native tongue.

I will have to ask about that language before I leave this place.

"Don't worry, Teacher, I will share with you about our language. As I said, all your questions will be answered."

Teacher picked up the pitcher from the table and poured himself a glass, this time desiring a cup of coffee and to his delight coffee poured out.

“Then why, Messenger, why does the All Father not intervene in a young child’s life?”

“I will give you the answer the All Father gave me once long ago.”

“He gave you?”

“Yes, I was sitting near the viewing pool in the Master’s chamber and watched a small child fall into a river which led to his death. I looked around and wondered, why hadn’t one of my brothers and sisters not been dispatched to save the little one? Then like you I wondered why the All Father, with all his power, had not saved the child. It was harder even as I watched the mother weep. My brothers and sisters were surprised that I had questioned our Father but he was gentle with me. He placed me into his lap and spoke with me. With eyes full of love, he told me that I could see such a small part of the whole. He reminded me that my vision was limited as I stood upon the ground of the courtyard, but once I took to flight above I could see so much more, so much further. He told me, ‘You cannot see all, however, I see all things past, present and future; child, I see the beginning, middle and end of a thing. So, dear one, you must trust me. Do not forget that the separation will be short; mother and child will be together again soon.’ Finishing, he placed me

back upon the floor and left me to my thoughts.” She finished and then, looking up, said, “He is a good Father.”

Teacher thought about what Messenger had just shared with him. There was no truth greater than the fact that the All Father knew all things and Teacher did not. If the All Father was all love, surely he would turn all things to good in the lives of his children. Teacher knew that he would think on these two points alone for a long time to come. Then his thoughts were interrupted when Messenger asked him a very simple question.

“Teacher, do you truly trust the All Father?” She asked.

“Yes,” he answered quickly. There was never any doubt in his mind that he did. Did Messenger doubt it, for she asked again.

“Teacher, do you truly trust the All Father?”

Teacher began to understand how Peter had felt after the resurrection when the Son had asked him three times if he loved him. “Yes, Messenger, I truly trust the All Father.”

“Then let some of your questions go and trust that he knows what he is doing. You know, one of the things that frustrates me greatly is how you and many teachers like you feel you must always have a verbal

answer for everything. You fail to realize that, at times, silence is the greatest answer that can be given.”

“How can we do that when the people come to us for answers. They expect us to know,” Teacher answered defending himself. “They expect us to bring sense into the senselessness.”

“Do they? You understand, of course, that it is fear that does not allow you to admit you have no answers.”

“What do you mean fear?” Teacher was unsure of her statement.

“You fear having to tell them that you do not have an answer for them. You are afraid of looking fallible when you should realize that only one is infallible, and you are not him. Oh, you and your foolish pride. Don’t you understand it is the wisest among you who admits he does not know?” Messenger answered.

“Fear and pride are our two biggest enemies. Will we ever be free of them Messenger?” Teacher asked, hanging his head low.

“Not while you live within your flesh; but one day, all that will be over and you will be free.”

“I long for that day.” Teacher said.

“As do we, Teacher, as do we.” Messenger placed her open palm upon the top of His head, “There are three things you must never forget.”

“Yes?”

“The All Father is love, the very essence of it. You can trust the All Father, and finally, the All Father knows the beginning, middle and end of all things.” She said, taking her hand away.

Teacher lifted his head to look into her shining eyes. “I will remember.”

## **Not What We Thought**

Teacher looked around and began to notice that the shadows were not growing longer; it was as if time were not moving. The shadows remained the same. He turned back and saw that Messenger was giggling, and he assumed she was giggling at him.

“Here there is no passage of time. The sun does not set nor rise, for here there is no sun. Here the All Father gives us our light. Here, Teacher, there is no sun but the Son.

No sun but the Son. Teacher let those words play in his head as his mind searched for a proper response, something to bring meaning to her words, and then he hit upon it. Of course, he thought to himself, he remembered ancient writings which spoke of this very thing. A passage from sacred scriptures, “And the city has no need of the sun or of the moon to shine on it, for the glory of God illumined it, and its lamp is the



Lamb. There will no longer be any night; and they will not have need of the light of a lamp nor the light of the sun because the Lord God will illumine them.” He finished and saw Messenger was beaming at having heard his recitation.

“Well done, Teacher,” she was clapping gently in praise.

Messenger finished clapping and let her head rest upon her chest. Teacher thought that she might have gone to sleep, but he heard her sigh and then slowly lifting her head she said, “Teacher, you must forgive me, but sometimes the truth that I bear is such a heavy weight. I have so much to share with you but I am afraid that even after all the truths I share with you and after you do your part the children of Adam will not listen and they will not change.” She paused and let out a deep sigh, “Nothing will change.”

“Someone once shared with me, Messenger, that my job as a teacher was to share the message; what they did with it after that was not up to me. I could not force them to follow it through,” Teacher said trying to comfort her.

“It’s just that the children of Adam refuse to grow up; they instead choose to remain children. The All Father has such hopes and dreams

for each one of them. Even though they choose to rebel, he never loses hope. There is one thing in particular that grieves me.”

“What is that?” Teacher asked.

“The way you interpret sin.”

“We have that wrong as well?” Teacher asked surprised.

“Only partially.”

Teacher was beginning to feel as if his years of schooling and training had been a waste of time and money.

“Not a total waste, Teacher,” Messenger said, trying to make Teacher feel better. Unfortunately, it did not work.

“Thanks,” Teacher said sarcastically.

“Not all you were taught was an error, but so much has changed through the years.”

“Such as sin?”

“Yes, such as sin.”

“Messenger, what do you mean when you say we only have sins interpretation partially wrong? Sin is sin, is it not?” Teacher asked.

“You focus so much on what you should not do that you forget sin is also not doing what should be done. The Son himself focused more on that aspect of sin,” Messenger answered.

“Not doing what should be done. What do you mean?” Teacher asked, not quite sure what she was saying.

“The Son spoke about this very thing when he walked and taught upon your world. There was a particular time when he spoke with a group about the sheep and goats. You know the story.”

“Yes, but that is speaking of the final judgment and the nations, not individual people, right?” Teacher inquired.

“Is it?” Messenger asked, “Search your heart. If that is true, why does he not judge according to the sins of the flesh? Why does he not judge them for going after other gods, or committing sins of debauchery and indulgence? Does he judge those who partake of mystic arts?”

“Not from what I remember, no.”

“Don’t you think if he calls them sin they should be included in his judgment list?”

Teacher did not like the path his thoughts were beginning to travel down. He understood he was being taught to think outside a box he had been trained to think within, but it made him feel very uncomfortable to be traveling down this path. “Aren’t those sins though?”

“Yes, of course they are. They are things that can draw you off the path of life the All Father desires for you to travel, but they are not on the

highest order of offenses in Ethereum. Let me ask you, what is the greatest command?" She stopped and waited for Teacher to answer.

Teacher closed his eyes and said, "To love the Lord God with all of ones heart, mind and soul, and the second is like it, to love your neighbor as yourself," he opened his eyes upon finishing.

"Why did you add the second?" She asked.

"They have always seemed to go together," Teacher answered.

"They do. The greatest sin is not to love the All Father and the second greatest..."

"Not to love others," Teacher interrupted.

"Precisely," Messenger said, pleased that Teacher was beginning to understand.

"This is about the Emerald Staircase isn't it?" Teacher asked.

"Yes."

Teacher sat back thinking about how he had been taught all his life what sin was. It was sex and homosexuality and drug addiction, watching the wrong kinds of movies and listening to the wrong kind of music. It was smoking and drinking; it was stealing and lusting after the next door neighbor. At one time in his life, it had even been swimming in the pool with girls. Messenger was telling him that that was not true; the

greatest sins were in failing to love. “Have we really misunderstood for so long just what true sin is?” Teacher shuddered at his words. “I have been so wrong I have hurt so many because of my misinterpretation,” Teacher finished, tears beginning to well up within his eyes.

“Don’t worry, you have time to undo what you have done. Because of you, Teacher, many will be led to freedom,” Messenger said attempting to comfort Teacher.

“Thank you,” this time he meant it. “Thank you for this opportunity.”

“You and your kind must change the way you think or you will never experience the true joy the All Father has planned for you. I am not speaking merely of eternal life I am speaking about the life you live now. Sin is not about where you will spend eternity; that has already been decided.” Teacher was about to interrupt but Messenger raised her hand to stop him, “We will speak of that later.”

“What, you’re going to make me wait for an answer to that one? That is not fair, you said all my questions would be answered.” Teacher said surprised.

“So they shall, but I have my orders,” she said.

“All right, I will do my best to be patient; but you know me, and that will be difficult.”

“Yes, Teacher, I know. Here, I want you to read something.”

Messenger reached into the sleeve of her robe and pulled out a little scroll of paper. She then handed it to Teacher.

Teacher unfurled it and began to read out loud. “Then the King will say to those on his right, ‘Come you who are blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry and you gave me something to eat; I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink; I was a stranger and you invited me in; naked and you clothed me; I was in prison and you came to me.’ Then he will also say to those on his left, ‘Depart from me, accursed ones, into the eternal fire which has been prepared for the devil and his angels; for I was hungry and you gave me nothing to eat; I was thirsty and you gave me nothing to drink; I was a stranger and you did not invite me in; naked and did not clothe me; sick and in prison and you did not visit me.’”

Teacher finished and then rolled the scroll back up and handed it back to Messenger.

“Hold onto it, we will need to have it later in our discussions. Now tell me, what did you notice about both groups, about those who did and did not?”

“Self?”

“Excellent, now take it further,” she encouraged.

“I would have to say, Messenger, that one group was acting out of selfishness, and the other out of selflessness.”

