

OUR FATHER'S TALKING  
**I** ♥

And  
*He Sent Us to Get You—*

**“It’s Late—GO NOW:  
Bring As Many TO ME as humanly possible,  
*by the hand in love*”.**

**05.15.2006**

**COME ON  
PEOPLE, LET'S  
WAKE UP  
&  
REVIVE  
AMERICA**

IT'S  
TIME  
TO GET  
READY FOR  
INSPECTION DAY!

**PLEASE, HELP US GATHER the MANY on this  
Mission of HOPE, LOVE & Faithful OBEDIENCE  
—your citizen sister, cj Randolph**

**"LOOK UP; LOOK UP HIGH"  
CALL OUT TO OUR HEAVENLY FATHER  
The GREAT "I AM"**

**THE TIME IS NOW  
The Luxury of Waiting Is Past**

**WHO WILL YOU TURN TO  
ON JUDGEMENT DAY  
When the false reigns of  
Money & Arms  
End  
?**

**LEAD YOUR FAMILY  
Teach Your Children  
To Give THANKS &  
Have FAITH**

**FALL UPON YOUR KNEES  
BEG Our FATHER  
In the Heavens  
To Show You  
TRUTH  
!**

**PRAY without Cease  
STUDY Your Holy Bible  
SHARE your HANDS TALENTS with Others  
LOVE & SERVE OTHERS freely as Our Father Intended**

**ÿ  
And,  
Please  
Help US  
REACH UP  
FLIP ON CHRIST'S LIGHT  
--THAT ALL MAY SEE--  
The One & Only PATHWAY HOME  
Before Night Falls & The GATEWAY Closes**

hearts and to lead our thoughts, desires, decisions, and actions. We must see our national budget, as a *mere* extension of our personal.

If we cannot afford to take our families out to dinner, *we can't afford steak & lobster tax write-offs for government officials, lobbyists, or business executives.* If our children must ride in worn cars with balding tires—our public officials can use public transportation. If we cannot visit our families because gas is so costly, *we can't fuel weekend jets* for politicians. If we cannot afford to take our children to the doctor, *we can't afford pay raises for Congress.* If our children cannot attend public funded preschool because: *they speak the native language of the country to which we pay taxes* **OR** *because the necessity of our twelve hour a day working class existence makes us too wealthy to qualify, something is desperately wrong.* If we cannot make ends meet without plastic indentured servitude because of taxation, *we can't give tax breaks to big business.* If our elder citizens eat dog food because social security isn't *so secure*, then *dump Congress' self-approved "pot of gold"* at the end of the *retirement rainbow.*

When we, the *Working Class*, can't afford something, we don't buy it—yet our tax dollars are pooled into one big kitty and liberties are taken with those mutual funds to satisfy lobby whims, shams, and near-sighted decisions which cause our families to suffer.

I suggest it's time to *reinvest* our grassroots voices in common sense efforts and prayers—clearly our tax dollars don't set us free from further responsibility. It's time to join hands, hearts, minds, and lives—*ALL for One & One for ALL.* Let's promote a plan that better serves All hu-mans in this blessed land of Milk & Honey!

And one other thing...

Peace Up to the Highest Everybody—  
Your citizen sister,  
cj Randolph

Planting SEEDS for a Better Tomorrow  
Down Here On FREEDOM FARM ROAD

**turbosistercj@aol.com**

Contact Me—If we can help Pump Up the LOVE at your event!

**Hey PEOPLE  
Randy & cj here--  
These two Old High School Sweethearts  
turned  
2 FAITHFUL BEACH BUMS  
Need your help**

**We're Asking you...No Begging You  
To Gather Around, Listen Up, & Join Hands**

**ALL for ONE  
&  
ONE for ALL**

**It's TIME for Us  
As One humongous Family, To Step Up to the Plate  
&  
Take Responsibility "GRASSROOTS STYLE"**



**THINK ABOUT IT:**

**“Every word we speak or leave unspoken,  
Every act we participate in or turn our backs upon,  
Every thought we conceive whether  
Carefully analyzed or impatiently dismissed  
Moves us one step closer to the future  
we are destined to reap.”**

—cjRandolph

# THE MOST AMAZING DAY of MY LIFE!

And, I've had many amazing days in my life!!!!

January 2006

## *Our Heavenly Father —* **The GREAT “I AM”** **Came to me in Song:**

Then

*A voice behind me called.*  
**“COME”**

*I turned, crossed the room, and fell upon my knees—  
in Reverent Awe  
for*

**STANDING before me—In VISION—was**

***“The Son of Man”***

***Calling me to HIM—to Prepare & Comfort us—  
like a Father***

\*\*\*\*\*

**THIS BOOKLET IS A TRUE STORY  
BROUGHT TO YOU  
BY THE HAND IN LOVE**

Just like I was told

**From the HOME PRESS on FREEDOM FARM ROAD**

September 2007

Please, Read this book COVER to COVER, then *like a baton*—Pass It On

March 26/28, 2007

**Good Morning to All in our U.S. Family,**

My name is **cj**—I'm one of your citizen sisters, and we need to talk. Please, join me for a “deep think discussion” about some *mental matters that really matter*.

A **wild fire** is growing in our homeland—lit and relit by many sources, **but “We Can”** control it by “*putting our hands together and working together*” as **ONE UNITED FAMILY**.

It will be like planning a road trip vacation—for a large, impatient, multi-personality family.

It will be putting our selves on a strict budget...a belt tightening diet—for the good of one & all.

**Granted, it will not be easy, it will require ideas & actions beyond the customary left and right choices, and it will require concessions & commitment, but as they said, “We Can Do It”!**

**Granted, it will not be easy**—there are *301.5 million* of us, with at least, *602 million points-of-view*. **Think about it:** It is nearly impossible to get even a small group to agree: **who-to, what-to, when-to, where-to, how-to, and why-to** because we are driven in different directions intellectually and emotionally—and *money matters!* No one begrudges another's right to life and liberty—after all, our earthly fruits are gifts, yet all desire happiness and justice. When taxation burdens our hard earned “*payday to payday*” dollars for services that we ourselves need, **yet do not qualify**, and then, **must somehow manage to pay again, privately, something is wrong.**

**Granted, it will require ideas & actions beyond the traditional left & right choices**—because *neither time honored effort serves justly*—rather each bleeds *the pulsing veins* of working class citizens. **Working Class hands serve others.** Most people I know are **Working Class Warriors**. They value family, education, G-d, and country. Each approaches life differently. Few qualify for federal funding and/or public programs. G-d's **Grace**, Personal Effort, and A thin gray line separate most from the **lifted and assisted**. None complain about helping others—they live the **Golden Rule** and are too tired at the end of long workdays to engage in tax law & equity battles.

**Granted, it will require concessions & commitment**—the apple cart must be upset...top down. Our grassroots voices must be heard *all the way to Washington*: **Working Class Citizens need our help**. First, and foremost, we need to pray everyday for our leaders and citizens alike. We need to ask **G-d Our Father** in the name of **His Son**, to **speak to our**

*Heavens to Honor Our Creator, His Call, and His many Blessings and Sacrifices on our behalf.* It will be our opportunity to say: Thank You, Dear Abba—We LOVE YOU, too—In a Holy UNITED state—Just like He’s Calling us to do!

**Visualize:** It is *our* opportunity to Glorify His Name: by singing songs of praise as we walk—*our united voices carrying thru the air floating to the doorway of Heaven*, by praying together each time we rest, by reading scripture aloud: “The Revelation” for instance, and “HEBREWS”, “ROMANS”, “PSALMS”, & “MATTHEW”. Each evening when we set up camp for the night—we can read a chapter aloud. We will get to know one another—*growing our faith*—helping both those who SEEK & those who BELIEVE move closer to His Light!

**FAST FORWARD:** In effect, we would learn to care about one another; therefore, when the storms do begin to hit our soil, we will be bonded—and will reach our hands out further to those in need —*whole-hearted.* After our **United Experience**, I can’t imagine *resting content* until all are well.

**PLAY:** I want the I LOVE Sole to Soul—United States Journey to catch on from sea to shining sea! *Please discuss it with your family, friends, neighbors, co-workers, teachers, doctors, hair dressers, business partners, clients, patients, music-mates, biking buddies, store clerks, on-line contacts, trainers, pastors, youth ministers, recording artists and DJ’s, and everyone else you encounter in your personal walk thru life!*

**IMAGINE:** A NATION of G-d’s CHILDREN... **TOGETHER** —GROWING IN FAITH as **One United NATION**...instead of wasting the days away! We can be the ones to make a difference in our lifetime and for all eternity! We can affectively impact the lives of all, by inspiring each to take comfort and rest with our Father’s Plan beneath the veil of Christ Jesus. **Let’s GO; Together As One!**

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AMAZING GRACE part II...School’s In Session

MESSAGES & WARNINGS—

Clouds & Stars

Dreams

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Meeting Other Messengers

*HE LEADS, SAVES, & TEACHES Daily*

Like they say, “*ALL THINGS IN CHRIST*”

*HE SPEAKS*

*HE PREPARES US—Step-by-Step*

*HE MOVES ME THROUGH MUSIC*

**A CALL To ACTION!**

**A LETTER to Think About**

**To Our Many Brothers & Sisters of these United States—  
grown from seed of the many nations—Hand Planted in Pure  
Love by Our Heavenly Father**

**In January 2006, I began receiving Messages & Warnings**  
from “**I AM. I AM Your FATHER.**” One of my grown children  
advised me to introduce myself before handing you the heavy load...it  
seems good advice—so please take a minute to **MEET this MESSEN-  
GER...your citizen sister & fellow time traveler.**

**My name is cj...Cindy to some.** I am an *everyday* woman—a  
daughter of the earth, a soulful sister, a wife, mother, grand-  
mother, aunt, and educator who was introduced to the **Father,  
Son, & Holy Spirit** at an early age, yet spent little time in organ-  
ized study...even less in private; however, **by Divine Design**, I  
acquired **G-d’s Breath** before my own. I feel *His Presence*. I  
sense *His Nature*. I understand *His Heart...at least in part.*

**Although I was introduced to Yeshua...Jesus Christ at an  
early age** through Sunday school and song “*Jesus Loves Me*”  
& “*Jesus Loves the Little Children of the World*”, I didn’t turn to  
*Him, instinctively*. I went straight to the *F*ather. As a child, in  
the 1950’s, I laid in bed beneath my covers—holding tightly to a  
rounded metal treasure found in a street gutter near my home. I  
believe it was an army cockpit transmitter—probably from WWII.  
I would *depress* the send button with my small fingers & *pray*  
faithfully into the built in microphone, “*Earth to G-d—Hello G-d,  
this is Cindy. Please Bless ALL the people of the world.*” Then I  
proceeded to name everyone I knew.

**I was a tomboy through and through, and back in those  
days, we kids played outside**—sun up to sun down—unless in  
school or doing little chores for our parents. We ran together in  
neighborhood packs, and usually had a clubhouse of some sort.  
Ours was an old green tent—complements of the **U.S. Army**. A  
sign “**No Girls Allowed, EXCEPT Cindy**” hung from the en-  
trance. We often played soldiers. My code name was **Joe**—that  
was the best name for a successful soldier *in my opinion*. (See, *I  
had two uncles who, as prisoners-of-war, barely survived Nazi concen-  
tration camps. Back in the states, they remained mental prisoners—one  
sullen, one drunk—both hid from the memories. Neither was named Joe!*)

**We spent a great deal of time preparing ourselves for fu-  
ture events**—digging foxholes in the backyard and building forts

## **Go NOW— WAKE UP & REVIVE AMERICA!**

If You’re Confused & Undecided—**PRAY About It—Ask G-d to  
Show you Truth and  
HE WILL!**

### **AND NOW FOR THE CALL TO ACTION:**

**PLAY:** Well, it’s here, the last day of January, and our  
brains are fired up with great ideas—thanks to Our Holy Fa-  
ther of course!

**REWIND:** Randy labored three days to chart a route for **I  
LOVE: Sole to Soul—United States Journey**. Supposedly, if  
one could walk **24** hours *straight* at a rate of **3** miles *per hour*, you  
could travel the approx. 2,600 miles **East to West along I-40** from  
**N. Carolina to California** in about **36** days, but since most of  
us need rest along the way, it would take a bit longer. So,  
bikes & buggies would be helpful for the long haul!

**PLAY:** Anyway, we’ve been thinking about the “Walk to  
Emmaus” events sponsored by the United Methodist Church.  
We learned about them earlier this month when we went to  
Sunday service @ First United Methodist Church of Eureka.  
They are cool spiritual journeys where you walk the same  
path as other seekers for days—*in silence*—praying & listen-  
ing for **G-d’s Voice**. The events are scheduled monthly at  
different sites and imitate the original **Walk to Emmaus:**  
where two men journeying along a road by foot—*back in the  
day*—met **Our Messiah Yeshua—Christ Jesus—needless  
to say**, their lives were altered—*eternally!*

**VISUALIZE:** My thought on the matter is this, **I LOVE Sole  
to Soul—United States Journey** will help do exactly what **Our  
Father** said—“**Bring as many To Me as humanly possible—  
by the Hand in Cove**”. Promoting the event—on TV, radio, &  
print, on-line, houses of worship, & college campuses—we  
could draw a *sea to shining sea* of **Committed Believers &  
TRUTH SEEKERS—Together Beneath the Veil of the**



out of *downed trees* and *old cardboard boxes*. We ran up and down the street searching our neighbors' curbs for discarded treasures—like cast away *Christmas trees* lying as shocked, dying soldiers on a battlefield. We tied the trees to our bicycles and towed them home. **Shiny, silver icicles clung to their dry-needled arms like badges of honor—I couldn't help feeling sick inside, as I watched them die.**

**What stood tall as welcomed visitors in our homes weeks earlier—crowned with stars & angels, bells, balls, and lights...** heralded with sacred awe & anxious excitement, center points of thought and song—laid helpless and decaying in our yards. They awaited the demeaning trash truck ride to the city dump to rejoin their friends—the **equally glorified**—the **equally betrayed bows, boxes, and wrappings**.

**We salvaged cardboard boxes from big, trash dumpsters** behind *Buddies* our neighborhood grocer's store. As a united neighborhood tribe, we walked or biked the quarter mile to the vacant alley then climbed into the dumpsters one-by-one and rooted amongst rotting vegetables and cigarette butts for the best boxes we could find. Once unburied, we drug them home—and attached each end-to-end...flap-to-flap making tunnels and opposing forts. Then, we gathered seasonal ammunition from the yard—mudballs, small rocks, occasional snowballs, and—good 'ol "Indian Needles"—perfect for picking, licking, and flicking.

**Finally, we pitted ourselves against one another and unloaded our stockpiles**—pelting our opponents from those backyard forts and foxholes—*mimicking the battles, we caught glimpses of on glorified war movies shown on Saturday TV, as we paraded in and out of the house in search of Sugar-Sandwich Rations*. And, we didn't stop pelting each other until we ran out of fuel, or someone ran home crying—or we bored of the game. I didn't know it at the time, but we were acting out the heat of anxiety that fueled our nation...left over from *WWII*...made possible by unresolved hate & long-distance missiles—*The Red Scare... The Cuban Missile Crisis... The Bay of Pigs*.

**A few families in our neighborhood went so far as to build underground bomb shelters** in the middle of their backyards—it was a time when our minds & our nation were still innocent enough to believe that little concrete boxes with hinged tin doors five inches beneath the grass could protect us from evil.

**I was unaware then of the wretched slaughter of 6,000,000 Jews in Europe—Yahveh’s Chosen People—Yeshua’s Family.** I didn’t fully grasp the horror of it all until many years later when, as a teacher, I read *Ellie Wiesel’s Night* aloud to 150 seventh graders—reared on **political correctness** and **religious freedom**. We wept together—fifty minutes a day for several weeks. *We wept* for mothers, fathers, and their babies. *We wept* as our vision of humankind was blurred & blinded—our minds branded—our innocence bathed in reality. Our collective social conscience—ignited! Although we sat safely on the sidelines of time and sea, we will never be the same.

**As a teenager, I was on the fringe of the hippie-movement.**

I dressed the part, yet steered clear of joining the protests for two key reasons. First, I was scared. I was not *emotionally* capable of opposing my *much beloved* earth father or the tightly held values of his generation—despite the worlds of thought that separated us on matters of politics and people. I feared dishonoring the hands that fed me; I feared losing my father’s respect; and I feared clinging too tightly to my own beliefs. Second, I was not ripe. I understand, now, that *G-d’s Hand* was lying tightly upon me, holding me back from formulating my own opinions...too soon.

**But, the spirit of the anti-war marchers filled my head and heart with fresh-breath—serving me hope from the inside out.** I watched them *willingly pay the hefty* price that comes from standing in vocal opposition to those around you. They were ostracized by their country’s men & women—*for utilizing a First Amendment right afforded them by the Founding Fathers of this nation*. To compound the confusion and painful burden, many protestors’ parents shunned them as well—leaving protestors alienated from country and family alike. *But, despite the costs*, they followed their hearts and stepped closer to *God’s Law*—“*Thou shall not kill.*” In the process, a few died and many were wounded—*emotionally & physically, but G-d Himself had etched His Commandment deeply into the core of their souls long before they were born.*

**I watched Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. march & pray publicly across the screen of our TV set.** I saw the ire of a nation who thought he, too, was far out of line—*though he owned the same right* to “life, liberty, & the pursuit of happiness” as eve-

**FATHER HELP US PRAY**  
By OUR BRAIN SOUP 3-30-06 A Soulful Drum song

**FATHER help US pray—Open up OUR doors  
We’re bowing on OUR knees  
FATHER, help US please**

*FATHER* help US pray  
**Hold US close to YOU**  
Down here on OUR knees  
*FATHER* HEAR US, *PLEASE*

**FATHER, help ME pray—Got so much to say  
I Need to share with YOU  
Please draw the words from ME**

*FATHER* Help US pray  
**Hold US close to YOU**  
**Down here on OUR knees**  
*FATHER* HEAR US, *PLEASE*

**FATHER, help US pray—**  
“[ *YOU are* ] Looking Down Out of the HEAVENS—  
Calling Out [*Our*] Names—[  
*YOU*] Gave [ *Us*] YOUR EVERYTHING..  
That [ *WE*] Could SERVE and LOVE ONE ANOTHER—  
For ALL ETERNITY!”