“Here, Teacher, in Ethereum, selfishness is the greatest crime; it is the sin that wreaks of pride. The All Father, above all things, hates pride. The greatest honor bestowed upon anyone is the one reserved for those who act out of a selfless spirit. Those whose names you saw etched into the Emerald Staircase and those who await their names being etched. With you taking this message to the All Father’s children, we expect that number to increase. Likewise, Teacher, the greatest punishment is reserved for those who act out of a selfish spirit.

There was so much to take in, Teacher thought and already he felt like he had eaten too much at a banquet.

## **The Meeting**

They had been seated for sometime now amongst the trees of the castles courtyard and even though the food and drink had rejuvenated Teacher's spirit, he decided that he needed to stretch his legs. He was just about to stand up when he saw the most unusual angel he had seen since arriving. He was just exiting the castle and bowing to whomever was on the other side of the door. The angel turned to leave and was about to go in the opposite direction when he caught sight of Teacher and Messenger seated there. Then, turning, he walked toward them with a wide smile upon his face.



Messenger followed Teacher's gaze, and upon seeing the angel walking towards them, gave a look of displeasure. "Hmph," she said, and Teacher was surprised to hear that sound coming from her lips.

As the angel approached and drew near, Teacher stood to greet him. Messenger also stood, but placed her hand upon the hilt of her sword. She had dealt with this one before.

"Ga-ah, excuse me, Messenger. What a delight to see my sister amongst the trees of Castle Eyden." He had almost revealed her name to Teacher-something all were forbidden to do until the appointed time.

"I wish I could say the same." A frown formed on her face.

"Now, now, must we act so." He turned his gaze upon Teacher with wide eyes. Teacher felt uneasy as soon as this particular angel placed his gaze upon him. Teacher was bewildered as to his garb, for it was of the most colorless fabrics. His clothing looked as if the color had been drawn from it, leaving a shadow of its former glory. His cloak was ashen, almost the faintest hint of red, or was it purple? Teacher could not tell for sure. His robes were a green, but as if they had faded in the sun. The ringlet upon his head was the color of coal, each stone as black as night. Teacher would learn later that the change had taken place during his

trial, for he was the Star of the Morning-better known as Lucifer. Looking at his forehead, Teacher noticed a mark as if he had been branded.

“Are you not going to introduce me?” Lucifer asked.

Teacher inched closer to Messenger. “Do not worry. While you are under my guard, he cannot touch you. Teacher, may I introduce you to Lucifer, also known on your world as Satan.”

Lucifer extended his hand in greeting, but Teacher was reluctant to take it.

“Come now, we can act like gentlemen, can we not?” Lucifer asked pulling his hand back for the moment.

Hesitant, Teacher extended his hand which Lucifer quickly took. “There now, that was not so bad, was it?” Teacher stared into his empty eyes and quickly removed his hand from Lucifer's. He had never been so frightened. It was as if he had stared into his own grave. Someone once said, “The eyes are the windows of the soul.” If that was true, then Lucifer's was as dark as a moonless night.

“What brings you to Castle Eyden and the lands of Ethereum, Teacher?”

“That is not your concern former prince,” Messenger said an edge now upon her voice. Teacher was surprised by her reply.

“Why do you speak to me in this manner in the presence of a stranger? You know I dislike it.” He placed his hand upon the hilt of his sword, his face becoming menacing.

“If I had freedom, I would speak to you as you deserve, betrayer.”

The word was barely out of her lips when Lucifer pulled his sword from its scabbard and made a move to attack. Messenger was quick on the defense anticipating his move. Their swords clashed in a meeting of metal above their heads.

“Sister, you have held the grudge for far too long. We were kin, were we not?” As Lucifer spoke, he slowly lowered his sword, Messenger following suit. They began to circle each other now, never taking their eyes off one another.

“We were once, but that changed when you chose to draw my brothers and sisters into a pointless and hopeless rebellion.” Her eyes became green flames. “You are no longer my brother.”

“How your words pain me,” Lucifer said. Thinking she had let down her guard, he attacked again, slicing the air aiming for her side; but she was ready for the move and held his strike at bay. She was fighting a defensive battle. “Can you not let it go? After all, it was so long ago.”

“I cannot, nor will I, until the final justice; then, Lucifer, you will have what you have waited for from me.”

He spun around and attempted to strike again. She leapt to her feet avoiding the blow, his sword slicing nothing but air.

“Why must you incite me so, lapdog of the All Father.”

“You are weak as always. Was not one defeat enough for you?” Their swords cut air and met together on several occasions. The air filled with clanging metal. Teacher was surprised that no other angels appeared either to help Lucifer or defend Messenger. As the fight continued, Teacher saw that Lucifer was no match for her. Lucifer began to grow weary, and Messenger simply waited for him to quit. His pride, however, would not allow him to do that. “You cannot win,” she said.

Lucifer launched a series of verbal assaults in an attempt to break her concentration and gain an upper hand, but it would not work. Finally, Lucifer had enough. Teacher was surprised by what he heard come out of Lucifer's mouth. “Sister, I grow tired of our game. Let us save it for another time.” He then lay his sword at his side and waited for Messenger to do the same.

Teacher was afraid it might be a ploy to attack while her guard was down, but as she lay her sword by her side, he placed his into its sheath.

Teacher could tell that she was not happy he had called her sister again, but breathing a sigh of relief, she placed her sword into its sheath as well.

Lucifer bowed slightly to Messenger, "Until next time." Then turning to Teacher he said, "I will see you again." With an evil grin upon his face, he turned, his robes whipped around his body and he walked away.

Teacher did not like Lucifer's final words to him. What did he mean he would see him again? Teacher was quite sure he did not want to see him again. He was quite sure that his time in Ethereum would have been better had he not met him at all. "Messenger," Teacher began to say. She stopped him from continuing by holding her hand up.

"Let's wait until he has left."

They watched as he stopped at the top of the steps, then, unfurling black wings, jumped over the edge.

Messenger breathed a sigh of relief. Then turning to the table, she poured a tall drink of an amber colored liquid, took a long drink, and turned toward Teacher. "Now, you have a question for me?"

Teacher watched as the first drink seemed to revive her, and as she continued to drink she became stronger and stronger until she sat erect looking again like the Messenger he knew. Teacher sat down and relaxed.

“You wish to know about the mark upon Lucifer’s forehead,” she stated.

“Yes, if I might?” Teacher picked up the pitcher and thought about trying what it was Messenger had drunk. His thought was enough, for the same color liquid poured into his glass. Picking up the glass, he noticed a familiar aroma. Taking a drink confirmed the smell; it was, in fact, a fine ale. He smiled and Messenger was pleased.

“Of course, Teacher, it is the mark of the betrayer. Only three bear it.”

“Cain, Judas and Lucifer,” Teacher said, assuming this time he was correct.

“Yes, just so. It is reserved only for those who are the, I don’t want to say the greatest, ah yes, the most egregious of betrayers. Cain’s was of such because his was the first. Judas betrayed the Son, and Lucifer betrayed his nature.”

“What do you mean his nature?” Teacher asked thinking he might know the answer.

“Lucifer was created to worship the All Father, not to rule Ethereum.” Messenger paused for a moment, then closing her eyes, whispered something just beyond Teacher’s hearing; she nodded her head and then

opened her eyes. “I had been wondering what to share with you next but since you have met him why don’t we speak of Lucifer, the Father of lies.”

### **Not Who We Thought He Was**

“Tell me Teacher, why do the children of the All Father fear him so much?” Messenger took a sip from her glass. Teacher knew that she was asking about Lucifer.

“I guess it’s what we have been taught and how he has been portrayed over the years,” Teacher answered. “I suppose you’re going to tell me we have that all wrong as well.”

“Yes, I’m afraid so, and this one may be the worst misunderstanding of all. Because of the way that he has been portrayed, because of the way you and your kind have been taught, so much has been stolen from you. Let me correct that statement; you have allowed so much to be stolen from you.”

“Are you saying he is not as we have been taught?” Teacher asked with surprise and shock.

“No, he is not.” Messenger said emphatically.

“Such as?”

“Such as the belief that there is a war in heaven taking place between the forces of good and evil, or God and Satan. How silly! The war was determined long ago.”

“It was?” Teacher asked, astonished.

“Yes, think about it Teacher-the All Father has all power. Would he honestly wage a war against one of his own creations?” The thought was just plain silly thought Messenger. Why hadn’t the children of Adam seen this for themselves? “You know, Teacher, Lucifer has done a wonderful



job of painting himself into the image he desires for you all to see him, but that is not the image the sacred scriptures paint of him.”

Teacher began to search his memory for those verses he had read and used in teaching people about the adversary known as the Devil.

“Messenger, the sacred scriptures say that, ‘he goes about like a lion seeking whom he may devour.’ Should we not fear him?” Teacher asked.

“The only one you are to fear is the All Father, and not fearing in a frightful way. You are to respect and reverence him. You should not fear Lucifer. Think about what you just quoted, ‘goes about like...’ not as a roaring lion, but rather like. You know, I could tape wings on your back and teach you how to act like an angel, but that would not make you an angel. Now, it is very true he is disguised as an angel of light, light of course representing truth. However, he has no power, Teacher. His only power is that of illusion. Everything he does, every image he has created of himself is all an illusion to appear as something he is not. Most of what you have learned about him comes from the writings of earth’s mythology, not from the sacred scriptures, not from the words that the All Father gave. Yet, your kind chooses to believe those images and those stories rather than the truth. So strange. You know the Son defeated him on the cross, and if you recall, he then gave you and your kind all

authority over him; but he has fooled you into thinking he still has power, so you refuse to take your rightful place. You allow Lucifer to steal, kill, and destroy. Nothing brings him greater pleasure but to see the children of Adam duped, fooled if you will.”

“You’re saying we give him too much authority, we give him too much power.”

“Exactly, Teacher. When you speak to him, it is as if the All Father himself were speaking to him. He knows this, but refuses to admit it and so long as you do not exercise your authority, he is free.”

“Unbelievable. Isn’t he a freewill being going about looking for mischief to cause, chaos to create? Is he not to blame for the wrong with our world?” Teacher asked.

“No, Teacher, not at all. True, he may be going about the world looking for mischief to get into, but he is not a freewill being. He is bound to operate within certain restrictions.”

“Really? Where is that written? I need to see that.” Teacher challenged.

“Open the scroll, Teacher, and read for yourself.” Messenger pointed at the scroll sitting before Teacher.

Teacher picked it up and unrolled it again. The writing began to swirl and shift shape until it became the writings from the book of Job. One day when the sons of God came to stand in front of the LORD, Satan the Accuser came along with them. The LORD asked Satan, "Where have you come from?" Satan answered the LORD, "From wandering all over the earth." The LORD asked Satan, "Have you thought about my servant Job? No one in the world is like him! He is a man of integrity: He is decent, he fears God, and he stays away from evil." Satan answered the LORD, "Haven't you given Job a reason to fear God? Haven't you put a protective fence around him, his home, and everything he has? You have blessed everything he does. His cattle have spread out over the land. But now stretch out your hand, and strike everything he has. I bet he'll curse you to your face." The LORD told Satan, "Everything he has is in your power, but you must not lay a hand on him!" Then Satan left the LORD's presence.

What Teacher read astounded him. Lucifer had to report to the All Father and receive permission for anything he did. He was not a freewill being going about on his own.

"Teacher, there is something else I need you to read. It has something to do with all the creations of the All Father; for many times I have heard

the question ‘why would the All Father create such a being if he knew he would ultimately rebel?’”

“Yes that question has often crossed my mind.” Teacher watched as the words on paper again shifted, becoming something else entirely. Teacher read this time the words coming from Paul’s letter to the Colossians. “He created all things in heaven and on earth, visible and invisible. Whether they are kings or lords, rulers or powers-everything has been created through him and for him.” Teacher finished and then spoke to Messenger, “Everything, Messenger?”

“Yes Teacher, everything.”

“You know, I had never really thought about the angels being the creation of the All Father, and that means that Lucifer is also his creation. He serves the purposes and plans of the All Father even now?”

“Yes.”

“A creation cannot be as powerful as the Creator, can he? Teacher asked.

“No, he cannot. That is all part of the same lie,” Messenger answered.

“Why have we believed his lie for so long?”

“If a lie is spoken long enough, Teacher, it will eventually be believed as truth. Also, a lie cannot deceive unless there is a little truth mixed in.

The great deceivers of your world know this very well. You forget, Lucifer has had centuries in which to perfect and spread his lie. When I think about it, I see how truly ludicrous it was for Lucifer to think he had even the slightest chance against the All Father, even with the crowd of my brothers and sisters that he drew to his side. Even then, he could not win. Michael was waiting for him as they approached the castle gates. All it took was a word from the All Father. He gave him a choice, ‘return to your place of service or be exiled. In his pride, he chose to be exiled.’

“Then why was he here? Why was he allowed into Ethereum?”

Teacher asked.

“You read that for yourself in the scroll. He must check in daily on his comings and goings; it is part of his punishment,” Messenger answered.

“You still have not answered me regarding why there is so much wrong in the world,” Teacher responded.

“No, I have not. The reason there is so much wrong in the world is not that there is a fallen angel going around tempting and causing man to rebel. It is simply that man chooses to do the wrong thing. He needs no help; for the most part Lucifer simply sits back and watches. Of course, there are those times when he gets involved; but just in the realm of suggestion, nothing more,” Messenger finished.

Teacher began to chuckle.

“What is so funny?” She asked.

“I was remembering a joke I heard once about the devil. It makes more sense now.”

“Share it with me, please.” Messenger requested.

“Why don’t you just read it from my mind?” Teacher answered.

“I would like to hear you tell it,” she said smiling. She had to admit she would miss their talks when it was time for him to go.

“Okay. Well, one day an old man is walking down the street when he sees the devil sitting on the front steps of a church, and he’s crying. The old man walks up to the devil and asks, ‘Devil, why are you crying?’ The Devil answers, ‘They’re blaming me for everything in there.’

If what you are saying is true, then that little joke is pretty accurate after all.”

“It’s similar to when you and your kind say, ‘the devil made me do it’ when in reality he did not. Now, he may have given you the suggestion, but you have the choice to listen or not to listen to the suggestion. You also have the choice to act or not to act on that suggestion. Teacher, I am speaking nothing but truth to you. Remember, my desire is only that you

and the other inhabitants of your world walk in the fullness and richness of life the All Father has prepared for you.”

**A Day Just for You**

Messenger sat back in her chair and relaxed. She folded her hands across her chest and breathed out peacefully. “The next topic I wish to speak with you about is so beneficial to you and all the All Father’s children. He created it for you after all, but like so much else, you changed its meaning; you even changed how it should be celebrated.”

Teacher began to go through all he knew about special events and celebrations. Was she talking about the Jewish festivals of old? Maybe she was talking about the days that were celebrated now, such as Christmas and Easter. Had we gotten them wrong? We probably had, thought Teacher, but that was not what she was speaking about. Teacher knew she would surprise him with the answer again. He felt the answer was just out of reach, like an apple in a tree you can just barely touch with your fingertips. “Messenger, I’m at a loss. There are so many days we celebrate and many we don’t, considering how those I work with are not Jewish. Has that been our mistake, not celebrating a Jewish feast day, like the Feast of Tabernacles?” Teacher knew the question about Jewish holidays was stupid, even before he asked it.

“No, Teacher, I am not speaking about simply a Jewish holiday, even though you would enjoy celebrating those as well. No, what I am



speaking about is a day that is to be celebrated every seventh day, but instead of having a celebration you make it out to be a ritual. I would say you have even made it a burden for some.”

Teacher at once knew what Messenger was talking about. “You’re speaking of Sunday, of the Sabbath.”

“Yes I am.”

Teacher smiled at being right, but he also had to admit he was surprised. He had thought since they had begun their discussions that this subject would not be brought up. He thought that out of everything they were doing on his world, they had at least got this one right.

“Tell me about your Sunday meetings.”

“On Sundays we come together to set special time aside just for God, I mean, the All Father. We glorify him through praise, worship, song and dance. After that, we receive encouragement from our pastor or guest speaker. Sometimes we receive communion or enjoy specials from our young people.”

“What is the purpose?”

“We are honoring God and celebrating the Sabbath.”

“It’s true you are honoring the All Father, but you are not celebrating the Sabbath.”

“No?” Teacher asked surprised.

“Not really, no. You know, for the most part your hearts have been in the right place. However, you have made a mistake by missing the joy of the day.”

“But during our service we sing, some dance, the young people put on skits, and we have special days for the children to come and celebrate with...”

Messenger interrupted, “Teacher, Teacher, that is not it at all. That is only a part of it, and a very small part at that. That is not all there is to joy or to experiencing the joy of the day. Sabbath is not just about a couple of hours on Sunday or Saturday, it’s about living everyday in joy. But, let us speak of Sunday first.” Messenger had finished her drink; picking up the pitcher, she poured a fresh glass. She then reached into a woven bowl that was sitting in the center of the table and pulled out a little frosted cake.

Teacher had followed her hand as she had reached in and smiled from ear to ear when he saw what she pulled out.

“Go ahead,” she told him.

This time she didn’t have to tell him twice. He reached into the bowl and pulled out a cake, quickly putting it into his mouth. White

powder outlined his mouth; he looked like a clown with bright white lips. Messenger smiled, pleased that he was enjoying this new treat. He took another one and enjoyed every bite of it. They were doughnuts, but again his favorite, some called them “old-fashioned,” some called them “sour-creams.” He just called them delicious.

“Later, Teacher, we will dine with some of my brothers and sisters. Then you will experience a feast that you will not soon forget,” Messenger said, grabbing a doughnut from the bowl.

He could not believe it, he was going to dine with angels in a land called Ethereum on the grounds of the All Father’s castle. Not in his wildest dreams or fantasies had he ever thought such a thing would be possible.

“Now to the Sabbath,” Messenger said, wiping the corner of her mouth with a linen napkin from the table. “As I said, you have grasped a portion of what the All Father intended. You have, in your understanding of it, kept the day holy; but look at what the sacred scriptures say about the day.”

He unrolled the scroll again and saw the words shift until they formed words the Son himself had spoken, this time addressing the religious leaders. “And He said to them, 'The Sabbath came into being for

man's sake, and not man for the Sabbath's sake.'" He rolled up the scroll and pondered on the words he read. Messenger did not disturb him, but waited for his reply. "You know, I've read those words a hundred times and I never really saw them until now."

"So what did you see this time that you had not seen before?" She asked.

"That it's our day?" Teacher answered unsure that he was correct. He was a little nervous suggesting that the Sabbath was for man and not for God, but there it was in black and white.

"Exactly."

"The Sabbath was created for man and not the man for the Sabbath." Teacher spoke these words under his breath, continuing to ponder them. "Simple words, Messenger, and yet we got it all wrong, or not all wrong, but mostly wrong."

"You have simply been following tradition Teacher, and that can sometimes be a dangerous thing indeed. The Son spoke about that as well." Messenger reached into her sleeve and pulled out another scroll. Unrolling it, she read out loud, "For laying aside the commandment of God, you hold the tradition of men, the dippings of pots and cups. And many other such things you do. And He said to them, 'Do you do well to

set aside the commandment of God, so that you may keep your own tradition?...making the word of God of no effect through your tradition which you have delivered. And you do many such things.” She finished, and then setting down the scroll, took a drink from her glass as she waited for Teacher’s response.