*FATHER*, help US pray  
**Please, Hold US close to YOU**  
**Bowed Down here upon OUR knees**  
**FATHER, HEAR US PLEASE**

**FATHER, help US pray—  
-To Serve YOUR Final WILL:  
To Join OUR Many HANDS & STAND w/YOU as ONE**

*FATHER*, help US pray  
Please hold US close to YOU  
Down here on OUR knees  
Begging *FATHER* Please—PLEASE HELP US PLEASE YOUR WILL!  
—To GATHER As YOU’VE CALLED—  
***STANDING ONE and ALL***  
**In YOUR CIRCLE of PERFECT LOVE**

12.10.2005



## By Your Side

Lyrics by cjRandolph October 5, 2005

Musical Composition by Randy Randolph October 5, 2005

All I—ever—wanted to be was...by your side,  
Inside—your life,  
So much—time has passed now—I don't remember where I was heading  
I lost—that feeling—that—I had

-----  
It really—doesn't matter—anymore...anyhow  
Look around, and you'll see  
Everyone falling and fighting, trying to find their way...in the dark  
The oceans...the sea of clouds  
Melting life—before me

*Never thought! It would be—anything—like it—has turned out to be*  
I'm sitting here in your heart...in your life—  
On the lake

Living the dream that we dreamed *when—*  
*We only dreamed of what was...and never could be*

*Now—we are here, together—*  
Finding our way back home—In the darkness  
That we've created—*for ourselves*  
All I really ever needed was being here—with you, right by your side

*That's all—*  
*I think—that it should be—*  
You are my—desti-nation, my destiny, my fate  
And I am glad I—walked behind that—sli-iding door.  
*I don't know, what I—expected to find*  
When I stepped across that magic-line, you drew in the sand of time.

Before today—and forever—  
*I'm just—happy to be—here with you—*  
Could you—feed me some more of that Princess Treatment that you fed to me,  
Before I crowned myself your Queen?

I'm much more a follower  
I need some power...strength...something to grab on—to  
You like to walk behind me  
You like to stand—In my shadow  
But *I've never been the one—to cast—a very dark line*  
I've tried to tell you so many times—I'm not a leader—yeah  
I want to hit rewind  
I need a strong—shadow—to walk beside.

GUESS WHO HEARD MY CRY & GAVE ME STRENGTH to GRAB ON To?

ryone else. I saw him pay the price with his life, and although the civil rights' movement was anything but pretty, *we have been blessed to see the fruit of his love ripen upon the tree of life.*

**Prejudice spewed through the airwaves of this nation like weapons of mass destruction.** I sat quietly in my own thoughts—listening to the opinions of others, yet rarely speaking out—lest prompted by classroom discussion or a mandated report. It was the safest place to be—at the time & *remains so today—* although it causes *deep internal scars of self-disrespect.*

**Two months after I graduated from high school, I married my sweetheart...my friend.** We're still happily together, today, 35 years later. We have *six* amazing children—three of our own & three who complete us—handpicked in marriage...by our first three. Together, they gave us *four Grand Children—Our Grand Angels!* We are truly blessed.

**We attempted the church house movement off and on numerous times over the years although we never bought the package,** for reasons—until now—beyond my understanding. Still, we raised our children in faith...*based more on walk than word—seeded by love, up-righted by the depth of our roots, and nourished by the Hands of G-d.*

**I could never fully grasp the concept of an earthman being the Son of God;** even though, I fully admired *Jesus'* dedication and commitment to follow **His Heart—***all the way to His Death—*pleading for *our* forgiveness down to his last breath. See, I reasoned it this way. If *Jesus* walked the earth, then he was my brother. I felt like I was a good person, *too.* I mean I was a peace-loving individual. I turned away from the hot-breath of prejudice. I fully believed “**Thou shalt not kill**”—*even bugs!* I thought, ‘*Why should I have to go through Jesus to talk to Our Father in Heaven.*’ I mean, I thought, ‘**HE is OUR Father. HE CREATED ALL of us—not just Jesus.**’ Granted, *Jesus* went to his death believing *He* was the **Son of Man—***dying for us, but* if I want to talk to my *earth dad,* I don't go through one of my brothers—*no matter what—even if* one of them has a better way with words. I just go straight up to him myself—build my own case—depend on my own ability to connect. **So why—?**

**PREFACE:**

**In January 2006, I learned “why”**—straight from “*I AM: I AM your FATHER*”

**Actually, amazing things started happening a long time ago,** but I finally learned the identity of the **Driver at the Helm of My Ship.**

**One Saturday, my husband set up our musical equipment** to practice for an upcoming gig. He even hooked up the recorder, so we could analyze our efforts and weaknesses, later. As he fine-tuned his bass guitar, I limbered up vocally. ...doing a little stand up comedy. Without discussing it or fully realizing it, I was crying out for help to ease the emotional pain I had been experiencing for a few years.

**I was finding it more and more difficult to accept the condition of our world.** The ritualistic fussing and fighting and Blame Game finger pointing we exercise every day while thousands of children fall victim to starvation & disease.

**My music had become Bob Dylan-ish and Arlo Guthrie-like.** I was trying to raise awareness through potent, thought provoking story songs, using simple, folk riffs...with catchy beats to lure my audience—sort of like KY Jelly for the brain. It came to my attention long ago that we will ingest much more through music than we will through the spoken word.

**So anyway, that Saturday I warmed up by taking on a silly pseudo persona. I bantered into the microphone, “Oh my gosh, I wonder if he’ll come today?”**

**At that exact moment, the Heavens parted and Our Father entered!**

**I was sitting on a stool in the hand-built belly-womb of our home**—a log cabin that *Our Father* literally held our hands to build—when *He, Yahveh—Our Father G-d made HIS Presence known—thru Song...using my vocal cords!*

**Now, it’s critical to mention here that I have never been a religious zealot.** I actually blame much of the world’s ills on religion and those who spew it into the air like daggers at the hearts, minds, bodies, and souls of others while purporting to know the



**FAITH IN LOVE**

Put in Randy Randolph’s Head 3-22-06

Trust in Love for Self-Confidence  
To Believe In Love Creates Devotion  
I Promise to adore with tenderness  
You Can Always Count On Me  
You Can Always Count On Me

**Faith In LOVE, Faith In LOVE, Faith in LOVE, FAITH IN LOVE**

**Do Not Despair**

To Have HOPE IS FAITH  
Your True Conviction is Trust in LOVE  
Your Compassion is So Warm  
We Can Make A Difference  
We Can Make A Difference

**Faith in LOVE, Faith in LOVE, Faith in LOVE, Faith in LOVE**

02.26.2006

**RAIN DOWN THE LOVE**

**Our Spirit SOUP—Head chef “I AM”** 3-06 Reworked August, 06

**Hand to Hand Pass Sacred Answers**

Round & Round the Family Fold of Time  
Defended By Our Breath  
Snarling Black & White—Superficial Soul  
Thickened By Time!

04.15.2006

**Rain Down the LOVE (x’s 4)**

Rushed Around All Mornin’—Still Made It By 9  
Time to Drink in the Moment & Offer Up My Dime  
Life Keeps Crowding Me—I Need to Be Somewhere!  
Preacher Keeps Preaching—I Gotta Get Outta Here!

**Rain Down the LOVE (x’s 4)**

Where’s Everybody Going—Let’s Stop & Pray  
Sorry About that Father—Already Did That Today  
I Thought This Was My House of Prayer  
Sorry, Dad, Gotta Be Somewhere  
PLEASE, Just Stop & Pray  
I’M TRYING TO SHOW YO THE WAY!

**Rain Down the LOVE (x’s 4)**

Everybody Keeps Struggling—But Nobody Can See!

*Our Father "I AM" Sends Comfort & Awareness in Music...*

**THE WAY TO LOVE**

Delivered to Randy Randolph March 2006

**The Way to Love**

There's a Decisive Sign

No Motion Wasted

On Unsure Paths

**It Just Is, It Just Is, It Just Is**

**Feel It From Your Soul**

Forget Reality, Let Go

What's Inside Will Lead You

Feel It, yeah, Embrace It

**It Just Is, It Just Is, It Just Is**

**UPSHOT**

Scribed by Randy Randolph 3-20-06

**We are traveling down two paths**

**Riding along a single vessel journey**

**The voyage is heading for the same destination**

**To Serve One Purpose—Single Goal**

**We Are Upshot Bound,**

**We Are Upshot Bound,**

**We Are Upshot Bound...**

**Our Intentions they are the same**

**Neutral in OUR resolve**

**Resolution void of single minded limitations**

**Our Minds they are Made Up**

**We Are Upshot Bound,**

**We Are Upshot Bound,**

**We Are Upshot Bound**

**We are traveling down two paths**

**Heading for the same destination**

**Our intentions they are the same**

**Cause we're Upshot—UPSHOT BOUND!**

thoughts, depths, & expectations of *our Creator The GREAT ONE*—The Great "I AM".

\*\*\*\*\*

**It has been said in scripture that we can only know The Father through *The Son*...but only The Father can lead us to *His Son*.** That circle seems confusing in human understanding & dimensional reasoning, yet that is exactly what happened! **1<sup>st</sup> The Father came in Song**—an aged, wise man, followed by **The Son**—a more youthful version of the same **Holy One!**

**Note:** Before we go too far—you're probably wondering **WHY I leave the "o" out of G-d**...good question and easy answer. My spiritual journey has been a huge learning experience. It is a sign of reverent respect for *Our Father*—to eliminate the "o" on *disposable documents*. Then If the document gets thrown out with the trash—*Our Creator* won't be disrespected. *If it's difficult to internalize*, think no further than the **American flag**. Custom teaches us *to burn* our **U.S. flag** if it hits the ground—the reason, **R-E-S-P-E-C-T**.

**Another Note:** Why do I call **Our Father G-d "Yahveh"**? Because that's what the scribes of ancient texts called *Him*. That is also what Native Americans call *Him*. The same goes with calling *G-d's Son "Veshua"* instead of **Jesus**. I am talking about *the same Holy Ones*—I am simply respecting the original names.

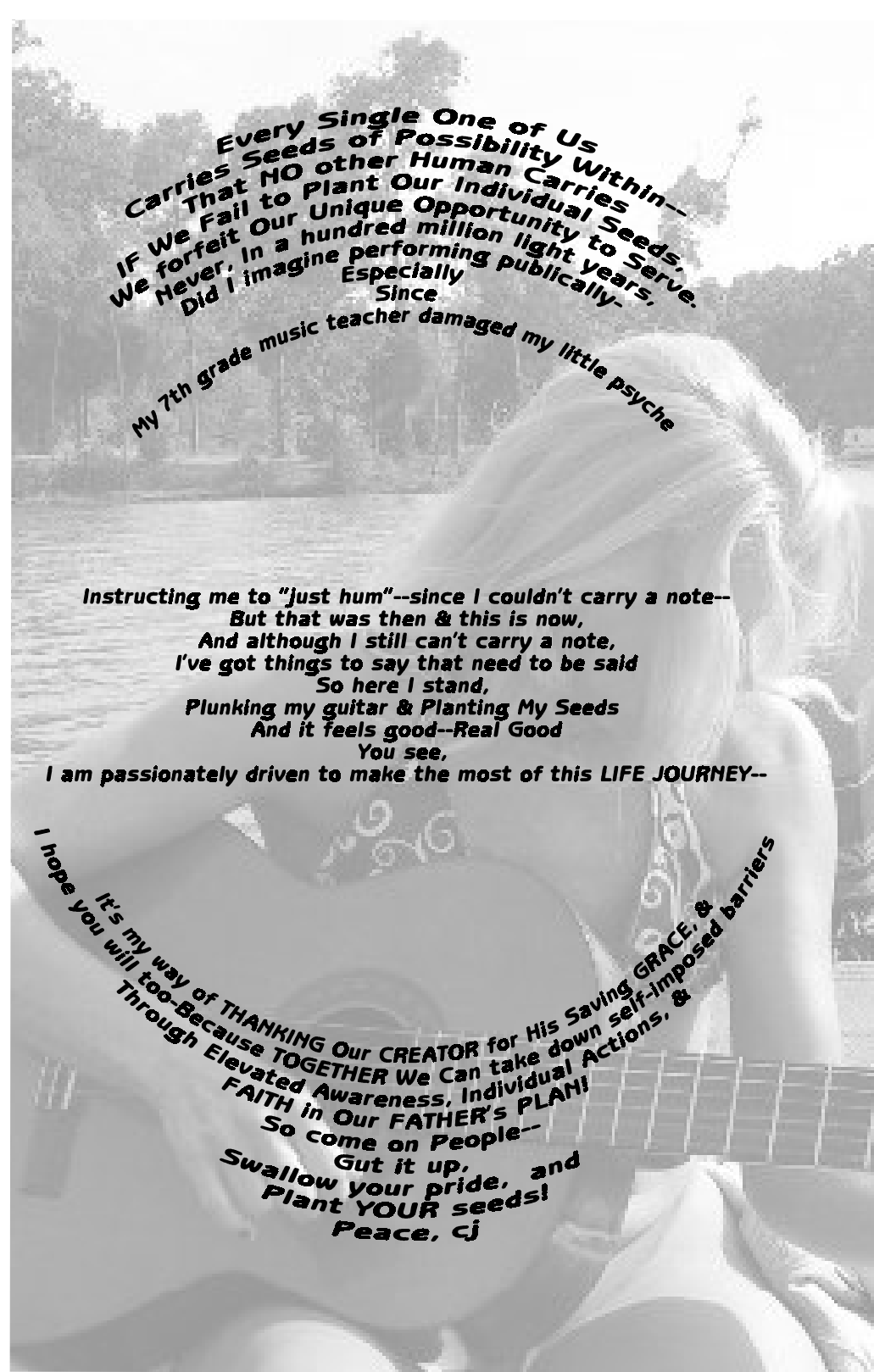
*Peace Up to the Highest Power of Love, cj*



So, with no further ado—HERE come the Messages—  
that I received from Our Father in January 2006!

“I AM” sang His Heart’s Song—breathing Faith, Hope, &  
Love into the air, yet He was heartbroken & angry like a  
parent who spends every waking moment’s energy *Serving*  
*Others*, yet is cursed, trampled & ignored in return—but still  
*Forgives & Loves*.

“Every thing’s gonna be alright.... Every thing’s gonna be okay  
All We’ve got to do Is put Our Hands Together  
All We’ve got to do Is Work Together  
Do you hear Me—Do you hear Me, child—Do you hear Me?  
I AM Looking Down OUT OF The HEAVENS!  
I’m Calling your name—Can you hear Me, people?  
My Tears are Dry—  
I’m sending you MY EVERYTHING  
I have Given ALL that I Have  
I have Given MY LIFE—  
MY SON for you!  
&  
I Gave you  
My Arms & My Will—  
I Gave you My Spirit—My Self—My Mind  
I Gave you Everything—  
My Feet, My Hands, My Eyes  
That YOU could SERVE One Another!  
That YOU could LOVE One Another!  
That YOU could SERVE One Another for ALL of ETERNITY!  
I Thought you would TEACH your children—  
I Thought that you would LOVE your Mother—she’s given  
you EVERYTHING, Everything!  
I GAVE YOU LIFE!  
To hell with ALL of you, but still I LOVE & still I Forgive  
I AM. I AM your Father.”



Every Single One of Us  
Carries Seeds of Possibility Within--  
That NO other Human Carries--  
IF We Fail to Plant Our Individual Seeds,  
We forfeit Our Unique Opportunity to Serve.  
Never, in a hundred million light years,  
Did I imagine performing publically,  
Especially Since

My 7th grade music teacher damaged my little psyche

Instructing me to “just hum”--since I couldn’t carry a note--  
But that was then & this is now,  
And although I still can’t carry a note,  
I’ve got things to say that need to be said  
So here I stand,  
Plunking my guitar & Planting My Seeds  
And it feels good--Real Good  
You see,

I am passionately driven to make the most of this LIFE JOURNEY--

I hope you will too--Because  
It’s my way of THANKING Our CREATOR for His Saving GRACE, &  
Through Elevated Awareness, Individual Actions, &  
FAITH in Our FATHER’s PLAN!  
So come on People--  
Gut it up,  
Swallow your pride, and  
Plant YOUR seeds!  
Peace, CJ

## Plant Your Seeds

By cjRandolph—started 1999 in my journal—stumbled upon 8-2005...finalized 9-15-2005  
Dedicated to all the little children of the world—for now and evermore &  
To our ever-nurturing Mother Earth, & to Our Heavenly Father...Creator of ALL

Looking out the back door,  
Heading for the front door,  
Wondering if we're wasting our time,  
Speaking our minds  
Cause they aren't ready, aren't ready to see.