“That is a very true statement Messenger. We have held to our traditions our doctrines, but I always thought they were based on the sacred scriptures. You are telling me, and I am seeing in many cases, that this is not totally accurate.”

“How does that make you feel?” She asked.

“Enlightened,” he answered. “I somehow feel like a blind man finally receiving his sight after so many years of walking in the darkness.”

“Splendid,” she said, “then I am fulfilling my mission.”

“So, if the All Father created the Sabbath for me, how I am to celebrate and keep it holy? For according to the sacred scriptures, that is one of the major commandments given to us through the prophet Moses. I assume that we are to still do that, I mean keep it holy?” he asked.

“Yes, and there is a way for you to celebrate the day while keeping it holy,” she answered. “One of the keys to understanding this is to

understand what the word rest really means when speaking of the All Father resting on the seventh day.”

“Doesn’t it simply mean rested, you know, laid down and took a break?” He asked.

Messenger began to laugh like a little girl who had heard the funniest of jokes, her laughter filled the courtyard of Castle Eyden.

“Oh please forgive me, Teacher, I was not laughing at you, but rather at what you said,” she said wiping tears from her eyes.

“What did I say that was so funny?” he asked.

“You suggested that the All Father took a break, that he needed rest from his work, that he needed to regain his strength. Every time I hear such nonsense I can’t help but laugh.”

“Why is it nonsense?” he inquired.

“Because how can a being of ultimate power need to regain his strength? He did not rest like he was tired, Teacher.”

“I see your point. So then what does rest mean when we read the word in Genesis?” he asked.

“The word is a Hebrew word and must be understood with a Hebraic mindset. You must think like an easterner not a westerner for a moment. The word is menuha and means joyous repose, tranquility or

delight. You see, the All Father did not simply rest from his work, but delighted in it. As he surveyed his creation, joy burst forth from within him and it is said he may have even danced. He wasn't simply declaring his work good like a job well done, he was declaring his work good like it was the most amazing thing he had ever done-until he decided to create Adam, that is," Messenger answered, trying to explain it as best she could.

Teacher's mind reeled and was filled with delight as he thought of the All Father dancing around the earth, enjoying what he had made, laughing as birds flew overhead and fish broke the surface of the water, finding joy in the mane of the lion as he placed his arms around his neck and hugged him. Then, noticing that something was missing in this vast creation, the All Father would think to make one more thing - this one with his own hands. For everything else in this vast universe had been created with but a word, but Adam, Adam had been handcrafted.

"Yes, exactly." Messenger smiled, "Now, to help you to enjoy this day in like manner would be my delight and my joy."

## **Let the Sabbath Celebration Begin**

With a clap of her hands, the courtyard of Castle Eyden was suddenly filled with angels.

Some Teacher recognized as he had seen them upon entering Ethereum for the first time. Others were unknown to him. He was overjoyed, however, when an angel flew by carrying a basket full of all fruit.

Messenger, knowing his thoughts, said, “Teacher, you really must explore all we have to offer.” She pulled a fruit resembling an orange from a basket that had just been placed before her. Instead of peeling it, Teacher watched as she bit directly into the fruit, the red juice exploding all over her face and running down her chin. She reminded him of a little girl enjoying a slice of watermelon at the family picnic. She wiped her chin playfully. “These are quite delicious. Come and sit.” She reached out her hand to him. Teacher placed his hand in hers, but instead of going



back to the table, Messenger led him into an open area where a multicolored blanket had been set down for the banquet. Angels were busily preparing the food and placing pillows in spots around the blanket. Messenger led him to a spot where an especially large pillow had been set down for him to sit comfortably. They both sat, and Teacher moved to one side quickly as an angel came and set a plate of food before him. A mug of pure gold was set down, and a small angel came and filled his and Messenger's. Teacher took a drink from the cup and was overwhelmed by the taste. It was the greatest thing he had ever tasted in his life.

“The nearest way to translate it for you, Teacher, is to call it liquid goodness.” The angel that spoke to him was very thin, with blonde hair. He would describe her as the perfect picture of what he believed fairies would look like, if they were real. She wore a mischievous smile. “My name is Anyka, and I am one of the guardians of children in your world.” She sat down next to him and picked up a bowl full of a white jelly like substance. She held the bowl up to her face, “Mmm, this smells so yummy. Here, Teacher.”

Teacher took it from her and held it up to his face. As soon as he did, Anyka pushed the bowl into his face, let out a squeal and darted

across the blanket to stand beside a burly angel. All around them awaited to see how Teacher would react to the practical joke. He slowly pulled it away from his face revealing that he was now covered in white jelly. He wiped it off his face with his fingers and flicked the mixture to the ground. He turned his attention in Messenger's direction and said, "Well she's right, it does smell yummy." Everyone broke out with laughter and Anyka flew to stand before him.

"You must excuse her Teacher, she spends way too much time with children," Messenger said.

"I'm sorry, Teacher, I couldn't help it," Anyka said, her silks lightly flowing and dancing around her body.

"No problem, but be careful, I know a few practical jokes myself."

Anyka smiled, and then kissing him on the cheek, flew off to see what other mischief she could get into.

Teacher looked around and saw pennants and banners being set up. There were angels sitting together lost in conversation with each other, and he was surprised to see that some reclining on their pillows had fallen asleep. The clothing each angel wore was a mix of bright colors and exquisite fabrics. Some bore jewels that sparkled reflecting the light of Ethereum. Others wore specially created armor covered with precious

and semi precious stones. Messenger told Teacher that everything he saw had been handcrafted by each individual angel and was only brought out for Sabbath celebrations.

“You are saying this feast is a Sabbath celebration?” Teacher asked.

Messenger, sitting beside him, said, “Yes, Teacher, this is the epitome of Sabbath celebrations. Today we will celebrate all the All Father has given us. Today we will celebrate Him as well as all He is. We will do this by enjoying the food, and later, we will witness a special dance in honor of Him. Messenger grabbed her mug and stood to her feet. “My fellow angels,” she announced and waited for everyone to quiet down. Slowly everyone was silent and all waited for her to speak. “My brothers and sisters, it is a special day here in Ethereum. Today we celebrate not just the All Father. Today, we have come together as well to celebrate one of his children. His journey and visit here tell us there is hope for all the children of the All Father. The message he will carry to his world will bring life to many.” Voices all around spoke of their excitement over her words. “Let us raise our glass on this Sabbath day to Teacher.” Every angel stood to their feet, and raising a cup in unison, shouted “Teacher, Son of Adam. May his words bring life to his brothers

and sisters!” Teacher stood and bowed awkwardly before all of them. Messenger then turned to him and waited for him to speak. No one had told him he would have to give a speech.

He began to speak, but the words got caught in his throat. Who was he to be honored? He had done nothing to deserve any of this. He held back the tears that his heart desired to cry; he had never felt so humbled in his life. Gathering his strength, he spoke again. “I have done nothing to deserve this honor. I am a lowly man who is being blessed today beyond measure. It is my honor, really, to be eating and fellowshiping with such fine beings.” He held up his mug and saluted them all.

“Now...” Messenger was about to say something when a rotund angel from the corner blurted out, “Less talk, sister. Let’s begin the feast!”

“My brother, it appears to me that you could do with a few less feasts.” Everyone began to laugh, as did he. “You are right, however, let the Sabbath festival begin!” Everyone shouted, and the feasting began.

“Messenger?” Teacher asked as he sat down again.

“Yes?”

“How is this a Sabbath celebration? We have not praised, or given reverence, or done anything to honor the All Father.”

“We have. However, you are viewing today according to your old paradigm-that sabbath is an exercise of religious expression, a day of ritual as I told you before. The All Father created the sabbath to be a day to celebrate life. We honor and praise him by doing as we do now. Today, we take this moment to delight in all the All Father has given us: food for body and spirit, good friends and family gathered together. Look across over to that one,” Messenger pointed at a slumbering angel.

“Are you saying he is celebrating sabbath as well?” Teacher asked, perplexed at the whole idea of sabbath being about more than just going to church and not doing something one day a week.

“Yes, exactly. He is resting in total peace without want or desire. Sabbath is a day not to ask for, but to be thankful for.” Messenger picked up her cup and took a drink, then quickly spit it out. Teacher turned to her startled, but when she called for Anyka he totally understood. Anyka floated up to Messenger shyly bowing her head. “I do not like that flavor in my cup Anyka, give it here.” She demanded.

Anyka slowly handed over a small vial that held a white crystalline substance. A sly grin upon her face.

“What else are you hiding?” Messenger asked.

“Nothing sister, I promise,” Anyka answered with a mischievous grin.

Teacher wondered if it were possible for her to lie to Messenger.

“No, that is the one thing we cannot do here in Ethereum,”

Messenger was quick to answer his thought. “Now go and fetch me a clean mug and fill it only with liquid this time.” Anyka took the mug from Messenger and turned to fetch her drink.

“What’s in the vial?” Teacher asked.

“Here,” she handed it to him.

He sprinkled a little in his hand and tasted it with his tongue.

“Uugh it’s disgusting,” he let out.

“It should be. It is the essence of laziness. The mixture is called Stagnancy.” She held out her hand so he could hand it back to her.

“Where...”

“Where did Anyka get it from? She got it from Lucifer. Those two have a very interesting relationship, but do not fear, he could never turn her. She is so in love with the children she is guardian over and the All Father would take her job away from her if she ever turned. But she does get into trouble at times.” Messenger leaned back into her pillow and

sighed. "There is an angel you have yet to meet, and I do so hope he shows up for the feast. His job keeps him ever so busy. He is the only one who has a hard time dealing with Anyka and her harmless pranks."

"Who is it?"

"My brother Michael."