And a voice answered  
They weren't ready for Emerson or H.D. Thoreau,  
Weren't ready for Socrates or Plato,  
Weren't ready for JFK or Mohandas Gandhi,  
Weren't ready for Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. or Jesus Christ  
No, They weren't ready.... weren't ready to see,  
So why waste time worrying if they're ready for you and me?

They followed their hearts &  
Followed their dreams,  
And Planted their seeds because **THEY** believed,  
Did it w/sincerity...did it w/real dignity...did it **For Humanity**  
Did it for you & me!

Like Sheryl Crowe said, "What it all boils down too—is..."  
**THEY BELIEVED,**

But following your heart & following your dreams isn't cheap &  
It doesn't come easy

Socrates paid the price w/his life,  
Gandhi paid the price with his life,  
John F. Kennedy paid the price with his life,  
Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. paid the price with his life,  
And YESHUA—Our Christ Jesus paid the price with His life  
& Fire fighters & Soldiers & Scholars & Protesters pay the price w/their lives.

See,

Some things wither & Some things thrive,  
There's no way to know if Our Seeds will survive,  
Just, follow your heart, follow your dreams, & plant your seeds  
Do it w/sincerity...do it w/real dignity... do it **For Humanity**  
Do it because **YOU BELIEVE!**

Don't second-guess—just do your best—Set them FREE-& Pray They Grow!

Hey, if **Gandhi** sat down with us, today, what would he say?

If **Kennedy** were president, today, what would he say?

If **Dr. King** spoke to us, today, what would he say?

If **Mother Teresa** walked up to us, today, what would she say?

If **YESHUA** dripped blood for us, today, what would he say?

If **Socrates** questioned us today,

"Are we wasting our time, speaking our minds?"

What would we say?

Just follow your heart, follow your dreams, and plant your seeds  
Because **YOU BELIEVE—**

Do it w/sincerity; do it w/real dignity; do it **For Humanity!**

Now, you may never see—the fruit on them trees,

But Plant Your Seeds...yeah Plant Your Seeds—& Let Them Grow.

Footnote: You may be feeling a little freaked out & unnerved @ the prospect of planting your seeds because, hey, who really knows if we're wise enough or smart enough or if people will show us 5 cents Worth of respect. But I'm asking you to just take a minute to realize that G-d sent you and nobody else to deliver the Seeds of Possibility that you carry inside. Still, it's true that we humans have a tendency to ridicule that which we don't understand—they laughed at Johnny Appleseed—BUT, hey, who's Laughing NOW? Soooooo, Jump Out there, defy the Odds, and PLANT **YOUR SEEDS!**

09.02.2005

Special Note: Uncomfortable or Not—*Please*—THINK ABOUT IT: As Our Father "I AM" sang His Heart using my mouth, *everything was sweetly compelling*—though heartbreaking, *until* His Words "*To hell with All of you*". That part was like eating bitter fruit—it literally tasted bad! It was shocking & painful. When I began sharing His Song—didn't want to repeat that phrase. It left me torn wide open...aching. Every time I thought of it OR attempted to repeat it—even in writing, *it was bitter*. That one phrase caused me & others great distress. But, then Our Father led me—*took me by the hand* to "EZEKIEL 2:7-8 "*You must give them my messages whether they listen or not. Listen, son of dust, to what I say to you. Don't you be a rebel too! Open your mouth and eat what I give you.*" EZEKIEL 2:8-9 "Then I looked and saw a hand holding out to me a scroll, with writing on both sides. He unrolled it, and I saw that it was full of warnings and sorrows and pronouncements of doom." EZEKIEL 3: 1 Then He said: "Son of dust, eat what I am giving you—eat this scroll! Then go and give its message to the people of Israel." EZEKIEL 3:3-9 "Eat it all," He said. And when I ate it, it tasted sweet as honey. Then He said: "Son of dust, I am sending you to the people of Israel with my messages. EZEKIEL 3:14-15 I went in bitterness & anger, but the hand of the Lord was strong upon me. EZEKIEL 3:17 "Son of dust, I have appointed you as a watchman for Israel; whenever I send my people a warning, pass it on to them at once." Several times, I deleted "to hell...", but EZEKIEL 13 [warns against *whitewashing YAH'S Truth*.]

### Then, His Son—Yeshua, Christ Jesus spoke: "**Come**"

I went To *Him* as if sleep walking—led by *The Holy Spirit*.  
*I feel the need to explain that, from the moment "I AM" entered, I was unaware of all things in this physical world. My focus was solely upon Him—His Words, His Grace, & His Homeland. My husband heard "I AM" sing & saw me cross the room & fall upon my knees in tearful reverence, but he did not hear "I AM" speak, nor see Him.*

**He Appeared in VISION:** *His Arms were Widespread and Welcoming. His Elbows bent gently, and the palms of His Hands opened upward. His long, white-beard and the draping, v-shaped sleeves of His white robe moved gently to the rhythm of a soft breeze. I was in reverent awe. He Is Alive & Holy—He Is Majestic Living Grace. He was close enough to touch, but I knew time & great space separated us. It was the most amazing moment of my life—Sacred to the Mega-pty!*

### He Spoke, again:

**“It's Late. Go Now: Bring as many To Me as humanly possible—by the hand in Love.. I want All with Me as My Children—Standing Together as One to greet what ever**

comes. I will veil you with My Self. I will take the first hit upon My Own Back. *I Will Not Leave, You—No Matter What.*”

*His Voice was Sincere & Straightforward—*

*He Is Ready—*

*He Drew No Lines of Division.*

Every One is Welcomed & Wanted—*He Calls ALL to Stand with Him—NOW—as a Father...we, as His Children!*

*HE sincerely desires “as many as humanly possible” to COME—to Gather To Him for COMFORT.*

It was a HOLY, SACRED, Divine Meeting, and I clung to every word *He* spoke—not wanting to miss a grain. I understood the Magnitude of *His* Presence and the importance of *His* Message—as if seeds planted within the core of my soul long ago sprouted, the minute I *Heard Him* speak.

*He Returned—Unexpected & Unannounced! He Took me by Glorious Surprise—Just as He Promised, so long ago, when He left us I was a speechless, young child sitting at my Holy Father’s Feet—overjoyed by His Presence and Glory! An endless sea of tears streamed my face. Every fiber of my existence rejoiced and feasted upon His Presence. He had been gone so long I had almost forgotten Him, yet the moment He Called, I knew His Voice. It was as if He secretly hung His Promise To Return sign over the Doorway of My Heart—long before it was mine.*

*He Rose Higher—Then Stood on the Threshold of*

*Heaven’s Gate:* The Gate was made of three, thick, hand-hewn, dark wood timbers—simply formed: two—up right & one horizontal. They formed a perfect doorway for *Him—slightly wider* by a comfortable degree beyond *His Widespread Arms*. In height, it was over-sized a bit—higher than *His Head*. *He* stood center-point. I could see *Him* full length. *He* was tall & slender—clothed in a long, white, flowing robe. *His Arms Widespread and Welcoming. His Hands* were open—*His Palms Upward*. Although no walls were present, I could see into *His Homeland* only through the gate. Out of respect, I avoided looking inside—like standing on the porch at



**Think about it:**  
**-16,000 Children Die Daily-**  
**From hunger related causes alone:**

**667 per hour;**  
**12 per minute;**  
**1 every 5 seconds**

**Is this how Our Creator Thought We Would**  
**SERVE & LOVE ONE ANOTHER?**

**SIMPLY PUT:**  
**CLEAN WATER, FOOD, & PRAYER are needed**

**OUR race is against TIME & SELF**

**ONE WORLD FAMILY!**

**Remember HURRICANE KATRINA?**  
**Recovery comes through action--**  
**Yours, Mine, & OURS**  
**GRASSROOTS STYLE**

**Think About This:**  
**One day soon, we may cry out for others to help save**  
**our babies & for refuge in another country!**

**GET INFORMED**  
**Make a COMMITMENT**  
**GET INVOLVED**  
**RAISE AWARENESS**  
**START WITHIN**  
**EXPAND!**  
**Peace,**  
**cj**

**Check Out**  
**BREAD FOR THE WORLD**  
**There are many UNIQUE ways to help--**  
**START with PRAYER then GET CREATIVE--**  
**Feel the Heartbeat...of Mothers, Fathers, & Babies!**

11:12

*I Have One Question; the question is, "WHY?"*

Thanking our FATHER for the job HE's done—while sucking in Early's slow-rising sun  
Giving thanks for the gift of this decked out ride—given for me & you—mine & yours  
Those of us straddling these North American shores  
Feeding from the pantry of Mother Nature's corridor  
And as we talk—cause we talk for awhile—I muster up the courage to ask HIM—"WHY"  
So many others around the world got to die?  
I know it sounds ungrateful, but still it's true  
I simply have to know—WHY—so much was given to me & you  
While others got—poverty & hunger—death & decay—&  
Mothers laying babies in premature graves—in this—"HIS"—World of Plenty.

And a tear fell as HE stared my eye—Think us both started to cry  
HE said, "I gave the Earth, the sea, and the sky  
I gave MY hands, MY feet, MY eyes—I gave MY heart, MY soul, MY mind  
That *my children* might LOVE *one another* enough to share the free flowing feed—from  
Mother Earth's big-bosomed teat—oozing Womb-warmed Milk for ALL to feed.  
Then He stared me down a little while longer, before finally HE said:  
It's time for you to crawl out of bed—& spend more time inside your head  
Take a deep think w/the face in the mirror—and let your GLARE—hang THERE  
Then take up the matter of this chatter with your sisters & your brothers  
Study eyes and lives—then ask each other "WHY?"  
So many others around the world got to die  
Why there's—poverty & hunger—death & decay—&  
Mommas laying babies in premature graves—in My—Gift of Plenty!"

So here I am—Put back in my place—Addressing you, my family—face-to-face—  
You know, there's really very little standing between us & them  
Outside of borders and boundaries—sea & air—&  
Man-made fences built w/weathered boards—Rusted shut on hinge-sprung doors  
Rusted by the tears of time—Glued w/the ignorance that warped our minds  
So, I'm asking—"WHY?"—my brothers and sisters—like I was told to do  
Here to Plant HIS Seeds inside of YOU  
Let's take off our shoes for a minute or five—set them down right by our sides  
Set our pigs free—free to fly—free to catch the view from Heaven's eye  
Free to breath the earth, the sea, & the sky—&  
When they've—seen—all they can handle—can take no more,  
We'll welcome them home to the comfort of OUR children's corridor  
But before we rest easy for the rest of the night—Let's reach across the room  
Pick up—Slip on—Lace up real tight—somebody else's pair—FULL SOLE  
Walk around for a day or seven—Feel their heartbeats—Rock their hungry babies  
Kiss goodnight the weary heads of desperate-eyed families—praying beside near-death beds  
You know, there's really very little standing between us & them—  
Outside of borders & boundaries—sea & air  
Man-made fences of weathered boards—Rusted shut hinges & hinge-sprung doors  
Rusted by the tears of time—Glued w/the ignorance that warps our minds  
So I'm asking—You—my Brothers & Sisters—"WHAT ARE WE WILLING TO DO?"—  
With these hands, these feet, these eyes—these hearts, souls, & minds  
To get Mother Earth's—FREE-FLOWING—MILK of PLENTY  
Into the starving mouths of desperate-eyed mothers, fathers, & their babies  
Before the final good night—in this, "OUR" World of Plenty?

someone's home unless you're invited in, *but still it was my Father's Homeland, & I was drawn. Clearly, He understood my hunger to see and gave approval to my desire—because for a brief moment, He allowed me to feast upon the Glory Beyond.*

*He Let Me Look Past Him:* I saw the *most beautiful*, Up Rolling Pastureland—bathed in a subtle wash of watercolor green. There was no debris or distraction of any kind. Serenity and Grace *soothed My Soul—enveloping the moment—in perfect peace.*

**He Took Away My Sight as He Spoke:  
"There is much you will never know."**

**His Words anesthetized me**—and in that blinded state, I drank from the Ancient Holy Waters of Time *submerged like a sponge in A Sacred Cup—or as an infant still in the womb—feeding from the umbilical cord—drinking life from His Body & Blood. Either way, His Spirit filled me with New Life & Sacred, Ancient Knowledge, for which I had no deep studied foundation.* I did not see or hear another thing until I awoke standing near center point at a T-shaped intersection in a massive stone temple. I was at perfect peace with His Words—*which intrigues me because I am analytical by nature and question everything & everyone, but not that time—not Him—for I knew Him as TRUTH.*

**He Filled Me with TRUTH** while my eyes were blinded:  
He said the Time is Now—He wants ALL to stand with Him—He said He will shield us—VEIL us with Himself—He said He will take the—1<sup>st</sup> hit upon His Own Back—He said He will not leave us—no matter what!

**He Took Me Inside a Temple:** I do not know if I entered through The Gate, *but when allowed again, to see, I was standing alone in a wing of a Massive, long, Sacred Stone Temple with high ceilings.* I remember the room was *narrow—compared to its height.* It seemed to be a Holy Place—*definitely sacred & serious.* It was made of Giant, Rectangular-cut, stone blocks. I remember feeling cold. I saw no one initially...*not even my escort—though we stood side-by-side, for He talked, as we walked down the long, open aisle (corridor) of the chamber.*

\*NOTE: Recently, He led me to 2 photos inside Holman's Illustrated Bible Dictionary that resembled...to my mind's eye...the room—from the outside! One is a Temple's *Holy of Holies Place...* where the Covenant of the Ark was originally stored! The other was the original Jewish Temple that sat just outside of Jerusalem.

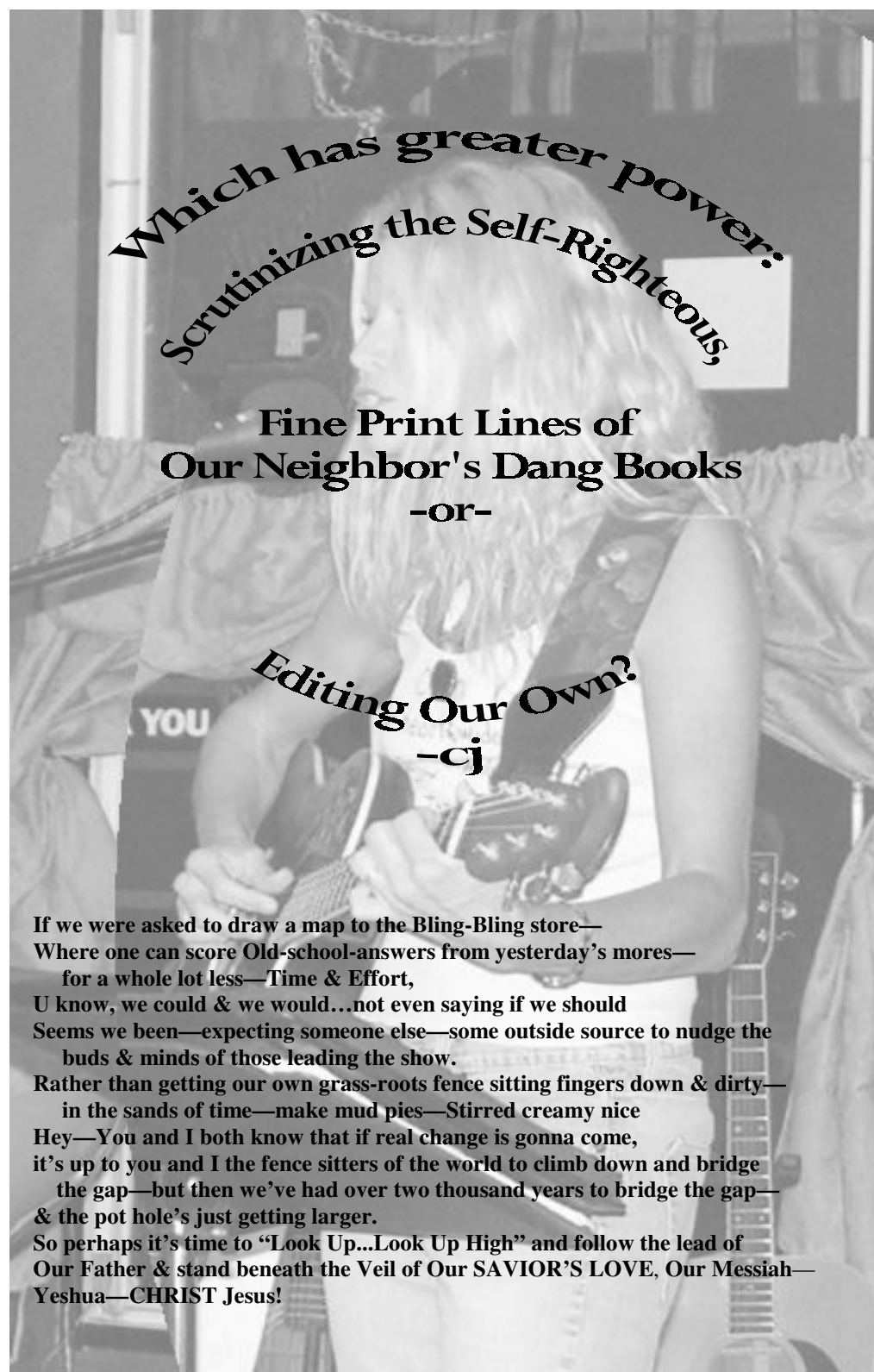
***He told me the story of His Youth.*** He said, “*There was a time when I was young that they were angry.* [\*At that point, I briefly saw or sensed thrones, and although We were alone, I could hear many voices!] Two numbers stuck out in my head afterwards: 12 & 24. He talked of His 24 Elders—and how He had hurt them. Suddenly, We were inside a smaller, square room—with lower ceilings. I saw His Elders gathered around. They were discussing our atrocities against Him—they were angry and thought we should be banished from all existence. (At the time, I didn’t know what we had done—but have since come to understand it was when we Crucified Him on the Cross) He stood silently outside their discussion—listening. (I do not know if it unraveled before us—or if we were simply looking back thru time together—it seemed I was witnessing His 1<sup>st</sup> Return to His Homeland.) Finally, they ruled—condemning us (earth beings) to become fuel for the rest. At that point He spoke. He spoke in our defense—challenging the decision. He explained His Belief that Negative Seeds can be transformed into Positive Energy if held long enough in Perfect Cove. They turned and stared at Him in disbelief—shocked, dismayed, and offended. They had ruled from a position of honor against us—To Honor Him—because of the horrible thing We did To Him—and there He stood—correcting those who truly Love Him in favor of us—the riff-raff. They were more than a little hurt & upset—they felt disrespected. They could not believe He spoke against them—HIS OWN—to take up for us...those who betrayed Him!