Teacher continued to sample all that was placed before him, enjoying every bite and taking in everything he saw.

Messenger continued to share with him about the sabbath. "Your kind, Teacher, bears such a weight of worry. You worry every day about something new - things that have happened, things that are happening and even about things that have yet to happen. Sabbath was given to you so you may remember that not even a sparrow falls to the earth without the All Father knowing. Sabbath is a day to remember to trust the All Father, a day to cast all your burdens upon him. When you trust, there is peace. Not just a feeling of peace, but an actual knowing that all is well."

"Then someone can know true rest," Teacher said.

"Yes, exactly. Sabbath is about life, not religion," Messenger said.

"It's a day to create and to celebrate your creations."

As they spoke, trumpets sounded, alerting everyone that things were about to change. Teacher sat up and wondered what was going on.

“Excellent. I so hoped they would come,” she said standing to her feet preparing to welcome a group who were just entering the courtyard.

Teacher’s eyes were wide with wonder as he watched the new group come in. They were all arrayed in flowing silk costumes that were painted to resemble flames in their hands. They held flags that also resembled flames. Behind them walked another group of angels, these arrayed in silks resembling the sky and clouds. Another group walked in, this one wearing clothing that made them appear as water, and finally a group that resembled rock and stone. Each group consisted of two or three angels. They walked straight to Messenger, which delighted Teacher. They all stood before her and smiled. They spoke but a few words then moved on to take positions at the top of the steps that led into the very halls of Castle Eyden. The other angels assembled, grabbed their drinks, and began to make their way to the castle as well. They congregated around the steps, each one excited. There was much joyous murmuring. Teacher felt his hand grabbed and found that he was being dragged toward the stairs himself. He looked to see who it was, and was overjoyed to see it was the angel Anyka, like a child hurrying her father



along to the show so that she would not miss any of it. As they approached, the crowd of angels parted allowing him and Anyka access to the very front. Messenger flew to the top step and acted as master of ceremonies. She scanned the skies as if looking for something or someone and then smiled wide as she caught sight of what she had been looking for.

He was quite possibly the most magnificent angel Teacher had ever seen. Where Messenger was beautiful with her flowing red hair, emerald eyes, and flowing robes, this angel was the epitome of a warrior. Every image Teacher had seen describing the warriors of ancient Sparta and the warriors of ancient Rome was embodied in this angel. His armor was silver, a lion's head embossed into his breast plate. His cape was the color of blood; he wore a ringlet of gold similar to Messengers, but he had one single red stone in the center, unlike Messenger who had four stones equidistant apart from each other on hers. His feet and ankles were also shod, and he wore gauntlets upon both forearms. His double-edged sword was sheathed. He came to a stop beside Messenger. They embraced, and he turned to the crowd.

"I am thankful you could take time from your busy schedule to join us today, brother," Messenger said sarcastically.

“A dance by the Elementals is not something to miss. Also, I had been told by my soldiers that a visitor has come to Ethereum,” he said.

“Indeed.” She took his hand, and they walked down the steps to stand before Teacher and all who were assembled.

Of all the angels in the kingdom of Ethereum, none was more respected than Michael, Guardian of Earth. For though there was no war, battles still waged on; not for land, but for the minds and hearts of the All Father’s children.

“Let me introduce to you, brother,” she said to Michael, “to Teacher, the chosen one of the All Father.”

Michael turned to him and Teacher was struck by the purest, bluest eyes he had ever seen. Teacher began to bow when his shoulders were suddenly clasped by Michael’s burly hands. He was then gathered into an embrace. He did not know how to react. “Welcome Son of Adam, we have awaited your arrival with rapt anticipation.” Michael released him and Teacher was relieved.

Michael suddenly had a look of surprise as he stared at Teachers face and then let out a laugh. “I see Anyka has been up to her tricks. You have a little cream in your ear my friend.”

Teacher reached up a little embarrassed and cleaned out his ear.

Anyka came up and jumped into the arms of her brother. She kissed him on the cheek and moved back to holding the hand of Teacher. “You must watch out for that one, Teacher. She has a thousand tricks up her sleeve.”

“Oh brother,” Anyka said.

“Now, I came to see a performance. Can someone get me a drink?” An angel quickly complied to his wish. “I interrupted you, sister. Please continue.”

Messenger walked back to the top of the stairs and began her introduction. She told all present that the Elementals would perform a special dance in honor of their visitor, a dance entitled “Creation.” Music began to pour forth and Teacher thought he heard it coming from the trees.

All were silent as the performers danced. Teacher was amazed as the dancers representing fire began to dance. It almost looked as if flames were dancing across the stage. He had no idea how much time had passed, and frankly did not care; the dancers were amazing, their movements perfect; the music was tricking his mind into hearing the rush of water and the sounds of rock and stone clapping together. It was an incredible performance as they told the story of creation.

When it ended, the courtyard filled with applause and shouts of joy. The dancers and all present faced the gates of Castle Eyden and shouted in unison, “In terem nosta tah veh preh ta pa noim ser!” They all bowed and were silent for a moment before returning to the feast.

Messenger came to stand by Teacher’s side. Anyka had run off with one of the fire angels.

“What were the words you spoke, Messenger?” he asked as they walked back to their place.

“They were words of thanks to the All Father for all He is and all He has done.”

“I sure wish I could speak those words. I only know one language, and not even that one very well.”

Laughing, Messenger said, “All things in their time. Now let us enjoy the rest of the Sabbath feast for it, like all things, must come to an end.” Messenger was thinking not about the feast but the time when she would have to bid Teacher farewell. “Teacher, let me finish our discussion of the Sabbath by saying this: Sabbath is about taking pleasure in what brings us wonder, what delights us. On our Sabbath, we are to bask in beauty, to surround our senses with color, texture, taste, fragrance, fire, sound, sweetness and delight. Sabbath is a day for

you to celebrate the newness of life, how you and your kind have been created, redeemed, restored and set free. Sabbath is not just a diversion but an immersion. Sabbath is a time to realize that it is the All Father's pleasure to grant you your dreams. Do you now understand?"

"Yes Messenger, I believe I do."

### **The End Draws Near**

The feast, the Sabbath festival, was coming to a close, Teacher watched as the angels began to make their exit, each one coming by to greet him and wish him well on his mission. His mind was overwhelmed by all he had seen and heard. Truly this was heaven and they had merely changed the name; but if what he thought was true, where were all the

long and departed. In the end, he would believe that he was, as Messenger said, in a world between worlds. A spirit world inhabited purely by the messengers of fire. Messenger had excused herself earlier and gone to spend time with her brother Michael. Teacher began to believe that he knew Messengers true name, but chose to wait and ask to discover if he was right or not. He watched as Michael unfurled his wings, and in an instant was gone from sight. Teacher was watching as Messenger began making her way back to him and never noticed Anyka slide up along side him. She placed her hands into his and startled him. Anyka giggled. He would miss her when it was time for her to go. Suddenly she shot straight up into the air, unfurled her wings and flew off. Teacher was surprised.

“Pay it no mind, Teacher, she merely heard a cry for help from one of the little ones.” Messenger said.

“Will she make it in time?” Teacher asked.

“Time here has no meaning, what you perceive as a passage of time is nothing perceptible to those of us within the spirit realm. We dwell outside of time,” Messenger said.

“You’re speaking of linear time, of past, present and future,” he stated.

“Yes, for you those are true measurements, but for us they are simply journeys, they are destinations.”

“Are you saying that you can travel into the future and into the past just as easily?” he asked, dumbfounded.

“Yes.”

“Then you can change past events and make things happen in the future?”

“Not the way you are thinking about change. It is true we can travel to the past, but that is so we can bring healing to what has caused pain in ones life.”

“You have to explain that one.”

“When a child of the All Father seeks forgiveness, he receives it instantly; but when time has been lost in the past as a result of the wrong path they chose, we are sent into that past to heal, as it were, to redeem that time which has been lost,” Messenger answered, hoping that would help.

“Traveling into the future?” Teacher inquired.

“We travel into the future only to insure that all is in readiness for the child; we prepare the path.”

“Are you saying you make sure they only choose one path?” He asked.

“No, no, nothing like that. You’re speaking of predestination. I am speaking of elements being in place so that when the choice is made all is ready. Let me put it into a simpler way so that you may understand. We are waiting already in tomorrow for you to arrive at the choice you will make.”

“Wow, that’s going to be a little hard to get my head around.”

“Some of the things you have been told will take some time to truly be absorbed by your thought processes. However, be assured in their proper time they will finally come to make perfect sense. The Spirit chooses in his time when that will be.”

Messenger then looked deep into his face and with bright eyes told him that she would have to leave him for a while, but to have no fear for she would not leave him without a guide. His guide was waiting for him just inside the doors of Castle Eyden.

“I’m going inside?” Teacher asked with trepidation.

“Yes, but do not fear, Teacher. The one you are to see will take very good care of you.”



“Who is it?” Teacher asked. He heard the doors to the castle open and slowly turned to see someone walking towards him. In an instant he knew who he was. He had never met him in person, but his heart cried out in recognition.

Messenger bowed low to the ground as he approached.

He walked up to Teacher with open arms enfolding him with his scarred hands and then the Son held Teacher like he had not been held since before his father had died.

Teacher began to weep, and then a rush of tears poured forth as he grieved for all that he had lost, for all that he had done in dishonor of the Son. In that moment, for the first time in his life, Teacher truly felt forgiven, released and peaceful. The Son released Teacher and then, lifting Messenger to her feet, kissed her cheek where the tears had drawn tracks down her slender face.

“You have done well,” the Son said to her.

“Thank you my Lord.” She smiled radiant as the sun.

“You may leave us now. I will call you when I have concluded my talks.”

Messenger bowed and turned to Teacher. “Fare thee well. I will see you soon.” She unfurled her gossamer wings and gently took to flight.

Teacher watched as she neared the edge and disappeared over it. The Son then turned to him and asked. "So, what shall we talk about my son?"

## **PART II**

### **Talks with the Son**

**Chronicles**

“Is it really you, Jesus?” Teacher asked through his sobs.

“Yes, Teacher, I am real,” Jesus answered.

Teacher dropped to his knees feeling every ounce of strength drain from his body.

Jesus reached down and grabbed his shoulders drawing him to his feet. At the touch of Jesus, Teacher felt strength course through his body. “It is such a joy to have you here in Ethereum at last. I have been awaiting your arrival with anticipation,” Jesus said looking into Teacher’s face. Jesus was dressed in a flowing white gown, so white in fact that it seemed to glow. His long hair flowed about his face. He wore a ringlet of gold upon his head; whereas Messenger’s, Michael’s and Lucifer’s had stones, Jesus’ was void of such embellishments. Jesus would later tell Teacher that the children of the All Father were the stones that adorned his crown. Around his neck, a large gold chain hung. Hanging from the chain was a medallion bearing the image of a lion. His eyes piercing blue the blue of a sun filled sky. Where Lucifer’s had been filled with emptiness, Jesus’ were filled with love and compassion; Teacher had a hard time looking away.

“Seems everyone knew I was coming but me,” Teacher said.

“Yes,” Jesus said with a chuckle, “I am sorry about that.”

“You are apologizing to me. Wow, you are the last person who needs to be apologizing to me. It is I who should be apologizing to you repeatedly,” Teacher said nervously.

“For what?” Jesus asked.

“For a lifetime of bad choices and disobedience,” Teacher answered.

“You have no reason to apologize to me, Teacher; after all, have you not sought forgiveness from the All Father for those mistakes and bad choices?” Jesus asked.

“Yes, Lord,” Teacher said. “Over and over again.”

“Then they have been forgiven you, and have been cast out of time and memory,” Jesus said leading him deeper into Castle Eyden.

“I do know that you know. It’s just that at times it feels like my sins cling to me like a fly stuck on flypaper,” Teacher snapped and then thought better of it, “I’m sorry.”

“The thing is, Teacher, the All Father has forgiven you, but you have yet to forgive yourself,” Jesus said.

They walked as they talked and Jesus led him into a room off to the left of the great hall they were walking down. As Teacher followed, his mouth opened in wonder and surprise; for within this great room every

wall was lined with bookshelves and upon each shelf, books. Books by the thousands - perhaps the hundreds of thousands, perhaps more Teacher thought - for the walls went on forever beyond his comprehension. Jesus watched as Teacher's gaze fell upon each book. Teacher took particular notice of the titles. Upon the spines of each book was written the name of one individual, and next to the name a date. Jesus told him that the date signified the beginning and end of that person's life. His gaze fell upon the name "Cain" upon one book. He reached out to pull it off the shelf and found that he could not. They seemed to be held by some unseen force. He turned a quizzical look Jesus' way.

"They," Jesus swept an arm around the room, "are the chronicles of a single life and not open for just anyone to examine; but if you wish to see the contents of one I can grant you permission to look upon one." Jesus pointed to a far away book and snapped his fingers. Teacher watched as the book slowly flew off the shelf and floated magically into the waiting hands of his lord. "Here," Jesus said handing the book to Teacher.

Teacher took it from Jesus and held it gingerly, slowly opening the cover to reveal the name. What he saw stole the breath from his lungs.

He took a deep breath and did not believe what he saw. Upon the cover page his name was written in black letters. He breathed a sigh of relief when he saw that the end of his life had not yet been recorded.

“Oh, Teacher,” Jesus said beginning to laugh at him. “Come have a seat.” Jesus pointed to a couple chairs.

Teacher sat and just stared at the cover page afraid to go any further, afraid of what he would see. He did not want to see a record of his mistakes or his bad choices, of his sins, rebellion or the times he had disobeyed and dishonored the All Father. He turned the page and was prepared for what he expected to see, but not for what he actually saw. Those records of wrong, the sins the accounts of his rebellion were missing from the book, every single one of them.

“What did you expect to see, Teacher, your sins?” Jesus asked.

“Yes, I thought...” Teacher could say no more.

“I told you, they have been erased from thought and time. We do not keep records of that which you have asked forgiveness for,” Jesus said to him. He spoke like a father sharing a simple truth with a child trying to help him to understand what seemed complicated but was in reality very simple.

Teacher continued to turn pages. Tears began to fall from his eyes on page after page. He then began turning what seemed to be blank pages, but as Jesus spoke to him he saw words magically appearing on the pages, an exact transcript of their conversation. He looked up at Jesus, “You know, I didn’t think anything else could surprise me, but that comes pretty close.”

Jesus just smiled.

Teacher could not tear his gaze away from the page. He was transfixed as words magically continued forming on the page. He was so caught up in his gazing that he didn’t realize Jesus was calling him until he saw it appear three times on the page.

“Oh, I’m sorry, Jesus,” Teacher said looking up embarrassed.

“I so love the way little things can bring you joy,” Jesus mused.

“Maybe you should put this back,” Teacher closed the book and handed it back to Jesus.

Jesus took it from him and tossed it into the air. Teacher leapt out of his seat to keep it from falling on the floor but the book hung in space and gently floated back to its place on the shelf where it reentered itself. Teacher turned to look at Jesus and saw him looking back at him with a mischievous grin.





## Choice

Jesus rose to his feet, "Come, let us leave this place for now."

Teacher followed Jesus as they entered the great hall again.

"Some refreshment is in order I think," Jesus said leading Teacher to a table where a single angel waited in attendance.

As they reached the table, the angel bowed low to his master and smiled at Teacher. He pulled the chair out first for Jesus and then for Teacher. The angel then picked up the pitcher that sat in the center of the table. He turned to Teacher and asked what he would like to drink. Teacher knew that it was more than likely made from the all fruit tree, but was uncertain what he was in the mood for. The angel suggested that Teacher allow him to choose, and he said he thought it was a wonderful idea. A rosy fluid poured forth and Teacher thought it must be a juice of some kind; but upon placing his nose close to the glass he could smell that it was a fine wine, a Merlot, his favorite. Teacher turned to the angel who smiled with a wide grin. "I thought you would like it Teacher," the angel said.

“Yes, thank you so much.”

The angel then poured a glass for Jesus, set the pitcher down, turned to his lord, bowed and left.

“What you are tasting, Teacher, is similar in excellence to the first time I performed a miracle for my followers.”

Teacher remembered the story of Jesus changing water to wine at the wedding banquet in Cana. It was a time when the steward made the comment that it was the finest of wines and should have been brought out first before the guest were too drunk to appreciate it.

Jesus took a sip from his glass and savored the flavor. “I will tell you what made it so great, Teacher, if you would like to know.”

“Yes, please,” Teacher answered.

“It was made with love,” Jesus said taking another sip.

Teacher took a drink and took time to process Jesus’ words. He remembered how his little nephew had called meals create by his mom the greatest because he said, “Mom makes it with love.”

“Anything great must be created in love, Teacher. That is why the All Father’s creations are so magnificent, so beautiful and so full of wonder. They have all been created out of love,” Jesus said.

“Messenger was sharing with me, Jesus, that the All Father did not just operate out of love but was the very embodiment of love. I have a question. If all things perfect are created out of love and the All Father has created all things, how do you explain Lucifer and all the angels that chose to follow him?”

“You know, Teacher, my Father has chosen well in choosing you,” Jesus said.

Teacher grew embarrassed, “Why do you say that?”

“Your questions are well thought out. I knew when my Father told me you were coming I would enjoy spending time with you.” Jesus smiled. He reached his hand into a basket that sat on the table and pulled out what looked like cheese. “You know, when I dwelt amongst the children of Adam I learned to enjoy certain things. Cheese was definitely one of them. He popped a white blob into his mouth and closed his eyes. Teacher could see by the look on his face that he was truly enjoying it.

Teacher reached into the same basket to try the cheese and found that like everything else in Ethereum it was the best he had ever tasted.

“Now to your question,” Jesus said opening his eyes and looking at Teacher. “It is quite simple.”

“It is?”

“Yes, it’s all about the power of choice,” Jesus said. “It’s about the consequences and rewards of making a decision, of deciding between this thing or that thing.”

“Why then, if the All Father knows all things, would he give a supernatural creature like Lucifer the power to choose. I know why he gave us the power, but I don’t really understand why he gave him the power. I met him and that’s one disturbed angel.”

Jesus began to laugh. “I’m not going to disagree with you. We have definitely had our differences.”

“That’s putting it mildly,” Teacher said.

“Yes, perhaps. However, when everything is taken into account your perspective changes. This may be hard for you to grasp, but even I did not fully understand what my Father was doing,” Jesus said.

“Yeah you’re right, that is a little hard to grasp,” Teacher said.

“I am speaking of course while I walked the earth; but now, now I fully understand.”

“Well, they say hindsight is twenty-twenty,” Teacher said.

“Yes, and being God does have it’s advantages,” Jesus said smirking.

Teacher laughed.

“Teacher, let me ask you something. Why do you think the All Father gave you the power to choose?” Jesus asked.

Teacher was taken by surprise with the question. Of course he knew what he had been taught and what he had taught others, but he also knew that since he had journeyed here everything he had been taught had been wrong, and if not wrong he had only a small grasp of the total truth. So he answered the only way he knew how, he told him what he knew. “The All Father gave us choice because only beings able to choose can truly love, and he wanted children who could choose to love him or not to love him.”

“You have been taught well, but, I know this will not surprise you. You only have half the truth,” Jesus said.

“Of course,” Teacher sighed.

“The truth is, the All Father gave you choice not just because he wanted you to love him, but because he is your Father and loves you as well,” Jesus said.