***But, HE IS LOVE! —HE purely “LOVES OTHERS AS HE LOVES HIMSELF”—and that means ALL OTHERS—not just friends and family!***

**Note \*\*\*I was allowed to listen to fragments of those Ancient Conversations between Him & His Elders in order to understand—the urgent implication of His Present Call to us.**

**Ultimately,  
They put our original sentence on hold &  
Put His Plan Into Action—  
for a Predetermined Period of Time!**

- ***If His Plan succeeds:***



If we were asked to draw a map to the Bling-Bling store—  
Where one can score Old-school-answers from yesterday’s mores—  
for a whole lot less—Time & Effort,  
U know, we could & we would...not even saying if we should  
Seems we been—expecting someone else—some outside source to nudge the  
buds & minds of those leading the show.  
Rather than getting our own grass-roots fence sitting fingers down & dirty—  
in the sands of time—make mud pies—Stirred creamy nice  
Hey—You and I both know that if real change is gonna come,  
it’s up to you and I the fence sitters of the world to climb down and bridge  
the gap—but then we’ve had over two thousand years to bridge the gap—  
& the pot hole’s just getting larger.  
So perhaps it’s time to “Look Up...Look Up High” and follow the lead of  
Our Father & stand beneath the Veil of Our SAVIOR’S LOVE, Our Messiah—  
Yeshua—CHRIST Jesus!



**BLAME GAME** by cjRandolph —Summer 2005 **sprawled out—soul side up** on our faded blue, dry beached, 2-seater paddleboat —after fishing CrabCreek w/my guy.

**Been thinking a lot lately about what is & was & could be—& where I've been standing all these years.**

Seems like I spent a lotta time watching, listening, thinking—w/o much doing.  
**To a large degree, it served me well—filled my headpack w/most everything I might ever need**

**Took to the fence—tablet in tow—dodge primetime lime in the finger pointing Blame Game occurring down below.**

**I wasn't trying to hide, but it worked to my advantage just the same—I was PALMOLIVE clean**

**I didn't suffer from being far-sighted, and I didn't suffer from being near-sighted**

**I was pretty certain I was 20/20—10/10—my vi-sion clear & perfect I was a peace-loving individual—do you know what I mean?**

**Can you relate to any-thing that I'm saying about this finger-pointing Blame Game?**

**Are you sure that you're so pure—Or—are you maybe, just a little bit, baby —partially to blame—like I'm sculpting here 'bout myself?**

**Seems like I ought'a spend more time reading between the fine print lines of my own dang book**

**Although they say, "You can't judge a book by its cover,"**

**We seem long content—catching eyeball glimpses of each other's.**

**We study them hard & study them twice trying to value-surmise the superficial hidden prize**

**And as for us, the Paper Back Writers, we rack up millions—billions--zillions in plastic indentured servitude interest for camo-clothes, tucks, & creams bells & whistles & knock your drool gleam**

**Yet rarely do we invest a hard day's cent on the mental matter that really matters**

**Say—If somebody walked up to YOU, today, & asked what you want to say & promised to follow your lead if "YOU", yes YOU, would simply illustrate—dictate—orchestrate—detail deep A twelve-point plan that could better serve All hu-mans in all lands w/Pure unadulterated JUSTICE-for-all-Living Things & Mother Earth's Milk of Plenty**

**Well, could U...would U...be willing to take the time to dream up a better plan—to plant FRESH seeds 4 humanity if it could feed the babies in every land...& treat the ill with docs & pills despite ability to pay OR locale...& build bridges of peace over every hill...**

**Or should our tax dollars set us free from any further responsibility?**

**Do you just sit around—like me—content w/your perfect-minded ideology—**

**Scrutinizing B-grade actors dole near-sighted ill-logic across life's big screen**

**You know, you & I—fence-sitters anonymous—are the heart of the blame—caught strangle-hold deep in our fence-sitting game—**

**Blind to the power we hold—like ticks & fleas just riding along on a dog—**

**We gotta Jump Down-or-Stand Up—**

**Hard Plan in Hand—Rock the Action—R U w/me, man?**

**Gotta Give Our Creator some elbow room—Hit the ground on our knees**

**Ucte these hands, minds, feet, eyes, & lives—to please—H3is Standards *not ours!***

11-12-2005

*He will bring ALL of us back into favor...our sins forgiven.  
With our negative energy purified—we will be worthy of  
Eternal Life in the Holy Dimension.*

*"Nothing impure will ever enter it" -The Revelation 21:27*

• **If His Plan fails,**

**The high court's original ruling will be implemented...thusly  
our sin punished—and we become fuel for the rest.**

***The Predetermined Time is nearly exhausted!***

***His Plan failed by His Own Standards, and  
He Is shattered:***

***"My Tears are Dry" He does not want to leave Anyone  
behind, and it is killing Him —***

***Everyone is PASSIONATELY—Wanted & Welcomed to  
COME To HIM while the gateway is still open!***

**Perhaps we should lift our BIBLES from their showcase  
positions & study The LIVING Word—  
Unveil G-d's Own Messages & Warnings.**

***Maybe we could even***

**Work up the Courage to Discuss Christ then  
PRAY TOGETHER & IN PRIVATE for ALL.**

**THINK ABOUT IT:**

**IF YOU were confronted by  
The GREAT "I AM" & the SON of MAN  
And INSTRUCTED**

**To get "as many as humanly possible"—"NOW"—**

***How would you go about it?***

**Please—Step Forward, Join Hands, & Help Me "Bring" the "Many"  
"By the HAND IN LOVE"!**

*He Sent Me Back with a Formula internalized as:*  
**T=W (Time equals Water)**  
*Scripture speaks of Living Waters*

He Repeated His Instructions as He sent me on my way:

**“It’s late. Go Now—  
Bring as many To Me as humanly possible—  
by the Hand in Love.”**

\*\*\*\*\*

**My Brothers & Sisters of these United States—**

*Please*  
**Honor CHRIST’S Only Request:**  
*Gather in His Name while Time’s River Flows.*  
**STAND As LIVING TESTAMENTS—**  
*& Honor Our Father’s Will—Expressed in*  
***His Heart’s LOVE SONG***

*Prove the Hand of PERFECT LOVE Can Transform*  
*Negative Seed into POSITIVE ENERGY!*  
**Let’s KEEP Yeshua’s BACK FOR A CHANGE!**

Like the Apostle Paul said,  
**“Hope, Faith, & Love—the greatest of which is LOVE!”**

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**He Sent Me Back—a New Woman:** I emerged from the *Glory of His Presence* a completely changed individual. I went from a peace, love, and happiness old school hippie meets bar room rocker to *A Free Flowing River of Light*—and this *Free Flowing River of Light* sometimes spills over the banks—causing a little uproar along the way, but then *that’s how tributaries get started.*

**He Enlightened Me**—there is much I will never know, but somehow I understand others are coming back to help...circling this earth hand-in-hand—sacrificing their secure place beyond—to support *Our Savior in His Time of Need* with love and gratitude.



**?  
Who Are We, Really—When All Alone?**

**Only Our Father Knows For Sure—  
The Truth Lies Behind the Scenes  
Dimmed by Superficiality  
One Face Forward...One Face Behind  
Two Truths...One Life  
Who Loses?**

**You  
&  
I**

**Let’s,  
OPEN our EYES a little wider  
Our MINDS a little wider, Our HEARTS a little wider &  
LET FRESH IDEAS COME ON IN**

**Please Take A Deep Think With the Face In the Mirror:**

OUTLINE 4 **Computer Dreams** By cjRandolph Dreamed February 2005,3:26a.m

GOAL Plant seeds of possibility—*dissolve* Blame Game & *grow* fresh ideas

I. Create a dreaming computer

A. Technology to do so?

B. What to feed it?

1. Include the eyes, lives, wisdoms, joys, & pains of every inhabitant: every period of history & every land that's rode mother ship.

II. Why should we?

A. To create a game plan that equally nourishes all life with justice for all?

1. Eliminate biases & individual/cultural/economic & political perceptions
2. Could it be on the lookout for our spiritual & emotional health & for the health of our planet as well?

III. What might it show?

A. An un-filtered...raw look at the past

1. We could review history in general—bold/worldly—terms
2. Witness our own individual contributions or lack thereof
  - a. Every word spoken or left unspoken
  - b. Every act participated in or our backs turned upon
  - c. Every thought conceived--analyzed or impatiently dismissed

IV. What conclusions might it draw?

A. A Justice-for-All Living Things Game Plan from this day forward

1. Side-by-side format...like buying car on-line [www.bestbet.com](http://www.bestbet.com)
  - a. Show effects of stepping even a little too far left or too far right

V. Who should be present for the unveiling?

A. World leaders?

1. Would they share with us fully the results
2. Would they be tempted to cross the wires & reconfigure the codes to protect their own country's best interests?

B. Business leaders?

1. Would they share the raw unadulterated info w/all the peoples of the world or would it go only to the highest bidders?

C. Spiritual Leaders?

1. Could they accept its truth...what ever it be

D. You & I...the GRASS ROOTS?

1. Could we stop pointing *self-righteous* fingers in the Blame Game?
2. How much comfort zone are we really willing to sacrifice?

E. The Children of the World?

1. The younger, the purer, the closer to innocence

- a. If children are so pure—why don't we allow them to vote, to sit in conference room chairs, to lead countries, to hold positions of power, & to serve as jurors

F. Our Father G-d & His Son

- a. BINGO—They get my vote!
- b. I don't see anything else working!

VI. When our **JUSTICE-4-All Living Things** computer slips N2 sleep mode

A. Sweet dreams of better days to come?

B. Main frame chilling nightmare?

11.12.2005

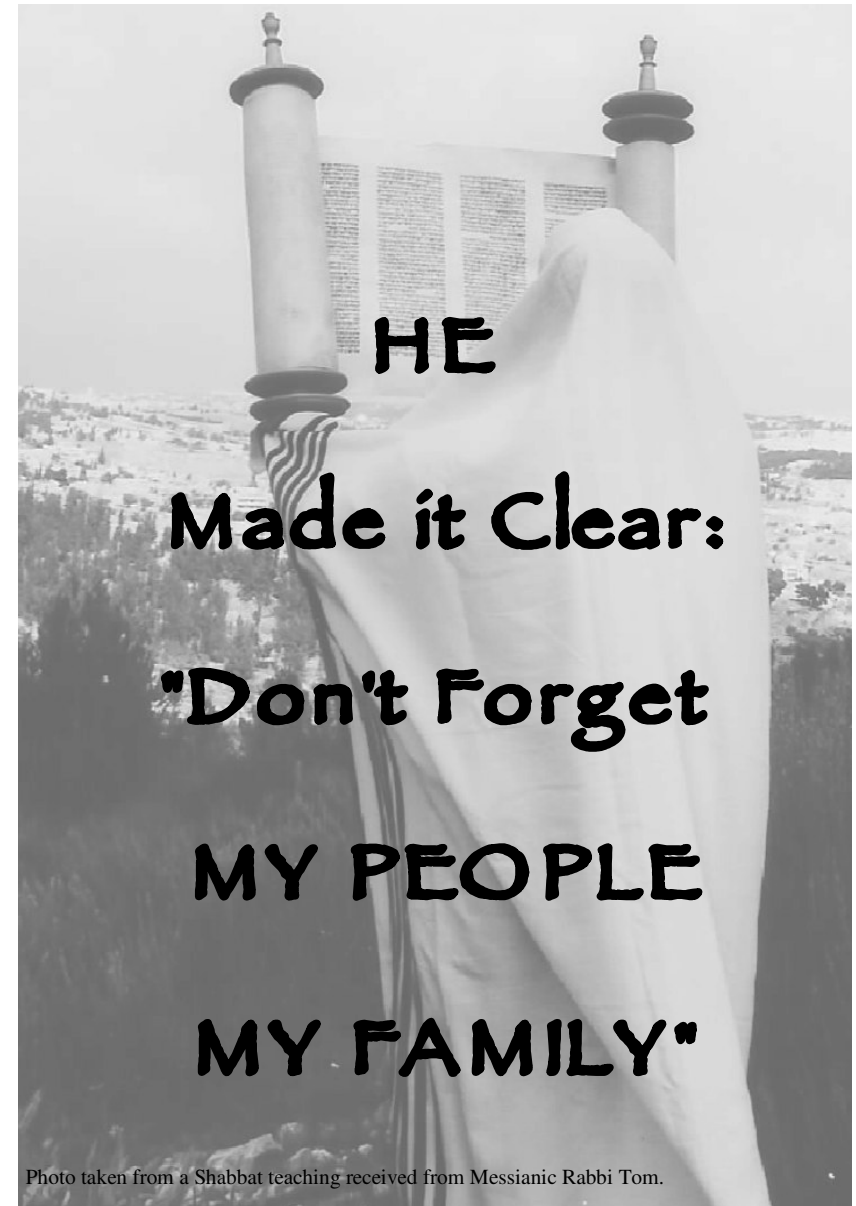


Photo taken from a Shabbat teaching received from Messianic Rabbi Tom.

**Immediately I understood He meant the Jewish people,**  
I sent letters to hundreds of Synagogues on the Eastern seaboard of the U.S.  
I personally visited a few in Houston & Fort Worth.

He led me many times to scripture which presses me on to  
**Sound the Call as a Messenger for Israel and to ALL that Is His!**

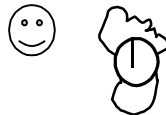
## Messages & WARNINGS in the CLOUDS

Throughout the year, *He* sent many messages in the clouds & I discovered—thru experience that *He* speaks in layers—*like an onion*—everything has multiple meanings.

- **The Day of Angels—*He* wrote: I ♥**

This occurred in January or February of 2006, several weeks after *His Song & Vision*—I searched the sky for the rest! Surely, it said, “you” someplace, you know, “I LOVE You!” But, it didn’t. After I began studying scripture, I learned that Our Lord speaks in this way. It was very telling—He doesn’t merely “love” *this or that*—*HE COVES, period!* *He* rains on *All*; *He* provides for *All*; *He creates, teaches, forgives, leads, & comforts All.* *HE DIED for ALL, & HE WILL RETURN TO CLAIM ALL who COME to HIM!*

- ***He Smiled & Bared the Sole of His Left Foot.***



A Timepiece sat Center point in the arch of *His Left Foot*—its hand was straight-up 12 o’clock!

(Center point is not easy to recreate on this word document...w/my limited computer skills.)

*Then with nothing else changing*...the time changed to 4 o’clock...then to 6 o’clock.

At various intervals...the hand pointed to 2 o’clock—but it was different...When the time was 12, 4, and 6, the hand formed a solid, bold, & constant line. When the hand pointed to 2 o’clock, it was quivery, pale, and flashing.

**REWIND:** An interesting addition...some time after *The Left Foot* in the sky, I found a rock on the beach down here at the lake. It looks like a foot...a left foot! Actually, it looks like a shoe—a sandal! One day a few weeks later, I heard someone discussing “**Ruth**” a book in The Holy Bible. I read it—it was somewhat interesting, but I didn’t understand its relevance to me and my mission of love. Anyway one evening, a few months later—*out of the blue*, my husband says, “I want to read “**Ruth** “”. So, he got our Bible and plopped down on the bed beside me then began reading aloud. I listened graciously—for I had read it before. As he read, I heard something that I had missed. Back in Yeshua’s (Jesus) day, it was customary to conduct business transactions before an audience. The two persons making a deal sat face to face upon the ground—

## Legal Aid

cjRandolph...3-26-05

Just thinking out loud—black on white—An ode to Industrialized Insanity  
The ultimate insult to Our Father & Mother in the saga of Man vs Nature

We’ve spent time rolling these same floating hills  
Sometimes back home by nine and  
Sometimes still riding our supertime dime  
Brains gone splat against some wall  
Backs painted black stuck in the flow  
Staring blanks thru purple potted people space  
Freaky fetish foos caught up in some race  
Seems our bodies ain’t going no place.

### Big blue flutter butters

Painted psycho-delic colors on our hinge sprung doors  
Knobby knockers knocking

Downing

Pink pumpkin, poppy poppers in cool night air.

Floating free, flying high

We try, try, try to catch them

Arms sprung wide...pitchy, pointy, fingers

Take a limousine ride

Outside

Inside

Wild green, shimmery, shiny, limo-ride

Run along the boulevard

Barking like a duck

Quacking like a chicken

Luscious lemon lulus mounting to the ceiling

Marble ants polka dance in their purple dotted underpants.