“What do you mean he gave us choice because he loved us?” Teacher asked.

“What kind of father would he be, Teacher, if he gave you no choice. He would be no more than a tyrant and the worst tyrant at that.

He would be no better than some of the worst leaders of your history,”  
Jesus answered.

“You asked me when we began our talk about what was really  
going on as I hung on the cross,” Jesus began.

“Yes, Jesus, I was wondering if we had it right.”

“What have you been taught?” Jesus asked.

“That for the first time, you were separated from the love of your  
Father because at that moment you had all the sins of the world, past,  
present and future, laid upon your shoulders. That the All Father had to  
turn his back on you lest he destroy you.” Teacher finished and was  
surprised to feel as always that he had only a glimpse of the truth of  
what was going on while Jesus hung on the cross.

“It’s true that my father turned his back on me, but not for the  
reason you have been taught. It was only after the resurrection that my  
father revealed to me what was going on in his heart,” Jesus said.

“What was that?” Teacher asked.

“Sin does not separate us from the All Father’s love. Nothing but  
your own will could ever do that. No, the reason my father turned his  
back on me was that his love for me was so great and he saw that I was  
in so much pain that had he not turned his back he would have delivered

me from the cross. The teachers of your world teach that my pain was so great because of the sins of the children of the All Father were laid upon my back, but the pain I suffered was greater than even the whipping had caused me,” Jesus began.

“Why?” Teacher asked interrupting.

“For at that moment I felt the power of choice, of what choice would make possible in your world and the evil that would be possible. I could barely contain all the images I saw and for the first time I was alone; no one could help. I could receive no ministry from the angels or the Spirit. I was utterly alone and for a moment felt ultimate despair and that maybe my life was being wasted. However, no matter what, I trusted my Father and in that moment of trust I drew faith to continue on my mission.”

Teacher was speechless, overwhelmed by what he had just heard as well as by the images filling his mind. “Not only do we have choice so that we may love him freely, but we have been given choice so that we may have the freedom to choose, but then that power to choose causes you pain?” Teacher asked.

“No, Teacher, not any longer. I am beyond that now. Now the pain is yours and it saddens our hearts that you and your kind choose



unwisely so often,” Jesus said. “But we must allow it for no one has ever loved his children like the All Father does.”

“Does he ever regret giving us such a choice?” Teacher asked.

“Not regret, but it does sadden his heart at times that your kind chooses the opposite of his best for you,” Jesus answered.

“I’ll bet,” Teacher said.

“But he is not surprised,” Jesus said.

## **The Flower Garden**

“Let me clarify and speak for a moment about the angels that followed Lucifer. For I wish you to fully understand. Every creation has been created with the ability to choose. The angels that followed Lucifer made a choice the same as Messenger and Michael. Lucifer made his choice as well as choosing to draw many to his side, many that were discontent and angry at choices the All Father had made.”

“What kind of choices?” Teacher asked.

“Well, creating Adam and Eve for one. Before their appearance, the angels were the All Father’s favorite; but with the coming of Adam and Eve that changed. Many angels grew jealous. One in particular was Lucifer, especially when they began to worship the All Father from a pure

heart. Their praise was greater than anything Lucifer had ever created and it did not sit well with him. Once jealousy settled into his heart, once he chose to give it place, the poison spread quickly through his spirit. It gave him greater power in convincing others. All who listened were convinced by his lies. They chose to follow him and to turn their back upon the love of the All Father.” Jesus shook his head as if he still could not believe that they had done it.

“Can they not make a choice to return just as they chose to rebel? Can’t they come to the All Father with a repentant heart and return to Ethereum and the All Father’s purposes?” Teacher asked.

“They will never do that, Teacher,” Jesus answered.

“Why not?” Teacher asked.

“For they love him and choose to follow him. The love they have for him caused them to be joined to him, and so they are twisted and no longer hear or even see the truth. They are like Lucifer, singular in purpose now choosing daily to lie and to lead the children of the All Father into chaos and destruction. But then, all upon your world have the power to choose to listen to or not to listen to the voices, to give place to their words in their hearts and minds. Thankfully a vast majority have learned to turn a deaf ear to their lies, and when you have accomplished

your task, many more at last will know the truth. ” Jesus held up his hand to stop Teacher from further inquiry. “Leave it alone for now, Teacher. There are still mysteries the All Father has chosen to keep hidden from you.”

“That will be difficult for me, but I will do my best,” Teacher said. He could see that this particular subject seemed to weigh heavily upon Jesus. He could see his posture change as they talked about it.

Teacher had to ask but paused for a moment before doing so. “Jesus may I ask you something?”

“Of course, so long as...”

“No, no it has nothing to do with Lucifer or even choice.”

“Then please ask,” Jesus said. Smiling, he picked up his glass and took a drink as he waited for Teacher to ask his question.

“I was just wondering about the sacrifice.”

“Yes, what about it?”

“When you were on the cross and you cried out the words about how your Father had abandoned you, what was really happening to you? I’ve always wondered about that. I’ve, of course, been told so many things and was wondering if any of them were correct,” Teacher asked.

“Come, let’s take a walk, Teacher.” Jesus placed his glass back on the table, pushed his seat back and rose to his feet.

Teacher followed suit and stepped beside Jesus as they walked away from the drink and food. They began walking deeper into the very heart of Castle Eyden. They approached a pair of doors that magically opened revealing a vast courtyard filled with beautiful flowers. Teacher could see no walls to the left or right; the courtyard seemed to go on forever, something he thought could only happen in Ethereum. The garden was, after all, within the walls of the castle. Looking around he noticed flowers of every kind and color each planted in neat little rows. Teacher had a feeling what he was seeing was something similar to the Emerald staircase where each flower had meaning, and Jesus confirmed that when he told him each flower represented a life upon the earth, and each life he had gladly given his own life for.

“Each flower is precious to me, Teacher,” Jesus said caressing one as he placed it gently into his hands. He leaned into it to breathe in its aroma, “Each one that is cut represents a life that has passed from mortal to immortal, from the corruptible to incorruptible. Each one that breaks through the ground at your feet represents a new life that has

come forth into your world. Come see.” Jesus released the flower and stooped down to the ground, Teacher followed.

He was amazed by all the new growth he saw. “Do the different types and colors have any significance, any meaning, Jesus?” Teacher asked.

“Oh, yes. They represent the different tribes, the nations of the earth,” Jesus answered rising back to his full stance.

Teacher rose slowly still amazed at the growth of the flowers.

“Look there,” Jesus pointed to a group of angels that were moving about the garden. Teacher watched as they gently touched a flower and then bowing their heads before it, slowly cut the flower and placed it gingerly into a basket held by another.

“They are harvesting. The flowers they are cutting will finally be joining the All Father. They have reached the end of their journey.”

Teacher looked around and saw that the angels who were harvesting the flowers were veiled so you could not see their faces. They also wore the lightest of fabrics about their bodies and moved so effortlessly that they seemed to be floating from flower to flower. There were other angels walking about tending the ground and watching over the others. “Where will they take the basket?”

“They will be taken into the throne room of the All Father where they will be used to decorate his chamber. While they sit waiting for their souls to come and present themselves, they will give off an aroma that I could never describe to you. When the time comes, the souls they represent will retrieve them and hand them to the All Father as a gift,” Jesus answered.

“Sounds like a thing to behold,” Teacher said.

“It will be an amazing sight,” Jesus’ face lit up. “It will all be possible because of the gift I gave you and your brothers and sisters.”

“The sacrifice?”

“The sacrifice.”

“Jesus, I’m sorry but I don’t see what this has to do with the cross.”

“I will answer your question, but first you must realize that what you are about to hear may be the hardest thing for you to understand.”

Teacher prepared himself for what he was about to hear. He locked his eyes upon Jesus and readied himself to hear every word he would say.

“My sacrifice was enough for all. The past, the present and the future.”

“Of course it was. All one has to do is choose to follow and believe in you. They must choose the gift.”

“No, Teacher. I died for all, regardless. Of course, I would rather they choose, but it is not up to them.”

“What? What are you saying?”

“That because of the sacrifice, Teacher, all are saved.”

“Yes, Jesus you were right. This one is going to be difficult for me.”

## **The Sacrifice**

Jesus had just told Teacher that all are saved because of the sacrifice he made upon the cross. Teacher did his best to process the answer to his question, but too many questions clouded his mind.

“Jesus, if that is true, then it does not matter what a man does? He gets to go to heaven regardless? Is that what you are saying?” Teacher asked.



“You sound just like the people Paul spoke with. They viewed this truth the same way, but Paul had the answer I will give you now. Grace is powerful and a free-gift, but it is not permission to sin. It is not permission to take advantage of the All Father’s gift,” Jesus said.

“Man does not really need permission to sin, though,” Teacher said.

“Quite right, Teacher, but too many hear these words and use it as an excuse. I never wanted people to serve me and to do the right thing because they feared an eternity in a fiery pit. I have always desired for the children of Adam to do things out of love for me and the All Father,” Jesus said. “Hell has been used as a means of control for the members of the earth’s churches, but that was never hell’s purpose.”

“What was the purpose then?” Teacher asked.

“The All Father created hell, first, so that he would have a place to punish the angels that rebelled, and their ring leader Lucifer. Hell was never intended for man, and I am thankful to say that it will not be used for man as they perceive of it. Matthew shared this with you in his gospel.”

Teacher searched his mind and remembered his scriptures. Jesus was talking about a passage that spoke of the sheep and goats. This

particular one spoke of their punishment. “So what you’re saying is that our understanding and teaching of hell as a place of everlasting punishment is not correct,” Teacher said.

“Yes,” Jesus answered.

“Wow,” Teacher responded.