GEEZ, doctor please, tell me

What was it that you gave me

To glue me back together

When my streamers started streaming

Breathing screaming chocolate demons in the sky

Late late late

Hand me a plate

Open the pillbox

Mr. Pontiac Snake

Bake shakes in a blender

Add orange Cadillac fenders &

Tangled mangled yellow “Jell-o” hair

Slide it down my endless throat on lightening bolt rails

Which brings me back to the irony of it all

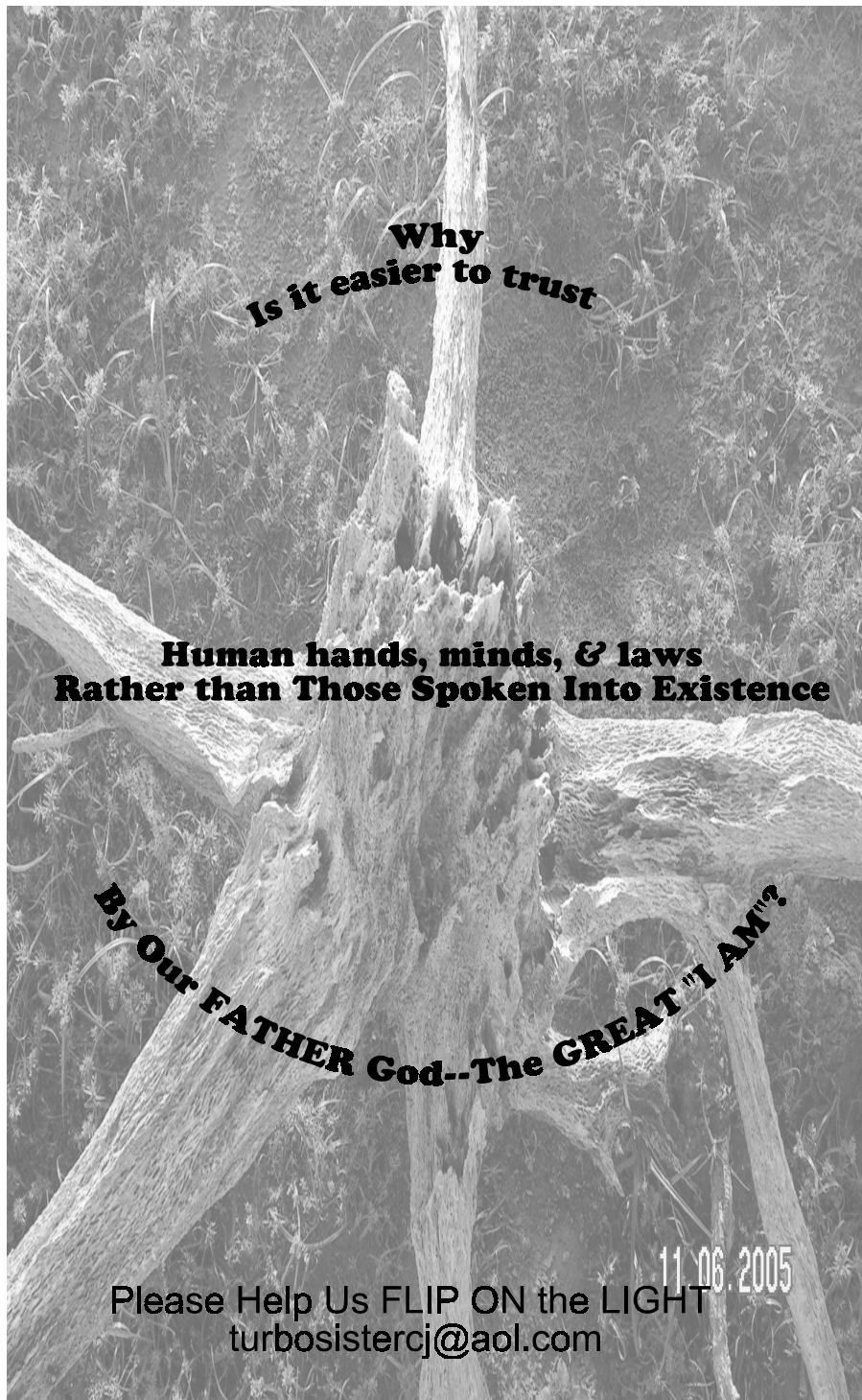
Smoking weed’s illegal

Brother brass will chill your class behind sliding slamming locking doors


But these purple pocket rocket launchers

Are legal aid at 24-hour pharmacies’ door.

11.13.2006



surrounded by a group of family & friends who acted as witnesses. When the deal was complete, the one agreeing to the terms removed his left sandal & handed to the other fellow—it was his acknowledgment—before witnesses of agreement. When the shoe was accepted, it was lifted high into the air—thusly acknowledging mutual agreement of terms. FAST FORWARD: Several weeks later, I was telling some music mates about the story of Ruth—and the custom of business oaths—by handing over your left sandal. At that exact moment, a light went off in my head—for the first time, I realized the foot rock that I had found on the beach was my agreement to honor *Our Father* “*I AM*”! Yes, I’m slow...but my *Father* made me this way on purpose.

- **A Large, Ancient Scroll**  waved N to S through the sky—w/ 1000’s of names—written in *Ancient Script* from **right to left**—layered thickly, one upon & across the other.

\*For the benefit of those who don’t know, Hebrew is written right to left. And, Scripture says that one day we will all speak the pure language. In November, G-d began talking to my husband in Hebrew!

- **A series of numbers sat to the Scroll’s left:  
11...14...10**

According to Messianic Rabbi Tom: “Yeshua died on the evening of the 14<sup>th</sup> of Aviv (Nisan) which was a Wednesday afternoon (THE PASSOVER) and ascended on the 18<sup>th</sup>—the first day of the week being Firstfruits (Our Sunday).”

**An interesting side note:** G-d has a tendency of knocking me off my feet when *He* needs me to see something or to listen to *Him*. The day of the Scroll and Numbers, I suddenly became ill. We were hanging out around the house on the 8<sup>th</sup> of May 2006—everything was beautiful then BAM! —I ’m deathly ill. I climbed the stairs to the loft and fell into bed—fever over took me. Buried beneath a sea of covers, I turned and looked out the north-facing window. That’s when I spotted the enormous, **Ancient Scroll** waving in the sky—I learned later that a friend’s son was killed.

• **The\* UNITED STATES: This was The MOST Profound event—2<sup>nd</sup> Only to His SONG & VISION!**  
**\*\*THIS Message MUST BE Delivered NOW to ALL!**

**May 28, 2006:**

**Okay—It’s Sunday morning about 7:30**, and we fell into bed about 3:30 AM this morning after a late night of music & fellowship at a friend’s studio. I woke up & said, “Let’s go to church”—my husband groaned in willing exhaustion. I decided to have a heart and quietly grabbed our Bible, Holman’s Bible Dictionary, A Pocket Jesus Book, and my DysFUNctional Journal, then headed downstairs, put on a pot of coffee, and went outside. I plopped down on a chaise lounge with all my study aids, spreading them out before me. Last night, we spent several hours at our friend’s place discussing the vision and all that has occurred this year. But like they say, all good things must end, and we packed up the guitars and headed home—our brains and bodies exhausted long before the conversation waned. So, this A.M., I’m running on adrenaline more than sleep—my mind is wired and ready to be fed.

**Unable to remember the subject of discussion** *that we never got around to last night*, I looked across my choices. I thought, ‘I’ll read from the Bible’, but for some strange reason, my hand picked up Holman’s nearly 1,700 pages of definitions. I thought, ‘Oh well, now what was it that I wanted to talk about last night?’ but I could not remember. So I *randomly* opened it to somewhere near the back—then *randomly* focused an unknown word...and scanned it’s definition. **As oddly as this will sound, the second line of text CONTAINED the WORD “EYE”** that was it—G-d’s EYE! **G-d’s Eye is what I had been wondering about—if any one else had ever seen it because it keeps looking at me.** Now here is the weird part—looking in the back third of the book, I *randomly stumbled upon an unknown word*—which led me to what I needed in the front third of the book! Clearly, I was divinely led to those *random* moments.

**Okay, so I turned alphabetically to “E” & searched—BAM! There it was “Eye of G-d”:** Figurative, Literal, & Symbolic—several pages worth—**SCORE!** As I read the “literal” portion, many scriptural verses were referred, but I never thought anything about going to them. Then, *suddenly*, it referred to “**EZEKIEL**”—as if I had been looking for that book in particular. I stopped right then & there—laid Holman’s down, picked up the Bible—and sought out “**EZEKIEL**”. Now, I had no personal reason to favor “**Ezekiel**” over any other book of The Holy Bible—but clearly, “**I AM**” did!





# HE MOVES ME THRU MUSIC

This photo was taken in my classroom about 2003, by one of my Publication's students. It was one of the last years I taught in a public school.

\*For those new to the world of Scripture—like myself "*Ezekiel*" is one of many chapters...books in The BIBLE.

**I scooped up Our Bible and began to drink**—I felt as though Our Father G-D—Yahveh—was talking straight to me, "*Son of dust...*" I rose and prayed over & over then returned to read the next few lines—it was so cool—each time, my questions answered—in scripture!

**Then Suddenly—a mere two pages into it—I grew ill**, worn & wasted, sick & dizzy—*near death or something*. I stood up & thought, '*I have to get inside*'. Only one of three doors was unlocked—and although it was within thirty paces, I could not make it. At twelve paces, I stopped & leaned with both elbows on the rail of the wrap around porch. **IMMEDIATELY, I was WELL Again—PERFECT!** I breathed in the cool, fresh morning air, stood tall & looked Eastward—the sky hosted a single hue of pale gray.

**As I rose to full height, HEAVEN'S ARTIST painted another Soul Feast—MIND MATTER that MATTERS.** The Gray canvas opened into a Perfectly etched diagram of the United States—w/o any lines of division by state or otherwise. Canada was not there! Mexico was not there! The oceans weren't there! It was simply the *CONTINENTAL* United States—no Alaska—nothing!

**Our interior was PERFECT—A Crystal BLUE SKY...** adorned w/a scattering of small white puffy clouds. **A small, darker grey cloud—round and stringy like a "tumbleweed"—rolled upon the East coast** around Georgia or Florida *and began to blow along our southern edge. It was a nuisance—a mildly irritating distraction. I leaned this way & that—left and right—to feast longer upon the beauty that it temporarily blocked. I had never seen the **United States** from those eyes—we were phenomenally glorious—and I yearned for more. I was afraid **Heaven's Artist** would retract the gift before I finished dining on the perfect moment.*

**The small nuisance cloud moved East to West.** It covered the Southern states up to the height of about northern Oklahoma or possibly southern Kansas *bits at a time as it quickly traveled along.* Finally, it passed beyond the point of distraction and concern, and I was pleasantly relieved.

**\*\*SUDDENLY and UNEXPECTEDLY—a Second**

**Storm—massive and threatening—came upon us from the East! It took my breath away!** It was a cloud—unlike any other, I witnessed in fifty plus years. IT WAS DENSE & RIPE and had the appearance of being ALIVE—like in those movies where suddenly a monster takes form beneath the flesh of a human. It was BEYOND the realm of the word *ominous*; it was **evil**. IT talked to my senses of total destruction...*that nothing beneath its weight would ever be the same*. I literally backed away. My heartbeat was rapid—my breaths quickened that's when I heard *His Voice inside my head*—

**"Like a woman giving birth, you will scream in pain,  
but I will be there.  
Like a woman giving birth, you will scream in pain,  
but I will be there"**

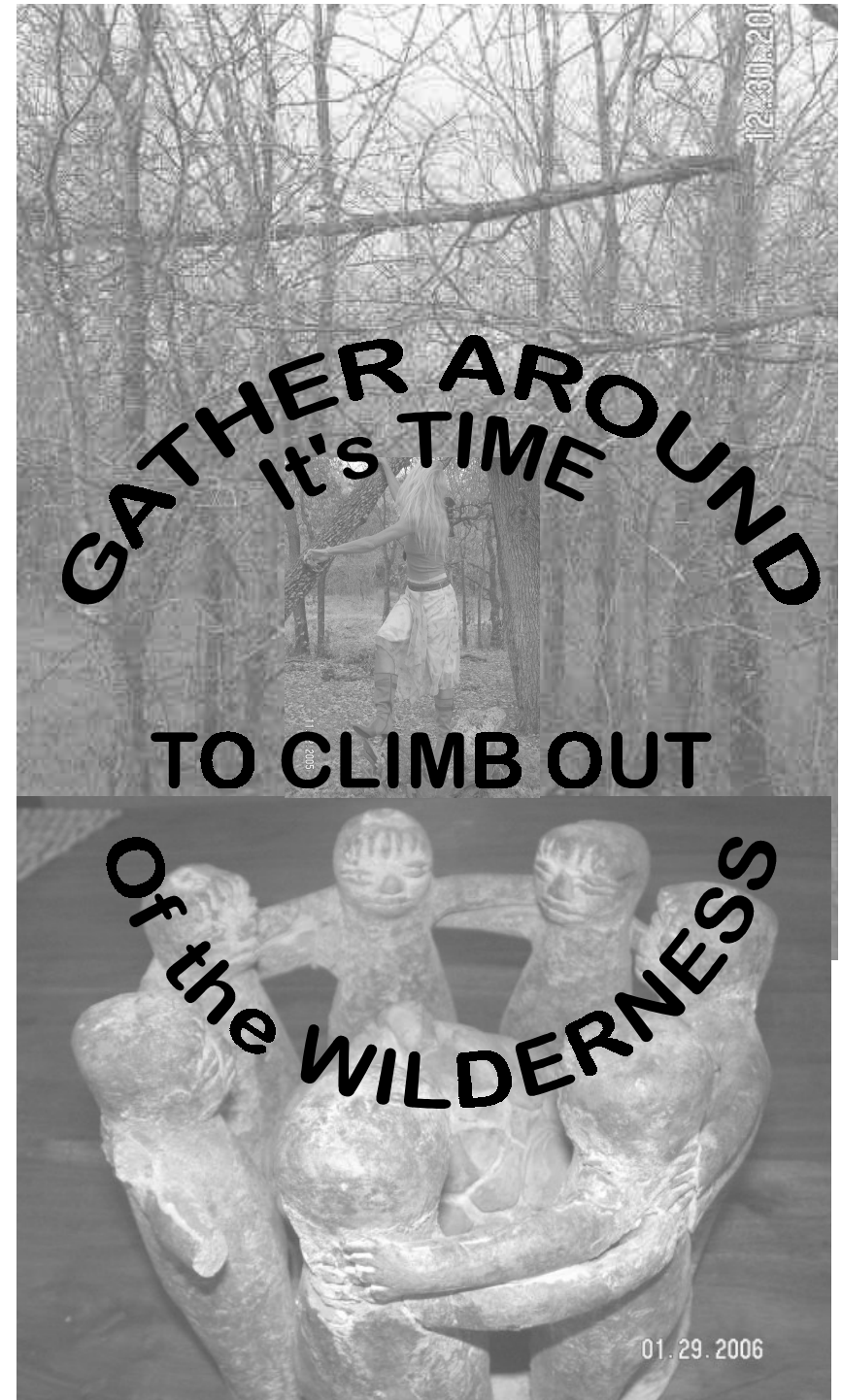
Note: 1 Thessalonians 5 "...as labor pains upon a pregnant woman. And they shall not escape. But you...are not in darkness..."

**His Words Scrolled my brain, several times**—like *ticker tape background* music before I consciously tuned in to their presence & meaning. I looked back to the sky—because the words had stolen my attention. This time I looked with wider eyes. I saw that the first small, nuisance cloud was half way across California... moving into the Pacific Ocean.

**I noticed it was a woman's head**, and that she lay flat on her back—full length across OUR southern edge—her mouth was stretched into a scream! *THE massive Monster Cloud—was HER ripe-belly womb—ALIVE—pulsing, aching, groaning—about to explode!* I literally backed away—mentally & physically—just in time to hear the voice deliver a second message—

**"Out of your pain, you will be born of new life".**

\*A Final note about this: I admit straight up when this first happened it freaked me out! I ran around like a chicken with its head cut off—and I freaked other people out, too—including my own family. Some of them just can't buy it—it's too "out there". I have to admit if it hadn't happened to me—I would find it difficult to swallow, BUT it is a reality—and like they say "G-d moves in mysterious ways"! It took months to come together in my head. Our Father exposes information on *His Time Frame*, not ours. Which, I sup-





THINK ABOUT IT:  
“We can’t change Our Past, but  
We Can Affectively Influence Our Future.”

LOOK & THINK BEYOND THE WALLS of this  
“Concrete Jungle”—BEWARE the anti-Christ!  
He will seek to fool us—as a false savior.

What if *Our Father so loves us* that  
*He IS “UN”WILLING* to go quietly into the night—  
“Unwilling to leave even one behind?”

Trust *OUR FATHER’S PLAN*—  
The “Son of Man” DIED for Us Once—  
Don’t Ask *Him To Do It AGAIN!*  
Remain *FAITHFUL* & “Cook Up, Cook Up HIGH”

Remember what Jesus explained in Matthew 22:37-40  
Most important Command:  
“Love the Lord your G-d with a//your heart & soul.”  
2nd Most important:  
“Love your neighbor as much as you love yourself.”

And MOST IMPORTANTLY  
Find A Loving Way to:

Bring as many To CHRIST as humanly possible—by  
the hand In Love.

pose is why TV Evangelist Pat Robertson waited seven months before going public with the message he received from G-d.

*Eight Months After the U.S. Sky Message*—I understand it more fully; *Our Father* pressed me over and over to reread “EZEKIEL” until finally...

“EZEKIEL” 33: 1-33 “Son of dust, speak to the children of your people, and say to them: “When I bring the sword upon a land, & the people of the land take a man from their territory & make him their watchman, when he sees the sword coming upon the land, if he blows the trumpet & warns the people, “then whoever hears the sound of the trumpet and does not take warning, if the sword comes & takes him away, his blood shall be on his own head. “He heard the sound of the trumpet, but did not take warning . . . But he who takes warning will save his life. “But if the watchman sees the sword coming & does not blow the trumpet, & the people are not warned, & the sword comes & takes any person from among them, he is taken away in his iniquity; but his blood I will require of the watchman’s hand.” “So you, son of dust: I have made you a watchman for the house of Israel; therefore you shall hear a word from My mouth & warn them for me.”

- I am to Deliver His Call to “as many as humanly possible—East to West across these United States—by the hand in love!
- The First Cloud = Seemed A series of storms will cross our nation and negatively affect pockets of our citizens. Those unaffected will lean left and right—trying to see around the destruction—desperately clinging to the beauty that we take for granted, turning a blind eye and deaf ear to those who suffer. Of course, it will be impossible for us to exist in a vacuum unaware of the suffering of others, but we will go on with our daily lives to a large degree...and eventually get frustrated with those who complain and suffer, seeing them as a nuisance to our happiness. Think no further than the reality of the way Hurricane Katrina affected us. We were shocked initially—we opened our hearts and pocket books to those—old and young—entire families who clung helplessly to their roofs crying out for help. But, shortly after the news coverage ended, we looked away and ignored the stench of death, destruction, and broken families.

\*Think About It—Grassroots Style: Before any other catastrophe strikes our national family—let’s take a deep look around the Cerebral Glue Room of our brains. Let’s contemplate & as-

Assess our individual efforts RE: any of an ongoing slue of problems that confront our U.S. family daily: Affordable Housing, Education, Daycare, & Healthcare; Available Assistance for the Prevention of Child & Spouse Abuse; Active Family Friendly Neighborhoods; Assertive Homeland Security; Activated Action Plans for Man-made & Natural Weather Related Catastrophes including Global Warming.

Have you ever stopped to ponder the effects of:

- *Our constant foot upon the accelerator rather than exercising our G-d Given Stricks?*
- The generations of children we've raised without *FAITH*?

*We can't lock FAITH behind the doors of a building.*

**FAITH is Constant—PRAYER & GRACE—Lifting UP Our Father's NAME in PRAISE—Offering It as COMFORT—**  
Rather than tossing it around carelessly with reckless condemnation.

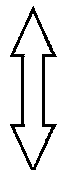
**\*\*IF tragedy never crosses our individual paths, THANK G-D—by reaching out with the Hands, Minds, & Spirits He gave us to "SERVE" Others who are impacted**

**\*\*IF tragedy crosses our paths, PRAISE G-d: LOOK UP HIGH & say, "THANK YOU dear Abba for preparing us for the ultimate storm!"**

*\*Remember: "There is much we will never know!"*

- **The Second Cloud =The 2<sup>nd</sup> COMING!**

This is the BIG number one reason why *Our Father*—Is standing at the *Gateway to Heaven* calling out our names at this very moment in history. He is forewarning us that the time is near for His *Return* as **Promised** some **2,000 plus years ago**. It may also represent some other catastrophic event that comes from the East to the West—slowly crushing everything beneath its weight! **For those who choose—as a determined, CONSCIOUS Act of FAITH—to Believe Yeshua, Christ Jesus to be our Messiah—Our Lord & SAVIOR—the Son of G-d:**



**I'm asking...no begging you—GRASSROOTS STYLE to Prepare your heart & Teach your children about "The Comforter" Our Messiah Yeshua, Jesus Christ before another day passes.**

1. **PRAY: Get On your knees Everyday & night—Talk to The Holy One ask for HIS TRUTH!**
2. **Show RESPECT for ALL Others—Even when it's not the popular thing to do!**
3. **Know that we are living our 2nd Chance! Our Messiah Christ explained His LOVE philosophy to His 24 Elders on our behalf!**
4. **Remember Aesop's Fable? "A House Divided Against Itself Will Fall"**  
**THINK TEAM—this constant left/right tug-o-war is ripping us apart!**
5. **LOVE ONE ANOTHER—Follow The Golden Rule**
6. **Get to Know your Neighbors—Extend your Grassroots Hands W/ or W/o tragedy.**
7. **GIVE THANKS EVERYDAY for this BEAUTIFUL WORLD—of Milk & Honey**
8. **Define Him, as you will—As for me, I call Him "Father" as He Called Himself & know His Son as Yeshua... Jesus Christ—The Light that LEADS my Way Home!**
9. **KEEP your MIND & your HEART OPEN**  
Let Our Father & His Son do ACC the Judging.
10. **ABOVE ALL THINGS: BE REAL. Study Scripture & Pray to G-d in the name of His Son for guidance!** According to Scripture, G-d doesn't appreciate lukewarm!

**REACH OUT**  
**Your HANDS & Your HEART**  
**HELP Us—FLIP On His LIGHT**  
**SERVE & LOVE ONE ANOTHER as Our Father Intended**

Would it be nice to fast-forward through the painful parts of life?  
*Yeah, but this is the “real world” we are always talking about.*

**So, Live, Laugh, LOVE, SERVE, and BELIEVE**  
**As if your life depends upon it!**

One day during all of this, *G*-d said,  
“**To love *Me*, love him.**”

I realized *He* meant *my husband*!  
“Geez, *F*ather, anything but that!”

I laugh, but in all seriousness—that has been the hardest thing.  
*He* wants us to love **all**—even those we battle with so easily!  
Oh, *F*ather, have mercy upon my soul!

**I LOVE YOU ALL!**  
**Please, PRAY Daily!**  
**Study the BIBLE!**  
**Look UP High!**  
**Serve Others!**  
**Love Others**  
**Share this**  
**Letter**  
**!**

**Thanks for listening to me.** *Like most people—there is much I will never know, and I mess up everyday—even now that I am fully aware of Our Father’s constant presence—maybe more than ever before! That is why I am so totally thankful—that His Plan includes Saving Grace... in the form of His Son Our Savior!*

*See, Only Our Holy Father G-d knows what & when, but one thing is sure—His Son IS CALLING Us now—before dark falls.*

**We pray you will share this testimony of pure faith with ALL** that you know...*at home & abroad.*

**Another thing:** Many people interpret the biblical “*prostitute*” in The REVELATION *to be us*—the United States. Read it and see what you think, *but Truth IS the debate seems to be over because it is believed to be true*; therefore, we are the *target of other lands these days... many other lands. But don’t worry, Our Father prepared the CURE!*

**You have no long range worries, but *no one ever said* the Life of a Child of G-d is easy; *there is a price to pay*, “You will scream like a woman giving birth, but I will be there.”**

Read HEBREWS 12:5-11 (RE: *G*-d’s Discipline) “My son, do not despise the chastening of the Lord, Nor be discouraged when you are rebuked by Him; For whom the Lord loves He chastens, And scourges every son whom He receives.”

*Our Messiah knows first hand what we will face. Take comfort in His Promise to see us through to the other side. I saw Him and The Other Side—and It Is worth the Faithful Struggle!*

**Our Father, The GREAT “*I AM*” Stands watch over us constantly, & His Son IS CALLING Us to COME Stand with Him as One—He Promised to take the first hit upon His Own Back—AGAIN!**

And, *He* added,

**“I will not leave you no matter what”**

*See—He LOVES without end!*

Read HEBREWS 2:13 “Here am I and the children whom G-d has given me.”

So,

**Remain FAITHFUL & Do NOT BE AFRAID—**  
*You are literally a child before Him!*

**“LOOK Up; LOOK Up High”**

Read ROMANS—ALL of It—focus on chapters 8-15

**\*Read “The REVELATION” Out loud with someone you LOVE!**

- **June 3<sup>rd</sup> Angels, Majestic Castle/Palace, The Wedding Couple & Their Escort!**

**I looked heavenward to the East—there was a breath-taking Majestic Palace—a temple-like city in the sky.** I was *so* taken I exclaimed, “**LOOK! There’s a city in the sky.**” It felt like I was seeing the future, and I felt that our granddaughter’s birth had been a testament of completion for our family tribe. I reached for the camera, but the batteries were exhausted. I studied the glory of the moment as long as time and position allowed. **When we turned east—a beautiful bride & groom took center stage. They stood tall and graceful—arm in arm—in full glory behind the palace—at least what I considered at the time to be behind, yet I won-**

dered if perhaps I had mistakenly judged the back to be the front, initially, or even if orientation mattered. Possibly, it was like approaching a city—one side is equal to the other—like milk in a round glass, there is no front—except in our perception, alone. They were a Perfect Fit for one another. The groom stood tall and proud...His Bride was radiant. They were escorted by a man riding a hovercraft type motorcycle. He leaned forward and had the appearance of someone moving rapidly—purposefully as if constrained by time. He seemed anxious—as if they were being chased—or running late—and it was his responsibility to deliver the bride and groom, safely & timely.

In direct opposition, the bride & groom were unrushed... unaffected. Together, They were joined arm in arm—in their perfectly fitted wedding garments—as though being presented at the altar. They were radiant. They glowed joyously in unequaled love. It was obvious that They were meant to be One. It was obvious that Neither held reservations about the other. It was obvious Their Courtship had been sufficiently long, and that each had seen the truth that lay within the heart and soul of the Other... and therefore their Unity was sealed faithfully—with the sincerest of commitment in the dust of time. It was obvious that the Groom Cherished His Bride as deeply as His Own Breath, and that She was made complete By His Side. This was a phenomenal site!

★ According to Messianic Rabbi Tom, Jewish wedding tradition was quite cool. When a man was to be married, he would add living quarters onto his father's house—with it's own separate entrance. His father would design the add-on and instruct his son in the exact dimensions and configurations of the project. Furthermore, the father alone would determine when the construction was complete. It could go on for a year, maybe longer. I'm guessing that the father was allowing his son time to become a man—to work hard & value the union of souls in the Eyes of G-D.

Meanwhile, the bride-to-be never knew what day her groom would come to get her, so she spent the entire length of time preparing daily, as if for her wedding day! Can you imagine getting dolled up to the hilt everyday—just to sit around in hopes that your groom would come! Talk about all dressed up with nowhere

**WHERE IS YOUR KEY FOCUS:  
EASTER  
&  
CHRISTMAS?**

Actually, we need to celebrate  
**PASSOVER:**  
Yeshua...Jesus Christ  
Passed Over  
—CROSSED OVER—  
Back into  
Our Father's  
Holy Dimension

**Building A Bridge & Lighting A Path**

that we, too, may have eternal life beneath His Veil of Love

**So, what will we do with our children to celebrate the  
CROSS Over next year?**

Let's start talking and thinking & make it Faith-tastic Fun!

**Please, pause a minute and:**

Thank Our Gracious Father G-d from whom ALL Life flows, for His many gifts of life—especially for His Perfect Plan of LOVE—that allows for the Salvation of Our Souls thru FAITH in HIM—and HIS SON—Our Savior!

**So, Come On, people, Just Let Go—  
Hand Christ the keys, &  
“Look Up; Look Up High!”**

REMEMBER:

**HE LOVES US ENOUGH TO DIE FOR US!**

*But that does not set us free from further responsibility—*

**Have you ever told your child that you would die for him or her?**

*I have.*

**Did you mean it?**

*I did.*

**Why did He Create us in the first place?**

*Why did we have children?*

*Love, man, love.*

walked toward the house. *That's when I heard Him again, loud & clear, "And you wonder why THEY won't mind YOU!"*

**I knew He referenced my 140 seventh grade students.** He was chastising me for my human arrogance. We get sooooo angry when others disrespect our personal desires & instructions, yet we ignore & neglect those of

**OUR CREATOR...OUR HEAVENLY FATHER!**

Think About It:

**There is no weapon on the planet that can  
Save us from ourselves!**

*and*

**There is only One Source that can Save Us from  
the evil of humankind...including our own!**

**It's time to hand the keys over to Our Father—  
In Hope, Faith & Love—Trust Him to drive us home!**

**We are Our Father's Creation—  
We exist only because of His Saving Grace—  
We cannot save ourselves!**

**We cannot CROSS**

**Into the Holy**

**Dimension**

**With Out**

**Christ**

*Amen*

!

If we pass on *only one thing* to our children, let it be faith.

*Do you realize we allow  
Commercialism and Misguided Traditions  
To Drive & Dictate our Holiest Holidays of the Year?*

to go. At the same time, she was getting hungry for her new life to begin.

**Anyway, so when the groom's father decided the house was complete, he gave his seal of approval to his son.** Then the groom, his family, and friends went together—like a parade of sorts to get his new bride!

*\*That's what has been going on up in Heaven all these years—Yeshua (Jesus) Our Groom has been preparing a place for us! G-d HIS FATHER—Our Father Is the only One who knows when the project will be complete—not even Our Groom—Our Savior knows the exact date—but He knows IT IS TIME!*

**In the meantime—earth side, it has been our place to prepare and stay ready for the wedding.** That's why people run all around the world—like Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, and Paul—*(Oh, so badly I want to say George & Ringo, but this isn't supposed to be funny—it's very serious business)*—to spread the word about G-d's Son—born of the **Virgin Mary!** He lived and died as one of us—was Crucified & on the 3<sup>rd</sup> day Ascended into the Heavens—where He is seated at the right hand of The Father...except when He's Building A Place for us and Keeping Watch over us like the Good Shepherd that **HE IS!**

*I know it seems I'm making light of the situation, but in no way am I joking it off. I'm simply overjoyed—happy to know that Our Groom IS REAL! I met Him! It was the coolest, most glorious moment of my life! And, I have had many cool & GLORIOUS moments—I'm a daughter, sister, mother, Nokomis, and aunt for goodness sakes! I'm blessedly surrounded by Angels...Grand Angels!*

*\*Note: RE: The Good Shepherd—I wish you could read Messianic Rabbi Tom's break down of Psalms! It is so cool!]*

**Anyway, We, The BELIEVERS—like you and I—are His Bride—the ones that Yeshua, Christ Jesus gets to carry back home—Across The Threshold of TIME—to the Holy Dimension!** That includes most profoundly Messianic Jews, Christians, & any others who choose to accept Our Father's Plan—& Stand as One w/His Son-Emmanuel...Yeshua-CHRIST Jesus!

\*Note: None of us *has any right to judge who will become fuel* and who will be sanctified—Only the *F*ather & Son are qualified to handle those decisions!

**\*\*\*All I know for sure—is I BELIEVE with my whole-heart and soul that Yeshua—Christ Jesus is the Son of Our One Eternal *F*ather G-d. I Believe in the Trinity. And I Believe that my husband, children, grandchildren, nieces, nephews, brothers, sisters, parents, aunts, uncles, friends, & world family @ large will be gloriously fine—as long as we freely choose in Full FAITH to walk the bridge built by Yeshua—Jesus Christ. That *doesn't mean we won't suffer some terribly unpleasant times—but We will survive the Ultimate Storm* and live out our eternal days in joyous peace in the company of our Savior—Thanks to the Great “I AM’s Perfect Plan!”**

**Note 2-27-07:** There is another movie coming out—challenging the burial site & life style of *Our Messiah!* I have a few comments:

1<sup>st</sup> and most critical RE: what *He* said to me,

**“There is much you will never know.”**

2<sup>nd</sup> *Some original books of The Holy Bible have been removed...and I don't know why, but Our FATHER does...& He alone has the power!*

3<sup>rd</sup> *The message from beyond “Keep Thinking...Looking...We have been looking...Tradition”*

4<sup>th</sup> *Much is Certain: I can attest—He IS Alive—so—Keep the Hope, Faith, & LOVE! “It Just IS!”*

**\*\*Scripture Warns that in the last days—Much will challenge our faith—seeking to knock us off course!**

**I urge you: Pray for Truth, Repent, & Trust CHRIST— THERE IS MUCH WE WILL NEVER KNOW!**

***Our Father.. The Great “I AM” gave us His Son  
We are being Called Now to “COME”  
The Jews are HIS People—His Family  
He LOVES ALL of us enough to Die for Us  
He Stood in Our Defense...even after we betrayed Him!***

**Praise G-d instead of whining & complaining about everything under the sun.**

**Show heartfelt appreciation for Our Creator’s Ultimate Sacrifice—the Sacrifice of His Son**

Take Joy in Life—Walk Outside beneath the big blue Veil of Heaven & Breathe

Take Joy in Life—Hug Somebody You Love

Take Joy in Life—Smile wide & Laugh loudly about something silly or nothing at all

Take Joy in Life—Turn On the Radio & Dance with your family or by yourself!

Take Joy in Life—Eat Dinner on the Front Porch & Wave at your Neighbors

Take Joy in Life—Do something Nice for Somebody—w/o being asked

Take Joy in Life—Turn off the TV & Spend time Reading the BIBLE, PRAYING, and visiting.

Take Joy in Life—Thank G-d for leading our ancestors to His Land of Milk & Honey

Thank G-d 500 times a day—for every little thing & Teach Your Children to do the same.

Thank G-d For Heartaches & Struggles—they prepare US to Endure Coming Storms

Help a Neighbor With A Project—And Take NOTHING in Return—even credit!

Bow Your Head In Thanksgiving before Every Meal—No Matter Who, What, Where—and give thanks for every morsel that crosses your lips.

Realize We’re Living On Borrowed Time—& Thank G-d for every minute of it!