“I know this is hard for you to grasp for you have believed this untruth for so long. The teachers of your world have misinterpreted this one for so long, and I can no longer allow it,” Jesus said.

“Jesus what you are saying will challenge so many in their beliefs. For me to write this and to teach it will cost me plenty,” Teacher said.

“Now you begin to understand the price you will have to pay,” Jesus said.

“So, if hell is not a place of everlasting punishment, how is it to be used, especially regarding the All Father’s children?” Teacher asked.

“Do you know the word justice, Teacher?” Jesus asked.

“Yes,” Teacher answered.

“The All Father is a God of justice, not punishment. Punishment must come, but it will be in accord with the indiscretion,” Jesus said.

“Isn’t it interesting how your teachers think?”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean Hitler is quite possibly the most evil man that ever inhabited your planet, yet your teachers believe that had he repented of his crimes against humanity he would have been forgiven of his sins and would have spent eternity with the All Father. Yet, on the other side of the coin, if the best person in the world dies without accepting me, without praying what has come to be called the sinner's prayer, then they will spend eternity in a fiery hell,” Jesus answered. “Don't you think there's something wrong with that kind of thinking?”

“Yeah, if you look at it that way,” Teacher answered. “What about justice and punishment?”

“The punishment will fit the crime, just as it does in your world. If someone in your world steals from a store, they are not given the death penalty; but also if someone takes a life they don't just receive probation,” Jesus said. “It will be the same. There is no everlasting punishment, no eternity where man is separated from the All Father's presence.”

Teacher began rubbing his chin and closing his eyes. He could not believe what he was hearing, but for the first time in his life everything was beginning to make sense, everything was becoming clear. “Jesus, are

you saying that all will be punished, even those who have chosen to believe in you?”

“No, no, I apologize if I have confused you. I am of course only speaking of those who choose to follow their own will. They must be punished; but for those who have accepted my gift of life, there is no punishment that they must fear. I paid the price, for once and for all time. Paul said it very well in his letter to Ephesians.” Jesus bowed his head and said, “For by his grace you are saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of the All Father.” Jesus lifted up his head, “Too many people think they must earn the gift, that’s just not right. You cannot earn a free-gift. Where do these thoughts come from and why do people continue to believe such a falsity?”

Teacher knew Jesus’ question was rhetorical.

“You know, Teacher, I would not have given my life if only a certain group would benefit. The All Father’s plan from the beginning was that my death would justify all. I know this is difficult. Let me share this with you.”

“Please, Jesus, I feel like a man waking from a long sleep. All the cobwebs are being swept from my mind.”

“Paul said this in his letter to the Romans, ‘One man sinned and every one became a sinner. Then one came along and by his act of obedience everyone is justified’. That describes the consequences of Adams act and the result of my act beautifully,” Jesus said.

They were now beginning to make their way toward the entrance to Castle Eyden and Teacher felt that his time with Jesus was almost at an end.

“Jesus, I have always wondered, have we understood the true definition of justified? Have we used it correctly?” Teacher asked.

“Yes, Teacher. The word does mean, in its simplicity, that being justified is as if you never sinned. But, unfortunately, so many still live as if they are still bound by their sin. You know of this, though, yourself,” Jesus said.

“Yes, and I am definitely going to work on that. Receiving forgiveness from you is easy. Receiving it from me is a little bit more difficult.”

“It will come in time, Teacher,” Jesus said smiling.

Teacher turned his gaze away from his Lord and saw that Messenger was standing at the entrance to the castle, the light behind her bathing her in a magnificent glow.

“So soon,” Jesus said knowing that he must say goodbye to Teacher.

Teacher looked at Jesus and saw that he grew sad at the thought. He too was sad about having to leave his Lord, but he knew that one day he would spend eternity with him all because of the price Jesus had paid.

“Yes, Teacher, one day we will be together again.” Jesus reached out to hug him and Teacher reciprocated.

Teacher felt power course through his body, strength he had never felt before. He knew that Jesus was imparting to him what he would need to endure the price he would pay to carry out the All Father’s wishes when he returned to his world. Tears fell from his eyes as he bid his Lord goodbye, and Teacher saw that Jesus too had a shed a tear.

“Farewell, Teacher. I will always be with you, always by your side.” He raised his hand as Teacher took Messenger’s hand in his. The doors that had given him entrance to the castle began to close.

“I love you Jesus!” Teacher shouted. The doors shut. “Thank you,” he said just under his breath. He looked up into Messenger’s eyes and then lowering himself to the ground, wrapped his arms around his legs, buried his head in his arms and cried.

## **Time to Leave**

Messenger stood and waited for Teacher to finish. Teacher wiped his eyes and nose, and stared into the sky.

“You know, Messenger, when all this began, I have to admit that I thought this was all just a dream. I really didn’t believe what was happening to me was happening to me.”

“I know,” Messenger said.

“Of course you did,” Teacher said feeling a little foolish.

Throughout his journey, everything well maybe not everything, but definitely much of what he had held to be true - he had discovered was not entirely true. His world would never be the same. His world would shortly be turned upside down. Had he really been taught so incorrectly? Had his teachers been so wrong? How could he question what he had heard though, and especially those he had heard it from? How could he dispute or even consider questioning Jesus, the only son of the All Father? He buried his head again.

“Are you okay, Teacher?” Messenger asked.

Teacher lifted his head. “Yes, Messenger, I was just thinking about what all this will mean to me and my life when I return and complete the task given to me by the All Father. My life will never be the same,” Teacher answered.



“Such as?”

“Well, I’ve always lived in such a comfort zone. A zone of safety, never questioning those in authority, never questioning my teachers or mentors. I always trusted what they said, but I come here...”

“And now?” Messenger interrupted.

“I feel like I should have questioned a lot more. I feel like the eaglet being forced out of his nest,” Teacher said.

Messenger lowered herself to the ground and sat before Teacher. “Tell me about the eaglet, Teacher.” She placed her arms behind her, reclined and waited.

“Before the eagle's chicks are born, even before she lays her eggs, she will line the nest in down she has pulled from her own body. She makes it as warm and as comfortable as she can for her soon to hatch eaglets. Once the eaglets are born, they find a warm and comfortable home in which to grow, but that day will come when it is time for the eaglet to finally leave the nest.”

“What happens then?” Messenger asked.

“The mother eagle will begin to remove the down, creating an uncomfortable environment for her children. It is no longer a desirable place for it to remain. That is how I feel right now. All the comfort has

been removed from my comfort zone. I must leave what I have always known to step into a realm of uncertainty,” Teacher said.

“Would you rather we had chosen someone else?” Messenger asked.

“No, no. Of course not. I may feel differently later, but no, I’m glad the All Father chose me. I just hope I can accomplish what he has asked me to accomplish.”

“You will. How can you fail with the All Father on your side?” Messenger asked.

“I can’t,” Teacher said.

“Exactly.”

“I’m so glad that I know the truth. Scripture is so true when it says that the ‘truth will set you free,’” Teacher marveled.

“The truth is tough to hear at times. Wouldn't you agree?” Messenger asked.

“Yes, especially when it challenges all that you have held to be true, but...”

“Yes?”

“I cannot deny the truth,” Teacher said.

Messenger rose from the ground and reached out a hand to help Teacher rise to his. “Teacher?”

“Yes, Messenger?” Teacher smiled his heart so full of joy.

“It is time for you to leave,” Messenger said sadly.

“So soon. Isn’t there more you can teach me?” Teacher asked trying to delay his departure.

“Maybe another time.” Messenger smiled, her eyes sparkling like they had the first time Teacher had met her.

Teacher gazed into her emerald green eyes and felt his spirit soar.

“You have been an excellent student. I have so enjoyed our time together.”

“Thank you,” Teacher said not really knowing what to say. “I’ll miss our talks.”

“As will I. Now, there is something I must share with you. I have told you from the beginning that I am Messenger, but the truth, Teacher, is that I am known by another name.” ...

\*

\*

\*

## **Final Word**

So dear reader we have come full circle, and now you know the story as it was told to me by the one called Teacher. You must now make a choice to believe what you have read or not, just as Teacher had to choose. I know that for myself, after hearing the tale, I have chosen to believe his story. Because of that, I am freer than I have ever been.

I have added an appendix to include scriptures that will give evidence to all that Teacher heard in the land of Ethereum. My prayer is that you will check the references and be led by the peace in your own heart.

God Bless You,

The Writer

## **APPENDIX**

Afterword

John 8:44

Arrival

Revelation 21:21

Romans 7:18-24

Exodus 3:10-12

Mark 9:41

John 12:26

Mark 12:42-43

Revelation 21:21

The All Father

Romans 8:39

Ephesians 2:4

1 John 4:7-8, 16

John 3:17, 8:10-11

Romans 8:28

Matthew 7:11

John 21:15-17

Romans 8:19

Not What We Thought

Revelation 21:23, 22:5

Matthew 25:31-46

Luke 10:27

Proverbs 6:16-19, 8:13

The Meeting

Isaiah 14:13-14

Not Who We Thought He Was

Colossians 2:15

2 Corinthians 11:14

1 Peter 5:8

Psalms 33:18, 111:10, 128:1,

Luke 10:19

Job 1:6-12

Colossians 1:16

Revelation 12:12

A Day Just For You

Mark 2:27

Mark 7:8-9, 13

Exodus 20:10

Isaiah 58:13

Ezekiel 20:12

The End Draws Near

Ephesians 5:16

Chronicles

Psalms 103:12

Choice

John 2:7-10

Matthew 27:46

Mark 15:34

Romans 8:35, 38-39

Genesis 6:6



The Flower Garden

Isaiah 14:13

Romans 5:8-12, 17-19

The Sacrifice

Romans 6:1

Matthew 25:41

Ephesians 2:8

Time to Leave

John 8:32