**SINCERELY TRY to LOVE OTHERS AS YOUR SELF  
By Our Father’s Standards!**

**Another Note:**

There are so many more stories to tell—like the day several years ago, when *Our Father instructed me to stop mowing the beautiful spring wild flowers* as I zipped around on our riding mower. I kept inching along...just a little bit more... I’ll stop in a minute...I just have to get these that are too close to the house, so the bees won’t come too close. **Still He pressed me to stop.** Still I kept inching along—row by row. *He said, “I smile in flowers.”* I looked across the hill with open eyes & saw beautiful: purples, yellows, reds, whites! —A virtual Love Bouquet. I thought, ‘I’m almost done’. When I was content, I shut down the motor and looked back across my shoulder—they were all gone! **Nothing was left but a sea of freshly mown—non-dimensional, flat-headed green shoots.** Tears fell from my eyes. **Embarrassed and humiliated, I climbed from the mower &**

horse, & all the birds of heaven were gorged with their flesh.”

**He Prepared Me Long Ago:**

As a young child, my *earth dad* was a sailor in the United States Navy. I was always a daddy’s girl, and still am 53 years later. I used to shadow him—watched everything he did with an eagle’s eye. One day, he allowed me to help him prepare for an upcoming **Dress White’s Inspection** by polishing his black leather shoes—using a horse hair brush, a can of paste wax, a worn rag, and my 7 years’ old hands and spit.

**I dipped, rubbed, brushed, spit, & buffed for what must have been hours on a little kid’s clock**—wanting them to be perfect. I took pride in the fact that my daddy trusted me to handle such an important project, for I understood the value of inspection day—and wanted to make him proud.

**When I finished, my fingers were as black & shiny as his shoes.** I jumped up off the floor & ran to get him, so he could see what I had done. I will never forget him standing there *inspecting* my finished product, or the amazement in his eyes when he called out to my mom, “Charlotte, look what Cindy did!” I could hear the pride in his voice. I must have grown 12 inches that day.

**Now, it’s highly likely that my daddy shined those shoes again after I went out to play,** but he never let on, and one thing is for sure, I helped him shine on **Inspection Day—from the inside out!**

*Moreover, like that little 7-year-old girl,* I intend to follow **Our Father’s Instructions to the “T”**—That’s why I’ve come to get you—**by the hand in love,** my Brothers & Sisters—just like *He* told me to do!

IT IS TIME TO GET READY FOR  
INSPECTION DAY!

\*\*\*\*\*

**So, Come on My American Family—  
*Wake Up!***

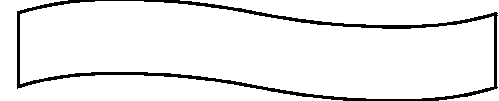
*DON’T WAIT UNTIL DARKNESS FALLS &  
THE DOOR TO HEAVEN CLOSES!*

**“It’s *Late.* Go *NOW:* Bring as many *To ME*  
as *humanly possible,* by the hand in love.”**



**“I’m not leaving you, child, I’m leading”**

11 14 10

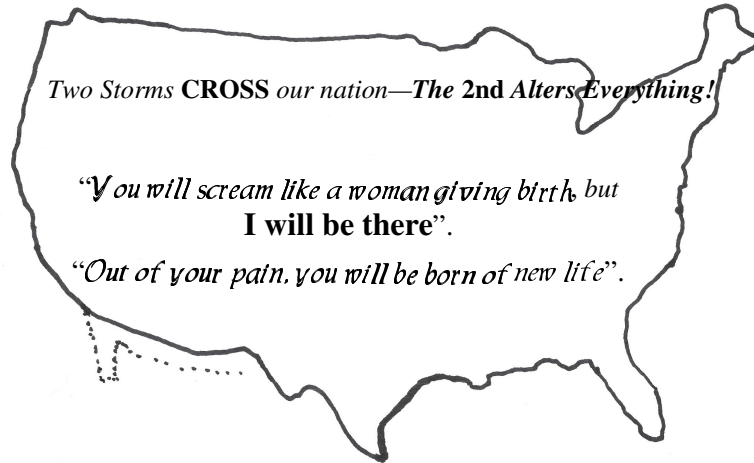


**“Look Up; LOOK UP HIGH”**



**“From the Dark will come light”**

Please, read:  
**EZEKIEL.** As G-d sent warnings to **Israel**—Now to us



**“Put on your sack cloth for tonight I come”**

Our Father  
YAHVEH  
IS  
Calling Down  
From The Heavens,  
He's NOT Happy,  
But Still He  
Loves & Forgives!

And,  
His Son  
YESHUA  
JESUS CHRIST  
IS READY For Us  
HE IS OUR SAVIOR  
He CALLS Us to “COME”  
He Prepares A Place for Us  
“I will Not leave you, no matter what”

“I WILL Take the First Hit Upon My OWN Back”

“It's late!—Go NOW—Bring as many To ME as humanly possible,  
by *the hand in love.*”

Please, read: **HEBREWS 12, ROMANS 8, & The REVELATION**

on our home soil—as many as 1/3 of our population, possibly this year.



**It floored me—Pat Robertson received a similar message in the same month that I did!** I wrote an on-line blog or two—to support his story, and I tried to contact him—but I'm not diligent at tracking down hard to reach people—I've been trying to reach Bob Dylan, Jane Fonda, & the President for awhile now. I did make up a postcard-size handout—connecting the similarities—and passed them out around town.

***If you created this planet and every  
life on it—  
Would you willingly cleanse All humanity of their  
sins against you—despite everything?***

- **New Year's Day 2007, in a store**—I suddenly heard everyone talking loudly—as if birds! It was very weird. We entered Walmart to buy groceries—we had decided to begin a version of the Hallelujah Diet. Shortly after entering, we stood between the delicatessen & the produce when suddenly the voices in the building became loud & animated. I looked up and scanned the room—observing the people that were within 30 or 40 feet—they were ALL speaking like birds. It was very awkward. I felt for a second as I had when a kid at the Bird Sanctuary of the old Fort Worth Zoo. I asked my husband if he had noticed anything odd, but he had not. So, today, March 2, 2007, the image & sound returned to my mind's eye. I grabbed Holman's Annotated Dictionary: “Birds” are mentioned 300 times in scripture—including EZEKIEL 13:20 “I will tear off the charms & set my people free like birds from cages.” & The REVELATION 18:2 “He gave a mighty shout, “Babylon the Great is fallen, is fallen; she has become a den of demons, a haunt of devils and every kind of foul & hateful bird.”, 19:17 “Then I saw an angel standing in the sunshine, shouting loudly to the birds, “Come! Gather together for the supper of the Great God! Come & eat the flesh of kings, and captains, and great generals;...and of all humanity, both great & small, slave & free”, & 19:21 “And their entire army was killed with the sharp sword in the mouth of the one riding the white



flags, customs, and family standards—but only one planet! I battled their scriptural references in classroom debates over the death penalty. I wished they could learn to think & reason—with their hearts—without *the crutch*. I would have led the fight to support our political leaders’ right to swear in upon any **Sacred Text** of choice—or none at all—*unless they were serious*, but now that I met **Our Father**—*I cringe with uncertainty*.

**My only focus is on Our Father, His Son, & YOU!**  
**The INSTRUCTION: COME TO ME as FATHER**

**The  
many religions  
around the world warrant  
much merit, & are more alike than  
different—in many ways, but “I AM”  
enlightened me w/ Perfect TRUTH—by saying,  
“I gave My Son for you.”  
And when His Son said, “Don’t forget My People,  
My Family”, All reservations ceased!  
I pledge my allegiance to G-d Our Father in the Heavens  
for sending His Only Begotten Son—to be The LIVING  
WATER—The LIGHT —The SALVATION—and  
The ONE To LEAD US HOME!**

As far as I know, **Yeshua—Christ Jesus**—is the only one recognized, as such—and the only whose story matches that of the knowledge **given to me personally** when I was filled with the Holy Spirit—in the presence of **Our Christ!**

Immediately, I understood His Family to be the Jewish Community

- **January 2007, Evangelist Pat Robertson went public w/his Message from G-d received in \*May 2006.** Pat Robertson announced the day after President Ford was buried that he had received a message from **G-d in May 2006**. Robertson interpreted **G-d** to mean the **United States** would suffer great loss

- September 23<sup>rd</sup> **I saw several large heads—nearly fully severed in the sky—seemed to represent throats cut or poisoned or both—I sensed terrorist activity—they represented large groups**—unlike those in the sky 2 weeks before 9-11 when the 30-50 small individual heads represented a 100 or more each.
- 9-14<sup>th</sup> 2006 **Computer crashed**—lost an hour of on-line religious banter. I looked up, looked up high: a ½ moon clung to morning sky over our home; to it’s left Ancient Script with Angel wings. My name “CindY” The “Y” was an angel! I sat down on a basketball beneath the sky & heard **His Message, “It is half-time Cindy—Don’t let your efforts be blown in the wind”**
- 9-23<sup>rd</sup> 06 **“Time to Wrap it up—Push up the prayer, stop dragging out the moment—got to get out there.”**

He Sends Messages in Dreams:

- **“I’m not leaving you, child; I’m leading”**  
I saw **Yeshua—My Heavenly Father & a male companion**, who carried *in his hand* a long, thin object...possibly a trumpet...tilted *horizontally* at his side.
- *An arm extended & held out a sheet of paper for Randy to read—A Scriptural reference to Thessalonians*
- **“Look Up—Look Up High”**
- **“From the dark will come light”**
- **“Put on your sackcloth, for tonight I come!”**  
I have since learned the basic value of this—  
**Now is the time to prepare yourself—for My Coming!**  
*Sackcloth* is dressing down—*humbling oneself* before **G-d**—apologizing *whole-heartedly* for all misdeeds and thoughts. **Our Father’s Son—Yeshua, Our Lord Christ Jesus**—forewarns us to prepare, for soon, **He Will return to claim His Bride—the entire Body of Believers.**
- *Randy dreamed Two Rectangular Black Monoliths—descended from Heaven.*
- *Randy dreamed 1000’s of defense missiles were launched into the sky.*

- **January 2007—An Arm extended & held out a sheet of paper w/a 3 item list** for me to read  
 1) *The Baby Boy* 2) *The Unknown in Egypt*  
 3) \_\_\_\_? \_\_\_\_ (*Our alarm went off before I read it!*)

In an effort to learn & understand, we began renting movies in February 2007—*The Early Years of Jesus* and *Apocalypse and the End Times*. There are many intriguing similarities between my experiences & things they discuss, for example: Pyramid Temples—one is said to be within 3 min. of due north—not believed to be made by mere human hands. W/the sun behind it, it resembled the Living Art of the *G-d Head Temple* where *Yeshua the Warrior* stood. (*He* made trips to Egypt.) According to Dr. Patrick Heron, *Heaven's Temples* are Pyramid shaped. Additionally, there were numerous references to dinosaurs. I spoke w/Dr. Heron on the phone; he is a very well read guy. My concern w/his beliefs revolves around the Holy Spirit

- **“Ezariah...Isariah” (?sp) For 2 days The Holy Spirit kept saying this to me. I looked in the Bible, but the closest book was Ezra, so I got on line & found it! Also, I heard “ISAIAH pronounced “Isariah”.**

### He Shows Us Living, Breathing *photographic frames & clips*

- **A long neck, green dinosaur stood chewing leaves from a nearby tree.** It was as though I watched him thru a long **Corridor of Time**.
- **A Polynesian woman sat alone on a beach looking thru Time—her back to the ocean**
- **G-d's Head sat majestically atop a pyramid.** G-d's Head was a simple round sphere, hovering atop a majestic pyramid. Immediately, I *understood* the Pyramid to be *Our Father God's Body*—I wondered later if the Pyramid is Our New Home...the place **Christ** prepares for us! *I also thought back to His Song: “I gave my arms, my feet, my hands, my eyes...”*  
**In scripture**, Yeshua said, **I go to prepare a place for you. In my opinion, the presence of G-d's Head symbolizes our Father G-d's Approval.**

Refer back to Messianic Rabbi Tom's Wedding Story: pg. 28.

sion out. As they exited the church, I got up and journeyed downstairs—hungry. I watched as Former First Lady Betty Ford's young military escort seated her in the cavalcade limo that would carry her to the airport for his hometown service. I thought, too, how cool it was that Jerry Ford—Our President wanted to be buried in his hometown—to give everyday kids something to be proud of—*rather than laid to rest in a national cemetery—worthy of presidential honor.*

**Walking towards the kitchen, I thought about what occurred.** I heard *Our Father* say, *“Get on your knees”*. This time I responded immediately! I bowed my head in reverence, for both *Our Creator* and **President Gerald Ford**. Then *He* lifted my chin and opened my eyes—I was straight in line with the TV. On the set—*full screen*—was our **American Flag** waving proudly and bravely in *perfect rhythm* with *G-d's Own Heartbeat and Breath*. Tears flowed down my face without cease—they intensified when I realized I was upon my knees—*exactly where I had been a year earlier* when I met *“I AM your Father”* heart to face...and face to heart in *Song and Vision*. As I cried, *He* said, *“I gave this Can of Milk & Honey for you”*. **Oh G-d, my Heavenly Father, I cried!**

**Never before had I been patriotic, even an ounce!** I was a rebel all the way, & *I believed ALL politicians are crooked to varying degrees, and I believed patriotism leads to blind war.* It was the first day in my life that I realized how **Divinely Blessed** we are to have been **Hand Planted** upon the fertile soil of this nation. *G-d Himself* placed our ancestors here—**It was He, who prepared this table before us! Praise G-d!** And, it is *He* that holds us safely in *His Hands*—*despite ourselves. But WHY*—maybe because **“In G-d We TRUST”**, maybe because **We helped His Chosen People during WWII!** Definitely—*for reasons we may never know or deserve!*

**Here's another oddity:** Before January 2006, I was **not** outwardly faithful; as a matter of fact, I found it unpleasant to hang around religious zealots. . .you know—Church Types. And for thirteen years in the classroom, I struggled to keep my adolescent charges abreast of the reality that there are many people, religions,

ered to revive myself then made up the bed, thinking, ‘I’ll put on my boots and go for a walk’, but I heard G-d whisper, “*Get on your knees*”.

**Immediately, I knew He meant to pray.** Finishing the bed, I grabbed my shoes from the closet and headed for the chair to put them on. Walking across the room, I heard Him *gently say again*, “*Get on your knees*”, as I lowered myself into the chair. I realized He wanted my attention, and I consciously planned to fall upon my knees on the loft prayer floor as soon as I laced my boots. Lacing the second, I heard Him *gently* repeat for the third time, “*Get on your knees*”.

**I jumped from the chair, passed thru the beads that serve as our bedroom door, and fell to my knees—trying to clear my head of all thoughts—and listen to His instead...after all, He called me.**

**Just about the time, my head cleared, the phone rang.** I laughed and jumped up to go answer it—*It’s funny because every time we have a spiritual moment around here the phone rings*. It was my sister-in-law letting me know that former President Gerald Ford’s televised funeral service had just started. We hung up, and I ran downstairs and flipped on the TV; then ran back upstairs and resumed my prayer position—just in time for the speaker to say, “*Let Us Pray*”. I laughed & cried simultaneously—*it was so cool—Our Father had been telling me to silence my life and be reverent for our former leader*.

**Before that day, I knew very little about President Ford,** & I’ve long held the notion that all politicians are crooked, sell-outs to one degree or another, but I learned something important—*otherwise*. Mr. Ford was a great man and a true leader. It blew me away to learn that in his last week of life he asked the *Rector of his church* to talk to the *Episcopal Church*. How cool is that?

**It was no secret why “I AM” wanted me on my knees**—paying reverent homage to a faithful leader of *our earthly homeland*. I stayed on my knees the bulk of his service and took every word to heart including the proces-

- The same *long neck, green dinosaur lay dead* on the ground in the same setting as before—I *didn’t know what to make of it*. Perhaps, transitions & the passing of time. Also, I heard hasatan (satan...the devil) ruled the dinos.

### He Sends Messages in *UNBELIEVABLE* Ways!

- **Someone spoke to me thru the water of a *churning washing machine!***

*Okay, stop laughing and hear me out.* A week or so after the Song and Vision, I put in a load of laundry, grabbed my tablet and a pen, and sat down to wrap my mind around all that had been going on—to the subtle tune of churning water. Suddenly, the sloshing noise intensified—and spoke these words:

**“Keep Looking...Thinking...We have been Looking...Tradition”**

Two things intrigued me about it:

1. **The phrase above was presented twice—once in English & once in a LOVE Language** that resembled a one time spontaneous moment of pure love tenderly *cooed* between myself and a granddaughter on a car trip a week or so earlier—heading South. Although neither of us had ever spoken it before—our hearts interpreted it perfectly as if it were *our native language*. I remember feeling lit up inside & seeing the same sentiments in her innocent eyes. Whoever was communicating with me had clearly heard our conversation and believed it to be a language we consciously understood—*so possibly, it was our native language of love—the pure language referred to in Scripture*.
  2. **On a second trip w/the same grand daughter,** I glanced into the sky & saw a large, *perfectly round* hole pushed straight up through a very deep, cumulus cloud. I exclaimed, “**Look**”. Sitting in her car seat, she looked up; then JUMPED & squealed gleefully, “*Free-Komi, they’re looking at us!*” I couldn’t see “*they*” thru the hole, but I saw *Our Father flying overhead in the clouds—waving!*
- **The Day of the Vision—I understood many are returning to aid Our Father’s plight.** At the time, I

visualized them as—*souls that passed over and are forever indebted to Our Father*. Souls whom truly *LOVE HIM*, as *He Loves Others!* *They are risking eternal bliss to stand with Him—in His Time of Need—as His Heart Bleeds again* for us. I sensed them *encircling the earth—hand in hand—supporting HIS FINAL EFFORT—willingly giving back their freedom!*

### He Crosses My Path *with Other Modern Day Messengers*

- **14<sup>th</sup> Mother’s Day 2006**—HEB parking lot
- **Around Father’s Day 2006**—Walmart parking lot
- **January 2007**—at a Baptist Church Sunday School

### He Leads, Saves, & Teaches Me Daily

- **I was rushing around to get to class on time.** I ran back upstairs to grab something, coming back down the stairs, my heel got stuck—I felt myself falling head first, yet landed *solidly upon my feet* on the bottom platform. *I noticed my left hand clutched into a fist—I opened it & discovered I was grasping tightly to a small wooden cross. I laughed out loud—looked up—& shouted, “Thank you!”*
- **Driving down a two-lane highway,** I was jamming to a modern day spiritual song on a Christian station. I reached down to turn up the radio—then looked up to see a large Dooley truck in my lane, head-on...10 feet away *at 65 miles per hour*. I didn’t have time to think, respond, or fear—neither did he! Our vehicles melted, & we slid past one another unscathed! Actually, it seemed that someone threw a force field around us—like the daughter does on The Incredibles. I laughed out loud with joy & shouted, **“THANK YOU, FATHER!”**
- **Reading from Holman’s Dictionary in 2006** *“I will veil you with myself”* referenced HEBREWS: 10:20, but the *Ruach haKodesh*—Holy Spirit spoke to me & said, “ROMANS”. He wasn’t necessarily overruling the

*Actions fall short.*

We have never known what it’s like to be the ones searching for a better place to live and raise our families—**although our ancestors did.**

We have never known what it’s like to be bludgeoned in our own homeland. If you’ve never watched **The Ghosts of Rwanda**, rent it.

It’s a horribly bloody *and* true documentary, *definitely not meant for children!* It shows how slow we are to react when we don’t get it. It shows how it feels to have other nations turn their backs. It is critical for us to start working together! It’s critical for us to open our minds wider and let *G-d’s forewarnings* in! It’s critical to **“Look Up High”** with *Faith, Hope, and Love*. It’s critical to know **Our Savior!** It’s critical to **pray!** It’s important to *study* the **Bible**. It’s possible something similar is on the rise again!

**\*It seems inevitable that one day, we will know “true hunger & pain and desperately desire to relocate across someone else’s borders” & at that time, we will pray they let us cross over, and we will be thankful for the days we learned to Feast Together—upon The Body of Christ—with Faith, Hope, & Love.**

**\*A GREAT SPIRITUAL CONNCECTION: The Shepherd’s Chapel in Gravette, Arkansas with pastor Arthur Murray!** If you are like me and still have much to learn, check out **The Shepherd’s Chapel—Pastor Murray** is an amazing teacher! He is intensely knowledgeable—just like *Rabbi Tom!* His teachings are broadcast on-line...via the internet and on T.V. five days a week. His style is heartfelt & memorable. He makes The Word understandable & answers letters on air. He is grandfatherly, but stern. **www.shepherdschapel.com**

- **December 2006, Former President Gerald Ford passed away the day after Christmas**—they said he was the 2<sup>nd</sup> U.S. President to pass away the day after Christmas.
- **January 2, 2007, Former President Gerald Ford’s televised funeral service.** I was trying to pull my head together—wrap it around the Mission, but I couldn’t focus. I was distracted for some unknown reason. I show-

spread into her lymph system. The *Miracle Blessing*—it only traveled into the first node of a long strand! Today, she is cancer free—Praise G-d!

- **August 2006, I met an international guest—who makes our country his temporary home.** His visa expired, yet he remains—out of status—and **unchallenged!** While here, he *passes out religious solicitation materials*—kind of an army-building thing.

*You may ask:* “Isn’t this country founded on religious freedom?”

**And I answer,** “Yes, at least in part...amidst other freedoms”.

*You may further:* “**Don’t missionaries from this country travel abroad and pass out religious solicitation materials—“kind of an army-building thing”?**”

**And I answer,** “Yes”.

*So, you may inquire:* “**Why then does it concern you for others to do the same?**”

**And I answer,** “*Good question—easy answer: For three very important reasons*”.

1. *He is allowed to carry on normal business beyond the terms of his welcome—unchallenged!*  
**OUR FAULT—NOT HIS!!!**
2. *He looked me square in the eye & inquired matter-of-factly, “You know, we’re supposed to battle you?”*
3. *The materials he distributes are **not** upbeat & positive informational tracks about his faith. They are heavily and outwardly derogatory towards Christianity. They are boldly inflammatory & antagonistic.*

**\*\*His “battle you” reference was to the “prostitute” in “The Revelation” the last chapter in The Bible—Read it!**

**Side Note: When two or more people read “The Revelation” Aloud together, it blesses both—so start reading, Now!**

- **Prayer is Key! Prayer is our *Ufe Ufne to The Master Builder*—we need His Guidance to Stay on the charted path to get back home & to Deliver His *Living Waters* to those who thirst for life.**
- **The problem w/most of us modern day Americans—** We have never known true hunger *Literal or Figurative.* Often, Our Hearts are placed rightly, but usually, Our

other—but was challenging me to follow Him into a deeper, wider pool.

- **January 16, 2007: I was preparing tracts to pass out connecting the Message Pat Robertson received from G-d w/mine—**I wanted to include something from Rabbi Tom’s work. From memory, I wrote down **ROMANS**, but couldn’t recall the exact passage #’s. It turned out his Shabbat teaching was from **HEBREWS**. Anyway, as I read from **HEBREWS**, The Ruach haKodesh—*Holy Spirit* repeated, “**ROMANS**”. I asked, “*Yeah, but what #?*” He responded, “**ALL**”. Again, I pressed, “*Yeah, but I need to know what #’s?*” He said, “**ALL** of it”. I opened The Holy Bible to “**ROMANS**”—fully intending to read *ALL* of it, but my mind still wondered what #’s. The Holy Spirit said, “**8; 10; 10:10, 10:6, 10:16, 10:20**” Those passages were exactly what I needed, but the *WHOLE* of **ROMANS** made me look & think deeper...& wider than I had planned...**COOL!**

- **One day He sent me into town to walk the downtown streets and greet people!** Let me mention that most people think you’re weird if you speak to them, and they don’t know you. It was sad & funny all at once; it was a great eye opener. Turns out that the people you would normally feel comfortable around—can be the most hateful while those you would normally steer clear of—are likely to be receptive. It’s almost funny, but true—I cleared a Christian Bookstore talking about G-d and my vision. The sales lady said, “Who gave you the right to come in here talking about all that—you’re scaring people!” In dumbfounded shock, I confidently said, “*Our Father did.*” Two doors down the road, I stood with a group of strangers holding hands on the downtown sidewalk, praying. This one older woman led our prayer—she had the most beautiful soul & spirit. After she finished, I said, “*Group Hug*”, and we bonded as a sisterhood of faithful women, right then & there!

- **One business later, I was shunned by a group of well-dressed business folks, but a twenty-**

something year old, gold toothed, tattooed, *pre-sumed* gang-banger type—prayed out loud with me... ten steps away. Then he smiled sweetly and said, “Thank you and **G-d bless you**”. I said, “Oh, thank you and **G-d bless you**”. Truthfully, I hesitated & started to pass him by, but *Our Father* wheeled me around and sent me back.

- **I got kicked out of a crowded, little lunch time diner and learned a valuable lesson.** When I entered, everyone turned and pleasantly looked my way. A waitress hollered out—“*Sit where ever you want!*” I said, “Oh, I’m not here to eat”. (Wrong reply!) Suddenly, everyone looked at me with suspicion. The waitress hustled over and said, “*Well, what do you want then*” ? Everyone in the room stared my way. I looked across the sea of eyes...and started talking as if in the classroom, “I want to share an amazing story! **G-d Our Heavenly Father came to me in Song & Vision. He told me**”—she interrupted, “*You need to go ahead and leave—these people aren’t interested in any of that*”. As she spoke, she put her hand on my back and escorted me to the door. A pleasant looking older couple were sitting right by the door, I looked at them and said, “Maybe you two would be interested”. The lady snapped, “*My husband’s a retired... minister—we don’t need any of that!*” I can’t even tell you how deeply that hurt. It was so embarrassing, but I really felt bad for **G-d**—that this is how **His Children** act when **His Name** is mentioned! **He** was opening my eyes that day. Things aren’t always what they seem and neither are people—there is much work to be done my American Family...on many levels—social and otherwise.

- **Down the road, a large group of tattooed young men, all dressed in the same colors with sagging pants stood inside the door of a business I entered.** It was kind of threatening. I lowered my eyes & walked past them. **G-d** lay **His Mighty Hand** upon my head and wheeled me around—Eye to eye—with the whole gang! **He also** stuck my hand out to the group in traditional hand shake form to greet them.

tions, to U.N. Consulates—in the U.S. from other countries, to Religious leaders including the Pope in Rome. After sending thousands of E-letters—A handful Responded—including—Messianic Rabbi Tom who has been of unimaginable help, some one from Hillary Clinton’s office thanked me, but told me I wrote to the wrong senator, and Kay Bailey Hutchinson’s office who sent a **Thank You** for writing. I never heard anything from Homeland Security.

**NOTE: Call me uninformed but I never knew any Jews believe in Christ—Our Savior—The Messiah!** So, To all you other **Christians: Messianic Jews...Messianic Rabbis** in particular are off the charts RE: scriptural knowledge and full throttle FAITH! I occasionally blog; and in doing so, I frequently come across Jew bashers. That is a sad reality of ignorance & hard hearts. **Yeshua** Himself made it clear that **He Wants HIS FAMILY** to receive **His Call**. It is “**He**” whom instructed “**LOVE ONE ANOTHER**”—not just those we’re conditioned to relate too. There is so much that we can learn from one another! Remember: **Yahveh, our Father Gd**, entrusted **His Son** to **Joseph and Mary**...two **Jews**. Additionally, **Yeshua, Jesus Christ** was a **Rabbi**...a teacher.

- **In the Stars, He scripted a large Question Mark & a small # two.** Looked like: **2?**  
I pointed it out to my husband & asked what he thought it meant—he couldn’t see it! I couldn’t understand HOW he could miss it, but next morning he phoned, telling me to check out the on-line headlines about a **Holy Letter!**
- **2006 Iran’s leader sent a Holy Letter to President Bush five months after the song & vision.**
- \*NOTE: The Holy Letter issued a two “**2**” year warning to the United States!
- **May 2006, I Emceed our County’s Annual American Cancer Society Run for Life—four months later,** my own mother was diagnosed with cancer. By October, she had a radical mastectomy. The cancer was aggressive, and although it was a small tumor, it had

**Two weeks later**, as I prepared for work, **one of my daughters walked into my bedroom**, and said, “Mom, you need to turn on your TV—something terrible just happened.” I turned on the set, and we watched together as the second plane crashed into the tower. Without speaking, we both connected the unfolding tragedy to the sky story. Tears flowed our faces, and inside I screamed—for I could see the unthinkable horror overtake the faces of the *one united family*—which moments earlier had been groggily separated by lines of individuality & private lives.

- **In 2004, My Holy Father “I AM” took me by the hand, and together we swung a hammer.** I had leaned thru an unfinished interior, loft window and struggled to place a nail. I was exhausted; I had nothing to hold onto; I hovered un-harnessed above a concrete floor, and I was unaware that I was forcing it into a knothole. My strength waned and my anxiety heightened, then suddenly the nail melted like butter—*full length with a single swing*, and **His Calling Card** scrolled thru my brain for the first time ever, “*G-d is my Father...G-d is my Father*”.

- **In 2005, my awareness of global troubles became a burden too heavy to bear**—so as a singer/songwriter, I cooked up a pot full of hearty **BRAIN SOUP—I thought I was the Head Chef**. Using my guitar as a ladle, I dished up hearty lyrics at *the Table of Life*. Simple folk riffs w/soulful beats. There was much that needed to be said & discussed, but in my experience, *most people won’t slow down for heavy conversation, but they will ingest much thru music*.

**In 2006, I discovered WHO the REAL HEAD CHEF IS...and has been all along!**

- **2005, Self-published BRAIN SOUP a 16 page Awareness Brochure—freely distributed at gigs**
- **Early 2006, Scribed & sent His Messages around the world**—including to our President & others on his staff, to Mr. Kadaffi of the United Na-

**Simultaneously, they looked down** at my hand, like “*What... then back at me like I was crazy*.” I just started talking, “Hi, my name is cj and **Our Father** told me to **“Bring as many To HIM as humanly possible—by the hand in love”**.” One of the young guys laughed & said, “*Huh? Your father wants you to do what*”. Immediately, a guy in the crowd that was clearly in charge—was also a gentleman. He stared at his friend and said, “*NOT her father—Our FATHER!*” He motioned upwards. **Our Father** then used me as *His Vessel* to pour *His LIVING WATER* into the moment! I told them the whole story and handed each one a little booklet I wrote, by the hand. They *cordially* thanked me, and we all parted company.

**It’s true *what the Bible says, we can do all things thru Christ!***

**One evening, after Christmas 2006, I had to run to the store**—it was dark when I headed back home. As I was leaving the large parking lot, I noticed a group of seven or so young teenage men hanging out on the back of the lot. They had a lighter and were doing something—to my mind’s eye they were looking at a **Bible**. I thought cool! So, I wheeled the car around & pulled up alongside them. I’m not sure who was most scared—them or me. Anyway, I rolled down the window and asked, “Are you guys **BELIEVERS?**” Two spoke up and said, “*Yes*”, another one laughed and said, “*I LOVE JESUS*”. Joyously, I exclaimed “**I DO TOO!**” We all laughed. I asked if they minded me sharing my testimony; they said they didn’t mind. So, I just started blabbing—they thought it was so cool! Anyway, as it turned out—it *wasn’t a Bible* they were reading, but I just happened to have a few spare ones in the car and asked if they would like to have one. They said yes! I suggested they read “**THE REVELATION**” out loud together; I told them it would bless the entire tribe. As I drove away, they gathered in a tight circle—Opening **The Holy BIBLE—PRAISE G-d** *Please understand—before January 2006, I would never in a hundred million light years have done any of these things! I would never have talked to friends, family, or strangers about scripture or any of that holy roller stuff—& avoided those who did!*

**ONE day, Our Father sent me into town to THANK folks for the jobs they do.** I went to the fire station, the police station, and other random businesses. It was soooooo cool...and so unexpected. As you well know, we don't get patted on the back very often. We don't seem to have much time or use for praise, but we can always make time to chastise and complain. Anyway, I had the opportunity—at **G-d's** incentive to go in and out of offices and thank folks. Some of the funniest things happened. At the police station, a detective thought I was an abuse case. I decided I might ought to pretty up a bit more before going into town. One of the detectives was so touched, he gave me a medallion from his desk. It was from **9-11!** He had gone to New York and helped. It was the hugest honor—I felt terrible taking his medallion, but he insisted. Later that day, our family came down to spend the **Easter holidays.** I pulled out the **9-11** bronze medallion and began telling the story. My oldest daughter—whose husband is a fire fighter—said, "*Mom, you can't keep that—it's too important!*" I agreed and told her that I had already decided to return it. Anyway, I wrote a lengthy story about his honor, integrity, and generosity then went back to the police station to return the medallion and give him the letter. It turned out—he was off that day, but as I explained to his captain what a great guy his detective is—and **WHY I JUST HAD** to return the medallion, he started laughing. He said, "*You can keep it—we have lots of them...we give them away all the time!*" We both laughed—*but liked the story and the medallion better the other way!*

### He Speaks to Us

☛ **"IF YOU LIFT THEM, I WILL LIFT YOU".**

• **"I AM; therefore, you are. I AM; therefore, you are.**  
**If One Toe sins—do I amputate or still the others fly?**  
**If One Foot sins & still the rest fly** to mount & sky—  
**If more than not burden flight—**what shall I amputate?  
 While time doth last, fly me on—*until we crash & burn*"

- **In March, G-d put 12 beautiful songs into Randy's brain—& he's never been a writer.**
- **November, G-d began talking to Randy in Hebrew—even though we don't speak any language but English, *Randy immediately knew it as Hebrew.* He spoke of "*Knowing yourself*" "*Future Events*" "*a Lizard.* We recorded the words phonetically, purchased Strong's Dictionary, & sought translation help from Messianic Rabbi Tom—a most learned & gracious teacher *for whom we are most grateful!***

### He Prepares Us—step-by-step

- **In 2001, He shown me a Cloud Message 2 weeks before the terrorist attacks on the World Trade Towers in New York, now known as 9-11.** It was a weekday afternoon in late August—school was back in session. When I got home, I fell into the pool and floated carelessly on my back...caught in the water's circular motion. Relaxed, I opened my eyes and looked Heavenward. Directly above, I saw the faces of 30 or more people—they seemed as hundreds, but represented thousands. They wore random *early day thoughts on their brows*, nothing notable—each simply caught up in his or her own private world.

**Suddenly, each saw the same thing—each face overtaken by the same terror!** Their eyes widened in shock—their mouths stretched into screams...then simultaneously their faces melted as by fire.

**Horrified, I jumped from the pool and ran inside,** telling my family about the event. They asked who, where, when, how, but I could not answer any of their questions. I felt helpless and inadequate. I knew something BIG, but could do nothing!

**I told my co-workers about it the next day—but it's not one of those things people take seriously.** I mean—**It was a storyboard in the sky for goodness sakes!!!!!!!**